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# Dawn



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

SEPTEMBER, 1959





## Our Cover

This month we have chosen for our cover a very real Australian—the kangaroo. This is the animal, now regarded in many parts as a nuisance, which for years provided food and clothing for our original aborigine people.



## “DAWN”

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, J.P., F.C.E.S.

## In this Issue . . .

	Page.
Aborigines Defend Dawn .. ..	1
Our Roving Cameraman .. ..	2
Home Hints .. .. .	4
They Say .. .. .	5
A Pig in Sheep's Clothing (Story with a Moral) .. .. .	6
A Man and His Boomerang .. ..	7
Along the Mail Route .. ..	8
Did You Know (Feature) .. ..	9
Pretty Wedding at Purfleet .. ..	9
Help Yourself .. .. .	10
Tribute to the Late Albert Namatjira	11
Talents (A Fable) .. .. .	11
Boxers (Pictorial) .. .. .	12
Letters to the Editor .. .. .	13
The ESER Plan (Helping the Aborigines) .. .. .	14
Triumphal Entry into the King's Presence .. .. .	15
Purfleet News .. .. .	15
Natives Must Pray Alone .. ..	16
Harvesting the Corn at Tabulam ..	17
Varied Programme at Schools' Choral Festival .. .. .	18
Cubawee Boys in Scout Outing ..	18
Unexpected Death of Mrs. J. Kelly ..	18
Love Story of Two Sisters (A Legend)	19
The Bible Game .. .. .	20
Pete's Page .. .. .	Inside Back Cover
In the Garden .. .. .	Back Cover

# ABORIGINES DEFEND DAWN AND THEMSELVES

Dear Sir,

In the June issue of *Dawn*, there appeared a very critical letter by Mrs. F. E. Plater, R.M.B. 530, Brooms Head Road, Maclean.

Spare me a line or so please, as I'd like to make a few remarks in answer to Mrs. Plater's criticism of *Dawn* and the Aborigines. She says she was given a copy of *Dawn* by a coloured friend "Sandy Cameron", who is one of those "creatures", as she calls the dark people of Yamba.

"Creature" if you please! We all know them as human beings not animals. People such as Mrs. Plater help to keep the dark race down. And she refers to "Tribes".

Whose leg is she trying to pull? There is no Tribe at Yamba. Some of the dark people living there are nearly white. Put two or three of the dark girls together with girls of the same colouring as Mrs. Plater and you wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

Of course, we are Black, Halfcaste and Quartercast, but who cares: We don't! We are proud of our colour. God gave us our colour and we are not worried about it, for God never made our bodies any different to that of the white man. We are all made the same. We all come into the world the same way and we all end up going out of it the same way.

Ten to one, Mrs. Plater, we have whiter and brighter hearts than many of the white race. Do you wonder why we dark people are more deeply hurt than you white people? We get hurt much quicker than you white people for the simple reason that we get sniggered and sneered at, all because of our colour. It is not lack of human compassion, for we can associate with any colour and get along fine if we are welcomed but we can sense when we are not wanted, believe me.

How right you are, Mrs. Plater, no white man or woman will ever take our slim, upright figure and noble bearing from us!

By no means would I say that *Dawn* should be circulated among the white people only, for *Dawn* is our paper and we look forward to it every month for all it contains.

Who does Mrs. Plater think she is kidding? Not us coloured folks anyway: We do know how to keep ourselves clean. For instance, Mrs. Plater, where do you think we keep our stockings? We keep them in a nice clean sensible screw-top jar. That may surprise you perhaps.

Do you realise, Mrs. Plater, that the dark people whom you criticised are perhaps greater sports than the men and women of Yamba?

Mrs. Plater referred to certain *Dawn* Home Hints such as "wrap gold and silver shoes, etc." "To clean soiled and pastel coloured, shoes, etc.", "When your trousseau linen starts wearing, etc.", "Gloves, frocks, hats in the bathroom". By no means, do we leave all those things unattended, even to the household work, for we believe in keeping our things spic and span.

It seems to me, Mrs. Plater, you only took *Dawn* to criticise it and Mr. Sawtell's articles. Leave *Dawn* and Mr. Sawtell alone, Mrs. Plater, for they are both helping us out, and doing wonders for us, and we are all very proud of them. We are very proud of *Dawn's* Editor for printing Mrs. Plater's criticism for us to see and read, for it has certainly done no harm. We are out of our shells and will never go back to them and we intend fighting for our rights.

Mrs. Plater wonders why the dark people at Yamba are tossed out in the swampy marsh land; because most of the white folks like Mrs. Plater won't give them a fair go.

You say, Mrs. Plater, there is land there worthy of the aborigines, bordering the Clarence River, to make a happy home for this tribe: Why don't the white people get together then and give it to them? Or are they afraid the dark people might show the white race up a little?

Just give us dark folk a fair go, Mrs. Plater, and we'd even the scores up in next to no time.

Don't be so free with your criticism, Mrs. Plater, don't put the blame on us "coloured folk", *Dawn* or Mr. Sawtell.

You would be surprised what our magazine *Dawn* has done for us, so leave well alone.

Aboriginal Reader of *Dawn*,

Post Office,

Glenreagh.

Editor's Comment:

It is indeed gratifying to see this reader hastening to defend his (or her?) people and this magazine but perhaps a little sad that he should have the necessity to do so. However, in fairness to Mrs. Plater, I don't think her letter was intended to criticise or ridicule the aboriginal people for whom she has a great deal of affection and respect, but rather to criticise the way they are treated.

Editor.



# 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.



This photograph of Mavis Lang was taken at Cootamundra on the evening of her Confirmation.



This is another photo of Mavis, this time in school uniform, with her grandmother.



Meet Mrs. J. Robinson, one of Tabulam's best known identities.



This coy looking lass is Ivy Rutherford, of Coonamble.



Little Julie Moore appears to be all alone on the beach at Wreck Bay.



Some of the youngsters from Cherbourg.



Barry Feuquard, of Cherbourg, and one of the modern homes built there.



May we introduce Mrs. Len Walker, of Tabulam.



Kenneth Leonard, and Douglas and Danny Hamilton, of Coonamble.



Some of the Wilcannia boys on the banks of the Darling.



Veronica Day and Adelaide Taylor, of Moonah Cullah, via Deniliquin.



Linda Donnelly, Hector Mercy and Philomena Williams, of Tabulam.



### KITCHEN HINTS

An easy way of dealing with a burnt saucepan is to cover the marks with salt, fill with water and leave for twenty-four hours. You'll find it will come up beautifully when washed in the usual manner.

\* \* \* \* \*

To prevent silverfish, ants, etc., from collecting under paper covering on your pantry shelves, sprinkle a teaspoon of powdered borax over each shelf before papering.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wooden salad bowls, etc., should not be washed, but merely wiped over after use. An occasional rub over with a cloth dipped in a little olive oil will feed the wood and enrich its appearance. Badly stained wood can be rubbed with very fine dry steel wool, being careful to rub in the direction of the grain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever had trouble with the constant loosening of wood screws holding cupboard door hinges? Well, all you have to do to effect a lasting repair is to place a small amount of sulphur in the hole before you drive the screw home; but here is the secret—heat the screws enough to melt the sulphur as they go in and when they cool, the sulphur will harden, thus holding the screws firmly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wet chamois leather cloth will remove dog or cat hairs from upholstery without damaging the surface.

Hot grease spilt on the floor can be prevented from sinking in if cold water is dashed over it to harden it quickly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rubber gloves will wear longer if they are turned inside out as they are stripped off, then left reversed for the next wearing. This gives each glove equal use on the right hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

### GENERAL HINTS

There's a simple and very effective method of anchoring a piece of timber to a newly-poured concrete base. Drive a number of clouts—large-headed nails—into the wood, leaving the heads protruding about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. and press into the wet concrete. This provides a very firm fixing.

Each time the dustbin is emptied swill it out with hot water to which a strong disinfectant has been added, then place a clean newspaper in the bottom. This prevents rubbish coming into actual contact with the base of the bin and ensures that the contents are always emptied. This tip will save you backache, unpleasant work, and give longer life to the garbage tin.

\* \* \* \* \*

For cutting small patches of long grass, a hacksaw is quite effective. Hold a bunch of grass in one hand and saw off near the ground as with a reaping hook. The hacksaw will cut sticks or other heavy growth quite easily.

