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SHARING KNOWLEDGE. TO MY STUDENTS.

The last six weeks have been very informative and enjoyable for me, as I have commenced either teaching you new skills and understanding or extending your own knowledge of English Communication and Mathematics. Many of you found some lessons quite difficult, in fact, baffling, but I admire the way you've stuck to it and been so co-operative.

At the same time, you've shared yourselves with me. You were very shy at first (so was I) but gradually we're getting to know each other. I have learned much more about your proud traditions, your culture, your craft, your gentleness.

The great thing is you want to learn; - to help yourselves, to help your children, to help your community.

I wish you well in your quest for more knowledge. It is one thing no one can ever take from you.

Thank you and Happy Christmas

Grand
4/12/87.

I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS COLLECTION OF
YOUR WRITINGS FROM THE CLASS OF 1987.

General Skills Course.

There are 18 Students, who attend the General Skills Course. We started the Course on the 26th October 1987. We are located at the Masonic Hall, we have our Subjects 4 days a week for 4½ hours a day. We have Communication & Mathematics for 2 hours with Brian McKinnon and Arts & Crafts 2½ hours with Isabell Moran, we start at 9:30 and finish at 2:30, the Course is for 6 weeks, we finish on the 4th December, we continue class in 1988.

In Arts and Crafts, the students have made boomerangs, spears. Australian Maps with drawings on them, they're also doing aboriginal drawings with hobbytex, paints and crayons.

18 STUDENT IN THE CLASS OF 87

ANGELA	BOLT	FRANK	MORAN
CATHY	CHATFIELD	BARRY	MORRIS
ELWYN	DIXON	SANDRA	NICHOLSC
AMOS	DONOVAN	BOB	OSTLER
MICHAEL	DONOVAN	MARIA	RITCHIE
CYNTHIA	DUNGAY	PAM	SKINNER
GEORGE	DUNGAY	DIANNE	SMITH
LEETONA	DUNGAY	GWENDA	WILLIAMS
OLGA	GREEN	GREEN	

"WATERLINE"

The waves rumble upon the sand as thunder
in the stillness of night.

Reminding me of echoes of horses pounding along
the gullies of the mountain plains at first light.

It is so strange usually changing with the weather gales
just as the seagulls shred their feathertails.

The Waterline can be a beautiful breath taking sight
to eyes that have not seen the coastline before.

Some may have been on mountain tops looking for miles
on end wondering if there is even more.

It curves just like a sculpturer creating a masterpiece
displaying some of his works of art similar to the small
south coast town, Bermagui; it has Camel Rock.

As the fishing boats come into the shore ready to dock.

That's the Waterline just as eager to combine with the land
always lasting centuries before man.

B.W. MORRIS.

ABORIGINES

ULITARRA: Means the Good Spirit in the area of the Mid-North Coast of N.S.W.

NGAMBA : Is the name of the tribe occupying land from the Manning to Rollands Plains.

BIRRPI: Is the language of the Hastings Tribe - Bunyah.

KERRI: Means their place, similar to our North, South, etc.

FOOD FROM THE LAND OF ULITARRA.

A nomadic race, they shifted camp when the game became exhausted in the vicinity and by a process of circumvention they repeatedly gave turns of the tribal territory. Their men covered a wide range and almost anything in the shape of life did not come amiss to the palate of the aboriginals. Perhaps the opossum was the favourite animal for a meal, and much dexterity was exercised to capture these frequenters of hollow tree trunks and limbs. Then there was the kangaroo, paddymellon, bandicoot, wallaby, fish obtained by spearing, wild fowl of every description, the cobra or toredo, native bees hords. The carpet snake was a luxury and fresh when roasted, aboriginal fashion on the embers had a clean white appearance resembling fish. Frequently the aboriginal on leaving his camp in the afternoon had no positive idea where his nutrition for the day was to come from, but Micawber like he waited for something to turn up which it invariably did.

RESEARCHED BY MICHAEL DONOVAN.

GRANDFATHER by *Frank Moran.

Grandfather's name was Frank Archibald. He was one of the great Aboriginal leaders of the New England Region.

Frank Archibald was born at Walcha where he married my grandmother Sarah Morris. They had a family of twelve children of whom my mother was the fourth eldest. His grandchildren and great grandchildren numbered hundreds.

Grandfather served on the homefront during the Second World War and his two sons Dick and Ronald served in the Middle East; Dick was killed in New Guinea.

Grandfather liked to go walk - about a lot; move from town to town (up and down the coast too) where he would take whatever job he could get, such as blacktracker, shearers' labourer; anything to feed his family.

He finally settled down permanently in Armidale, where he formed good relationships with the white community.

