

# SKY PILOT NEWS

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## SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP

# RALLY & SALE OF WORK

to be held (D.V.) in the grounds of

# MARELLA MISSION FARM

ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.

# SATURDAY, 1st MAY, 1971

MORNING and AFTERNOON

Free Parking

1.30 p.m. PUBLIC MEETING. ALL THE USUAL STALLS.

REFRESHMENTS AND HOT PIES AVAILABLE

Proceeds in aid of our work for needy Aboriginal children.

Do your Mothers' Day shopping while you enjoy a day's outing in the country; at the same time you will be helping this work for the dark children of our land.

Make up a car party, including your friends. For children there will be swings, pony rides and motor boat rides on the Mission Lake and other attractions.

If you are unable to come by car, there are buses from Parramatta to Kellyville Post Office. The Mission Farm is about one mile from the Post Office, but transport between the Mission Farm and Post Office bus stop will be arranged for the following buses:—

Depart Parramatta Station: 9.06 a.m., 10.06 a.m., 11.06 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.20 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 11.50 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 1.23 p.m., 1.53, 4.16 p.m.

If coming by car, turn off Windsor Road at President Road, follow to end, then turn left into Green Road and first turn to left is Acres Road. The Mission Farm is the third home on the left in Acres Road.

Gifts for the stalls will be greatly appreciated. They should be railed to Marella Mission Farm, Parramatta Railway Station, or brought direct to the Mission Farm before or on the day of the Rally or posted to Box 29, P.O., Castle Hill, 2154, as early as possible.

For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 629-1555.

PLEASE PRAY FOR A FINE DAY

## THE MURDERER: From the Sky Pilot's Log 2CH Broadcast.

The Court was sitting in Darwin, and an Aboriginal was being tried for murder. There was nothing in favour of the accused; he was an educated boy who knew all about the white man's law. Without any provocation, he had speared to death another native, who was a stranger to him.

He was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed on him. No, he had nothing to say. He could not, or would not, suggest anything in his own defence. Even his counsel had been unable to do more than to ask for leniency, and suggest it may have been a tribal affair. There was no proof of this, and the fact that he was an educated boy and had never seen the victim before, went against him. Twenty years! A long sentence. As the prisoner was led away I caught a gleam in his eyes, and I felt that there was a story behind it that no one knew about. Some time later I mentioned the case to George.

The old stockman paused. "What did you say the boy's name was?" he asked.

I told him and George was silent for a long time. Then he said: "Look 'ere, Smithy, I'll tell you a story. You can believe it or not, as you please, but it's just between you and me, mind. There's no proof except my word, and I guess that wouldn't count for much in a court of law when it's agin someone in a high position. I'm just an ole stockman who's lived too long among the blacks to be reliable. It's a story about a native called Dick. That's not his real name, of course, but it'll do. Well, this 'ere Dick was supposed, by tribal law, to marry a girl named Rose — though that's not her name, neither.

"You know how it is with natives, they must marry the girl that the law fixes should rightly belong to them. If she's only a child, as often happens, why, then they must wait till she grows up. Her husband-to-be must 'grow her up', as they call it. Well, Rosie was only a child, but Dick 'grew her up'. He looked after her and waited as the years went by. And, though you mightn't believe it, they was real fond of each other. I often used to see 'em walkin' hand in hand, which is unusual for natives; but then, of course, they had been brought up amongst white people, and maybe they had picked up some of the white man's habits an' ideas.

"There was a white woman in the district — I'm not goin' to tell you **where** this happened, o' course — she were the wife of a sort of Government official. Well, she took a likin' to Rose

and taught her to cook an' help in the house. By-an'-by Rose grew up — old enough to marry by blackfellow law, anyhow, though heaven knows that ain't very old.

"It was all fixed up that Dick was to marry Rose, the tribe saw to that, and Dick was as pleased as a dog with two tails. Mind you, he had waited a good many years, so you couldn't altogether blame him. Well, round about this time the white woman's husband got orders to transfer to another district, and they decided to take Rose with them. It was easy to arrange a thing like that in them days. Anyways, Dick came to me in a great state an' asked me if I could do anythin' for him. I felt real sorry for both of them, so I butted in an' went to see the white woman.

"I says to her: 'Missus, they tell me you are movin' to another district soon?'

"'That's right, George,' she says. 'My husband has been promoted. I won't be sorry to leave this place, either. We've been buried 'ere for years.'

