

**IN THE MATTER OF THE
TRUTH-TELLING & HEALING
INQUIRY**

Submission of Lesley Williams



I, Lesley Williams, say as follows:

1. My name is Lesley Williams.
2. I was born in 1946 in Brisbane.
3. I am a Guwa-Koa woman.
4. I grew up in Cherbourg with my extended family. I had a cultural upbringing and was raised by my mother's sister and her husband, who I grew up calling mum and dad, and my maternal grandparents. I am blessed with two mothers, three fathers and three grandmothers.

My grandparents

5. Granny and Grandfather Chambers were the parents of my birth mother, who I call Nana Mace, and aunt, who I call Ma Malone.
6. I learnt about Granny Chambers from the stories she told us, from records I found in the Department of Family Services and Aboriginal and Islander Affairs building, Charlotte Chambers, in Charlotte Street Brisbane, which I talk about below, and through a report

written by a member of my extended family. The report is called 'A test of endurance: The early life and travels of [REDACTED] Watson and [REDACTED] Chambers'.

7. Granny Chambers' family was given the name 'Watson' by a station owner in the Winton area. She was born in around 1883 on Guwa-Koa Country. Granny's early life was spent working on large pastoral stations. She was a very good horsewoman. She taught her skills to my birth mother Nana Mace.
8. It was while working out on a property south of Longreach that Granny was physically and sexually abused. She had a ridge on her head from a horse stirrup. She never told us, we read about it in the family history report. Granny didn't want to upset us or make us girls feel sad. She made sure we were kept safe when she was looking after us by herself.
9. Granny was sent to Woolloowin Magdalene Asylum because she was physically and sexually assaulted. After that, in around 1898, Granny was removed to a mission established on Fraser Island, K'gari, called Bogimbah. This was north of Kingfisher Bay on the west coast. In 1904, the whole mission was removed to Yarrabah. That's where she met and married Grandfather Chambers in 1906.
10. I learnt about Grandfather Chambers' story through the same family history report.
11. Grandfather Chambers came from around Normanton. I came across a record about Grandfather Chambers that said when he was young, his father took him from a station in the Gulf of Carpentaria to Cooktown. While his father was in hospital in Cooktown, he was tricked onto a South African ship. It was a circus travelling all the way down the coast to Melbourne. When the ship arrived in Melbourne he was abandoned. He was taken in by the missionaries at Maloga Mission near Echuca on the Murray River. The Minister's daughter taught him English and he also learnt to play the tuba. He travelled with the Minister and his family and played at different church functions. A different minister was so impressed with Grandfather that he asked the Minister who Grandfather was under the care of if he could give Grandfather his name, and that's how he got the name [REDACTED] Chambers. This wasn't his original name, his name was [REDACTED].
12. Grandfather Chambers returned to Queensland in 1897 with the Minister and his two eldest daughters. They were heading up to Beerwah with the idea to set up a mission school for Aboriginal children. The government didn't support this, so the Minister and his daughters went back to Victoria and Grandfather Chambers stayed in Brisbane. He was arrested for larceny and sent to Boggo Road in 1898, then sent up to Fraser Island. He first lived on the state-controlled Aboriginal reserve at White Cliffs on Fraser Island. This reserve was later moved up to Bogimbah and became an Anglican mission. He lived there until the mission's residents were removed to Yarrabah in 1904.

13. In 1911, after seven years in Yarrabah, Granny and Grandfather Chambers and their family went down to Barambah Settlement (the name was changed from Barambah to Cherbourg in around 1932). Grandfather Chambers was sent out to clear land on properties near Wandoan. Grandfather was also in charge of a gang of men who were cane cutting. The cane cutting was done by hand with the big cane knives or reaping hooks. Gangs of men were sent out all the time from Cherbourg, Palm Island and Woorabinda.
14. During the Second World War, hundreds of men were sent from Cherbourg, Woorabinda, Palm Island and Yarrabah to do cane cutting, cotton picking and chipping, maze chipping, arrowroot chipping and peanut chipping, on farms from the Atherton Tablelands all the way down to Southport.
15. Annexed as **LW-1** to my submission is a copy of the Department of Native Affairs 1942 Annual Report which shows this use of labour.
16. It was part of a wartime contract between the federal government and the Department of Native Affairs. In 1943, over six hundred men earned over sixty thousand pounds, but this money was all controlled by the Department of Native Affairs. This is written about by Rosalind Kidd in her book 'The way we civilise' on page 154.
17. Granny [REDACTED] Gyemore was my birth father's mother. Her parents were Grandfather [REDACTED] and Grandmother [REDACTED] Flourbag. They were given that terrible, degrading name, 'Flourbag', by the authorities. They were from Alpha and [REDACTED]. They and Granny Gyemore were sent from [REDACTED] to Durundur Mission outside Woodford in the late 1890s, early 1900s. When Durundur Mission was closed in 1905, the white authorities walked my great grandparents, Grandfather and Grandmother Flourbag, to Barambah Settlement which was established in 1904. The mothers, babies and elderly were put on a train at Woodford and the other sixty-one 'able bodied' men and women had to walk to Barambah Settlement in the heat of March. It took them three weeks. Grandfather and Granny Flourbag would have walked. That's their journey.
18. Granny Gyemore was working out west at the time and that's where she met her husband, who became my dad's dad. His name was Grandfather Gyemore.
19. After her husband died, Granny Gyemore and all of her children moved to the Aboriginal camp they called the Yumba on the outskirts of the Mitchell township seeking refuge. Being a single woman, the police sent her and her children to Cherbourg in 1938.
20. Even though Pa Malone was actually my uncle (married to my birth mother's sister, as I explain later), his mother, Granny [REDACTED] Malone also became my own granny. Pa Malone's parents were also part of the group that were forced to walk from Durundur Mission to Barambah Settlement. Those walks were a test of endurance for all of them.

21. This is the beauty of our culture – we're one big mob, one big family. We all respected and looked after our grannies. Unfortunately, we didn't have all the grandfathers because they died at an early age. It was only Grandfather Chambers who lived longer.

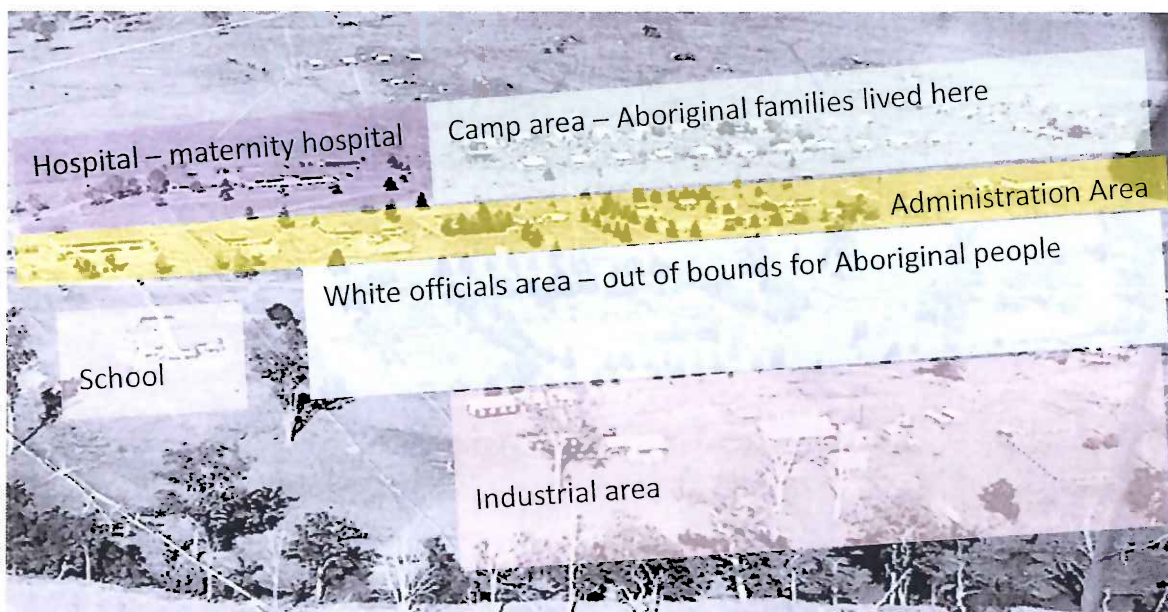
My parents

22. My birth mother, Nana Mace, was born in Cherbourg.
23. My birth father, who I refer to as Pa Gyemore, grew up in the Yumba outside Mitchell.
24. My parents met at Cherbourg. Even though they had the blessing of their families, my parents had to get written permission from the white officials to marry. I learnt about this when I was searching for my family's records.
25. This meant my father had to prove he was 'of good character', 'free of disease', 'thrifty with money' and 'capable of maintaining a wife'. My father had enlisted in the Australian army during the Second World War. This improved his chances of being given permission to marry.
26. Annexed as **LW-2** to my submission is a copy of my birth parents' application for permission to marry sent to the Director of Native Affairs, and the permission that was granted.
27. My birth parents were granted an exemption from living under the control of the Aboriginal Protection Act so that my father could do his army training in Brisbane and be deployed overseas. They didn't have the same rights as white people, and they weren't like other blackfullas living controlled lives on missions, reserves and settlements. My father's wages and allowances were controlled by the Queensland Government, unlike his fellow white soldiers. They risked losing their temporary exemption from the Act if they were caught 'habitually associating with Aboriginals'.
28. Annexed as **LW-3** to my submission is a copy of the temporary exemption granted to my birth mother.
29. Because my birth mother couldn't access my father's entitlements while he was away fighting, she had no choice but to go back to work after the birth of my older sister. My older sister was placed in the care of Mum's sister and brother-in-law, Ma and Pa Malone, and my grandparents, Granny and Grandfather Chambers. They all lived together in Cherbourg. My birth father returned from the war and soon after I was born, my parents separated. My aunt, uncle and grandparents offered to raise me with my older birth sister and my cousins, who became my brothers and sisters. My aunt, Ma Malone, was a mother to me.
30. Whenever my birth mother Nana Mace came to visit my sister and I and the rest of her family, including her parents and sister, she needed permission from the Director of Native Affairs in Brisbane. It was a six-hour trip from Brisbane to Cherbourg, so Nana

Mace didn't get to visit that regularly. But sometimes Granny and my older sister and I would get permission from the Superintendent to travel down to Brisbane to see her. We had to get a medical check before we could leave Cherbourg.

Growing up at Cherbourg

31. Cherbourg was originally called Barambah Aboriginal Settlement when it was established because it was on the Barambah Creek. Below are two **photos** of Cherbourg taken in 1938 and 1960 respectively. The photos include overlays, which I inserted, of the different areas of the settlement.

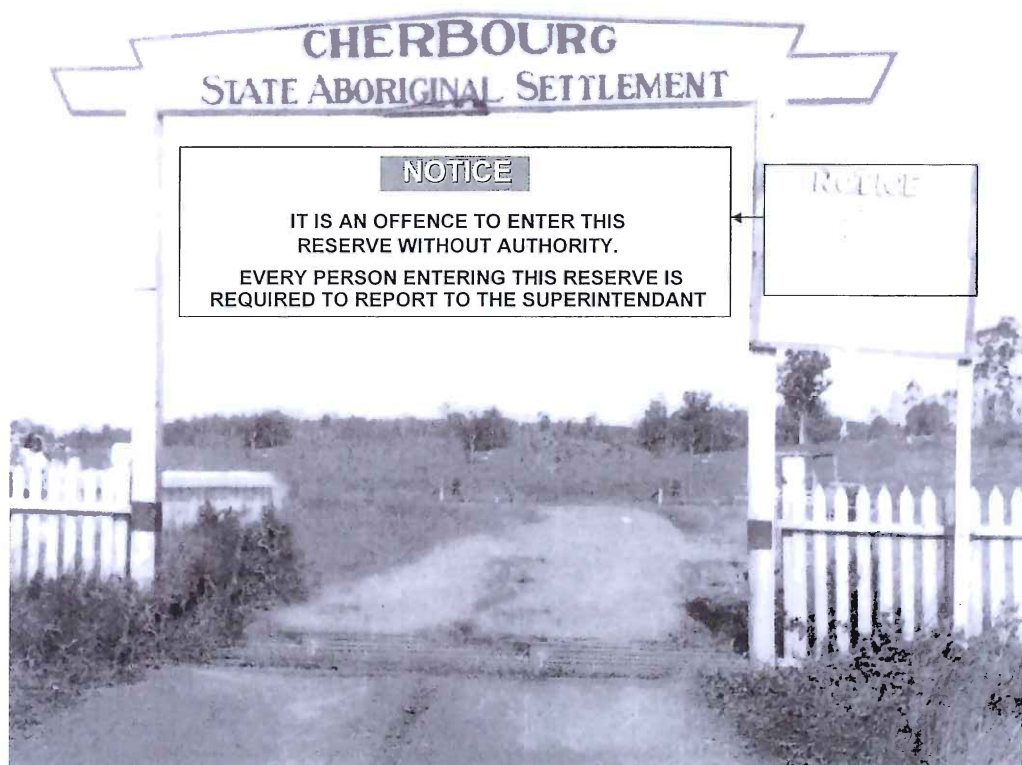


32. Barambah Creek at the bottom of Cherbourg was the boundary of the settlement. You had to get permission to enter Cherbourg. Community police would be at the gate, and you couldn't leave without a permit. Even my birth parents had to get a permit to visit me in Cherbourg because they were exempted.

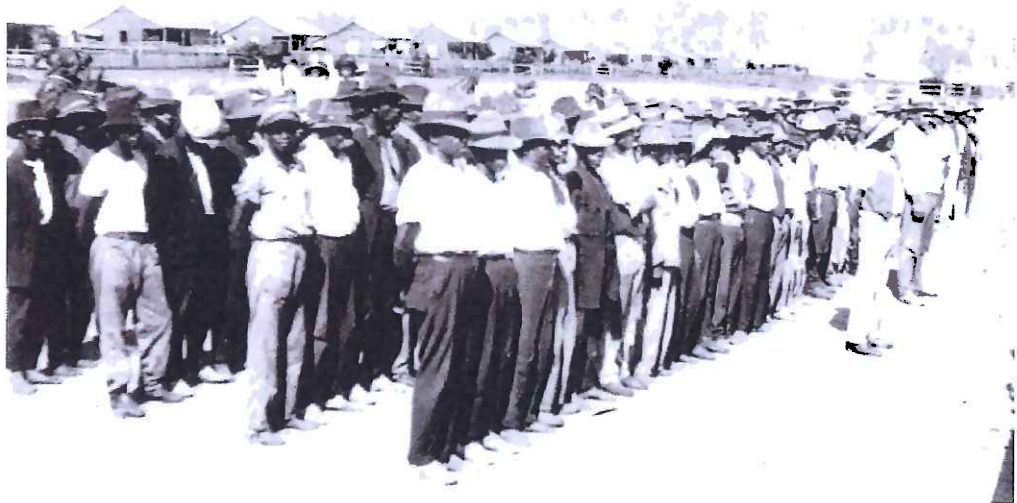
33. The government created all of these records documenting our lives, which we didn't even know existed until the early 1990s. This included a social history card, which stated which 'breed' we were. We were not seen as human, instead we were in the same category as cattle and sheep.
34. Annexed as **LW-4** to my submission is a copy of Pa Gyemore's social history card.
35. My parents drummed into us not to question white officials. Our lives were controlled. We had to ask permission for everything in our lives, who and when we could marry, our language and culture, what food we could eat, where and how we lived, where and if we worked, our level of education, our wages and savings, and our child endowments and pensions.
36. Annexed as **LW-5** to my submission is a copy of the permit we were required to obtain from the Superintendent to leave Cherbourg for a short period of time. This included permission to go to Murgon to do shopping.
37. My first memory as a young girl was growing up in a house with lots of brothers and sisters. It was a noisy but a happy household.
38. Our house was a standard wood house. It was originally set up as a little dormitory when Cherbourg was first established, back in the early 1890s, and then additions were put onto it. The house was given to Granny and Grandfather Chambers, with Ma and Pa Malone, after many years of being house parents at the girls' dormitory. There were ten siblings. Grandfather ended up moving out to a little building outside because the kids were too rowdy. We had five in a double bed, with three up one end and two down the other end. It might seem like it was crowded, but it was a good little household. We were always taking in other family members too.
39. The house had a main bedroom, two rooms, a little sleepout at the front and a little room out the back. The kitchen was just a standard kitchen with a recess for the woodstove. Because of additions to the house, we had an extended kitchen area, but there was no sink. There was a table, cupboards and the woodstove. There was no running water inside, so we washed up in a big plastic dish. Outside the house by the back door was the tap with a big open drain. That tap was used for everything, to fill up the kettle or the saucepan to put on the stove. There was another tap out the front. There was no bathroom.
40. Out the front of the house was the bunya tree. Grandfather planted that tree. Below is a **photo** of the bunya tree and the house where I grew up after it had renovations.



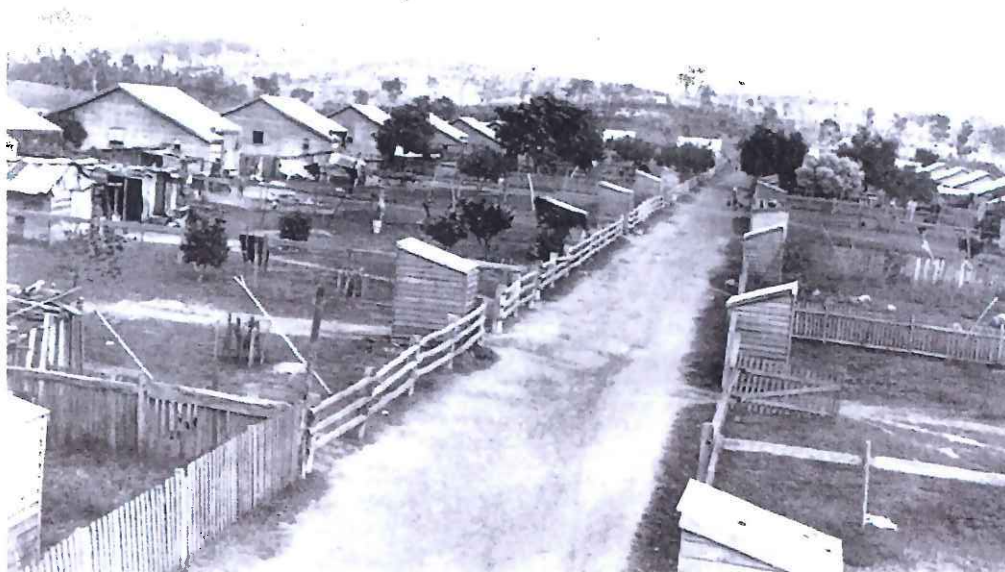
41. We played games underneath that bunya tree. Near that tree is where the tourist bus would pull up with white tourists. The tourist bus would first go to the Superintendent's office to get permission to be in the community and a white official would jump on the bus and take them for a drive around the camp. The **photo** below shows the entrance into Cherbourg and the notice at the gate – I have annotated this photo to make the text of the notice clear.



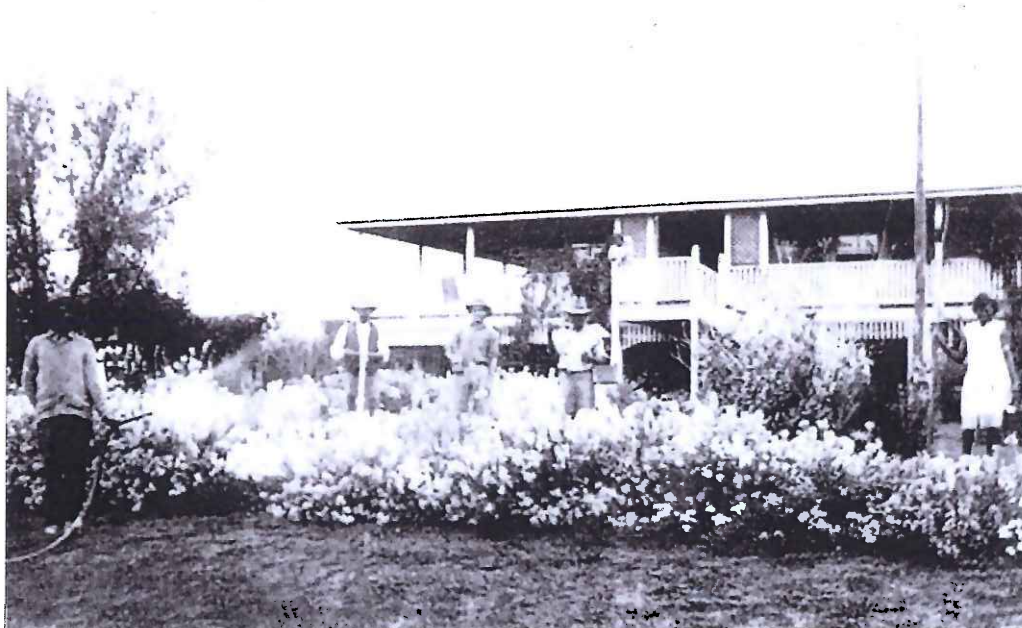
42. Us kids would be playing marbles or hopscotch. Some tourists would get out of the bus and throw out lollies. We ran and jostled for them lollies. It was like chooks scratching around and racing for feed, but we didn't care, we wanted these lollies. The main lollies were liquorice allsorts and they had dust on them. We brushed that dirt off and ate them. It might seem and sound degrading, but as kids, this was our treat. This was a happy childhood. We didn't know what was going on in the outside world.
43. As kids we knew the Superintendent's office was out of bounds, we didn't dare go into the administration area. He controlled the entire community. We were referred to as 'inmates' in government correspondence. We were terrified of that building. Every morning, the whistle went at seven forty-five and the men came down from their homes in the camp and gathered in front of the office. Then at eight o'clock, the men were required to line up in rows for roll call. Our lives were controlled by that bloody whistle. The Superintendent would come out and their names would be called off the list, then ticked off, similar to a roll call for school attendance. The men then went to their place of work. Then there was another roll call at their place of work to make sure that they turned up. Below is a **photo** of Aboriginal men in Cherbourg lined up for roll call.



44. Not only were our lives controlled but we were segregated from the outside world, the white officials controlled us. Not that long ago segregation existed here in Australia. In Cherbourg there was also segregation. We had the camp areas where Aboriginal families lived. The authorities also separated boys and girls, and single mothers into separate dormitories. Below is a **photo** of the camp area in Cherbourg.



45. Then there was the area where the Superintendent and white people worked and lived in their lovely houses with 'helpers'. This area was strictly out of bounds to us. You were only allowed over that side if you cooked, cleaned, tended to the gardens or chopped firewood for the white officials. That side of Cherbourg looked different to our side of the camp. It looked bright and more vibrant, with large houses with running water inside, open verandahs, green lawns, shady trees and flowers in the garden. There wasn't much colour on our side, just dry stubby grass, a few trees and not many flowers. Below is a **photo** of the Superintendent's house and garden with staff.

