

psychic participation became spiritually strengthened. Further, he had more than life to live for, because of his sure return, after death, to the spirit world of his ancestors.

The strict rules of his religious social ties, with its deep significance were such that the tribe was closely knit and a remarkable harmony was maintained, not only within the tribe itself, but also with inter-tribal relationships.

There is much to be commended in this system of our Australian Aborigine.

Came the white man—our aborigine soon learned that his hunting grounds were no more, neither was he compensated.

However, after a time of adjustment, and viewing the apparent better way of life the white man had to offer, he discarded his religion, his spirit world, his mythology and totemism, spurning the wisdom of the old and wise men of the tribe who with saddened hearts watched the very soul of their tribal structure wither and die.

Too late the new recruit to our way of life discovered that we had no welcome within our hearts. Thus, with no retreat to his old life, with no appeal to his spirit world and no future in the white man's world, with no real grip on the white man's way of thinking, the aborigine found himself in an abyss, a vacuum world which had little to offer, no hope for the future and very little meaning.

But time has passed, evolution has brought many changes, and today, although much of the old state of affairs still exists, the trend now is in favour of our aboriginal friends. This is reflected in the present increase of the aboriginal population which hitherto followed a steep decline.

I believe he will eventually win his place in our society, but it will be a long hard struggle, over a stony road, uphill all the way.

We have treated him with passive indifference over the years, at times with downright callousness, we owe him something infinitely better for the future.

He is a human being with a heart in the same place as ours. He is worthy of our helping hand. He is a fair dinkum Australian, but to give that helping hand so that it will be wanted and understood, we must understand *him*, his psychology, his way of thinking, then I feel we will have a sympathetic insight as to what we can expect from him and how best to extend that helping hand.

There is much of the mystic, the psychic, and the mythical, still hovering around his make-up, handed down through the generations, and although in civilised areas these traits are not active, his thinking, due to this background, runs on a different track to ours.

He is intelligent, but in a different way to us.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that your praiseworthy magazine should be not only a message of hope for the aboriginal people, but that its pages should also be read by every citizen of any importance throughout the land.

Within these pages the story of the aboriginal people could be told in an intriguing, colourful and interesting manner, so that we of white stock will get to know him and his outlook on life, the better to understand and help him.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. Richards,
Grafton.



**A SHORT STORY BY LOLA WILLIAMS,
OF WOODENBONG**

Tomorrow we leave for the moon. We will soar into space leaving behind us smoke, dust, and flames.

At last the hour is here. My companion and I climb into the controlling cabin. Looking up we can see the brilliant shine of the sun in the endless blue sky.

Ten minutes to go. How excited we are. Nine minutes. Slowly the minutes tick by. We anxiously await for these last minutes to go.

Eight minutes. Seven. Six. Five. We have checked the controls. Four minutes. Three. Two. Check fuel and oxygen.

One minute. Strap ourselves into seats. Half a minute to go. The people outside are hushed, waiting, anxious to see us go.

Seal the doors and windows. Twenty seconds to go.

Whooooosh. Our great rocket soars into space.



What a bevy of beauty! Carol Donovan, Shirley Ballangarry and Theresa Flanders sunbake on Lane Bridge at Bowraville.