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NORTH WEST W.A. LEGENDS

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LEGENDS  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

In some of the legends of the West, the period is placed in the days when birds and beasts were supposed to have possession of the earth, when, without being mythically half-beast, half-human, they were yet possessed of human powers of speech and used human weapons. In other legends the time is held to be the period when birds and beasts were human, before their transformation into their present forms.

To define either period in the native mind is impossible, for with the native, every natural feature in any way pronounced has a mythical reason for its existence, and every peculiarity in bird, beast or fish, has a legendary origin, but these legends and myths, handed down through untold generations, are not explainable by any native. In Yamminga or ancestral times everything was possible, and from that period everything is accepted, hence, with regard to Yamminga legends, there is no "why" in the native mind. The legends and traditions that have come down to him from his Yamminga ancestors are received by him with the same credence as that which is given to the modern rendering of the Scriptures by an enlightened and civilised world. To question him on matters or myths apparently contradictory, is not merely to confuse his mind, but also insensibly to influence it in favour of the theory of the questioner. The myths and legends are therefore left to the native's own unbiassed rendering, and thus the best results will be achieved.

Many northern legends bear upon initiation ceremonies, others are interwoven with the religious beliefs of the natives, others again show the legendary origin of the laws relating to food collection and distribution and the restrictions connected therewith.



Their manner of relating their family legends and myths is decidedly dramatic. Certain words or phrases are emphasised or repeated, accompanied by characteristic actions of the hands or by movements of the whole body. When fairly started upon their recital, and with a congenial audience, they deliver it with much dramatic power and pantomimic gesture, so that a person ignorant of their dialect, if familiar with their habits as well as with those of the birds and animals whose mythical history they are so graphically describing, will easily follow the course of the narrative from the actions of the narrator.

It is an entrancing moment when one finds oneself included in the camp membership, which ensures freedom of intercourse, unaffected recital of ancient events, passing remarks on the significance of bird, animal or insect suddenly appearing in camp, and all the daily happenings of daily life. What student would, by a single question, disturb the perfect harmony of scene, narrator and legend? Oftentimes, in the ardor of recital, the ancient narrator, man or woman as it may be, will rise to their feet, and assuming the attitudes of the animals, etc., they are describing, will go through all the evolutions incidental to the legend, culminating in an entire pantomimic representation of the story.

Amongst the Broome natives the malloweeree or windeegur (curlew) gives notice of the approach of enemies. It suddenly calls out, "Kooree bilbil, kooree bilbil." "Oh," some jabbool-yoowomba (old man) says, "thammunjoonoo (natives on a mission of revenge) coming koalgurdee or yalmban (south or southeast)." Or its cry will be interpreted, "Weeow wid'wid'wid' - thammunjoonoo coming Bannogub (east);" or "Weeow kood wid, kood wid - thammunjoonoo koolarrabul eebilnga," (coming from the west). The windeegur always "looks out" for the natives and so its cry must always be heeded. And so with other nature signs, each has its significance, trivial or important as the case may be.



Many of the legends have a moral attached to them, and some show a certain evenness of native justice in matters pertaining to food, etc. The old men who are the upholders of these laws, and for whose comfort and convenience they appear to have been inaugurated, are not always allowed to override them, as the Broome district legend of the Eaglehawk, Wagtail and Pigeon, shows.

LENGO AND MANDABULABULAFATHER AND SON

Lengo was a clever, strong Koojanguru (seacoast) womba and one of his sons was Mandabulabula, who was also a very clever, strong young womba in the Yammainga time of long ago. It was he who showed the Koojanguru womba how to catch fish by torchlight. He made woondungoo (torches) which would stay lighted a long, long time and at night time he used to go down to the beach (barda) with his koorili lanji and kill all kinds of fish that came in with the tide, walga-walga, jirralool, and many other kinds of good eating fish Mandabulabula caught, and he would bring them all back to camp, strung on his spears, and lay them down before his father. Lengo would then distribute the fish, keeping those he liked for himself and sending the rest to the members of his group, leaving Mandabulabula only the little ones or stringy ones, never giving him a walga-walga or jirralool or any of the good fish which he brought back in such quantities.

Now Mandabulabula was a Maabungana (fully initiated man) yet his father refused to allow him to eat the good fish, when by law he could eat any of the fish he caught, because he was Maabungana. But he loved his father and was obedient to him for a long time. At last he got tired of catching good eating fish and never being allowed to eat any of them, so one day he went down to the barda and standing close beside the sea he turned into lightning and went away over the sea. Lengo was also on the beach, and when he saw his son turning into lightning he tried to stop him with his spear and with boughs, but Mandabulabula went away from him. By and by Mandabulabula turned into red stone and went into the ground near the barda, and now when the tide is out, you can see the red rocks near Wallaning (north of Broome) which the womba always call Mandabulabula-goon, the place where Mandabulabula went into the ground. In the spring time when the red sunset is reflected in the sea all men know that it is Mandabulabula showing his torch, and they go torchlight fishing, knowing that they will catch plenty of walga-walga and jirralool and other good eating fish. Old men should not forbid their sons to take their proper share of the fish they catch when their sons are maabungana.



TCHALLINGMER AND LENGOPELICAN AND MANA Broome Legend

In the Yamminga times of long, long ago, Tchallingmer the pelican was a ko-al gurdi womba (Southwestern man) and Lengo was a Kularra booloo womba (Western man). They were travelling koo'nian (north).

