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DAWN

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DAWN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE PRODUCED BY THE N.S.W. ABORIGINES WELFARE BOARD

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OUR COVER

A LIVING DOLL—The enchanting "little mother" on our cover is Daisy Mae, happily nursing her tiny sister Dorothy Dawn, during a morning's stay at the Sydney headquarters of the Aborigines Welfare Board where they were picked up by foster parents. Story and picture series, Pages 8 and 9.

A Pennsylvania farm boy became true friend of our people

A Pennsylvania farm boy, who left his home in U.S.A. at 19 to embark on a career of Christian service in India and among the aborigines of Australia, died in his sleep at his home in Sydney on July 30.

He was Mr. Louis N. Briggs (59), of Dilke Road, Padstow Heights, one of the Aborigines' Welfare Board's best loved welfare officers.

As a schoolboy the late Mr. Briggs became interested in prison welfare work in America and joined the Salvation Army in his teens.

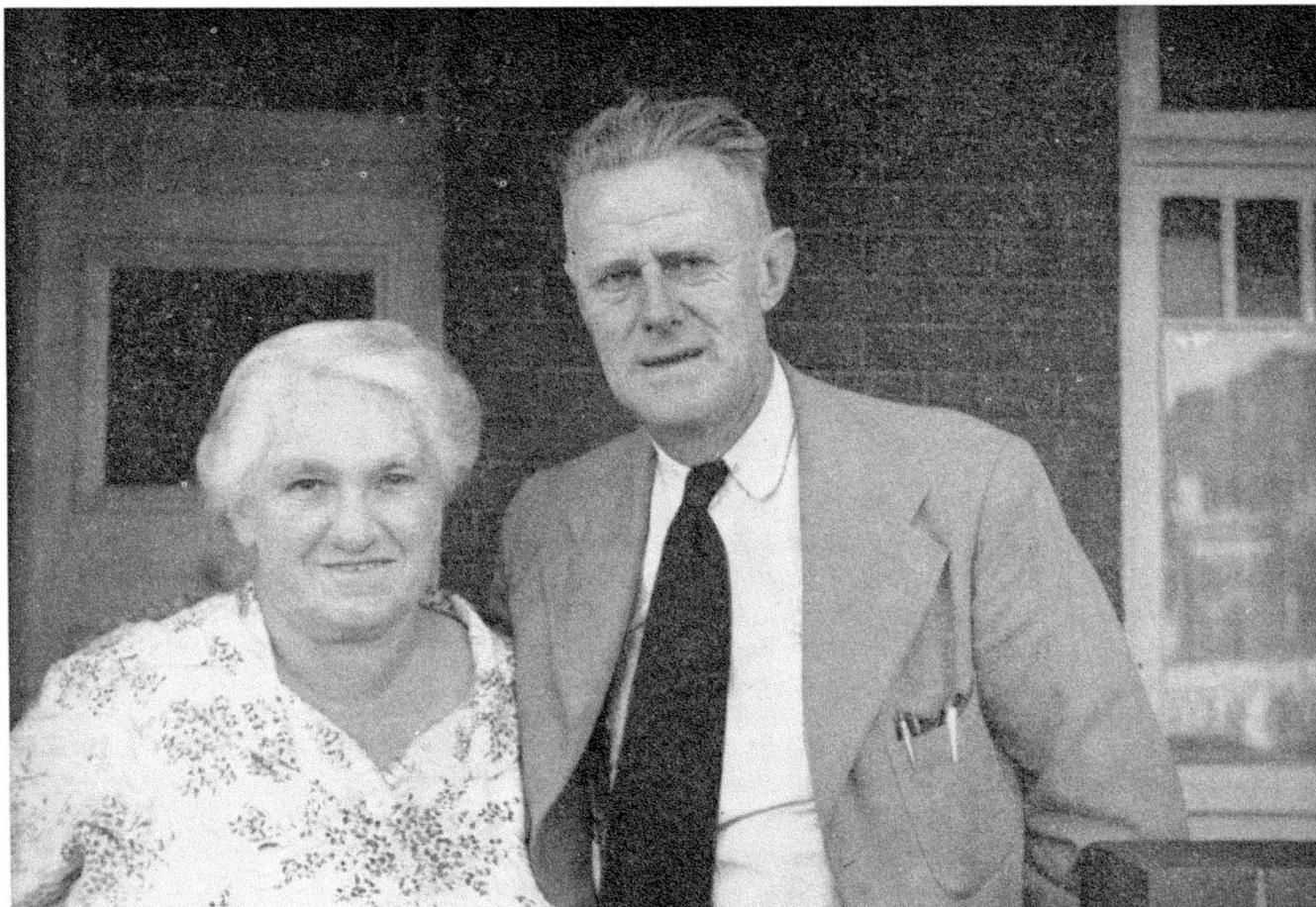
He volunteered for teaching posts in India in 1921 and later took charge of the Colombo Prison Gate Home in Ceylon.

While working in Ceylon he married an Australian Salvation Army officer, Captain Vera Redman, a girl from Hannan Vale, near Taree.

A near-fatal attack of malaria resulted in doctors ordering Mr. Briggs away from Ceylon's climate and he came to Australia with his bride in 1924.

Three years later he took up his first teaching post with the old Aborigines' Protection Board at desolate Carowra Tank, west of Ivanhoe. This was his first real contact with the aborigine and he continued to work among them until his death thirty-five years later.

This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Briggs was taken the day they left Taree in 1958



He saw service as a teacher at Condobolin, as station manager at Menindee and Roseby Park and as manager-teacher at Taree. He and his wife left Taree in 1956 when he was appointed to head office in Sydney.

The late Mr. Briggs is survived by his widow, two daughters and three sons, who were all born in Australia. One son and daughter, Glenn and Melva, live in Sydney. Two sons, Bruce and Keith and daughter Iris live at Taree. They are all married.

The funeral service at the Salvation Army Temple, at Auburn, was attended by every available member of the Welfare Board's staff and other branches of the Chief Secretary's Department.

The service was conducted by Major Florence Whittaker (C.O.) and Brigadier Myra Gollan assisted. Tributes were paid by Brigadier Lily Sampson and Assistant C.S.M. Glenn Briggs (son).

At the Rookwood Crematorium the Chairman of the Aborigines Welfare Board, Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, said: "We have lost a valued senior officer of the department who will be sorely missed, having devoted so many years of his life to the service of the least favoured aboriginal people.