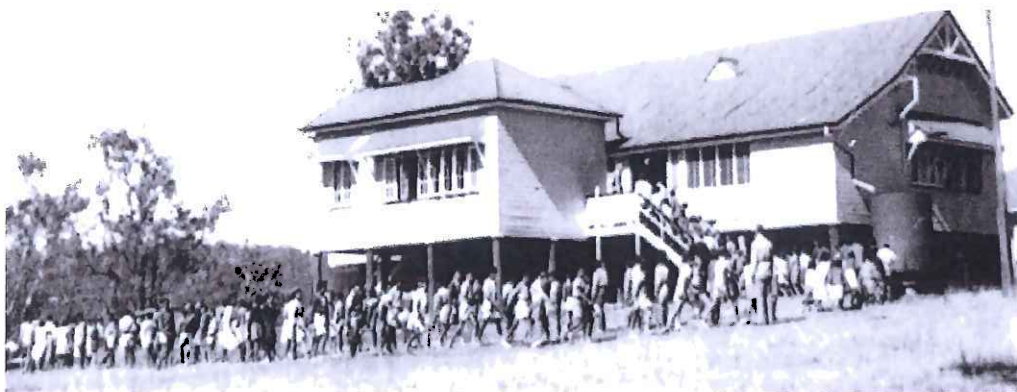


46. The Welfare Officer and Hygiene Officer would come in and check on the families in the camp, around each month, to make sure we were clean and healthy. If not, the children would have been taken away to the dormitories. This didn't happen to my family.

47. After school, we heard the whistle sound down at the sawmill which meant the men were knocking off to go home. They'd either walk up the hill from the sawmill past the industrial area where the trade training building was, or they'd come up on the back of the truck. It would be five o'clock but we were still playing until one of the aunties would say, 'Come on in you kids for dinner!' Our friends would all have to go home for dinner. That was part of our happy childhood.

Life at school

48. Going to school was compulsory. There were officials going around checking that children were going to school. We would all know that when it was time to get ready for school, you'd make sure that the younger ones were dressed, with a clean uniform and hair done.
49. Before we went down to the school, all the kids from the camp had to line up in the backyard of the girls' dormitory for inspection by the Matron of the dormitory. We would stand in a line and put our hands out and the Matron would check that we had no sores and that we were clean. If we were clean, we were allowed to walk down the hill to where the school was. If someone wasn't dressed appropriately, or they looked untidy or neglected, the Matron would send a note with a warning to the family. Or the Welfare Officer or Hygiene Officer would speak with the family. This never happened to my family.
50. A child could just be removed from their family in the camp and put in the dormitory. They were very strict, but it taught us to be presentable. Back in those days, whitefellas would look at us and say, 'Look at those dirty blacks.' You had to make sure you kept to a standard, so you could be accepted and able to be in a 'white' town. We had to be clean, or our parents would be threatened that their children would be removed. We just obeyed the rules. Lined up with our hands out for our nails to be inspected. Below is a **photo** of Aboriginal children at Cherbourg lining up in front of the school.



51. School was a happy, but sometimes nasty place, because of the different teachers. There was one teacher I particularly remember who wasn't a nice person. He was always enticing kids, bribing kids, and he tried to entice girls down to his place.

52. He would bring vegetables like carrots or celery or beans to school and put them in his cupboard, or he would have chocolate frogs. If you got the sum right, you got the chocolate frog and of course, you would eat it. The next day if you got the sum wrong, the teacher would ask for it back. If you got the sum or spelling wrong and couldn't give back the chocolate frog, you would get two cuts across your hand from the cane.
53. One day, he hung one of my mates, a young boy, out the window. The building was high set with a cement gutter. When he hung him out the window, he realised that the kid was going to fall and he yelled out, 'Help me you fellas, help me!' Then he pulled him back up. That was his way of punishing the child and warning the other students, by hanging him out the window. He gave himself a fright, imagine if he'd dropped him.
54. That teacher was a bachelor, he was about 40 years old. He tried to entice me to go to his place. He said to the class, 'Who lives closest to the store?' Everyone said, 'Lesley does!' Everyone knew we lived right on the corner. He said, 'Come and see me after school.' I was shaking. He wrote out a message for me to go shopping for him and he sealed it in a round Log Cabin tobacco tin with the money. He wanted me to go to the store and bring the groceries down to where he lived. He lived right next to the sawmill where all my uncles, even Pa Malone worked.
55. I went to the store, handed the list over to the storekeeper and they wrapped it up in a paper bag. As I walked out, I saw some friends playing on the back landing. I said to this girl, 'Want to come with me? I gotta take this down to [the teacher's] place. He'll give us some carrots.' She said okay, so we toddled off together down the road to the sawmill which led to his place. I looked ahead and I saw him there at the gate, waving this white tea towel. I was smart, I don't know what made me do it, but I took someone with me. We went around to his gate, and he took the bag off me, and he said, 'Shoo! Get!' He shooed us away like we were pesky flies. I outsmarted him and he knew it.
56. I was terrified of going to school, I had to face that teacher. One day, a teacher's aide told us the teacher 'won't be coming back, he's taken sick.' I was so relieved.
57. There were a lot of lovely teachers, good teachers. They taught you what was in the curriculum, up to primary school. But we only received a basic education, to prepare us for a life of servitude. Then we did twelve months of domestic science training in Cherbourg to prepare us for 'outside' employment to work as domestics. We didn't go on to high school. The boys went to manual training or worked over at the dairy farm. They trained to become labourers on these farms and properties around the state.

Joining the Cherbourg Marching Girls

58. Marching girls were established in Australia after the Second World War, in the late 1940s. There were over thirty thousand girls participating in this big movement.

59. The two daughters of the settlement's Hygiene Officer were members of the Murgon Marching Girls. They had an idea to set up the marching girls in Cherbourg. In March 1957, notes were sent around the camp, including in the dormitory. Word had spread around the settlement that they were going to form marching girls teams. I think about every girl and their dog went down, we wanted to be in those teams.
60. In Cherbourg they established the senior teams first. Then there were two junior teams and two younger teams they called the 'midget' teams (which I know is an offensive term these days but that is how the teams of the youngest children were referred to at that time). Being the youngest, we were in the younger 'midgets' age group. Us younger girls all wanted to be in it, so they established two younger 'midget' teams. Below is a **photo** of the Cherbourg Marching Girls teams.



61. The Hygiene Officer was the instructor, and his two daughters helped him train us. We marched as teams, being judged on our uniforms, deportment, and on our marching and movements.
62. Whenever we travelled into Murgon for training, it would be on the back of the truck, with the sides up. As we drove past, little whitefellas would make fun of us, making 'mooring' and 'oinking' sounds. We didn't care, we were on this truck, we were on a mission. We were going to get out there and train hard to compete. The whole community at Cherbourg supported it by attending fundraisers at the pictures, dances or concerts. We also did bob-a-jobs with the boy scouts to fundraise. Our uniforms were made in the big sewing room at the girls' dormitory.

63. Marching was the only activity for us girls. We travelled around southeast Queensland but needed the permission of the Superintendent to do this. The furthest north we went was to Bundaberg. Then to Maryborough, Toowoomba, Dalby, those places. In 1959, during the Australian Championships held at Redcliffe, we came second in the youngest 'midgets' division.
64. In 1962, we went down to Melbourne for the big Moomba Festival. The Melbourne trip came about through Harold Blair. He was born in Cherbourg but he and his mother were moved to the Purga Mission, which is south-west of Ipswich. Harold Blair was a well-known tenor who trained over in London and New York – that's where he sang.
65. Uncle Harold came back to Australia and went to Melbourne and was part of the Moral Re-Armament movement. Moral Re-Armament is about bringing Indigenous people together to connect and do things.
66. Chief Walking Buffalo and a group from the Stoney Creek Nakoda Nation western Canada came over to Australia and met with Uncle Harold and others as part of the Moral Re-Armament movement. Uncle Harold decided to bring them up to meet with the Aboriginal people in Cherbourg in March 1960. The whole community gathered at the showgrounds, and when they came, there was also a chieftain from New Zealand and his family. They were all in traditional dress, as you can see in this **photo** below.



67. A showcase game of football was put on there at Cherbourg and there were other activities. The girls in the Cherbourg Marching Girls teams performed a marching display for the visitors.

68. Uncle Harold went back and there must have been talk with the committee down in Melbourne about the Cherbourg Marching Girls. A committee fundraised to get us down there. Ansett came on board, and all these billetors from the Croydon Marching Girls fundraised so we could go down there.
69. I think we were down there for a week, in March 1962. We marched in the Moomba Festival. But prior to that, we gave a marching display to the Victorian State Titles Marching Competition. They presented us with medals. At that point, there were only two Cherbourg teams marching. Our team, which was now the junior team, was called the 'Imparas' (which means 'sun rising red'), and the youngest 'midget' team was called the 'Magarras' (which means 'be bright and look pretty').
70. The trip was amazing. Here we were flying in a propeller plane. They took us into the Captain's cabin. We would look down from the air and see all these city lights. In Melbourne, you see all these fabulous things happening, it was like a rollercoaster. Below is a **photo** of us girls waiting at Brisbane Airport to fly down to Melbourne. We stayed with host families from the Croydon Marching Girls.



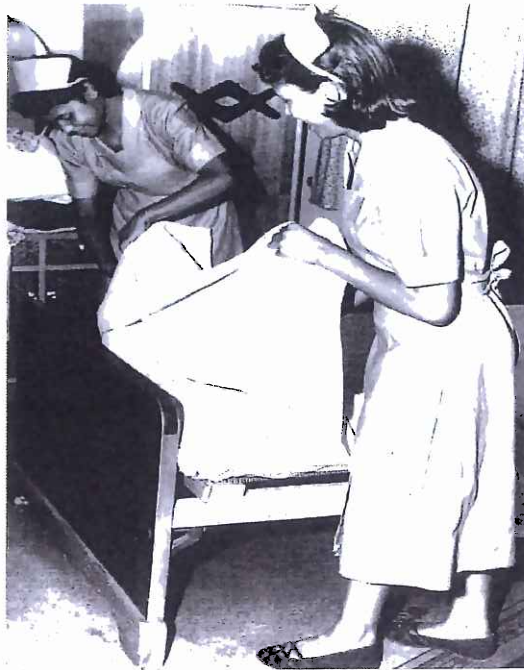
71. I have discovered since that visit that the Hygiene Officer was required to obtain permission from the Superintendent, who in turn had to get permission from the Director of Native Affairs for us to travel to Melbourne. After we returned, the Hygiene Officer had to provide a written report on the various activities of the Cherbourg Marching Girls, including this trip. This report is held in the Queensland State Archives and reproduced

in the book, 'Marching with a Mission: Cherbourg Marching Girls' on pages ninety-three to ninety-five.

72. The Marching Girls continued until the middle of 1962 when the Hygiene Officer took sick and could no longer train us. It was a beautiful five-year experience.
73. People worked hard to make a big difference in our lives. The Hygiene Officer, his wife and daughters and even our aunties, who made the standard uniforms in the sewing room of the girls' dormitory and the women who lived and worked in the dormitory who did all the washing and ironing. They did all of that. So many people working behind the scenes, but you we were unaware of it. It is important that this gets acknowledged. I'm grateful and thankful.
74. The Marching Girls gave me friendship, teamwork, discipline. It was the generosity and commitment from people who worked behind the scenes. It was the whitefellas that made this happen. Even though I'm giving them a lot of credit, at the end of the day I also have to give credit to my own mob, including my aunties, who washed and packed for when we travelled. Making sure our sandshoes and boots were all nice and white when we went to compete and were inspected.

Studying domestic science in Cherbourg

75. After I finished schooling to year eight level, I had to be trained for twelve months in domestic science in Cherbourg. Then I would be sent 'out there' to work as domestic servants. 'Out there' means employment on properties and in private homes outside Cherbourg.
76. Domestic science was taught in a purposely built building. The domestic science building was like a white person's house. There was a sewing area set up to teach us how to sew. There was also a bedroom, a kitchen, a bathroom and dining room to teach us what to do in a white person's house, because we just had basic houses, like washing up in a plastic dish or having a bath in a round metal bathtub in the kitchen in front of the fire. In the sewing room we would sit around in a circle, and we were taught different stitches. In the dining room there was a polished table, sideboard, chairs, and off to the left was a petition for the bedroom. It was on this bed that we were trained how to make a bed properly, which you can see in the photo **below**.



