

PETE'S

PAGE

BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN

Dear Kids,

I suppose you have all had a great holiday. Some of you, I imagine, have had a wonderful time swimming in the inland rivers. I know how much a swim in the river is appreciated, especially in the extremely hot summer months. Then there are those of you who are very lucky living along the coast where there is always a wide and vast ocean in which to swim. Finally, there was a very lucky group who were able to attend the Summer Camp in Sydney.

Now all of the wonderful holidays are over and it is back to school again and how important school is. To be well educated today is very important. If girls and boys are not well educated they usually finish up in "dead end" jobs. "Dead end" jobs are those that are not permanent and could stop at any time. Unfortunately there are large numbers of young people today who are not interested in bettering themselves at school. They are usually living for the day that they are able to leave school. This attitude is a great shame. So, kids, do

One of the features of this years' summer camp at Elanora was Vaughan Livermore (11) of Tingha, who plays the gum leaf. Vaughan says the leaf has to be soft because a hard leaf does not give a good sound. Here he is pictured at the camp with a good supply of leaves in his hand



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take my advice and always try to do the very best at school and you are sure to succeed. Remember the old saying—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again".

The following poem I received about a year ago. It is written by Rose Dennis of Walgett. Rose was in sixth grade in the primary school. This poem is a good example of a girl who, at that time, was very interested in bettering herself at school:—

The Beauty of the Bush

*I love the winter sunrise,
That warms the earth so cold
I love the autumn sunset,
Of colours red and gold
I love the beauty of the bush,
The birds, the trees, the hills,
And the slow gentle trickle
Of the ever-moving rills.
I love to watch the butterflies,
Dancing on the flowers
And the drowsy droning beetles,
Clinging to the boughs
I love to watch them all by day,
And dream of them at night
While the stars are twinkling up above,
And the moon is shining bright.*

—Rose Dennis, 13 years

I am certainly looking forward to hearing from more of you. Address your letters to Pete's Page, c.o. the Dawn Magazine.

Cheerio for now, I'll see you next month.

From your pal,

Pete

Our Back Cover

Valda Stanley plays with her pet dog in front of the ruins of the family home. The shell of the house shows how intense were the flames that destroyed it. ("Women's Weekly" picture.)