

Department Sees A New Form Of Discrimination

IT was becoming increasingly apparent that natives not holding Citizenship Rights Certificates were being severely handicapped because of existing legislation, said a recent edition of Helping Hand, official bulletin of the Native Affairs Department.

Under existing legislation Citizenship Rights holders were "deemed to be no longer natives," the bulletin said.

Some employers, particularly larger organisations, would not employ natives because of permit and medical fund obligations. They asked native applicants for positions if they had a Citizenship Rights Certificate and rejected them if they did not.

The New Aspect

A Native Affairs Department welfare officer had reported a case where a new aspect of this form of discrimination was involved.

The officer said the manager of a Perth car sales firm recently made inquiries to the department about a native living in a country town who wished to buy a car on terms.

Because the native did not have citizenship rights the finance company refused to advance the money on his behalf, allegedly because it would have no redress if the native defaulted.

The officer's report ended: "This report is submitted as another example of the discrimination exercised against the coloured population by reason of their not possessing citizenship rights."

Pen-Friends Wanted

A 17½-year-old white youth from New South Wales is anxious to get some aboriginal pen-friends from Western Australia.

He is Earl Hamilton, of Ranglea, Duck Creek, Old Bonalbo, 4.C., New South Wales.

Earl, who lives on a 1000-acre dairy farm, said in a letter to Westralian Aborigine that he took a keen interest in aboriginals of his district and followed their footballers.

Earl is about 5ft. 8in. in height and has brown hair and eyes.

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ANYONE CAN MAKE TEA, but no one can make it like Bertha Isaacs. A Coolbaroo League committee member, Bertha is pictured pouring her 1000th cup of tea this season at a recent league dance. Bertha has the reputation of being one of W.A.'s best tea brewers — and we can guarantee it.

COME AND GET THEM

THE Geraldton Native Affairs Department is now holding 11 cheques and four savings bank pass books awaiting claimants and the Perth office has a cheque for Wagada Billie, formerly of Derby.

The cheques awaiting claimants at Geraldton are for Mildred Bell, Minnie Dunstan, Stanley Franklin, Billy Green, Mavis Indich, Fred Jacobs, Agnes Lindley, Ruby Newman, John Robinson, Ernest Vincent and Lucy Weenie.

Pass books are being held for Jack Kenny, Gladys Nyoonganoo, Cliff Ryder and Donald Keith Stevens.

The cheques and pass books are obtainable on application to any Native Affairs Department office.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

GEORGE Abdullah, formerly of Northam, paid a 10-day visit to Perth recently after spending two and a half years in the Eastern States.

George is employed by the South Australian Railways as a signal and telegraph linesman.

He is taking a keen interest in welfare work among South Australian aboriginal children.

MISS Ann Sewell has taken up the position of superintendent at Bennett House Girls' Hostel. The hostel is to be completely renovated soon.

FRANK Mippy, who has spent most of his life in Narrogin, has now returned with his family to Carnarvon — his home town.

DON'T MISS THIS

THE Coolbaroo League's 1954 Royal Show Ball, to be held in Perth Town Hall on October 4, is expected to be an even greater success than last year's ball.

NO OTHER LIKE BERTHA

COOLBAROO League member Bertha Isaacs has poured more than 1000 cups of tea at League dances in Perth, York and Narrogin during the winter.

Caterer and committee member of the League for the past three years, Miss Isaacs has gained the title of "tea Queen" among her people.

She has the reputation of being among W.A.'s leading tea brewers.

It was said of her recently at a York dance: "Anyone can make tea, but no one can make it like Bertha."

Summer Change

During the summer months Bertha and Miss Molly Long, another staunch league member, change from serving steaming hot tea to pouring icy cold drinks.

Born at Busselton, Bertha has spent the past 14 years in Perth and like other members of the league believes in doing her utmost to better conditions for her people.

Among the many feature attractions of the ball will be:—

- A Belle of the Ball competition.
- An outstanding, bright floor show.
- A five-piece orchestra.

The belle of the ball will be chosen from the many attractive girls from the city and country who will be present.