"Mr. Briggs had a quality in his service which impressed us all—the quality of kindness, of love, combined with a tremendous fund of wisdom."

A tribute was read from Lieut.-Colonel Mabel Bell (R.) who had served with Mr. and Mrs. Briggs in Ceylon.

The late Mr. Briggs, who once described himself as an "old New Australian", was born on a farm on the edge of Richmond Township, Pennsylvania. He attended a village school until he was 14 when he went to a big town for secondary schooling.

He boarded with a fine old doctor who used two fast horses and a carriage for his rounds. In return for his keep Lou Briggs looked after the horses and stables—a job close to his heart.

"I didn't like town life much," he once said in a column, *Pot Pourri*, a series he wrote specially for children in *Dawn* several years ago and which today provides the basis of his fascinating lifestory.

"All of the people I met were very much alike and they always talked about things I didn't know much about. But one day I discovered there were quite a lot of people living in that town who were different from all the rest.

"Scattered around the outskirts of the town there was a lovely little community of negro people. I found out they were there from a negro boy who attended my school and who learned a bit faster than most of us. His name was Sammy Ball.

"One Sunday night Sammy took me to his church. I was the only white person there. It was a wonderful experience. How those negro people could sing! They didn't need a choir. The whole congregation made one big glorious choir.



The farm boy returns home with his hunting prize—a woodchuck taken in the forest in which he played as a "Red Indian" in his childhood. The woodchuck has been likened to a mixture of wombat, rabbit and opossum

"A negro minister conducted the service; but, oh my goodness in such a way as I had never seen before. He prayed, but he didn't say prayers. He just talked to God as though He were a person he knew very well. He talked to his congregation but he didn't preach. He talked to them personally as though they were his family gathered around him to settle some family problem. He would even ask someone down in the congregation what they thought of what he was talking about, and he would sit down while members of the congregation had their say.

"Well, it was different from the churches I was used to but it was my mother's religion they were interested in; and they were more sincerely interested in it than most other people I had known.

"It is a wonderful thing to have a religious belief. It doesn't matter so much what church you go to. The important thing is to recognise a great living Spirit who is trying to lead all things and all men into a perfect and beautiful pattern. Because He has made us with wonderful minds, He has allowed us to use our own common sense to help Him make everything beautiful and perfect.

"It is this belief and trust in God that has made the negro people of America such a great and wonderful race. Many of them have become famous throughout the world as scientists, doctors, lawyers, singers and

business men. And they started from as lowly a position as is possible, and with almost no help, except the help they gave themselves and each other.

“During my secondary school days I made many good friends among the negro people. I taught their children what I knew, and they taught me to sing and to play the guitar, but I never learned to play and sing as well as they did.”

It was during one school term in the town which was the County Seat of Bradford County, in Pennsylvania, that young Lou Briggs became interested in the rehabilitation of prisoners.

“I found out that the Sheriff, who looked after the people who were in gaol, was an old friend of my father,” he wrote.

“So one day I put on my best clothes and went along to see him, because I wanted to see what it was like inside a gaol. This gaol was a big cold stone building built around a garden. Prisoners were not kept there for long periods. Some of them were only awaiting trial and others were serving sentences of up to six months.

“Apart from keeping the gaol clean and looking after the little garden in the centre, the prisoners did no work at all. There were white men and black men and young men and old men there. I was terribly sorry for them because they had nothing to do but worry over the mess they were in and of the hopeless position they would face when they came out. In those days, especially in that part of the country, it was regarded as a great shame to have to go to gaol and other citizens didn't like to have anything to do with people who had been in prison.

“After I went home I thought a lot about these poor people in gaol. Not many of them looked very bad to me. I wanted to do something for them.

“The following week I went back to the Sheriff again and asked him to do me a strange favour. I asked him to lock me in gaol for a whole afternoon. He didn't like the idea much, and he was afraid of what my father would say if he found out. However, after a lot of coaxing, he finally locked me in, after warning me that sometimes terrible fights broke out among the prisoners. But I didn't believe anyone would want to fight a school-boy armed only with a guitar.

“First I talked to a few of the very young men and then to some rather old ones. I didn't ask them why they were there. I just asked them about their people at home and about how they put in their time while they were waiting to go out.

“Then I tuned up my guitar and asked if any of them could sing. In no time I had a crowd around me singing old plantation songs and hymns. I made them happy for a little while and nobody wanted to fight. They wanted me to come back another day. I came back every week. I brought them books and sometimes sweets. But most of all, I think I brought them hope.

I interested good friends of mine who could and would help willing men to find jobs and friends when they came out of gaol.

“Even the old Sheriff noticed a difference in the gaol. Eventually he showed me where the keys were and I could let myself into the cell block of the gaol almost any time I wished so long as he or his wife knew I was there.

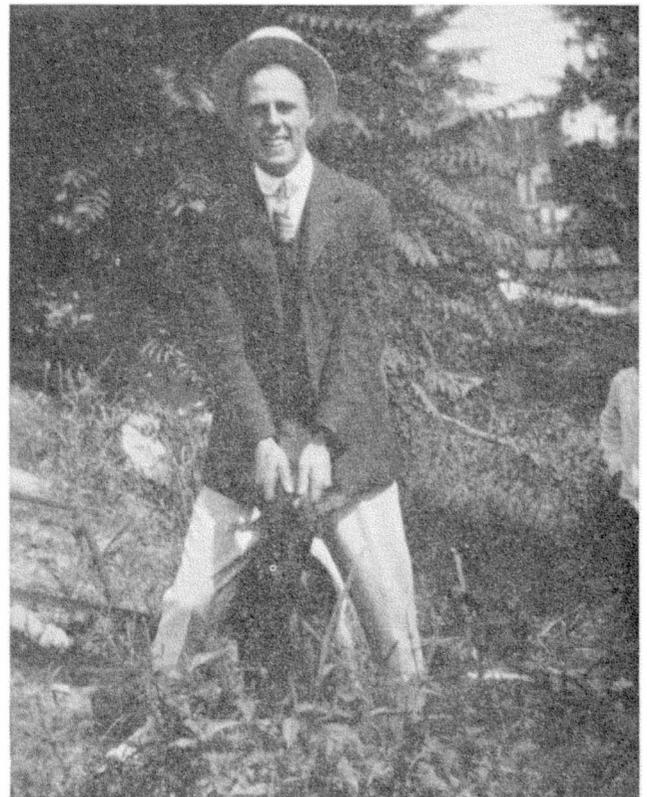
“Soon the good people of the town became interested in improving the lives of those in gaol and together, we had some very good times. A few hopeless men regained hope and became good decent citizens.

