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Dawn



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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

SEPTEMBER, 1958





Our Cover . . .

PRETTY Mrs. J. Widdes, of Armidale, is intent on her sewing as she spends an afternoon at the recently organised Armidale women's centre.

Here aboriginal folk are made welcome by ladies of the white community and instructed in useful arts and crafts.



In this Issue . . .

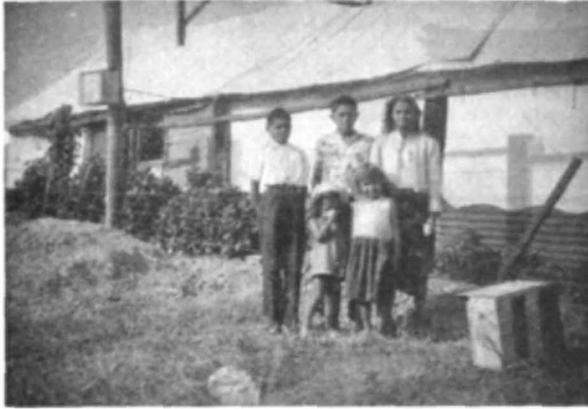
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" D A W N "

is a monthly magazine produced by the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales.

Editor : E. COLIN DAVIS, F.R.E.S.

Some Country Pictures . . .



May we introduce some of our country friends—
Malcolm Dunn, Brian Irving, Jenny Irving, John Ferguson
and Charlotte Irving



These lovely babies are the Donovan twins from
Bowraville. They recently won first prize at the
Kempsey Baby Show



In this happy wedding group are newly-weds Mr. and
Mrs. Malcolm Green, of Ashford, with Lurline Irving
and Fred Boney

Y.A.F. Entertains Friends

One Tuesday recently, the Young Anglican Fellowship of Condobolin acted as host to the people of the Mission and the Murie.

The evening took the form of a dance held in the Parish Hall. All present enjoyed themselves immensely, and we feel that another occasion in the near future will be forthcoming.

At the conclusion of the dancing, supper was served to all.

Mr. Croft spoke on behalf of the Mission and Murie guests, and thanked everyone concerned for the most enjoyable evening.



A STORY

"WHO I'D LIKE TO BE"

I would like to be a nurse, as it is a good career for any young girl, because you have plenty of excitement, see new places, and have thrilling adventures.

As a nurse you must carry out your duties and give the patient courage, so that he will fight his illness.

At sometime or another I'd wear the clean white uniform of a nurse. To be a nurse it would mean hard training, but it would be worth it.

I think that nursing is a great experience and a good career for any girl.

From—

Helen Clarke,
89 Berthong Street,
Cootamundra, N.S.W.



Ambulance Beats Stork

The Lake Ambulance with its round-the-clock cheerful service, had a 2.30 a.m. call on Sunday 24th August, and just managed to beat Mr. Stork. Myrtle and Len Kirby are rejoicing in the addition of another son to their growing family. The Kirby boys are really pleased to have a brand new brother. Both mother and babe are well. Congratulations to Myrtle.

STARTING A NEW LIFE ON A COUNTRY FARM



THESE three little boys, aged 10, 6 and 4, stand on a country railway station after having left the express, on their way to start a brand new life.

Some time ago a country farmer and his wife, despairing of the fact that they had no children, wrote to the Board offering to take four wards. "We would like the opportunity," they said, "to give some of those poor kiddies love and affection and a real home life".

When someone said to them, "but aren't you concerned because they will be black children?" this noble couple said, "even the blackest still needs love and care".

And so these three little brothers have gone off onto this 20-acre farm in the country to start a new life, and to have the love and care and opportunities they were missing.

In the picture we see the train conductor, the boys and their escort, Mrs. Healy.



WILCANNIA

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ON the 9th August, between the hours of 12 noon and 1 p.m., the residence of the Supervisor of Wilcannia Station, Mr. John A. Quayle was completely destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Quayle had been on a shopping expedition during the morning and on her return she attended to her lunch and left two young girls, Norma Dutton and Roma Johnson to take care of the dinner while she delivered some goods she had collected for some of the residents.

Shortly after she had left her home someone called out to her that her house was on fire. She ran from the other end of the settlement to see if the children were safe, but there were others there before her, and saw to it that there was no one near the burning building.

Quite a number of the residents made determined but unsuccessful efforts to save some of the furniture and personal effects, but a strong wind kept them back and nothing was saved except a refrigerator, a child's cot and a three-quarter bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Quayle's loss was in the vicinity of £300.

Several of the boys of the Settlement must be commended on their gallant efforts to save the building and other effects. These boys are Mr. Walter Clarke, Mr. Roy Hunt, Mr. Fred Leppert, Mr. Bob Wilson, Mr. Louis Jones, Mr. Bob Jones, Mr. Joe Jones and Joe Day, Len Barlow and Frank Johnson.

Under trying circumstances, the loyalty and gallantry of these men were outstanding and Mr. and Mrs. Quayle wish to thank them all very sincerely.

When the fire was at its peak and flames were leaping thirty to forty feet in the air, several men volunteered to run in under the flames and save the refrigerator, which was standing at the front gate about fifteen feet from the blazing building. The front of the frig. was starting to scorch and the men wet a blanket each, put them over their heads and raced in under the flames, collected the frig., and raced out to a safe distance before putting it down. When the blankets were removed from their heads it was found that the intense heat had caused the blankets to scorch on the outer side.

Allan (Nugget) Johnson had some trouble in endeavouring to save three ducks that used to live under the building. It was said that old Nugget crawled under the burning building to push the ducks out, and some of the boys had to crawl in and push old Nug out.

Another incident worthy of note is that of Joe Day. When the fire broke out Joe was one of the first to put in an appearance, and being a cold windy day, Joe still had his Army topcoat on, and in the confusion, Walter Clarke grabbed him to throw him out the window with the rest of the gear that was being thrown out, but a timely squeak from Joe saved him from a short cut into the open air, through the window and Walter Clarke gave him a kindly push out through the proper exit.

The townspeople were very considerate, as they took up a collection for the burned out family, and provided them with the necessary comforts to tide them over till something can be done towards getting them back to their normal standards again.

OBITUARY

MR. TED JOHNSON

Saturday 23rd August was a very sad day for the residents of Murrin Bridge Station when it was announced that much-loved Ted Johnson had passed away at Kajuligah Station, via Ivanhoe.

After the Manager had confirmed all with Constable Baker of Ivanhoe, Lance Johnson, with Albert and Max to accompany him, travelled the 300 miles to bring the deceased to Murrin Bridge for the burial.

The funeral took place on Monday, when Rev. Fr. Comerford conducted a short service in the Station church, after which the cortege moved slowly around the Station to the cemetery. Almost all of the residents attended the graveside ceremony to pay their respects to one of the most highly respected men of the district. Ivanhoe residents sent a beautiful wreath with their heartfelt sympathy.

Funeral arrangements were conducted by relatives of the deceased to whom much credit is due.

