#### Indigenous Knowledges Symposium

## In Practice | Finding Treasures, Building Walls: Indigenous stories in the collections and history of James Cook University Library





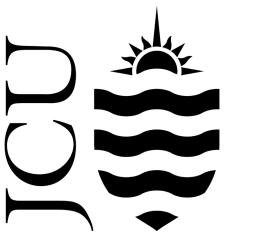
Bronwyn McBurnie, James Cook University Bronwyn Mathiesen, James Cook University





## Finding Treasures, Building Walls: Indigenous stories in the collection and history of JCU Library

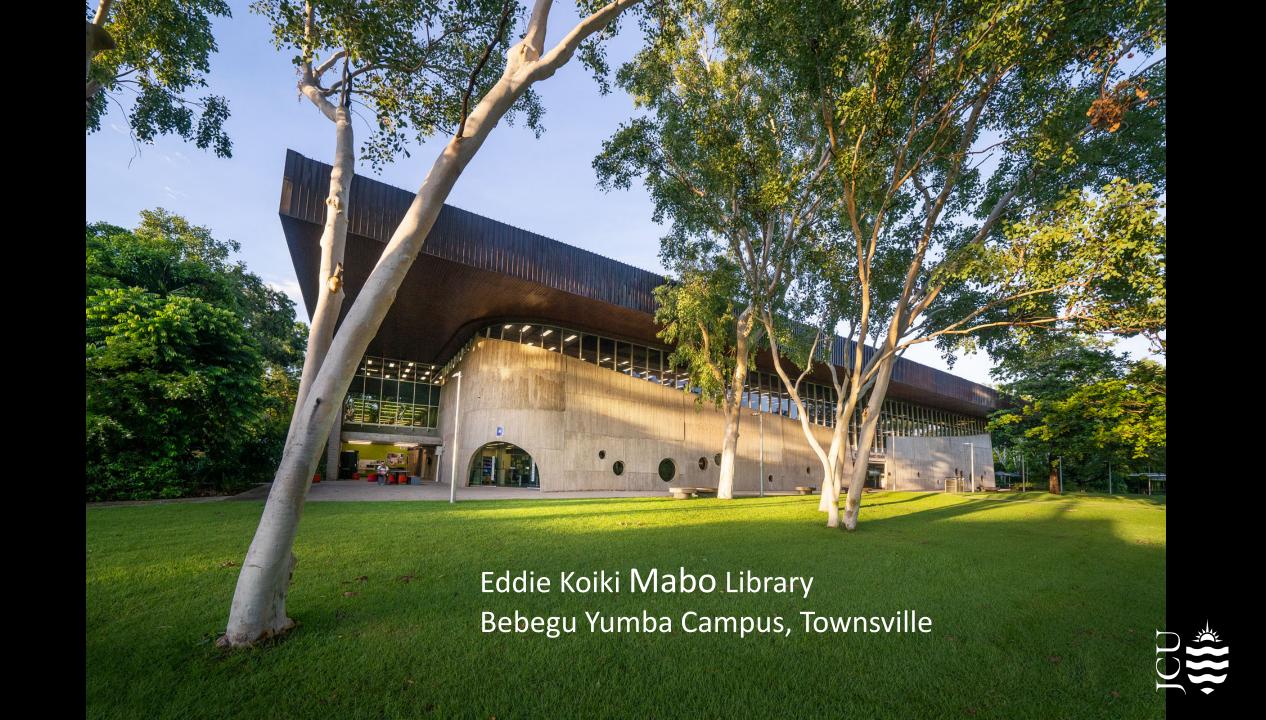
Presented by Bronwyn McBurnie, Manager – Special Collections and Bronwyn Mathiesen, Associate Director – Information and Research Services at James Cook University.



## Cultural Notice

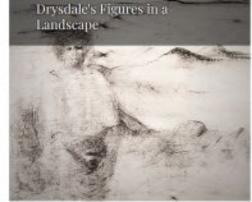
Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people should be aware that this presentation contains images or names of deceased persons.