77. My domestic science teacher wore a straw hat and had a handbag which she always put on the bed in the bedroom. On one occasion she had to go down the hill to see the head teacher at the school. When she was gone, I got a big idea. I said, 'Girls! Follow me!' I jumped up on the bed, handbag over my arm, hat on and paraded up and down on the bed. Back then I used to have long hair. I threw my hair back and I said, 'How do I look girls?' But they were gone. Who was standing in their place? My teacher. My mouth dropped open and she yanked me off the bed. She said, 'Get in here you naughty girl!' The girls all sat on their chairs around the semi-circle. She had me out the front, got out the leather strap, lifted up my dress and went whack, whack, whack on the back of my legs for being a show off.
78. There were two, foot pedal sewing machines. We were taught how to use the machines. Being lefthanded I was useless. We made aprons, dresses and they all went on display up at the show. I saw a pattern and thought, that would be a lovely dress to make. The dress I made was shapeless, it didn't even get hung up at the show! I went up to the show looking for my dress and it was folded in the corner. In a way I was glad, because that was shame. It was a shapeless dress, but I had big ideas.
79. Bedmaking was good because you worked in pairs. You were taught how to fold the corners like hospital corners and fluff up the pillows. You would polish the tables and floors and clean the bath with Gumption or Ajax powder. One day one group would be doing that while the other group was making pikelets or scones in the kitchen. When we got leftovers, we were able take them home to share with the siblings. That was once a fortnight.

Working at the Cherbourg retail store

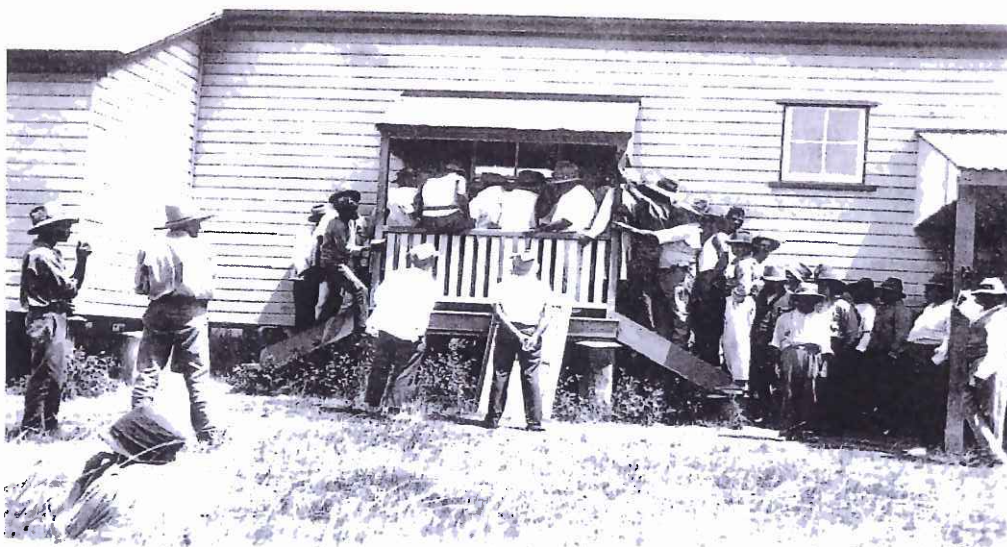
80. After my domestic science training, I was allowed to stay in Cherbourg rather than get 'sent outside' to work. This is because Pa Malone had been sent away to Fantome Island because he had leprosy and Ma Malone was in hospital for a very long time with tuberculosis. My older sisters had also been sent out to work. So, Granny Chambers was working and looking after all of her grandchildren by herself with only the fifteen shillings she was getting paid a fortnight and our weekly food rations.
81. I was required to go and work in the government retail store, which was beside the ration shed. I got paid two pounds a fortnight. I was required to the serve customers, but I wasn't allowed to handle money.
82. The government retail store sold groceries, which we called 'luxury foods', and clothing.
83. I enjoyed working at the store because you were busy.
84. When I finished work at the end of the day and went home, Granny was there. There was poor Granny at home making either the soup or the stew and looking after all the kids. Granny worked until her old age. She worked in the soup kitchen during the winter months a couple of days a week and washed the meat sheets twice a week.
85. Below is a **photo** of Granny serving soup at the soup kitchen.

**Rations**

86. We got all our rations at the ration shed. Below is a **photo** take in 1940 of people collecting their weekly rations at the ration shed.



87. Every year there would be an annual collection of work clothes and blankets – we only got it once a year. Here is a **photo** of the annual collection of work clothes and blankets.



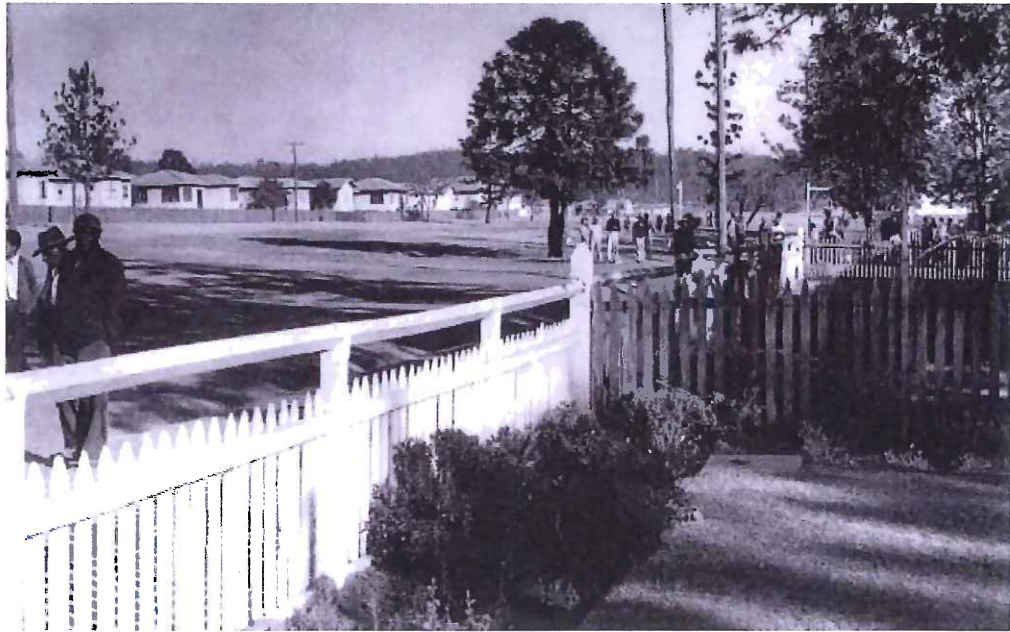
88. The food rations, like flour, tea, rice, were all given out weekly, on a Monday. We'd make damper with treacle, tea, fried scones.

89. Twice a week meat was given out from butcher shop.
90. On Monday and Thursday afternoons, out at the slaughter yards, the men would kill two bullocks. Once the hide was stripped, the bullocks were gutted and the carcass were cut into quarters, the meat would be wrapped up in big sheets of calico. That would be put on the back of a drey and brought down to the butcher shop. The butcher shop used to be right out front of the ration shed. The men working in the butcher shop would lift the meat out of the drey, take it into the butcher shop and hang it in the cold room.
91. Then they would bring these four massive calico sheets up to our house. It was Granny's job to wash them. Granny would tell us older girls to fill up two big metal tubs and soak the sheets overnight in cold water to get the blood out. Then the water would go on the garden as fertiliser. The next morning, we would light the fire under the boiler and put in the rinsed sheets to boil with washing soda. Once the sheets were boiled and boiled and boiled, they were taken out with this big prop stick, put back into the tub of cold water and rinsed out. The sheets were then taken out to the fence or the clothesline and hung out. That was the process. Granny did that twice a week.
92. Everyone in Cherbourg got meat. The men would cut the eight big pieces of carcass from the two bullocks on these big wooden butcher blocks. They were very skilled. You'd hear the chop! chop! chop! of the meat early Tuesday morning and Friday morning on the two meat ration days.
93. The good cuts would be set aside on trays for the white officials. They would come in through the doors and select their pieces. Everything else was thrown onto a big, long table until it reached up to the ceiling. It would feed fifteen-hundred people. Then the uncles would come with their big sugarbags, to collect meat for the dormitories and the hospital, which they wheeled back in wheelbarrows. Meantime, outside of the butcher shop, kids would be waiting from about four o'clock. When I was a kid, we would line up early on the side of the butcher shop and put down our sugarbag to mind our spot. We would play hopscotch, or marbles or skipping until we saw the meat was ready to collect for our families.
94. When I was working at the store, we would come to the door and I would be sitting up near the window of the butcher shop with the book. The book had people's family names and I would tick people off and ask, 'How many's in that family?' How much meat they got would depend on the size of the family. You couldn't say, 'Mum wants some T-bones, dad wants some rump.' I would say, 'Ten pounds!' The Uncle working at the butcher would go up to the table and scoop an armful of meat and bones from the long table and he'd put it on the scales. Too much? Chuck it off. Then he'd walk to the window. The kids would be waiting with their sugarbags to catch the meat he pushed through the window. Then the kids would take it home to mum. On Friday night, you could smell this meat cooking on the wood stove.

95. Same thing applied for Monday's rations. People lined up and waited at the ration shed window. The white shopkeeper would look at how many people were in a family and that's how many scoops they would get. The scoops were equivalent to the size of a large enamel coffee mug. For a family of five, it would five scoops of sugar, five scoops of tea, five scoops of rice. But you'd get more dried green peas, yellow peas, barley, tapioca. But you wouldn't get five scoops of salt. Then washing soda and bars of soap. The bars would be about a foot long. If there was only two in the family, the soap would be chopped in half with a guillotine. The rations would be collected in little calico bags, or billy cans, or whatever you had. You would then go around the corner to the big drum to get your treacle. Flour being your staple diet, you'd get about half a flour bag of flour that would be delivered to your home. That was to last a week.
96. There was never enough to eat, we were always hungry, so people would come borrowing. Everyone helped each other and made sure no one went without – all the families living in the camp.
97. We and our Old People and their Old People thought we were being given these rations, being looked after and protected on this settlement. The grannies referred to it back then as 'Freeshu'. Free issue. We thought the government was giving us free rations. I found out later that we paid for it out of our wages.

Working for the development of Cherbourg

98. Everybody had to work for the development of the community. There were lots of jobs for building this community, including for the men, being loggers, carpenters, painters, trade training, making furniture, plumbing, hygiene, stock, growing vegetables, raising the dairy cows, and milking. They had to line up in the morning for roll call. Even though the women didn't line up for roll call, they worked at the hospital, as cleaners at the school, in the sewing room at the girls' dormitory, and at the houses of the white officials. There were also community police. They had the job of obedience and supervising law and order in the community.
99. These 'inside' workers were required to work up to forty hours a week for the development of Cherbourg. This was the same for other settlements. The first thirty-five hours of work entitled families to 'free accommodation' and food rations. But these houses, when they were first built, had a tin roof, no linings or ceilings and bare floorboards. That's what the men worked for. That's what the women worked for. People got paid in cash for the additional ten hours worked in the fortnight.
100. The **photo** below shows inside workers coming down to the Superintendent's office to receive their fortnightly wages.



101. The Superintendent's office had a big leather-bound book for recording workers' wages. The word 'withdrawals' was written across the top of the wage book, but it wasn't a withdrawal from the worker's account, it was a withdrawal from the Cherbourg account to pay the wages. This applied to other communities as well.
102. Annexed as **LW-6** to my submission is a copy of a page from the Cherbourg Settlement wages book.
103. The women got paid in the afternoon. Granny got fifteen shillings, a ten-shilling note and five shillings a fortnight. That was one dollar fifty cents for washing the meat sheets and cooking the soup. I saw one of the records from 1965 and there was Granny's thumbprint because she couldn't sign her name.
104. I got paid two pounds a fortnight (four dollars) for working at the government retail store.
105. People got paid less than the award wage. One of my uncles got paid seven pounds ten shillings, that was fifteen dollars per fortnight, in 1963. Uncle got that money and aunty took that money off him. She would go to the shop and to buy goodies for the kids. The goodies were cereals, butter, jam, vegemite, peanut paste. We only had powdered milk, there was no fresh milk. We received a small bottle of fresh milk like every Australian child after the Second World War, at school for lunch.
106. At the Cherbourg training farm there was a large herd of cows, the piggery and every type of vegetable growing. The vegetables supplied the hospitals and the dormitories and produce was sent down to government institutions in Brisbane. The surplus would go down to the ration shed and word would spread around, 'They're giving out veggies!' So, we'd run down with our sugarbags, grab turnips, carrots and cabbages – they were our favourites. That would supplement our rations, but it didn't happen regularly, only when there was a surplus.