Ted was one of the oldest residents of the district and of the people of Murrin Bridge. He worked faithfully till the day of his departure in death. His illness was short and sudden and a surprise to all who knew him. Ted died in the arms of his niece Mrs. Charles. In his day, Mr. Johnson was an excellent foot runner, winning many events of note in the district. All his life Ted was an all round stockman and was never happier than when in the saddle. Murrin Bridge and the district are the poorer without him. "In the midst of life we are in death". May the memory of Ted and his noble life ever inspire all to follow in his train. Sincere sympathies are extended to all who mourn his death.



OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

THE aboriginal people in this State are scattered over a wide area, so far apart that many of them may never meet, but the magic camera can bring to us intimate glimpses of these people and enable us to become better acquainted with each other.

If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



Pretty Francis Currey, of Casino



Meet Josephine, Garry, "possom" and Lynette Doolan



Woodenbong's 2-gun man, Tom Robinson



Irene and Fay Williams, of Lake Cargelligo



The flower shrubs made a pretty background for Leta Williams, of Pilliga



Clare Binge, of Moree



Gail King, of Murrin Bridge



"Don", of the Warburton Ranges



Meet Malcolm Jones and Arthur Hunter, of Bourke



Charlie Cubby, of Mungindi, alone on the open plains



Robyn Crowe, of Cootamundra



A Warburton Ranges mother and her husky little youngster



Another Mungindi resident, Robert Davis



A big smile from Lynette Hardy



Boys of the Warburton Ranges Home and School are seen here with the Superintendent, Mr. H. E. Green

OPEN INSPECTION DAY AT MURRIN BRIDGE

Sunday 3rd August heralded a very successful week at the Station School under the direction of the Head Teacher and school staff.

About 200 visitors visited the Station on this day from the town of Lake Cargelligo and district to inspect both the school and Station. Adult Aborigines received quite a thrill to see all the vehicles pulling into the Station. Many voiced their surprise to think that so many white folk could be so interested in their welfare.

The standard of the children's work is exemplary and congratulations were in the air continually. Well done children of the Bridge! To see the senior girls serving afternoon tea, wearing their self-made aprons, was certainly an ovation in itself. It was good to experience the genuine pleasure and surprise of the visitors at the standard of the work displayed.

It was also the pleasure of the management to conduct many around the Station and to explain the workings of the Board in its programme towards ultimate assimilation of the Aborigines.

Thanks are due to Mr. Smith, the press and Griffith radio station who advertised the day's activities.

* * * *

Gratitude is shown to the Board for supplying the transport which conveyed the children to Tullibigeal and Euabalong West for two school's combined sports meetings. The Bridge did quite well considering their lack of training and a bit of stage fright which appeared quite evident at times. Next year the opposition teams had better watch their step for that Shield and the many trophies will look much better adorning the walls and glass cases at Murrin.

* * * *

Wedding Bells. Since going to press last, three marriages have been solemnized here from Murrin Bridge. Les Burke was joined in holy matrimony with Margaret Smith in the Presbytery at Lake Cargelligo. Gloria Harris was married to Tom Barlow in the Methodist Church at Condobolin and John and Bessie Johnson were married at Lake Cargelligo in the Methodist Church. Congratulations are heartily extended to the happy couples. The Burkes have made their home at Wilcannia, the Barlows are at Condobolin and the Johnsons remain at Murrin Bridge.

* * * *

Miss Beth Williams of Murrin Bridge has been admitted to Base Hospital in Orange with a pulmonary complaint. The Sister in charge of her ward reports that she has settled down admirably and is on the mend. Charlie Parks is also in the same Hospital receiving eye treatment. Charlie will look rather comely in

horned rim glasses methinks! May these two worthy souls soon be back on the Station once again, well and strong. Just reminds us. Murrin Bridge is without a doctor these days. Just as well the people at the Bridge are keeping pretty fit.

Early Morn

by PHYLLIS NEWMAN, Karuah

David woke up very early, and out of his bedroom window he could see the dawn breaking. As he lay there he could hear the birds chirping and fluttering amongst the trees.

The dawn began to get brighter and pink clouds against the grey could be seen.

David heard the shrill laughter of the kookaburras ringing sweetly through the early morn, and the soft whinnying of the horses in the nearby fields.

Over the mountains the sun emerged slowly, and David could see brightly coloured butterflies fluttering from flower to flower.

The sun was shining through David's window, and he could feel the warmth of the sunbeams against his soft little face.

Staring out of his window, David realized that the whole world became alive and just as he was thinking how wonderful nature had been, his mother called him for breakfast.



This handsome young fellow is Kevin Sloane, of Condobolin

ITEMS FROM COWRA STATION

Joe Simpson is still the champion cyclist on the Cowra Station and at 83 years of age it isn't a bad effort although his brother "Froggie" recently cycled to Forbes and back—about 100 miles, but then he is only a youngster of 61.

* * * *

At a recent baby show held by Western Stores in Cowra for all comers, Mrs. Agnes Coe's bonny baby boy Leslie took third honours in the 6 months class. His father Les has not been the same since.

* * * *

Mrs. Daphne McGuinness is still in Cowra Hospital and all residents wish her a speedy recovery. Meanwhile, husband Dick is chief cook and bottle washer for the family but up to date no stomach trouble has been reported, so Dick must know his onions.

* * * *

The Baby Health Clinic Centre has commenced to operate on the Cowra Station with Sister White of Cowra in attendance. The first day was well attended and it is pleasing to see the mothers taking advantage of Sister White's knowledge and experience.

• • * *

Apex Club of Cowra has again come to the fore with a very generous gift of £20 towards a Climbing Maze for the children's playground. The Welfare Board has supplemented this with another £20 and the children are awaiting delivery eagerly.

PURFLEET NEWS

ERECTION OF PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT

Some time ago the Taree Apex Club erected six units of playground equipment at Purfleet Station worth £195. Needless to say the youngsters have made full use of it.



Pretty Pam Clarke, of Walgett, poses for the Cameraman

FAREWELL HARRY LANG

The recent death of Harry Lang, marks the passing of another old-timer at Boggabilla. Harry who was said to be about 90 years of age, died in Goondiwindi Hospital after a stroke.

The old fellow had been ailing for some months, but was not in any pain, and had been confined to his bed for some months. He was almost helpless at times and had a special sick room built at the rear of the house, where his daughter Mrs. Susie McGrady attended to him.

Harry originally lived at Toomelah before the Station was moved to Boggabilla, and he had lived in the district all his life. He was one of the Coomeri tribe, and in his younger days had been a good athlete. He was well-known as a dingo hunter and trapper.

Of his fourteen children, only two are living, and they are "Ginger" Lang and Susie McGrady. Susie said that there were twenty-three grandchildren, twenty-five great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. One of these being Pam McGrady's Bernadette, who is six month's old.

The funeral took place on the Station and owing to the suddenness of his death it was not possible to advise distant relatives of his death in time for the funeral, which was attended by all relatives and residents on the station. Reverend McGregor of Boggabilla conducted the funeral service.

Floral tributes were from Nina and Joyce, Ruby and Ron McIntosh and family, Leila, Ted, Julia, Boyd and Doug. Other tributes came from Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge and family, and the Troutman family and a small posy from the manager and matron. At this time of the year when flowers are scarce, the wreaths made an impressive show.