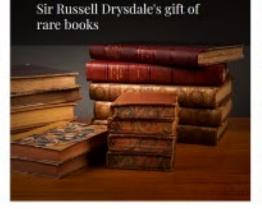




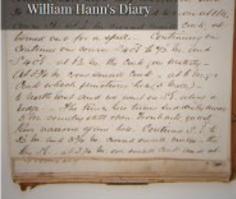


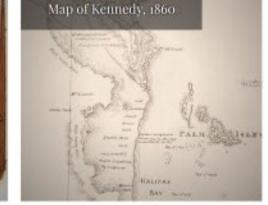
**The investigator (maquette)** by Anton Hasell, ©Anton Hasell 1994 Reproduced with permission of the artist.

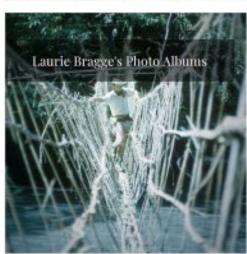


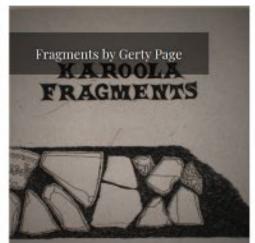


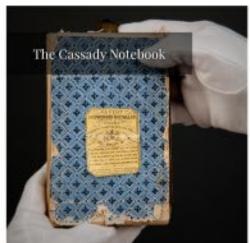


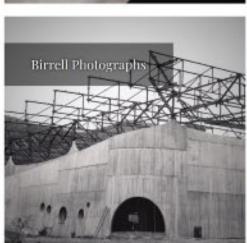


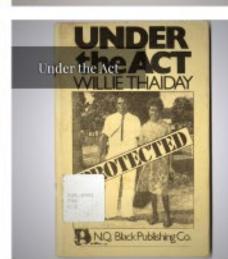


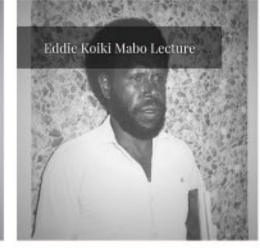






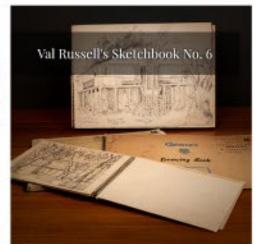












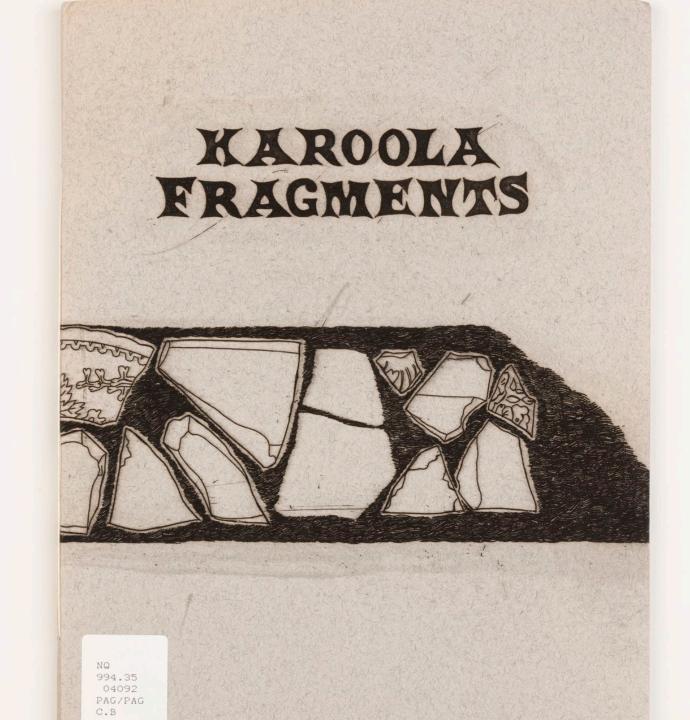


## Eddie Koiki Mabo

Image courtesy of JCU Corporate Records



Fragments: stories and recollections by Gerty Page with etchings by Rochelle Knarston, published 1998, Lyre Bird Press, Townsville, Qld.





