



**HILL 60**

By  
Glenda Ardler (12)

La Perouse  
Public School

*You once were gaily dressed,  
The wild flowers made you bright and gay,  
Lizards and snakes lay in the sun,  
The grasses danced with breezes from the bay.  
But now your face is bare and scarred—  
Gone is your coat of green and gold.  
An iron monster breathing smoke and fire  
Has wounded you and made you grey and old.  
To build new homes upon your furrowed face,  
This must be done they say,  
Well maybe I wont feel so sad,  
If children come and laugh and play.*



**CLOUDS**

By  
Yvonne Simms (10)

La Perouse  
Public School

*Clouds are sometimes soft and white,  
Sometimes dull and grey;  
Sometimes they seem to touch the trees,  
Sometimes they're far away.  
I often watch the flying clouds  
And wish that I were one,  
I'd play with all the twinkling stars,  
And kiss the dying sun.*

**THE SAGA OF LOUIS BRIGGS — 2**

**“My little son became ‘ab**

Mr. Briggs talked of the day he became accepted as a real Australian. He and his wife attended a country funeral a few weeks after their arrival.

“We were passengers in a Model ‘T’ Ford just behind a lady who was riding a young, flighty horse,” he said. “The horse didn’t like going so slowly and reared and tried to get rid of its rider. I got out of the car and grabbed the reins and asked the lady to dismount and take my seat in the car.

“My friends were rather terrified when they saw me prepare to mount the young half-broken horse. They thought of me as a raw ‘pommy’. No one knew that I, as a boyish ‘Red Indian’, had learned to ride bare-back over logs and fences away in the forests of America. I spoke to the horse in horse language and he settled down and behaved very well indeed for me.

“I always think of this as the day upon which I became an Australian, because it was then I was accepted as an equal among the community of expert Australian horsemen.”

Mr. Briggs had been in Australia three years when he met a man he had known in Ceylon.

“He told me about the dark people of this country and of a station at a place called Carowra Tank, away out west, between Ivanhoe and Cobar.

**Louis Briggs relaxing in the garden at his home**

***The End of an Era***

This is the final instalment in the life-story of the late Mr. Louis Briggs, one of the Aborigines Welfare Board’s best loved welfare officers.

Mr. Briggs died at his Padstow, Sydney, home on July 30 at the age of 59.

Born on a farm in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., the late Mr. Briggs left his home as a Salvation Army cadet officer at 19 for India.

While in charge of the Colombo Prison Gate Home for boys in Ceylon he met and married Captain Vera Redman, a Salvation Army officer from Hannan Vale, near Taree.

They came to New South Wales from Ceylon in 1924 after a near fatal attack of malaria forced Mr. Briggs to forsake work in that tropic zone.

Together Mr. and Mrs. Briggs worked for 35 years in the service of some of the least favoured of our aboriginal people.

Shortly before his untimely death Mr. Briggs told the story of his life to Dawn.