“I found in my talks with prisoners that not many of them ever really wanted to do anything which was very wrong. Three main causes accounted for their being in prison—Strong Drink, Gambling and Uncontrolled Tempers. Always remember this and fight against these evils. If you don't they may crush you.

Lost Weekend Theme

“One young man I knew when he was in gaol had been a very successful newspaper reporter for one of the biggest newspapers in New York City. He drank too much and lost his job. One day, while he was drunk, he stole a typewriter to use in writing a short story to get some more money to buy more drink. He was caught and spent two long years in gaol.

Home on holidays from the Pennsylvania town where he completed his schooling, straw-hatted Lou Briggs joyfully takes his pet goat by the horns



“When he came out he came back to my people who helped him get a job. He was a man again. When I last heard of him he was the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in one of the biggest cities in America.”

At college, in New York City, in 1918, Lou Briggs kept up his interest in prison welfare. He became a member of a group which went to the courts, to the gaols, to child welfare homes and to the private homes of people in trouble.

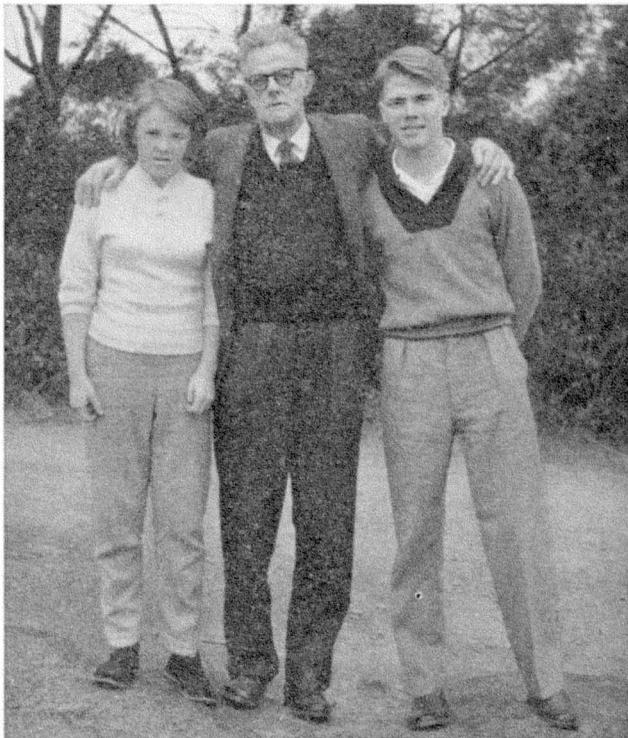
It was about this time he read a book called “Other Sheep”, by Harold Begbie. It was about India and the Indian people. It was a true story about the life of an Englishman who had been a court judge in India.

He tired of sending criminals to gaol and to the hangman. So he returned to England, got a group of interested people together and took them back to India to show the people there a better way of life.

In October, 1921, a young Salvation Army officer of 19 years walked up the gang-plank and on to the deck of the largest ocean-going liner of the time. It was Lou Briggs, bound for India.

Of this adventure, he wrote: “He was a very doubtful young man and more than a little bit sad at leaving his home and his parents whom he would never see again. His doubts concerned whether what he was going to do would be worth what he was giving up to do it. At the same time he felt that there were many people in India who needed him and what he could do for them.

A recent picture of Mr. Briggs with two of his fine Australian grandchildren



“The big ship sailed slowly down the Hudson River and as it glided past the Statue of Liberty, I stood to attention and saluted that great emblem of liberty and thanked God for allowing me to be born a free man in such a great and beautiful country.”

After a short stay in England he sailed for India. “I landed at Bombay where I was to try to forget that I was ever a white man or an American. I discarded my American clothes and put on the robes, turban and sandals which the Indian people wear. I was even given a new name, which in the Indian language means, ‘Strong and Victorious’. I will never know why this name was picked for me.

“But it was not on the mainland of India that I was to do most of my work. It was among the young people of Ceylon that I was to work and teach for the next three years.

“The people of Ceylon are called Sinhalese which means lion-hearted. I never found out why they picked that name for themselves either.”

After a few months of study and experience with an older man, Mr. Briggs took charge of an industrial school for boys and young men who had been in trouble with the police.

Describing how he learned Sinhalese (“more fun than learning Latin at college”) Mr. Briggs wrote:

“I was a white lad trying to become assimilated into a community of brown people. When I went to visit Sinhalese people I had to learn to speak and to do as they did. They have very nice manners, but their ways are different to ours. I had to learn to do things their way, if I wanted them to be my friends, just as you have to do things in the same way as the people who live around you, if you want to be friends with them.

“Soon after my arrival in Ceylon I met a lovely Australian girl who was doing the same kind of work among the girls of Ceylon as I was doing with the boys. She was having a little difficulty in learning the language, so I used to go along to help her with it.

“I can’t remember whether she was a very good language pupil but I soon learned the language of love and decided that it would be much easier to teach her Sinhalese if I had her home with me all of the time. So we married and I took her home to my school.”

A bad attack of malaria ended Mr. Briggs’ career in Ceylon. Doctors told him he must leave the island if he hoped to make a complete recovery. He was warned against going straight from Ceylon to a cold country like America.

“My wife and I finally decided we would come to her homeland, Australia,” he wrote, “and at sunrise one beautiful April morning we arrived in Sydney Harbour.

“Then we went to the country where good Australian food and some hard work on the farm soon put me in good shape again.”

**THE SAGA OF LOUIS BRIGGS WILL BE CONCLUDED IN
OCTOBER DAWN**

DAWN MAGAZINE

New Homes and Jobs will be at Liverpool and St. Mary's

Four aboriginal families are being selected by the Aborigines Welfare Board to be the models in a new phase of assimilation. The families will be brought to Sydney, found jobs and housed in normal Housing Commission homes at the normal rentals.

The new pilot scheme was announced by the Chief Secretary, Mr. C. A. Kelly, on September 2.

The Chairman of the Board, Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, said later, that a decision will be made shortly on the families to occupy the homes.

"Families are now being nominated by the Board's welfare officers all over the State. When all nominations have been received the Board will choose the families," he said.