Points to be considered by the judges will include personality, general appearance and carriage. The belle will be presented with an attractive prize.

The floor show will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Mills — one of Australia's leading dance teams. They will demonstrate many different forms of dances.

Compere for the evening will be popular ABC announcer Peter Harrison.

Single tickets are available for 10/6. All proceeds will be donated to the aboriginal social centre fund.

COOLBAROO League country dances will be held at Narrogin on Saturday, November 13, and at York on Saturday, November 27.

NATIVE KILLED BY BLOW

A BLOW struck by a constable at Nungarin is said to have killed a native in July.

Merredin Coroner T. Ansell, R.M., found that full-blood native Jimmy Gwiethoona died at Merredin on July 5, from a blow delivered by Constable R. K. Lee at the Nungarin Police Station on July 3.

Gwiethoona died from a subdural hemorrhage in Merredin District Hospital.

The N-yoongar social event of the year!

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This Aboriginal Cyclist Is Acclaimed A Hero

ABORIGINAL cyclist Manfred Corunna (21) was acclaimed for his courage and tenacity from the start of the gruelling State cycling tour recently.

Though he finished well back in the field Corunna clung tenaciously to the strong field of riders throughout and won praise and encouragement from all who saw him ride.

The only member of his race in competitive cycling, Corunna rode for the City of Perth professional cycling club to replace Ron Host, of Collie, who was injured in a motor accident a few days before the race.

Despite the handicap of a broken wrist early in the season, he showed form in his few metropolitan starts that stamped him as a rider of promise.

Cricketer, Footballer

Corunna took up cycling in Mukinbudin four years ago. He has been a good footballer and cricketer, but cycling has always been his forte.

Even as a child, riding on heavy machines, he was noted for his speed.

Before the Mukinbudin Club went out of existence about a year ago he had established himself as the leading cyclist in the centre.

On coming to the city to take employment as a clerk in the Native Affairs Department he had no plans to take up cycling again.

He said: "I was not quite sure of myself. I didn't know how Mukinbudin form would stand up against city form."

Prominent cyclist Brian Williams, of City of Perth Club met Corunna at a Coolbaroo League dance and learnt of his interest in cycling. He prevailed on him to resume riding.

In the Beverley-Perth race he surprised cycling officials by taking 22nd place out of a field of 44.

Critics say that with correct training he has every chance of winning at least one of next season's road-racing classics.



THIS IS aboriginal cycling hero Manfred Corunna (21), who won wide acclaim for his outstanding performance and courage in the gruelling State cycling tour recently. Critics have expressed the hope that other aborigines may be influenced to take up cycling.

ABORIGINAL CRAFT SHOW SOON

The Original Australian's Progress Association will conduct an exhibition of native craft work in Perth towards the end of November. Any profit from the show will be used for the creation of an aboriginal social centre.

Among the many exhibits will be pictures, drawings, carvings and other craft-work done by aborigines, pictures and articles of art based on, or inspired by aboriginal life or designs, books on aborigines and their life and photographs.

One section of the show will be entirely devoted to the sale of art work and

souvenirs produced by aborigines.

Organiser R. Goldman has asked anyone intending to lend exhibits, or aborigines or institutions with goods for sale to get in touch with him at 56 Cliveden-st., North Perth, as soon as possible.

All articles offered for sale will be offered at the price fixed by the producer plus a

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Mogumber Has Its Third Anniversary

THE weekend of August 21-22 marked the third anniversary of the Methodist Native Mission at Mogumber.

In the three years since the establishment of the mission much hard work has gone into the transformation of old and dirty buildings into clean well-kept cottages.

small commission which will be put towards an aboriginal social centre fund.

One person who carves emu eggs in the Murchison and finds he cannot find a sufficiently large local market for his work will forward supplies to the exhibition.

During the anniversary celebration the mission was an "open house" to all native Australians. Many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the area.

A number of white people from the surrounding districts joined with weekend visitors at the mission in attending a school concert presented by the children on Saturday night.

More than 80 adults attended and the programme had a range of class and individual items, of vocal and oral items, sketches and variety numbers.

