What is our Fate?
PARLIAMENT PROMISES NEW ACT

Aborigines of New South Wales are anxiously awaiting the New Aborigines Act promised for the present session of Parliament.

What will be our fate? Mr. Bruxner has promised a "New Deal". How will they shuffle the cards? We do not want anthropologists, clergymen, and police to "exterminate" us, as during 150 years past.

The following article describes actual conditions in a New South Wales township at the present time.

THE COLOUR BAR AT COLLARENEBRI
by a Traveller

Collarenebri, on the banks of the Barwon River, is noted for what is called "The Blacks' Cemetery", a collection of graves adorned with broken glass and other ornaments. As a visitor to Collarenebri, I went to see this place. One mile out of town I stood at the Black Camp, which is a group of humpies made of flattened kerosene tins and hogsheads.

What I saw at the Blacks' Camp was so interesting that I did not go on immediately to see the Cemetery. I am much more interested in living Aborigines than in dead Aborigines.

Noticing a number of children peeping shyly around the humpies, I asked whether they went to school, and was told "No, there is a colour-bar in Collarenebri!" Further enquiries revealed that there are more than twenty children of school age living in the Blacks' Camp, one mile from the public school at Collarenebri; but none of these children dare present themselves at the public school to ask for education.

Clasped as "Niggers"

Many of these children are half-castes, or what the citizens of Collarenebri call "half-breeders", all have "whiteman's blood" in their veins, and are the children of whites and Aborigines of whom I have written.

I saw two little girls with red hair, and three children with flowery-white hair. It would be impossible for an outsider of any race to tell the difference between some of these children and the sunburned white children of the town.

But the parents dare not send them to the Public School, because they are classed as "niggers", and would be tormented by the other children. Also, there would be "reprisals" from the white citizens of Collarenebri, if the blacks dared to send their children to the public school.

As the blacks are dependent on the whites for the right to work (at cheap rates) they do not wish to incur the hate of the citizenry.

So they keep their kiddies at home, away from school.


The above is a list of twenty-four children, ages between five and fourteen years, at present without schooling at Collarenebri.

The parents of these children find employment in Collarenebri and district, the men Mostly engaged in bush work and some of the women working locally for the people of the town.

These people are almost all born at Collarenebri, and they do not wish to leave the vicinity where they are known and respected.

Police officers and others have advised the Aborigines to leave Collarenebri and take their families to Brewarrina or Pilliga Government Reserves, so that the children may be educated at Aboriginal Schools.

The parents say they are terrified of the Government Reserves, because their children would be "apprenticed out" to white employers, and perhaps the parents would never see them thereafter.

Also, the atmosphere of the Government Reserve would be demoralising to the parents themselves, as they do not wish to live as parasites, drawing Government rations, herded with strangers from other districts.

Some complaints are made by the Aborigines of Collarenebri regarding official intimidation used by Government representatives in an attempt to force these eight families to remove to a Government Station.

Intimidation

It is alleged that police officers have peremptorily ordered an Aboriginal mother to remove herself and children to a Government Reserve, and have threatened that, in the alternative, the children will be forcibly removed.

The police intimidation consists in alleging that the mother is immoral and that the children are not properly cared for by her.

The husband of this woman is a good type of busher, who is in almost constant employment.

Very few of the Aborigines at Collarenebri draw Government rations or dole, and the Aborigines Protection Board appears to take little or no interest in the welfare of these people.

The obvious need is for the children to be permitted, or compelled, to attend the Public School, but, as their education has hitherto been neglected, the Government could perhaps send a temporary teacher, specially for the coloured children, to work in a "provisional" school until the children gained sufficient confidence to be able to attend the public school.

It would also seem necessary for the citizens of Collarenebri to learn to be more decent and humane in their attitude to the Aborigines.

As the blacks are dependent on the whites for the right to work (at cheap rates) they do not wish to incur the hate of the citizenry.
The Aborigines Progressive Association (209a Elizabeth Street, Sydney)

Northern Territory

ADMINISTRATOR BELIEVES IN LASH FOR ABORIGINES

According to the Melbourne Herald of 8th June, 1938, Mr. R. H. Waddell, a former Administrator for the Northern Territory, believes in flagellation as a deterrent of crime. Commenting on a recent statement by Judge Wells at Darwin that flogging might be made more effective for native than imprisonment, Mr. Waddell said his 7 years as administrator had convinced him that flogging, if positive in front of the tribe, was the most impressive way of interpreting the white man's law to the Aborigines.

NORTHERN TERRITORY - PROTECTION.

The following is an extract from "The Northern Standard", Darwin, 20th May, 1938:

"Disgae Day, a halflace, was sentenced to two months imprisonment with hard labour when he pleaded guilty to having insufficient lawful means of support. The Police Court Magistrate (Sergt. R. R. Bridgland) said Davey had taken some goods from an old man's camp at the 2/1 Mile. When arrested he admitted he had taken the food. He said he had no wages, or provisions, and owned nothing but the clothes he stood in. Davey was a nomad and roamed the bush alone. On one occasion he was found weak and helpless, and admitted he had lived on snakes and goannas.

HALFACES IN NORTH

The following is from an article contributed to "The Northern Standard", Darwin, 7th June, 1938:

"While discussion has been going on as to what we should do with our Aboriginals, there is a great problem looming up that is the halflace and his progeny. The Aboriginal will, in the course of time, be non-existent. The halflace is the reverse, and is increasing rapidly. They are being reared and educated under the same standards as the white children born in the North. What is going to happen when they leave school and go out on the labour market! In the southern States they were bred out by inter-marrying with the whites, but the north is a totally different proposition. Here we have the Aborigines, the halflaces and pre-dominances, and the offspring marry back into that strain (East is East and West is West, etc.). This is something for politicians, religious bodies and reformers to study. Not being a disciple of Euclid, it is beyond me.