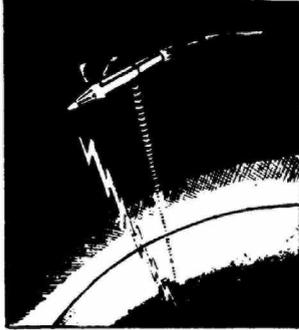


1st class youngsters from Nanima Aboriginal school

DID YOU KNOW . . .



A Caterpillar has 3 to 4 pairs of eyes, but it is so nearsighted that it has to find food by its sense of smell.



The third U.S. Earth Satellite, Explorer III, gathers valuable cosmic ray data on a tiny tape recorder and regularly transmits it back to the ground each time it makes a trip around the earth.



Raindrops are three weeks old by the time they fall. Raindrops which fall into the ocean don't mix with water deeper than 50 feet.



Man, the Rhesus monkey and the pigeon can discriminate between red, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Alligators, owls, bats, cats, dogs, and guinea pigs have no colour vision.



Despite a ferocious disposition the crocodile permits a tiny bird to enter his mouth and feed on food particles lodged in his teeth.



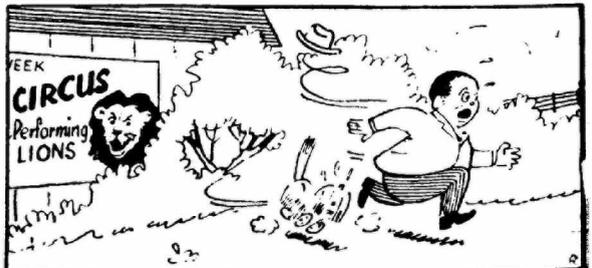
The temperature of the Earth increases about one degree Fahrenheit every 60 feet of depth. At two miles it is hot enough to boil water, and at 30 miles it is 2,200 degrees.



According to the American Bible Society, the number of languages and dialects into which at least one book of the Bible had been translated reached 1,109 during 1956, an addition of 17 languages.



The latest speed ever attained on a motorcycle is the 210.64 m.p.h. achieved by Wilhelm Herz of Germany on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, August 4, 1956.



Aborigines and Pensions

by MICHAEL SAWTELL

Cheers and congratulations for Mrs. N. J. C. Foster, who is an ex-matron from Walgett Aborigine station, for the timely and excellent article in *July Dawn*, on the matter of pensions for aged aborigines living on the Board's stations. Just to cheer Mrs. Foster and others up, I wish to tell you, that I have had this matter in hand now for some years. I have a one man cold war on with the Commonwealth Government and I will continue, until I gain justice for my aged aborigine friends.

This matter of pensions for aborigines living on the Board's station is mentioned every year in the Board's Annual Report, but nothing is ever done about the matter.

Because I am the direct appointee of the Chief Secretary, I feel that it is my duty to be most active and as I am not a civil servant, I can perhaps be more outspoken and forthright than my civil servant colleagues.

I have spoken to several members of the Federal Cabinet about this matter. I also once had a long interview with the Minister for Commonwealth Social Services, Mr. Robertson, when I was in Dubbo, and the only answer I received was a long official letter setting out the strictly legal position. I have explained the matter to Dr. Evatt, to Mr. E. J. Ward, M.H.R., and many other Federal members, but nothing has been done.

So I have acted on my own. I have had over 50,000 copies of a special letter sent to the Prime Minister mainly at my own expense from all the leading Clubs in New South Wales, such as Rotary, Lions, Apex C.W.A., all the Churches, Schools and many other meetings, and I will keep on with these letters.

I have also sent copies of Mrs. Foster's article to the Prime Minister and many others. Thank you again Mrs. Foster.

Note.—The letter to which Mr. Sawtell refers, reads :—

The Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister,
Mr. R. G. Menzies, P.C., M.C., M.P.,
CANBERRA, A.C.T.

Dear Sir,

I plead with you to grant relief to those starving aborigines in Western Australia. I also ask for more sympathetic administration towards the aged Full Blood Aborigines and their pensions, and the Full Blood Nursing Mothers. Put all the responsibility on the State Welfare Boards, and when they exempt a Full Blood, then I ask you to grant the Social Services without any questions.

How Do I Look ?



Pretty little Jean Flanders often said to herself, "I wonder how I look in my different moods." How do I look when I'm smiling, or when I'm serious, or perhaps when I am deep in thought weighing up some problem. The best way to find out was to have some photographs taken in those different moods—and that is exactly what Jean did. She went along to a candid cameraman and had these eight photographs taken.

Isn't it remarkable how a smile can alter one's whole appearance. Just give that a thought when you're inclined to frown instead of smile.

THE Purfleet Aboriginal Station is an attractive Settlement of cottages brightly painted in many different colours. These are situated on both sides of the main Pacific Highway, two miles south of Taree, which is beautifully situated on the Manning River.

A visit to Purfleet makes it quite evident that the majority of the people who reside there are justly proud of their homes which are neat, tidy and clean, with a display of pretty curtains at the windows.

PURFLEET

In a prominent position beside the Highway stands the large, splendidly constructed recreation hall, while standing well back beside the Old Bar Road is the large, commodious Manager's residence, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Les Thomas and their small family. Besides meeting the many demands made upon the Manager and Matron of such a Station, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas spend much time seeking the welfare and betterment of their people. They are also extending their activities to the affairs of the town and of their local church. Here also on the Old Bar Road stands the Church and beside it the recently reconstructed and nicely painted Mission House.

The Taree Rotary Club volunteered to supply both money and manpower to move the cottage to the present site and to expedite the necessary work, now completed. They have justly received the praise of the Purfleet people.

Both the hall and the church are important places of activity and attraction for the splendid people who reside here. Concerts are held in the hall. Talented members of the community provide the programmes.

A large Christian Endeavour Society is functioning splendidly at Purfleet. Services are held on Sunday afternoon—the leaders being Miss Glenda Packer and Nancy Hopper.

Sunday School is held in the morning and is well attended—Miss Norma Fisher and Mr. Fred Mayo of Taree, are the Sunday School Leaders.

Purfleet has its own native Pastor in the person of Mr. Marr, who has rendered sterling service for many years. Mrs. Marr is a devoted help-meet to her husband and she plays the organ beautifully.

Last Easter a Christian Convention held at Purfleet brought a representative gathering of native christians from many places.

Come to Purfleet on any Sunday evening and stop just outside the brightly lit hall and the joyous singing to the accompaniment of the String Instrument Band, will attract you immediately. You soon will find yourself sitting inside with an enthusiastic crowd of adults, young people and children, all enjoying the service immensely.

Ron Reed of the local Salvation Army Corps is on the platform conducting the service and leading the

band and at the same time giving a fine display of talent on the cornet. Major Packer, Officer in Charge of the Taree Corps will often be there radiating happiness and goodwill. This, in fact, is their bright idea.

With the keen co-operation of the Christian coloured folk their devoted labours of love are yielding fruits to the glory of God.

Ron Reed speaks a word of welcome to visitors and outlines the activities of the coming week. A service at Foster Settlement on Wednesday nights is followed by a barbecue around a camp fire.

