

The questions are complex ones. It is this, which argues strongly for the attendance at future Conferences for Aboriginal Advancement of participants or observers from all bodies interested in community welfare and Aboriginal advancement.

The Fifth Conference will be convened at Port Augusta (S.A.) and in 1963, Canberra is the likely Conference centre.

NOTE ON ANOTHER KIND OF CONFERENCE

There is another Conference worth bringing to notice.

The Richmond-Tweed Office of the Adult Education Department of the University of New England, in conjunction with Casino citizens, recently organised a Conference FOR Aboriginal People from Northern N.S.W. This was held at the National Fitness Camp, Lennox Head, during the weekend, 26th-28th May, 1961.

All sessions were chaired by coloured persons, and all speakers but one, were Aborigines.

About thirty persons were in residence, with "whites" outnumbered two to one.

This must have been the first occasion that an educational environment has been specially provided, in order to assist part-aboriginals living within or near our community to find their own feet without loss of pride.

The organising officer was Mr. M. Praed, New England University, Department of Adult Education, P.O. Box 201, Lismore, N.S.W.



Three pretty girls. Beatrice Green, Lola Edwards and Faye Nixon at Cootamundra Baths

PATSY AND THE TRACKER

On a sheep station there lived a man and his wife. They had a little girl called Patsy.

One day Patsy's mother had a lot of clothes to wash. She told Patsy to play with her toys in her play-house while she did the washing. Patsy did a very naughty thing. She disobeyed her mother and while her mother was busy, she wandered off to pick flowers.

Patsy kept walking as she picked and she did not notice where she was going. Soon she was deep in the bush and, becoming afraid, tried to find her way back home. At first this seemed easy, but it was not long before she found she was lost.

Back at her home Patsy's mother had found out that Patsy was missing. She hunted everywhere calling out, "Patsy, Patsy, where are you?"

Hours passed, her daddy came home from work, night came, and still no sign of Patsy. The neighbours were called in. Men with lanterns searched the mountains but could not find her.

Next day a tracker was called. He found Patsy's foot marks and followed them over the hills. He came to a very deep valley and said, "Little Missy Patsy, she go here!"

Her father said, "You are wrong. She is too small to climb down that steep hill." The tracker was sure she went that way, but no one believed him. They hunted all day and the next night, but still did not find her. By this time they were all VERY afraid and called in another tracker. He told them the same as the first one, and this time Patsy's father went where they told him. On and on they went until suddenly there was a cry, "Here she is! Here she is!"

There was the still little body of Patsy huddled up behind a big rock and clutched in her hand was a little bunch of dead flowers. Poor Patsy! She was so still and so cold, and her eyes were closed. She was unconscious, but still alive. Her father carried her back to the house, where, after several days in bed, she was running around again.

This story is a warning to us. Disobedience is wicked. To disobey God is VERY wicked. Because we have ALL disobeyed God, we are all sinners. Like trackers—God has sent someone to show us the way home, so that instead of being lost we can be saved. That someone is JESUS.

Ask someone to read Isaiah 53:6 to you then Luke 19:10. Jesus also said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37). Why not come to Him now?

—With grateful acknowledgment to *Evangel.*