

“My Very First Memorable

IT had arrived at last! Saturday, the 3rd January, 1959. The day I had so looked forward to—this very special day when I was to begin my train journey from Coonabarabran to Sydney for my very first Summer Camp.

“My swimming costume, please Mum” (Oh, how I was anticipating the moment for my swim in the Pacific Ocean), and “Don’t forget my shorts and my new frocks!” My suit-case labelled and full (very full), I was ready to join the Station lorry with my other mates from Burra Bee Dee and the Gunnedah Hill Reserve.

It was a long train journey, but I was so excited that the time soon passed, and we were in Sydney and ready to be taken to La Perouse by our escort, Mrs. Queenie Robinson. Mrs. Robinson had undertaken this task for many years.

This is just a little of what I did at the Summer Camp :—

One day we visited the famous Taronga Park Zoo, and seen all those animals that I had read about and viewed on the picture screens, but had never seen, such as performing monkeys, lions lying on the concrete map of Australia, tigers, penguins, seals being fed, crocodiles lying so languid feigning sleep, and not forgetting those tree climbers, the little cuddly koala bears.

Another thrilling day was our visit to Luna Park—“Just for fun”. Those contortion mirrors, roundabouts, merry-go-round, big dipper, and last but not least—Coney Island.

Then there was the thrilling trip to Manly. What a wonderful swim I had there! What an awe-inspiring view of the Pacific Ocean! The beach stretching for miles and miles. And that wonderful residence of the Cardinal practically on the beach.

The shows that we went to were the Tivoli and the St. James, to mention two of the many. What majestic theatres, and what shows!

Then there were the days when the visitors came to see us, among them the gentlemen from the Aborigines’ Welfare Board. Mr. Saxby, Mr. Green, and many others, whose names I did not know. These men behind the scenes that we seldom see, but who, unflinching, year after year, look after our interests and welfare. We were also privileged to have a number of lady visitors whose names I did not know, but who were welcome guests.

The time passed all too quickly, and before I quite knew it, it was time to return to our Station.

Summer Camp”

And with many fond memories behind me, I said “farewell” to my very first memorable Summer Camp, my friends I had made while there, and our very genial Camp Commandant, Mr. Arthur Mason, and return to Burra Bee Dee, our happy Station, nestling among the grandeur of the great Warrambungle Ranges.



Meet Owen Morgan, of Woodenbong



Pen Friends Wanted!



These young men from Belmont, Nambucca Heads, want pen friends 16 to 19 years of age. They are Herbert Marshall, John Dixon, Albert Wilson, Keith Roberts, Fred Marshall and Eric Robinson