#### Mr Scot's wash stand set

The blue was the most beautiful that you've ever seen. That was the wash stand set that belonged to the old man. It came out of Dr Scot-Skirving's house in Sydney when he died.

A lot of things got sent up from Sydney over the years, by his mother and by Madam after the war.

Mr Scot's mother - that was Gradmere - she used to send up parcels and there was always something for everybody. Something for Jeffrey something for me. And she always used to send up round cheese. That was edam cheese. Oh that was great. It was quite a big ball and he'd cut the top off and scoop it out. It'd last for a long time.



I remember once, Ann sent up a tinned Canard - duck - and I don't like duck and he didn't either. I can't tell you what he said but it was like, "Give it to the bloody cats," he said. Cats wouldn't eat it. So anyway, he told Ann not to send any more.

In Christmas 1965, my sister Joyce sent the real thing. As the mailman carefully lifted the crate off the mail lorry, he made the remark to anyone ready to take him on the bet that "this duck will be with us this time next year". On the eve of the execution, we had torrential rain and Dora (as she was already named) was seen to be swimming around the yard and looking most picturesque. Seemed a pity to kill her when she was having such a good time and enjoying herself. Wouldn't hurt to keep her for Easter. Everybody ate duck for Easter and if they didn't we could be the only ones. Of course, by then she was laying eggs under the copper, in the ashes.

She was quiet, often made a mess on the plank that connected the kitchen to the house, ate grasshoppers, shared the fowl's corn, chased the cats (she was popular for this vice) and took their meat. In short she was an asset about the place.

As the first, second and third year rolled around, any talk of execution was never mentioned.

#### decorative dinner set.

Monday nights we always had an easy meal. Might have been chops. If it was winter, we always had soup. And we always had boiled rice and apricots. That was the pudding for Mondays, because the cook had too much to do.

acourage par loss of

I had to do the washing. Yes, I washed all day Monday, especially if we'd had visitors.

Out in the old copper and the tubs and draining board. As we had no water laid on, it had to be carried in buckets to fill the copper. You'd cut up your soap into it and they were nice and fresh, they smelt lovely.



And you had a clothes line outside, propped up with a wooden stick. Just the one line. Of course, it dried quickly - it dried lovely. But quite often, the prop stick'd come down and all your wet clothes'd come with it. And then you had to put it all back into the boiler and do it over again. Oh yes.

And we didn't ever have Pot's irons at Karoola. We had petrol irons - petol pumping irons. Your had to fold the clothes in a damp sheet that I'd keep in a box. And then I might have ironed that night. I might have ironed the next day. The sheet kept them damp. I didn't have an ironing board. I had a blanket and sheet on a table.

And I didn't have a sink to wash in. I had a big tin basin.

I always took great pride in boiling sheets, towels and pillow slips. It was very satisfactory to see a line of fresh, white, sun - dried clothes. That is when they stayed on the line.

#### wash stand jugs and bowls

When I first came to Karoola, there was an enamel basin in the end room. A jug, a basin, a toothbrush holder, long like a soap dish. And Susan had an enamel one in her room. I can see it now. It was blue with flowers all over it. Her soap dish was oval, and she had the standing up jug, and a beautiful deep wash basin.

The lime green was Mrs Scot - Skirving's wash stand set.

The dark green was the set from the Fethers' room.

The Fethers lived on Albrighton, over the other side of the Diamantina. They used to come over every weekend, and they had their own room.

Oh yes, I had to do all the cooking, but I didn't mind.



When the Fethers went away, I took up that room. But by then, the green wash stand set was gone. I made the other room next door - the old box room - into



Gerty Page with the Fragments, 1998.

