



# BOAB BULLETIN

No. 97

April 2010

## NOTICE OF GENERAL MEETINGS

commencing 7.15 for 7.30 p.m. at  
Shenton Park Community Centre, corner Onslow and Herbert Roads

Wednesday, 2 June 2010

**UWA Students (St Catherine's and St George's Colleges)**  
**"Community projects at Halls Creek and Looma"**

Wednesday, 7 April 2010

**Quentin Hall (IT specialist)**  
**"Adventures of Computer Support in the Kimberley  
(or I'll go anywhere, any time in any conditions)"**

Wednesday, 5 May 2010

**Corioli Souter (Dept. of Maritime Archaeology, WA Museum)**  
**"Shipwrecks of the Kimberley"**

Members and visitors are invited to stay for supper after the meeting.  
The Society asks a \$2.00 hospitality fee from non-members.

### DATES OF INTEREST FOR 2010

May 1–2	Australia's North West Expo (Broome)
May 14–30	Argyle Diamonds Ord Valley Muster (Kununurra, Wyndham & beyond)
May 29	Airnorth Kimberley Moon Experience (Kununurra)
July 2–18	Golden Derby Boab Festival (Derby)
July/August	Rodeo and Campdraft (Fitzroy Crossing, Halls Creek, Kununurra, Derby)
August 27 +	Shinju Matsuri Festival, ends on 4 September (Broome)
August 28–30	Kimberley Writers Festival (Kununurra)

## FROM THE PRESIDENT

This is my first newsletter contact with members following my election as President at the March meeting and I thought a little background on my “love affair” with the Kimberley would be an appropriate point at which to start.

In 1996 my wife, Elizabeth, and I caught a plane to Broome, hired a 4WD vehicle and some basic camping gear and headed off up the Gibb River Road to the Mitchell Falls. Foolishly I brought with me a satellite phone (in those days something like a laptop computer) and unfortunately our trip terminated at the King Edward River crossing due to a business crisis. However I had seen enough to be “hooked”. The space, remoteness and beauty of the environment were almost overpowering and we both vowed to return as often as possible. Subsequently I have done a series of walks down many of the major rivers and Elizabeth has shared some of these with me. There are few places in the world where you can walk for 10–12 days and not see another human being. The wonderful scenery, flowing water and sense of isolation are quite intoxicating. Add to this the beauty and mystery of the prolific Aboriginal rock art and it is little wonder that we hope to keep doing this for as long as our bodies (and minds) are capable.

Some of my fellow walkers were Kimberley Society members and encouraged me to join the Society and for the last 3 years I have been Secretary on the Society’s Council. The Kimberley Society, through its monthly meetings and interesting talks, has afforded me the opportunity to learn a lot about different aspects of the region and through this I have developed a keen interest in the archaeology and the history of the exploration and settlement of the Kimberley. Given this interest it was a great pleasure to be involved with the organisation of the Society’s interesting and informative day-long history seminar entitled **Kimberley History: People, Exploration and Development** to be held at The University Club, University of Western Australia on Saturday March 27.

In closing I would like to thank my predecessor as President, Hamish McGlashan, for the sterling work he did and I look forward to working with the Council in pursuing the objectives of the Society.

*Jeffrey J Gresham*

## GOODBYE TO A LARRIKIN MATE

On 25 January, Campbell Cornish passed away in Broome at the age of 69. A close mate of Kimberley Society member Ian Elliot since 1970, when they both worked in the Lands Department in Perth, Campbell was also known to some of the other members. A man of unbounded energy and many talents, he was an electrician turned artist, sculptor, teacher, exhibition organiser, tour guide and bush chef. His outback activities included preparing and serving up scrumptious meals, first, for customers of a friend’s 4WD tagalong outfit, Campfire Escapes, and later, for those on his own OKA tours on the Gibb River Road. His art ranged from his favourite sculpted female nudes to the fully clad bust of Professor Fred Alexander, which has long graced Perth’s Alexander Library. He also painted landscapes in acrylics.

