

I was "poddy dodging" in the wild Obagooma country at the back of Yampi Sound. I think that, with the bush police, that I am one of the first white men to reach Yampi Sound from the land side.

"Poddy dodging" is mustering wild cattle. It is not strictly legal but near enough for that country.



When I was in the Obagooma country, I was surrounded by wild cattle and man-killing Munjongs. They drove me out at last by spearing my cattle and by lighting huge bushfires. But I had an old aboriginal named Tim who came, "sat down along me," with his wife and family.

It is to old Tim that I owe my life because he used to protect me from the Munjongs.

I knew how to treat old Tim. I called him "Jijiar" which means father. His gin Nellie I called "Curri" which means mother.

In other words, I put myself into their tribe, and then Tim had to protect me. I also asked him to show me which women to whom I was taboo, because then I would not look at them.

Nearly all bush tragedies occur, because the white man does not know how to observe aboriginal tribal laws.

I make no pretence of knowing anything about anthropology, but I do know something about black-fellows.

I have a fine scorn for much of what is called anthropology. I look on anthropology as a bunk science. A university course cannot possibly give you that love and sympathy that is so very necessary if you wish to help detribalised aborigines to become good citizens.

I have great affection for the real old Munjong.

But detribalise our aborigines—and civilisation makes that inevitable—and you create an almost impossible problem. For me that is an opportunity for selfless service.

It is estimated that, when the white man first came to Australia, there were about 250,000 aborigines. That is only a guess, of course.

Now the official figures are 46,638 full bloods and 29,324 mixed bloods for the whole of Australia. In New South Wales the figures is 10,607 mixed blood and 953 full bloods.

AN EX-KINCHELA BOY WRITES HOME

Mrs. White, Matron of Kinchela Home, has forwarded *Dawn* a letter she received from one of her ex-charges, Norman Perry.

Here it is:—

Dear Mum,

"I hope you don't mind me calling you Mum, well that's what I thought you were there anyway.

"Well, I am six miles out of Tabulam and I am quite happy. I was up at six this morning and I cooked the food for us and then cleaned the house out. Then we caught the horses and rode out and brought 23 head of cattle down. We cut their horns off and treated them.

"My boss is a great scout and I think we will get on all right. My boss owns 3,000 acres and 3,000 head of cattle.

"There are plenty of dingoes and we saw two of the young calves, one had its tail bitten off and the other had its ear bitten off. The boss said we might be going to Grafton to see the English Football Team play there.

"Tell Mr. White to give my regards to all the members of the Smithtown Football Club.

"How are the boys? I hope they are well.

"My boss is going to teach me to play the trumpet and the flute.

"There are plenty of ducks here and I guess that I'll still be able to pluck when next I see you.

"I will close now till I hear from you. My love to you and Mr. White."



Harry Penrith, Mrs. White and Norman Perry.

This photograph shows Mrs. White with Harry Penrith on her right and Norman Perry on her left. Readers of *Dawn* have already heard of the prowess of Harry Penrith and the great credit he is to Kinchela Home. They may not know that Norman was for some years, the Assistant Cook at the Home and he did a very good job.

Good luck, Norman. Keep up the good work and let us hear from you often.