\* \* \* \* \*

When using screws to fix a hasp and staple, file away the top left and bottom right corners when the slot is upright. You can screw in but it can't be screwed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Triangular-shaped fence rails last longer than square ones—they shed water quicker.

\* \* \* \* \*



**THE KOOKABURRA**

A fine black and white drawing by Rita Wenberg.



#### MEMO TO GEORGE LOAF

The Board is anxious to locate an ex-Kinchela boy named George Loaf, aged about 32 years, in order to pay the balance of his trust money to him.

Would anyone knowing his whereabouts please ask him to contact the Aborigines Welfare Board, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

H. J. GREEN, Superintendent.

#### WILCANNIA NEWS

Last month proved to be a bad month for the residents of Wilcannia, as there were quite a few tragic happenings in that particular month.

Grannie Quayle, an 86-year old pensioner was endeavouring to cook herself a meal when her clothing caught alight and she was severely burned on both legs. She is still confined to her bed as a result of the accident.

Doug and Chriss Young had the misfortune to lose their 7 months old son Geoffry, who passed away in the Wilcannia and District Hospital.

Henry and Phillis Crow also lost their 6 months old baby girl, Noreen, who passed away in the Wilcannia and District Hospital.

Our very sincere sympathy goes to the parents of these babies.

#### OBITUARY

Mrs. Patricia Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Andy, passed away on 15th July, 1959, in the Bega District Hospital.

Pat, her husband and Ruth, lived in one of the Board's houses at Cobargo. Her house was always absolutely spotless, and gave the appearance of always having just been scrubbed, polished and dusted.

This young woman, only 30 years old when she died, had been gravely ill for at least three years and, over the last year, gave all that knew her a lesson in fortitude and courage, for it was seldom, if ever, she complained.

We all regret her passing.



This pretty little lass is Ann Torrens, of Tabulam.

#### MISSING PERSONS

##### Len Andy

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Len Andy, please advise him his grandmother has passed on, and ask him to contact Mr. Ernie Andy or the Manager of Wallaga Lake as soon as possible.

##### Barton Children

Mr. Jimmy Barton, of Goodooga, is very anxious to know the whereabouts of his daughters, Yvonne and Patsy and son Jackie, last heard of living in the Yass district. Anyone who can help is asked to write to Mr. Jimmy Barton, Goodooga, N.S.W.

#### MEMO TO ERNEST GOMER LEWIS

Would anybody who knows the whereabouts of Ernest Gomer Lewis, aged about 18 years, from the Deniliquin district, ask him to contact the Aborigines Welfare Board, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, where a small sum is held in trust for him.

H. J. GREEN, Superintendent.

# A PIG

IN

## SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By ELIZABETH WEBB

A shepherd who loved his sheep very much, took them out every day where they could get fresh grass to eat and cool water to drink.

As they were walking through the grass one day, one little sheep who was not watching where he was going, but was looking at the sky to see the clouds that were floating, suddenly fell into a hole of dirty water.

"Oh, Shepherd!" he cried, "please come and help me! I have done wrong. I was not watching where I was going. I am sorry. Please come and help me!"

The shepherd quickly came to help the little sheep, gently lifting him out of the hole and washing off all the dirt. The shepherd then sat down to talk to the little sheep.

"That hole," he said, "in which you fell today does not belong to the sheep, but to the pigs. They were making fun of you when you fell into the muddy hole. They were even laughing amongst themselves saying that I was not able to keep my sheep out of their muddy holes, and that there was really not much difference between my sheep and themselves."

When the little sheep heard this, and saw how grieved his master was, he was ashamed of himself. "I have offended you," he cried, "and I have spoiled your name as well as the name of the flock. Why was I so careless?"

The shepherd then smiled and gave his little sheep a kindly pat on the head, for he knew that the little sheep sincerely meant all he said. He forgave him.

But there was one little pig who did not laugh when the little sheep fell into the dirty hole. In fact, the little pig was so impressed with the nice things the shepherd did for his sheep that he often wished he could be one of them.

Of course he did not want to give up the things he enjoyed with the other pigs, but he did envy the sheep for the love and care which they continually received from their master.

"No one ever shows me where I can get the kind of food I like when I am hungry, and no one ever cares when I am thirsty," he complained. "I am going to become a sheep so that I, too, can enjoy all these things."

The other pigs laughed at the little pig for his foolish wishes. But in order to show the other pigs that he was not foolish, he thought of some plans which he intended to put into action.

He had seen the skin of a dead sheep lying out in the sun where the shepherd had put it to dry. He put the back of the sheep's skin over his own back, the head over his own head, and the legs over his own legs. He looked very much like a sheep.

The next day, when the sheep followed their shepherd out to the green grass, Love-the-dirt, the little pig who had put on a false skin, was amongst the sheep. He looked so much like the others that they thought another sheep had come to join their flock. So they welcomed him heartily.

All went well until one day when the sheep came near the muddy hole. All the sheep walked very carefully, for they knew they were near a place of danger. But it was not so with Love-the-dirt. He jumped into the dirty hole and rolled over and over in the mud.

The sheep were so amazed that they called their shepherd to come and help one of their brothers in trouble.

"Leave me alone. I like it here. This is the best mud hole I have been in for a long time. I do not want to leave. I want to stay in the mud," said the little pig in a sheep's skin.

The sheep then realised that Love-the-dirt was not a real sheep at all, for a real sheep would not stay in the mud.

As the sheep walked sadly away, a group of pigs was coming towards the muddy hole. When the pigs saw Love-the-dirt, they greeted him.

"Hello, Brother, we shall have fun together in the mud today," the pigs said to Love-the-dirt.

"Do not call me your 'brother!'" replied Love-the-dirt.

"Why?" asked the pigs angrily.

"Because I am a sheep!" retorted Love-the-dirt.

"You are deceiving yourself. You are our brother. This mud hole belongs to all of us," said the pigs to Love-the-dirt, who thought he could deceive his brother pigs.

Love-the-dirt soon forgot his anger in his enjoyment of the mud hole, and soon forgot the sheep too. In fact, he was so taken up with the things he was enjoying that he did not notice that a storm was approaching. It was not until the storm had broken in all its fury that he realised what was happening.

Then he pulled himself out of the hole and quickly ran to the place where he knew the shepherd and the sheep had already gone. When he reached the sheep-fold, he knocked at the door and called to the shepherd as loudly as he could.

"Who is there?" asked a voice from within.

"It is one of your sheep," answered Love-the-dirt. "Oh Shepherd, Shepherd, let me in! I have been following you through the grass; I have been going with you to the river. I am one of you; please let me in!"

But the voice from within replied, "Go away, go away! You have been enjoying yourself in the mud hole with all the rest of the pigs. You are one of them and you must stay with them. You do not belong to me. Go away. I never knew you. You are not a sheep."

Some day Jesus, the Good Shepherd, is going to say words just like these to all those who want to get into Heaven without being born again into God's family (Matthew 7:21-23). It was not enough for Love-the-dirt to make himself look like the sheep by wearing a sheep skin. It is not enough for us to make ourselves look like Christians by going to church and doing many other things that we see Christians do. Outward appearance never changes the heart.

But God changes the hearts of men, women, boys, and girls if they allow Him to do so. After our hearts have been changed, we shall try to please the Shepherd. We shall not love sin any more.

Would you like to become one of Christ's sheep today? One day, when the "storm" of God's judgment comes, it will be too late to repent of your sins. But now you have opportunity. God will never turn away any sincere seeker. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," said Christ. If you come to Him now, He will save you. He will make your heart new and then you will be His sheep. He wants you to be one of His sheep today.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture . . . I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine" (John 10:9, 14).



This smiling young fellow is Lennie Walker, of Tabulam.

## A MAN AND HIS BOOMERANG

By FRED WOODGATE, F.R.S.A.

The boomerang, ancient trade mark of the Australian Aborigine, is being thrown around the world. Sometimes as a sport, often as a mantlepiece decoration or collector's item, the graceful lines of the boomerang are held in hands other than those of the 20th century stone age aboriginal. Originally of mulga or black wattle, and more recently of whale bone, a United States manufacturer now offers a model of "practically unbreakable plastic".