Then Charlie Edwards renders a solo in his rich deep voice with the instruments and a gum leaf or two playing softly in the background. A new convert speaks and the ladies quartet, consisting of Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Maher, Mrs. Joe and Mrs. Stan Simmons follow with a beautifully rendered number.

Another testimony and the band strikes up with bright rhythm and the congregation join in, singing, "It is No Secret What God can Do". A short message or word of exhortation by one of the men and Joe Simmons plays his steel guitar and sings while the listeners lean forward, pleasure and appreciation showing clearly upon their faces. The people listen attentively to the main message of the evening. The band plays softly a beautiful refrain with the cornet and gum leaf leading as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwards step forward to render a duet. Prayer follows and the congregation rise for the closing hymn.

A pleasurable and spiritually profitable time has been enjoyed.

So closes another Sabbath evening at Purfleet.

The sincere Christian enthusiasm of our Purfleet friends will be appreciated when it is told that they travelled to Kendall, a return journey of some (65) sixty-five miles, on a number of occasions to take part in the recording of "The Christian Fellowship of the Air" for Sunday broadcast over the local radio station and over 2KM.



This happy group of people come from Mooroopna



RELIGIOUS RALLY AT TABULAM

Tabulam Aboriginal Station recently had a three-day Religious Rally, at which 200 odd visitors attended, some coming from as far afield as Glasshouse, Queensland, and Sydney.

Services were held in the station church, meetings were held with seats placed out on the lawns, and meals were served in the Recreation Hall.

Amongst those present was Mr. Bert Groves, Aborigines Member of the Board.

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL AT TABULAM

Tabulam Aboriginal Station had 20 car loads of visitors one Sunday recently.

The Rotary Club had arrived in full force, for the planting of an avenue of Caribbean Pine Trees. The holes had been dug, and good river flat soil had been put in them prior to Rotary's arrival. 110 Pines were planted and watered from drums on the station vehicle in about 1 hour, men, women and children each having to plant a tree.

Rotary members were shown around the station; they commented very favourably on the big improvements in general, also on the neat state of gardens and lawns, flowering trees and fruit trees.

The centre of attraction for some time was the stations Pretty Face Kangaroo, who stood for many photographs, but then left for his afternoon tea.

The children were served with afternoon tea in the fernery, and about 50 adults were served at the Manager's Residence.

A good day was had by all, and station residents will greatly benefit from these trees during hot weather, if they assist in protecting them.

Residents wish to say, "Thank You Rotary".

Work is still in progress on the front area of the Cowra Station, a pagola type entrance being erected in gum poles. The whole area has been cleared and prepared for lawn, shrubs and trees.

Mrs. Collins, of the A.I.M., recently visited Cowra Station and gave a very interesting talk, coupled with coloured slides, on her experiences in the Northern Territory. We hope Mrs. Collins can find time to visit us again in the near future.

Beware of

Buying Second-hand Motor Cars

Aborigines are warned against the dangers of entering into Hire Purchase Agreements for purchase of second-hand cars.

A case has recently come to the notice of the Board where a resident of an Aboriginal Station purchased a second-hand car through hire purchase. He was unable to pay his monthly instalments and returned the car to the Company for resale. However, the price realised on the car was insufficient to cover the amount due to the Hire Purchase Company, as a result of which the aborigine is being sued for an amount of £218, which the Hire Purchase Company maintains he still owes to them.

This could happen to any person who buys a car through a Hire Purchase Company and fails to keep up his payments.

An inmate of Coonabarabran District Hospital, after undergoing an operation—Herrick Cain, of White Street, Coonabarabran—we wish him a speedy recovery.

Returned to work again after a lapse of a few weeks idleness, owing to an accident sustained whilst cranking the motor of a truck—Fred Griffiths of Burra Bee Dee, swears he will never again "swing that handle".

A recent visitor to Burra Bee Dee, and Residents of the New Reserve, and White Street, Coonabarabran—Miss Fleming from Head Office, accompanied by Mr. E. Mason, A.W.O., Dubbo.

Mr. Michael Sawtell, a member of the Board, is lined up to speak to various bodies in Coonabarabran early in August. Further news re this matter will be conveyed after the visit.

Graham Brian Griffiths, son of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths Jun., of Burra Bee Dee, is at present undergoing treatment by the Far West Home at Manly. We trust the Baby will soon be well and return to his parents completely cured.

AN ABORIGINAL LEGEND FROM THE
DYRAABA TRIBE OF ABORIGINAL PEOPLE,
as told to MILDRED NORLEDGE by MR. JAMES
MORGAN, Box Ridge Aborigines Reserve, Coraki . . .

The Old Women who turned into Birds

LONG, long ago in the Dreamtime of a very young world there once lived near a mountain that is called "Nooloigah" a young man who was very good at hunting. Now one day it so happened that when this young man was out hunting, and his wife was out digging for yams, that the young man returned from his hunting to the camp he found that the camp fires were out, for there had been much rain and the young man was cold and wet.

Now, when the weather had cleared he looked from the mountain towards the East. First, he beheld a little hill, and nearby to the hill he could see much smoke. He knew that there, there was a fire. So he came from the mountain to where the fire was.

But when the young man reached the place where the fire was, he saw that there were only old women sitting around the camp fire, for the men were away hunting, and only the old women had been left in the camp. So the young man stood for a while waiting and thinking that one of the women would come to him and ask him what he had come to the camp for. But not any of the old women paid any heed to the young man. Now, the young man held in his hand a piece of bark, and he went and spoke to the old women who were sitting around the fire, and asked them if they would give to him some of the fire sticks, that he might return to his camp to light a fire. But the old women said: "We cannot give you any of the sticks from our fire, we have not enough fire for ourselves".

So the young man pleaded with the old women that they would give to him some sticks from their fire. But they would not, and all the old women would say to the young man's pleading was: "We cannot give you any of the sticks from our fire. We have not enough fire for ourselves".

The old women did not pay heed to the young man anymore, but turned instead to their fire and began again to talk amongst themselves.

Now so busy were they talking that when they stirred up their fire they did not see that a spark had flown from off their fire to where the young man was standing, and that the young man had caught the spark from the fire on the piece of bark that he held in his hand.

So the young man thought he would like to punish the old women because they had made him stand

so long, for they had not given any heed to his pleading, they had not given to him any of the sticks from the fire, how selfish the old women had been. And so the young man began to puff at the spark that he had caught on the piece of bark, and so greatly did he puff that the piece of bark burst into flames.

And the young man lit a circle of fire around the camp. Now so busy were the old women talking, that they did not see the fire that the young man had lit around the camp. So busy were they talking they did not even hear the noise that the crackling of the fire

made. Great was this fire, for the young man had called to his people in the Spirit World to help him to make the flames of the fire leap high. And his people from the Spirit World helped the young man, for the flames of this fire were of great height.

When the old women beheld the fire that was around them, they cried for mercy. But the young man heeded them not. He took with him some sticks from the fire, and returned to his own camp to light the fires that the rain had put out.