A special anniversary service held in the mission chapel on the Sunday morning was conducted by W.A. Methodist Conference president Rev. J. F. Whittle.

In the afternoon the mission was opened to inspection.

One item of interest was the high standard of children's drawings on display at the school.

The mission's Sunday school had its own service during the afternoon and a film entitled *Ruth* was screened at the evening service in place of the usual film strip Bible story.

Mr. F. Amos Dies

It was with the deepest regret that many aborigines learnt of the death of Mr. F. Amos at his Floreat Park home at the end of August.

A sincere friend of the aboriginal people, Mr. Amos was a member of the W.A. Native Welfare Council and did a great deal for natives through various organisations.

He gave many young aborigines an opportunity in life by finding accommodation and employment for them.

Mr. Amos will be long-remembered. Western Australian Aborigine extends its deepest sympathy to his widow.



THESE HAPPY-FACED girls are all residents of Bennett House Girls' Hostel. The girls come from all parts of the State for education and are now in the charge of Miss Ann Sewell, who has been appointed superintendent of the hostel following the resignation of Miss Judy Davis.

Think About This Please, Mr. Nulsen

HEALTH Minister Nulsen said recently that Mullewa District Hospital was the first in the State to provide a ward for natives.

MR. Nulsen thought it was an extremely fine thing. So do we — up to a point.

WHAT Mr. Nulsen neglected to comment on was the fact that the new hospital wing for natives was a clear-cut case of segregation — one of the things that every right-minded citizen and organisation is fighting against.

SURELY it must be obvious to Mr. Nulsen and members of the Mullewa Hospital Board that the community could be far better served by enlarging the hospital to provide accommodation for white and coloured people alike in the same wards.

MR. Nulsen said, too, that natives had not been treated as they should have been in the past. It was time West Australians treated them better.

WE fully agree on this point. But just how do you mete out better treatment under the evil cloak of segregation? Segregation points to two things: ignorance and intolerance. And a mixed community cannot advance while either exist.

MR. Nulsen went further when he said that much of the coloured people's immorality today was given to them by low-class white men.

THE innuendo of this was that he agreed with a segregation policy and considered almost every coloured man to be immoral. How wrong he is.

AUTHOR Alan Paton in his book *Cry The Beloved Country*, story of South Africa's colour problem, said.

"IT was permissible to allow the destruction of a tribal system that impeded the growth of the country. It was permissible to believe that its destruction was inevitable. But it was not permissible to watch its destruction, and to replace it by nothing, or by so little, that a whole people deteriorate, physically and morally.

"THE old tribal system was, for all its violence and savagery, for all its superstition and witchcraft, a moral system. Our natives today produce criminals and prostitutes and drunkards, not because it is their nature to do so, but because their simple system of order and tradition and convention has been destroyed. It was destroyed by the impact of our own civilisation. Our civilisation has, therefore, an inescapable duty to set up another system of order and tradition and convention.

"IT is true that we hoped to preserve the tribal system by a policy of segregation. That was permissible. But we never did it thoroughly or honestly. Some say we did it knowingly that labour would come to the towns. We are caught in the toils of our own selfishness.

"NO one wishes to make the problem seem smaller than it is. No one wishes to make the solution seem easy. No one wishes to make light of the fears that beset us. But whether we be fearful or no, we shall never, because we are a Christian people, be able to evade the moral issues."

NOT all of this is applicable to Australia's problems, but most of it rings true.

IT is obvious that before he said a word on the subject of natives Mr. Nulsen should have consulted Native Affairs Commissioner Middleton, or at the least, his colleague Native Welfare Minister Hegney.

CRY The Beloved Country is one book Mr. Nulsen is well recommended to read — and inwardly digest.



THE EURALIAN CLUB'S stall did a thriving business during race week at Port Hedland recently. Club members took part in many of the bright activities of the week which included races and a gymkhana. The highlight of the week was the Race Ball held at the Euralian Club Hall.

This 'White Australia Policy'

By GEORGE HOWARD, of the Native Affairs Department

THE undue emphasis on colour so blatantly expressed in the title of our national policy under which immigration is governed must appear to many non-white races the world over and particularly Asia, as an aggressive challenge inferring white superiority.

