



NGALUK WAANGKINY

US TALKING | STORIES OF RESILIENCE



NGALUK WAANGKINY

STORIES OF RESILIENCE

This book is dedicated to the ten courageous, wise and trailblazing Elders who generously shared their life's journey during this storytelling project.

Their triumphs over adversity, tireless fight for human rights and constant advocacy for respect and recognition leaves a powerful and lasting legacy.

We pay our respects to the Elders who passed during the making of this book and we thank them for gifting their stories so future generations can learn from them, heal and move forward.

This book shares images and vignettes of each of their lives. It serves to complement a series of in-depth podcast interviews featuring each Elder, and a short film documenting their reconciliation journey with the City of Perth.

Their stories, in their words – their legacy.

Always was. Always will be. Aboriginal land.

CAN acknowledges the Noongar people of the Bibbulmun nation as the traditional custodians of the land and waters on which we live and work. We pay our respect to Elders past and present and honour all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders as the first people of this nation. CAN is proud to work with people from all cultures, but we do so on the understanding of First Peoples, first.

Kalyakoorl Kwadja Be, Kalyakoorl Boorda Be.

Always Was, Always Will Be.

WARNING: Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people are advised that the images, names and stories of deceased Elders in this publication have been used with their permission.

Cover photo: (left to right) Aunty Muriel Bowie, Aunty Margaret Culbong, Aunty Doolann Leisha Eatts, Uncle Albert McNamara, Uncle Noel Nannup, Uncle Ben Taylor, Aunty Irene McNamara, Aunty Theresa Walley, Uncle Farley Garlett, Uncle Walter Eatts.

Image created using stills taken by Hugh Sando (courtesy of ABC Perth).



NGALUK WAANGKINY

We listen with our hearts and acknowledge your memories, the memories of your families and the heartfelt stories that you bring to our communities.

To all reading this now, listen and understand why these stories are being told – to give hope and healing to a past that was broken.

Now a partnership has been formed to heal and go forward.

A future to hope for, a belonging to care for and courage to go forward with your families.

Geri Hayden
Chair, CAN Aboriginal Advisory Group





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Listen to podcasts with the Elders.
Watch the documentary.



“

I was taken away. In the middle of the night. There I was asleep in my bed and black figure came into my room and grabbed me, wrapped me around in a blanket and took me and placed me in the back of a truck. By morning, we were at Carrolup.”

My Legacy Is My Family

Aunty Theresa Walley

Stolen as a child, Aunty Theresa Walley spent her life building and supporting a family that the authorities couldn't take away.

Theresa Walley was a multi award-winning author, an acclaimed artist, a cultural historian and tour guide, the founder of Perth's first Aboriginal corporation, a survivor of the Stolen Generations, a social justice campaigner, and a much-loved matriarch.

But when asked what she considered to be her legacy, her answer was simple: "My family".

"I am so proud of all my children and grandchildren. They're good people; my greatest achievement."

At the age of seven, Theresa and her brothers were snatched from their beds in the middle of the night and bundled into a Native Welfare Department truck. Her mother, in a blind panic, managed to jump into the back of the truck with them. Eight hours later, they were emptied out at Carrolup mission in the Great Southern.

The children remained there until their mother was able to negotiate to get them back.

But the homecoming was short lived.

The family was constantly harassed by Native Welfare. Theresa's mother made the painful decision to surrender her kids herself.

The family walked for two days, before arriving at the doors of New Norcia Mission.

"Mum thought I'd be safe there... I had an Aunty that looked after me from the day I got in there. I was talking to her... and the next minute Mum disappeared. She went out slowly and shut the door and I didn't see her again until I was 16."

When they were reunited, Theresa's mother was homeless and living in a park in Guildford.

"Looking at Mum – a blind woman with no help from anybody – that broke my heart. Not my living in the mission. Not my being taken away. But seeing a blind woman in the park with no help from anyone. That broke my heart."