The Catholic Church built him a three-bedroom home on a block of land not far from the Aboriginal Reserve, where all the people lived in tin shacks.

Today they all live in beautiful brick homes, which he tried for many years to get built for his offspring.

Grandfather spoke five or six different dialects and he used to sit up at the big fire all hours of the night, singing in the lingo or telling old aboes' stories to us, but most of all, he told us where not to walk in the bush; not to walk on boori grounds and sacred sites, and which birds and animals not to kill; as he said "they were spirits of the Dreamtime".

He was a very happy-go-lucky old man, who lived to the ripe old age of a hundred and seven or thereabouts.

Frank Archibald's funeral was one of the biggest Armidale ever had.

You Have A Friend.

Do you ever get the feeling
That the world is fighting you?
Well, never feel alone
For I often think it too.
Whenever you have problems
Then, let's face it, who doesn't
You can always come to me.
With the problems you have got.
For, believe me, I will never be
Too busy for a friend,
Least of all, when there's a broken heart.
That I can help to mend.
And you need someone to be there
When you've got no place to go,
You need a friend to lean on
In times when you feel low.
There's only one thing better
Than someone who cares for you,
And that's when you have someone
That you can care for too.
And I hope you know that someone
Who is always here, you see
Is the one who wrote these words for you,
You have a friend in me.

LESLIE J DONOVAN.

We Are Going

They came into the little town

A semi-naked band subdued and silent,

All that remained of their tribe.

They came here to the place of their old bora ground.

Where now the many white men hurry about like ants

Notice of estate agents read: Rubbish May Be Tipped Here.

Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring

They sit and are confused, they cannot say their thoughts:

We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.

We belong here, we are of the old ways.

We are the corroboree and the bora ground,

We are the old sacred ceremonies, the law of the elders.

We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.

We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.

We are the lightning-bolt over Gaphembah Hill quick and terrible,

And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.

We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.

We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.

We are nature and the past, all the old ways gone now and scattered.

The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.

The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place. The bora ring is gone.

The corroboree is gone.

And we are going.'

Kath Walker.

CAMPING.

Generally every Christmas on Boxing Day, we pack up our camping gear and head off to "Big Hill" for a couple of weeks.

Big Hill is up near Point Plomer, a couple of miles this side of Crescent Head. We set up our tent on a National Parks and Wildlife Reserve, which is a lovely spot for camping and is shared by dozens of campers. Most of us camp in tents, as there is no electricity but there are people in caravans who use generators for their electricity, for lighting, cooking and so on.

We have a fifteen by fifteen foot tent and we use gas for our lighting, boiling water for showers when it is overcast, and most of our cooking.

Behind the site where we always camp, there is sort of a lake. Kylie, Kenny and Robert go down there with their surfboards and dinghy and have a great time when they are not at the beach.

The beach is about a quarter of a mile down the road. We generally go there in the mornings and swim and play around in the lake in the afternoons. Every morning the Milko comes, ringing his cow bell and blowing his horn, which sounds like a cow mooing; he stocks all dairy products. Not long after he leaves, the Baker arrives with fresh bread, buns, cakes and slices; then around lunch time Fruito comes with fresh fruit and vegetables.

We go into Crescent Head every second day for our ice, meat and other odds and ends. We would fill our gas bottles at the end of every week.

There is no drinking water on the reserve, so we travel to a nearby camping ground and hand pump our water into containers and drums. We use it for drinking, cooking, bathing, washing the dishes and doing the laundry.

While camping there never seems to be a dull moment; we just make our own fun, there is so much to do like bush walking through the reserve, swimming, surfing, fishing, rock climbing and digging for pippees. I could go on and on.

Then, when night falls, there is fishing, ghost crabbing,

4

Strolls along the beach and what I find best of all, joke and talk time around the camp fire. All of our kids love camping as they find so many things to do to occupy themselves. While the elder kids go to the beach or the lake, we carry buckets of water up to fill Brett and Kurt's swimming pool which we park beside the tent, under a beach umbrella for them to play around in.

Afternoon time is also fun. While we wait for tea to cook, we all play cricket or touch football. Later on, after we have eaten, with the washing up done, we all take a shower in turn. Greame rigged up a shower inside a tarpauline enclosure at the rear of the tent. When finished we go for a stroll along the beach or play board games, then, as night moves on and we feel a little peckish, we light the fire in a stone fireplace put together a little away from the tent.

There we cook toasted sandwiches in a jaffle iron and toasted marshmallows and the billy is boiled for coffee and milo. We joke, laugh, sing and tell stories around the fire.

Forest Rangers come twice a week to tend to the toilets and empty the garbage bins into a huge pit dug in the ground; it is covered with a cement lid. They also drive around the sites checking for animals as there are no pets allowed.

Police also patrol a couple of times a week to see there are no disturbances.

Sandra Nicholson.

Poem

DESERTED WIFE

In black. Made of milk
warmth of children, toys,
baskets of newly washed clothes,
sunshine. and a skin of
translucent dragonfly wings

Living in abandoned houses,
afraid of the dark, of the past,
her guileless arms fluttering awkwardly
as those of school girls,
waving good-bye in empty country roads.

by ANTIGONE KEFALA

17.11.81



Who are you?

MAN AND MIRROR

AS I LOOK IN-TO THE MIRROR

A MAN LOOKS BACK AT ME

BUT, HE ISNT THE MAN I USED TO KNOW

OR THE MAN, HE USED TO BE.

THIS MAN HAS SOME RESEMBLANCE

I THINK HE LOOKS LIKE ME

THE WAY HE LOOKS, HES AGEING FACE

MAKES ME SAD TO SEE.

THIS MAN, ONE TIME WAS HAPPY

A HAPPILY MARRIED MAN

BUT THE WAY, HES LOOKING BACK AT ME

HE JUST DONT UNDERSTAND.

HOW TIME AND LIFE, CAUGHT UP WITH HIM

I GUESS ITS PLAIN TO SEE

THE MAN BEHIND THAT MIRROR IS THE MAN, THAT LOOKS LIKE ME.

BUT HE IS NEVER LONLEY

I SEE HIM EVERYDAY

HE ALWAYS WALKS AROUND WITH ME

AND HELPS ME, ON MY WAY,

WE ALWAYS SIT TOGETHER AND, NEVER MIND AT ALL

TO SIT AND WATCH EACH OTHER IN THAT MIRROR, ON THE
WALL.

BUT, TIME HAS CHANGED, SINCE I FIRST LOOKED IN,

THAT MIRROR ON THE WALL, THAT FIRST MANS GONE,

THE OTHERS OLD BUT, THE SAME MAN AFTER ALL,

C. CHATFIELD

Paddy Donohou

Paddy Donohou was my great great grand-father.

Paddy Donohou and his family were also good labourers. They had a daughter who was shot dead by her husband. These 'Accidents' were not uncommon.

Bunyah Jimmy

Bunyah Jimmy, was the King of the Hastinas River. A large camp of 'Aborigingals' near the school in Campbell street, WAUCHOPE. There was a constant supply of fresh water from a spring nearby, which turns into a small creek near the High School. It has never been known to run dry.

Camps

In the 1880's two camps are mentioned. One near Port Macquarie cemetery called Morcom and another reserve at Rollands Plains. In the Wauchope area the surroundings ground ^{of} the Wauchope Showground were dotted with camps. Each Family having their own special part. The Murray Family in the show ground itself. The Morcoms across the Beechwood road.

Angela Roberts

PAPPINBARRA VALLEY

Thirty miles northwest of Wauchope lies a valley full of peace and harmony. A valley that will capture the imagination of any tourist, with its rare beauty and natural habitat. Towering mahagonys, tallwoods, blackbutts, Bloodwoods and gum trees high on the ridges look down across this valley protecting it from the natural disasters that occur from time to time.

Deep into the hundreds of little side gullys you walk into another world, a world full of brilliantly demonstrated natural beauty.

Staghorns, Elkhorns and many more different variety of beautiful ferns decorate the trees and rock faces, spreading their own natural beauty of peace and calmness.

The scent of the many different types of orchids when in flower drifting down the gullys to meet you as you enter is a rare pleasure in its self.

Pappinbarra valley is the name of this place, the word pappinbarra originating from the Aboriginal dialect meaning stinging tree.

Just walking into the gullys you can easily see why the valley was named Pappinbarra, with untold thousands of stinging trees standing tall and proud amongst all the other different variety of softwood trees.

Give me this valley any day, with its rare beauty and pleasures.

This valley is where I was born and bred. Pappinbarra valley will always be home for me.

BOB.

I can vividly remember the big Flood we had back in 1968. The power of millions of gallons of water at the one time had to be seen to be believed. Massive logs hurtling down the creek tearing a path of destruction on their way. Smashing into trees and uprooting them and then tossing them aside as if they were matchsticks.

Swirling waters undermining the banks and then tearing them away and chewing the soil up like a mad ravaging Dingo swallowing a piece of rotten meat.

The fences took a terrible beating before the forces of water broke or tore the post out of the ground with the barbed wire catching hold of whatever it could find to take with it to its next resting place.

It was heartbreaking to watch the paddocks of corn disappear underneath thousands of gallons of water, knowing that all those hours of hard labour we had put in, preparing the soil and then planting the seed was to be destroyed by those mad raging torrents of water.