Campbell leaves behind his wife Belinda, who owns the Gecko Gallery in Broome, his daughters Leah and Audra from an earlier marriage, and Leah’s daughter Stanton. He will be greatly missed by his family, friends, and the many other people with whom he shared conversations, drinks and good times. Torrance Mendez paid tribute to Campbell with an obituary in *The West Australian* on 10 March.

## **BUSHWALKING IN THE KIMBERLEY, 2009**

On 3 February 2010, a large audience enjoyed four short, illustrated presentations in which Kimberley Society members spoke enthusiastically about their bushwalking experiences from the previous year. Their notes about the presentations appear below.

### **Glycosmis Bay Bush Walk (contributed by Jeffrey J Gresham)**

In early July, a party of 11 intrepid bushwalkers, the majority of whom are Kimberley Society members, landed at the remote Faraway Bay airstrip in the very north of the vast Kimberley region. Given previous flight delays that day, there was only just enough daylight left for the party to hurriedly make its way westward from the airstrip to a camp site near a beautiful inlet called Monitor Bay. This lovely spot was “home” for the next three nights as the areas to the north (Boab Bay) and around Monitor Bay were explored without the burden of full packs. The party then continued westward for approximately 10 km until it reached the major creek that flows northward for another 10 km before discharging into Glycosmis Bay. This beautiful, teardrop-shaped bay has 30 to 40 metre high vertical cliffs dropping into the ocean. Several nights were spent camped at this delightful spot and exploring both north and east of the bay. This included the area referred to as the “Lost City” in Ian Wilson’s book, *The Lost World of the Kimberley*. This is an area containing abundant rock art of outstanding quality and preservation. After 12 days of hardship and deprivation the party was delighted to be picked up by boat from Faraway Bay to enjoy a night of comfort and warm hospitality at the camp before returning to the realities of the southern winter.

### **‘Doline’ walk (contributed by Mike Donaldson)**

In 2008, en route from Mitchell Plateau to Bigge Island by helicopter (that’s another story) I spotted a remarkable sink-hole or doline on an isolated sandstone hill-top near Mudge Bay, on the northern Kimberley coast, adjacent to the Bonaparte Archipelago. We circled the feature and, although time did not allow us to land and examine it, a series of low-level photos revealed a huge cave in the side of the hill, and I was sure it would contain some amazing rock paintings. So in July 2009, as a party of seven, we returned to ‘The Doline’ to investigate. The plan was to helicopter in with an Aboriginal ‘guide’ (he hadn’t been there before either), quickly look at the area while the helicopter returned for the rest of the party, then let our guide return with the last chopper flight, leaving us to walk, in a SE direction, the 40 km back to Mitchell Plateau over the next week or so. Our guide commented that the country was so rugged we may never be seen again!

As it turned out there were only a few paintings at this remarkable topographic feature, perhaps due to the absence of permanent water. We spent a few days in the area exploring likely art sites identified from Google Earth images, and we did find a few interesting sites, but the country is very rugged and the going was difficult. A highlight was the re-discovery of a painting of a ‘Bradshaw boat’ found about 10 years ago by Tony Sache on a walking trip, and publicised by Grahame Walsh as perhaps the oldest depiction of a sophisticated water craft anywhere in the world.

After a few more days walking back towards the Plateau it was decided to speed the trip up a little with a helicopter lift back to the lower Mitchell River (satellite phone technology is a walker’s best friend!). Several very pleasant days were then spent in the vicinity of the lower Mitchell falls examining known art sites and finding some spectacular new ones on extensive day walks away from the river. Then it was a leisurely 10 km stroll back up the river to Mitchell Falls and the DEC camp ground,

and a charter flight back to civilization. And we came back with a full complement of seven, not having lost a soul in the exercise!

