

Christmas at Boxridge

A Reader's Letter

The Editor,

Dawn.

Dear Editor,

Xmas celebration at "Boxridge" was wonderful. We decorated our Xmas tree at one end of our veranda on Xmas Eve. I was so excited when I went to bed I could not sleep for a long time. I awoke about 4 o'clock in the morning and suddenly realized it was Xmas morning.

I crept out of bed and tip-toed past the bed where Pat my eldest sister was sleeping very soundly, and out on to the veranda to see whether Santa had been. And sure enough there on the Xmas Tree were presents for everyone in the house. So I ran in and woke up everyone to come and see what was on the Xmas Tree.

Then there was a stampede to get to the veranda. And I honestly think if we were rehearsing "The Charge of the Light Brigade" nothing could have been more realistic.

My big brother Rex Leyland (who incidently was named Leyland after the English Test Cricketer) was up and reading out the names on each parcel and handing them to the right person.

We cut green boughs off the camphor laurel trees and tied them around the veranda and the streamers over our dinner table. On the "persil white" table cloth, Mum, who looked very important and Pat, my big sister as an assistant, laid a Xmas dinner fit for a King.

Uncle Harold Marsh said Grace and reminded us that we were celebrating the birth of one who was born to become King of Kings and Lord of Lords nearly two thousand years ago.

And what a celebration.

From where we were sitting, we could see Henry Smith playing the guitar and Wally Robertson tap-dancing and jitterbugging—and a very polished exhibition it was too, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

Well, Mr. Editor, I would like to take this opportunity to wish you a very prosperous and a very happy new year.

From Gloria Jean Morgan,
"Boxridge",

Coraki.

Sydney's Reaction to the Leaf

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Mr. Appleton proved to be a very busy person, but nonetheless a gentleman; two telephones, one at either hand seemed to be ringing incessantly, whilst a secretary kept bobbing in and out of the office either giving or seeking information.

Between answering the constantly burring 'phones and attending to his Secretary, Mr. Appleton appeared to be trying to give some attention to a momentous pile of papers on his desk!

Nevertheless, he greeted me with a cheery "Hello", despite his obvious four-point dilemma!

Between many and varied interruptions, I explained my mission and played the tape.

Mr. Appleton also seemed quite interested and asked me to prepare a series of short script, interspersed with items on the leaf, for his perusal.

If suitable, he would use them over the Children's Sessions, and if that proved satisfactory he would arrange a short television session.

I prepared portion of the script as instructed, but heard little about it. However, in a recent communication he said that my script would be examined early in the new year and he would let me know results.

I hope the script is acceptable, as if it is, it will doubtless help encourage the idea amongst those aborigine people who hear it, and at the same time give something of interest to the white children concerning the aborigine.

So much for actual results.

During my visit I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Michael Sawtell who thought my idea a good one, and agreed generally with my opinions regarding the Australian Aborigine.

Although I did not spend a great deal of time with him, he told me many things of interest concerning our aboriginal friends.

Whilst in Sydney I played the leaf on two of the Amateur Hours, and whilst I did not take any prizes, both performances were very well received by the audience.

As a further experiment I played in quite a few of the hotels in the city together with other instrumentalists and ad lib, to find that leaf music was generally accepted very well by this section of the public.

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