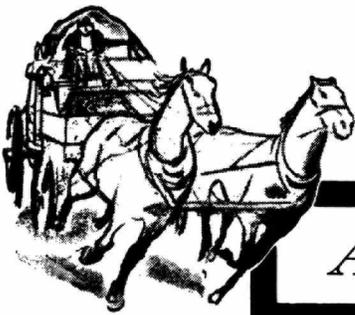
Now the old women that had not given heed to the young man, nor given to him any sticks from their fire were turned into birds. And the name of the birds that they were turned into is Jaberoo and Haberoos they are to this day. For if you look at the legs of these birds you will see where the knee joint is the skin is old and wrinkled as the skin of the old women who would not give any sticks from their fire to the young man, was old and wrinkled.

This is the story of the old women who were turned into birds. And the name of the place where the birds may be seen is "Gahwoolgul".



**Charlotte Irving,
of Asquith, near
Sydney, is all
ready for a game
of tennis.
Any challengers ?**





ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

CAROONA

Just twenty miles from Quirindi is situated the Caroona Aboriginal Station where folk, housed in comfortable and attractively painted cottages, are quiet, contented and happy. Some recent developments and achievements in the locality are worthy of favourable comment.

Perhaps most noteworthy is a significant revival of the Christian ethic under the leadership of Miss Fairfax of the A.I.M. Regular week-day services are held in the neat well-cared for church on the station and due to the inspiration of the missionary a number of the station's young ladies assist to meet the requirements of a growing Sunday School attendance.

The two-teacher school with an enrolment of more than sixty pupils has achieved a record which any school of similar size may worthily emulate. Attention from surrounding districts is being gradually focussed on the activities of these children.

The girls have a record of which they can be justly proud. Their needlework has gained many prizes at recent Tamworth and Quirindi Shows. Their softball teams have displayed some fine performances against teams from much larger schools.



These husky young fellows are the under 4 stone 7 lb. football team, from Caroona. They recently won the competition at Werris Creek

The boys under 4 st. 7 lb. (7 lb. weight allowance) team deserves special comment. This team of 'giants', many of whom cannot even scale four stone, some in first and second grade recently brought honours home to the station by playing superior football at the Schools' Football Carnival at Werris Creek. After winning all their games without conceding one point to their



Even out on the Warburton Ranges bath day comes around but this young fellow doesn't seem to mind at all

opponents, the team was rewarded with a very fine shield and an attractive pennant. The school now possesses three pennants for football successes in district competitions.

The school also possesses its own choir which will very shortly compete in the Tamworth Eisteddfod.

Peter Allen (11 years) last April produced an essay, "My Thoughts on Anzac Day", of literary quality to win a competition conducted by the Caroona R.S.L. among district schools. Besides winning a cash prize, Peter will very shortly be able to give the school one more pennant.



The fine weather is bringing the grass on again and Archie Sheppard, of Bourke, has to get busy with the lawnmower



Around the house

FURNITURE

You need not wash your pottery or metal ashtrays every time you use them. Apply a thin layer of floor wax to the ashtrays after you wash them next time, and allow to dry. Polish well. This prevents ashes and moisture from clinging and the ashtrays can be wiped out quickly with a facial tissue or cloth.

Remove watermarks from polished surfaces by rubbing lightly with a piece of camphor. Follow with an application of linseed-turpentine polish.

Cover a scratch on oak or "blond" furniture by rubbing a cut oily walnut over the scratch until the oil has saturated the wood. Polish with a soft cloth.

Scratches on furniture may be disguised if the scratches are filled with beeswax and polished up. For dark furniture use a little shoe polish of the appropriate colour, applied on the end of an orange stick wrapped round with cotton-wool. Polish up in the usual way with furniture cream.

To remove finger marks from highly polished furniture, rub lightly with a cloth dipped in alcohol, then polish with a soft cloth.

Remove white marks by rubbing with a slightly diluted mixture of linseed oil and turpentine. Polish well.

To clean piano keys, rub them with a soft cloth that has been dipped in denatured alcohol, available at any chemist's.

Remove heat marks by sprinkling with salt, pour on a little olive oil, and allow to soak in several hours before polishing.

Glue rubber jar rings to the bottoms of ashtrays, vases, and lamp-bases to prevent scratching of polished surfaces.

Glass rings may be removed by rubbing with dampened cigarette ash and a soft cloth.

Pictures

Clean gilt picture-frames by brushing away any dust, then washing with a solution of vinegar and water. Dry with a clean cloth, and polish with a chamois.

FIREPLACES

Keep brickwork around your fireplace in good condition by soaking it once a year with a coat of raw linseed oil.

Clean a stone fireplace with clear water and a stiff wire brush. If necessary, use a little powdered pumice. Do not use soap or scouring powder. These may spoil the stone's colour.

Wallpaper

When patching a tear in wall-paper, use a matching patch with torn edges. Cut edges show up too clearly.

Remove grease spots from wall-paper by applying a paste of Fuller's earth mixed with carbon tetrachloride. Leave a quarter-inch coat on spot overnight.

Another method : Cover spots with several thicknesses of blotting-paper and press with a hot iron.

To clean grease spots from distempered walls, sponge with rag soaked in carbon tetrachloride. Always retain a little of the paint used on walls for patching-up jobs.

MAKING THE MOST OF FLOWERS

When picking flowers cut the stems on the slant. This allows more water absorption. Thick, tough stems should be slit up from the bottom.

Cut flowers, especially roses, stocks, and sweet-peas, should be placed in a deep container filled with water to within three inches of the heads. Leave them like this for an hour or so before arranging them in vases.

To keep flowers fresher longer add an aspirin tablet to the water. A lump of charcoal in a vase will prevent the odour from decaying stems. A couple of teaspoons of sugar serves the same purpose.

To stop flowers wilting in heated winter rooms, try putting ice-cubes in the vases.

Always leave cut flowers up to their necks in water overnight. Unless the water has become stained and smells, don't change it, but merely top up the vase.

Line a leaking vase with a thick layer of candle-grease. It will keep it water-tight.

If flower-heads are too heavy for their stalks, give added support by pushing the stems through drinking-straws.



Cane cutting on Cabbage Tree Island

QUANTITY CHART

Use this as a Guide to Accurate Measurements

Accurate weighing or measuring is essential for good results. If kitchen scales are not available, standard measuring cups and spoons, correctly used, are satisfactory. Graduated glass or plastic measuring cups holding eight fluid ounces should be used for measuring dry or liquid ingredients.

A tablespoon used for measuring should hold one fluid ounce; a dessertspoon should hold $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce; a teaspoon should hold 30 drops. Half a spoonful of dry ingredients means a level spoonful divided lengthwise. Quarter spoonful of dry ingredients means a level spoonful divided lengthwise, then crosswise. For maximum accuracy when measuring liquid with a spoon, pour the liquid into the spoon, do not dip the spoon into the liquid.

Unless a recipe states otherwise, spoon measurements always mean level spoons.

American-type round, plastic measuring-spoons, available in sets of four, should be used when measuring ingredients for American recipes. These spoons are labelled 1 tablespoon, 1 teaspoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon. The tablespoon holds only $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce, and is therefore equal only to a dessertspoonful. The teaspoon holds $\frac{1}{4}$ fluid ounce. Liquid measurements in American recipes are based on the American pint of 16 fluid ounces. The British liquid measure is 20 fluid ounces to 1 pint.

