

FEELING OF INFERIORITY

I was able to ignore the remarks: “poor little aboriginal boy” during my school days at St. Francis’ House, Semaphore.

But others didn’t forget and did not have the will-power to overcome this feeling of inferiority.

They gave up. They returned to the shacks or missions provided for them.

Now they are content to live on charity, accept money and clothing, and yet silently despise their benefactors.

Their children are brought up to believe that they have no chance but to live in squalor and gain relief from boredom by turning to the bottle.

These people should be made to stand on their own feet.

EQUAL RIGHTS NEEDED

They should be thrown out into the world—WITH EQUAL RIGHTS—and told to make a living the same as other people.

Many would fail. There would be trouble over drink.

You cannot expect a miracle overnight—the white races took thousands of years to get where they are today.

Part-aborigines and their children would learn to look after themselves.

But they could not be treated as something different—something to be despised.

The children should be the main concern of everyone.

Much is being done—but it is being done the wrong way.

What the children need is supervision as close as possible to that provided by normal parents.

HOMES FOR CHILDREN

They must live in decent homes—not large barrack-type buildings where they become just numbers.

Houses catering for five or six children with a woman dedicated to her job, not a woman doing it just for the money.

Don’t think I don’t appreciate what is being done by some people.

Once the education of a part-aboriginal is finished the struggle does not end.

If he finds—as I have done—that certain things are denied him he may shrug his shoulders and decide to live his life as normally as possible.

He can get on to a certain extent that way. But he must always ignore that nagging voice—“You are different from the rest”.

He meets people who try to treat him right—they try so hard that they drive him away.

They parade him before their friends, as if to say, “Look, a real aboriginal savage who can speak English and work”.

But there is even a greater danger to the part-aboriginal—his own people.

Once he has made his place in the city he wants to visit his relatives—under the present set-up the number can run into fantastic figures.

JEALOUSY SPOILS IT

He is praised and admired—then jealousy takes over.

He is sponged on and followed wherever he goes—sometimes from State to State.

If he can shake them off he is reasonably safe.

It is not always possible. Then his work deteriorates, the jibes and ridicule from his own people demoralise him.

They say—

“YOU can’t live like a white man.

“If YOU are equal to them why haven’t you full rights?

“Just try to marry a white girl and see what happens.”

The inferiority complex returns. He gives up his work and joins the herd.

Given full rights and freedom, this would still happen in many cases, but would eventually die out.

Give these people a chance—the hard way if necessary.

Give them full rights and then you can expect them to be assimilated into the Australian way of life.



Pretty Rachael Mundine, of Baryulgil, who is a champion athlete, is seen here with some of her prizes