

I am in hospital here and will continue to be for several months yet to come, so the doctor told me. However, I am very happy here as the doctors and nurses are all very kind to me. But at times I get lonely. So I was wondering would you please forward me a copy each month of NEW DAWN. I will appreciate it very much. Also, would you print my name in NEW DAWN for pen-pals? I have had many pen-pals, but during the years have lost contact with them. If they see my name, perhaps they will write to me again. I would be very happy and would really appreciate it. To those who write to me, all their letters will be quickly answered by me.

Thank you,

Miss Betty Black, Gissing House, Base Hospital,  
Wagga Wagga, N.S.W. 2650

(Here's a chance for the Murrin Bridge-ites to show what they're made of—Ed.)

**Mrs Beryl Edwards**, of Lavington, N.S.W. has written in asking for penfriends for herself and her two sons.

Mrs Edwards is 33 years old and has 3 boys aged 9, 8 and 5 and a girl aged 11 months. Her husband is a bread salesman. She is interested in reading, sewing, knitting, gardening, indoor plants, cooking and education. She is hoping to write to an Aboriginal woman who has similar interests.

Her son, **Bruce Edwards**, is interested in coin collecting, reading, music, singing, cricket and swimming. He is 9 years old and would like Aboriginal boy to be his penfriend.

Finally, there is **Rodney Edwards**, who also wants an Aboriginal boy penfriend. Rodney is 8 and likes football, cricket, swimming, stamp collecting, stones, music and reading.

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: 602 Welsh Street,  
Lavington, N.S.W. 2641.

### Wake up Australia

Dear Editor,

Enclosed you will find a very sweet poem written by Mr G. Gaston of Mortdale, Sydney. It has come to my and Mr Vic Wallace's notice at Lightning Ridge. We are both miners here. Mr Gaston is a frequent visitor to Lightning Ridge opal

fields. We are sending this poem in to you so that you may print it in the NEW DAWN magazine for the Aboriginal people of N.S.W.

So closing with a bright cheerio,

Respectfully yours,

Jack Green,  
c.o. P.O.  
Lightning Ridge, N.S.W. 2392

### WAKE UP AUSTRALIA

Maybe we don't want to  
Or will not understand  
We are the agressors,  
We have stripped them of their land.

We may call them uncivilized—  
We've got a lot to show!  
We were in the same category  
A few hundred years ago.

We've gone ahead in leaps and bounds  
and boast that we are free.  
But what about our dusky friends,  
The Australian Aborigine?

We try to big note ourselves  
By helping starving people overseas.  
If charity still begins at home,  
What of the Australian Aborigine?

We boast about the millions  
from minerals we'll make.  
How about our dusky friends,  
Have they not got a stake?

We'd only be giving them part payment,  
For their country, it is true.  
We could never really pay them back  
For all that is their due.

Give them the education  
Plus all the chances we have had.  
They will equal any one of us,  
If an equal chance they had.

G. Gaston,  
Mortdale, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Editor,

The article, "The Urban Aboriginal in N.S.W." by Ken Brindle (NEW DAWN, August 1970) was very informative. Since I do not live in the metropolitan area, the article gave me a lot of