1 cup flour (measured before sifting)	.. 4 oz.	2 level tablespoons ground rice or rice flour	.. 1 oz.
1 cup sugar (crystal or castor)	.. 8 oz.	1 level tablespoon fat	.. 1 oz.
1 cup sifted icing sugar	.. 5 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons crystal sugar	.. 1 oz.
1 cup brown sugar	.. 5 oz.	2 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar	.. 1 oz.
1 cup fat, butter, or margarine	.. 8 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons castor sugar	.. 1 oz.
1 cup soft breadcrumbs	.. 4 oz.	5 tablespoons liquid	.. $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid	.. 1 pt.	2 level tablespoons gelatine	.. 1 oz.
1-3rd cup honey	.. 4 oz.	1 tablespoon golden syrup	.. $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
2 level tablespoons flour	.. 1 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons rice, barley, or split peas	1 oz.
2 level tablespoons cornflour	.. 1 oz.	2 level tablespoons sago	.. 1 oz.
2 level tablespoons cocoa	.. 1 oz.	4 level tablespoons finely chopped suet	.. 1 oz.
2 level tablespoons custard powder	.. 1 oz.	2 level tablespoons grated cheese	.. 1 oz.

Oven Temperatures and Positions

Slow oven	.. 250 deg. F.—350 deg. F.	Hot oven	.. 400 deg. F.—450 deg. F.
Moderate oven	.. 350 deg. F.—400 deg. F.	Very hot oven	.. 450 deg. F.—500 deg. F.

Food	Temperature	Position	
		Gas, fuel, or slow-combustion stoves	Electric stoves
Baked Custards and Milk Puddings	325 deg. F.	Below centre.	In the centre.
Rich Fruit Cakes	300 deg. F.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.
Casseroles	325 deg. F.	About centre.	Centre or below.
Roast Meat	325-350 deg. F.	About centre.	Below centre.
Biscuits	350-375 deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
Butter-Cakes	350 deg. F.	About centre or slightly below (depends on depth of cake).	Below centre.
Sponge Sandwich or Swiss Roll	375 deg. F.	Above centre.	Below centre.
Gingerbread	325-350 deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
Light Fruit Cake	350 deg. F.	About the centre.	Centre or below.
Patty Cakes	400 deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.
Pastry (shortcrust)	450 deg. F.	Small tartlets near top. Tart cases, filled tarts, and pies about the centre.	Small tartlets, tart cases, filled tarts, and pies near the bottom.
Pastry (puff or flaky)	475 deg. F.	Pies above the centre.	Pies near the bottom.
Scones	475 deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.

Wallaga Lake's Active Progress Association

Early in the year the Wallaga Lake Station Progress Association decided to start a gymnasium class, but before doing so, thought showers, serviced with hot water were a necessity.

£250 was the price quoted for the job and the residents, through their Progress Association, set out to attain this amount.

The matter got to the ears of the Bega Apex Club and they, with the assistance of other Apex Clubs raised the sum of £133.

The Aborigines Welfare Board intimated they would meet half of the remaining £117 needed if the Progress Association could find the rest.

The Station accepted this as more or less a challenge and in a very short space of time the necessary £58 10s. was found and as a result the station will shortly be using its new showers.

The building is completed and is of concrete with four shower recesses with a hot water boiler capable of providing many gallons of hot water. The building is built on to the Recreation Hall.

The adult population numbers only seventy so that raising so much money in such a short space of time was a mighty effort and the residents are to be congratulated on their response and co-operation.

The Progress Association, through *Dawn*, would like to thank those Apex Clubs for their donations as well as the Aborigines Welfare Board for, without this money, the showers would still be a long way off.

Having successfully dealt with the shower project it was decided the next important job was to provide the young people with a tennis court and a basket ball court.

Once again, the Stations thanks go out to the Eurobodalla Shire Council for they have already been out and graded off the site for the courts.

The residents are now raising money to purchase the materials needed for this job.

The Fancy Dress Ball

The Wallaga Lake Progress Association recently held a Fancy Dress Ball on the Station to commemorate National Aborigines' Day.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Brauer, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Flower and a lady friend were invited to act as judges. These good folk added to the prizes to such an extent that every one in fancy dress received a prize.

They selected a pretty little Indian maid as the best dressed and acting most true to part. She wore a hessian rig-out dyed purple and had long jet black plaits.

(What the judges and visitors did not know was that the pretty little Indian maid was young Arthur Morgan from Cobargo.)

Second prize went to young Errol Stevens for his monkey suit. His people made up an old fur coat and covered a Gas Respirator for his head gear. He looked and acted his part very well.

Third prize went to Jeff Tungai. He was dressed as a clown.

A gypsy, Donald Duck, Willie the Wolf, a Fairy Queen, a fairy and other costumes were among the other excellent costumes.

It was a jolly good night with a bumper crowd, and everybody enjoyed himself, particularly the white visitors.

Our thanks go out to the judges for the manner in which they carried out a difficult task and also for the extra prizes they awarded.

Other Doings at The Lake

To Mr. and Mrs. Les Darcy, a daughter, Margaret Joyce.

* * * *

To Mr. and Mrs. R. (Sago) McKenzie, a son, Hector Andrew.

* * * ●

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Andy, a daughter, Lyla Fay.

* * * *

On Friday, 25th July, 1958, Mr. Reginald S. Russell and Miss Iris Joyce Hoskins were married in the Station Recreation Hall.

Iris made a beautiful bride in her gown of net and lace. Her bridesmaid, Miss Barbara Stewart, made a pretty picture. Her gown was of pink taffeta.

The best man, Mr. R. (Sago) McKenzie carried out his job in fine style and the bride's father, Mr. E. (Old Ned) Hoskins gave her away.

Rev. K. Wilson of Cobargo performed the ceremony.

The bride's mother decorated the Hall and must have made an extra special job of it, for it looked beautiful.

After the ceremony, a dance was held and just before supper, the bridal couple cut the cake.

The cake was two tiered and was made by the Station school teacher's wife, Mrs. K. Davie. It was beautifully made and tasted as good as it looked.

Our best wishes go to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Russell.

Education Week at Boggabilla

In common with all other schools, the children of Boggabilla Station took vigorous interest in Education Week . . . too vigorous from the manager's point of view, as will be told later.

Open day on the Station was attended by many parents of the children at school, and the Vicar, with two visitors, Mrs. Hoskins and Mrs. Gower. There were many comments of approval on the good standard of work shown by the pupils, and the opinion was that both Mr. Buchanan, as Headmaster and Mr. Hathorn, as assistant, had done a good job at the School in the first part of their first year.

The day preceding the Open Day was spent at Moree, where the school children took part in the Annual P.S.A.A.A. Sports. The "day" actually commenced at 4 a.m. in the morning, when the school bell was rung to awaken those going to the sports. As the time of departure was not until 7 a.m., the manager very reluctantly got out of bed and "tore a strip off the offenders" as they say. Again at five o'clock there were the sound of voices coming from the direction of the garage where the station truck is housed. Again the manager got out of bed, this time jet propelled. After tearing off a "second strip" there followed a warning that any further noise would cancel the trip.