After the water had subsided the work really began in earnest, with the fences to be repaired first of all. We had to restand whatever posts that could be found, that were still usable.

There weren't many that were any good so we had to split more and then find enough wire to patch up all the gaps.

Cleaning up the debris took us ages, with all the logs and bits of driftwood that were left lying around to be stacked up in heaps ready to be burnt. Picking up the rocks that the water had deposited, on the flats was really backbreaking work. Throwing them into the trailer and then taking them and then dropping them into holes that were left by those few hours of devastation was really hard yakka.

To me it seemed that the loss of the crops, fences and a few acres of land was fairly substantial but Mum and Dad just took it in their stride as though they had been expecting a big Flood for some time.

My Story

When I was twelve years old. I remember
My Great grand-father come to live with us.
He was a big man. He was about six foot four tall
And weighed about fifteen or sixteen stone.
His name was "Paddy" Donohue.

Many times I asked him to teach me how to
speak our language, ^{but} he told me most of the children
about my age group ~~there~~ ^{their} tongues were too thick to
speak the lingo.

I remember asking my grandfather to tell me
about himself when he was a boy, Grandfather
told me he remembered timber cutters fallin
Cedar logs at Central Kempsey before the town
was built.

Grand father also told me that he drove a
Bullock team at Rolland's Plains for Gamack's
Grand dad also told me in the old days they
never kept a register of births and deaths.

He didn't know his age or what year he was born.
Sometimes grand-dad would speak to the cat
in the lingo, and he would mention all the
Bullock's names he had in his team.

He was a wonderful old man.

SCHOOL DAYS

AMOS DONOVAN.

I remember when I first started school. I was eight years old, my eldest sister and my brother, myself, and the other children had to walk nine miles to school. We had to catch the ferry across the river to get to school. At the Aboriginal Reserve at "Burnt-Bridge" most of the children never got to school until half past ten every day.

The teacher would let us children from Greenhills leave a half hour early. I remember most of the children were very tired when they got home from school.

I think the teachers and manager of the reserve must have had a meeting of some sort because Mr Jacob, the manager of the reserve picked us up every morning and afternoon in his Ford truck; most of the children must have felt like cattle riding in the back of the truck, but I don't think anyone complained because it was better than walking nine miles to school and nine miles home. I think some-one must have put in a complaint about us children riding in the back of a truck, because it was too dangerous, so one afternoon when Mr Jacob dropped us off he told all of the children that there would be a bus to pick us up the following week.

I remember the first morning the bus came to pick us up. Most of the children did not know whether we had to pay the bus driver or was it free, so one of the girls asked the bus driver "did we have to pay?" he said "no, you don't have to pay".

When all the children heard the driver say we didn't have to pay there was a mad rush for the seats.

I think we went to school for about six months until we got a transfer to Greenhills Public school. We had to get examined by a Doctor before we were allowed to start school at Greenhills Public school. I think it was about 1947 we got transferred to Greenhills Public school.

It felt strange for a while going to a non-Aboriginal school, until we got used to mixing with the other children.

For the first twelve months everything went well but gradually most of the non-Aboriginal children's parents sent them to West Kempsey Public School.

In nineteen forty eight we had a swimming carnival at the West Kempsey swimming pool.

I remember all the Greenhill children beat all the other schools and we won the most trophies; there were nine cups we won that day. I remember three of us won one each of the small cups, the six big cups we kept them for twelve months until nineteen forty nine. That's when the council wouldn't let us Aboriginal children swim at the next carnival. When our teacher told us we were all disappointed, but not as much as he was.

We all knew what it was like to live in a racist town. That didn't worry us as we beat all the so called champion swimmers.

That's why they wouldn't let us swim at the carnival again.

All of us children had the best swimming pool because we had the Macleay River. I think God must have punished the people of Kempsey, because three weeks after the swimming carnival finished it rained heavily for three weeks non stop; that's when they recorded the biggest flood at Kempsey, most of the town was under water even the traffic and railway bridges. Looking towards Hathead and South West Rocks, it looked like the ocean had pushed its way up to Kempsey. Weeks after the flood went down the Council had to clean up. My dad and eldest brother helped clean up the town. They told us that there was no swimming pool left, the flood had washed it away. That was the year Slim Dusty wrote his song when the rain tumbled down in July.

"BLACK COCKATOOS"

There is a old saying about three black cockatoos they often hang around each other.

You will see them in an odd bunch lingering about first thing in the morning and the evening time without their mother.

The saying is that these three cockatoos often bring rain.

They are a noisy trio, you can hear them coming a mile away not meaning any pain.

They say the story is past down from Tribal Elders Storytellers, sitting by campfires telling the young generation fellows.

B.W.MORRIS.

LSVF-Aboriginals

- 22

