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# OUTWARD BOUND SCHEME

## Dubbo Boy Selected

Neville Toomey, of Morgan Street, Dubbo, has had the memorable experience of spending a month with 50 other boys at an "Outward Bound" school at Fisherman's Point on the Hawkesbury River.

He and another lad from La Perouse were able to attend through the efforts of the Aborigines Welfare Board and "old boys" of previous schools who contributed £60 bursaries to enable two lads of aboriginal descent to take part.

Neville, who is 17 and one of a big family, was selected for his good character and background.

He told Aborigines Welfare Board officer Mr. Kitching on his return to Dubbo that he had a wonderful time and enjoyed every minute of the course, especially the sailing instruction.

He said that he had been particularly impressed by the spirit of comradeship among the boys—who came from all walks of life and many different places—and that he had appreciated the help given by instructors on the course.

The Outward Bound movement originated in England 20 years ago when a sea school was established by Kurt Hahn, Headmaster of Gordonstoun School, and Lawrence Holt, of the Blue Funnel line, to equip boys between the ages of 16 and 19 to cope with the hazards of life and become active citizens.

So great was the success of the school that a trust was formed to perpetuate it and "short term" schools were founded in England, Germany, Austria, Africa and Malaya.

Australia ran its first Outward Bound course in 1956.

Neville is the first Dubbo boy to attend.

Training during the month's course is severe but balanced and discipline stern—but it is self-discipline based on a high conception of honour and the power of the individual to overcome his own weaknesses.

The movement aims to develop the right qualities of character through the natural love of adventure and to encourage self-discipline, self-control and service to others.

The first Australian school, at Fisherman's Point, is set in eight acres of bushland and, under the control of a resident warden, is capable of training at least 500 boys a year.

(Acknowledgements to Dubbo *Liberal*)

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# THE ARMADA

By Kath Walker

I was born on an island which abounds in beauty. Nature must have been in one of her most creative moods when she decided to create my island and all its beauty. Beauty is everywhere, from small springs to mountains covered with wild flowers, there are ferns of every variety, added to the exotic beauty of many varieties of orchids. But of these I will tell no more for the most magnificent sight of all this beauty has yet to be unfolded.

We used to saddle our horses by the early light of dawn and make our way along the shoreline of the island for roughly eleven miles. On reaching our destination, we would tether the horses a mile away from the shore and creep like errant children towards the line of rocks jutting out into the sea. Here the surf would come up and smash itself to pieces against the rocks guarding the shore. We always prayed for a fine day, so that the surf, instead of angrily tossing itself to pieces, would roll lazily towards the rocks and caress each crevice, before returning to the sea. If the sea were angry, we would have to go home disappointed, as we would not be able to see the sight we so patiently awaited, but if the sea were calm, we would patiently take up our positions behind the small hills, at different points along the shore and settle down, lying full length upon our stomachs, and wait in complete silence for our Armada to come up out of the sea. We called it our Armada for such it was, as you too will see as my story unfolds. Sometimes we had to wait for hours, sometimes less, then suddenly we would see a whole fleet of little ships coming up out of the sea. We would stay very quiet, holding our breaths as they came closer. Suddenly, each vessel would unfurl to the light breeze, a sail of mauve, which caught in the sun's rays and shone like silk. As they came skimming across the water and closer towards the shore, we could see the little vessels were trumpet-shaped shells and their sails of delicate mauve, a living tissue, from within their very bodies. We would feast our eyes upon this sight, knowing it would not last for long, for as soon as any noise is heard, the creatures, with their shy nature and delicate hearing, would immediately draw in their silken sails, and drop like stones to the bottom of the ocean. Alas; we see no more our Armada of long ago, for civilisation, with all its noise, has driven them all away and we no longer see our magnificent Armada of Nautilus Shells go sailing over a tranquil sea.