The theory of flight employed in the design of aircraft mainplanes is the same as that used for countless centuries by the Australian native to make a throwing stick that would return to its sender.

The boomerang, slender and tough like the hunter himself, spans the gap between mystical legends and the practical necessities of day-to-day living. Inscribed with ancient powers of the spirit world, the boomerang leaves the hand of the warrior and soars towards the heavens as a bird in flight. Then suddenly to the feet of the thrower it returns.

The word boomerang (more correctly boom-rang) is used in connection with a number of objects, sacred or for hunting.

THE THROWING STICK or KILLER BOOMERANG is used by Central Australian natives for hunting and in warfare. Animals and reptiles hunted for food include kangaroo, wallaby, emu, goanna and snake. When thrown into a flock of birds they wound or cripple a number, bringing them to the ground. The upper or convex side is inscribed with a design of parallel curves and ovals. The lower surface is flat and plain.

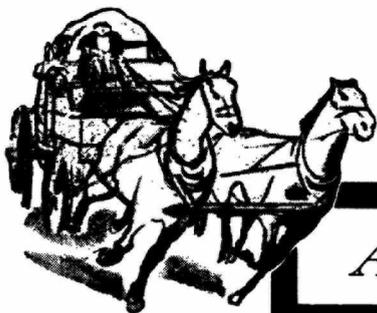
The HOOKED BOOMERANG from tribes in Arnhem Land, Northern Territory, is used for hooking and killing at close quarters.

CROSS BOOMERANGS (like St. Andrew's cross) heavily decorated, are used in connection with ceremonial dances by tribes in Northern Queensland. The colours used are red, yellow, black and white and the drawings represent objects used in everyday life as well as historical myths associated with spiritual (dreaming time) ancestors.

The boomerang which attracts most attention and is made by natives to sell to tourists, is the COME-BACK or returning type. This was popular with Aborigines for sport and competition between friendly tribes. With the march of civilisation, many ancient customs are dying out, and this is perhaps for the good. However, his love for the come-back remains constant and is to be found in many a Government built dwelling where the Aborigine is learning to take his place alongside his white brother.

Ah! boomerang—you are a bent piece of wood, the root of a tree that did not grow straight. Yet in you is the promise of the next meal. You are the glory of an age on which the curtains are closing.

Boomerang—I can't throw you away—you always come back.



## ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

### CARE OF TEETH

At the Summer Camp, held each year at La Perouse, Dentists examine the teeth of all the children at the camp and supply the Board with a list of those whose teeth require attention.

At the last Summer Camp, it was discovered that 20 children required urgent dental treatment and another 50 had teeth which required filling.

The parents of the children requiring urgent dental treatment have been notified, but the Board is sorry to say that very few of them have obtained the necessary treatment for their children. The Board is disappointed at the attitude shown by these parents because the health of the children will suffer if the treatment is not obtained.

The Board wishes to impress on parents the necessity of obtaining dental treatment for their children, where this is necessary, and hopes that the parents will do their part in sending their children to the Dentist.

H. J. GREEN, Superintendent.

### NEWS FROM WALGETT

Congratulations go out to Mr. and Mrs. R. Hunter of Walgett, on the birth of a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Morgan on the birth of a son and to Mr. and Mrs. George Fernando on the birth of a son also.

The Walgett Station School under the guidance of Mr. S. Rixon and Mr. T. Crimmings participated in Education week with displays of colourful drawings and paintings, with the girls proudly showing their dressmaking efforts. Many of the local business people were present on Wednesday the 5th August, and the children's efforts were much admired. Afternoon tea was partaken of after the visitation, many of the school lasses assisting in this happy task.

Friday, August the 7th, was Sports Day for the Walgett Station School, and for the district Schools also such as Collarenebri, Goodooga, Carinda, Lightning Ridge, etc.

The marching children were all suitably dressed in blue and white, and were unanimously declared the winning marching team, and presented with a silver cup. The school also took the honours in the ball games and were the recipients of another cup, making the third cup they had won for sports in four weeks. Keep up the good work, children!

### ABORIGINES SUNDAY

An aboriginal preacher and about 25 children from the Tabulam Aboriginal Station took part in a special service in the Bonalbo Methodist Church for Aborigines Sunday, recently.

The service was conducted by the minister, Rev. D. McPherson, who visits the station to give religious instruction.

He invited the children to attend the service, during which they sang three hymns.

Mr. Bob Collins, a station resident, spoke on the significance of the observance and Mr. McPherson's address was based on the text "Who is my neighbour?"

An aboriginal who lives at Bonalbo, Mr. Pearson, played a hymn on a gum leaf during the service.

### EDUCATION WEEK

#### WALLAGA LAKE ABORIGINAL SCHOOL

The Wallaga Lake school teacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. K. Arnold, were extremely gratified to see the interest shown by the residents of the Station in their school and its affairs, during Education Week.

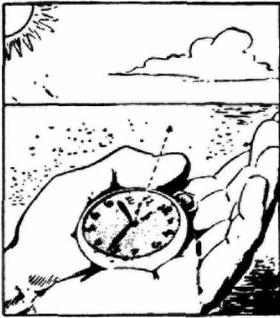
Almost without exception, a member or members of each pupil's family attended and all were keenly interested in the programme set out for them.

Pupils from each class read either from the school magazine or from books provided for them. Whilst one class was reading the others were going on with other work. In conclusion, the children put on a play.

Before afternoon tea was served, Mr. Arnold spoke to the parents and visitors and stressed the importance of the parents being interested in all phases of their children's life, both work and play and that the parents were just as responsible for the education of their children as he, their teacher was, and if both combined then the children must benefit.

The afternoon tea, served by the children, was an unqualified success and one lady was heard to say, "There should be more of these meetings", and to this we all agree.

# DID YOU KNOW . . .



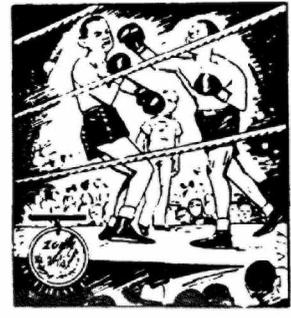
A clock is a compass. Hold clock (or watch) face up and point the hour hand toward the sun. Halfway between the hour hand and 12 is due south



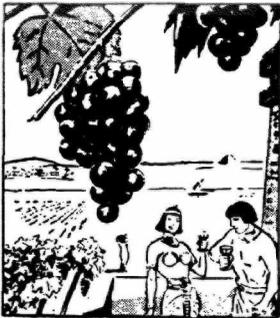
By studying the folds and hummocks of Antarctic ice, scientists hope to gain clues to the ways the Alps, Himalayas, and other mountains were formed



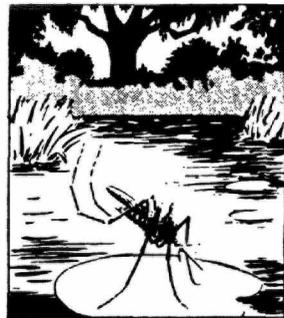
Dice are probably the earliest gaming devices. They can be traced to the early days of the Roman Empire.



ZONK is the first non-white magazine to present gold medals for the most outstanding boxer of the year. The first gold medal was awarded to Jake Tuli in 1952



Grapes have been cultivated so long that their place of origin cannot be determined. Egyptians evidently grew grapes and made wine 6,000 years ago.



Mosquitoes plague man from the Tropics to the Arctic Circle. Only the female mosquito bites, and her principal food is not human blood, but plant nectar.



Man still is in the dawn of progress. His best steam locomotive is but eight per cent efficient, his latest diesel and petrol engines barely 25 per cent.



In Roman times, maps were guarded as atomic weapons are today, and for much the same reason. Accurate maps of roads and harbours were extremely rare. Copying them was treason

Note: In the Southern Hemisphere the direction between the hour hand and 12 o'clock is NORTH.

## PRETTY WEDDING AT PURFLEET

A very pretty pink and blue wedding took place at the U.A.M. Church, Purfleet, one Saturday afternoon recently, when Miss Ina Lay Slater, the second daughter of Mrs. Selma Slater and the late Daniel Slater was joined in Holy Matrimony with Mr. Henry Maher.

The bride wore a pretty morning blue dress, attractively complemented with pink and white accessories.