However, if we are to retain a proper perspective, we cannot afford to ignore realities.

This policy is undoubtedly of major importance to Australia, whose people are predominantly white. It is only natural that they should wish to keep it that way.

To the white mind, coloured people are synonymous with sub-economic living standards and retarded social development.

White people find it difficult to imagine a coloured person to be equally as sophisticated or intelligent as Europeans.

Therefore, colour in this case is merely a symbol representative of sub-economic living standards and characteristics totally inconsistent and foreign to the Australian way of life.

Australia's assertion of the "White Australia Policy" is in fact her cry of survival as a white outpost of Western civilisation.

In spite of its obvious reference to colour, this policy is not based on "colour" as such. There are other factors involved.

It is not unnatural that the sons of the pioneers who have built this nation should desire to protect and preserve the conditions and characteristics their grandfathers and fathers established.

Nor is it unnatural that they should wish to preserve the Australian standard of living and culture for which they have worked, fought and died.

Are not these people responsible for Australia's present development? Surely they have a bigger stake in this country if not a bigger claim than ourselves.

Mission Subsidies Increased

NATIVE Welfare Minister Hegney recently announced an increase in the subsidies being paid to missions catering for native children.

In future missions will receive £1/10/9 a week for each child—the same amount as paid to institutions caring for white children.

In making the announcement Mr. Hegney said that when the present Government took office he found that the subsidy paid to mission stations varied between 12/6 to 9/- a week—according to the grade of mission—plus clothing and blankets which averaged 3/- a week for each child.

The rates were increased to 22/6 a child last September. It was now considered that there was no valid reason why there should be a differentiation between subsidies for white and coloured children.

A Bright Week For Euralian Club

THE Euralian Club took a big part in the many bright activities, including races and a gymkhana at Port Hedland throughout a gay week in August.

The outstanding event of the week was the Race Ball held in the Euralian Club Hall on August 16.

Music presented by brothers Harold and Allen Walden and a fine supper all helped to make the evening memorable for club members and visitors alike.

A refreshment stall conducted by the club at the race meeting was well patronised.

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BREATHES THERE A MAN

By WILLIAM HATFIELD

WUNGA, as the oldest man in the tribe, had most say in the council of the Old Men, so the white men ignorantly called him the Chief, thinking that every community must be like their own.

SO Wunga, unable to argue with them, accepted the false title. True, the Old Men almost invariably acted on his advice, although nothing in the lore of the Warramunga dictated that they should. They could have over-ruled him at any time they wished, but as sensible men they realised that years had brought him wisdom, and they only wanted to do what was wise.

Wunga's memory went back to the time before the Telegraph Line was built; he had taken part in raids to cut down and burn the offending line of wooden posts, and in ambushes to destroy the persistent bands of white men who came out to repair the line. He had even taken part in the attack that wiped out the post at Barrow Creek, that appearing to be the central garrison, the place that spawned the intruders, and had lived through the massacre that followed when white men from the four corners of the earth had appeared with their short sticks blazing forth lightning and thunderbolts.

A thunderbolt had hit him in the neck, and he had been left on the field for dead. But it had missed the spine and left him little impaired in health and strength, except that never since had his wonderful spear arm been so good. That had been before any of the oldest men were born, but they had good corroboration for it in the authentic sagas of the tribe.

There was something about old Wunga that none could deny. Right here in their own time he had again survived a massacre — that time out at Brookes' Soak, in the year the white men numbered 1928, when the police rode out and shot thirty-eight tribesfolk, men, women and children over the spearing of Brookes, the white man who had lived as a black, supposedly dingo-trapping, but in truth getting all his trappings done for him by the women, his part being in riding in with the scalps to the police station and collecting the money, with which he bought flour, tea and sugar, and sometimes rum.