Over the years Theresa was able to reconnect with her siblings. She found her brothers by bumping into them in the street.

"I found [out] that I had a sister in Pinjarra, so I went one weekend to see my sister with my mother. I was too afraid to go on my own, so I went with my mother and went to see my sister for the first time."

It was there she met her husband and together they had seven children.

Theresa's journey to reclaim her language and culture came after her children finished school and left home. She enrolled at TAFE in the eighties.

"They said, 'Do you want to be a writer?' And I said, 'I don't know what we're going to write about.' So I wrote my first book, *Blue Book*, a book of little stories about going to school in York."

She has also written books in language. She wishes she had written more books, but regrets that "my eyes have gone on me."

Theresa Walley passed away in July 2021, surrounded by her loving family. A childhood spent pining for family inspired a lifetime committed to hers.

Photo on page 4: Theresa Peterson and Tyrique Champion with their Great Grandmother.

Family photo on page 7: (left to right) Charmaine Champion, Doreen Champion, Cheryl Martin, Theresa Peterson and Tyrique Champion with Theresa Walley







“

I belong to Whadjuk Noongar boodjar through my grandmother, Fanny Yurleen Bennell and her dad belongs to Kings Park, Lake Monger, Jack Monger Bennell... They lived there for years before Captain Stirling came in with the Red Coat troops and slaughtered them and chased them off.”

Righting Wrongs

Aunty Doolann Leisha Eatts

Respected Whadjuk Ballardong Elder Doolann Leisha Eatts has a story to tell, a story she has been waiting most of her life to share. Sadly Aunty Doolann passed away before this book went to print, but she was determined her story would be shared.

It was one she heard as a child, passed down to her by her grandmother. A terrifying, eyewitness account of a massacre that started in Kings Park and ended at Lake Monger, or Gallup as it is traditionally known.

These places are celebrated as jewels in Perth's tourist crown. Few know the hidden, darker history of these sites.

"My grandmother told me about Kings Park. She was a little girl. One day her sister and brother were looking for bird eggs and they saw this boat coming down the river.

"The boat had four things on the back. They didn't know what they were, but their mother told them they were horses and that the white people rode them."

Days later, they realised what the horses were for. They heard them galloping towards their camp. Doolann's great grandparents grabbed the children and fled.

The Red Coats were shooting all of the Aboriginal people. Some were killed, others wounded. Doolann's family just kept running and hid in thick bushland.

After the attack in Kings Park, the survivors moved down to Lake Monger. Then the horses came again. At sundown. The Red Coats on horseback.

"Everyone started to run and sing out, 'Gert, gert, koorliny!' They were running everywhere. And all the young people ran into the lake because they were cornered. And again. So many shot. So much wounded. One Aboriginal man tried to spear one of the troopers. They shot his face off. He was running with his face shot off.

"My grandmother used to cry when she told us that story. We'd cry with her."

Doolann remembers a time when she was staying at St John of God Hospital in Subiaco. She was in a room, overlooking Gallup – Lake Monger.

As soon as she turned the light off to go to sleep, she could hear screaming and shouting and crying.

"It was that bad, I couldn't ignore it. It was tormenting me. I talked to my grandma so many times. I slept with her in the mia mia and she used to tell me stories about the slaughter."

She had a vision. Her grandmother showed her what happened. She knew this was a message that she must tell this story. As painful as it is, she shares these memories with others, because these massacres must be included as part of our state's history.

Aunty Doolann's dream is that one day a memorial will be erected at Lake Monger. A long overdue act of truth-telling, in remembrance of the Whadjuk families who were killed during colonisation.







“

I wasn't wanted by my white side and I didn't know how to break into my Aboriginal side, so I was just somewhere in between, in limbo more or less... not black, not white, not wanted.”

Not Black. Not White. Not Wanted.