107. We had a soup kitchen in winter. Granny was required to make the soup a couple of days a week, using bones left over after meat was distributed. Everyone in the settlement could receive soup.

Going 'out' to work as a domestic servant

108. When the lady at the office came over to buy something at the retail store, she said to me, 'When you finish, come over and see me at the office.' So, I went over at half past four. I went up the stairs to the verandah to that window. She said a job had come up for a lady at Condamine. She said there were no more girls left at Cherbourg to send out to work so I would be the next girl to go. She told me to go up to the hospital for a medical examination, when the doctor was next visiting, before I left Cherbourg. Then I went home to Granny. I was upset. I thought if I tell Granny she might go and talk to them out of it.
109. When I was sixteen years old, I was forced to leave Cherbourg and work as a domestic servant. I went out in February 1964.
110. Everything was prepared for me. A letter was written up and it was put in a brown envelope with the letters 'OHMS' on it. The envelope was sealed. I was given ten shillings for food because I would be travelling all day.
111. A taxi came and took me to Murgon to meet a couple of other girls, and a male, who were already waiting for a service bus. We all crammed into the bus and got taken to the railway station at Dalby. I handed the brown envelope to the railway officer in a little room and was presented with a ticket. The train came in and we headed out to Miles. On the train I was looking out the window thinking about Granny being at home by herself with the kids. And I remember looking out the window seeing sheep with their little woolly bodies and these little legs.

Working for Mrs W

112. Mrs [REDACTED] (who I will call Mrs W) picked me up at the station at Miles. She was waiting for me there with her two younger children. Here I was with the brown port. The brown port had dresses, undies, a night dress, toiletries, a cake of soap, a tin of talcum powder, a toothbrush and toothpaste. The dresses were in late 1950s early 1960s styles and were from the government retail store. You had to be presentable, and they had to last you for twelve months because you were going out to a station miles from anywhere.
113. It was my first time away from home alone. Even though I was cheeky and a show off in front of the girls, I was very shy and I had a terrible stutter because of my nervousness.
114. Mrs W ran the sheep and wheat property with her eldest son and the farmhand. Her next child was at boarding school and the younger three were taught by Mrs W through distance education while she was doing the bookwork and helping with the outside work,

including the mustering. Even I helped with the lambs. You put the ring around the tail so it would drop off.

115. My daily life was getting up early, when Mrs W got up, to help with the breakfast. I would then do all the housework while she taught the three younger kids. I did the washing up, the cleaning, mopping the floors, dusting and polishing the tables, the bathroom, washing and ironing and all of those sorts of jobs, which kept me busy. Then when it came to mustering time or lambing season, that's when I helped outside. It was long days, busy days.
116. It was the first time I had my own bed. My own nice chenille bedspread and lovely nylon curtains. When you're at home, you're in the same double bed with four others. It was cramped, but you had fun because you had all your siblings who gave you comfort. Now I was in this lovely single bed myself. But I was very lonely and very homesick.
117. It must have been July when my birth dad came out with his partner. They got this contract to help clear the rest of the paddocks. They did ringbarking – that was tough work. Poisoning the trees so that they die, before they came in with the tractor to clear them. I was happy I had company, but they didn't live near the house, they lived further down the paddocks where they were doing all this work.
118. One of my friends who still lived in Cherbourg would write to me. My friend asked if I was coming home for the Cherbourg show and the debutant ball. That's what gave me the idea to get back to Cherbourg without breaking my twelve-month work agreement.
119. I went in and saw Mrs W and told her I wanted to go back to Cherbourg to make my debut, and she agreed. I saw my sister make her debut and she looked like a queen. So, Mrs W ordered for me a dress, gloves, tiara, necklace, and stilettos. I couldn't even walk in them, but I wanted to show off. She ordered these from a catalogue.
120. Photos were taken of us girls down at the head teacher's house. Below is a **photo** of me as a debutant in September 1964.



121. At the hall we were presented to the Minister for Education. The irony of it was that we were being presented to society when we weren't even included in society. But I see it as providing some brightness, some way out of the drudgery. That night they made a big thing about it. There was the dinner before the big ball and everyone from the community gathered and dressed up. Below is a **photo** of me being presented to the Minister for Education and his wife.



122. As I was researching, in 1994, I found the letter from Mrs W sending the invoice to Cherbourg to pay for 'Lesley's debutant outfit'. They had to reimburse her for my dress and accessories. It came to about thirty-eight pounds.
123. Annexed as **LW-7** to my submission is a copy of the cheque sent from the Director of Native Affairs to Mrs W to reimburse her for the cost of my debutant outfit.
124. It was my wages that paid for my very expensive and elaborate outfit. I didn't even think about how it would be paid for, all I wanted was this dress and all these accessories.
125. My wage was three pounds ten shillings per week. The two pounds was sent to Cherbourg quarterly to be kept 'in trust'. The other one pound ten shillings per week was pocket money and was supposed to be paid to me weekly. I received my pocket money from Mrs W, she was an honest, genuine, and caring person. Apart from pocket money, I never saw the rest of my wages. They were kept 'safe' for me. It was the same for countless other workers just like me.

126. Annexed as **LW-8** to my submission is a copy of the letter from the Superintendent to Mrs W which sets out my pay arrangements.
127. After the deb ball, I hung around in Cherbourg. Up comes the Aboriginal policeman, knocking on the door looking for Lesley. He said I was wanted down at the office. Trot, trot, trot, down to the office. They said, 'Mrs W's ringing asking when you're going to come back. Are you going back or not?' I had my head down and the cheekiness came out and I said, 'I don't want to go back.' 'Why?' 'I was very lonely and shy, so I don't want to go back there.'

Working for Mrs B

128. There were two sisters-in-law out at Taroom looking for two girls to work on their neighbouring properties. I agreed because I would be going out with another girl, and so I would not be punished for breaking the twelve-month agreement with Mrs W. I told Granny I was going out to Taroom. My older sister was back home, Ma was recovered and out of hospital, and Pa had come back from Fantome Island after five years. His disease had cleared up, so he was home. The whole family was back again, so I went out to Taroom.
129. I went out to Taroom with another girl who I will refer to as 'C'. One of the sisters-in-law, said 'Come on C, are you ready to go?' I was looking at her and she was looking at me and I was thinking 'where the hell is C going to?' So, C went down the hill to work for her boss. She wasn't nearly as close as I thought she would be. I said to myself, it looks like I'll be working here.
130. My boss was Mrs [REDACTED], who I refer to below as Mrs B.
131. When I arrived, Mrs B said, 'Follow me.' I picked my port up and I thought we were going around to the house. No, we were going around the side to the shed outside the house. It was just a wooden building, a room, with two lots of windows and a door. It was a storage room where they kept food they bought in bulk. It was bags of sugar, bags of flour, big tins of fruit. You name it, they had everything in there. Right near the door, was the bed, and a little dressing table and a wardrobe. She said, 'Here we are, this is your room. This is where you'll be sleeping. You may use the bathroom inside.' Not the toilet. The bloody toilet I could use was outside, over near the stable, it was a humungous hole in the ground. I thought something might grab me. I'm not walking over there in the middle of the night to go to the toilet!
132. At night, stinking hot, my routine was to lock the windows, pull the curtains across and drag a bag of sugar and push it against the door for security, because there was no lock and key. In the morning, I would get up and cook breakfast, set the table in the dining room and set the table on the verandah for the other worker and I. He was a young stockman, whitefella. He slept over at the stables.

133. I ended up staying there for fifteen months. I persevered. I thought I'd better make up for cutting short the time with Mrs W. The following year, it was shearing time. The other sister-in-law and her kids moved up to where I was. I was required to move down to be with C, because we were the cooks for ten men who came to do all the shearing. C and I were there alone with all these men. Sleeping on this double bed at night, making sure the door was locked. We couldn't take any risks.
134. That was for two weeks. That was heavy work, it was physical work. We cooked a breakfast of sausages, eggs, steak or chops. Then sandwiches for lunch. Biscuits and scones for morning tea and afternoon tea. Dinner would be a big roast or casserole with a dessert. We worked and worked. It was about October and it was hot. At the end of it we got a 'big reward': the sisters took us to the pictures in Taroom. No extra cash. Years later I found out that the weekly rate for Aboriginal cooks cooking food for whitefella men was double a domestic's wage. This was under the Aboriginal Protection Act. We didn't get any extra pay for the work we did, working from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.
135. When that all finished, I went back up to the shed. Then an older man came to do fencing. I hated him. He slept over at the stables with the other worker and the three of us ate meals together on the verandah. I didn't want to sit at the table with him, because of the way that evil man looked at me. He would make your hairs stand up.
136. The other worker would go and spend every weekend in town. I was in bed this one night, I'd done my whole routine. The next thing, I heard the sugar bag dragging across the floor. That fencing contractor decided he was going to pay me a visit. I woke up and there he was leaning over me. I jumped out of bed and shoved him out of the way and I took off into the house screaming. I woke up Mrs B and her husband and told them that the fencing contractor came into my room. Mr B went out to speak with him. Mrs B went into the spare bedroom, the one she kept for when her mother came visiting, to make up the bed for me. I was crying. I said 'I don't want to sleep in here. I want to sleep in your room.'
137. Mrs B dragged the mattress out and laid it on the floor of their bedroom. I didn't care, I was safe. Then Mr B said, 'You're safe now Lesley, he's not going to bother you, I told him to pack his bag and get.' But that's beside the point, I shouldn't have been out there in the first place. I found out later that the legislation said that girls going out on their own were to be housed under the same roof as their employer. This wasn't checked on. It wasn't written in the agreement. We are talking about tens of thousands of girls. This could have happened to my mother, and grandmother and sisters. Thousands of others.
138. That is something I tried to raise when we were doing the campaign in the lead up to the reparations. What about our welfare and safety? No one cared about that.

139. I stuck it out and finished there at Christmas time. In the lead up to going home, they bought me a nice watch and I had all of this pocket money, all of these green notes saved up. I was farewelled and driven to the station at Wandoan. I remembered back to working at the store in Cherbourg when I would be paid two pounds, one green note for the fortnight. And there I was with all these green notes. I kept looking at the notes and was smiling to myself.
140. Going home I stopped at the shop in Murgon. I wanted to buy all the goodies and fruit in Murgon and go home like Santa Claus. Rockmelon for Granny, that was her favourite. Plus, the stone fruit, the plums, because that was a luxury, that was a rarity. That was the only time we saw fruit, at Christmas time on the table, once only in all those years, on that one occasion. Now we have an over-abundance of fruit. I had a good time at home until I was sent down to Brisbane.

Coming to Brisbane

141. I didn't come down to Brisbane until 1966. You first did your time on properties out west, in the middle of nowhere, then you were sent down to work in the 'big smoke'.
142. When I was sent down to Brisbane, Nana Mace, my birthmother, gave me advice about living in Brisbane. She warned me not to wander the streets at night, not to go out alone and to get home before curfew. She told me that the police would be out checking for Aboriginal people after curfew time. I soon came to recognise these undercover police, we called them the 'D's' or demons. They wore black suits and hats and drove around in cars monitoring the movements of Aboriginal people.
143. When you walked over the river from the city to South Brisbane, that's where you felt safe because you were meeting a lot of other Aboriginal people. Over in the city, all we saw was whitefellas. You felt isolated. You had whitefellas moving away from you when you were standing at the traffic lights. On my days off, I would come into the city to meet the other girls as there was safety in numbers. We all had a lovely time. You were given your pay and you could buy nice things or gifts to send home.
144. We need change, but we shouldn't forget the history. It's important to learn about and share the history.
145. In Brisbane, I was first sent out to a lady who lived in a beautiful big Queenslander on the river at East Brisbane. The house is no longer there, nor is that street. She wasn't able to keep me there because her sister-in-law needed my bedroom.
146. All these women would get together and talk about the girls that were working for them and who needed a job. That's how I ended up over at Clayfield with Mrs Roberts. That was in March 1966.