"'What about young Rose,' I says. 'You wouldn't be thinkin' of takin' her along o' you?'

"'Of course I'll take Rose,' she says. 'I've spent years trainin' her to cook an' do the housework. I couldn't face havin' to begin all over again with a new girl. Anyhow, Rose is happy with me, an' she wouldn't want to be left behind.'

"'But,' I says, 'maybe you didn't know Rose belongs to Dick. She's his by tribal law, and he's growed her up and waited all these years for her. They're real fond of each other, too. You wouldn't be for separatin' em now, would you?'

"'Tribal law!' she says. 'Some silly blackfellow business! I'm not goin' to let that worry me. Rose is too young to marry — much too young. Anyhow when she's old enough I'll see she is married to some decent boy from our new district. Tribal law, indeed! That's all nonsense.'

"'Beggin' your pardon, Missus,' I says, 'but it aint nonsense to them. Dick is terrible cut up about it all. The blacks have feelings, same as white folk. Couldn't you let Rose stay here with Dick? Or let Dick go along with you? It ain't his country where you're goin' to, but he'd be willin' to leave his country an' work for you, just to be with Rose.'

"'Certainly not!' she says. 'Anyway it's none of your business. You've lived so long among the blacks that you've sunk to their level. I'm takin' Rose with me, that's final, an' I'm not goin' to

have Dick hangin' about, neither. If you're such friends with a blackfellow, you can tell him that from me. Tell him to keep away or there'll be trouble.' "

George paused so long in his story that I had to shake him. "What happened then, George?" I asked.

"Eh? Oh, sorry, Smithy. Well they went away with the mailman, takin' Rose with them. And Dick followed them foot-walk for a hundred-an'-eighty miles, an' turned up in the camp a few days after they arrived."

"He must have been fond of Rose," I said. "Surely after that they wouldn't be heartless enough to send him away?"

"Well," the old stockman continued, "this is where you'll have to use your own imagination, because there are two different stories as to what happened then. Dick said that Rose told them that he was in the camp, and she pleaded with them to let him stay."

"How did they take that?" I asked.

"At first they were angry, but then they came round and told Rose to fetch Dick up to the house and they would give him some tucker. Well, Dick was as happy as a king. He went up to the house, an' they gave him plenty of tucker. That part of it is true enough, all the natives swear to it."

"And what's the other part of the story?" I asked again.

"Well Dick says the white woman took him into a back room and when no one was there she gave him a pair of trousers an' a good shirt, belongin' to her old man. But she warned him not to let the other natives see them, in case they got jealous and wanted shirts and trousers, too. Anyway Dick took them back to the camp on the quiet an' hid them in his swag. That's Dick's story."

"And what is the other story?"

"Well," said George, "a couple of days later a policeman came along and searched Dick's swag and found the shirt and trousers. They took him to court and the white woman swore that he had stolen them. She said that she had given him food and treated him well, but he must have taken the opportunity to thief the clothes. No one saw her give Dick the clothes and it wasn't mentioned in court that Rose was Dick's tribal wife. Dick got two years in jail."

"What a rotten thing to do!" I exclaimed. "How did Rose take it?"

"Well, she cried a bit and swore Dick never stole a thing in his life, but they wouldn't listen to her. Then while Dick was in jail they married her to a boy from the new district — a boy who was forbidden to her by her tribal law."

"And what about Dick?" I asked.

George paused again, then he continued. "When Dick came out of jail he worked for me for awhile but he changed into a sullen, bad-tempered boy. He never took another lubra, just lived by himself. Years went by, an' Rose an' her husband came back to Rose's country on a walkabout. I was hopin' that Dick wouldn't hear about it. If he did I guessed there would be trouble. Ah, well! How — how long did you say that black-fellow in Darwin got for — murder?"

"Twenty years!"

"Ah, yes, I thought that's what you said. Twenty years! Well, well, it's a long stretch — even for murder. But I'd sooner be Dick when it comes to the Judgment Day than that white woman. S'help me, Bob, I would!"

And the final entry in today's Log is taken from the 18th chapter of Matthew. Jesus said: "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

**SALE OF WORK:** The Autumn Sale of Work is set down for 1st May, being the first Saturday in May. We would be very grateful for gifts for the various stalls. These could be railed to us C/- Parramatta Railway Station, or brought out to the Mission Farm.