Uncle Walter Eatts



There's a reason Uncle Walter Eatts chose this as the title for the first book he authored – it sums up a big part of his life.

The product of a mother from the Stolen Generations and a father who was white, Uncle Walter was well into adulthood before he came to know and appreciate his Aboriginal heritage.

“Mum couldn't teach me any culture because that was stripped from her by the nuns and the priests. No language. No land. No people. Mum would never talk about her people. When we'd ask questions, she'd just clam up.”

Uncle Walter's parents met and fell in love at Beagle Bay Mission in the Kimberley.

“Mum couldn't put enough dust between herself and the priests and nuns at Beagle Bay.”

The family moved east, settling in Queensland. Uncle Walter spent many years working on stations, breaking horses, droving and fighting in boxing tents. It was only later in life that he returned to Western Australia.

“I had no identity, no culture.”

But then he met Doolann Leisha Garlett – a strong, Whadjuk Ballardong yorga, whose cultural strength and knowledge inspired Uncle Walter to dig into his own family history and piece together the missing parts of his life.

“No one can ever say in 55 years that I ever took a step in front of her. I've always been a step behind her because my love and respect for her was that strong that I'd never break a protocol of her being the Elder.”

Although he spent many years lost in an identity wilderness, his 55-year marriage to Leisha led him back to his culture and his place as a respected Elder in Boorloo/Perth.

“When Leisha brought all that back to me, the things that I had lost, or never ever had, like my identity and all that, I was able to live a constructive life.”

It may have taken Uncle Walter all those years to find his voice, but since he has, he's used it to fight for Aboriginal rights. He has authored seven truth-telling books, all self-published.

And he's about to start work on a eighth book. This one will be a tribute to his beloved wife Leisha.

Uncle Walter Eatts is proud to call himself a poet, an author, storyteller, and a songwriter. But most importantly of all, an Aboriginal Elder.







“

We kept in the bush because Native Welfare was always around and they'd come along and grab the kids and take them away... One minute your cousins are there and then the next they're down at Roelands Mission.”

The Last of the Bush Babies

Aunty Muriel Bowie

Muriel came into the world on 9 July 1941. She was born under a gum tree with all of her aunts delivering her.

“I was a bush baby. I call myself a bush baby because my mum wasn’t allowed in the hospital in those days.”

One of ten children, Aunty Muriel had a happy childhood living on Ballardong country. Her mother and father worked clearing farms around York and Beverley.

She reflects on why they spent so much time in the bush, living on the outskirts of town.

“I think they had us in the bush all the time so we didn’t come in contact with welfare...cause Mum and Dad knew the welfare van would just pull in, chuck kids in the van and off they go. They’d end up in New Norcia or Mogumber.

“One minute your cousins are there and the next they’re down at Roelands Mission.”

While other families were being torn apart by the Department of Native Welfare’s policy of child removal, Aunty Muriel’s family stayed under the radar, thus staying together.

It was later in life she came to realise just how fortunate a life she’d had.

Muriel completed a counselling qualification at TAFE and became a welfare worker at a women’s refuge in Perth. Many of the Aboriginal women seeking help were of the Stolen Generations. They’d been taken from their families and placed in missions or orphanages.

“It had a big impact on me because they never knew their mother. And I had a mother and a father. It’s terrible to think that you don’t even know your mother or father or brother or sister. Here I was lucky with four brothers and five sisters. It inspired me to make a difference because I would think how could they take babies away from their mother and father?”

Muriel did make a difference. She spent decades working in welfare, helping Aboriginal women get back on their feet, helping them to reconnect with family.

She was one of the founding members of Yorgum, a healing service that still serves the community today.

Even in retirement, she continues to serve. She is an Elder researcher for the Telethon Kids Institute, an advisor to the City of Perth and a representative on many community groups.

Despite all she has achieved, Muriel says her grandchildren are her proudest legacy.

Having left school at 12, Muriel went back to study in her late thirties so she could help her own children with their school work.