Andrée

147. An elegant women named Mrs Andrée Roberts arrived in her blue mini. She had three children. She lived in this nice house with her husband at Clayfield. There were other girls working all around the neighbourhood. I always referred to Andrée as Mrs Roberts. All the girls referred to their bosses as 'Mrs'. Only as we became closer, she told me to call her Andrée.
148. While I was out at Condamine, all we ate was lamb. So, when I first arrived at Andree's, I thought I'd show off by cooking a lamb roast. But Andree said to me, 'How should we do this?'. I didn't understand. She and I cooked that dinner *together*! The table was set in the dining room. It was a beautiful, polished table with silverware. I remember sitting and eating that first dinner with the family in the dining room.
149. Andrée realised that she had to bring me into the Department of Native Affairs because I had an agreement to work for the other lady but, now, I was working for her.
150. We came into George Street in her blue mini to Morcom House. Morcom House used to be the building of power and control over our lives. I found out later one that my bank passbook was kept in the safe at the Director's office. The Director of Native Affairs was our bank, he was also our banker. But we had no idea.
151. Annexed as **LW-9** to my submission is a copy of my bank passbook.
152. The shop, Aboriginal Creations, was at the bottom of that building. That was the retail arm of the Department of Native Affairs. That's where they sold all the artefacts and products made by Aboriginal people and people from the Torres Strait Islands. They sold shadow boxes, with boomerangs, spears, shells and things from the Torres Strait, inside. You hung it on your wall. In Cherbourg they had a workshop where they made these artefacts. These were made for the tourists. The money went back to the Chief Protector or the Director. They were showing what Aboriginal people do and kept all the money 'in trust'.
153. There was a side door in that building that took you upstairs to the Department of Native Affairs' office. I sat waiting in the foyer while Andrée went in and spoke to a white official from the Department about my agreement and my working conditions. There were a lot of good white officials but there were a lot that decided to help themselves. They had the power to direct and order blackfellas.
154. Andrée was in the office a long time and I was getting nervous. When Andrée came out and we jumped in the little blue mini she said, 'Les, the Department wants me to deposit your pay into a bank account, which the government controls. It's ridiculous, I've never heard of such a thing.' She had told the Department, and now me, that she would be paying me directly, all ten dollars a week. Andrée paid nothing to Cherbourg. That was in 1966.

155. Her and I worked together on Mondays, thoroughly cleaning the house. The other days of the week we just spruced up the house. But we did it together. When we weren't working, we would play Chinese Checkers and Scrabble. We became very competitive. Playing Scrabble helped improve my spelling and tactical thinking. We had a great time. I also did paid babysitting and other jobs around the neighbourhood. I thought I was rich. I was living in this beautiful big house.
156. One day when Andrée and I were working side by side in the garden, we could hear her neighbour jingling like a walking Christmas tree from the jewellery she was wearing. The neighbour pushed her head through the hedge and asked Andrée if I was her maid. Andree said, 'No, Lesley and I are friends.'
157. Andrée hosted my twenty-first birthday party. All of my family and friends came to the party, even family from Cherbourg. That was in 1967. Below is a **photo** of Andrée and I at my birthday party.



158. I had a wonderful time with Andrée. I was always there as her companion and she would confide in me. Andrée made me feel like a member of the family.
159. In July 1968, I got a phone call from the Superintendent at Cherbourg. He told me that Granny Chambers had passed away.
160. I organised to go home for the funeral. This meant applying for permission from the white officials at Cherbourg to go back to Cherbourg for the funeral. I describe the funeral in my book, 'Not just Black and White'. When we all returned to the house from the cemetery, I saw Granny's metal trunk on the verandah. It was my father's old army trunk. She used to keep her precious things in that trunk, including my mother's wedding

dress. That's the dress that Granny was buried in. I saw a blue brunch coat in the trunk. It was the brunch coat I gave Granny the Christmas before. This was the last present I gave Granny. I gathered that brunch coat and brought it back to Brisbane with me. I still have that brunch coat.

161. Andrée was sad that I lost my dear Granny because she knew Granny was like a mother to me. She raised all of us kids. Andrée was supportive of me taking time off for Granny's funeral. But the Cherbourg Superintendent only allowed me to stay in Cherbourg for twenty-four hours.
162. By 1969, circumstances had changed with Andrée and her husband and they divorced. Andrée then remarried to a stockbroker. She moved with her children to his big house over at the other end of Clayfield. Andrée insisted that I move with them too, even though her new husband had staff and a housekeeper. Our new home was a big split-level house with a hidden driveway and a twenty-five metre pool.
163. In 1971, the South African Rugby Union Team toured Australia. They were called the 'Springboks'. People were protesting at their visit because they opposed apartheid in South Africa. Andrée's husband agreed to host a party for the Springboks at the big house in Clayfield. Police were lurking in the shadows making sure no protestors tried to stop the party. My job was collecting glasses and putting them in the dishwasher. A newspaper photographer tried to get a photo of me and the captain of the team. I didn't want my photo taken because I saw on television that the Springboks visit was controversial, so I went and hid in my room. No photo was taken of me. Some people at the party didn't like that the photographer wanted to take a picture of me. They thought a photograph shouldn't be taken of a black 'maid' with players from the all-white team. I found out later Andrée publicly told them that I was a guest at the party, not a maid.

Life in Brisbane with my future husband

164. I stayed with Andrée until 1971 until I moved out to live with my husband-to-be. Andrée found us a wooden duplex advertised for rent near Newmarket, so Willie and I went there by taxi to have a look. Willie got out of the taxi first and walked up to the house to speak with the owner who was renting the place. As I came around the corner the man asked, 'Is she with you?' Willie said, 'Yep.' The man told him, 'Sorry, the apartment's taken' and shut the door in Willie's face.
165. The same thing happened when we were at a pub in Fortitude Valley with my sister. We went in and sat at a table and Willie went up to the bar to order a lemonade and shandy. The bar tender pointed towards us and asked, 'Are you with them?' Willie said, 'Yep.' And the bar tender told him, 'Can't serve you.' This racism was probably going on all the time. This time it was so blatant. It still goes on today, including not being served in shops. My son was ignored in a pub in Winton. The waitress was serving other customers but not him.

Stolen wages campaign

166. In 1991, Pa Malone, my Cherbourg dad, had a stroke and was transferred down to the Royal Brisbane Hospital. I was living in Gympie at the time, so I went to my mother-in-law and father-in-law and told them that I needed to drive down to Brisbane to see him and asked if they could look after the kids. I drove down to Brisbane and stayed with my birth mother at Zillmere. Pa had an operation to have his leg amputated. He was so sick. I went to the hospital and was feeding him fresh rockmelon and pawpaw. The people on the other side of the room to Pa said it was good I was feeding him because the staff were not – they were just leaving the food next to him.
167. Pa passed away.
168. When I was getting ready for Pa's funeral my neighbour told me that a big funeral was going to be happening in Cherbourg for a respected Elder. I told him that he was talking about my Pa.
169. The week after the funeral, my neighbour told me he had papers for me. They were old government records from Cherbourg. This included records for my Pa's family, with amounts of money beside people's names. I had no idea money was kept in that office and that it was all recorded.
170. That started the wheels turning in my mind – there must be records about me, my parents and my grandparents. That started me on the journey.
171. After Pa died, I wanted to put a complaint in about his treatment at the hospital. Our family didn't want compensation for Pa's treatment, we just wanted an apology and for the hospital to acknowledge that he deserved better. Through that process, I met someone who worked at the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission ('HREOC').
172. I told her I needed to get my government records. She suggested I write a letter to the Minister for Family Services and Aboriginal and Islander Affairs requesting my documents. She helped me write that letter, that was in February 1992. I didn't get a response from the Minister for weeks. It took a few more letters before things started to happen.
173. We had no idea we could apply for records through freedom of information laws until I was told us about this. So, I put in a freedom of information request with the Department of Family Services and Aboriginal and Islander Affairs. The Minister agreed to my request. This was one of the first times an Aboriginal person had used their freedom of information rights to access their government records.
174. The day I was given access to the files, I got up at twenty past four in the morning. I had to get a taxi and a bus before I could get the train down to Brisbane.

175. I met my sister outside the Department building. Before we went down into the basement to look at these records, we met the Director. Growing up, the Director had the power to split up families and send children out to work as servants. The Director and Chief Protector were feared. Now, my sister and I were sitting across from the Director in his office.
176. A person who worked in the Department whispered to us that we would not find anything. She was Aboriginal and had been trying to look for records for her mother without any luck.
177. My sister and I then went down to the basement to look at the records. We were taken into a room with bundles and bundles of documents piled on two long trestle tables and on the floor. I had requested records for the Chambers, Malones and Gyemore families, my grandparents and parents.
178. I was blown away by the detail in the records. It was about all of our movements. My grandparents, parents, myself and my siblings. I didn't realise the extent of all these different records and how they were generated. Removals, identity cards, social history cards. They captured everything. Even though Aboriginal people talk about every aspect of our lives being controlled, it was different seeing it written down. Blackfellas are not making this up, this is true. I was sad for my grandparents, sad for their journey of removal and having to walk to their final resting place. Who am I to complain about my life? It was nothing compared to their lives, that was tough. It was heartbreaking to read these records, but it was written in black and white for everyone to see.
179. I said to my sister, 'Look at this! Look at this!' But I was wasting time reading things when there were too many records to read. My son came in and the three of us were photocopying everything.
180. After that, I took the records back to my home in Gympie. When I read the documents, it blew me away. Mum and Granny never told me about their working lives. I knew my older sisters were sent out working. Like being 'sent out' from prison.
181. I had no idea I had wages that weren't being paid to me. I knew I collected a wage when I worked at the store in Cherbourg. That was two pounds. But when I was first sent out, I didn't know I was earning a wage, I was only given pocket money.
182. I would regularly travel from Gympie down to Brisbane to do more research, then back home again. I was able to see more records that were kept by the State Archives which was newly set up. I would take my children out to the State Archives in Runcorn during the school holidays to search for my family's records.
183. For eight years, my children and I were letter writing and researching at our own cost. We were letter writing to the Premier, federal and state ministers, the opposition, to everyone.

184. My friend from HREOC assisted me to apply through Freedom of Information for further documents following the release of a report by the Consultancy Bureau called 'Final Report: Investigation of the Aborigines Welfare Fund and the Aboriginal Accounts' published in March 1991. This report contained information about the history of the Queensland Aborigines Accounts and the Aborigines Welfare Fund. After an unsuccessful meeting with another lawyer, she introduced me to Tony Woodyatt from Caxton Legal Centre. Tony helped me commence legal proceedings for repayment of my savings held in trust. Caxton Legal Centre took the case and we were side by side the whole way.
185. We came up with the idea of sending out briefing kits for the Justice for Aboriginal Workers campaign. I have provided a copy of the briefing kit 'Justice for Aboriginal Workers' to the Inquiry as reference material. This kit told people about the injustice of how money from the Aborigines Welfare Fund was used for non-Aboriginal purposes and how records of the accounts of individual Aboriginal workers had been lost and destroyed.
186. We've always been involved in marches. So, I got the big idea to have our own rally, which we did, at Roma Street. I came down to Brisbane and got excited for the rally. Elders came, but not many other people at that stage. But we didn't stop, we continued. It was the support and belief of the Elders that kept us going. We held other rallies, including in King George Square. Below is a **photo** of a protest march to Parliament House in Brisbane in the mid-1990s following a Justice for Aboriginal Workers Campaign rally.