"We expect that the new homes will be at Liverpool and at St. Mary's.

"Each welfare officer has been asked to nominate at least one family who is unquestionably suitable for assimilation.

"The families chosen will be more than passively willing to make the change; they will have a positive desire to come to the wider community of city life and the opportunity it offers.

"The families will be of a high moral living standard and acceptable to the community in general. No families will be brought to the new homes until it is certain they have suitable, permanent employment."

The Chief Secretary in making his announcement said the families were being chosen by the Board to show their fellows they could successfully assume the obligations of modern community living.

"The challenge to these model families will be great, and one of which they will be fully aware when they take up their new lives," said Mr. Kelly.

"The essence of the scheme is that the families shall be eager to make the move.

"There will be drastic changes in their environments and an intensification of the everyday problems of living. But I share the confidence of the Aborigines' Welfare Board that the families chosen will master this challenge, and that they will take full advantage of the wider scope for work and education in their new surroundings.

"There are already aboriginal tenants of Housing Commission homes in various parts of the State. The purpose of this experiment in success, however, is to establish for the aborigines themselves that they can break away from the group when opportunity opens to an entirely new and stimulating atmosphere.

"The Board wants these families to show the way out of the social inertia which so often envelops groups of aborigines on the fringes of our community, in places where there is little work or hope for them.

"A considerable number of aborigines have established themselves in towns all over the State, living normally side by side with their white neighbours, and working with their white mates in various urban occupations.

"Most, however, depend for much of their income on rural seasonal work. This kind of work is irregular and of limited duration. For a great part of the year, the aborigine, his wife and family, have a varying income and face a bleak prospect. The future holds little hope for them and particularly for their children.

"The Board believes that the destiny of the aborigine in this State is now linked with that of the white community and artificial situations such as are created by reserves and stations must be regarded as transitory.

"This is perhaps the most important test of our policy of assimilation: that the aborigine broken from the group is fully assimilable given the self-respect that comes with a good job, a good home, the example of those around him, an awareness of his social responsibilities, and reasonable hope for the future.

"We are confident that the white community—those who will be their neighbours and their employers—will co-operate to the fullest in what is as much an important test for them as for the aborigines.



The hoop is still a favourite toy of the children of Cabbage Tree Island who enjoy their playtime at a school surrounded by sugar cane fields

“The Board has allocated funds to buy the four homes required from the Housing Commission. The aboriginal families who move into them will pay the normal economic rental fixed by the Commission.

“Prospective families are now being interviewed by the Board’s officers.

“When the selected four come to live in their new homes, they will be given careful welfare guidance by trained welfare officers of the Board”, said Mr. Kelly.

In an editorial headed “Aborigines and Life in the City” the Sydney Morning Herald said:—

“The Chief Secretary’s announcement that four aboriginal families will soon be brought to live and work amidst the white community in Sydney, as distinct from what is presumably their normal country environment has caused widespread interest.

“This is another aspect of the Australia-wide policy of assimilating or integrating Aborigines into the community at large. As far as New South Wales is concerned it is a novel, but none the less welcome, proposal—novel in that it involves what might be called a radical transplanting of Aborigines.”

The Newcastle Sun said: “The experiment presents two challenges and the statement made by the Chief Secretary, Mr. Kelly, in announcing the plan, indicates that these are recognised by the Government.

- The Aborigines themselves must strive hard to ensure the success of the scheme and encourage its extension.
- The white community in which the Aboriginal families are to live must provide an example of goodwill by making them welcome.

“The latter consideration, of course presupposes a similar goodwill on the part of the Aborigines themselves, who will be required to demonstrate their willingness to accept the normal responsibilities of good citizenship.

“The experiment will be watched anxiously throughout Australia and doubtless, with keen interest abroad.”



CUBS FROM WRECK BAY

The Jervis Bay 1st Cub Pack under the leadership of Chaplain Were, of the Jervis Bay Naval College, recently won the district shield in open competition against all cub packs in the Shoalhaven district. The Jervis Bay pack includes 10 cubs from Wreck Bay Aboriginal station.

Efforts are at present being made to form a scout pack at Jervis Bay and Wreck Bay looks like providing many scouts.

The cubs in our picture, from left to right, are:— Cubmaster, Chaplain Were; David Steel (Jervis Bay), Tom Brown (Wreck Bay), Russell Sharp (Jervis Bay), Graham Staley (Jervis Bay), Ricki Walker (Jervis Bay) Roderick Benson (Jervis Bay), Robert Chapman (Wreck Bay), John Wolstenholme (Jervis Bay), James McKenzie (Wreck Bay), George Brown (Wreck Bay) and Kevin McLeod (Wreck Bay).



FORMER HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT NOW THE GIRL IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP



A former High School student in the Murray River town of Swan Hill, is daily winning new friends for her people as an assistant in the chemist's shop of Mr. Alan Wilson, at Nyahwest, in Victoria.

The girl is Ivy Wise (18), who is being provided with every opportunity for advancement by her employer.

Mr. Wilson, in a letter to *Dawn*, from Nyahwest, which is 18 miles across the N.S.W. border, said Ivy had been a member of his pharmacy staff for the past nine months.

She had come highly recommended from the Swan Hill Children's Recreation Centre, which was established several years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Feldtmann. Mr. Feldtmann was a former sergeant in the Victorian police.

"Ivy loves her job," says Mr. Wilson, "and what is more she is well-liked by her fellow employees as well as the general public, who treat her with great respect.

"She is making steady progress in all her jobs and I find her very trustworthy and conscientious. Her jobs include price listing, serving customers, the banking, typing letters and labels as well as assisting in the annual stock taking.

"As she lives 18 miles away (at Swan Hill), we give her a midday meal and my wife thinks she possesses

Smiles all the way in this shop. Chemist Alan Wilson and Ivy Wise, photographed with other members of the staff

beautiful table manners and has a dainty way in serving eatables. We are very happy with Ivy."

Another tribute came from Mr. Feldtmann, who described Ivy as "our oldest child—now a young lady of 18 years."