### **Tracing a part of Brockman's 1901 expedition in the Prince Regent Nature Reserve (contributed by Chris Oakeley)**

In July, our party of nine, led by Hamish McGlashan, left Mt Elizabeth Station (north of the Gibb River Road) in two 4WD vehicles on the Walcott Inlet track and tried unsuccessfully to force a track north from Pearson's Crossing to Pitta Creek. We left the vehicles on a ridge, and two of the party drove them to Bachsten Camp the next day. The remaining seven found the initial walking rough (the average age of the party was 65.7) but the terrain became rougher with outcrops and entangling vines before we reached delightful stretches closer to Honeymoon Pool on a bend on Pitta Creek. This was a fabulous spot with wonderful waterfalls and waterlilies, doves, ravens, insects, turtles, a particularly noisy frog, and places to bathe.

On Day 3 we ascended Pitta Creek, beautiful country, and then stocked up with water for a long, dry leg NW to the valley that supposedly contained Brockman's cave. This country was a maze of outcrops interspersed with gorgeous meadows. But it got horribly hard. In a tangle of outcrops, one of the party fell and fractured his jaw, so we decided to take a short cut – great mistake – down a 'real doddle' gully. It was very hot as we struggled, seriously short of water, through huge boulders, vines, green ants and undergrowth. At the bottom as the sun went down we found a tiny stream. It was the best water in the world. That night, from way up where our colleague had bloodied the rocks with his jaw, we heard the goose-bump-making howl of a dingo that rose and fell in waves of loneliness among the cliffs.

Day 4: We set off NNW for the cave through tall cane grass. Then the valley opened up. Above us were plenty of cave-looking holes in the cliffs – and then we saw an Aboriginal standing stone, to the West, exactly where Hamish had calculated the cave should be. We ascended along slanting strata with fine views to the cave, which consisted of chamber after chamber, delving 40 metres or more into the hillside with old fireplaces, lines of natural pillars, and rocks covered with a patina and worn smooth from contact with human bodies. You could see that no one had been there for years.

Day 5: In the morning, while descending from a small cliff, Hamish had a frightening and spectacular fall. With the luck of the Scots, he fell clear of all the boulders and landed in a stream. He managed not to drown and wondered why his pack was so heavy until he discovered his sodden sleeping bag that night. We formed a *peloton* – as they do in the Tour de France where cyclists take turns to lead – and battled the cane grass for kilometre after kilometre, SW, hugging the edge of the valley between the cliffs and the hidden streams, one of which we measured deeper than our ski-sticks, constantly looking down to see what we were stepping on – rocks, air, fallen trees, streams etc. We were like Lilliputian men wading our way through an upturned, very dirty, men's hairbrush.

Somewhere along this valley I happened to look up and beside us were four wonderful clothes peg Bradshaws, slender girls with long ringlets in their hair and with multi-barbed spears stuck in the ground and faint over-paintings. The valley became narrower and the *peloton* slower, and, as the sun went down, we camped for the night at the junction of several gorges and made a bonfire of everything that was not absolutely necessary. In the morning (day 6), we filled up every receptacle with water and climbed a spur out of the valley. In Brockman's time this valley had been burnt and he had been able to escape via one of these gorges. He would not

have been able to take his horses through this valley as we experienced it. As well, the iridium satellite phone was almost useless. We could not hold satellites for long enough in these gorges.

The waterless country SW to Bachsten Creek was easy going and had been burnt, and we came across great termite nests, silky grevillea, crested cockatoos, and finally water at sundown. At this stage we were 2.5 days late for our rendezvous and more or less out of food.

Day 7: We reached the spectacular Bachsten Falls and had a water massage, a sunbathe, and a small croc scare; then we cut SSW across country with marvellous scenery and hit the creek again and the first track in all our walk, leading to Bachsten Camp, hot showers, beds and a bottle or three of wine.

Day 8: Two strong 40-year-olds from Derby joined our party. Hamish roused us at 5.30am for another of his memorable cross-country shortcuts, north to "Hairy Armpit", a site that had been photographed by Brockman's party in 1901 and changes noted in both 1992 and 2000 (Donaldson). We confirmed the recent changes were due to flood damage. It was a wonderful rock-art gallery and a place to rest and camp, and as we wandered slowly SSW down the river (Day 9-10), we stopped in places where the lagoon was a mass of mud-lark, and the sky filled with hundreds of rainbow bee-eaters with four whistling kite gliding between them over our heads. The camping sites were populated with waterlilies and water goanna, peanut bushes, black brim (sooty grunters), and mists rising from the water in the early morning. And so we continued until we hit the Walcott Inlet track and our vehicles, left there for us by Rosemary McGlashan. We made a side trip into Wren Gorge, to find and record the rare black grass wrens of which we saw four, and photographed the spectacular gallery of rock art. It's a glorious place to linger.

