

## A TRUE STORY OF BRAVERY FROM GROOTE EYLANDT

*This account of an actual happening was sent in by  
Miss ELIZABETH TAYLOR, of Mt. Colah.*

The sun shone fiercely with a simmering heat and Daringpa walked quickly towards the little creek, her baby on her hip, and a coolamon on her head. Holding her left hand was her little four-year-old son. Three other women followed with their piccaninnies. They were all tired and hot—and the creek looked cool and lovely.

After a quick glance up and down the creek to see if any alligator lurked there, Daringpa stepped into the water but as she crossed to the other bank of the creek, a shadow quickly rose to the surface of a deep pool and great jaws snapped and caught her right foot—she instantly thrust her foot down the throat of the monster as it clawed her baby and lashed her back with its tail.

Daringpa's foot was released as the alligator vomited, and her little son had the presence of mind to hold on to his mother's left hand with all his strength to support her, while the three other women, without any hesitation, attacked the alligator with their tomahawks and drove it off.

Daringpa managed to reach the bank, where she collapsed, her back was bruised and her leg severely torn—her baby had a deep scratch across its back and was bleeding profusely.

The women quickly made a fire and gathered green gum leaves which they heated and laid on the wounds of mother and baby for some hours, constantly re-heating, also plugs of fur paper-bark tree, were used to control any bleeding.

Three days later, Daringpa reached the Mission, fourteen miles distant, and received more medical attention for herself and baby before going walkabout again.

The prompt treatment and help by the other women had saved their lives!

### MISSING

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of "Digger" Williams, about 54 years of age, ex A.I.F. last heard of at Wellington in 1951 is requested to contact Mr. Bert Groves, 14 Lupin Avenue, Herne Bay.

*... This appropriate little poem was written for "Dawn" by Richard Ballangarry, of Eungai Creek, who is only 11 years of age.*

### OUR QUEEN AND DUKE

When the Queen came sailing,  
On her Royal tour,  
She found a hearty welcome,  
From the harbour to the shore.

The harbour bridge well known to all,  
Stood stately and high,  
Boats sailed on a calm blue sea,  
Shining planes flew in the sky.

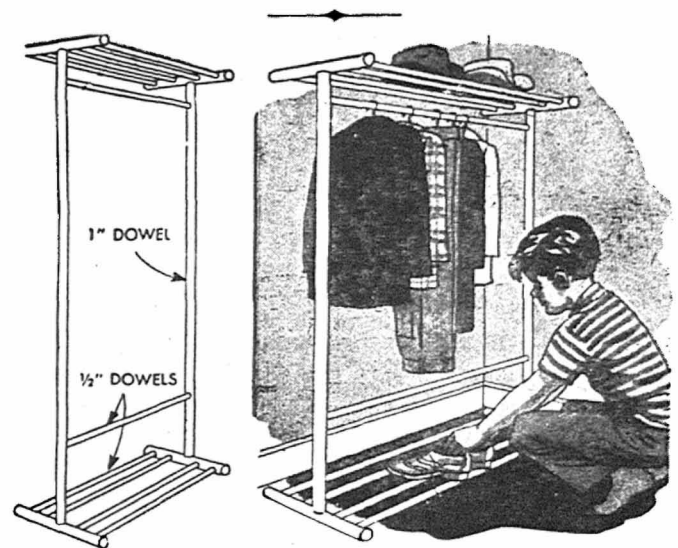
Oh! there was great excitement,  
Sirens sounded everywhere,  
Twenty-one gun salutes,  
For the Queen so fair.

The Mayor went forward,  
To extend his hand,  
And welcome the Duke and Queen,  
To our sunny land.

Soon they were in the Royal car,  
And driving through the city,  
Which was decorated,  
So gaily and pretty.

They greeted the cheering crowd,  
With a wave and smile,  
As they were cheered on,  
Mile after mile.

—Richard Ballangarry,  
Eungai Creek.



### Miniature Clothes Rack

This clothes rack will encourage tiny tots to hang their clothing and put away hats and shoes in an orderly manner. The rack, which is constructed entirely from lengths of dowel, is 2 feet wide and stands head high to the child. Cut from 1-inch dowel, the uprights and endpieces may be assembled with screws, dowel, or half-lap joints. After sandpapering all the pieces, assemble them first to see if they fit properly. This done, take the rack apart and reassemble it, this time using glue. Now paint or lacquer it to complete the job.