CITIZEN RIGHTS

The Minister for the Interior, Mr. McEwan, and other Commonwealth Ministers, have recently visited Central and Northern Territories. Citizen Rights have been promised for "some" Aborigines.

Why not for all?

The Last of His Tribe

by HENRY KENDALL

Henry Kendall, whose poems are probably the most-known of all such written by an Australian born, was born at Udallula, on the south coast of New South Wales, in 1841, and he died in Sydney forty-one years later, and was buried at Waverley cemetery; where there is a memorial column on his grave, which is a shrine for literary pilgrims.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

He crouches, and buries his face on his knees, And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees, Or think what his lot is there.
Or the loss and the loneliness there.
The wallaroos gape through the tusfs of the grass, And turn to their coverts for fear;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass Where the boomers sleep with the spear -
With the nullah, the sigh and the spear.
Ulolu, behold him! The thunder that breaks
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,
For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;
And he sees, through the rents of the scattering fogs,
The corroboree wavey and grim.
And the blade he sat by the blazing fires, he logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him
Like a mother and mourner for him.
Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
To watch, like a mourner, for him
Like a chief, to the rest of his race.
Who will go to the battle no more.
To watch, like a mourner, for him
As a dream in his face -
Like a marvellous dream in his face!"
What chance have the Australian Aborigines of surviving in Australia as a distinct race of human beings? By the laws of New South Wales, for instance, anybody with any proportion of Aboriginal blood is deemed a newspapers from the first, the Aboriginals were, for instance, if any white or any other race of human beings, and the effect of their civilisation with themselves as well as with the others.

The British Whites forced their civilisation upon the Australian Blacks by the might of gunpowder; it was a true conquest by superiority of arms.

The Aboriginals Progressive Association do to advance their cause? To put any true whatever in the Australian Whites would be difficult as their number is too small, they do no more for their own White Whites.

Mr. Lang: Will the Colonial Secretary acknowledge that because some of the Aborigines on the reserve at Peak Hill refused to accept meat they said was unfit for human consumption, the blacks had stopped their ration altogether? Will the Minister have inquiries made with a view of discovering the position rectified?

Mr. GOLLAN: I am not acquainted with any inquiry having been made in connection with the matters of the Opposition, but I will have it investigated.

Mr. Lang: Will the Colonial Secretary inquire whether instructions have been given for Aboriginal children to be removed from "Collarenebri," and if so, will be direct that the matter be investigated?

Mr. GOLLAN: I will have inquiries made in the direction indicated by the Hon. member.

DEPUTATION TO MR. LANG

The Aborigines Progressive Association was courteously received by the Premier (Mr. Stevens) and the Leader of the Country Party (Mr. Bruxner), and although the members of the deputation were not able to spare the time to see us, Mr. Lang carefully listened to our appeal, and asked many sympathetic questions, concerning the plight of our people, and promised to watch our interest when the proposed new legislation comes on for consideration.

An immediate result of the deputation has been the following two questions asked by Mr. Lang in the House, on the 5th and 8th August:

MR. LANG: Is the Colonial Secretary aware that because some of the Aborigines on the reserve at Peak Hill refused to accept meat they said was unfit for human consumption, the blacks had stopped their rations altogether? Will the Minister have inquiries made with a view of discovering the position rectified?

Mr. GOLLAN: I am not acquainted with any inquiry having been made in connection with the matters of the Opposition, but I will have it investigated.

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Mr. GOLLAN: I will have inquiries made in the direction indicated by the Hon. member.
Tocky continued to wash for the matron, but instead of sleeping with the humbler residents on a rowdy game of bridge and that of the Compound. She remained at the beach, but poverty and humiliation. However, she had told her why she was confined, she convinced herself that they knew little of her thoughts at first, then alarmed for the tocky had never taken part in a bunyip's good sense in sending ants home to the journey. Not that Tocky calculated to the grove of coconuts beyond the little house. No talk of Norman's or Aintee's friends the stars till — Lo! the stars were crossed, and another, all singing water. The shadows of the coconuts crept far, and the clack of tongues. Some little distance past the last house she dived into the dessert for half a mile or more over and understanding of distance and the slowness of her feet. She wrapped up some of the leaves, she crossed, and another, all singing water. She ran to the beach and into the water, but did not scruple eating them if need be. She was, however, not afraid of distance as most folks are. She would have walked in the trees and the froggy chorus drowned the music; and their smoke rose high like steel. She slowly climbed the sky. A silver road for the sails only in two respects, that she was not restrained with stones and bars and certain of the taken of the last house to occurred on a rowdy game of footboard past the last house she dived into the Point road. She followed the road that left it and walked up the clinker path towards the road of still-sticky. She walked for hours in the easy-going native style, with body loose and moving freely. She was as though they had been hung there in some gigantic battle between the wrathful gods of old. Wrath of the shadow and it seems to savage. She thought of old Tim weed-poison. In fact they had made a hillside. The fettlers who fashioned it had which was bolted an iron plate in which the cross at the head of it was a steel sleeper to which the bray of a donkey. On the brow of the hill she saw two donkeys grazing, a white the things that he had caused Norm from the bray of a donkey. On the brow of the hill she saw two donkeys grazing, a white the things that he had caused Norm from the bray of a donkey. On the brow of the hill she saw two donkeys grazing, a white...