

A short while ago, on the outskirts of Ui-jon-bu, a small boy waved me down and I stopped the jeep. In halting pidgin English he asked, "Orfinidge. Havva yes?" (His nearly blind eyes searching mine.)

"Orphanage. Havva yes!" I replied; and he hopped into the jeep.

Later that night he tucked himself in his own bed—on the floor, as all Koreans sleep—after being injected, vaccinated, clothed, and more important, fed. He felt that at last somebody cared about him.

He knew about orphanages. He'd been told. But many of them have never heard about these homes that give food and clothes.



At one time the situation was so bad that the Korean authorities carried out surprise raids on the slums and brought all unattached children forcibly into the comfort of specially prepared orphanages.

One little girl, known as "Miss Pak", was picked up carrying another child on her back. Everybody concerned thought it was her sister, until the interpreter found the truth.

Parents Killed.

"Miss Pak", aged five, was living with her parents in the "Iron Triangle", so named because of the intensity and duration of the battles in that area. A bomb killed her mother and father. She started walking, to get away from the war, and she saw a baby lying alone in the road.

She picked it up, hoisted it on her back and kept walking. She had no sense of time or distance. The "Iron Triangle" is more than 100 miles from where she and her passenger were found.

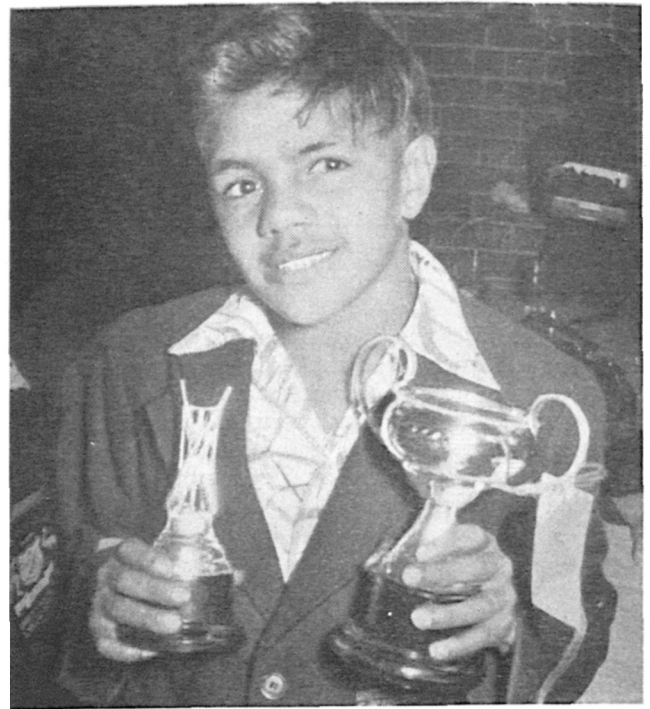
"Miss Pak" was still tending her "adopted sister's" needs in the orphanage the last time I saw her. But now she was dressed in a spotless white pinafore, hair combed and brushed, her cheeks were full, her eyes, bright and living.

When the new arrivals to the orphanage enter the gates, "Miss Pak" is among the first to welcome them. Very seriously she bows, then leads the other orphans in a welcoming handclap.

She has found life again and in common with thousands of others, has come out of the hopeless shadows and found a mother in the Miss Hansens of Korea.

Xmas Holiday Camp

Parents who would like their children to attend the Annual Summer Camp are advised to contact their local Welfare Officer or the Secretary of the Board, NOW!



Keith Staggs, a grandson of Mrs. M. Bell of, Redfern, goes to Bourke Street High School. A talented all-round sportsman, he is shown holding some of his cricket and boxing trophies.



The two figures on the roof top are Bill Matthews and Chic Sampson, painting their Carroona home.



Some of the Boyd family from Billynugle.