

# TABULAM FORMS BROWNIE PACK

## Youngsters Very Proud

On September 4th, 1954, the enrolment of the Brownies of the newly formed Tabulam Brownie Pack was performed by Mrs. Ford, Divisional Commissioner and Mrs. Paterson, District Commissioner, of Kyogle. Afterwards a tea party was held for the Brownies and about 60 visitors, including two Guides and their Lieutenant from Bonalbo. The Commissioner congratulated the Brownies on their knowledge of the Brownie code and also for their very smart turn-out.

The Brownies were very proud of the new uniforms they were wearing, most of them having been made by Mrs. B. Campbell, Secretary of the Local Association of the Girl Guides. The material for the eight Aboriginal Brownies, uniforms was kindly given by the Girl Guides of Kyogle. Their belts, ties and berets were purchased from the proceeds of a dance held on the Station. After the ceremony Mrs. Ford presented the Brownies with a lovely picture for their six corners. The Brownie Pack was formed by the Matron of the Station, Mrs. Carlin, with the idea of bringing the white children of Tabulam and our Aboriginal children to a closer understanding of each other. Mrs. Carlin (Brown Owl) and Miss Reid (Tawny Owl) rely for support on the Local Association, President Mrs. H. Brown and the Secretary, Mrs. B. Campbell and its members, who provide support in many ways, both financial and practical.



Back row—Brown Owl Mrs. Carlin, District Commandant Mrs. Ford and District Commissioner Mrs. Patterson.

Priscilla Avery, Pat Phillips, Linda Donnelly, Philomena Williams, Aloma Collins, Maria Walker, Lorretta Donnelly, Marie Daly.



Two Tabulam residents have plenty of smiles for Dawn's cameraman

## A Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Recently *Dawn* was brought before my notice by Miss Mary Stanford, and I have been keenly interested in it, also the evidence of the good work which is being done for the Aborigines.

As a child in the Goulburn Valley in Victoria—where there were no Aborigines—I listened with keen interest to the stories which my grandmother told. She spent her young years on her father's property on the Murray, and all the family—I am glad to say—admired the Aborigines. On one occasion a neighbour, riding over to pay a visit, had come across a group of natives who had just killed a bullock. The man shot one of the Aborigines, and then rode on and told the story—to be immediately ordered out of "Woperana," and told never to return.

My grandmother, who, incidentally, married John Somer from Devonshire, used also to tell me of the feats of mimicry of the native Australians. On one occasion she herself was the cause of vast amusement. One of her young brothers fell in the river. He couldn't swim and neither could she, so she implored the Aborigines, then camped around the station homestead, to save him, which they duly did.

That evening, walking along the verandah, she heard roars of laughter coming from behind the house. She turned a corner and found an Aborigine giving an excellent imitation of her as she wrung her hands, and kept on crying: "Save the child, save the child!"

Again congratulating you on *Dawn*.

Yours faithfully,  
Isabel Gullett,  
Rose Bay.