



Koala Country Contracting Pty Ltd

All drainage work:

- septic tanks
- absorption trenches
- house and yard drainage

All concrete work:

- driveways
- footpaths
- slabs and footings
- retaining walls

All small excavation work

'KOALAFIED TRADESMEN'

A light-hearted look at a serious subject

Full liaison and compliance with all council requirements

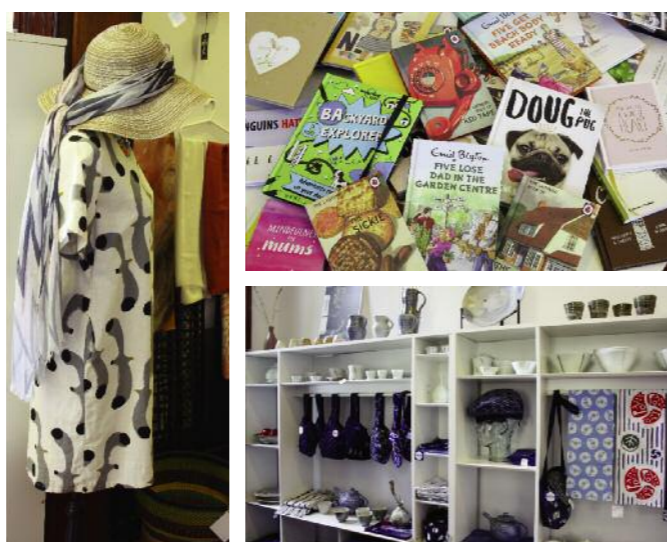
Contact Bolj: **0410 534 057**

SMS your number if I'm out on a job.

Facebook: Koala Country Contracting

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ADVERTORIAL



Walk into Altenburg Gallery & Gift Shop and you'll be pleasantly surprised by the wonderful array of gifts on display.

From exclusive 'Mingei Australia' Indigo dyed Japanese country cottons & Woodfired Ceramics, to stylish modern jewellery, colourful 'Maha She' clothing and a selection of scarves and bags, there's so much from which to choose.

Altenburg stocks a large range of unique childrens toys, books, playing cards and craft kits. For something different Blue Q ladies and men's socks come in a variety of whimsical sayings, and the range of humorous Ladybird and Enid Blyton books for adults are very popular.

You'll also find a great selection of cookery books, as well as lovely Sandy Lockwood pottery. For something very special for the forthcoming Christmas season the elegant range of 'Donna Donna' Italian linen and silk dresses and tops will look sensational, and compliment your outfit with Paired jewellery.

There's much to discover this Christmas at Altenburg Gallery and Gift Shop.



The Christmas Group Exhibition
Opens Friday 8th December 6pm
Closes Saturday 3rd February 2018

Altenburg & Co.

104 Wallace Street Braidwood
Gallery and gift shop specializing
in beautiful art and great design.



A foot in each camp

H. Bennett's story was published in *Barkly News Pictorial*, the forerunner to *BWD*.
He passed away recently in Tennant Creek NT but his story still matters.

Jim Bennett, my white father, was born in 1895. He was sneaking around with my Aboriginal mother and I'm the result. When my mother got big when she was carrying me, she and my Aboriginal step-father cleared out into the desert country, to no man's land and that's how I came to be born west of Bank Banka Station.

She came into Seven Mile which was called Tennant Creek then, we refer to it as the Old Telegraph station today. They knew who my father was, so when my mother was getting big, Jim cleared out in case the policeman got him and put him away for seven years. In the meantime, Jim's mother, my grandmother, was telling my mother that when she gave birth to me, to knock me on the head, kill me you know, because she didn't want her family to be disgraced with her son being a father to a black baby.

My mother had sense enough not to kill me because the Aboriginal people wanted this little coloured baby that was born in the desert country. So she

had sense enough to take me with her to Seven Mile and that's where I grew up. When my mother and step father brought me back to Seven Mile, they were worried that the troopers and welfare people would come looking for me and that if they found me they would take me away from my family.

When the troopers did come looking for me at Seven Mile, my mother would bury me in the sand, which was warm and soft.

Only my head would be sticking out and they would surround me with shrubs and bushes so I wouldn't be seen. Because my father was white, I looked fairer than the rest of my family, so my mother would cover me

with kangaroo fat and charcoal to make me appear darker, so I wouldn't be recognised. If I started to cry when the troopers came to look for me where my family was, the elders in our family would sit in a circle around where I was buried and start singing and clapping so that my crying would be drowned out and the troopers and welfare wouldn't discover that I was there.

At that time if you were an Aboriginal man and you were caught with a white girl, the Aboriginal man would go to jail for maybe 10 years. But if the white man got caught with a dark one, it was seven years jail for playing around with an Aboriginal woman.

The old Aboriginal nomads came and collected our clan, my mother and my Aboriginal step-father, and we went out bush. I was about 5 or 6 then. It was a whole tribe who'd come from the west to pick us up. In those days the nomads would go around and pick all the other clans like ours and all head out bush together. We roamed