Day 11: On the way back to Mt Elizabeth Station on the track shared with stray cattle and dingos, we explored some outcrops north of Pearson's Crossing containing fine grinding holes, spear sharpening sites, more art, and another group of four Bradshaw figures with spears, but without ringlets, and a child or possum on one shoulder, and a more modern, recently touched up, birthing figure. An excellent dinner at Mt Elizabeth Station provided a most welcome finale.

### **Bachsten Creek Revisited (contributed by Roger Passmore)**

With the Bachsten Camp as a focal point, one can design walks with different degrees of difficulty. A previous trip had been a marathon, averaging 10-15 km a day. This time we had five "first-timers" in our group of 10 (biologists out-numbering geologists, unusually) and the priority was looking around rather than travelling great distances.

Spending the first night at the camp provided a respite from the long drive in, and gave us the chance to look at the art work on nearby rock faces and cave walls. In the following days, after admiring the Bachsten Falls and inspecting some great Wandjinas in an overhang near the creek, we proceeded up a steep-sided gorge as far as its terminal waterfall and huge pool. A new innovation – staying three days at the one campsite – provided extra opportunity for rock art search and swimming through the narrow stretches.

Bachsten Creek and its tributaries contain some very scenic sections, and are generally easy walking. Memories of the vine thickets and bouldery sections have faded. We saw several exceptionally good Wandjina art sites, and a small number of Bradshaw paintings. Returning to Bachsten Camp after seven days, we then took

day trips into the ranges further east and to Wren Gorge. Given that we did the trip in August, with temperatures starting to increase towards the summer season, swimming in the numerous waterholes took a high priority.

This area is not prolific in Bradshaw paintings, but the sum of artwork was sufficient to keep everyone's interest. The eye-opener for the regular walkers was the amount of animal life to be noticed, if not actually seen. "Scats" were an item of great interest to the biologists. On such evidence, a motion-sensing camera was set up most nights, giving a few interesting moving flicks of marsupials and rodents. Probably the most excitement though, was the sighting of a red goshawk, apparently "once in a lifetime", followed by making close eye contact with a large olive python and a junior 'freshie'.

Being accessible by 4WD vehicle (notwithstanding the jump-ups) from Mt Elizabeth Station, Bachsten Camp provides a favourable starting-point for Kimberley walks. The art, scenery and animal life have induced our young group to head to the Kimberley again in 2010.

## **KIMBERLEY HISTORY SEMINAR**

With this newsletter going to press before the day of the seminar, it can only be reported that a promising number of registrations had been received. The majority came from members of the Society.

Tim Willing regretfully advised us that unexpected work commitments would prevent him travelling from Broome to present his paper. All was not lost, however. His friend Trish Pepper, who was coming down from Broome, kindly volunteered to deliver Tim's PowerPoint presentation so that the audience would not miss out on hearing about his interesting topic – Guano Mining: The Kimberley's First Industry.

With Bill Bunbury having accepted our invitation to speak at the seminar, and another invitation to launch the latest *Studies in Western Australian History*, we took the opportunity to combine the launch with the sundowner. Bill is well known for his oral history work, and oral history is one of the topics covered in the *Studies* volume. Edited by Cathie Clement, with the theme 'Ethics and the Practice of History', its coverage includes articles in which Geoffrey Bolton, Rod Moran and Neville Green present their contrasting views about evidence that was presented in 1926 to support allegations that police and/or civilians killed Aboriginal people in the Forrest River (Oombulgurri) area north-west of Wyndham. A fourth contribution relevant to the Kimberley stems from Ian Wilson's experience of receiving a sharply critical book review in a major Australian newspaper in 2006. Members who were reading the *Boab Bulletin* at that time may recall it carrying a range of opinions about Ian's book, *The Lost World of the Kimberley*. In his article, he tells of his passion for his subject, of unexpected setbacks encountered in his research, and of the shock of seeing his book damned in the press. While presenting only one side of the story, his article, like those on the Forrest River events, shows the polarity that sometimes occurs when individuals differ in their interpretation of historical evidence.