Lengo had a very good Koolmi lanji (heavy, fighting, broad triangular-shaped boomerang) but Tchallingmer had only a light jirib lanji, made from the wood of the jirib tree, and Tchallingmer greatly coveted Lengo's fine lanji.

Lengo was a great fisherman and he showed his kularra booloo brothers' sons how to catch fish with bait. He broke nee'barda and jang'i and many other kinds of ban'mungo (shellfish) into small pieces and threw them into the sea and the big fish came up to eat them, and Lengo killed as many as he wanted. He also caught a karrajoonoo (small mullet-like fish) and cooked it and chewed it and spat it out over the sea, and the fish came fast and fast to eat the karrajoonoo so that the kularra booloo men had always plenty of fish. Lengo threw his koolmi lanji amongst them and the lanji would go round and round in the sea and kill many walga-walga and other big fish.

One day Tchallingmer and Lengo were fishing and Lengo's koolmi lanji killed many big fish, but Tchallingmer's jirib lanji only killed small and "no good" fish. He was very jealous and envious of Lengo's good lanji. When Lengo caught all the fish he wanted, he and Tchallingmer sat down near the barda (beach) and Tchallingmer said, "Joong-goo wan birdim." (Fire make).

Now joonggoo was the koal-gurdi word for fire and nooroo was the kularra booloo word and all womba liked their own speech best, and always mimicked the speech of their neighbours, for they thought their own speech was better than any other.

So Lengo said very crossly, "Nooroo kannu birdim," (Fire I will make) "and I will talk my own speech."

While the fish was cooking they argued and argued about their ngang-ga (speech). By and by they stopped arguing to eat and when



they had eaten Tchallingmer said, "You and I change lanji."

"No," said Lengo, "I won't give you my lanji."

"Ngowai," said Tchallingmer, and he did not ask again, but when Lengo put his koolmi lanji on the ground Tchallingmer picked it up and put his jirib lanji in its place.

Presently Lengo picked up the lanji and saw it was not his, so he said, "You have my lanji. Give it back to me."

"Let me throw it first," said Tchallingmer, and he threw the koolmi lanji up, and told Lengo to catch it, but every time the lanji came near him it rose up over his head and went round and round again. Tchallingmer said, "Get your mung-oorl (spear) and stop it," but though Lengo held his spear high up, the lanji rose higher and higher and went round and round and round and at last went into the sea.

"Oh, my lanji, my lanji!" cried Lengo, and he swam off to where it was floating, but every time he tried to reach it, the waves rose up and pushed him back to the beach.

Lengo was very angry and Tchallingmer said, "I will get it," and he swam to where the koolmi lanji was and caught it in his mouth, and when Lengo saw his lanji in Tchallingmer's mouth he said, "Now you can keep my lanji, but it will stay in your mouth always, and you can never get it out again," and when Tchallingmer changed into a pelican he had a mouth like a koolmi lanji.

Lengo travelled further north (koonian) and went into the ground at Lengo-goon, near Weera-gin-marri, at the place where he used to catch fish with banmungo and karrajoonoo bait, and all the kularrabooloo men who went to Lengo-goon to fish had to use the same bait that Lengo used in Yamminga time and they always caught plenty of fish.

Lengo had a little son whom he greatly loved and one day while he was away fishing, lightning came and took his boy and Lengo was so angry with his jeemarra (wife) that he hit her on the back with hiw nowloo (club) and she died and turned into stone near Weera-gin-marri, and there you can see the bent form of Lengo's jeemarri, whom Lengo killed because she had not saved his little



son from the lightning.

Tchallingmer said to Lengo, "When men meet one another they should always exchange their things with each other, lanji, mung-coori, nowloo (boomerangs, spears, clubs, etc.) when asked to do so, for that is the law of all womba (men)."

And the stone woman of Weeraginmarri tells all women that they must always take care of their children so that no evil magic can come to them.

Manja

7a

Notebook 8, P. 169

Tchalingmer stop wirarr (pot creek), no got fire, eat everything raw. Doperdoper a bird which sings dop dop, comes up sandbeach and takes iragul. Tchalingmer gives him fish. Dop dop hides his iragul (Tchalingmer has only got Kandileber (soft spear) and goes away. He stays long bush, he's got fire and cooks fish, eats and sleeps. Tchalingmer catch plenty fish and Doperdop comes back morning time, and Tchal. gives plenty fish and D. still hides yragul and won't share it. Doperdoper takes the fish away again and cooks and eats.

Doper doper makes manja iragul and takes them to Jalungmi, comes back to the same place. Tchalingmer gives him plenty fish and Doper doper sticks all the spears in the ground near Tchalingmer. Tchal. sees them and says, Who own that one. Doper doper said, You want a spear. Jallingmer caught them and said, good ones. They took plenty. Tchal. caught big fish with the iragul and Doper doper show him how to make fire kaliber, and gave it to him, and then Doper doper went jimbin and Jallingmer go down too, and by and by come up walli.

Bugarara - yaminga.