The party eventually set off about ten minutes past seven and everybody was enjoying the trip, for it was not too cool and they had managed to borrow a tarpaulin from the Schoolteacher. The road was quite good except for a couple of patches at the Moree end, where it had rained heavily.

On one occasion the truck entered one of these patches in third gear, but the going was too much, and so it went down to second gear. But it still could not make it, so after finally stopping, it pulled away in bottom . . . very slowly. All this time the truck was drifting to the off side of the road and a glance in the driving mirror, showed a car or something behind. A sensible driver, seeing the plight of a heavily laden truck would have been content to wait till it was more convenient to pass. But no, this driver continued along, in the table drain, and immediately swung across the front of the truck.

However, apart from collecting the bumper bar on the truck no harm was done. The driver said he was going to the Sports. Someone said he did not like his family, and was trying to get them into the Hospital.

Mr. Buchanan, Headmaster of the Aboriginal School said the children spent an enjoyable day meeting many friends and relations. Their tunics, blazers and marching made them a pleasing picture as they progressed around the arena.

Special congratulations to Colleen Duncan, who broke the district Senior Girls' Broad Jump record with a leap of 13 feet 5½ inches. Also to the Junior



A special prize to Grace Monaghab, of Three Way Bridge, Griffith, for her excellent drawing entitled "a worried girl"

Boys' Relay Team, Malcolm Hippi, Michael Duncan, Robert Hippi and Brian Troutman. The children travelled 86 miles from Boggabilla to Moree to participate in the Annual P.S.A.A.A. Sports.

Since the beginning of June, there has been a steady increase in the number of men and boys out of work at Boggabilla. Out of a total of almost 40 men, only about four managed to keep in work.

However, shearing has commenced again and contractors have been in for labour for ring barking, and work is at the moment of a casual nature.

(Continued on column 1, next page)

A Country Letter

Writing from Pallarang Station, Boomi, Mrs. Walter Binge says . . . "My husband used to be handyman to Mr. Harrison at Boggabilla some time ago and also to Mr. McCutcheon for a while.

Then he got this station job and we came down here to live. We have been here 18 months now and have a very nice cottage to live in, two cows to milk and our meat is provided. We live near the bank of the McIntyre river and catch plenty of fish. There are also plenty of wild pigs here too. My husband caught two little ones and we have them in a sty. We go to Goondiwindi once a month and go out to visit our sons and their wives and our grandchildren, and all our friends.

We went up last weekend just after my husband's uncle Harry Lang died.

My little granddaughter Gillian Binge has been very ill and arrangements have been made for her to go to the Far West home in Sydney. We trust she will respond well to treatment and go back to Boggabilla completely recovered."

. . . Thank you, Mrs. Binge, for a very interesting letter. We are happy to know you and your husband are doing so well at Pallarang and I would like some more country news from you.—Ed.



These happy smiling youngsters are the girls from 2nd class, at Nanima school. Nanima is noted for the interest the teachers and children alike take in their school, both in the classrooms and in the garden

BOGGABILLA NEWS—continued from previous page

A number of men were unemployed for several weeks before they applied for the Social Service Benefit which they are entitled to receive.

Once having made the claim for assistance a man must report to an Employment Office, Police Station or such places where their claims are dealt with. If he fails to report and sign Weekly Income Statement he loses any benefit that may be due, and must make a fresh claim.

Mooroopna Folk . . .



Mrs. Saunders, of Mooroopna, and her family



Pretty Violet Smith, of Mooroopna



A Mooroopna foursome prepare for a day's picnic in the bus

Truck Tragedy .. Sport .. School Inspection Day

Practically every person in the township and district of Brewarrina has been shocked and saddened by the appalling tragedy of a recent evening's fatal truck smash. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and relatives of the victims.

At about 6.40 the truck in which five youths were travelling towards Brewarrina, got out of control on the approach to the Billabong Bridge.

The truck, a 2-ton Chev., collided with the safety fence and toppled over the embankment, coming to rest at the bottom of the watercourse, about 30 yards from the roadway.

The crash was responsible for the death of three of the five youths.

Those killed were Albert Knight, aged 19, driver of the vehicle; Raymond Gregory Nean, aged 11 and Bruce West, aged 14.

The other two in the vehicle, Barry West, 12 and Donald Norman Salt, 10, were admitted to Brewarrina District Hospital, where they were given medical care.

The vehicle which was almost completely wrecked belonged to Mr. Francis Blake.

The largely attended triple funeral of the victims took place two days later from Christ Church, Brewarrina to Brewarrina Cemetery. Rev. Bro. R. Palmer, B.G.S., officiated at the church and at the graveside.

Children from Brewarrina schools formed a guard of honour; a fitting tribute to their schoolmates.

Relatives and friends of the bereaved families came from many parts of Brewarrina and Bourke districts to attend the funeral.

ABORIGINES' FOOTBALL AT BREWARRINA

Two football teams representing the Walgett Aboriginal Station journeyed from Walgett recently, and met two teams representing Brewarrina Aboriginal Station at the last mentioned ground.

In the Reserve Grade the play was fast and gave the spectators a hint of what was to follow in the first-grade game.

Scorers in the Reserve grade were:—

For Brewarrina: R. Sullivan a try. John Frail a try and a goal.

For Walgett: W. Morgan a try.

In this game John Frail gave an outstanding display as half.

His try was a gem, as from the base of the scrum, on Walgett 25, he sidestepped and weaved his way right through the opposition to score lonehanded.

For Walgett, the fullback was easily the most outstanding.

First Grade Game

This game was played at such a pace, that in the still airless afternoon, a pall of dust hung over the ground throughout the match.

With every player straining his utmost, some very good, though at times ragged football was witnessed.

With the scores, Walgett 8, Brewarrina 7, with only a few minutes to go, excitement was at a very high pitch, with partisans yelling encouragement on both sides.

From a scrum, Brewarrina's five-eighth, Fred Ferguson, with a very pretty piece of football, beat several players and threw a long pass over two team-mates' heads to Cassidy Samuels, who went in and clinched victory for Brewarrina.

The scores being Brewarrina 10, Walgett 8.

Fred certainly shone for Brewarrina, while for Walgett, once again it was the fullback who was outstanding.

To sum up:—

John Frail has great potentialities as a footballer.

A lesson many teams could learn: "There was not one punch thrown for the duration of either game."

The last game was very capably handled by Mr. Ted Crimmings of Walgett, who always had the game under control.

ABORIGINES' SCHOOL

One afternoon recently, Brewarrina Aboriginal School was open for inspection by parents, adults and interested citizens. All the parents paid a visit to the school to be proudly shown around by their children and to examine their books which were displayed on each child's desk.

Attention was caught by the children's artistic achievements displayed around the walls of the classrooms. Many of the mothers were surprised at their children's portrayal of them in their pictures of "mum" and "dad". The pictures of "teacher" brought smiles to the faces of many visitors, while the numerous paintings in the Upper Division Room interested all who studied them.

Along the walls of the verandah the work of the senior girls in sewing was shown. Shirts, blouses, aprons, tray cloths, throw-overs, guest towels and centre pieces decorated with coloured embroidery stitches made a gay display, along with the knitting and the process books.