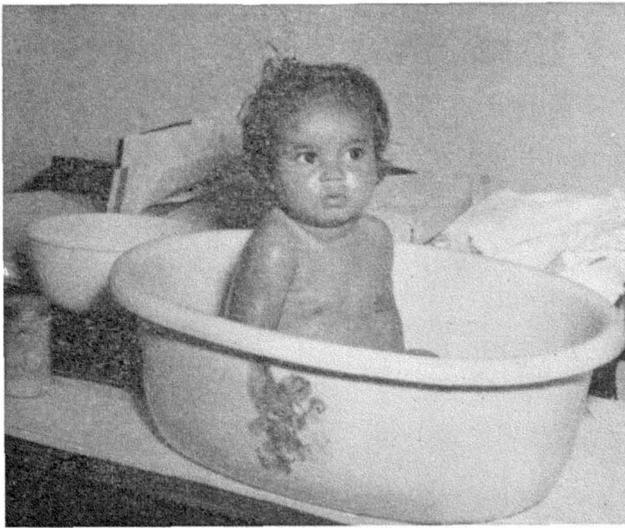
Mr. Feldtmann said that the objective of the Swan Hill District Native Children's Recreation Centre, was to educate the children thoroughly and endeavour to obtain suitable employment for them.

"The fact that Ivy is gainfully employed in this fine position, proves that at least in one instance, the ultimate aim of the centre project has come to fruition," he said.

"Now Ivy's sister, Irene, is in her second year at High School and is following the lead which Ivy has given. Irene has already assisted Mr. Wilson in his chemist's shop on a few busy occasions and it is hoped to obtain full employment for her when she has completed her High School education.

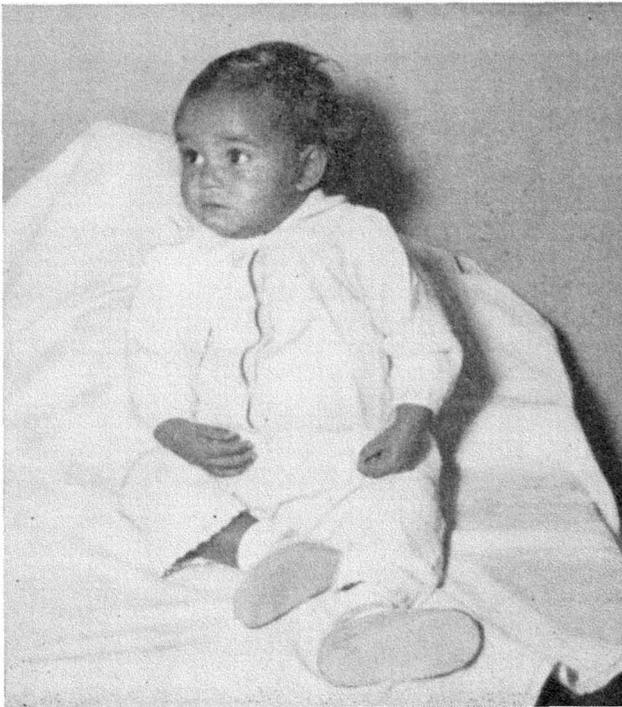
"The centre is indebted to Mr. Wilson for all he has done for the cause and also Mr. Bert Worner, of Swan Hill, who drives Ivy to and from Nyahwest each day."

Continued on page 15



Oops ! So this is the big city. There is just no privacy for a girl around here

*Our Picture Series by Bob Hitchens, a
Government Printing Office
Staff Photographer*



Hey, mister . . . you with the camera. You promised me a biscuit if I'd sit still in the tub

Assimilation from the cradle . . .

Who wouldn't fall Little Bu

The picture story on these pages on our cover girl, Daisy Mae, and her baby sister, Dorothy Dawn, highlights a little-known phase of assimilation—from the cradle through the Aborigines Welfare Board's foster parent and adoption system.

These beautiful children are just two on the list of more than 150 wards of tender age who have been placed with white foster parents by officers of the Welfare Board.

In addition, the Board, in co-operation with the Child Welfare Department, arranged the adoption of an average of six babies of aboriginal extraction within the state each year.

And the waiting list of white families eager to become foster parents and others anxious to adopt a child grows daily.

Daisy Mae, aged 18 months, and her six-months old sister, came out of the west one winter's morning recently, thinly clad but robustly healthy after a train journey of more than 300 miles.

The bush babies became the responsibility of the Welfare Board because of the inability of their parents to take care of them properly.

Shining Good Health

They were brought to the headquarters of the Board and mothered for a day and night by two women welfare officers, Miss A. M. Fleming and Miss C. J. Robison. The grime of the journey quickly disappeared as the babies were first bathed, dressed in warm clothing and fed.

The babies were immaculate and in happy, shining good health when they were collected by foster parents next day.

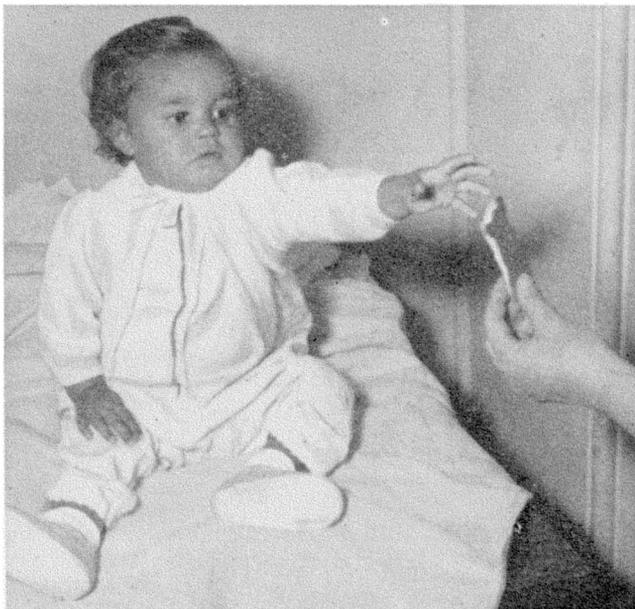
The Board's foster parent system is now seven years old and it has been conspicuously successful.

As children come into the care of the Board they are placed in homes requiring a child of specified age and sex. Welfare officers first visit and inspect these homes to ensure that they are of good standard, that the character of prospective foster parents is beyond reproach and that they are in sound financial circumstances.

All in love with our Push Babes

The heart-warming work of the welfare officers does not cease there. They make regular visits to the homes to check on the child's progress.

Miss Fleming told *Dawn* that most of the foster parents loved their little charges so much they often rang the welfare office asking for more frequent visits to see how well their charges had progressed.