MOORAL AND MARJALI

(Two species of seagull)

In the Yamminga time of long ago, Moorai (black and white seagull) and Marjali (white seagull) were womba (men). Moorai came from Koongabbu and was a Waddiabbuloo womba and Marjali came from Yalmbain (south) and was a Koalgurdi womba. They were travelling north and had killed two langoor (opossum) with their koorili lanji (boomerangs made from koorili tree). At midday they came to a beega (shady grove) and Marjali said to Moorai, "Joonggoo wanbirdim." ("Fire make.") Moorai replied sharply, "Nooroo kanno birdim janna jeera ngangga." ("Fire I will make but I will speak my own language.") Marjali said nothing, and Moorai made the fire, saying to himself, "Nooroo kanno birdim," again and again. He liked the sound of his own speech. When the langoor were cooked and eaten Moorai and Marjali lay down and slept.

By and by they woke up and went on travelling north, and killed more meat food. At Weerragin-marri they sat down and Marjali said again, "Joonggoo wanbirdim." Moorai became very angry. "Arrianga ngala ngangga jeeo jeera ngangga, ngar kanno birdim nooroo, noora janna jeera ngangga." ("I don't want to speak like you," he said, "I will make nooroo; nooroo is my ngangga," and Moorai stood up ready to fight Marjali, but Marjali was lazy and he lay down and pretended not to hear. Moorai made the fire and he talked to himself as he made it. "I will get a clear place for the nooroo, and will get dry wood for the nooroo, and make good hot ashes from my nooroo." Each time he came to the word "nooroo" he raised his voice. He was challenging Marjali in this way, hoping for a fight, but Marjali kept his eyes closed and pretended to be asleep.

They ate the food and slept and travelled on to Jeeriba-ngarrin and Marjali again said, "Joonggoo wanbirdim wallee anna birdee," ("Fire make and meat cook,") just like a song, for he was now ready to fight Moorai.



"Arriang milaa ngangga billai! jooa meejala booro nga jee." "

"Don't you talk like that," screamed Moorai, "you go back to your own country. I don't want to say 'joonggoo, joonggoo'", and he mocked Marjali's speech, screaming out "joonggoo, joonggoo," like a woman.

Marjali was very angry when he heard Moorai mock his speech, and he said, "You are a no-good man, you are mocking me." Moorai laughed loudly. He was glad to have made Marjali angry at last and he said, "I am a northern man and you are a southern. We are much better men than you and can fight better and we don't talk like a woman," and again he mocked Marjali, singing in a high-pitched voice, "Joonggoo wanbirdim, joonggoo wanbirdim."

Marjali jumped up in a great rage and said, "You put on reerrga (charcoal) and I will put on karmul (white pipeclay) and we will fight now." Moorai covered himself with reerrga from his nooro and Marjali got some karmul from a hole in the ground, and they fought each other with their koorili lanji. Moorai was too angry to fight well and Marjali hit him many times, calling out, "jiraa-jiraa," always, just as he had called out whenever he hit Moorai. Now Moorai the spotted seagull keeps to the north and Marjali the white seagull keeps to his own southern country.

THE KABBOOWALLEE

( The Cannibal )

Nalja was a kabboowallee (cannibal and murderer) and used to catch all the womba by a trick, and cook and eat them. He was also called Yeela gullera because he had several little dogs always travelling about with him. On his travels through the pindan he always made a noise like a kalleegooroo and the noise frightened everyone away from his vicinity so he and his yeela could always travel safely through the pindan. When he reached a big camp where there were plenty of womba, he would look like an old man, and the womba seeing him would call out to him to come and have some wallee.

One day he reached a camp of young womba.

"Come and have some wallee, kogga," they called to him.

Nalja said, "Ngowai (all right). I'll leave the yeela here and my lanji and karrburna and nowloo with them."

Then he stood up near his yeela and weapons and he said to the womba, "You hit me," and they said, "What for?" but he only replied, "You hit me with lanji," and then they said, "Kogga is clever and wants to show us how he can dodge the lanji," so they threw all their lanji at him but couldn't hit him. All of them tried and tried, and when they had thrown all their lanji, Nalja picked up his yeelburding lanji and killed all the womba with it. Then he cooked and ate them.

He went on travelling koonian, doing this at every camp he came to. The young womba always thought he was an old kogga. At last one day Nalja came to a camp where there were two jalnga ngooroo womba (sorcerers) and they saw him a long distance away and they said, "Here's a kabboowallee coming." They did not say anything to their families because that would have frightened them, and Nalja might not then come to their camp. They let him come right up to the camp, and he said, "I'll leave my yeela here and my lanji, karrburna and nowloo," just as he had done at the other camps. But the two jalngangooroo spoke and said, "We don't want to hit you, kogga. You throw your lanji and hit us."



Nalja threw his lanji (yeelberding) at them and missed them, and then they caught hold of him and threw him on the ground and chopped him into little little bits, saying as they did so, "You are a kabboowallee. You eat womba. We have been waiting for you, we did not meet you before, you kabboowallee. Many womba you have eaten, now you will eat no more, and there will be no more kabboowallee."

So they killed the kabboowallee but did not eat him, and now old men can come to any camp and not be mistaken for kabboowallee, for the jalngangooro killed them.

HOW KOOLJOOWAN GOT HIS RED LEGS

(Crane, or a species of Wattle bird)

Kooljoowan was a womba in Yamminga time and a kabboowalla (cannibal). He travelled pindana (bush) and koojangoorra (coast) and everywhere he went he killed and ate womba, jandu and jeera (men, women and children). He always travelled in rainy weather.