Various baskets, trays, models, potholders, pieces of wool work and felt work, all showing a high degree of proficiency were displayed in the two classrooms. Many parents and visitors wandered through the rooms repeatedly to re-examine and appreciate the displays.

At 2.30 the home science girls announced afternoon tea and the visitors were treated to tea and buttered scones served by the girls clad in their green work aprons.

Refreshed by afternoon tea and with one last look at the school, which is in the process of being painted inside and out, the fifty odd visitors returned to their homes more convinced in the belief that "Education is Everyone's Concern."

“The Travelling Post Office”

by ANDREW BARTON PATTERSON

Published at the special request of a number of Dawn readers

The roving breezes come and go, the reed beds sweep and sway
The sleepy river murmurs low, and loiters on its way
It's the land of “lots O' time” along the Castlereagh.

The old man's son had left the farm, he found it dull and slow
He drifted to the great Northwest, where all the rovers go
“He's gone so long”, the old man said, “He's dropped right out of mind”
But if you'd write a line to him I'd take it very kind
He's shearing here and fencing there, a kind of waif and stray . . .
He's droving now, with Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.

The sheep are travelling for the grass, and travelling very slow
They may be at Mundooran now, or past the Overflow
Or tramping down the blacksoil flats across by Waddiwong
But all those little country towns would send the letter wrong,
The mailman if he's extra tired, would pass them in his sleep
It's safest to address the note to “Care of Conroy's sheep”
For five and twenty thousand head can scarcely go astray,
You write to “care of Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh”.

By rock and ridge and riverside the western mail has gone
Across the great blue mountain range to take that letter on.
A moment on the topmost grade while open firedoors glare
She pauses like a living thing to breathe the mountain air
Then launches down the other side across the plains away
To bear the note to “Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh”.

And now by coach and mailman's bag it goes from town to town
And Conroy's Gap and Conroy's Creek have marked it “further down”
Beneath a sky of deepest blue, where never cloud abides
A speck upon the waste of plain the lonely mailman rides,
Where fierce hot winds have set the pine and myall boughs asweep
He hails the shearers passing by for news of Conroy's sheep.
By big lagoons where wildfowl play and crested pigeons flock
By campfires where the drivers ride around their restless stock
And past the teamster toiling down to fetch the wool away
My letter chases Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.



Hello, Kids,

Well, I'm very pleased to say my mail has improved very considerably. I think it must have been the good effect of the holidays. I had a nice drawing from Valerie Hopkins, of Green Hills, another nice sketch entitled "Summer Day" (to be published later) from Grace Monaghan of 3-way Bridge, Griffith, and a letter and sketch from 12 year old Robert Merritt, of Erambie. I believe Robert is very fond of football and boxing. Good for you, young fellow!

I also had a nice sketch from 16 year old Phyllis Newman whose address is c.o. Post Office, Karuah. Phyllis would like some pen friends 16 to 19 years of age.

Speaking of pen friends, I had a letter from a group of young fellows who all have the same address . . . Post Office, Bowraville. These young fellows who are all fond of football, hunting, swimming and fishing, all want pen friends, girls preferred and promise to answer every letter. Their names are . . . Ivan Chapman (21), Rod Buchanan (17), Colin Buchanan (21), Sam Dotti (19), David Chapman (19) and Ross Jarrett (15). How about some letters for these young fellows.

Max Jarrett, aged 17, of Bellwood, via Nambucca, would also like some girl pen friends about 16 years of age. Max is interested in cricket, horseriding, tennis and hockey.



A special prize to Max Walker, of Bellwood, for this excellent black and white sketch of "The Man from the Snowy River"

While I was writing this letter the postman came in with another big parcel of mail from Grace Monaghan of Griffith . . . some more sketches. Nice work, Grace. Congratulations, too, to Joan Smith of Neville Everson Street, West Kempsey, for her nice poem, "Wattle Time". Some more please, Joan.

Well Kids, it won't be long you know before the end of the year will be with us again and more school holidays. Some of you will have reached a stage where you will be thinking about leaving school and earning a living for yourselves. To those of you in High Schools I would most sincerely say don't leave school until you have got your Intermediate or better still your Leaving Certificate. I know it is not always possible for many of you to stay at school as long as you should but I cannot stress the importance of a good education. Education is the key to many doors in later life and we should all strive to better ourselves.

I guess that's about all for this month but I would like a lot more drawings from you all, so how about it?

All the best for now.

Your sincere pal,

Pete



Meet Matilda Williams, of Cowra, a keen reader of Dawn



Summer in the Flower Garden

Care of the soil and correct cultivation is as important in the flower garden for success as in the vegetable garden. The gardener with the "green thumb" is usually the careful gardener. He or she knows that good loam is the best soil and that drainage and a sufficiency of organic matter in the soil are important.

Varieties should be selected carefully and obtained from reputable sources. The smaller the seed and the heavier the soil the more shallow the seed should be sown. Very small seeds need only be pressed into the soil of the seed bed. Do not plant fast and slow growing seed in the one bed.

A SOWING AND PLANTING GUIDE BULBS AND TUBERS

Many of the bulbous and tuber plants are now blooming to profusion, while many others will come into flower during the next few months. However, now is the time to plan for the planting season commencing in the late summer and autumn and gardeners will, therefore, find the following planting directions helpful:—

Agapanthus—Plant crowns 12-18 inches apart, with crowns just above soil level.

Allium—Plant in groups 6 inches apart, 3 inches deep.

Anemone—Seed in seed bed or box 1 inch deep. Tubers $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep in rows 6 inches apart.

Babiana—Plant 1 inch deep 3-4 inches apart in groups.

Begonia (tuberous)—Sow seed lightly on surface of prepared seed boxes and gently press in.

Colchicum—Plant in groups 6 inches apart, 2 inches deep.

Crocus—Plant in clumps or drifts 3 inches deep and 3 inches apart.

Freesia—Sow seed $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep in prepared seed boxes. Plant corms 1 inch deep, 3 inches apart.

Gladiolus—Plant corms 3-4 inches deep and 6 inches apart in groups or in rows 12-18 inches apart.

Hippeastrum—Plant with the top $\frac{2}{3}$ of the bulb exposed 12 inches apart in groups or in rows 18 inches apart.

Hyacinth—Plant 4-6 inches deep and 6-8 inches apart.

Iris (bulbous)—Plant 3-4 inches deep and 6 inches apart in groups or in rows 12 inches apart.

Ixia—Plant corms 1 inch deep and 3 inches apart.

Lachenalia—Plant 4 inches apart and 3 inches deep in groups or rows.

Leucojum—Plant in clumps 3 inches deep and 6 inches apart.

Narcissus—Plant bulbs 3-5 inches deep and 6-12 inches apart in rows or drifts.

Ornithogalum—Plant in groups 2 inches deep 6-9 inches apart.

Ranunculus—Sow seed $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep in prepared seed beds or boxes. Plant tubers $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 inches deep, 6 inches apart.

Scilla—Plant in groups 2-3 inches deep, 6 inches apart.

Sparaxis—Plant in groups 1 inch deep, 3-4 inches apart.

Watsonia—Plant corms 3-4 inches deep and 6 inches apart in clumps or rows.

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