## **HONOURS**

In the February newsletter, the award received by Kimberley Society member Dr Jim Ross was mistakenly identified as a Medal (OAM). Jim was actually made a Member (AM) in the General Division of the Order of Australia.

## VALE

### Henry George Gooch and Norman Roy McClymont – Contemporaries of a Kimberley Long Past

The recent deaths of former Derby/West Kimberley identities namely, Henry George Gooch and Norman Roy McClymont, within days of each other, serve to remind me of the rapid thinning of the remaining connections of the tough men and women that pioneered white settlement in the entire Kimberley Region, and of that rich view of human endeavour yet to be fully told of this Region's history over the past 130 years – Aboriginal and Non-Aboriginal alike: surely, an enterprising project!

Henry and Roy were representatives of the string of post-WWII 'second generation' influx of young bloods that headed Kimberleywards when it was still much a raw frontier lifestyle country. They were 'tutored' – if that's the word! – by the survivors of the original settlers – life was rough, hard, demanding and those who survived bore indelibly the hallmark of their introduction for their remaining years. Life was purposeful – come what may.

Roy McClymont, a 17-year-old from Donnybrook in the South-West, went straight from Denmark's Agricultural College to Liveringa Station as a jackeroo in February 1947, arriving in Derby when the port was preparing for a cyclone threat which included securing the Port Hotel roof with wire hawsers anchored into the ground.

Henry Gooch went to Liveringa in the early 1950s at the same time as his cousin Robin Campbell. Both came from Gascoyne pastoral stations and went on to Kimberley sheep and cattle station managerial positions before eventually returning south to own farming properties. Robin and family were on Millijiddee and Kimberley Downs / Napier Downs until the mid 1960s then left to pioneer a wheat farm in Kulja district.

The lives of all three men developed from their Liveringa early exposures. Robin told me Kim Rose snr did not tolerate slack work from his jackeroos. He learned that lesson when he had to re-strain one of his fence repairs which did not reach Kim's standard of violin tautness and line.

The remnants of the functionally designed Liveringa horse stable and yards is evidence of creative thought as is also the grave site of June Rose's horse 'Banner' – credits to Henry before he and June were married. Henry managed Liveringa for three years, from 1961, before they moved on to Blina Station to the north.

Roy lacked affinity with stock-work and found machinery and mechanics his forte. First, while at Liveringa's Paradise sub-station under Don Sears, and later, with Duncan Beaton on the adjoining George Morey Noonkanbah pastoral lease upstream on the Fitzroy River. For several years Roy was a fence subcontractor for the station on the south side of the river. His relaxation was to roam ranges, gorges, creeks and rivers and these roamings ranged throughout the State but more specifically the West Kimberley. He was an adept photographer, an avid reader and an observant and descriptive letter writer. Roy's photographs – black & white, slide and coloured – are a valued family legacy on his life.

Touched by inescapable modernity, the Kimberley to which these former contemporaries were drawn sixty years ago has long faded. The record, the memory and an element of larrikinism which helped savour their tough living conditions will endure as an indelible feature of both Indigene and Non-Indigene Kimberley Region's history.

*Jim Anderson*

## THE STORK ARRIVES: SOME REFLECTIONS OF AN OBSTETRICIAN IN THE KIMBERLEY

I arrived in Derby in January 1997. There had been no permanent obstetrician for several years. For medical practitioners, obstetricians in particular, providing a medical service in the Kimberley presents challenges that the city based colleague does not have to face. Apart from the specialist having to travel extensively from the town base to remote clinics and hospitals, the patients having babies have to travel or be transported to the main centres in Kununurra, Broome or Derby; complex cases went to Derby where the specialist spent most of his time or if there were severe complications to the tertiary referral centre in Perth. Were one to be designing a service *ab initio*, Darwin would seem a more appropriate destination.