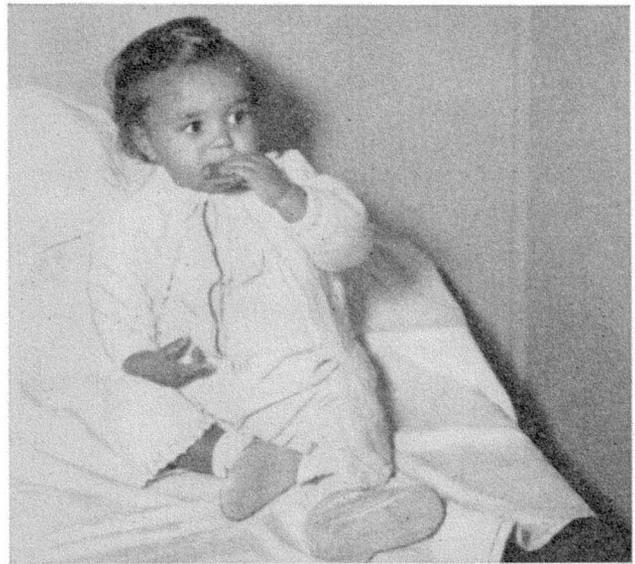
That's more like it—even a baby model has to eat

A proud foster mother would say: "You must come and see our beautiful baby soon. She's doing wonderfully at school."

Happy, Secure Lives

It was this love and understanding which had paved the way to happy and secure lives for so many of the wards.

Miss Fleming explained that a small amount was contributed weekly by the Welfare Board towards the support of the child and foster parents were entitled to Child Endowment.



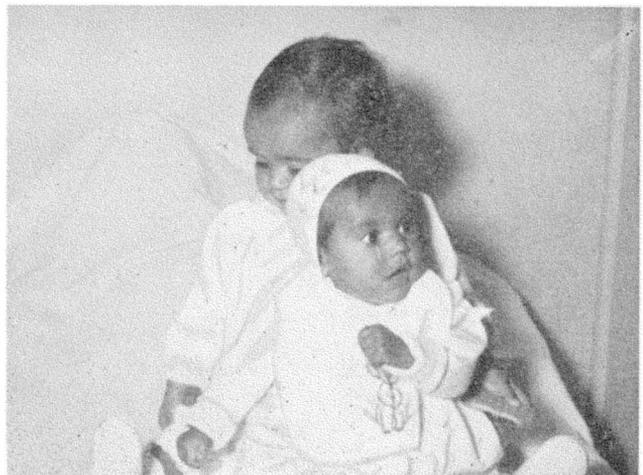
Stop crying . . . this is only my fourth biscuit

The Board also met the cost of transport to school, school uniforms, text books and various other needs for school or advanced training use.

Success Story

"It has been a real success story," Miss Fleming said, "and during my long association with this work not one incidence of colour prejudice has been reported."

Miss Fleming said some of the original wards had gone on to leaving certificate standard at school. Others were in employment—a few in professional careers—and doing extremely well. Some had married and either owned or were buying their own homes.



Sure, I'm happy now. But what about a little something for Dorothy Dawn?

ON THE GOOD ROAD

THE TRUE STORY OF A BOOMERANG

By a Special Correspondent

There was great excitement one day when the doorbell rang in a Melbourne home and Joyce answered it.

"Here's a very special letter for Henry," said the friend who delivered it. "It's from Royalty!"

Henry appeared. "Oh, gosh!" he exclaimed when the Clarence House insignia was pointed out to him. "It's from the Queen Mother." He began excitedly to rip open the envelope.

"Oh, do be careful," cried Joyce. "You'd better slit it with a knife. We want to keep that envelope."

Henry asked Joyce to read it to him because he had never learned to read or write.

Six little black-haired children clamoured, "Let me see! Let me see!" Henry could scarcely hear for the noise, but when they quietened, Joyce read:

"Colonel Hore-Ruthven recently handed to Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, the little boomerang which you made for Her Majesty. Queen Elizabeth was greatly touched by your kind thought and I am to convey to you an expression of Her Majesty's sincere thanks for this gift. Yours sincerely, M. J. Gilliatt, Private Secretary to the Queen Mother."

"We'll have to frame it, envelope and all," said Joyce proudly.

This is the story behind that letter.

Henry spent his boyhood with his grandfather, a full-blooded aboriginal, who is remembered as a horse-breaker in parts of New South Wales. His grandmother is still alive and lives in a Mission there. Henry is remembered less kindly amongst the neighbours for his rabbiting exploits on their properties, and for his dog which used to chase their sheep.

Later, when Henry came to the city he spent much of his time drinking and playing poker. He was quick with his fists and often in trouble. Constant drinking caused many rows at home and made life difficult for Joyce and the children. There was a shortage of food, yet often a meal would be thrown in temper up to the ceiling. The rent fell behind and they became loaded with debts, especially on their time payment purchases. It was anything but a happy home and the future to both of them seemed without point or purpose.

Then something happened. They were invited by a friend to see a Moral Re-Armament film called "Men



"Here's a very special letter for you Henry," said Joyce.
"It's from Royalty!"

of Brazil." They did not often go out together, but this was a film with a difference. It was a true story portrayed by men of the waterfront of Rio de Janeiro with their wives and families. These men, many of them tough union leaders and bitter enemies, used to carry guns and knives to settle their disputes. This film documents how they became reconciled and found a new way of settling differences—based on *what* is right rather than *who* is right.

The way these waterside workers cleaned up the widespread corruption and thieving in the Port of Rio, through becoming honest themselves, captured the imagination of Joyce and Henry. "If only it could be true for us," they said. They decided to try it out in their own lives and they found that it worked.

"When I started to put right what was wrong," said Joyce, "we began to pay our debts and return the things we couldn't pay for. I knew I was selfish. I knew Henry didn't like me buying things on time payment, but I couldn't say no, so I used to hide them when he came home because I was scared of him. I often got the right thoughts in my heart, but I by-passed them."

Said Henry, "There's more happiness in our home since we decided to obey the thoughts which we know come from God. Now I don't drink any more."

Once when his mates taunted him about this, saying, "Come on Henry, have a drink. Beer will make you

strong," he thought for a moment and then replied with a laugh, "Well, lions and tigers are strong enough and they drink water!"

