Dear Kids,

The school holidays are over and I suppose you don’t want to go back to school again. Some of you living along the coast probably had a beaut time fishing and playing around among the rocks. Then there were some of you, whom I have met on my travels around the countryside of N.S.W., who have a great time fishing in the rivers and if you have been lucky, mom and dad might have even taken you out into the bush where you have had lots of fun. But now, it’s back to school.

School is pretty important you know, and in different parts of New South Wales there are girls and boys from different reserves and stations studying hard for their yearly exams. You see they know that by doing their best at school now, they will be able to get really good jobs when they leave school.

In the February Dawn, we read where young Pauline Ah See started at Wellington High School. I was talking to her at the Summer Camp this year and she told me that she wanted to learn a lot of things at school this year.

I was having a good time the other night looking through some old copies of Dawn and once again read how well some of the girls and boys had done at school. I read about Lana Mundine, of Grafton, Terence’ Widdens of Armidale, Stella Moore of Leeton, Bob Stanley and Wayne Suey of Moree. Well, write into me and tell how you are still going at school.

Pete’s Page.
c/o. Dawn Magazine,
Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

Now you haven’t any excuse not to write to me. Tell me about yourself, where you live, what you like doing, what you want to be and tons of other interesting things about yourself and the place where you live. If you would like to write a story or a poem or even draw and paint a picture, well send all these things in, I want to know more about you.

Hope to be hearing from you shortly.

Yours sincerely,

Pete

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**DAYS OF THE DREAMTIME**

This is our land Australia,

Set in a sea of blue

But in the days of the Dreamtime

The aborigines loved this land too.

They tracked in the same grey green bushland,

Made bright by the wattle trees hue,

But in the days of the Dreamtime

Rang the sound of the Didgeridoo.

They hunted with spear and with boomerang

While the same sun shone from on high

And at night they sheltered in guyahs

‘Neath that same Southern Cross in the Sky.

They heard in the Tales of the Dreamtime

How the Moon came into the Sky,

The Song of the Long-legged Brolga

And Koo Boo the Bear, so shy.

They knew the Koalas, the Possums,

They followed the fast speeding ’roo,

And then they held corroboree

To the notes of the Didgeridoo.

But now in these times in Australia

They learn the school work that we do

While we hear the Tales of the Dreamtime

And learn more of the Didgeridoo.

So we all will work for Australia

And do all the things we must do,

But we’ll remember the Days of the Dreamtime,

And the echoes of the Didgeridoo.

B. HEARD