187. Prior to that there were elections. Pauline Hanson decided to run, so we sent a letter to her to inform her of our history.
188. I was finding out about the wider history and about money being used to build hospitals, including Redcliffe Hospital, and saleyards with Aboriginal people's money from the Queensland Aboriginals Accounts. It must have been tens of thousands of Aboriginal people over generations who had no idea where their money was going. We never received handouts. We had a strong work ethic. For me, it was the principle, it wasn't about my individual savings. There were four generations of my family who were affected. It wasn't just my family either. When you added it up, it was millions of dollars. In 1959 alone, the equivalent of seventeen million dollars of Aboriginal workers' wages, Child Endowment money and savings were kept by the government. This is while children went without food, warm clothes, shoes and lived without running water and electricity.
189. In 1995, my daughter and I travelled to the United States as she had won a competition to take part in the World Children's Congress and the World Summit of Children. After that, we stayed with families across the country and spoke with people about the injustices that were occurring in Australia for Aboriginal people. The trip revealed similar experiences between African American people and Aboriginal people who were removed from their traditional homelands and forced into labour and slavery. Word spread and soon we were inundated with speaking requests.
190. Later that year, my daughter was invited to speak with the United Nations Committee on the Rights of the Child and the High Commissioner for Human Rights in Geneva with other talented young people from all around the world. I tagged along with her – she needed a chaperone. To go there was an amazing experience.
191. I was frightened, but I took the opportunity to speak with the High Commissioner of Human Rights at the United Nations. I spoke about the forced labour of Aboriginal workers and their stolen wages. I felt good. Now the United Nations was aware of it. We were not only focusing our campaign locally, we were telling people internationally about what had taken place here. We wanted the government to know that we had gone to the United Nations. To sit and listen to these young people talk to the United Nations about children's rights was awesome. These young people weren't mucking around. It made me feel like we were making progress.
192. I settled my case in 1999 with an apology from the Minister that was published in newspapers. The reason I took on the campaign was for our Old People. A lot of Old People were sick and aging. We wanted something to recognise their history and that they worked for everything they got.

My journey

193. When I was younger, I had a stutter and no confidence. I let other people speak for me. I don't know what happened to that other Lesley. The Stolen Wages campaign changed me. It was having people believe in me and seeing Elders who had faith in me to do something about our history, even though there were people on the side trying to 'muscle in'. They are the Elders that were so special, they believed in it and were so grateful that this was being done for them. That's what gave me confidence to speak. I lost my stutter and nervousness. They didn't complain, they just got on with their lives. That's what gave me confidence. I'd learnt the truth, that's what I wanted to share. That's the journey.
194. People didn't have to come on this journey with us, but they saw the injustice. The journey hasn't finished, it will continue. It is sad that more young people aren't taking this up.
195. Back in the 1990s when we were campaigning, we wanted the truth to come out, but no one was listening. That is why I am excited and happy and sad about this Truth-telling and Healing Inquiry. It has taken until now for an Inquiry to happen. I am adamant for the truth to be told. We were constantly having to justify ourselves. People ask, have you got a new car? Have you got a new house? It still goes on today. This needs to be told and I am happy that it is going to be told. I am sad for the Old People, but I want their stories to be told too. That's what's keeping me going. The Old People's stories need to be told before they pass on. We are on this journey together. This is the history of all Queenslanders, black and white.

This submission and the Truth-telling and Healing Inquiry

196. The contents of this submission and my books 'Not Just Black and White' and 'Marching with a Mission: Cherbourg's Marching Girls', which I have given a copy as reference material to this Inquiry, are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
197. I make this submission on invitation from the members of the Inquiry to assist the Inquiry to perform its functions in accordance with the Terms of Reference dated May 2024 (Terms of Reference). I consent to this submission being held by the Inquiry and acknowledge that it may be utilised and published by the Inquiry in accordance with the Inquiry's practice guidelines or procedures, which may change from time to time.
198. To the extent that permission is required to publish photographs contained in this submission, I authorise the Inquiry to make inquiries to seek and to obtain the relevant permission. Where required permissions are not given, I authorise the Inquiry to make any pre-publication redactions to photographs contained in this submission.

199. I authorise the Inquiry to make (at its discretion) any pre-publication redactions to this submission which are considered necessary and appropriate, including in accordance with the Inquiry's obligations under applicable laws and its Terms of Reference.
200. I confirm that:
- a. I am not aware of any legal, cultural or other basis on which the information within this submission should not be shared with the Inquiry and/or published;
 - b. consent has been obtained from any living individuals named in this submission, for their names and the accompanying information to be shared in the manner in which it appears in this submission.
201. I acknowledge that at the conclusion of the Inquiry, this submission will be regarded as an Inquiry record, and handled in accordance with laws which apply at that time (which may see my submission transferred to the Queensland Government for archiving).

Signed by Lesley Williams

on 17th September 2024

)
)
)
)
)


Signature

ANNEXURE LW-1

1942 Annual Report of the Department of Native Affairs

1942.
QUEENSLAND.

REPORT

UPON THE

OPERATIONS OF THE SUB-DEPARTMENTS

OF

Native Affairs, Jubilee Hospital for Chronic Diseases (Dalby), Dunwich Benevolent Asylum, Institution for Inebriates (Dunwich), Eventide Home (Charters Towers), Queensland Industrial Institution for the Blind (South Brisbane), and Westwood Sanatorium.

PRESENTED TO PARLIAMENT BY COMMAND.

BRISBANE:

BY AUTHORITY: A. H. TUCKER, GOVERNMENT PRINTER.

A. 10—1942.

Reports upon the Operations of Certain Sub-Departments of the Department of Health and Home Affairs.

Department of Health and Home Affairs,
Brisbane, 28th September, 1942.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE SECRETARY FOR HEALTH AND HOME AFFAIRS.

SIR,—I have the honour to submit, for presentation to Parliament, the following information regarding the operations of the under-mentioned Sub-Departments of this Department.

R. H. ROBINSON,
Acting Under Secretary.

NATIVE AFFAIRS (Deputy Director, C. O'Leary).

JUBILEE HOSPITAL FOR CHRONIC DISEASES, DALBY (Superintendent, T. M. Daley).

DUNWICH BENEVOLENT ASYLUM (Manager and Medical Superintendent, Dr. F. C. Turnbull).

EVENTIDE HOME, CHARTERS TOWERS (Manager, E. P. Kelleher).

INSTITUTION FOR INEBRIATES, DUNWICH (Superintendent, Dr. F. C. Turnbull).

QUEENSLAND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, SOUTH BRISBANE (Manager, J. E. Townsley).

WESTWOOD SANATORIUM (Superintendent, Dr. J. H. Blackburn).

Native Affairs Information contained in Report of Deputy Director of Native Affairs for the Eighteen Months ended 30th June, 1942.

SIR,—I have the honour to submit report under "The *Aboriginals Preservation and Protection Act of 1939*" and "The *Torres Strait Islanders Act of 1939*" as at the 30th June, 1942.

Previously annual reports covered a calendar year, therefore this one covers a period of eighteen months. The altered procedure is to provide more up-to-date information.

Population.—The total aboriginal and half-blood population as revealed by the census taken by the Bureau of Industry at the 30th June, 1941, shows that there were at that date aboriginals 8,977—half-castes 6,451—and Torres Strait islanders 3,675. These figures reveal a difference over the census taken at the 30th June, 1940, as follows:—

Aboriginals, 8 decrease; half-castes, 287 increase; Torres Strait islanders, 167 increase.

The Use of Aboriginal Labour under War Conditions.—The shortage of man-power for the essential primary industries of Queensland in which aboriginal labour can be suitably employed has been met to the fullest extent consistent with availability of such labour, and to provide it, working gangs on Government Settlements and Church Missions have been reorganised and all surplus drafted to the industries.

To assist in the harvesting of the peanut crop in the Kingaroy district 100 men were sent from Cherbourg Settlement and a further 100 were sent from Woorabinda Settlement for harvesting cotton in the Callide Valley. Palm Island Aboriginal Settlement sent 112 to the sugar industry at Ingham, and a further 25 cane-cutters were supplied from Yarrabah Mission. This mission also provided 20 men for maize harvesting on the Atherton Tableland. As on Government settlements and missions all labour in country protectorates has been recruited and placed where the need was most urgent.

Arrangements are being made for the transfer of labour from Mornington Island Mission to the pastoral industry, and the missions at Mitchell River and Doonadgee in the Gulf district are likewise assisting to maintain the essential labour requirements. By reason of the foregoing the total number of aboriginals and half-castes, males and females employed has increased from 1,982 in 1940 to 2,497 in 1942. Reports received show that generally the conduct of aboriginals in employment is satisfactory. It can hardly be expected that these men, entering callings in which they have had no previous experience, could attain efficiency comparable with competent whites but it can be claimed that they are rendering a good service under conditions in many cases new to them.

Farming and Stock.—Despite reduced man-power on Government settlements and church missions a more extensive production of food crops has been undertaken. The difficulties which hitherto attended such production on Woorabinda Settlement have now been removed by the installation of three small irrigation plants which will enable a further 20 acres to be put under cultivation and already plunging of such areas is well advanced. Lucerne, corn, and other stock fodders will be grown and provision is made for the production of vegetables required for the maintenance of the inmates.

At Cherbourg Settlement additional areas were put under vegetables and excellent crops of turnips, cauliflowers, and cabbages have already been harvested. After supplying the needs of the settlement it was possible to distribute seven tons of surplus to State institutions at Danwich and Woolloowin, to the Salvation Army Women's Home, Toowong, and to Woorabinda Settlement.

At Palm Island Settlement additional areas for the production of vegetables are also being prepared, and on the three settlements aboriginals are being encouraged to cultivate food crops in their cottage gardens. The school children at Woorabinda and Palm Island Settlements are likewise growing excellent crops. A similar policy of greater production applies throughout all church missions, and generally every effort is being made to meet all essential requirements for a greater self maintenance of the institutions.

Health.—Generally the health of aboriginals has been satisfactory, and in country districts there has been no serious epidemic. Cherbourg and Woorabinda Settlements, and to a lesser degree Palm Island Settlement, experienced rather severe epidemics of dengue and mumps, but under medical attention and careful nursing very few fatal cases occurred.

Cherbourg Settlement was unfortunate in experiencing an outbreak of typhoid fever which was promptly put under control. Immunization and inoculation against diphtheria and typhoid fever has been completed at Cherbourg and is well under way at Woorabinda and Palm Island Settlements. At these settlements and church missions hospital efficiency has been well maintained despite the difficulties experienced in keeping the nursing staffs up to the required strength. In all cases coloured nurses are used to the fullest and the services rendered by them is commendable and invaluable.

Relief to Indigent Aboriginals.—The usual relief in food and clothing was issued to all indigent aboriginals throughout Queensland. Every precaution is taken by Police Protectorates of Aboriginals to see that no aged or infirm aboriginal is allowed to want.

Education.—Allowing for war conditions the education of aboriginal children on Government settlements and church missions has continued, and satisfactory progress is reported. The total number of children attending such schools throughout the State is 2,239. The manual training classes at the Cherbourg Aboriginal School are catering for 12 boys from Woorabinda and Palm Island Settlements in addition to the Cherbourg boys and from this school capable and efficient apprentices are now being received into the settlements' artisan gangs.

Aboriginals' Accounts.—The total amount held in trust in the savings bank accounts of aboriginals is £252,324. No restriction on withdrawals within reason against these accounts is placed on the owners and, in the event of any aboriginal or half-caste receiving exemption from the provision of the Act, care is taken to see that his accumulated funds are protected or otherwise invested to his advantage.

Child endowment.—The payment of Commonwealth child endowment to aboriginal and half-caste mothers including Torres Strait women has proved an immeasurable benefit to mothers and children. This new income to mothers has allowed them to purchase extra foodstuffs, clothing and small luxuries and generally to maintain a higher standard of living than previously prevailed.