In their new life Henry and Joyce made many new friends. A friendship they specially treasured was with Colonel the Hon. Malise Hore-Ruthven and his family. The Colonel, at 83, was tall, slim and spruce. He was a former commander of the famous Black Watch Regiment. He, like his brother Lord Gowrie, Australia's well-loved Governor-General, was a true friend of the aboriginal people. Many of them had been received as honoured guests at Dr. Frank Buchman's home in Melbourne, where the Colonel and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven have been host and hostess for the past six years.

The Colonel was returning to Britain and Henry knew that he would be attending a regimental dinner of the Black Watch in London where the Queen Mother would be the guest of honour.

Henry had begun to spend more time at home and with his family. He loved to work with wood and found that he could express himself in that medium when he could not do so in writing.

One day when he was busy with his trays and boomerangs the thought came to him, "Make a boomerang for the Colonel to take to the Queen Mother."

He confided his thought to Joyce. "I laughed in his face," she said. "Think of all the fine things the Queen

Mother has—what on earth would she want with your boomerang? It's one of the maddest ideas I have ever heard!"

However, Henry was not to be put off. He went ahead and made one of his "best ever" boomerangs, took it to the Colonel and asked him to present it to Her Majesty when they met in London.

The Black Watch dinner was a very grand affair. It was held in the United Services Club in London on 20th July. One hundred and twenty officers of the Regiment, resplendent in full evening dress and wearing all their decorations, were gathered to honour the Queen Mother—their Honorary Colonel-in-Chief. She arrived glittering and gracious, accompanied by the Lady Mulholland, and greeted them all in turn.

After dinner when the officers were chatting with their Royal guest in the Library of the Club, Colonel Hore-Ruthven made the presentation of the boomerang in a lovely brown box. The Queen Mother accepted it, examined it delightedly and said, "What a wonderful thought. How very kind of him. Do tell him how deeply I am moved by his kindness."

Henry asked Joyce to read it to him because he had never learned to read or write





Henry had begun to spend more time at home with his family. He loved to work with wood and found that he could express himself in that medium when he could not do so in writing



Now Henry's boomerangs are a symbol of a return to the good road for his own family, his people and for all Australians



Then she said, "Can I throw it?" The officers laughed and encouraged her to do so. The Colonel laughed too, but said that he would not guarantee that it would come back again.

"So, Joyce and Henry, your boomerang has had a far-reaching effect," wrote Nancy Hore-Ruthven, daughter of the Colonel, after describing the event. "It was a wonderful evening."

Now Henry's boomerangs are a symbol of a return to the good road for his own family, his people and for all Australians.

BURNT BRIDGE STAGES CARNIVAL ON LIONS CLUB SPORTS GROUND

The new sports ground at Burnt Bridge—built by the Lions Club of Kempsey—was the venue for a memorable carnival on July 28th, to commemorate National Aborigines Week.

The sports programme, the most ambitious and successful ever staged, was originally set down for July 14th, but rain forced a two-weeks postponement.

The new oval, freshly mown and marked out with seven running lanes looked a picture and was enough to gladden the heart of any athlete.

The Burnt Bridge Gift, a 100 yard sprint, was the main event and attracted 21 starters. It was won by B. Hoskins of Coff's Harbour in the splendid time of 10.4 secs. Ron Vale of Bellbrook was second and John Silva of Burnt Bridge third.

Our Burnt Bridge correspondent says the success of the carnival and the dance which followed at night, was largely due to the co-operation of every resident, particularly the Progress Association President, Mrs. E. Davis and her livewire committee, who outlaid £80 for the day.

"The racing commenced at 1.30 p.m. and the programme went like clockwork through to the last event at 5 p.m.", our correspondent writes.

"Our thanks for this are due to Mr. C. Storey of Kempsey who not only ran the day, but loaned us colours for the competitors, a judges stand, right down to the starting pistol.

"The Kempsey Lions Club were again to the fore as Messrs. C. Ralph, R. Saul, A. Cannane, C. Bowen, P. Gorman and P. Trever acted as starters, judges and stewards. They went further than this, they put on an extra event, the mixed couples relay and supplied the prizes for the winners.

The Burnt Bridge sports oval, which was built by Kempsey Lions Club, was officially opened on 23rd June, by the Superintendent of the Aborigines Welfare Board, Mr. H. J. Green

The Mayor of Kempsey, Ald. R. G. Melville, said he was proud to be associated with the opening of such a magnificent venture—the culmination of a grand thought by the Lions

Mr. E. Masters, of the Lions, presented a set of framed photographs to Mr. Green and the manager of the station, showing the project from virgin scrub to the finished oval

Mr. Green expressed the Board's appreciation of the Lions Club effort and commended the work of their leader Mr. Cliff Ralph

The first football match on the oval after the official opening was between Kempsey Convent and Burnt Bridge 4 stone 7 lb. teams. The match ended in a 3-all draw Beau Ritchie (Burnt Bridge) and Paul Clarke (Kempsey Convent) winning best and fairest player trophies





“Results of racing were as follows:—Boys’ under 10 championship: Ray Davis 1, Eric Beale 2, Bert Quinlan 3. Girls’ under 10: Helen Lang 1, Betty Drew 2, Ethel Davis 3.

Mr. Tom Callaghan and his son Harry donated and presented a trophy to the winners of these events. Our thanks to you and Harry, your donations helped the day a lot.

Girls’ 75 yard championship, V. Moylan 1, M. Davis 2, M. Callaghan 3. Time, 9.2 secs.

Broom throw: Starters for this event were very slow to come forward until the Station “giant”, Mrs. V. Lang, who stands at 4 feet 11 inches and tips the scales at just under 6 stone, marched out onto the arena carrying a broom as tall as herself. Eventually we had 12 starters. Honours were very even until the last competitor Mrs. L. Dungay threw. It was a real beauty, 43 feet 11 inches, 10 feet further than the next best.

Childrens’ Obstacle Race: J. Quinlan 1, T. Lowe 2, Helen Lang 3.

Burnt Bridge Gift (100 yards, 1st prize £5, 2nd £3, 3rd £2): 21 starters, first, second and two best thirds ran in the final and resulted in B. Hoskins of Coff’s Harbour being the winner in the excellent time of 10.4 secs. Ron Vale of Bellbrook second and John Silva of Burnt Bridge third.

4 x 50 yards Mixed Relay for Cliff Ralph Trophy: Winning team came from Burnt Bridge, they were, Rhonda Kelly, Bob Lang, Lloyd Jarrett and Marj Davis.

