

Wanted: Engineers, Teachers, a Cattle Man.

But how they need men! Here is little Lockhart trying so desperately hard to pull itself up by its own bootlaces. They need engineers, they need teachers. The next and most ambitious plan is to open a college for the best and most intelligent aborigines from all the missions in North Queensland to teach them how to form co-operatives. People are needed who can instruct them in simple accounts, business principles, management. Once they get that college going, with a domestic science school for the women, machine shops and farm management courses for the men, they will need more teachers.

The Queensland Department of Native Affairs is willing to spend the money to build the school and equip it, but where are the teachers to come from? Who is going to throw away a soft job to bury himself in a little lost fly-speck of a place where there is certainly no money to be made, nothing but fun and the challenge of a great job of work.

The Co-operative which handles the cattle is under the control of three aboriginal cattle councillors. They are putting up thirty miles of fencing in the gaps between the ranges to make a home paddock. They badly need a cattle manager who can show the stockmen scientific methods. When I went out with the cattlemen, I exposed my lack of knowledge by asking why, if they needed horses so badly, they didn't just round up some of the wild ones? They had only ninety horses for twenty men, and some of the horses were too young and others just pack horses.

"The stockmen had a go at the brumbies—did I tell you?" John Warby writes. 'Did very well. Yarded eight head of which one died, six escaped, and they got back here with two, having ridden twenty of our own into the ground. Ben Peter fractured Geo. Marriott's right antrum with a few well-clubbed blows with a piece of hardwood while Geo. was sitting down looking the other way. A high old time. The stockmen are now mustering a mob of about 100 bullocks to ship from Annie River 'per Wewok' to Cairns, and when they are aboard will go to Violet Vale to collect 50 head of horses (unbroken) and bring 'em here. It's quite a challenge to 'em as they're on their own without supervision. What price a cattle manager!"

Alive.

The catchword at Lockhart is: "Quite a challenge". When everything is at breaking point and the bearings of the "Mary Lockhart" burn out (that is the old mission boat which brings the mail) when one of the two old blitz-waggons breaks down, it is always "quite a challenge". To go on and do better and mend it with fencing wire, to bridge the unbridgeable, and struggle on without help, or with too little help, over-worked but still planning bigger things, that is the way at Lockhart. You have to have a magnificent sense of humour. You need to roar with laughter instead of bursting into tears when the disasters are coming to close together. But all I say is: "Lord, lead me back to Lockhart and let me live. Because they are alive there and they have such fun".

VALE, TOM AVERY!

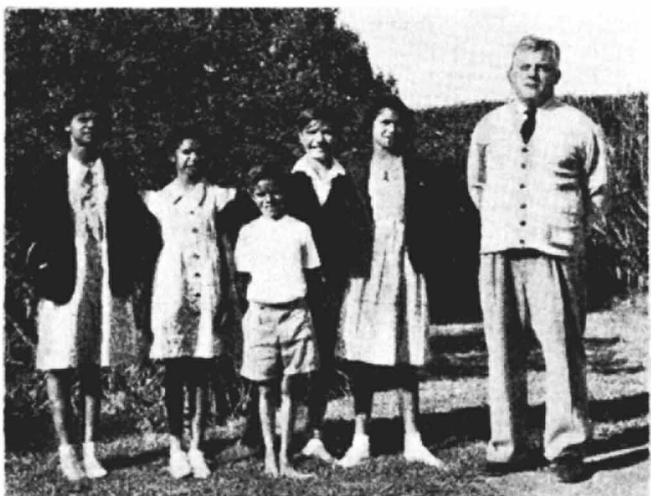
The residents of Tabulam were shocked to hear of the sad end of Tom Avery on the night of May 2nd. The Relieving Manager was awakened at 10.45 p.m. by a 'phone call from Casino Police announcing that Tom, who was only 49 years of age, had been knocked down by a car and killed on the Tenterfield road about 2 miles from Casino.

An impressive church service was conducted by Pastor Roberts in the Station church. The funeral procession of friends and relatives, to the Tabulam Cemetery was one of the largest in living memory. At the conclusion of the service at the graveside, Pastor Roberts closed with a prayer in the native tongue of that area.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Tom's family.



A recent carnival at Toowoomba, featured an old Cobb and Co. coach, and some of the Boggabilla Aboriginal children.



A close up of some of the Boggabilla children with Mr. Bolton, Manager of Cobb and Co. They are Valmai Wightman, Priscilla Hippi, Abe Hippi, Neville Binge and Retta Binge.