

## KINCHELA BOYS

Mr. A. F. White, Manager of the Kinchela Boys' Home, via Kempsey, says in a letter to *Dawn*:—

"I noticed in the May, 1960, *Dawn Magazine*, page 19, that a report is given on the appointment of two boys to the B.H.P. freighter *Iron Knight*. The report states that these boys are from Kempsey. I consider that due credit should be given the fact that both lads, Henry McGrady and Gordon Edwards, are from the Kinchela Boys' Home.

In addition, another ex-Kinchela lad, Stanley Bowden, is also employed by B.H.P. as a deckboy on the vessel *Iron Duke*."

Congratulations to these boys and also to Mr. White and his staff for the training they give at Kinchela.

## Brewarrina Notes

As the first half of the year draws to a close, the people of the Brewarrina Station look back on a period of considerable progress. The station now looks quite smart with the houses painted a variety of pastel shades, a new entrance roadway graded in and bounded by a new post and arris-rail fence painted white. The treatment room, hall and garages have been repaired and painted in most attractive pastel-toned colours.

Some of the older inhabitants have been successful in having both invalid and old age pensions granted to them. This has been a great step forward for the personal comfort and dignity of the old people.

A new station vehicle has given us all a real "lift". The recently-formed Waratah Football Team is still careering merrily along the road towards sporting success. So far these stalwarts of the "pig skin parade" have had some wins and, as can be expected, some losses. However, the team as a whole play good, hard football, and take wins or losses with a big grin that endears them to the football-watching public. Good work chaps, keep it going!

There's no doubt about the quality of the Brewarrina fishermen. Scarcely a day goes by without someone hauling a thumping great codfish out of the river. To date, Felli McHughes holds the record with a whacking great 50-pounder. There may be bigger fish, but Felli says that it would take a length of eight gauge fencing wire to hold them, and the wire would have to be doubled at that. How about it, Walgett and Murrin Bridge, are you getting any?

The children of Brewarrina Station have contracted to provide a schoolboys football team to play Goodooga on 23rd July.

I would like to tell you of three Aboriginal men, full-bloods, who were connected with my work for many years. The first one was named Combo George. My first visit to Pentridge Prison was to see Combo, and that was thirty years ago, before I started "The Bethesda"

**Aborigines** Aborigines' Mission. Combo was a courteous old fellow, but was addicted to drink, and at frequent intervals through the years he was in gaol. Altogether, I visited him for twenty years. When he was released from prison, he would go to the country. As he could not read or write, to let me **I Have Met** know where he was, he would go to the nearest police station and ask the police to send a message to me, telling me where he was. Sometimes, he would call at my home. The last time he came out of gaol, he went to Dudley Flats and there slept under an old piece of iron. On the days of my visits to the "Flats", he would wait for me on the roadside, and walk with me across the "tips" to the shanties. He died at the Royal Melbourne Hospital. I visited him forty-three times in ten weeks, and when he passed away the hospital authorities asked me if he had any relatives as they wanted permission to take his body to the University to demonstrate to the Student Doctors the effect of alcohol on his body. As he had no relatives his body was taken to the University. The cause of his death was his chronic alcohol drinking. Later he was buried at Springvale.

The second man was William Bull, another full-blood Aborigine and a courteous old gentleman. He was known to many people, for he played the gumleaf in the City streets, and was often arrested and sent to prison for begging alms. I visited William for twenty years in prison; and he used to say, "Don't bother coming to see me, I am too old; go to the younger ones, there is no hope for me." I assured him that he was worth visiting and that I would continue to visit him. Poor old William died in a prison cell.

The third man was named George, and he was a much younger man than the other two, but he was a dangerous type when out of prison, and was imprisoned for twenty years. He had fought in the First World War. When I visited the prison for a meeting in the chapel for Aboriginal prisoners, he would sometimes have written a Bible story to read, and at other times he would sing his favourite hymn in Sankey's hymnal, "Thou my everlasting portion, more than strength or life to me; All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour let me walk with Thee". George passed away about eighteen months ago. He had diabetes. A few weeks before, I had played for him, and he had sung his favorite hymn.

*by Sister Maude Ellis,*

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