Whenever he came near a camp he would make nyeerrwa (cave) a little distance from the camp and then he would go on to the camp and pretend to be very sorry that the womba had no shelter from the rain, and say to them, "I've got a nyeerrwa over there; you come to my nyeerrwa and get inside and the rain won't wet you then and you can have a fire," for when the heavy rain came the womba could not keep their fire alight, so they said, "We will come with you to your nyeerrwa, kogga (uncle)."

When they came to the nyeerrwa, Kooljoowan asked them all to stand in a row in front of the nyeerrwa, then he made a fire and sang his own praises while he was preparing the fire. When it was well lighted he said to the womba, "Now sit down all in a row," and they all sat down, womba, jandu and jeera.

All the time Kooljoowan had been carrying a mungoorl (spear) between his toes, where the womba could not see it, and when they had all sat down he went to the end of the row and <sup>sent</sup> the mungoorl through all the sitting womba, jandu and jeera, and killed them and cooked them at the fire they had watched him make, and ate them.

He did this many many times, and always in rainy weather. Sometimes he would put the womba, jandu and jeera inside the nyeerrwa and making a fire at the entrance would cook them alive and eat them.

One day he came to a camp where there were some jalngangooroo womba (sorcerers) and they saw him a long way off.

"Here's a kabboowalla coming," they said, "we must stop him from eating any more womba, jandu and jeera."

So they waited until he came up. Kooljoowan came into the camp and said to the womba, "I've got a nyeerrwa over there, come inside by my fire, come out of the rain."



Jeera and jandu went first and the jalngangooro followed them and behind came Kooljoowan who also went inside the nyeerrwa.

"I must get some more wood for my fire," he said, and turned to go outside the nyeerrwa, so that he could fill up the entrance and cook them all. But when he tried to go out, the jalngangooro caught hold of him and said, "You are a cannibal. You look like our uncle, but you eat men, women and children and are kabboowalla," and they pulled him by the legs and put him into the fire. and when he became Kooljoowan, all his legs were red where they had been burnt by the jalngangooro womba.

THE BAD BOYS AND THE ELDERSBroome district

Wiringi was the naughtiest little jeera (boy) amongst all the Waddiabbuloo boys. Every boy in camp knows that there are certain things he must not do, or some harm will come to him by magic. He must not go into forbidden shady groves that are guarded by a ranji, or the ranji will put sickness into him and he will die. He must not touch the magic ornaments hanging from the necks of the jalngangooroo, or these will hurt him, or pluck the yirgili flowers, for then he will send all the yirgili seed back to jimbin, and there will be no yirgili for his people; and there are many other rules that he must remember, but above all, he must not mock talloorgurra (elderly men). He may mock his mothers or sisters and if his fathers are in a good humour they will laugh at him or they may tell him he must not do that, but whether he heeds the warning or not, he will not be beaten for mocking his mother.

Wiringi, however, saw in old Beedurn an easy person to mock, for Beedurn had caught some evil magic which stiffened his arm, and Wiringi would walk about the camp holding his arm just like Beedurn. His father said to him, "If you do that you will get mirrooroo (magic)," but Wiringi had been doing so many naughty acts and had not been mirroorooed that he only laughed at his father and mocked Beedurn again and again. All the talloorgurra in the camp warned Wiringi, yet they could not help being amused at the faithfulness of the imitation, all except Beedurn, whose anger against the boy grew greater every day. He told jeera to stop, but jeera put his tongue out and went on with his mocking.

At last Beedurn's brother-in-law said to himself, "I must punish jeera for he will not stop mocking Beedurn and we must let the other jeera see that they must not mock talloorgurra." But he did not tell anyone what he was going to do. One morning he went away to a ranji beega (forbidden shady grove) and taking a warrangujji (nose bone) he had brought with him, he marked it with dots for jeera's eyes and lines for jeera's arms



and legs, with a goombara (sharp stone).

Then when he had finished the markings, he held the warrangujji close to him, and rocking himself to and fro as he sat cross-legged in the ranji beega, he sang the following mirrooroo into it :

Warrangujji biddoor ga-ree-naa,  
Warrangujji biddoor ga-ree,  
Piddoor garee naa.

He sang this over and over again and at last he mentioned the boy's name softly over the warrangujji, and sticking it into the bark of a tree, he came back to the camp. No one but himself knew of the mirrooroo that he had made.

Jeera went on mocking Beedurn for a little while, but by and by he lay down, and then all the talloorgurra knew that he had got mirrooroo, but as they all sent mirrooroo, none of them knew which of the mirrooroo had taken effect.

By and by Beedurn's brother-in-law went again to the ranji beega and looked at the tree where he had stuck the warrangujji. It had broken off "of itself" and the broken part was lying on the ground, and then he knew the jeera would die, so he took the two pieces of warrangujji and put them in the fork of the tree. Very soon Wiringi died and was buried in the fork of a tree. After his death, the other little jeera never again disobeyed the great laws through there were many little rules that they defied, but they were not punished as they were but trivial offences.

Sometimes a little jeera would puff out his stomach and cry out. "Ngai dardal, ngai dardal," ("I am sick, I am sick,") and then another little jeera pretends to be jalngangooroo, and comes over to the sick boy bringing a koorabarl or koorabbura (magic stick) with him. When he reaches the sick boy, he turns him over, puts the baaloo (stick) on his back, then on his side, then on the swollen stomach, and the lump quickly goes down. "Jooa maabu?" ("You all right?") the little jalngangooroo asks him. "Ngowai," the patient says, "ngai maabu." (Yes, I am all right.)