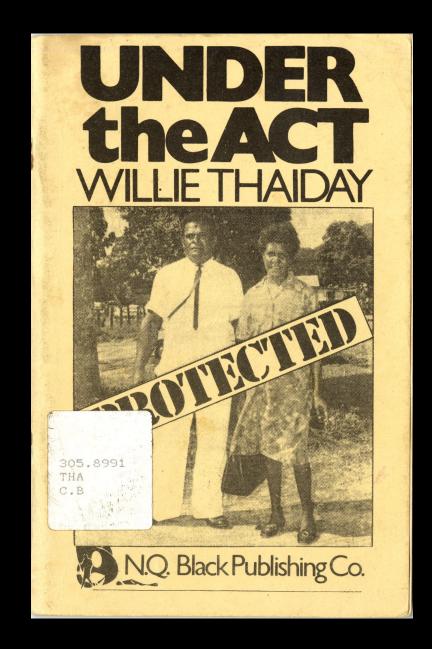
Photograph by Ron McBurnie



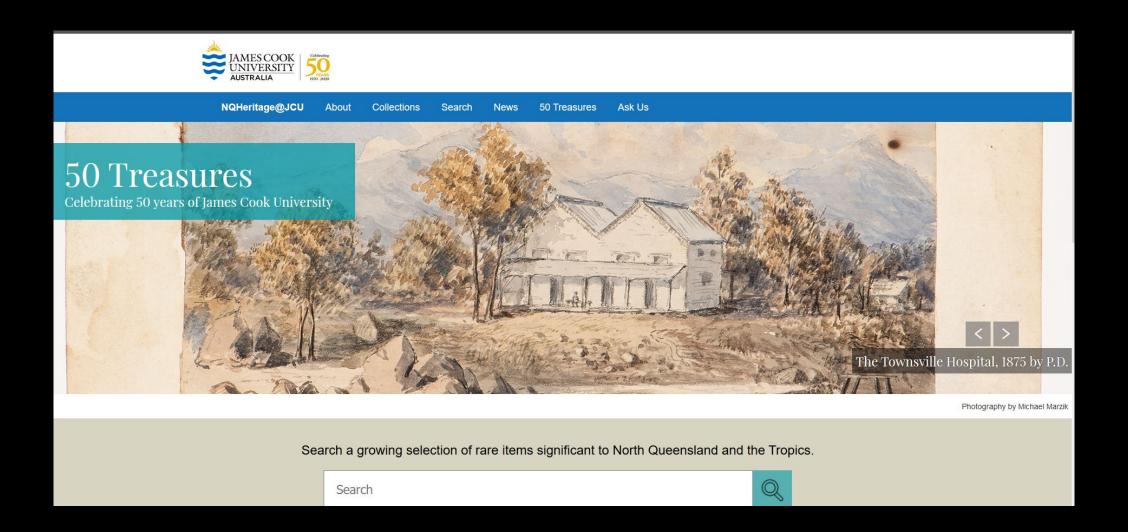


Husband yarding Wife Gain'-Dead Boral Jugh yellabai gone away That will do Wora Windo - amola





















