



Pete's Page

Hello Kids,

If there are any of my pals who know where there is some dry ground in this big State of ours will you please let me know right away. Everywhere we look we seem to find floods. Still I guess there's nothing much we can do about it.



An amusing sketch by Leslie Franks, of Cobargo.

Well, Kids, since I wrote to you last I have been away in New Guinea. That's a marvellous country and I only wish all of you had the opportunity of visiting it.

Today our giant skyliners have made New Guinea so close that it doesn't take long to get there.

I left Mascot at 8 o'clock one night and arrived in Port Moresby at 6 o'clock the next morning.

Did you know that many of the native children in New Guinea get *Dawn* each month? Well they do and I think they like it just about as much as you do!

While I was in Port Moresby I saw Board Member Professor Elkin there. He was on his way inland to learn more about the native people.

When I came back I found a very nice letter from Margaret Eggins, of the Cootamundra Girls' Home, awaiting me.

Margaret said, "I've just seen a wonderful Australian film, 'Jedda,' and enjoyed it very much. Matron has gone on holidays and Mrs. Healy is looking after us."

Margaret went on to tell me about a couple of very mischievous little boys up that way who were causing no end of bother. She also told me they have some really white frosts these mornings. How would some of you city dwellers like a frost or two? Margaret wants some pen friends, Kids, so how about it? She concluded her letter with this little rhyme . . .

"Pete's Page is your Name
 Sydney is your Station.
 Chasing aborigines round the world
 Is your occupation."

Thanks, Margaret. A special prize to you for your letter.

I had another nice letter from Dorrie Roberts of Cubawee. Dorrie, who is fourteen years of age and in second year at Lismore High School, tells me she writes regularly to another pal of mine, Carol Donovan.

Thank you for you letter, too, Dorrie.

Well, Kids, its about time some of you who have not yet written to me did something about it. How about it now? And until next month, your sincere pal,

Pete



Rustlers Gulch.
 This fine black and white sketch wins a special prize for Mervyn Boney, of Urunga.