Emergency transfers could take place by ambulance for shorter distances, although this was sometimes ignored because of local cost implications. The RFDS continued to have heroic rescues. One stormy February night there was a call from Fitzroy Crossing where there was an expectant mother in premature labour with twins. A plane with paediatrician, GP obstetrician and nurse was despatched and at first delivery seemed imminent. Labour was suppressed and having alerted Darwin hospital, the patient was lifted gently into the plane. The RFDS pilot flew at low altitude, skirting the storms, and arrived at Darwin airport with the patient miraculously undelivered. On phoning the hospital for transport a message was given that the hospital was now full, interstate patients could not be admitted and that the plane should proceed to Perth! Fortunately the enterprising paediatrician used his mobile phone to summon the town ambulance and the patient was safely deposited in the hospital where she was safely delivered soon afterwards. An even happier outcome is that interstate bureaucratic obstructions have now been overcome.

In his talk to us in December, Fred Chaney mentioned a frequent complaint that he heard; that people in remote areas felt frustrated by lack of consultation and decisions made in capital cities. We shared this experience. For example, in the late 90s, there was a major reorganisation of the RFDS services in the state which meant that the operational decisions were made in Perth rather than Derby. This was strongly opposed at the local level, but ignored. Initially, one of our three planes was removed which led to increasing delays in the transport of urgent cases. In the longer term, although an excessive work load was removed from hospital doctors who had served the RFDS, there was a loss of continuity of patient care and greater difficulty in recruiting the highly skilled medical officers for the Derby Regional Hospital.

Aboriginal patients make up the majority of deliveries in the Kimberley. Medical problems such as teenage pregnancy, rheumatic heart disease and diabetes in particular mean that many mothers are assessed as being at high risk. There is also the background problem of a high Caesarean section rate. While a rate of 50% can be defended (by some) in the city, over readiness to perform Caesarean sections in the Kimberley can have severe medical and social problems especially when pregnancies start at the age of fifteen and when the third Caesarean section (when sterilisation is often suggested on grounds of medical safety) is carried out by the age of twenty. Persuasion and counselling were put into reducing the rate and within two years it was less than half of what it had been in 1995.

It is now accepted by Aboriginal patients that they should deliver in hospital, traditional birthing practice and knowledge having now departed. It is nevertheless a difficult time for them as they have to travel from their homes in often distant

communities to await the onset of labour in town, waiting in hostels (if available) or with extended families. No governmental support is provided for husbands, partners or friends. Nor can the expected date of confinement be reliable, as few patients know the date of their last menstrual period; presentation for antenatal care is often late; and ultrasound dating is difficult due to both the late presentation and lack of ultrasound operators. So there can be a lot of waiting, pressure to induce labour, and “absconding” back to the distant community.

The statistics of Aboriginal still births and perinatal deaths (those of babies up to 28 days old) show a rate double that of the rest of the population. Any intervention aimed at reducing the gap can have slow improvement at best. Recent research demonstrating the links between the intrauterine conditions resulting from the mother’s health, and the baby’s subsequent development of diseases in adulthood (the Barker hypothesis), mean that it will take several generations to reduce the inequality even if ideal conditions were to be present. Unfortunately primary and preventative health care takes second place in funding to acute medicine. Moreover, suitable programmes, worked out with Aboriginal communities, are still awaited.

The greater the challenges, the greater the rewards. Many things have changed since I last worked in Derby six years ago. (For example there are new hospital buildings in Derby, Fitzroy and Halls Creek). My time working in the Kimberley was the most rewarding in my professional career thanks to the colleagues, the teamwork and the enthusiasm in face of difficulties. Living in Derby was an additional bonus; a great sense of community.

*Hamish McGlashan*

## **KIMBERLEY SOCIETY INC**

### **Draft Minutes of the 17<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting**

Held at the Shenton Park Community Centre on Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> March 2010

#### **Opening:**

The meeting, attended by 44 members and some visitors, was opened by the President, Hamish McGlashan, at 7.37 pm.

