Dear little friends,

I hope you like to know some things about the little black children who lived on the beach of the Murray camping area. We have now gone away from it for ever.

They must have been strong little children, they had the beautiful water of this great river. They had the Murray with its letter fish, eels, salmon, the yabbies, oysters, mussels, crabs, and the many water birds.

I think some cars went with food and water. They had the land crabs too, bees and ants. They, too, had little creatures and animals, reptiles, and many food in its season. In the cold season they built back shelters. These children shaped like big beehives. It was in the shelter half a fire was always on the front of the shelter. These little back shelters were made of the earth. When the wind changed the mother would turn the back doors so that their little huts would always have dry. There was plenty vegetable food for bees too, edible roots, berries and plants. They had two kinds of edible seeds of a species of drygrass, the hard seeds were made a kind of cake. Smoking to dry.

And there were many kind of nuts, on the Murray other trees.
Very often they went for a walk. In some cases, though, the little Murray Natives had no schools such as the White people had. Yet, the little children learned to find food and catch our squaws and other small game. Just as they saw their mothers do, the boys learned from their fathers, hunt, spear, or club. Each little girl or boy learned something every day—the rice of the land. Which their fathers, mothers, and grandfathers had lived on for thousands of years. They never knew where the rice was stored or any place to put it. They had no pantry or cupboard or storage place. Each week, the food that grew back from the boy, who kept all the rice, who was given to them according to the native food laws, was divided among them. The children, the little boy, if he did wrong, like the little boy, learned all the necessary things to know and learn, to do in the camp, to make the best tracks of the reptiles. The boys saw their fathers kill a Karsaro or even, giving the proper portion to the every man. When they were grown up and killed a Karsaro. They
wound. The meal is just the same every day as the raw their fathers divide it. The only
kneading they have done since I first visited. I have found no few plants in the area around where I have pitched my tent. The whole area is now a farming ranching
area - increases are fences. I plan to walk along the old Cast Track to come to the public road. It has been transformed from wild scrub to large trees like a most
fertile wheat porch area. It is a source of living to all its white inhabitants, but I can understand why its natives have vanished without leaving a trace. The old wild life, food from river and bush - was plentiful always as haunts. When the men elected to slide down the river, they sent three women to forage, to fish, to hunt. The women and children waited upon them always. The women were the workers as were absolutely
subservient. Every man and boy in Camp. A man could beat main, 26 c5 #12
woman

his wife as his property & she had no redress. She was his property as his blood

scraped his property. She came after his sap

came to mine.

I would like you my dear children to remember

that the poor native woman has no being of

her own. She was the most degraded, poor creature

in the world. If poor because scarce one tough
times, she has to bring all her catch to her

man & after his day she might be thrown

a bone or some other miserable provision. She

has to serve hecatombs of times, paying up his

back or bush shelter, bring wood & water to

never eat anything she had gathered, little

her man has left or left her. She had

When the White people came to Australia,

evry native woman was linie up on his

degraded slave - the slave of the man from

being Garri. When she became too old, young,

& hard for greater height. When she was Old in

her hand, she + follow the other

women in their daily hunt for food. For liink

men - she was hump in the fore. Man she has

been falling down - at the feet of others went in

with her. She the skin of the sea - a

came again to take her.

The White people came. It took up their arrow

clearly & hence to work. Women I meet

together worked & fought to get the land pleased & take.
a new home for themselves and their families.

The native women watched them. The White people saw no houses or huts. They were women would live in, the little beehive shells could not be eaten but had no meaning for them. The land was kept, they had bought it. The native women and children were sent to find new houses. These strange businesses, the white woman and children treated them kids from their prime. They called them some young white

women, but they were treated as pets. But their great compassion was born houses. They gave help and food, they tried to feed the native women. I have seen the work of house making. The white men endeavored to get the native men to help in the hard work of home making. But these native women were never mastered by the White man. This manner of life, his kind treatment of the white women, the great labor of the men of the White race, and their employment in the fields. They worked at these fields. The native woman never lost her abundance of the food. The trouble began. The poor White man worked all his life for a woman. He lived in the dust, he lived in the dirt. As he slept, she killed on wanderlust smoke.
his native race ploughed up the women
for the white man's potatoes, which had been
planted through human labour and
manual labour. Daily manual labour
was work for women, and so he wandered
with his women and children, feeling his
realisation of his old home was uncovered with great
fear and grief. But they, too, had to be worked. The
ploughs of the centuries of Chering
through the bush. The river, the sea, had
yielded without labour. He moved
wherever the crops grew, and wherever
the sea wanted. He had no place to call home
his energy. He was just a clothes of a
people who took up his groans - but he
conceived the man to see the value of work,
the greatness of increasing a man and
a principle. The white man's food was too
early defended - his digestive organs
required the hard coarse food the had
on the because pliable and weak.

The lazy work of the White Man despised the lazy nature
the native despised the white man for his love
ground. All the White Man's ways were new it
he saw no place for himself to belong
in his family. The boundary of their
they became isolated, the group had its defines and
keeping that became
killed, the followers, and then the White Man
was
Lars Cameron.

Gradually they gravitated towards townships
and stations or farms or towns.

Here in this Murray River area, they lived in
their close-knit family groups. They worked
constantly, day-by-day, to support their children and
their families. On the day that this rambler of a wave
lapped at their shores, their lives had passed on into the
unknown river area, that I cannot recall. They fled from
the vicinity as all these native groups were almost
entirely self-sustaining. Each other. One group when
home grounds were cleared was not looked for
by the families of the others. The shelter of
The female's crafts, the shelter of townships
and their homes were a state.

Give poison, cause trouble in these young towns. They were collectors.
become relics - wandering huts. He then, among
the White people, the men, the men. The government
set aside a reserve, a camping place for their living.
Each, after the man, after the man, after the man.
Their boundaries, their family, their family -
full of strange, evil magic. The fear in their
hearts overrode their will to live. They were
burned out. For a terrible thing it is, to see a man
burn out, on his pride and die from social decay, too
a lack of the will to adapt.

The every day many, the White man supplied their
water, overwhelmed them with such care of things.

They have no more place in the scheme of things
than we should have here. We should be
saw such a race of friendly, as they were,
met by ourselves in any community, as they
were for our white ways. environments.
My dear little Frencin, I may not speak &
you agree. Your perspective through science,
health & faith, but I want you to remember
this that I will say to you with all the truth
of sincerity. Do not think that in the years to
come when you are a means woman some
If you see the Church, even in positions of
power & responsibility, do not think that the
nations are singing one, because You think
else. It is because we reflect He, or human
were there away or he contained & there - I have
speech that more years in growing that
these statements are not there. But
They are passing from us surely & truly
because we are twentieth century. Every century,
every century having advanced us to our
circumstances. They are bringing mankind
united to reject that circumstances between the

Chernobyl or Cernavadin destruction. The
old vessel cannot be filled with the new
wine of our circumjacent.
ATTENTION!!!

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