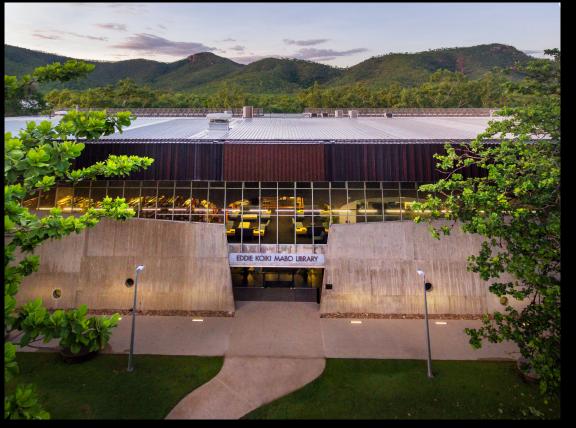














### Wadda Mooli

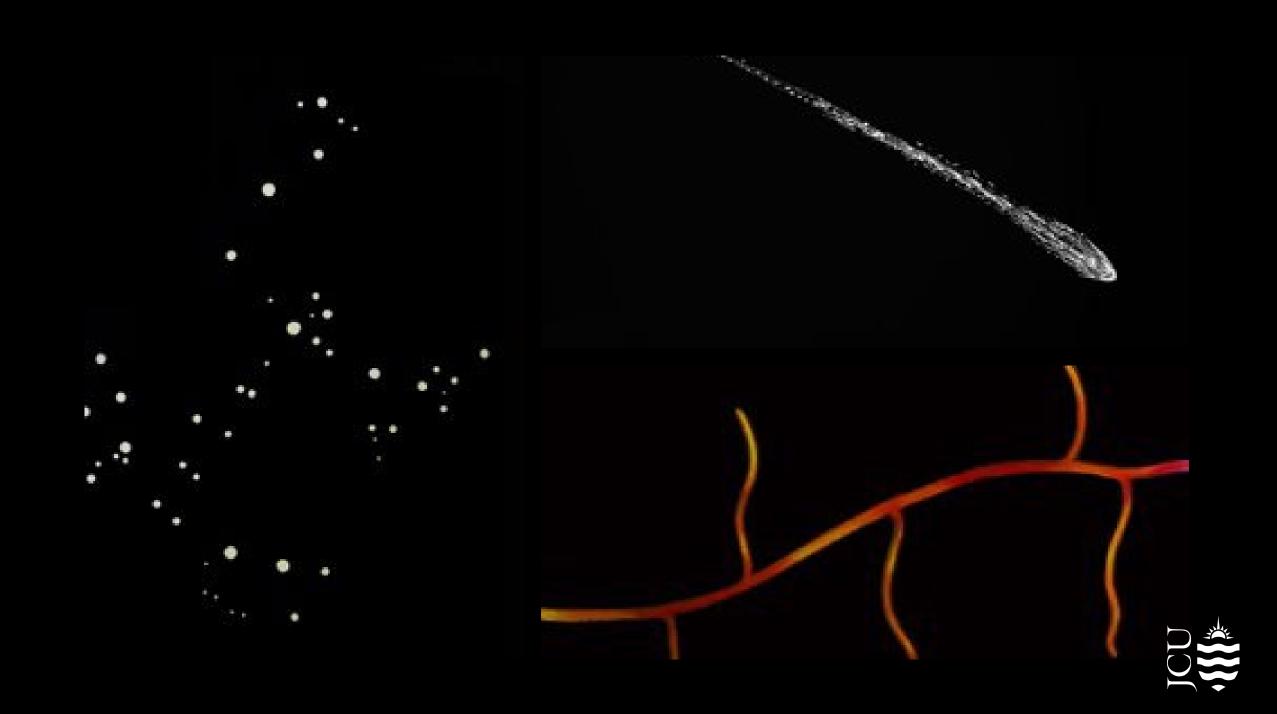
Welcome, greetings and goodbye in the Birrigubba language

At James Cook University, we acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of this land are the Bindal people (who are part of the Birrigubba nation). They have been living on this land, where the Douglas, Townsville campus is situated, for thousands of generations.

The boundaries of Bindal land are the Ross River in the north, the Burdekin River in the south, the ocean to the east and where the Hervey and Leichhardt Ranges meet in the west.

We pay respect to their culture, and their Elders, past, present and emerging. We also acknowledge and pay respect to their direct neighbours to the north, the Gurambilbarra Wulgurukaba People.















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#### Acknowledgement of Country

#### Wadda Mooli

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- Slide 20 Anita Keating & Bonita Mabo © Mabo Family Collection & A meeting of Aboriginal representatives, ministers and Prime Minister Paul Keating, 27 April 1993, discussing the Mabo decision. The painting is a work by Mr W. Rubuntja, who was also present at the meeting. Courtesy of National Archives of Australia NAA: A13966, 930538
- Slide 21 James Cook University Douglas Campus land on Bindal country courtesy of JCU
- Slide 23 Artworks representing Bindal and Torres Strait Islander traditional symbols by Bernadette Boscacci