The collection and disbursement of such funds is controlled by the Sub-Department, and every care is taken to see that the best use is made of the endowment. The number of endowees participating is 969, and the total number of children benefiting is 2,845.

TORRES STRAIT ISLANDS AND SOMERSET DISTRICT.

Administration.—The responsibility given to Island Councillors under "The Torres Strait Islanders Act of 1939" has been well received and generally the administration of local affairs by these islanders is commendable.

War Conditions Affecting Torres Strait Islanders.—By reason of their location the Torres Strait islands experienced more drastically than other Queensland districts the effect of the war conditions. The administrative control over these

islands was much more restricted than in pre-war years, but nevertheless effective administration still continues, and the trading activities of Island Industries Board have not ceased. The employment of the men whose services are not otherwise required continues in the most important units of the islanders' fleet.

Marine Industry.—During 1941 approximately 500 men, principally Torres Strait islanders, were employed in this industry, but the number has been considerably reduced this year. Master boats employing approximately 100 men are now operating through a southern port and the base of operations of the Torres Strait fleet has been transferred to a southern location. Despite adverse conditions good catches are being recorded by the islanders' fleet, and it is expected that remunerative returns will be obtained for the workers.

Scouting.—Scout troops on the Torres Strait islands under islander scout-masters continued to function. The training which the young men of Torres Strait received over a period of years through their Boy Scout and Rover organisations proved of considerable value when their services were later required by the authorities. At Palm Island Settlement the movement has been reorganised under the direction of officers of the Boy Scouts' Association and excellent reports of the progress are held. The value of scouting amongst aboriginal boys is recognised as one means of maintaining greater discipline and providing a measure of self-reliance and independence amongst them.

APPRECIATION.

Appreciation must be expressed of the self-sacrificing work of missionaries in their care of aboriginals and half-castes under their control. War conditions have added considerably to the responsibility of these people, but despite many hardships their excellent work is being maintained.

Appreciation and thanks are likewise expressed to the staffs of Head Office, Government Settlements, and to Police Protectors, all of whom have co-operated excellently in the work of protection to aboriginals.

Native Affairs - Information contained in Report of Director of Native Affairs for the Twelve months ended 30th June 1942

Corporate Author: Queensland, Home Secretary's Department

RS 25.4/3

www1.aiatsis.gov.au/exhibitions/removeprotect/prot/lists/qld_prot_list.html
vn2005895_6x_a.pdf

ANNEXURE LW-2

Copy of my birth parents' application for permission to marry sent to the Director of Native Affairs and the permission granted. I have redacted individual names for cultural and privacy reasons.

"The Aborigines Preservation and Protection Act of 1939"

No. 26

A.I.N.

APPLICATION FOR PERMISSION TO MARRY
(By any two parties—one of whom is an aboriginal.)

	Male	Female
Name—Christian and Surname. Identification No. (if any)		
Date of birth		19/10/1914
Breed of parents -		
Father	H/C	H/C
Mother	F/B	H/C
Previous marriage (if any) -		
To whom married	SINGLE	SINGLE
Date and Place	"	"
Legally or Tribally	"	"
If legally married is husband or wife still living?	"	"
Number and ages of children	N/A	N/A
Provision for future custody of children		
Illegitimate children (if any) - Number and ages		N/A
Particulars of -		
Present custody	W. J. Allen	"
Future custody	"	"
Have parents given consent to marriage (required if under 21 years)?	OVER 21 YRS	YES
If not, why?		
House or other accommodation available for couple after marriage	Settlement Accommodation	
Nature of present employment	Settlement Employment	
Particulars of wages or income	Settlement Wages	
Balance of Savings Bank Account	£5-11-9	
Signature of applicants		
Witness	W. J. Allen	W. J. Allen

REPORT OF PROTECTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT

Are the above particulars accurate to the best of your belief? Yes

Are the applicants of good character? Yes

Are they free from disease? Apparently

42

ANNEXURE LW-3

Copy of temporary exemption granted to my birth mother. I have redacted individual names for cultural and privacy reasons.

99

"THE ABORIGINALS PRESERVATION AND PROTECTION ACT OF 1939"
(Regulation 4)

CERTIFICATE OF EXEMPTION No. -

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT _____ of 18/48 is hereby exempt from the Provisions of "The Aboriginals Preservation and Protection Act of 1939" and ~~other provisions~~ other provisions thereunder, ~~subject to~~ subject to the conditions specified hereunder:-

~~For period of twelve months, conditional that Savings Bank account~~

~~remains under control of the Director of Native Affairs.~~

(Date) _____

Director of Native Affairs

The condition of the granting of this Certificate of Exemption is that such Certificate of Exemption shall ~~be~~ 15th February, 1948 ~~revoked~~ Asking revocation, be delivered up to the Director.

N.E. the Director may, at any time, revoke any Exemption and thereupon the provisions of this Act shall apply to such aboriginal as if no Exemption had ever been granted.

ANNEXURE LW-4

Copy of Pa Gyemore's social history card. I have redacted individual names for cultural and privacy reasons.

Schedule 10

"The Aboriginal Protection and Restriction of the Sale of Opium Acts, 1897 to 1934."
The Aboriginal Protection Regulations of 1936.

NUMBER.	NAME.	SEX.	RELIGION.	BREED.	DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH.	USUAL EMPLOYMENT.
					St. George's 1920	Post School Student

FATHER'S NAME.	NUMBER.	MOTHER'S NAME.	NUMBER.	BREED.
				Half-caste

MARRIED TO	NUMBER.	NATIONALITY OF HUSBAND OR WIFE.	DATE OF MARRIAGE.	PLACE OF MARRIAGE.

CHILDREN.			PARTICULARS OF ORIGINAL ADMISSION.																																	
Name.	Sex.	Born.																																		
			Admitted to <u>Leichington</u> Date <u>4/3/1936</u>																																	
			If on Minister's Removal Order <u>yes</u>																																	
			Date of Order <u>4/3/38</u>																																	
			Reason for Order <u>Person care & protection</u>																																	
			Period of Order <u>During Minister's Pleasure</u>																																	
			Where from <u>Mitchell Queensland</u>																																	
			SUBSEQUENT ADMISSIONS AND DISCHARGES.																																	
			<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 10%;">Date.</th> <th style="width: 10%;">Ad. or Dis.</th> <th style="width: 80%;">Reason.</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> </tbody> </table>	Date.	Ad. or Dis.	Reason.																														
Date.	Ad. or Dis.	Reason.																																		

ANNEXURE LW-5

Copy of permit we were required to obtain from the Superintendent to leave Cherbourg for a short period of time.

CHERBOURG ABORIGINAL SETTLEMENT

To Whom it may Concern

PERMIT

Date.....

The Bearer,.....
has permission to be ABSENT from this Settlement
from.....to.....
for the purpose of.....
.....

.....
Superintendent.

Govt. Printer, Brisbane.

Copy of page from Cherbourg Settlement wages book. I have redacted individual names for cultural and privacy reasons.

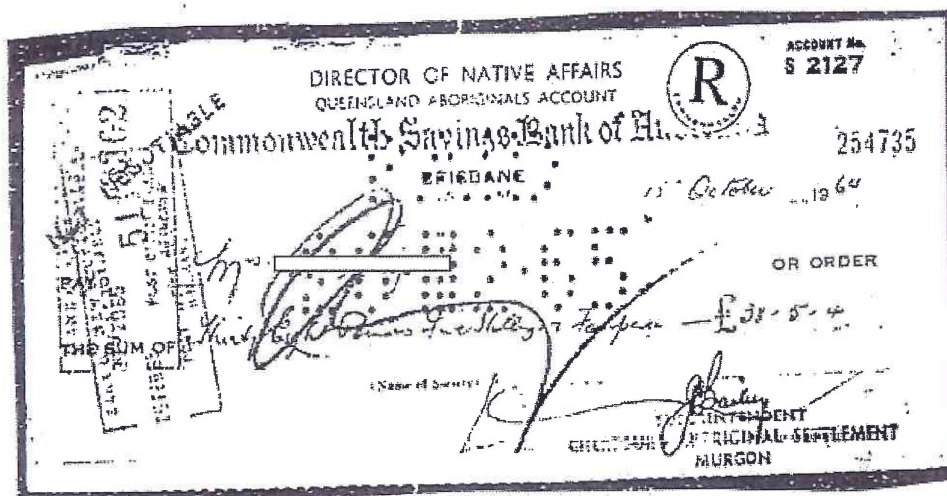
№ 3

WITHDRAWALS for Month ended 19-2-63 by PROTECTOR OF ABORIGINALS, CH

DATE	NUMBER OF CHECK	NATIVE'S NAME	IDENTIFICATION NUMBER	AMOUNT IN WORDS	AMOUNT	MARK OR SIGNATURE OF RECIPIENT	WITNESS	REASON FOR WITHDRAWAL
1/2/63				Sum of \$108 -	108 -			
				Reserve \$16	2 17 6			
				Paul Bond	1 28 20			
				Jim Bond	1 18 20			
				Jim Bond	7 10 20			
				Jim Bond	8 10 20			
				Jim Bond	7 10 20			
				Jim Bond	4 8 20			
				Jim Bond	1 10 20			
				Jim Bond	5 10 20			
				Jim Bond	4 5 20			
				Jim Bond	8 16			
				Jim Bond	1 8 20			
				Jim Bond	7 20 20			
				Jim Bond	4 8 20			
				Jim Bond	2 10 20			
				Jim Bond	4 10 20			
				Jim Bond	1 5 20			
				Jim Bond	8 10 20			
				Jim Bond	6 5 20			
				Jim Bond	6 5 20			
				Jim Bond	4 15 20			
				Total	235 8 -			

ANNEXURE LW-7

Copy of cheque sent from the Director of Native Affairs to Mrs W to reimburse her for the cost of my debutant outfit, to the amount of thirty-eight pounds. I have redacted individual names for privacy reasons.



ANNEXURE LW-8

Copy of letter sent by Cherbourg Superintendent to Mrs W setting outlining my pay arrangements. I have redacted individual names for privacy reasons.

CHERBOURG

MURGON

13th February 64.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The bearer, Lesley Guymore, is proceeding to Condamine to take up employment with Mrs. [REDACTED].

Any assistance rendered her en route would be appreciated by this Office.

SUPERINTENDENT

B/O.
Mrs. W [REDACTED]
CONDAMINE

Copy for your information. Attached please find Agreement No. 42991 covering the employment of Lesley Guymore at the rate of £3/10/- per week, £1/10/- of which she is to be paid as Pocket Money to be entered in the enclosed Pocket Money Book, the balance of £2/-/- is to be paid to this Office quarterly for credit to her Saving Bank Account held on this Settlement.

Would you kindly sign the original of this Agreement and return it to this Office together with forwarding expenses which are as follows:-

Taxi fare Cherbourg to Murgon	6: 0
Bus fare Dalby from Murgon	1: 19: 0
Train fare Dalby to Miles	1: 3: 6
Sustenance	1: 0: 0

£4: 8: 0

Yours faithfully,


SUPERINTENDENT

ANNEXURE LW-9

Copy of my bank passbook

No. 56
 NAME LESLEY GYEMORE
 ABORIGINAL AND ISLAND AFFAIRS

PASSBOOK

IMPORTANT—If this Book is lost, the
finder should forward it to

DEPT. OF ABORIGINAL AND
ISLAND AFFAIRS

It is of no value to any person but the
Owner of the Account

Type SAVINGS BANK District or Place GYEMORE
 Name of Depositor LESLEY Account No. 00

DATE	RECEIPT No. or WITHDRAWAL No.	DEPOSIT AMOUNT	WITHDRAWAL AMOUNT	BALANCE	ENTERED BY	OFFICE STAMP
	Balance forward	\$ C	\$ C	\$ C		
18 3.66	Balance			20 83	SP	
25 3.66	Shew up do Jury S. M. 1		20 00	00 83	SP	
17-1-66	Bush Rd L. 10		4 55		SP	
	9-1-10/16				SP	
31-12-66	Town Bsb		3 20	100	SP	