

CHRISTMAS ADVERTORIAL

Braidwood's Old Fashioned Lolly Shop

THE BOILED LOLLY

Light meals, tea, coffee, milkshakes & ice creams

90 Wallace Street Braidwood
Tel: 4842 1166



RM2411936

Remember when you were a kid and a trip to the lolly shop was a special treat.

Now, you can treat your children and bring back happy childhood memories, at the Braidwood Lolly Shop. All your old favourites, including Boiled Lollies, are displayed in huge jars, just waiting for you to fill up a bag or two.

What a great gift for someone who is hard to buy for. As well as lollies, there are gift boxes and tins of fudge, biscuits and toffees, old-fashioned lollypops and all the latest novelty gifts.

Whilst you're there treat yourselves to an icecream cone, or a tasty lunch or morning tea. The kids will be happy and so will you.



A STOLEN GENERATION STORY

to hospital to get my ears cleaned out from the hidings, I suffered. Pus would come out and blood would be weeping out of my ears. Anyhow, he didn't last too long because he got caught playing around with the black girls there and he fathered three kids to them, which he shouldn't have done. So they kicked him out.

One day, this white man came looking for me. I had never seen him before, but this man came and asked for a little coloured boy named Harry Bennett. So he was asking everyone, "Where's Harry Bennett?, I want to take him back home to be my house boy". He wanted me to work for him, just like a negro slave for a married couple, just like in those stories you hear about — I was one of them.

Tennant Creek had just started then and this man was a chief steam engineer, there was no diesel or gasoline around in those days. He worked at the mine which nowadays is called Peko. So I was a house boy then, looking after his wife, cleaning the house and washing all the clothes, you name it I did it!

But I started thinking that I shouldn't be doing this job. I put up with him till the war broke out and I knew then what I had to do. I began thinking that my white grandmother had got this man to find me and bring me to Tennant Creek. She used to come to Tennant trying to get onto me, she was still angry that I was her grandson and that I was black, she wanted to see what I looked like.

But I never ever went close to her, I kept about a hundred yards away from her all the time. I didn't have a feeling for her or my white father, I had more of a feeling for my Aboriginal step-father because he reared me, looked after and fed me.

When the war broke in 1939, I broke too! I got the first truck from Tennant Creek to Alice Springs and from there to Daly Waters. I got a job there with the army where I travelled around and worked.

In all that time though, I worked for nothing, never got a dollar. So I don't know where all that money went!

My white father recognised me years later and explained to me why he hadn't been with me, he would've liked to have seen me grow up, he said. He knew that he had a little pickaninny around somewhere in this country. He had to clear away, run away in case the policeman locked him up and chained him like a dog. It was after the war, in 1938 when I was 20 years old that I saw him again. He said to me, "Do you know me?" I said "I don't think so" but I knew him alright, I never ever made myself known to him, as to who I was, whether I was his son or not. The fact that he had left my mother wasn't really an issue anymore because she was now married to an Aboriginal man, my stepfather. My dad was 31 when he sired me, he was in his sixties when I met him later on. It was a bit hard, I do think about him now because people that knew him and people that I talked to would say I was just like him. I came back here just before the War when I was travelling round to find my old stepfather, but he had passed away at Renner Springs.

There are only five of us older Aboriginal people who are in bloodline with that old white grandmother of ours. She hated the fact that all her boys had affairs with Aboriginal women, but they defied her.

We are proud of one another you know! We're not like the old grandmother! If she was still alive today she would have turned her back on us, but all the extended family get on well now.

There is no use in continually holding grudges against people, to whom we feel are responsible for what happened to the stolen children. We have to get on with our lives, acknowledge what happened and move on. ■

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Dream of buying a new car for Christmas? How about a model car instead?

Daniel Parsons stocks one of the largest ranges of Collectable Cars in Australia, right here in Braidwood. All makes and models of cars, trucks, motorbikes and trains are on display. There are also electric train sets and kits to make.

Daniel says, "We all have different tastes, so I try to cater for everyone". Prices range from \$2.50 up to \$800. Daniel can ship your purchase to anywhere — Australia or overseas.

Daniel is also the Australian Importer of Ignition Model Datsun Cars, and has been rated one of the top model car suppliers on Google.

Call in to find that perfect gift for any car enthusiast. Car Models of Braidwood is situated at the Village Terrace on the Bateman's Bay Rd (Lascelles St), Braidwood. Look for the chequered flags out the front.



Stop! Looking for the perfect gift for a car enthusiast?
Don't wait ...
Go! and see Daniel at Car Models of Braidwood

One of the biggest range of Collectable Cars in Australia.



Car Models of Braidwood

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