Again the little jeera will have a sham fight with spears made of rushes, and toy shields and boomerangs. After a short fight one little jeera falls down, apparently dead. A young jalngangooroo comes over to him and raises him up, but the boy shows no sign of life. Then the little jalngangooroo puts a finger in each of the dead jeera's ears and shouts to him, "Wan'jalla ngai," ("Look at me,") The dead boy opens his eyes, looks at the jalngangooroo, and is made alive again.

These and other games may be played by the jeera without offending their elders, but as soon as the little boy ceases to be jeera and becomes nimmamu (name given after nose piercing has been performed on them) he is never allowed to play those games, for as soon as he is nimmamu, his childish games and fun are over, and from this time forward he is gradually initiated into full manhood.



THE STORY OF JOORD JOORD

(Northern Stag)

(Broome district)

Joord joord was a jandu (woman) in Yamminga time and had two sons. Every day her sons went into the pindana (bush) to catch langoor and other wallee, and always brought home their game, giving their mother as much wallee (meat) as she could eat.

Joord joord should also have gone out vegetable and root food hunting, but she was very fat and lazy, and every day, every day, she gave the boys nothing but nyeelguru and ngarran (white ants and their eggs) which she got without going very far away. She filled her binjin (vessel) with these because they were easy to get, and when the boys came home with all kinds of wallee, they only saw the same food in the binjin, and that was all their mother would trouble to get for them. They got tired of eating the ngarran and at last they threw it into the fire where it made a noise when burning.

Joord joord called out to them, "What is burning? What is that noise?"

The boys said, "Nothing," Every time they came home and saw only nyeelguru and ngarran they burnt it.

One day they came home early, bringing fat langoor and other wallee, and they saw their mother sifting the nyeelguru and ngarran. The oldest boy then said to his brother, "We will kill our mother now for she gives us nothing but ngarran ngarran, while we bring her home good wallee."

When Joord joord saw the boys coming towards her, she said to herself, "They are going to kill me for I give them nothing but ngarran," and she picked up her milgin (digging stick) and hit the boys with it. The boys got a firestick, "moardoo baaloo" (firestick of dead wood), and hit her on the back (ne-al-gun) with it, and now Joord joord has a black back and goes along crying "Joord-joord, joord-joord."

Jandu should bring home proper mai (vegetable food) when their sons fetch good wallee to them.



### HOW THE BROOME NATIVES GOT FIRE

Joongabilbil (chicken hawk) was a koojangooroo womba and used to make fire by flapping, flapping, flapping his wings. (flapping = kartgart) He would rise high, high up (kalbu) and flap, flap, flap and then rush down and set the grass alight. The womba (men) tried to catch the fire, but it always went out before they reached it. Joongabilbil lighted a fire again and again, and the womba would run and run and try to catch it, but it always went out. Then Joongabilbil lighted a marrju (big spreading fire - bush fire) and went up in a tree, and when the womba saw the marrju, they cried, "Oh, look at the fire, where did it come from?" Then they ran again and tried to catch it, for they were always having to eat their meat raw, but though women and men tried to catch the fire, they could not reach it before it went out.

Next time they watched Joongabilbil and when they came near to him he said, "Where's your fire?"

"We have none," said the womba, "and we have to eat our meat raw."

The little hawk went to a jimmain baalu and broke some branches off and then he flew up and fluttered his wings over the jimmain tree and set the baalu alight, and the womba were able to get the fire from the jimmain tree and cook their meat with it. Joongabilbil said to them, "I will put the fire in the trees so that you need not eat raw meat any more," and he put the fire in the jimmain, ngalli mungal, reerrwal, kooling-irrub (paper bark), kandileeb (mangrove), and kalgal trees, and he showed the womba how to get the fire kallibur (sawing) method from those trees.

Langoor (opossum) was a pindana (inland) womba, and he saw the koojangooroo fire and he said, "I will make woongalga (fire by upright method or drilling) from all the trees that Joongabilbil has put the fire into," so he got the jimmain and tried woongalga, but no fire came. Then he tried all the other trees in turn, but the only one that would make the woongalga fire was the ngalli mungal. All the others must be made by kallebur.



HOW WANBERR GOT HIS RED LEGS AND TCHALLINGMER HIS UGLY WALKRoebourne district

In Yamminga time Wanberr the Crane was a Pindana womba and Tchallingmer the Pelican a Koojangooroo womba. One day they went out together to catch fish and when Wanberr got a big king fish he broke it in two and put it in a place where Tchallingmer could not see it. Later on he put it in his jaggurda (bag made of spinifex fibres) and was taking it away pindana with him when Tchallingmer saw the full bag and he said, "What have you got in your jaggurda?"

"Only a little fish," said Wanberr.

But Tchallingmer saw that it was a big fish, and he said to himself, "Wanberr is a greedy fellow and wants to keep that big fish for himself."

They each made his own fire, Wanberr on the Pindana side, and Tchallingmer on the Koojangooroo side, and both sat down and camped for a while. Wanberr had made a big fire and he put his big fish on the fire to cook. He thought Tchallingmer didn't see him, because when womba make different fires and camp by them, they turn their backs to each other. But Tchallingmer knew he was cooking the big fish, so while it was still in the ashes, he called to Wanberr, "Let us make a nooloo (dance)."