The ceremony was performed by Pastor K. W. Wilson, of Taree, in his characteristic friendly manner.

The Matron of Honour, Mrs. Peter Paulson, of Forster, an older sister of the bride, wore a pretty pastel pink nylon dress, with blue accessories.

Mis Dell Slater, a younger sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She wore a pretty pink nylon dress with white accessories.

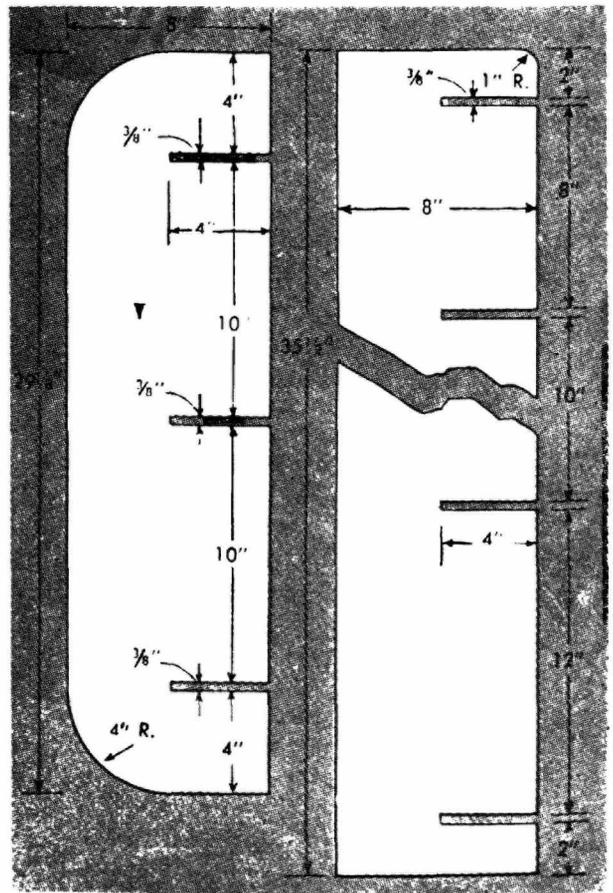
Mrs. Slater, mother of the bride, wore a navy blue dress with white accessories and Mrs. Maher, the mother of the bridegroom, chose a cyclamen-pink dress with white trimmings.

As the register was being signed, Mr. Barwon-Parry rendered the beautiful solo, "I'll Walk Beside You".

# HELP YOURSELF

## A BOOKCASE EASY TO STORE OR TRANSPORT

Modern in appearance, with the added advantage of being easily taken apart for transport or storage, this bookcase with "interlocking" construction will meet the needs of most students. The three vertical partitions and four shelves are cut from  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch plywood, making this an inexpensive piece of furniture. It is important that the slots cut halfway through all members of the bookcase be a uniform  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch, so they fit together tightly. The fit between members should be such that a rubber mallet must be used to drive them tight or loosen them. If looseness develops from shrinkage or wear, four angle brackets screwed to the shelves and vertical partitions at the outer corners will restore rigidity. An alternate method is to nail a sheet of hardboard or plywood across the back edges of the bookcase.



## TRIBUTE TO LATE ALBERT NAMATJIRA

Albert Namatjira was a great man because success as a painter drove him on to constantly improve his work. By proving that Aborigines have latent talents that can be developed, the artist inspired many of his people to try for greater things. This also changed the attitude of whites towards Aborigines. His early passing was a sad loss to all Australians.

These are the sentiments expressed by the fifty people who attended the Tribute to Albert Namatjira held by the Tamworth Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines one Friday night recently. Mr. Fred Woodgate, F.R.S.A. gave a talk on the life and work of the artist, a paying tribute to the many people who assisted him rise to fame. He said that four years ago he wrote to Namatjira, congratulating him on his success, stating that the sales of his work in the Tamworth district were about four times that of any other artist of any nationality. A reply was received from the Finke River Mission, which is the headquarters of the Arunta tribe, where Namatjira was born, lived and finally died. Enclosed with the letter was a photograph of the artist and photographs of a number of other tribesmen he was instructing in painting.

Miss Margaret O'Neill, who worked for a considerable time at Alice Springs Hospital, showed coloured slides of the hills, valleys and trees that were the artist's favourite subjects.

Prints that were representative of Namatjira's early and later paintings were on display on the walls of St. James Church of England hall where the function was held. Many remarks were made about the faithful reproduction of the scenes and the pleasing combinations of vivid colour.

### Competition

Before supper was served, results were announced of the competition conducted for boys and girls. Entitled "When I Leave School", all entrants received an Australian Flag. Prize winners received a bag of sweets and a framed Namatjira miniature picture. These were Norma Tighe and Trevor Hill, with second prizes to Annette Matthews and Danny Bugg.

### Thanks

Mrs. Esther Mundine, of 1 Heyer-street, South Grafton writes:—

"Would you please publish the enclosed expression of thanks for me ?

I would like to thank the Staff and Nurses of the Grafton Base Hospital for their kindness and help whilst I was in hospital.

I would also like to thank all those people who assisted us and gave such assistance following the death of my husband, Richard, on June 20th.

Especially the people of Baryugil, Tabulam, Bonalbo, Woodenbong, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mundine of South Grafton, and Mr. and Mrs. John Mundine."

## TALENTS

In the lore of the Orient, there is a story about a good man who built a large and prosperous business through honest toil and unselfish co-operation with his fellow workers. As old age crept upon him he began to feel concerned for the future of his enterprise. His only living relatives were three stalwart nephews.

One day he called the young men to him, saying, "One of you shall be my successor." They thanked him and each vowed to do his very best if chosen.

The old man continued, "I have a problem. He who solves it best shall have my business." So saying he handed each youth a coin. "This is a large room, but go and buy something that will fill the room as full as it is possible, but, spend no more than the coin I have given you. Go now, but return at sunset ; I shall be waiting."

All day long the men went about the market place and among the tradespeople, and as shadows lengthened they made their way back to the house of their uncle. He greeted them kindly and asked to see their purchases.

The first youth dragged a bale of straw into the room. When he had untied it, it made a pile so great that it hid two walls of the room. He was complimented by the others, who helped him clear it away.

The second youth brought in two bags of thistledown, which, when released, filled half the room. The other two cheered him.

The third youth stood silent and forlorn, "And what have you ?" asked the aged man.

"I gave half my coin to a hungry child," he answered meekly, and most of what I had left I gave to alms at the church, where I asked God to forgive my sins."