Her message to the next generation is clear and strong: “Get educated. Get into parliament. We need more Aboriginal people in parliament if we’re going to make lasting change. The next generation could have Australia’s first Aboriginal Prime Minister.”

Family photo on page 19, from left to right: Dorell Walley, Courtney Bowie, Muriel Bowie, Jason Bowie, Shannon Bowie, Jayron Bowie, Michelle Winmar, Josiah Bowie, Deacon Walley.







“

I stopped going to the cafe across the road where I live because police are coming in all the time... and that uniform make me go back 80 years when they come and took me away.”

The Power of Protest

Uncle Ben Taylor Cuiermara

It's been nearly seventy years since he was inside these walls. In the Fremantle Prison's Noongars-only exercise yard, Uncle Ben Taylor grabs his tapping sticks and starts speaking to his ancestors.

"The spirits of my relatives and my people who walked this land and were locked up in here for nothing are now at rest and at peace, the horrors of this prison for Aboriginal people I will never forget."

These days, the prison is one of Western Australia's top tourist attractions. It's a World Heritage Site, lauded for its cultural significance.

But for Uncle Ben and some of his family members, it was a place of misery and suffering.

Uncle Ben's father did time here. His crime was supplying wine to his brother.

In his late teens/early twenties, Uncle Ben also found himself sentenced to time behind bars.

He was sent to the state's most notorious gaol, Fremantle Prison, for minor offences.

It would set him on a path to becoming a human rights activist.

Uncle Ben Taylor has been fighting for justice for longer than most of us have been alive.

Long before the Black Lives Matter movement swept through the world, Uncle Ben was working tirelessly to protect the lives of Aboriginal people in custody. He was a leading national voice on the Deaths in Custody Watch Committee and Royal Commission into Deaths in Custody.

Uncle Ben has been the voice and the face of justice, inspired by his family and first-hand experiences of incarceration and attending the funerals and mourning the losses of too many lives at the hands of police, .

His activism has taken him all the way to South Africa where he sat with Desmond Tutu and spoke about how Australia provided South Africa with the blueprint for Apartheid.

Uncle Ben's path to activism came via the church when he encountered an Irish priest who preached about injustice at the pulpit. Uncle Ben had just been released from goal for the crime of being black and having a drink. Upon his release Father Tiernan introduced him to an Aboriginal counsellor who helped him get sober.

As well as putting down the bottle, Uncle Ben used his experience to help establish an Aboriginal alcohol counselling service in Western Australia.

Now in his eighties, Uncle Ben Taylor shows no signs of slowing down. As long as he can still walk and raise a fist in defiance, he'll be there – protesting for his people.

"I want to be remembered as Uncle Ben Taylor Cuiermara who fought for justice and his people."







“

Racism doesn't change overnight, but it takes action and you've got to do it, because we're been here for 60,000 years and we'll be here for another 60,000.”

The Incredible Nana Beanie

Aunty Margaret Culbong

She calls it her boardroom. A big old table and collection of chairs rescued from a kerbside rubbish collection, tucked in amongst her beloved pot plants, trinkets and old trees in her suburban front yard.

It's here where she will often knit her beanies. Hundreds of them. Mostly in red, black and yellow – the colours of the Aboriginal flag.

Aunty Margaret Culbong is quite famous for carrying a bag of them to hand out at every meeting or public event she attends. She is decolonising Perth, one beanie at a time.

"My grandkids call me Nana Beanie. They love the beanies. My grandson wears a reconciliation beanie. It's got white in it, mixed in with the Aboriginal colours, for reconciliation."

The second of eight children, Aunty Margaret was born and raised on the outskirts of the small southern wheatbelt town of Narrogin. Her mother's nickname for her was Moogedy.

The Culbong children attended the local primary school, but only after her mother sat outside the headmaster's office for a week, demanding they enrol her children.