[This trophy was given by the residents of the Station and so named as a tribute to Cliff Ralph who was the driving force behind the efforts of the people in preparing and handing us our new oval.

It is to be competed for annually at Burnt Bridge, but held by the winning team until competed for.]

Hacked out of the scrub (above) the Burnt Bridge oval soon took on shape (right) until it is now one of the finest sports grounds in the north. The Lions Club work team preserved the lovely bushland setting

Mixed Relay (Sponsored by the officials of the day):—

V. Moylan and D. Binge 1, M. Callaghan and G. Davis 2, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dungay 3.

Young Ladies 4 x 100 yard Relay:—V. Moylan, C. Ritchie, H. Ritchie, N. Lowe.

Six man Tug-o-war:—P. Ritchie, V. Kelly, K. Carter, J. Dotti, J. Bullock and T. Button.

“A dance followed the events of the day and continued until 2 a.m. Jack Dotti assisted by his brother, Chris acted as M.C. and although there were some 450 people, children included, he kept the dancers moving and had complete control right through the dance, a mighty effort.

“Another splendid effort was that of chief hot water supplier, Mr. Dick Archibald. He had the water boiling at 10 a.m. and kept the water up to tea-makers until the shole show was over. Thanks Dick.

“Another person who must be commended for his efforts is our hard working secretary, Mr. Andrew (“Pop”) Pacey. He acted as commentator and such remarks as ‘They are about to be sent on their journey’ and ‘They are in the hands of the starter’, were very reminiscent of some of the leading sports commentators.

“The President with her ladies committee together with some voluntary helpers really excelled themselves, 25 dozen pies, 300 hot dogs, cakes, sandwiches, icy poles galore were served as well as goodness knows how many cups of tea. They really worked hard, but, as I heard one lady say, ‘It was well worth it, it has been a wonderful day for Burnt Bridge.’”



“To Purfleet, Bellbrook, Nambucca Heads, Forster, Armidale and the various other places, we thank you for coming and help make our day so successful. You shall be told when our next day is on so please have some teams ready to try and take our prizes away.

“I would like, through *Dawn*, to convey our very sincere thanks to our white friends for their assistance in making what was our first venture along such lines an unqualified success. We include in those friends, Mrs. C. Ralph and Pastor N. Coleman who acted as recorders and did a fine job under some difficulties.”

THE GIRL IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

AT COFF'S HARBOUR TOO

It is with great pleasure that *Dawn* is able to report the placing of two Coff's Harbour teenagers in jobs in the town.

The children are Susan Dodds and Peter Davis.

Susan has gone into the chemist's shop of Mr. John David. Peter has joined the Tasma Theatre staff under Mr. J. Gerard.

The Coff's Harbour Aboriginal Welfare Committee has invited other business principals in the town and district to advise if they have vacancies on their staffs available for the employment of suitable aborigine boys and girls.

The committee points out that there are some fine types of young aborigines seeking employment and ready to give good service.

Dawn joins in congratulations to Susan and Peter, who have our best wishes for a successful career.



Chemist's assistant, Ivy Wise, serving a customer in the Nyahwest (Vic.) shop of Mr. Alan Wilson



Art Display by Moree Children Praised by Commonwealth Bank

During Education Week, recently observed in N.S.W. public schools, pupils from Moree Aboriginal School prepared in conjunction with school activities, a splendid exhibition of art work for display at the Moree branch of the Commonwealth Bank.

Mr. Norman W. Glenton, of the bank's administrative staff at head office in Sydney, praised the display in a letter to *Dawn* which enclosed the above picture taken by the North West Champion at Moree.

BIG SHOW AT DUBBO

A colourful 50-piece exhibition of schoolchildren's art work from the Northern Territory and Nanima Aborigines School at Wellington was on display at the Commonwealth Bank Chambers in Dubbo during Education Week.

The exhibition was arranged by Mr. H. S. Kitching, Area Welfare Officer of the Aborigines Welfare Board.

On loan for the art exhibition from the Northern Territory's Administration Welfare Board was a collection of school work—maps, writing, paintings and drawings—by aboriginal children attending some of the Government and Church mission schools in Northern Territory.

The pieces were first displayed at the Darwin Show in July. The scenes depicted local environment such as palm trees on Groote Eylandt (in the Gulf of Carpentaria) and Delissaville, Darwin, as well as the hills and open spaces of Yuenduma (220 miles west of Alice Springs.)

There was also a sample of writing by Hooku Creek pupils which mentioned that: "Mary has a broken arm and the Flying Doctor called".

Other schools represented in the Dubbo display were the Church Mission Society's Oenpelli Mission in Arnhem Land, Warrabri Welfare Settlement and the school at Lake North Pastoral Station near the Queensland border.

The other section of art work was selected from pupils of Nanima.

The big difference between art works in the two sections was that tribal influences ban the painting of individuals in the Northern Territory, whereas the Nanima children showed themselves in their school activities.

Our Back Cover

A proud foster mother with her beautifully cared for "baby boy" in Sydney for the National Aborigines' Day celebrations.



Dear Kids,

To mark the end of the football season this month we go to press with the picture of two promising players—Wally and Willy Donnelly of Tabulam—who have had a good season.

Judging by the letters to this page Rugby is still the favourite winter sport among the boys with basketball and hockey tops with the girls.

Cricket and tennis now take over the summer scene and we will be glad to hear news of what goes on in your sporting world.

The other happy youngsters taking the sun outside "Wits-End", their home in Dubbo, are Harry Matthews (12) and his 10 years-old brother Eddie.

Harry is in second year at Dubbo High School and plays football and cricket with the school. He hopes to become an airline pilot when he grows up. He is a Boy Scout.

Eddie, who is in fifth class is captain of the 5 stone 7 lb. football team. He has just graduated from Cubs to Scouts and shows his muscles to prove it.

The Matthews boys with their parents and six sisters live in a Housing Commission home the family is buying. Their mother was Gloria Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Ferguson of Brewarrina. The family has visited practically every Aboriginal station in N.S.W. and is well-known to *Dawn* readers.

It is wonderful to hear news of them. We would appreciate more little family stories like this one—which incidentally was supplied by a kindly neighbour.

Let's hear from you kids,

Your sincere pal,

Harry and Eddie Matthews

"Professor" Tim Torrens of Tabulam demonstrates the new egg-head hairstyle, which we hope doesn't prove too popular



Wally and Willy Donnelly

