



They say



Judith Darcy, of Cootamundra Girls Home, gained her Intermediate Certificate last year and has commenced commercial studies at the Technical College. The Apex Club are paying her fees and for books, etc.

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Albert Namatjira and his son Keith paid a surprise visit to the Cootamundra Home, on the evening of 20th January, and spent an interesting two hours with the children. Great was their excitement at meeting him. Snaps were taken of his visit and later shown on slides. We are hoping to forward a picture later.

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With the arrival of long hair again, the Matron of the Cootamundra Home would be pleased to hear from anyone on the Stations requiring hair pins, as she has a large supply of them.



Not much hair perhaps, for a young lady, but nevertheless a lovely child. This is Gail Goolagong of Barellan.

CITY WALKABOUT

The following verse was written by Betty Bell, a reporter on the local newspaper, "The Goondiwindi Argus". Mrs. Bell is very interested in the Station and from time to time reports on interesting items that happen there. The verse was in an article on The Annual Summer Camp at La Prouse, to which eight children attended from this Station. Toomelah is the local name for the Aboriginal Station.

City Walkabout.
by Betty Bell

Eight little Toomelah Tourists
Can tell a tale or two;
For they've seen the sea
And they've made T.V!
Just shows what travel can do.

Some liked the ferries best
Some liked the zoo,
But there's not a shadow of doubt,
They all agree
Their trip to the sea
Was a WONDERFUL WALKABOUT.

"Dawn"

By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin

Nights' misty veil lifts, o'er the hills and glades
With promises of beauty to unfo'd.
The coming day; breaking through wond'rous shades
Of purple, crimson, saffron; gleaming gold.

Away to East, where Earth and Skyline meet,
The fleecy clouds blush rosily—Each one
Sailing aloft, a shining fairy fleet.
—Receives caresses from the hidden sun.

A brooding silence lingered o'er the face
Of waters, through the long and weary night;
Now, Proud young Dawn, joyously takes her place
And whispers tenderly, "Let there be light"

In reverence, my lowly head I bow
And face the cool breeze of the coming morn.
—A soothing wind that fans my fevered brow,
Oh! Magic Hour!—another day is born.