#### **Apologies:**

There were no apologies.

#### **Minutes of 16<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting:**

The minutes of the 16<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting, held 6 May 2009 were confirmed as circulated (in the *Boab Bulletin*) and the President was authorised to sign them as a correct record. Moved S Clarkson; seconded C Clement; carried.

#### **Matters Arising:**

There were no matters arising.

#### **President’s Report:**

I am pleased to report that the Kimberley Society has had another successful year. Our meetings have all been well attended; the numbers appear to increase yearly. We have had an eclectic mixture of speakers, many have been society members, and we are very appreciative to all for their excellent presentations.

Our balance sheet remains healthy as you will hear from our treasurer. As was the case last year this is largely due to the sale of our Rock Art book, whose sales continue

steadily, albeit at an understandably lesser rate than previously. This windfall is largely due to the on going efforts of Mike Donaldson.

The accumulated funds have enabled us to cover the preliminary costs of the History Seminar to be held on the 27<sup>th</sup> March 2010. We are happy to consider loans or seeding finance to publications concerned with the Kimberley region and at present there are three such applications to be submitted and considered.

In July 2009 I visited the Clontarf Foundation's facility in Broome (this followed a talk we had on the Clontarf Foundation the previous year). I was greatly impressed by what was being done and we have made a donation of \$2000 to enable students to acquire bush and life skills under the supervision of elders working with the Academy.

The new improved website is now up and running; after some preliminary difficulties it is now operating smoothly.

The Boab Bulletin always comes out on time and is a valuable record of summaries of speakers' talks and the updates of Kimberley developments, not all of which reach the mainstream media. As always we thank Cathie Clement for her outstanding contribution.

At the moment of writing, the energies of a small sub committee are concentrated on the Kimberley History Seminar to be held at UWA on 27th March 2010. This is a major event for us and the programme that has been put together should appeal to a wide audience.

As this is my final Presidential Annual report, I wish to thank Adrienne Boulter for her supervision of the catering and all the members on Council for their support and sage advice. I welcome the prospect of new members coming onto the committee and I can assure them that lively debate can take place whilst getting the Boab Bulletin into your envelopes.

Moved to accept the President's Report, E Gresham, seconded Mike Donaldson

#### **Treasurer's Report:**

The Treasurer, Gilbert Marsh, circulated financial statements for 2009 for member's perusal and summarised the position to the meeting. The Society remains in a strong financial position with total bank deposits totalling \$48 506.19. During 2009 the Society made a cash surplus of in excess of \$8 000 largely due to continued sales of the book, Rock Art of the Kimberley.

Moved to accept the Treasurer's Report, J Gresham, seconded H McGlashan.

#### **Election of Office Bearers:**

The President, having served a term of 3 years, retired in accord with the Society's constitution and advised that the following nominations for Office Bearers had been received:

President	Jeff Gresham
Vice Presidents	Jack Vercoe and Cathie Clement
Treasurer	Gilbert Marsh
Secretary	Sue Clarkson
Membership Secretary	Mike Donaldson
Councillors	Susan Clarkson, Josh Coates, Daphne Edinger, Kevin Kenneally, Cameron Bell, Jeff Murray and Sophie Underwood.

There being no other nominations, all nominations were endorsed. The retiring President thanked the continuing Council members and welcomed new members, Cameron Bell, Jeff Murray and Sophie Underwood

#### **Other Business:**

There was no other business.

#### **Closure:**

There being no other business the President closed the meeting at 7.45pm.