Wanberr said, "Ngowai (all right)", and Tchallingmer called to the little koonguru or jeeoo, a womba Yamminga time, but now a bird living in the mangrove swamps. Tchallingmer said to Koonguru, "You sing for our nooloo."

Koonguru was Tchallingmer's "mate", so he sang the song and Tchallingmer and Wanberr were dancing, when Koonguru heard the fish make a noise in the fire. Koonguru stopped singing and said, "Koo", to Wanberr but Wanberr went on dancing and took no notice. By and by they finished the nooloo and Tchallingmer said, "That was not a little fish you had, it was a big fish. Let us fight now with our firesticks," and Tchallingmer picked up a firestick from his koojangooroo fire and threw it at Wanberr and burned his legs and that is why Wanberr's legs are now red.

Billinge, informant

Jallingmur was at one time a seacoast blackfellow and the crane (joolburda ngarrin) was a tableland blackfellow, and one time they went away to get some fish in the river and when the crane got a big fish, he broke it underneath the water and put it aside, and by and by he went away home with the kingfish in his net (jaggoora), and the Jallingmur said, "What have you got in the net?" "Oh, only a little fish," - and the crane made a big fire and Jallingmur camped on the sea side, the crane put the fish in the fire, and Jallingmur said, "Let us make a corroboree." Another little crane (Koongooru or jeeoo) belonging to the mangroves, made the singer, and while he sang the fish made a noise, and Koonguru (on the land side) said, "Koo," and the crane said nothing. By and by they finished the corroboree and the Jallingmur said, "You must have a big fish," and said, "Leave him spear, we will fight with the fire-stick," and he picked up the fire stick and threw it at the crane and burned his leg and now his leg is all red, and by and by the crane got a firestick and threw it at Jallingmur and broke his leg and that is why the Jallingmur can't walk fast, he belongs to the sea coast and they hit the Koongooru and broke his arm and he cannot go into deep water now, he must play in the shallow water.



They were not red when he was a womba in Yamminga time.

Wanberr ran to his own fire and picked up a big firestick and threw it at Tchallingmer, breaking his thighs, and now Tchallingmer can never walk very fast and his walk is ugly like a lame man. Wanberr was so angry with Koonguru for calling out "Koo" to him and letting Tchallingmer know that a big fish was cooking, that he hit Koonguru and broke his arm and now Koonguru can never go into deep water, but must always remain in shallow water by the mangrove swamps.

North of Roebourne district Version

Tchallingmer and Wanberr were maiago (men) and one day they had a great fight. Wanberr had a spear and Tchallingmer had a firestick. Wanberr speared Tchallingmer in the thighs and that is why Tchallingmer waddle. Tchallingmer hit Wanberr with his firestick and now all Wanberr are the colour of ashes.

Tchallingmer then sang :-

Kandi ngarreemaa bularaa  
(Leave alone the spear)

Kallanga boojur maree  
(Fight with firesticks)

Tchallingmer is now the totem of all Kaimera and Boorong maiago and Wanberr is the totem of all Banaka and Paljeri maiago.

THE NGARRI JANDU AND THE TWO NIMMAMOO

(The Spirit Woman and the Two Boys)

In Yamminga time, two nimmamoo (boys who have had their noses pierced) went out one day looking for geerrbaiju (honey). The little bees that make this honey are so tiny that they are much smaller than a house fly. The nimmamoo could see the little bees in the flower cups but when they flew away to the hollow tree with their bags full, they were so small that the boys could not see them to follow them up. So the older nimmamoo caught one and picked up a little white feather to fasten on to the bee which he could then see going to its home in the hollow tree. He pricked his arm with a thorn and with the little drop of blood that came out he fastened the down of the feather to the little bee's back and then both nimmamoo could see the bee and follow it up. They did this whenever they could not hear the bees working at their hive, by putting their ears against hollow trees, or see the bees flying round the tree. They had gathered a great deal of geerrbaiju which they put into a little black bowl. They had both climbed up a big tree where they hoped to find enough to fill their black bowl, when a ngarri jandu came and stood at the foot of the tree. She had been tracking the nimmamoo up all the time.

When the boys saw her they began to cry aloud and their tears fell down like rain, but the ngarri jandu stood there and waited for the nimmamoo to come down. She had a big goordeen (bark vessel) under her arm, and by and by when the boys came down from the tree, the ngarri jandu caught them and put them in her goordeen. She took them to her baalu (tree where she lived) and put them inside the baalu where there were a great many ngarri babba (spirit boys) and when she had put the nimmamoo inside, she pulled the bark down over the hole and shut them all inside.

Then she went out and hunted langoor, snakes, iguanas and a lot of other wallee and brought them back to the baalu and fed the nimmamoo and ngarri babba with them and kept them in her



baalu and fattened them up and then ate the fattest. She was going to fatten the nimmamoo and turn them into ngarri babba too and then kill them and eat them.

Every day Ngarri jandi went out and brought home plenty wallee which she gave the boys so that they grew big and fat. too and The ngarri babba - her own boys - grew big and fat too and she killed and ate them first. The nimmamoo saw her eating her own ngarri babba and they said to each other, "She might kill and eat us too." And they were greatly frightened but did not cry for they wanted to escape and so they sat quite quiet.