"My father said we had to learn English – the white man's language to survive in the white man's world."

A gifted student, Aunty Margaret learnt English and was particularly good at maths.

She secured a Country Women's Association scholarship to study business management in Perth, which eventually led to her first job working for the Department of Native Welfare in Narrogin.

It was around this time that her mother left the family and Native Welfare stepped in to make her siblings wards of the state.

Despite working for the department, she had no power to prevent the family from being torn apart.

Heartbreakingly, she was able to have a say in where they were sent. Margaret and her father opted for Sister Kate's home in Perth because they thought it would be better for the children than being sent to a mission.

Growing up experiencing segregation, racism, injustice and state-sanctioned control ignited a fire for activism in her belly.

She studied to become a nurse and then a community health worker. Her work across Western Australia helped revolutionise the way health services were being delivered to Aboriginal people. She was instrumental in establishing the first Aboriginal-controlled medical services in Western Australia.

"We set up Aboriginal community-controlled health services because the doctors and their surgeries and clinics weren't delivering proper services to Aboriginal people because they couldn't understand the Aboriginal people."

In 2021 her contribution to Aboriginal health in Western Australia was recognised when she was awarded an Honorary Doctorate of Science by Curtin University.

Dr "Moogedy" Culbong – an agitator, a trailblazer and also... an incredible knitter!







“

I went back through my Native Welfare reports and I was documented in it from when I was born until I turned 18. There were reports from postmasters, the police, teachers, even shopkeepers – everyone was keeping an eye on us.”

A Life Well Documented

Uncle Farley Garlett



It's been many years since Uncle Farley Garlett walked the halls of Parliament House as an elected representative for the Noongar people. He stands on the steps to the entrance and reflects how it was the humble newspaper that helped him get here.

When he was a child, his grandfather's idea of a good education was learning to count to a hundred and writing your name.

Although Farley was smart enough to win a bursary to go to school in Perth, school did nothing for him, so he left to go to work.

But he always had a passion for learning, for knowledge. He would grab the daily newspaper his stepfather would bring home and read it front to back. It taught him to talk like a politician.

"I had to learn the language to be able to discuss things with them. If I couldn't speak the language, they were never going to understand what I was talking about. It helped me to navigate the white man's world and control it in some ways."

Farley Garlett has spent a big part of his life in public service. He's the former WA Chair and National Commissioner of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission, the national body set up to represent First Nations people in government.

Through these state and national roles, Farley would regularly sit down with the leaders of this country. He had fortnightly meetings with the Premier of Western Australia and the Commissioner of Police. He would travel to Canberra for meetings with the Prime Minister and federal ministers. He would meet with powerful, influential people all over the country trying to pave a better path forward for First Nations people.

But not once could he get a meeting with the Lord Mayor in his hometown of Perth.

Farley Garlett might not have been able to get a foot in the door of Council House back then, but he's sure made up for it now as one of ten Elders on the City of Perth's Elders' Advisory Group.

These days he's not only in the building, he's on the top floor making changes.

"From a kid on the reserves, to the halls of power – a big journey and an interesting journey, but it was a journey I never felt daunted about. It was like I needed to get in there and show them just how good us blackfellas are."



PARLIAMENT OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

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OTHER DOOR





“

Every time I get the opportunity now, I'm always talking to young people and saying - look, you have your old people at home and they are your library. Go and talk to them and find out as much as you can about your family line and hang onto that.”

The Carers of Everything

Uncle Noel Nannup



Uncle Noel Nannup says the Derbarl Yerrigan is so beautiful, it's not fair to pick a favourite place... but if he had to, it would be Dyoondalup.

Western Australia's first Governor James Stirling named the area Point Walter in honour of his brother, but to Noongar people it's Dyoondalup – the place of the spirit woman's long white hair.

Uncle Noel points to the sandbar of white sand in the river – her hair. He then throws a handful of sand into the water, letting the Waugul, the dreamtime serpent, know he's there.