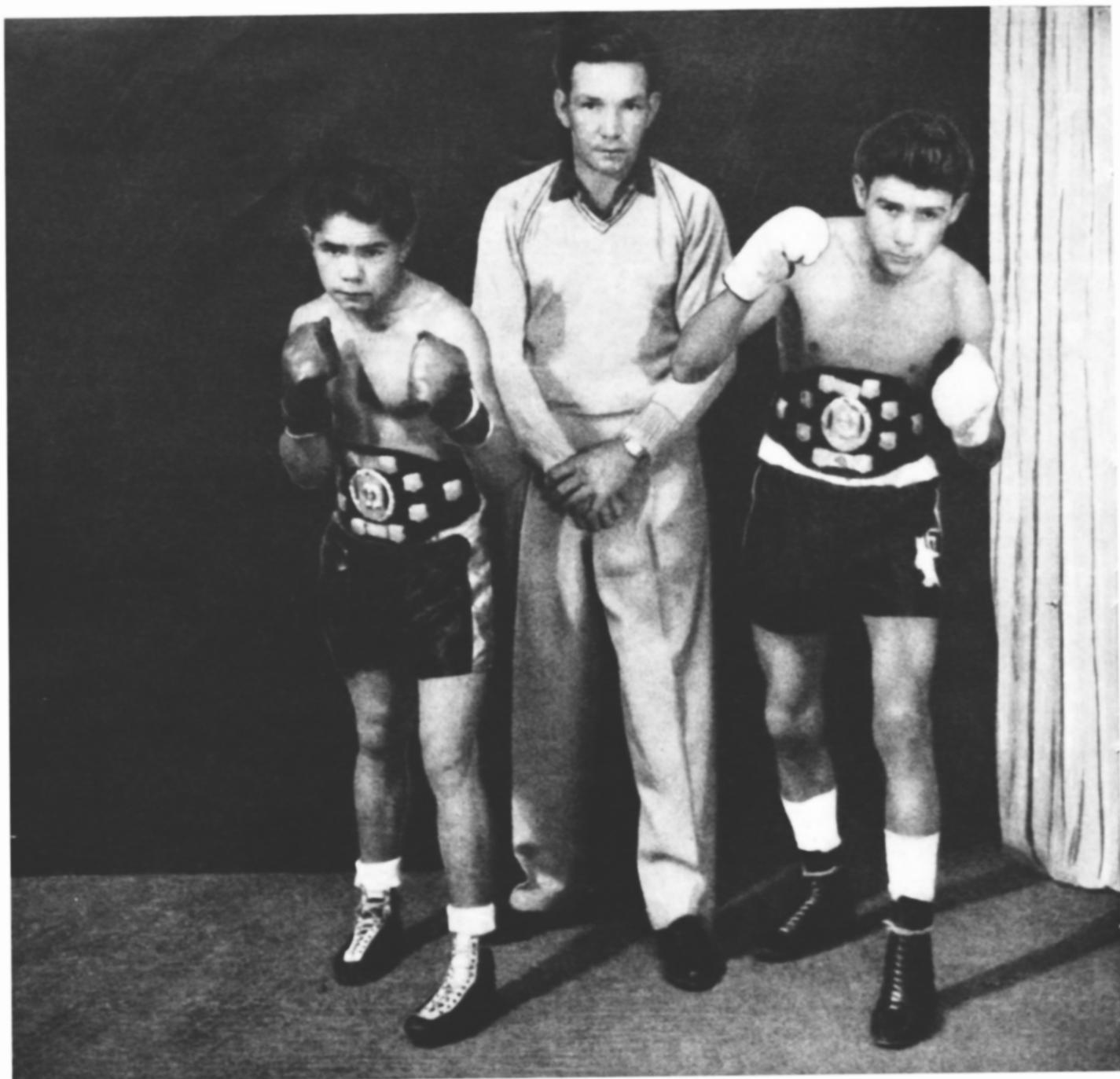
There was no cheering, but the youth continued. "And with the farthing I bought a flint and this small candle." And with that he struck the flint and lighted the candle which filled every corner of the room with light.

The kindly old man could not help but think of the passage of scripture which he quoted, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." And while the young man fell to his knees, the old man blessed him and gave him all his possessions.

## MISSING PERSONS

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Frank Suey, who left Michelago about four months ago to try and find his sister, Marlene Suey.

Frank should be asked to contact Mrs. E. Witt, Post Office, Michelago.



## THE BOXERS

In the centre of this picture we see Roy Carroll, of 442 Abercrombie Street, Redfern, the youngest fight trainer in Australia and the *only* Aborigine trainer.

He is anxious to find talented young aborigine fighters to train.

On the left is Charlie Carroll (17), wearing the Riverina Bantamweight Championship belt and on the right, Trevor Christian (17), Riverina Lightweight Champion. Trevor has had 19 fights for one defeat.

Interested fighters can contact Roy Carroll at the above address or at the Jack Dunleavy's Gymnasium in George Street, Sydney.

# DIGNITY IS DUE

Dear Editor,

I am in complete agreement with two letters published in *Dawn*—one by Mrs. F. Plater in June, and the other written by N. Gibson in July, and congratulate you for inviting readers to comment.

As a white Australian who feels strongly that Aborigines should share equally the rights and responsibilities of fellow-Australians, I think a magazine such as *Dawn* could be a wonderful service of information and encouragement. Too often it seems to be patronising in its tone and some of the household hints, however well-intentioned, are just unreal if they are meant to help people many of whom are economically poor, due to lack of opportunity.

And please, could Aborigine always be spelt with the dignity of a capital "A"? The small "a" seems to emphasise that Aborigines are regarded as second-class people.

All people, whatever their race, are basically the same, and given equal opportunity, can contribute equally to human progress.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) Rosemary Lewis,  
7 Charles-street,  
West Lindfield.

# THANKS TO DAWN

*Margaret Tucker*

*writes*

Dear Mr. Editor,

I want to congratulate you on the excellent pages—"The Wrong Way and the Right Way" with the photographs of Harold Blair and other Asian and African personalities.

It meant a great deal to me to see the message of Moral Re-Armament being carried to my people through the pages of *Dawn*.

I have sent a copy of the June issue, to Mrs. Subandrio, the wife of the Foreign Minister of Indonesia, whose photograph appears in the June issue.

God bless you and your family,

Yours sincerely,  
MARGARET TUCKER,  
Lilardia Wumpa Tribe,  
Member of the Aborigines Welfare Board of Victoria.



Caroona boys with the 4 stone 8 lb. shield and pennant which they recently won for the second successive time at the Werris Creek School boys, football Carnival. One of the pleasing features of this inter-school football is the popularity of these little fellows.



# THE RACES WILL MINGLE

## A Reader's Views

I wholeheartedly agree with your correspondent, N. Gibson, of Grafton. I have been hoping that some such comment would have been made by an authority, on the ideas put forth by Mr. Foster, whose letter certainly does nothing to help with Assimilation. He says that "from time immemorial the coloured races have had a culture of their own as have the Europeans and the two will never blend entirely, however much we strive." A mixture of races has occurred in N.S.W. with the result that most of our aborigines in this State are persons of mixed blood. Which "culture" have they? Are these people to live only "side by side" with us? I believe that as the lot of the Aborigines is made a happier one, as the new generation of part-aboriginal children are encouraged to stay at school and value education so that they will be able to secure good employment and maintain a good standard of living, within a generation, many of them will become completely assimilated.

It seems to me that many of those who study races do think it best that races be kept "pure" so that they will not lose their fascinatingly different cultures but as Mr. Gibson so aptly puts it "races and cultures will mingle as inevitably as the kids will play with the family next door".

With standard of living and education equal, no matter what their ancestors were before them, there need be no real difference between white and dark Australians.

J.R. (Castlecrag).

# THE ESER PLAN HELPING THE ABORIGINES

An organisation aimed at helping the aborigines in a variety of ways, has been set up by the Australian Aboriginal Council.

In an introductory leaflet sent to *Dawn*, the sponsors say "This is a concrete practical plan for the material welfare of "fringe dwellers"; personal and individual and to help them cross the threshold to citizenship with constant vigilance to prevent them going back to the "Ashes of the Camp Fire".

It is known as the "ESER Plan".

The word ESER is made up of the initials from the words Education, Social, Education, Rehabilitation.

The leaflet says :—

## 1. ORGANISATIONS TO FORM A CENTRAL COMMITTEE

There are a number of organisations working now for the amelioration of the aborigine, and a central authority—possibly with a delegate from each—to co-ordinate their activities, etc., is needed.

## 2. EDUCATION DEPT. BE APPROACHED TO FORM ADULT CLASSES AND OTHER ASPECTS OF EDUCATIONAL RE-HABILITATION

Whilst concentrating on the young, the adults must not be neglected—Also financial aid is needed for providing facilities for primary school children, so as they can attend school on an equal footing with others. Help also is needed with high school students and scholarships.

## 3. HOUSING SITUATION INVESTIGATED

The allocation for building is so unproportionate that it's financing could well be undertaken by the Federal authorities.

## 4. ORGANISATIONS TO ENLARGE SCOPE OF MEMBERSHIP TO EMBRACE ABORIGINES AS MEMBERS

Native men, women and children should be encouraged to join in our social life.

## 5. FAMILIES TO CONSIDER INVITATIONS TO ABORIGINES TO SPEND WEEK-ENDS AND HOLIDAYS WITH THEM

A start could be made by inviting those sufficiently advanced, and the children.

## 6. EMPLOYMENT TO BE SOLVED

Recommended aborigines could be invited by firms, and individuals to accept positions. Control is needed here and the CENTRAL COMMITTEE working with the Aborigine Dept. could assist.

## 7. STUDY GROUPS OF THEIR PROBLEMS BE CREATED

This would be a worth-while start for organisations, clubs, church groups, etc. Guest speakers could be invited, films shown, etc. There should be a "follow-up"—sustained effort is needed.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. H. Roberts, Box 1519M, G.P.O., Perth.

