

# 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, tintings rare 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,  
arrayed ?

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.

## 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:—

Burwood Collins, Bruce Walker, Eric Mundine,  
Greville Torrens, Ray Mercy, Alfred Avery, Harold  
Avery, Aussie Williams, Robert Collins, Norrie  
William, Edward Walker, Eddie Young.



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