

A CURSE TO THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE

Everyone will agree that strong drink has caused more heartaches, more poverty, more misery, and more ill health to the aboriginal people than any other single thing.

Mrs. Ella Simon, a Purfleet resident has written to *Dawn* expressing very strong views on the subject and her letter is published below

"I have been following the progress of *Dawn* and the reports of our people for a long time.

I think the answer to the great problem of strong drink among our people lies in a change of heart towards Christ.

In the Bible I have read (and I believe this great book and have endeavoured to bring it before my people) that the answer to all their problems is Faith in God.

For instance take Proverbs 20-1.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and who-so ever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

This was written a long time ago but it is still as true to-day as it was when it was first written, for long ago, even ordinary people found out that alcohol was harmful to the human body.

Now scientists are telling us just why it is hurtful and how it produces its hurtful results.

The fact is, alcohol is a thief that is not content to steal into the body by exercising its fascinating power upon foolish drunkards but steals the oxygen from the blood.

We all know that oxygen is very necessary to building up the body and the little red corpuscles in the blood act as carriers, conveying oxygen from the lungs to every part of the body.

Alcohol steals the oxygen and thus prevents the body obtaining this most important nourishment.

Alcohol also steals the red colouring matter in the blood, thus helping to produce anaemia.

Also, in the blood there is a gummy substance which thickens the blood and seems to gum up a wound, thus preventing an injured person from bleeding to death. Alcohol steals this gummy substance so that when a drinker meets with an accident which causes bleeding, he runs a great risk of bleeding to death. A famous surgeon once said the person the surgeon dreads most to see upon the operating table is the moderate drinker. This was because alcohol so thins the blood by stealing this gummy substance that death by bleeding could easily follow an operation.

It is our duty then to see we keep this dangerous thief out!

I was recently reading an article in a Magazine which said that alcohol was rated among the top four things in the list of world killers. It causes many great

worries because it is the greatest home wrecker. It completely changes men and women, making them cross-eyed, fumbling their brains, wobbling their legs and robbing them of their thinking power.

Isiah, 5-11 says: 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink that continues until night, till wine inflame them.'

I have witnessed sad things caused by drink, so I would say to my people. Beware. Don't let your idol kill you. Wake up before it is too late."

Now you fellows, learn to fly

The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association recently announced an Aboriginal Flying Training Scholarship. This has inspired reader C. W. Grant, of Myall Park Road, Yenda, to write the following poem.

A word to all young natives, who are eligible to apply

For training under the Welfare Scheme, to learn a plane to fly

The Board, it seems have a special scheme to prove the natives skill,

And success in sport like Flying may surpass our social ill,

So you with requisite training, why not give it now a try,

If you miss this opportunity, you may regret it by and by.

When humping your pack on a lonely track, or driving a horse that's about to die,

This often occurs in the far outback where it gets so awfully dry,

It is then such old fashioned transport you would gladly exchange,

For a pilot's pay and a uniform and to travel by aeroplane.

Now if flying is your ambition, don't pass this offer by.

But do your people a service by showing the world you can fly.

And when flying you don't have to worry about rivers that flood when it rains.

You're no longer concerned about black mud that churns

Beneath wheels of vehicles that slither till bogged when crossing the plains.

Ho Yes, what's more, when travelling by planes You don't get half choked by coal dust and smoke Such as drift through the windows of old fashioned trains.