"The energy here is really special to me. I can find myself here charging up my batteries. I love the place. It is so therapeutic. All your troubles and woes pale into insignificance. It's just marvellous."

Uncle Noel is a natural and gifted storyteller. He loves nothing more than being able to share the traditional stories of this land.

It's something he's been doing constantly since retiring from his days as a park ranger.

Uncle Noel was the first Aboriginal Park Ranger in Australia. He spent eleven years working all over Western Australia, mapping Dreaming trails, songlines and teaching others to conserve culture.

Such is respect for his preservation and sharing of cultural knowledge, in 2003 he was awarded an honorary doctorate from Murdoch University.

In 2006, Dr Nannup took all of the stories and knowledge he'd been told over the years and published a book called *The Carers of Everything*.

It's a Nyitting or Dreaming story that explains how humans were given the responsibility to care for the country and all of its creatures. He sees it as his responsibility to share this knowledge with future generations so they can find their totem.

"What I see as my legacy is the youngsters that I have worked with over the years, whether it's been in the schools programs or as a mentor, so they understand life better; they know that they're never alone – there's always an ancestor with them."

Uncle Noel sits beneath the kwel (sheoak) trees and listens to them speak.

"Our DNA is in those trees. That's the connection. We shed our skin as we walk across land. Those trees take it up. It's the tree of names, and in the wind, if you know how to tune in, you'll hear the voice of every person who's ever lived."







“

It wouldn't be even 20, 30 years ago, Aboriginal people couldn't even get a foot in the foyer of the City of Perth. And now we're up on the sixth floor talking with the mayor and making changes.”

Our Home Is Our Castle

Uncle Albert McNamara

Some people say their home cost them an arm and a leg.

Albert and his wife Irene's house cost them a finger. Literally.

Uncle Albert and Auntie Irene McNamara have been married for sixty years and for a good part of it, they've lived in the same house in Perth's southern suburbs.

It's their pride and joy.

Albert and Irene joke that it's the only home they've ever had and the only one they ever want.

They were the first in their family to buy and build their own home, something they're incredibly proud of.

Uncle Albert particularly loves his shed, complete with a cheeky sign hanging over the entry stating it's a registered Aboriginal Heritage Site.

It's been home to their seven children, and so many grannies they've lost count. It's full of love and memories.

So how did a lost finger earn them a house?

When Uncle Albert left school, he took on an apprenticeship as a wood machinist and cabinet maker.

He says he was the only blackfella at the woodworking company and often experienced racism, but he was determined to stick with it.

It eventually paid off. As well as finishing his apprenticeship, he was also promoted to foreman.

"And then I had 18 blokes under me... from every other country and I was still the only blackfella there."

One day he was working with a shaper on a pine board and he hit a knot. He knew he'd injured himself badly. He grabbed hold of his hand and told the boss he needed to go to the doctor.

"When he had a look at my finger and all the congealed blood, he nearly passed out. And, because he was a wadjella, you could see him changing colours... he went from white, to green to pink... and they call us coloured!"

Albert ended up losing part of his ring finger. The compensation he received went towards a deposit on their house.

The home has had many extensions and renovations over the years - mostly done by their children, who have followed his example and all have trades.

Albert and Irene were just teenagers when they met. They both worked at the markets in West Perth.

"Irene used to work in the meat section. It was called Globe Meats, and I used to work in the spud section."

A mutual friend introduced them, thinking they might like to meet because they were both Aboriginal.

They started dating and never looked back. Together they've been active in supporting the community.

A respected Elder, Uncle Albert sits on many advisory committees, including for the cities of Perth, Fremantle and Armadale. He was also part of the national group selected to inform the Australian Government's Indigenous Voice Co-design Process.

"If you want things in life, get off your butt and work for it. Don't sit there with your hand out because you won't get nothing. We worked for what we wanted... and now we've got everything. We've got our house, our cars, a caravan, and a boat. We made it."