Wunga had been shot that time right through the chest from front to back. True, the wound had been a trifle high, but imagine a man his age overcoming even the shock of it! The Great White Chief up North with the hair of a horse who had called the black men to give their story of the affair had listened to Wunga's story, through an interpreter, a police native who knew the dialect, and had dismissed it with an incredulous shake of the head. The wounds, he said, back through the interpreter, were clearly self-inflicted superficial scars, and not nearly so serious as the other markings on his chest admittedly inflicted with a sharp stone and filled with mud.

But of course, you never knew, in the case of a black who accepted police clothing and police pay to hunt down his kinsmen, how much of the truth he passed on in his interpretations. How could the truth live in a man who accepted white men's pay to turn his hand against his kind?

But they knew, the Old Men of the Warramunga. They had tended his wound, dressing it as he told them, while he never so much as winced under the pain. There must be something a bit different about a man who could survive two shootings and still keep his place in the line with the able warriors and hunters on the long treks they made across the waterless spinifex and mulga country, his hair as white as a summer cloud, his eyes quite dim.

So when the white men came into the hills looking for the yellow gold hidden beneath the rocks they heeded him, and let them pass, not even spearing their horses or camels which ate up the feed of the wild game and fouled the waters in the small rock holes. Those of them who could speak the white man's tongue and knew that this section of their country was now declared a "reserve," inviolate, often raised their voices against his counsel, but gave way in the end. Even when those seeking the gold laid hand on the young women, taking them to their camps to draw water and get wood and cook for them, sleep with them, they listened to Wunga's counsel not to spear them through as they slept, although it would have been so easy, the men with the keen eye for the yellow metal being blind and deaf to enemy approach when they lay down to sleep.

Then came the time when more and more white men rode through the hills, because some few had found the gold in great amount. Motor trucks tore up and down the Telegraph Line all day, and through the night, their great glaring eyes turning swaths of country into day. And in the gorge below the Telegraph Station white men in crowds built huts and huge houses of wood and iron, and of sand mixed with water that stood up like walls of rock. Others put great wheels and wires over the huge gold holes, and massive boilers hissed steam and turned the wheels that pulled up little trucks of dirt in which men said lived the gold, and enormous hammers pounded this earth day and night with thumpings that could be felt through the earth for miles, while a huge steel beast in the engine-house groaned zoom! zoom! without pause for breath day in day out, a dreadful noise that ate its way into your head while you slept on the ground anywhere within miles.

More men and more men came on the motor-trucks, and others in great silver birds that flew higher and faster than the eagle with a roaring like a bushfire and the storm. There was rum in the house of the sand-and-water

turned to rock, and beatings could not keep the young women away from those who gave them rum, although they came home to the camps and fouled their menfolk with a sickness that reduced them to children.

None of Wunga's medicine was any avail against this plague, and yet he counselled against all talk of swooping on the settlement with every spear available and blotting out the festering plague spot. "They are worse than ants," he shook his head, "for every one you kill, a hundred take his place. Let them be. I will talk to the Great Chief."

And for this he took young Wirrindidga, called by the white men Billismith, who had been taken south to school and taught to read the paper talk, and had been given clothes like white men, to live in their house and do their work among their horses, he being small and light and impossible to throw by the fiercest horse.

It had been hard to reach the white chief in Allispring, he always saying tell it to the ones in the rooms further away, but then Wunga brought out a brass plate the white people had given him and pointed to it saying: "Only the Great Chief I will see, because I am the great King of all the Warramunga!" Hoping that the spirits of his fathers would understand he said it not out of pride, but simply to gain the ear of that one who had power.

So the man they called Deputy Administrator had at length allowed him in.

"Tell him this," Wunga said to young Wirrindidga: "Listen White Chief, why do you permit your people to do this to mine? Long ago the police signed peace with me, marking off on the paper showing the waterholes and the ridges. This, they said, shall be your country. In it no white man shall shoot the birds or beasts, nor bring in his beasts to eat the grass and foul the water. More, no white man shall depart from the road along the telegraph line, but ride straight through your country on the road. But your paper is false, and your law does not carry beyond your sight, for men in swarms like ants have violated the lands of the Warramunga, tearing down the very mountains, grubbing up the bowels of the earth for the small rays of the sun that you call gold."

"This is not good, for all men know that Earth is the wife of the Sun, without whose seed she would be barren. When you take away the gold from out the bowels of my country, all will be barren, trees no longer grow, nor grass, nor water flow along the creeks. For am I not the medicine-man and rain maker of my tribe, and is not the gold veins in the quartz rainstone that I show the Sun the thing that brings the tears down from the clouds?"

"As Great White Chief, tell your people to go from my country, leaving the gold where it lies. Tell them to go away with their rum that bewitches our young women

so that they will no longer stay with their men in camp, but drink with the white men who befoul them, causing them afterwards to befoul the strongest men so that they can no longer run and throw the spear, but must go with little flourbags to police for food to eat.

"Tell them go, go—Go!"

So the Great White Chief made marks on a paper, nodding slowly, with a gentle smile, and Wunga walked out into the sunshine with his old head held high, back up to the Telegraph Line to tell the Old Men.

Less than one moon afterwards, true, the police rode out into the hills to Wunga's camp, and bid him gather all the people to him to hear what was said. Two days it took for runners with message sticks to bring the people in, while the police camped near, their native boys tending their hobbled horses down on the grass.

"All here?" asked the Sergeant when they came in, and Billismith answered Yes.

"Well, listen. YOU—you seem to be the one that savvies most about here. Been down south to school, haven't you? Good. Well, this is the word that has come from the Chief Protector of Aborigines. This reserve is to be shifted — fifty miles further over west, see?"

"But," protested Wunga when this was made clear to him, "how can you shift the ground? And it is the ground which is ours, this ground, and none other. This is the actual land of our fathers, the land from which we sprang, and to which as dust we shall return, so that our spirits will join those of our fathers, whom we know and love in the trees and birds, the animals and creatures that crawl along the ground. You talk of shifting! How can you shift the rocks and trees, the creeks and mountains, the sand, the spinifex and grass?"

To which, when he heard it from Billismith, the Sergeant said:

"I'm not here to argue the point with you. I've got orders for you to move out west. A bigger area than this has been marked out for you, and there's feed and water, plenty kangaroos, plenty widgey grub longa tree. You'll be all right. And in a dry time when the feed's poor and the game scarce you can always come into the station and get your rations. What more do you want?"

When he heard this Wunga spat on the ground and drove his spear in with such force that it buried itself halfway and shattered itself off short with the vibration. Snatching up the broken half he waved it wildly in the direction of Tennants Creek and shouted:

"You tell them to go! Tell them! They are the foreigners, the invaders! This country is ours—ours! OURS! hear me?"

A tracker knocked the broken spear out of his hand and said:

"You cut that out, Granddad, you can't talk like that to police, yunno. Shut up, you dirty ol's Myall, or I'll give you one, see!"

And the Sergeant laughed. "Come on now, no more arguing. A lot of you savvy English. Come on, get a move on. I've got to see you onto your new land."

The trackers began to shove them, and one by one, with white of eye rolling furtively in side glances at each other, the women picked up their little bundles and their babies, and the men picked up their spears and trudged along, the police and trackers riding at a walk behind, chatting, smoking, keeping an eye on any stragglers who might defy them and slip back.

It had rained a week before, and across the Telegraph Line they reached a waterhole about sundown, where they camped, the trackers taking turn to stand guard through the night.

Next day they reached another rock-hole in a line of hills, and the police told Wunga this should be his main camp, naming points that marked the boundary of his new domain. Dumbly he listened to the words: they came through Wirrindidga, nodding dumb assent, his chin sinking lower on his withered chest.

When they had gone and all was quiet, when it seemed that all slept, Wunga raised himself from the new blanket that the police had given him and stole soundless as any ghost off through the trees. Back along their tracks his old feet carried him as though he saw in the dark, back across the line and to the hills where he was born. And there in the camp where he had heard the sentence of eviction on his tribe he swung the brand new tomahawk the Sergeant had given him low down between his shins, both hands, blade facing him, then swung it up with all his might, straight at the middle of his forehead.

One thing they could not deny him. His bones should feed the land that gave him birth.

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