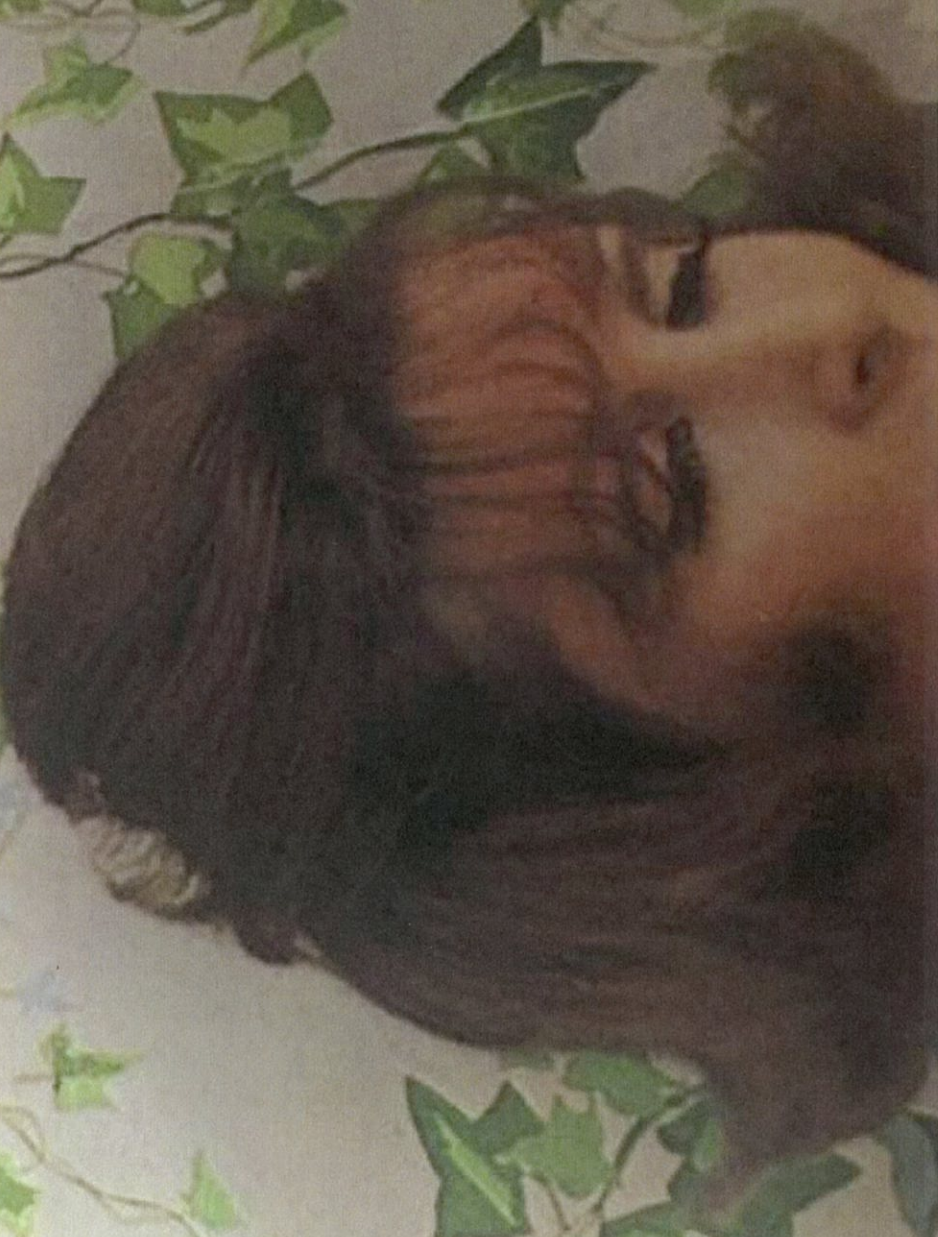


Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

New Idea

AUGUST 12, 1964

1/-



they all get on for jobs, and wouldn't it be too much work for her mother (40)? She asked for advice from readers

A change of job is sometimes wise, but to give away everything would be foolish and hard on Mother, who

AND HERE'S A STORY
FROM ANOTHER READER
—ABOUT MORE UNUSUAL
HOUSEKEEPING CHORES.

TENT ON THE NULLARBOR

WHEN I tell people I live on the edge of the Nullarbor Plain in a tent they look at me with the interest usually reserved for rarer animals in a zoo.

Not that I blame them. I was surprised myself

30 NEW IDEA, 12/8/64

Qld. I DON'T think you would have much trouble finding jobs. There is seasonal work (cotton, fruit, pea or bean picking, for instance) for at least nine months of

staff are living in caravans or under canvas.

The Nullarbor is not as desolate as many people think. There is some good pasture for sheep and cattle, and artesian water, although costly to obtain, is available in fairly good supply.

Clumps of mulga and desert oak, with saltbush undergrowth, break the monotonous flat grasslands. The most distinctive feature is a number of strange depressions called dongas, several feet deep and varying in size from a few yards to half a mile across.

We get stores, bread and mail twice a week, and as we are close to a siding we can always go in and meet the "tea and sugar" — now the only train left on the run with

the leisure to stop at the small sidings. That and the monthly visit of the Flying Doctor make up our social occasions.

The Royal Flying Doctor Radio Service is our lifeline to the outside world. Medical calls, telegrams, fire messages, school of the air and even Country Women's Association meetings come to us through this magnificent service. It gives a sense of security hard to put into words.

Our tent is big, and although our furniture consisted only of stretchers and a table, boxes purchased from the builder and artfully draped with old curtains, a tablecloth and a sarong made adequate store cupboards, seats and a work bench. By watering the tent

A contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not. ~ Akhenaton

Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it. ~ Thomas Fuller

that welcomed by people in the plenty of freedom and every Cairns, Qld.

floor, stamping on it and sweeping it with a mulga branch we soon had a firm surface and less dust.

I lost my temper one night when a southerly buster hit us without warning, upsetting the dinner I had just served AND my store cupboards.

Everything not tied down set off in a northerly direction. Several empty cartons were soon flying sky high like kites.

The winds come at night from Antarctica; fierce and icy cold. Dressing for dinner means climbing into warm slacks and sweaters, woollen socks and stock-boots.

We arrived in winter and I cooked in camp ovens in a fireplace dug out of a rabbit warren.

It was the only soft

place to dig, but hazardous as a kitchen, as the rabbits and two or three goannas continued to live there and excavate.

Community shower, washing and refrigerator facilities make my house-keeping chores easy.

For lighting we use carbide lamps. Insects do not worry us much, although I treat a family of

red-back spiders, living in one corner of the tent, with respect.

There are plenty of birds to watch; the area is rich in fossils, conversation takes on deeper meanings, there are a few worlds to conquer in books and thoughts.

And now I have plenty of that commodity so rare in the modern world — leisure.—M.C. #



NEW IDEA, 12/8/6

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when my husband accepted a job on one of the several properties, newly opened up along the transcontinental railway line.

Building is going on, but it will be some time before there are enough houses and, in the meantime, a number of the

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