# AFTER 25 YEARS

## Old Friends Meet

During my recent tour of the North Coast, my wife and I called into a place called Urunga. We stayed there for a month's holiday on the seaside reserve. The reason was that I'd lived up the South Arm when a child and there were people by the name of Kelly who had four girls and three sons at that time . . . names which I'll always remember for we were all good pals.

The girls were Ida, Muriel, Doreen and Madge and the boys were Stan, Thomas and Richard.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kelly grew vegetable, and went in for poultry. The girls' jobs were to look after the farm and their father would cut sleepers and do bush work.

Quite a few of us boys used to go to the dances and Stan Kelly (their uncle) used to bring along the girls who were always very nicely dressed. We all made good friends. Then we moved away down South.

This is how I met Ida, as I knew her, again after all these years. She was walking across the Urunga football field with Madge. I asked the caretaker who the ladies were and when she told me, I couldn't get around to where she lived quickly enough. My wife is English and she was so amazed at Ida's neat home which is on the Pacific Highway. We talked about our childhood days. She asked us to have tea on the Thursday night, when we found a beautiful table set up. We had a nice baked fowl dinner with lots of sweets. I was amazed, so was my wife.

I was told later that Ida cooked at the Bellingen Hospital for ten years.

I've never met prettier girls than they were. I also met two of her cousins called Sadie and Hilda. They were on holidays from Nambucca.

So, Folks, now I know that my best dance partner is happily married to a soldier with three happy children and a home she can ask any white person into any time."

JEFF WESTERLY.

# TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE KING'S PRESENCE

By MR. S. FOWLER

Just a little off the well-worn highway at Nambucca Heads is a modest little home which has been a regular stopping place for our missionaries from Kempsey during their northern itineraries, ever since they have been working in this area. It has ever been a place of assured welcome, and warm Christian fellowship and often, when the going has been hard, the short stop here has provided the encouragement to press on. Of the one who was the father of this household, Mr. Hermann writes :—

The death occurred recently of Mr. Walter Smith, of Nambucca Heads, at the age of 86. An aboriginal gentleman, and a fine Christian of many years' standing. Walter Smith was highly respected by all who knew him, and always he bore a good testimony to the Lord he loved.

Born on the Macleay River and educated at the public school, he supported his family for many years as a professional fisherman. After his retirement, he continued actively supplying bait for amateur fishermen at Nambucca Heads and was known to fishermen from several States.

Well-versed in aboriginal law and custom, and one of the last who could fluently speak the local dialect, he loved to talk with those who could speak it. Ben Mason gave this old man a real thrill when he visited him, and together they talked and compared the languages they spoke. The family thank you for the happiness this brought to him, Ben. God bless you.

He is survived by his widow, two daughters, Valarie and Desline, and son, Eric, to whom we extend our sympathy and Christian comfort.

The funeral was conducted by the Rev. A. A. Smith, of the Church of England, of which Mr. Smith was a member. Friends and relatives from many centres came to pay their last respects to one who loved his own people for Christ's sake.

Thus, we mourn the passing of another fine man, but rejoice that he is "with the Lord, which is far better". We, with many others, are going to miss this good friend.

His parting message to me was:

**"WARN OUR PEOPLE TO TURN FROM THEIR EVIL WAYS, FOR ONLY IN LOVING JESUS IN THE HEART CAN WE HAVE PEACE AND HAPPINESS."**

## PURFLEET NEWS

By ELLA SIMON

News from Purfleet this month is a mixture of good and bad!

The Station recently had three weddings and buried two old residents, Mrs. Lily Saunders and Mr. Richard McClement, and a wee girl, Cynthia Turnbull.

The Station has had quite a few books donated by the Taree Library and soon hopes to get its own Library functioning.

All the Purfleet girls are looking forward to the Holiday Camp soon to be held near Lismore.

## ESSAY COMPETITION

### "When I Leave School"

The Tamworth Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines recently conducted an essay competition on the subject "When I Leave School".

Norma Tighe won a prize for her composition. It read: "When I leave school I will be a nurse. Something she does is to make up the beds. This is because the sick patients have to be comfortable. Nurses give the patients needles to make them feel better. Early in the morning she will take their temperature and give them medicine. I will be happy to see them get better".

Trevor Hill had the neatest writing of all the entrants and won a prize for—

"I would like to be an engine driver. I like the big engines and the railways."

Gloria Bugg entered this to tell of her ambitions :—

"When I leave school I'm going to be a school teacher. I would like to give them some sums to do. I would like to give them writing and dictation. I would like to be a school teacher so that I could help them."

\*\*\*\*\*



Timbercutters, Ted Robinson and C. McBidge, of Woodenbong, with a giant log.

# NATIVES

# MUST PRAY ALONE

By BILL KELLY, who made an on-the-spot investigation at Burketown for the "Sun" newspaper.

An aboriginal girl's win at a fancy dress ball and a coloured stockman's request to his boss for a pair of dance shoes has led to rigid segregation laws in the remote Queensland township of Burketown.

Its seven-man white council imposed a "blanket" ban because it feared the aborigines were "moving in" on the town.

The colour-line was drawn last month—during National Aborigines' week.

In Burketown Shire's vast area of 18,000 square miles, aborigines, excluding mixed-bloods, outnumber whites by more than 12 to one.

The white minority has denied them the right :

- To mix with whites at any official function.
- To attend dances, concerts or picture shows in the Shire Hall—the only premises available.
- To attend religious services in the hall with whites.

### Protests to Council

- To have their children baptised in the usual place of church assembly.
- To be married in the hall—the usual place of such a ceremony.

Government and religious leaders have protested to the council, but the colour-line is still being enforced.

Burketown, more than 1,000 miles from Brisbane, is centre of Queensland's vast Carpentaria cattle district. It barely qualifies as a town, having only one hotel—council owned—a schoolroom, hospital, police station, post office and six or so homes.

Burketown's white population is about 25.

Another 40 whites live on 20 cattle stations and two missions.

The town's aboriginal population varies from a normal 75 to 150, to about 250 on race days.

This is how two small incidents, involving the girl and the stockman, have snowballed into imposition of segregation laws.

Three aboriginal girls, under a white woman, Matron L. Gordon, staff the town's small, well-equipped hospital.

These girls, born and educated at Mornington Island Mission, about 100 miles away, treat and care for the sick—white and black alike.

They are—

- Stella, 21, an assistant nurse who gives injections and helps in the theatre with minor operations.
- Ailsa, 20, the hospital cook.
- Audrey, 19, the house girl, who is also trained as an assistant dental nurse.

They are clean, neat and personable—a credit to their training.

A week before the July council meeting, Matron Gordon took the girls to a fancy dress ball conducted by the local progress association in the Shire hall.

Ailsa went as a Pakistani doctor, dressed in some of Matron Gordon's clothes, complete with stethoscope, and won the prize for the best fancy dress.

### Blanket Ban

A few days after news had circulated that Ailsa had won the prize, an aboriginal stockman on one of the stations out of town asked the owner:

"Boss, will you buy me a pair of dancing boots?"

"I want to go to the next dance to romance a girl."

At the Council meeting next week, mention was made of "the presence of coloured girls at the dance".

Mention was also made of the "dancing boots" incident.

After discussion, the following resolution was put to the Council:

"That no aborigines shall be admitted either into, or on to the verandah of the Shire Hall, and the lessees of the hall be advised accordingly."

There was only one dissenter from the resolution.

He is Mr. Stewart Palmer, the town's school teacher, under whose care are more than 40 native and three white children.

He said the resolution was "undemocratic and smelt of apartheid."

But it was passed by six votes to one.

### "Sweaty Stockmen"

The council's Deputy Chairman, Mr. Patrick William Dunn, said the resolution was passed "primarily to keep the blacks out of the fortnightly dance"

"You couldn't have some sweaty aboriginal stockman in there," he told me.

"He might ask a white woman up to dance, and if he was there she couldn't very well refuse him."

An aboriginal, George Hookey, 44, father of five, who works in the town's only store, said:

"I don't think the resolution was necessary."

"No full-blood has ever gone to the dances before."

"They stay with their friends, just as the whites do."

—With acknowledgments to the *Sydney Sun*.

# HARVESTING THE CORN AT TABULAM

It is always a busy time at Tabulam when the corn is ready to be harvested and this year was no exception. Everyone—men, women and children, all joined in and really enjoyed it.



