

PETE'S

PAGE

Dear Kids,

Here is another month that has just arrived and the year is almost half-way through.

During May we have an important day. It is British Commonwealth of Nations Day, and it falls on the 24th.

On this day we think of all the countries of the world who are still connected with Britain, and also of those countries who have been helped by Britain in the past years.

To most girls and boys the night of 24th May is known as "Cracker Night", when large numbers of bonfires are lit throughout Australia. Many pounds' worth of fireworks are lit on this night, much to the joy of all children and also many adults.

Unfortunately we hear and read of some girls and boys who do not have an enjoyable time on Cracker Night because, through carelessness, they are injured or badly burned.

I do not know if Cracker Night will be over by the time you read this, or whether it is still to come. At any rate, here are some simple rules that should be followed whenever you are using crackers:-

- (1) Never throw exploding crackers at other people.
- (2) Never hold crackers in your hand.

Here is a snap of Anne Kirby, of Murrin Bridge, holding her little sister, Carol. Recently Anne had treatment for a bad ear and also her heart. We hope all is well now



- (3) After you have lit your cracker, stand well away.
- (4) Make your bonfires a sensible size, and certainly not too large.
- (5) Never light crackers near a car or in a letter box.
- (6) Don't light crackers where there is dry bush.

The other day I received a school magazine from one of our Western towns where Aboriginal and white children are attending school together. One story, written by Frances Thorne, caught my eye and I think it is worthwhile publishing:

BUZZY MOSQUITO

The night was very dark and warm. It was a wonderful night for biting. I, Buzzy, the General of the squadron of mosquitoes, led the great squadron into Mr. King's bedroom. He was snoring like a bomb going off.

First we went up to the light bulb. Mr. King woke up and switched the light off, then he jumped into bed and started snoring again. Now was the right time. We dived down like bombs and stuck our needles into Mr. King.

He woke up squealing. We annoyed him so much that he got out of bed and went to get the spray.

Squirt! Squirt! Squirt!

Frances Thorne, of Walgett
3rd Grade

Congratulations, Frances; it is a most enjoyable story.

Cheerio until next month,

From your sincere pal,

Pete

Australian amateur flyweight boxing champion, Eddie Barney, of Kingaroy, Queensland, likes the feel of the slouch hat. Those Army boots are too heavy for the ring, but weight is right for the parade ground. Eddie has decided to be an infantry soldier to get excitement outside the ring. Incidentally, that other hand you see touching the hat is not Eddie's third hand. It belongs to Quartermaster-Sgt. Jim Brown, who is fitting Eddie out. See story page 9.

**Our
Back
Cover**