

PETE'S

PAGE

Dear Kids,

I imagine that you have already sung a number of Christmas Carols many times at school, especially at the end of each year. There are the "old faithfuls" such as "Silent Night", "Away in the Manger" and "The First Nowell" but I wonder if you have ever sung the carol which begins:—

"Across the starry plains one night
Three drovers riding merrily and gay
Looked up and saw a shining light
All brighter than the Milky Way"

"Oh! Yes I remember it," some of you will be saying
"but I don't know what it is called".

The four Beetson children, Reginald, Julianna, Paul and Kerrie, made a happy group as they stand in the street near their home in Mayfield, Newcastle



DAWN, November, 1964

This carol is truly an Australian one. The usual carols seem to come from lands which have cold weather and snow at Christmas, but out here, in Australia, we know that our weather is completely the opposite. Quite often at Christmas we find it hot and dry around the reserve the town or station with hardly a cloud in the sky.

So, since our Christmas is different from the usually accepted one, why can't we have a Christmas Carol of our own? Well, we have—and still you don't know it's name.

It is called, "The Three Drovers". See if you can find the rest of the words of this carol. The first person who writes to me telling me that they have found the rest of the words and where they found the rest of the words will have their letter printed in "Pete's Page".

Thank you very much, those of you who have already written into me asking for pen friends. Your letters have been printed and I certainly hope that you have been able to make some very nice pen friends.

By the way, I was very pleased to read in the *Dawn* a few months ago about the girls from Murrin Bridge Aboriginal Station spending six days in Sydney as guests of the girls at Blakehurst Primary School. From the article and the photos it certainly looked as if a great time was had by all. Righto, girls, what about writing into me telling me all about your trip to Sydney. I am quite sure Mr. Wilding will help you. Also I would like to hear from the Blakehurst Girls. Have a talk with Mrs. Cleal, girls, and send in your impressions.

I must stop now, otherwise the Editor will be cutting down on the length of my letter.

Cheerio till next month.

Your sincere pal,

Pete