**Iris Hocking, Daryl Robinson and Adelaide Walker.**



**A few minutes' rest near the corn bags and then on again !**



**Bruce Walker, John Robinson, Daryl Robinson and the gang from Tabulam.**



**Jack Daley, Alma Torrens and Violet Exton look on whilst John Robinson sews the bags.**



**Meet the Rocky River corn pulling gang.**



**Blondie Donnelly and the kids throw corn into the thresher.**

## SIX CUBAWEE BOYS IN SCOUT OUTING

Six aborigine boys from Cubawee recently joined the 1st South Lismore Scout Troop during a cross-country hike towards Caniaba. The troop prepared dinner at a suitable site, the meal being shared with the Cubawee lads.

Eight scouts were under the care of "Skip" May and "Loo" Alcorn, assistant scoutmaster of the 3rd Lismore Troop. They were accompanied by Akela Doug Lee and six cubs, who later went up into the troop.

The cubs who went up to scouting were Jim Gardner, Ken Warren, Don Connor, Robert Santin, John Muller and John Day.

Before leaving Cubawee, the troop held a "Scouts' Own" at which Pastor Roberts gave a short talk on Aborigine Day in Australia, followed by a lesson from the Bible and a prayer. The service then closed with the Scouts' Prayer.

En route to their destination the boys fraternized very well and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

On the return, the "going up" ceremony was held on the top of a plateau and the troop gave a welcome to the new scouts. We wish them well and hope they enjoy scouting as much as they did cubbing.

When the boys returned to Cubawee the scouts said goodbye to their guests and picked up their bikes and journeyed home.

It is hoped that the boys from Cubawee will eventually join the troop and become scouts. So come along chaps, you'll be most welcome.

—With acknowledgements to the *Northern Star*.

### VARIED PROGRAMME AT SCHOOLS CHORAL FESTIVAL

Pupils from 20 district schools gave a varied programme in the Star Court Theatre for the first day of the non-competitive Schools' Choral Festival Week.

They included schools from Lismore (6), Ballina, Kyogle and Casino and outlying districts.

A highlight of the day was the performance from the choir which came the farthest distance—the Tabulam Aboriginal School's choir.

#### Special Praise

A special word of commendation was given to the Tabulam Aboriginal choir by Mr. Aked.

The choir sang unaccompanied. After they had finished, Mr. Aked called the conductor-teacher, Mr. Austin Sorley, back to sound the starting note again.

"It's pretty good when a group can sing unaccompanied and end up where it started it's not bad at all," he said.

The 32 children wore tunics with white and red ribbons in the hair for girls and grey trousers with blue shirts for the boys.

They travelled 55 miles from Tabulam in the back of a truck.

Ages ranged from 4½ to 14 years. Some of the children had been at the festival before, as a choir has been attending since 1954.

Mr. Sorley said the choir had had only a week to practice the set piece "Service". "They had been training for a 15 minutes programme on the ABC and so had not had much time to spare," he said. "The children have a band comprising guitars, gum leaves, spoons and other instruments which are quite effective," he added.

### UNEXPECTED DEATH OF MRS. J. KELLY

The death occurred in the District Hospital last month of Mrs. Kathleen Kelly, wife of Mr. Jim Kelly of Woolgoolga Road, Coffs Harbour.

The late Mrs. Kelly, who was only 44 years of age, had become well known and highly respected throughout the district in post war years and her early death will be sincerely regretted by a very large circle of friends.

During the whole period of her residence in Coffs Harbour and particularly since she and her family moved into their home on the aborigine reserve on the Woolgoolga Road, Mrs. Kelly has earned the gratitude of many people and the respect of all who knew her by her many acts of kindness and her readiness at all times to render assistance where it was needed.

Members of the Far West Children's Health Scheme and the Aborigine Welfare Committee expressed their deep sorrow that the community had lost so valued a member.

They extended deep sympathy to the relatives and paid many tributes to the fine work Mrs. Kelly had done.

One member stated: "I have never known a finer character than Mrs. Kelly's and her loss will be deeply felt by those who work for the improvement of conditions for aborigine families".



Fifth and Sixth class girls from Caroonia. As aborigine school children this ordinary shot tells much of significance—dress, general appearance, etc. Note the knitting!

# LOVE STORY

## OF THE

# TWO SISTERS

*By David Uniapon, Australian Aboriginal*

THERE were two sisters living at Pool-lao-we-wold, an isthmus between Lake Alexandria and Lake Albert, on the Lower Murray River. They had been well educated in all the tribal customs and also in all forms of bushcraft. It is the custom of the aboriginals to name their young people after some particular characteristic or peculiarity the children may have. These girls had not been given individual names, because they were so alike and attached to each other that, although there was a slight difference in their ages, they were the same as one girl. So their elders called them "Mar-rallang", meaning two in one.

There were two sisters living at Pool-loo-we-wold, an isthmus between Lake Alexandria and Lake Albert, on the Lower Murray River. They had been well educated in all the tribal customs and also in all forms of bushcraft. It is the custom of the aboriginals to name their young people after some particular characteristic or peculiarity the children may have. These girls had not been given individual names, because they were so alike and attached to each other that, although there was a slight difference in their ages, they were the same as one girl. So their elders called them "Mar-rallang", meaning two in one.

There was also a fine young man called Wy-young-gurrie. Wy-young-gurrie was a gift from the great leader Narrandarie. Years before, about the time the two sisters were born, a widow was mourning the loss of her husband. The widow had plastered her hair with white clay and had cut great gashes in her body to express her intense grief. In her distress she cried to the great spirit, Narrandarie: "Oh, why did you take my husband? Oh, why have I not a son?" Narrandarie heard her, and placed a young baby boy in the bush near by. When the baby cried the widow went and discovered him. She was delighted. She took the boy and reared him, and her brother also helped her to educate him, as it is the tribal custom for a brother to always take a great interest in his sister's children.

They called the boy Wy-young-gurrie, which means, "He who returns to the stars," and, because the boy sooner or later had to return to the stars, great care was taken with his bushcraft and knowledge of the birds and animals.

The uncle also sent a messenger around to all the families, saying: "No girls are to be given to Wy-young-gurrie in marriage, and I have also set aside a narrow strip of hunting ground by the lake for Wy-young-gurrie to live upon, and nobody else must trespass upon that ground." The families of the tribe answered, "Kutchle kutchle" (meaning, "True, let it be as you say").

Parr-barrarie, the springtime of the year, is a great time in the training of the young people of the tribe. They are taught to become quick and observant in detecting the different love notes of the wooing birds and the mating impulses of the animals.

One springtime, when all Nature had become alive again around the lake, the two sisters caught the spirit of the season, and felt a great urge to meet the young man Wy-young-gurrie. So early one morning the elder sister hid herself in the bush near the camp of Wy-young-gurrie, and imitated the cry of an emu. Instantly Wy-young-gurrie sprang up to hunt the supposed emu, but when the girl saw him she revealed herself and asked Wy-young-gurrie to help her to find her lost sister. Of course, this was only a trick to meet Wy-young-gurrie and tempt him to love. Later on the younger sister played the same trick by giving the love note of the swan. The end of all this was that the two sisters married Wy-young-gurrie.

When the uncle heard Wy-young-gurrie was married he was very wrathful, and off he went to Nebalee, the great man of the heavens, to ask him what he should do. Nebalee answered: "You will have to separate them." The uncle then took some ashes and, wrapping them in paper bark, placed them near the camp of Wy-young-gurrie, thinking that fire would separate Wy-young-gurrie and the two girls. (To the aboriginals fire symbolises the truth and inexorable law.) During the night the ashes burst into flame and set fire to the bush. Gradually a huge bush fire encircled the camp. At last Wy-young-gurrie was awakened, but in the danger and excitement of the burning flames and the blinding smoke he did not lose his presence of mind. He seized both of his wives and, with one under each arm, made for safety to the lake. To escape the flames he dived again and again under the water. But the fire came and began to burn all the dry reeds around the lake. So Wy-young-gurrie took his spear, tied a long reed to it, and then threw the spear into the heavens. The barb of the spear caught in the heavens, and with the aid of the long reed the Marrallang, the two sisters, were able to climb into safety, and Wy-young-gurrie with them.