Together they not only built their castle, they built their legacy.







“

I went to school at Wandering Mission. It only went to grade four, so I was in grade four for three years! I didn't have much schooling, but I still ended up working for the Education Department for more than 30 years and I'm in their Hall of Fame.”

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Aunty Irene McNamara

A proud Yamatji-Mirrning woman, Aunty Irene McNamara says she was born in Carnarvon, but raised everywhere.

In 1940 her grandmother and eight of her aunts and uncles were put on a boat and sent from Carnarvon to Fremantle. From there, they were taken to Moore River Native Settlement.

“Mum and my aunty were expecting, so when Mum had me, she followed her family down as well and so we went to Moore River.”

Aunty Irene says her early childhood was spent surrounded by her loving family.

But once she reached school age, everything changed. Aunty Irene was taken from her family and put into care at the settlement.

“All the girls used to be locked up in a big dormitory and all the women were kept on another side, so we used to have peepholes where we could see our mothers.

“You’d look through the peephole at night and you’d be crying for your mother.”

They were locked inside the dorm every night. So close to their mothers, but yet so far.

“I never did get to know why they did that.”

When Moore River Settlement closed down in 1949, Aunty Irene and all the other Catholic girls were bundled into trucks and sent to Wandering, St Francis Xavier Mission Farm.

“My aunts and I used to go home every Christmas to my mum, dad and grandmother. After three years, one Christmas we said we didn’t want to go back. Mum and Dad said that’s okay, you don’t have to.”

Her parents fought the Native Welfare Department and won. Aunty Irene came home again.

“My best memories come from at Moora Reserve because everyone looked after the kids. No one came to Moora Reserve to take kids away. It was good because everyone helped look after each other.”

Her fondest memories are of the dances.

“It’s funny, Moora Reserve used to be an army base and there were all cement places (pads) around. So the first people built their houses on the cements, but they left one big one in the middle that had a big chimney and that was our dance floor.”

“So, we had dances there. Everyone played an instrument and we used to do cups of teas and sandwiches to sell. Our camp had this window where you’d lift it up and put a stick in and people would come there and get a cup of tea and sandwich.”

Her love of dancing is something she still shares with her husband of 60 years, Albert. They met in Perth as teenagers and were regulars at dance halls. While they never crossed paths there, they both have fond memories of the famous, Aboriginal-run Coolbaroo Club.

They might be a little bit older but you’ll still find them on the dancefloor at every NAIDOC ball.











CAN unlocks Western Australia's untold stories through community participation in art. Giving voice to the hidden histories of this land and all of its people, stories and art in all their forms are shared to create positive social change, building inclusion and understanding between people.

The stories made visible through CAN's work with Noongar communities and with culturally and linguistically diverse people continue to challenge the historical assumptions and biases that shape Australia's dominant culture.

can.org.au



Cole Baxter

Photographer

Cole Baxter is a Noongar man, born and raised on Whadjuk boodjar. Cole is particularly drawn to observational photography and is actively engaged in community events. He is regularly seen documenting rallies, protests and other political demonstrations in Boorloo/Perth.

"It was an honour to work alongside the Elders, many times hearing them say that this is their *legacy*. I approached each shoot with the utmost care, to respectfully document their stories."



Michelle White

Story Editor

A proud Yamatji storyteller, Michelle is an award-winning, former ABC Journalist, Producer and Broadcaster who has dedicated much of her career to sharing and amplifying the stories of First Nations people. For the past decade Michelle has worked with Community Arts Network, overseeing many First Nation legacy projects.

"From the first time I attended a RAP meeting with the City of Perth Elders group I knew we had to record their stories and preserve their legacy for future generations. It has been an honour and a privilege to share this journey with them."

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To watch the Ngaluk Waangkiny documentary and listen to the podcast visit can.org.au

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