**Kimberley Society (Inc)**  
**Balance Sheet**  
**As of December 2009**

<b>Assets</b>			
Cheque a/c No 1		\$15,801.78	
Cheque a/c No 2		\$1,949.01	
Term Deposit		\$30,755.40	
Hall Hire in advance		<u>\$838.34</u>	
<b>Total Assets</b>			<b>\$49,344.53</b>
<b>Liabilities</b>			
<b>GST Liabilities</b>			
GST Collected	\$2,695.78		
GST Paid	<u>-\$1,876.54</u>		
<b>Total GST Liabilities</b>		<b>\$819.24</b>	
Advanced Subs		<u>\$2,121.81</u>	
<b>Total Liabilities</b>			<b>\$2,941.05</b>
<b>Net Assets</b>			<b><u>\$46,403.48</u></b>
<b>Equity</b>			
Current Earnings		\$8,357.41	
Historical Balancing Account		<u>\$38,046.07</u>	
<b>Total Equity</b>			<b><u>\$46,403.48</u></b>

**Profit & Loss Statement**  
**1/01/09 through 31/12/09**

<b>Income</b>			
Subscriptions		\$4,802.72	
Postage Collected		\$32.73	
Raffle		\$910.36	
Rock Art Book Sales		\$15,272.48	
Donations		\$188.10	
Bank Interest		\$757.48	
<b>Total Income</b>			<b><u>\$21,963.87</u></b>
<b>Cost Of Sales</b>			
Raffle Prizes		\$296.16	
Packaging & Postage RA Book		\$682.38	
<b>Total Cost Of Sales</b>			<b><u>\$978.54</u></b>
<b>Gross Profit</b>			<b><u>\$20,985.33</u></b>
<b>Expenses</b>			
Brochures		\$380.00	
Bank Charges		\$64.50	
PO Box		\$187.27	
Hall Hire		\$654.87	
Insurances		\$592.75	
Speaker Costs		\$126.00	
Supper Costs		\$105.56	
Newsletter		\$3,561.79	
Website		\$1,726.00	
Seminar		\$1,800.00	
Office Supplies		\$420.33	
Donations		\$2,000.00	
Postage		\$1,008.85	
<b>Total Expenses</b>			<b><u>\$12,627.92</u></b>
<b>Net Profit/(Loss)</b>			<b><u>\$8,357.41</u></b>

## WANDERING WANDJINAS

The Wandering Wandjinas on which the *Boab Bulletin* reported at intervals in 2006 and 2007 have all but disappeared from the urban environment in Perth. Ursula Frederick and Sue O'Connor, in an article titled 'Wandjina, graffiti and heritage: the power and politics of enduring imagery', attribute their demise to a meeting between the anonymous graffiti artist and Kimberley elders. Their article, published in *Humanities Research* Vol XV, No. 2, 2009, can be accessed online ([http://epress.anu.edu.au/hrj/2009\\_02/mobile\\_devices/index.html](http://epress.anu.edu.au/hrj/2009_02/mobile_devices/index.html)).

On the other side of the country, in Katoomba, a sculpture featuring Wandjinas has upset Indigenous people. Created by Ben Osvath—a non-indigenous artist from Sydney—under instructions from Vesna Tenodi, co-owner of the ModroGorje Gallery, it stands adjacent to her gallery. It was vandalised (scratched) on 5 March, the night before its public exhibition, but both the owner and the artist claim to have been unaware that their use of Wandjina images in the sculpture would cause offence. Ms Tenodi, however, has previously upset Aboriginal communities with her book *Dreamtime Set in Stone: The Truth about Australian Aborigines*, which carries unauthorised Wandjina images painted by artist Gina Sinozich. In a bizarre twist, Ms Tenodi was quoted by a local newspaper as having claimed that “the Wandjinas belong to me, which will be explained in the next book”. That book, like the “Whispering Stone” into which Ben Osvath carved his “Wanjina Watchers” sculpture, is part of stage two of a project known as the DreamRaisers. The earlier book constituted stage one. The website [www.modrogorje.com/dreamraisers\\_about.html](http://www.modrogorje.com/dreamraisers_about.html) has images of the sculpture. Interestingly, another website (<http://modrogorje.net/>) set up to protest against this use of the Wandjina images, picked up Geoff Vivian's 24 February coverage of it (<http://www.kimberleypage.com.au/>). For anyone who wants wide-ranging news and views about the Kimberley and its people, Geoff's *Kimberley Page* (a regularly updated internet newspaper) is well worth a look.

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