



Hallo Kids,

Well, I suppose by this time most of you are back at school again. What a wonderful place to be!

During the holidays I had a nice letter from our young artist friend, Les Franks of Cobargo. Les sent along a photograph of himself (the first one we've had) and we will be publishing it later.

Another letter came from Co'in Morris, of Hillend Rd., Blacktown, who very kindly offered a quantity of books for my friends. Thanks a lot, Colin, for your offer, and as soon as we can we'll pick them up.

A very interesting letter (which won a prize) came from Ray Nolan, Box 127, Post Office, Dubbo. Ray said "I love reading *Dawn*, especially Pete's Page. I am 13 years of age and go to West Dubbo School.

It is very hot here in Dubbo at present with a lot of bush flies, but we are lucky in having a lovely park where we often go and take our lunch. Sometimes we go to the baths, but now the river is clear again we go down there. I often see photos of my relatives in *Dawn* whom I have not met yet. I have two sisters and eight brothers". Many thanks for the letter, Ray, and we'd like to hear from you more often.

In one of her usual interesting letters Carol Donovan tells me she is working now. Carol, who was complaining about the hot weather sent me in some drawings. Some of these drawings showed the main street of Maclean, where she is living. Carol said she often goes to the local baths or spends a day on the beach at Yamba. It's so nice there, she says, she doesn't like leaving it at the end of the day. Thank you for your letter too, Carol and I'd like to hear from you again soon. I believe you are taking a new job soon. Will you write and tell me all about it?

Now here is a poem by our famous Henry Lawson and I think it is a very prophetic one.

THE STORM THAT IS TO COME.

By Henry Lawson.

By our place in the midst of the farthest seas we are
fated to stand alone—
When the nations fly at each other's throats let Australia
look to her own ;
Let her spend her gold on the barren West for the land
and it's manhood's sake ;
For the South must look to herself for strength in the
storm that is yet to break.

The rain comes down on the Western land and the
rivers run to waste,
While the townfolk rush for the special tram in their
childish, senseless haste,
And never a pile of a lock we drive—but a few mean
tanks we scratch—
For the fate of a nation is nought compared with the
turn of a cricket match !

I have pictured long in the land I love what the land
I love might be,
Where the Darling rises from Queensland rains and the
floods rush out to the sea.
And is it our fate to wait too late to the truth that
we have been blind,
With a foreign foe at our harbour gate and a blazing
drought behind?



This nice drawing comes from Rita Wenberg, a Cootamundra girl. Congratulations Rita, and a special prize.