Please note that the Public Meeting, at which the children will sing, will be held at 1.30 p.m. instead of 2.30 p.m. as previously. This time we will not be meeting the bus which leaves Parramatta at 1.12 p.m. unless we are notified in advance. The last few years there has been a tendency for the Sale to begin earlier in the morning and to finish earlier in the afternoon.

**THE DARK CHILDREN:** We now have accommodation for a total of twenty-eight children — fourteen boys and fourteen girls. Usually our accommodation is taxed to the limit and we often have to refuse admittance to needy children because of the lack of space. Since this work began we have had a total of one-hundred-and-fifty children pass through our hands. Some of them have gone back to parents, now in a position to care for them, and others have taken positions

in the community. There are some failures, of course, but the greater number have made good and proved to be worthy citizens.

We are sometimes asked from where do the children come. It is not our policy to bring children down from the country and the only ones from the out-back are State Wards who have been brought down to the city by the Aborigines Welfare Board. Now the Child Welfare Department has taken over from the Aborigines Welfare Board and the children coming to us are those brought in by parents and other relatives; and most of these come from the city areas.

Not many of the children are orphans, but they come to us from broken homes, unmarried mothers and sometimes from parents who, through sickness or economic difficulties, are not at the moment able to care for the children. This means that some children are only here for a period of months, while others are here for a great number of years. While here the children attend the Primary or High Schools at Castle Hill or Baulkham Hills. When the parents are in a position to help support the children we expect them to make a contribution of a maximum of two dollars per week for each child. It is not often that this amount is paid, but the idea is that the Aborigines should accept some responsibility for their children. The Child Welfare Department makes a small allowance for State Wards or children deserted or unsupported by their parents, and this is greater than the amount that we ask the parents for so it is no financial advantage to us to have the support of the parents.

**ADOPTION OF ABORIGINES:** Some little time ago Mr. R. M. Worthy, Victorian Director of Aboriginal Affairs said that a week's investigation by an officer of his department had disclosed that 300 Aboriginal children in Victoria had been unofficially adopted by white people. There was a general good will towards Aborigines and people sought to express this by taking care of their children, but too many were motivated by the satisfaction of being a do-gooder. "They don't really look at the issues involved," he said. "Families are split up and the child feels isolated, different and lost." Mr. Worthy also said that many white families took in Aboriginal children for status-seeking motives but soon wearied of the responsibilities involved. One woman had "collected" five part-Aboriginal children, found that she could not cope, then "farmed them out" to five other families without consulting their real parents.

The Secretary of the Aborigines Advancement

League in Victoria, Mr. Stan Davey, said: "On the whole we are against legal as well as illegal adoptions of Aboriginal children. These adoptions are very nice for the first four or five years, when the child is still a baby, but we have found that these things so often break down when the child reaches its sub-teens and becomes aware of the discriminations around him."

At Marella we have children who failed to get on with foster parents or with mothers who adopted them legally but they have settled down happily amongst people of their own race.

**BRIAN:** Some years ago Brian came to us as an infant of twenty-one months of age. He had been very badly treated and was suffering from malnutrition and neglect. He was very backward and the doctor said this could have happened through the treatment he had received in infancy. However we managed to build him up physically and he stayed with us for over ten years. In 1968 he left us to go to a school for sub-normal children, where he has been ever since. But he has never forgotten Marella or the staff and children here. From time to time he comes to pay us a visit and he is very happy to spend a little time with us. At Christmas time he was at Norah Head and he recognised Bruce Langford-Smith who was leading the Beach Mission team. He made himself known to him.

**NURSE ISABELLE THORNE:** Isabelle has been working at the Sydney City Mission for eight or nine years and we hear very good reports of her activities. So much is said about the Aborigines not sticking to their jobs and it is as well to remember there is another side to the story. Isabelle spent ten years at Marella and we are very proud of her.

**MISS DORA MITCHELL:** Dora has been nursing in South Australia and elsewhere for a number of years now and she has been popular wherever she goes. When she was at Marella she was trained in Modelling at a popular Sydney training class. When some of the staff visited South Australia some years ago they called to see her and it was a pleasure to find that she had done so well.

**YOUR PRAYERS ARE NEEDED:** There are many problems in this work and we would value your prayers that all may be solved by God's grace. The older boys and girls who have taken positions in the community, or will shortly do so, need our prayers that they may maintain a Christian witness where-ever they go.