

Paddy and Francis, had no tent. Nor did we, this time—only a bag tent on a frame. We couldn't afford tents. Guess where Paddie and Francie slept? In the thistles! Hah, we gave them a blanket and Santa Claus came to their old sock in the thistles!

"They were rough old days, but good too. And funny—we had some marvellous laughs. I miss the life because we had something beautiful there. That's one thing about the dark people—they never see anyone short, no fear.

"When the season was on, there'd be camps in all the lanes. There'd be Condo lane, where the Condobolin people lived, Cowra lane and so on. We'd all meet at the two-up. The cops never caught us. At odd times they might try, but by the time they arrived, there'd be nobody there. So in the end they didn't bother us at all. They'd never come near us unless there was trouble, or complaints from the wives.

"I remember a big two-up school at a place called The Willows. First two dogs began fighting. Then two men fought about the dogs. Then two women started arguing about the men fighting.

Then a gun went off. Me and old Granny Ettie Goolagong—she was a lot older than me—we were in the lead when everybody scattered. We never waited for any more!

"I've had ten children of my own. I also reared five of my brother-in-law's kids when their mother died. Through the years, I've collected others, too. I'm rearing my twenty-second child now. The last two are still with me. It's hard—I get only \$38 a fortnight. With the help of the Foundation and the Smith Family and so on, I get by. But I'm trying to get back to the mission at Cowra. Living is cheaper in the country.

"People have asked me why I'm willing to take other people's kids. It isn't right, maybe, to let other people dodge their responsibilities like that. The dark people who want to dodge this sort of thing can, because there's always someone who'll take the kids. But if you see a little child, and you know that the mother doesn't care for it, you *have* to take them. It's in us, this feeling. It's part of the same thing in the dark people that makes them give you a cup of tea, even if it's the last thing they've got. It's not bad and I'm glad they're like that. It makes life happier, somehow. . . ."



Mr Doug Scott busy in January doing one of the many jobs required to renovate the Aboriginal Arts and Crafts shop at the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs