**This Land—**Arunta

**By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin**

In the heart of Australasia, 'mid the sandhills dip and swell,
Lie the bound'ries of Arunta, where an antique People dwell,
And the white man sometimes ponders in his new philosophies,
On the bond between this Country and its Aborigines.
'Tis a land, not theirs by conquest in the grim carnage of wars,
But a heritage of honour, through their proud progenitors;
Matchless beauty of its concept, at the dawn of endless Time,
—Was it Paradise?—Created by a Deity Sublime.

'Tis a land, strangely fantastic, where the Spirit Worlds commune,
In the slowly drifting breezes, at the rising of the moon:
O'er its undulating valleys, parakeelya, desert pea,
Spinifex—Their' colours blending—spread a vivid tapestry.

'Tis a land of myth and legend, plaintive songs and customs wise,
And its mystery is mirrored, deep within the Peoples' eyes.
Drama of their tribal dances, ceremonial parades,
Are presented when the twilight opalescence slowly fades.

'Tis a sullen, brooding country, with its roving camel trains,
And its rugged mountain ranges, rising sharply from the plains.
Lofty crags, maroon and purple, standing forth in bold relief,
While the distance mutes to pastel, tints beyond belief.

'Tis a land of strange caprices, giving with abundant grace,
Or withholding, for no reason, treasures from its storage place.
Silver springs of cooling water, in their shallow rock-beds lie,
There to quell the thirst of wand'rer and delight his weary eye.

'Tis a land where Human Kindness and a love of beauty bide,
On the venerated only, is bestowed the right to guide.
Hidden in its ancient vastness and eternal solitude,
There are secret, sacred places, where no stranger may intrude.

'Tis a land of unique People, primitive yet undepraved,
On the portals of their culture, its rich hist'ry is engraved.

In the haven of this Eden, where the lonely ghost gums brood,
One has being—He, a tribesman, with rare genius imbued.
Living product of an Era that elsewhere has long decayed.
His will be a name, Immortal, with the Truly Great arayed?
To the world, its Namatjira, this land gave, with dignity,
He portrays the glory of it in exquisite artistry.
Swift, the flash of colour brushes, in his slender, dusky hand,
Capturing the mystic spirit of Arunta's virgin land.
And to him, as all who dwell there, comes the calm serenity
Of a life that finds fulfilment in a sane simplicity.

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**TWELVE LONELY BOYS—**
**SOME PEN FRIENDS WANTED**

*Dawn* has had a letter from twelve lonely boys at Tabulam Aboriginal Station who want some pen friends, boys or girls, between the ages of 16 and 20 years. They tell me they all have the same kind of hobbies, such as music and horse riding. So how about some letters for these young fellows? Here are their names, and as I said they all come from Tabulam Aboriginal Station:


This very attractive young lady is Barbara Khan of far away Tibooburra.