

Of the station residents, who helped in one way or another through this period were, Richard Howell, Don Shillingsworth, Cassidy Samuels, George and Jack Coffy and Jack Coombes.

Many of the young lads gave a hand, including Walter McHughes and Maurice Rummage.



During all this period (9 weeks) school has been carrying on under very primitive conditions in the racecourse pavilion and with the exception of the very young, there has been a good attendance.

However, our troubles are almost over and we start back on Monday; an Ark may be good enough for Noah, but home's the best place for us.

Desert Storm

This stirring poem was written by one of the Northern Territory's best known identities, Bill Harney, friend and associate of Board member Michael Sawtell.

Brown are the rills,
Where rain-drops are splashing,
Grey the red hills,
Where lightning is flashing,
And thunder comes roaring
With storm-clouds down-pouring,
Where ghost-gums are crashing.

The brown gibbers glitter
Upon the wet plain,
The fleet spur-wings twitter,
And 'mid the refrain
A storm-bird comes crying,
Its harsh notes defying
The roar of the rain.

Grim night folds around,
And out of the sky
Storm echoes rebound
From mountains nearby.
Then rift-cloud appears,
And faintly one hears
The curlews' lone cry.

Now grey breaks the day,
And rhythmic and slow
The coolibahs sway
Where brown gullies flow.
And mountain-creeks streaming
Where cascades are gleaming
Beneath the sun's glow.

Now crab-holes are brimming,
And earth-tanks o'er-flowing,
And black duck come swimming
Where nardoo is growing
By clay-pans and gil-gies,
And over their cries
Come cattle's soft lowing.



"The Lady in the Garden." This nice drawing by Irene Roberts of Cubawee, wins a special prize.