Ngarri jandu finished eating her ngarri babba and again went out hunting wallee. When she was gone, the nimmamoo pulled their nose bones (kardimba) out of their noses, and blew through the hole of the bone at the bark that closed them in the baalu. The older nimmamoo tried first but couldn't move the opening. He blew and blew till his cheeks swelled but the bark kept fast and would not move. Then the younger nimmamoo blew through his kardimba and the bark moved away.

Ngarri jandu was a long way off, for she thought the boys could not get out and so she went far away to hunt and try and pick up more boys. As soon as the younger nimmamoo blew the bark away, the two boys came out of the baalu andran, ran Koonian (north) where their father's booroo was and where all their relations (many womba among them) lived.

Ngarri jandu came back in the afternoon with her load of wallee and saw the bark pushed away and she knew that the nimmamoo had gone. She tracked them and tracked them always Koonian where the boys had gone. As the boys ran they met many womba and they called to them, "Ngarri jandu is following us, you spear her so she can't catch us."

The womba said, "Ngowai," and the boys ran on. When the ngarri jandu came along tracking the nimmamoo the womba saw her and when she came up to their camp along the boys' tracks they rushed at her and speared her all over with their spears and hit her all over her body with their nowloo (clubs) but they couldn't kill her because she was a ngarri and different. They speared her in the eye but it was like a stone and wherever they hit her

it was like hitting a stone.

They went on spearing and hitting her till sundown, but their spears and nowloo had no effect. They could not kill her. Then she went on tracking the boys, and came to other womba's camps and met more womba who tried to kill her but could not. She tracked and tracked and at last came to a camp where there were a great many womba whom the boys had asked to spear her, and when she came up to the camp, all the womba got their spears and speared her all over and one of the spears having a little mirruru (magic) in it, speared her in the nyee wal nimbal (instep) where her heart was and so killed her. Now a ngarri jandu is not allowed to come close to womba or jeera (little boys), as if she came and caught the jeera she would take them away to her baalu and fatten them up and make them ngarri babba and then kill and eat them.

The ngarri jandu was white like the sun and when it is a jandu (for there are ngarri womba as well) it always carries a goordeen (bark vessel) into which it puts the children it steals, to turn them into ngarri and eat them. When it takes the shape of a woman it shouts and makes noises like the jandu, but when it takes the form of a womba, it makes a noise as it goes along like the kalleegooroo.



THE MOOLGURORUNG AND BANNINGBOOROO

(Locust and Carpet Snake)

In Yamminga time Moolguroorung was a womba, and came first, before any other womba had come kalbu. Every time Moolguroorung died, it used to go down into its own booroo, and get a new skin and come up again nice and new. By and by Banningbooroo, who was womba, came along and saw the Moolguroorung changing its skin and coming up again after it had gone into the ground. Moolguroorung used to say, "M-m-m" when he came up again. When Banningbooroo saw Moolguroorung coming up out of the booroo fresh and new, he said, "You must not do that. When you go into the ground you must stay there and not come out again."

Banningbooroo only said this because he was jealous of the Moolguroorung being the same as himself, for Banningbooroo also went into the ground and came out with a nice new skin. So he bit Moolguroorung in the middle and now Moolguroorung is only a little fellow, and when he goes into the ground he has to stay there for he cannot put on a new skin since his back was broken. So now snakes are the only people who can go into the ground and get a new skin and come up nice and new. If Banningbooroo had not bitten Moolguroorung, womba would have been able to come up again after they had gone into the ground.

WARRAGUNNA, JINDABIRRBIRR & JOOGAJOOGA

(Eaglehawk, Wagtail and Pigeon)

(A Legend of Jirr-ngin-njan -Broome)

In the Yamminga time, which was the time of long, long ago, Warragunna the eaglehawk was kogga (mother's brother) to Jindabirrbirr the wagtail and Joogajooga the northern pigeon.

Every day the three went out hunting for geerbaiju (honey of native bees). The bees were so very tiny that only the sharp eyes of the boys could see them as they flew to the hollows in the trees with their geerbaiju. Sometimes Jindabirrbirr caught a little bee, and taking a small piece of white down he attached it to the bee's back with a drop of blood drawn from his arm. It was then easy to follow the small white mark on the bee as it went to its nest in the hollow away up in the high trees. When they found the nest the boys would call their uncle to climb up and get the honey, for then they could not climb so high or so well as their kogga. Warragunna went up the trees the boys pointed out to him and he always found a great quantity of geerbaiju in the hollow, most of which he ate, sending down only le-da (bees' fat) and ooba (bees' eggs) and a very, very little portion of the geerbaiju to the boys.

Jindabirrbirr and Joogajooga were greatly surprised to see such a small portion of geerbaiju come from the big trees, and so much leda and ooba, and they would find more and more big trees with the bees' nests so large that when they listened they could hear the many many bees putting the geerbaiju in their nest high above them in the hollow of the tree, and they would say to their uncle, "Kogga, here is a tree with much geerbaiju," but Kogga always ate the honey and only gave them the bees' fat and the bees' eggs.

Warragunna got very fat and strong through eating so much geerrbaiju, and though the boys found many, many trees with much geerrbaiju, their uncle would say, "Only leda and ooba and a little geerrbaiju here," throwing it down to them. They got tired of looking for big trees which held so little honey and they said,



"We will hunt langgur and koordi and Kogga will kill them for us."

