

FEELING FOR THE WORLD OF *Light, Sound and Plants*

The poetry section of the National Aborigines Day writing quest this year was judged by Mrs. Bertha Maxwell, whose death occurred shortly afterwards.

It is with a great deal of sorrow that *Dawn* has to report that Mrs. Maxwell died suddenly in her garden at Mt. Kuring-gai, among the wattle trees and native flowers and shrubs she made famous all over the world by her embroidery designs.

Well-known among Australian women writers, Mrs. Maxwell recently acted as Controller of the Parramatta Literary Competition to mark the Centenary of Local Government in that city.

She was very pleased to be asked to be one of the NADOC writing quest judges. This is what she said of the poetry in general:—

“Most of the poems are concerned with feeling and observation for and of the world of light, sound and plants. Some show inner thought, some are a reflection of what has been heard or taught. All are good and fresh.”

*And yet we have to change with time,
And live as best we may,
And life is often hard and sad
But sometimes it is gay.*

*Who knows but in a hundred years
The old days may come back,
And where we tread the concrete now
May be a wild bush track.*

*Our homes, our stately buildings
Will crumble and will rust,
All living things may perish
In a cloud of atom dust.*

*But the world will still be different
From the one that we have seen,
From the one our fathers lived in,
From the one that might have been.*

*Judge's remarks:—*This poem has rhyme, balance and much thought for other days as well as question of the future. It would probably be easy to recite.



Equal First Prize

“2062”

By
Dulcie Cooley (11)

La Perouse
Public School

*I wonder how the world will be
A hundred years from now.
I wonder if I'd like the world
If I came back somehow.
When I re ad in a history book
How we lived wild and free,
And how we wandered far and wide,
From mountains to the sea.
And how we found our daily food,
By hunting and by fishing,
And how we slept beneath the stars,
I'm sad for all I'm missing.*



Equal First Prize

ANZAC DAY

By
Ivan Simon (12)

La Perouse
Public School

*We stood together in the crowded hall,
For once all were still.
No one spoke or even moved a chair.
A slow and solemn voice told us of men who died far away,
That we might live and play as we do now.
Then all was silence.
A bugle sounded sweet and clear,
And the whole world started to move again.*

*Judge's remarks:—*This is a distinguished piece of writing: It makes more impression on the mind than any of the other poems, has thought and feeling of a high order.