# The Bible Game

## COMPLETE THIS BODY

Can you name the parts of the body mentioned in the Bible ? See if you can supply the right words in the spaces below by searching through the chapters given. All the words you are to supply have to do with parts of the body mentioned in the Bible either figuratively or literally.

1. "With him is an ..... of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles" (2 Chronicles 32).
2. "He openeth also their ..... to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity" (Job 36).
3. "And if thy right ..... offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into Hell" (Matthew 5).
4. "How beautiful are the ..... of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things" (Romans 10).
5. "Keep My commandments, and live, and My law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy ....." (Proverbs 7).
6. "Create in me a clean ....., O God; and renew a right spirit within me" (Psalm 51).
7. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? Or who shall stand in His holy place ? He that hath clean ....., and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his ..... unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully" (Psalm 24).
8. "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good ? Keep thy ..... from evil, and thy ..... from speaking guile" (Psalm 34).
9. But we all, with open ..... beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Corinthians 3).
10. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very ..... of your ..... are all numbered" (Matthew 10).

## TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Underline the name that gives the correct answer to the following statements :

1. Jesus and His disciples went to the marriage in Jerusalem/Judea/Cana of Galilee/Samaria.
2. He was a shepherd boy: Daniel/Samson/Titus/David.
3. "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," said Jonah/Joseph/Joshua/Jacob.
4. St. Paul was a carpenter/a lawyer/a tent-maker/a fisherman.
5. Samuel's God-fearing mother was Mary/Miriam/Hannah/Deborah.

# Pete's Page



Hello, Kids,

And how are all my young Pals this month ?

I was very pleased to meet many of my young friends in Walgett, Brewarrina and Bourke last month. Only sorry I couldn't spend more time with them.

Thank you, Isabelle Johnson of Three Way Bridge, Griffith, for a nice sketch. A very nice effort, Isabelle, but please do them with pen and ink so we can reproduce them, will you ?

Another lass from Griffith, Grace Monaghan, wrote me a very nice letter and told me how cold it has been in her part of the country. She said "the dark people here at Griffith will soon be getting nice houses. We have lived here on the Three Way Bridge in tin huts, but will soon have comfortable homes". Grace said she hopes to go to Sydney next year to train for secretarial work. She said many of the white people in Griffith were helping her with her plans. Thank you for a very interesting letter, Grace, and the best of luck to you with your job.

Iris Clayton also sent me some black and white sketches, but forgot to tell me where she lives. Thanks, Iris.

Incidentally, I published a photograph of Robert Davis of Mungindi in our June issue. Would you please send me your full address, Robert ?

Congratulations and a special prize to 14-year old Diana Ritchie of the Girls' Training Home, Cootamundra, for two excellent pencil sketches. Let's have some more, Diana !

Two 20-year olds, Ron and Mervyn Donovan of Eungai Rail Post Office, North Coast, would like some girl pen friends. They both like swimming, boxing, football and music. They work on a banana plantation. How about some letters, girls ?

How many of you were lucky enough to see the lovely Princess Alexandra while she was here in New South Wales ?

One day when I had the privilege of talking to her, I told her about some of my aborigine friends and she said she would have liked to have met them.



**THE PADDOCK**  
Another fine sketch from Rita Wenberg.

When you are sending sketches in, will you please make sure they are not on lined paper; and preferably that they are in pen and ink, not pencil.

We often get very good sketches which we can't reproduce in *Dawn* because they are too faint. We also want a lot more photographs, but they must be recent ones, not photographs taken years ago.

It won't be too long now before we come to the end of the school year again so I think it is time I reminded you to give a lot of thought to what you plan to do. I do suggest you continue on at school if you possibly can for education is one of the most important factors in the world today and opens up all kinds of wonderful opportunities.

I am afraid too many youngsters are overkeen to leave school and then find themselves unprepared to fit into the modern way of life. Think it over kids, will you.

Well, I still need a lot more stories, sketches, poems, letters, etc., so how about getting busy with those pens and paint brushes and keeping my mail bag full.

That's all for now, kids, see you next month.

Your sincere Pal,





## FERTILIZING THE GARDEN

*The Use of Fertilisers.* As already indicated, the home gardener is saved a considerable amount of trouble by using ready mixed fertilisers, but there may be times when it is preferred to mix one's own for any particular crop. Most of the more commonly used "artificial" are available in small or large quantities and can be purchased from the local store.

*Mixtures for the Home Garden.* First we need an efficient complete fertiliser for all heavy feeding crops, such as Cabbage, Tomato, Lettuce, Celery, Vine Crops (Melons, Pumpkins, etc.), and Cauliflower, etc. For heavy soils, mix by weight 1 part of Sulphate of Ammonia, 2 parts Blood and Bone, 4 parts Superphosphate and 1 part Potash. For lighter soils, such as sandy loams, it is usually advantageous to increase the Potash content by mixing the same ingredients in different proportions, i.e., 1 part Sulphate of Ammonia, 1 part Blood and Bone, 3 parts Superphosphate, 1 part Potash. Leguminous crops, such as Peas, Beans, Sweet Peas, Lupins, Broad Beans, etc., require less Nitrogen. A suitable fertiliser is to mix by weight 2 parts Blood and Bone (or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  parts Sulphate of Ammonia), 4 parts Superphosphate, 1 part Potash.

**NOTE :** If obtainable, Dried Blood is preferable to Blood and Bone in any of the above mixtures and, if used, the Sulphate of Ammonia can also be dispensed with, but the quantity should be replaced with Dried Blood, i.e., 1 part Sulphate of Ammonia, 2 parts Blood and Bone would equal 3 parts Dried Blood.

*Applications of Fertilisers.* In the foregoing remarks it has been shown that most plant foods are rapidly lost either through leaching or because of their change to other compounds. This will serve to illustrate the futility of placing fertilisers out of the range of a plant's roots, which is what usually occurs when they are broadcast.

Discretion must be used in every case, but with surface-feeding crops, food should be made available in the top 3 inches of soil and either placed in a ring around the plants or on either side along the rows. When ground is fertilised before an outdoor sowing in drills, manures should be distributed at a lower level (2 or 3 inches) than the seed itself. This is accomplished by opening a drill the bottom of which is lightly "snowed" with fertiliser, leaving a narrow unfertilised strip down the centre, and then replacing 2 inches of soil before sowing the seed.

Root crops requiring fertiliser, such as Potatoes and Beet, derive more benefit from side dressings rather than deep applications.

**Amounts to Use :** Any of the mixtures can be applied with safety at a rate of 2 to 4 ounces per square yard. Where plants are grown wide apart, the soil 6 inches on either side of them would be regarded as within range of the roots, and quantities should be applied accordingly.

*Crop Requirements.* The following notes will give some idea as to the manurial requirements of different vegetables :—

Cauliflower, Cabbage, Tomato, Asparagus, Rhubarb, Lettuce and Broccoli require heavy fertilising, and it is not too much to incorporate at least a 3 to 4-inch layer of cow or horse manure in the soil. These crops favour manures which are rich in nitrogen, and such artificial fertilisers as Nitrate of Soda and Sulphate of Ammonia can either be applied when the ground is dug or given in liquid form later.

Onions, Leeks, Melons and all vine crops, Spinach and Sweet Corn favour manures with a high phosphatic content, such as Superphosphate. They do not require an excess of nitrogen. However, the inclusion of Potash in a mixture is beneficial to these crops. A good artificial mixture would be 1 part Sulphate of Ammonia, 3 parts Superphosphate to  $\frac{1}{2}$  part Potash, applied at the rate of 4 ounces to the square yard. The quantity of animal manure can be gauged by spreading a 2-inch layer on the surface before digging in.

Turnips, Parsnips, Carrots and Kohl Rabi prefer ground which has been manured for any one of the crops mentioned in the previous paragraph. They do not require any further manuring. If the ground is poor, however, and has not been improved by previous applications of manure, it would be advantageous to dig in a good quantity of thoroughly decayed manure. This will provide mainly humus, which is essential to the life of all plants. As extra food, a very light dressing—equal parts Superphosphate and Potash—would help in poor soils. All animal manure used on Root Crops should be very thoroughly rotted and dug well into the soil which, of course, should be worked deeply.