NOTICE OF GENERAL MEETING

The 3rd General Meeting of the Society for 1984 will be held in the S.A.Museum Education Building, North Terrace Adelaide on :-

MONDAY 28TH MAY 1984 AT 8.00 PM.

AGENDA

1. Apologies.

2. Minutes of the previous General Meeting:
   Minutes of the previous General Meeting, held Monday 30th April 1984, to be confirmed. A copy of these minutes is attached.

3. Papers and journals:
   Papers and journals received since the last general meeting, from other societies and organizations will be tabled at the meeting.

4. Business:
   The Council of this Society has decided to offer Vernon Tolcher Honorary Life Membership, in recognition of his many valued services to the Society.

5. Speaker:
   Margaret Nobbs, Site Recorder, will address the meeting. The title of her address will be:-

      'A preliminary report on the Panaramitee Style of Rock Art in Ollary Province'

6. Supper will be served and a Trading Table held.
'I have a tribal name, it is called Ngitji Ngitji....I come from a place called Hamilton Bore, 50 kilometres north of Godnatarra and 55 south of the Northern Territory border, and I spent my childhood there with my people. Not having books (like you know you've got papers there), learning by that method, this is oral history, so I was taught orally about every aspect of my life, and repetition is one of the things that was used, too. Things were told to us over and over again so that we could remember, and I have a very exciting - or frightening - story, I suppose, as far as I'm concerned, about the police.

Now, I never ever feel very comfortable when there's a policeman around, because in the 1930s I think that most Aboriginal children had to be taken away - yes, part-Aboriginal children had to be taken away and put in a home. But my mother, and my grandfather and grandmother hid me all the time. My father, he was a ganger on the railways, and my uncle, he was a blacktracker with the policemen, so we knew exactly when the police were coming, so.....I would go out in the bush, maybe for two or three weeks, with my mother. My mother was a very wonderful woman, and she would take me out there. When it was time for us to come back, somebody would come and tell us, "Well, the police have gone", and Dad, he would leave (my Dad was European, Irish) and he used to leave food along the railway line, and my mother knew exactly where to go for the food while we were in the bush. So, I was very lucky.

But one day, I don't know, the communications must have got crossed, because we were living in our camp, in our Ngura or Wiltja (humpy); everybody was sitting down because it was very, very hot that day. Up in the north it gets around about 100 in the shade, you know, you can't even walk on the ground because you're frightened your feet are going to burn. So you sit in your Ngura. And as we were sitting in our Ngura (I couldn't speak any English, of course) I could hear all this commotion going on. "Policeman, policeman, policeman". So mother and I were sitting in this Ngura, and Mum said, "Now the policeman has come and I have to dig a hole inside this Ngura so the policeman won't take you away, and when I dig this hole, I'm going to put you inside and just cover it up so your head will be showing, but you must not sneeze, cough, cry or anything because you'll be taken away and we will never, ever see you again".

And so, she did this to me. Then our people like a lot of dogs, you know, they usually have a lot of dogs around the place, but I think on that particular day they must have shoed about 20 dogs into this little Ngura, or Wiltja, so the dogs would be lying around where I was and mother would put a blanket around me as well. I was just striving away there for breath, you know, it was so hot I thought I was going to die.

And then you could hear the policeman walking around and the people talking. "You got 'em half caste kids anywhere?" - this was the policeman saying and my uncle, he'd interpret - he jolly well knew that there was a half caste kid somewhere around the place! Any anyway, he came near to mother's Ngura, and he said, "You got 'em half caste kid?" Uncle interpreted, and Mum said, "No, we got no half caste kid", and here's this poor half caste kid almost dying! But I wasn't allowed to make any noise.

It left me with a very, very suspicious feeling about policemen - and Warkatjara; in the olden days they used to have a stripe down (the side of their trousers). So whenever I saw a man with a Warkatjara, I always felt this sort of withdrawal from the policemen.'