Warragunna again went hunting with them and when the boys found a langgur or koordi hole they called to their uncle to kill it for them. Warragunna would come along and kill the langgur and koordi, but he ate all the fat ones and only gave the thin and "no good" ones to the boys, and he got so sleek and fat that at last the boys began to suspect him. Jindabirrbirr said, "Kogga must have been eating all the honey and now he is eating the fat langgur and koordi and is only giving us the lean and no good ones. How shall we punish (yanni bing) Kogga for not giving us our proper share of the food we find?"

And Joogajooga said, "Come with me and I will tell you how we can punish Kogga for cheating us."

When they had come to some good koordi ground, Joogajooga made a deep hole like a koordi nest and he said to Jindabirrbirr, "You get a hard stick and make it needirr (sharp pointed)," and when this was done Joogajooga stuck the stick firmly into the bottom of the hole with the point upwards and the boys went back to camp.

Next day Warragunna and the boys again went out together. They walked on and on until they came to the koordi hole they had made. Warragunna saw it and went over to it and put his foot down quickly and hard to kill the koordi. But there was no koordi there, only the sharp pointed stick, which ran up through Warragunna's foot, and his foot swelled and swelled and swelled and made him very sick. Warragunna cried aloud with the pain, but Jindabirrbirr and Joogajooga were glad to hear him cry, for they said, "He has been cheating us all the time and when we found good honey and fat langgur and koordi he took all the honey and all the fat meat and gave us only the bees' fat and bees' eggs and thin, no good meat." And they sat and listened to Warragunna crying, and were glad.

By and by they heard him calling out, "Koordurwain, Koordurwain (native companion)." Koordurwain was a sorcerer and Warragunna was calling to him to come and take the sharp pointed stick out of his foot.

Koordurwain was in a far away camp, but being a sorcerer

he heard Warragunna calling to him, and he came at once and pulled out the stick, but as soon as he pulled it out, water came rushing out of the hole in Warragunna's foot and the water ran and ran from out the foot until it made the river that is Baalaburuk close to Minaring. Warragunna died and his nimbai (foot) went up into the sky where it is called the Southern Cross by white people, but all Jajjalaboороо womba (Broome district men) know that it is Warragunna's nimbai or neewal, and when the talloorgurra (elders) told the story of Warragunna and Jindabirrbirr and Joogajooga to the children in the soft starlight, the story was told only at those times when Warragunna's goot was in a certain position in the sky, when the children could look at it (for there are certain parts of the sky that the children must not look at). The story was told so that boys and young men should know that a bad uncle was punished for cheating them of their lawful portion of the food they found.



LANGOOR AND JALBU

(Opossum and Native Cat)

A Broome Legend

This is the story of how Langoor the opossum got his beautiful soft fur, and Jalbu the native cat got his ugly hair.

In the Yammainga times of long, long ago, Langoor and Jalbu were womba (men). Langoor always "ate himself" and always killed plenty opossums as he liked opossum meat better than any other. He used to pluck the bandal (fur) off the langoor he killed, and put it in their stomachs to keep it nice and clean, and when he had gathered a great quantity of fur, he put it on a slab of paper bark (baggal) or in a bark vessel and mixed it up with ashes. Then he beat and beat the ashes and the fur with a fire-stick to make the fur nice and soft and white. When he had finished beating it he made the fur into won-dong-oo (forehead bands), koon'dil (armbands), minjil and jirrji (aprons) and bindi-al (belts). It was Langoor the opossum who first made all these things.

Jalbu the native cat was very jealous of Langoor, jealous because his fur was so soft and clean, and jealous when he saw Langoor spinning the fur so easily, for Jalbu had tried to spin his hair into string, but it was too stiff and hard and so he became very sulky, and one day he fought Langoor.

They fought with firesticks, but Langoor had a good crackling firestick of boonderung wood and he hit Jalbu with his boonderung firestick and made Jalbu's hair so stiff and straight that it could not be spun into wondongoo (forehead bands) or any other decorations. Jalbu had a firestick of jaggal wood which he had picked up by mistake and he hit Langoor with the jaggal firestick, but it only made Langoor's fur more soft and white. If Jalbu had picked up a boonderung firestick, Langoor would also have had no fur, only stiff, hard hair, but Jalbu picked up the wrong wood.

When Langoor hit Jalbu he said to him, "You can't make anything, and you can't sleep in a tree as I can. All the trees I sleep in will always make something, but your baaloo (trees) can't make anything."

Langoor showed the Jajjala (Broome district) men how to make wondongoo, koondil and every other fur ornament used during their nooloo (dances, ceremonies, etc.) and always the Jajjala womba (Broome men) made their string ornaments from Langoor's fur and not from any other fur.



THE GREEDY JANDUKolgurru Kolgurru and Jindi birrbirr

(Little Pigeon and Wagtail)

Women must not try to keep a good mai ground to themselves. They must always share it with the other members of the group.

Two women went out mai gathering, and after leaving the camp, they went in different directions. By and by they met again, and one had her binjin or warndal full of mai, the other having only a little bit in her wooden scoop.

"Where did you get such good mai?" she asked her marrura (younger sister), but Marrura would not tell her, so they went back to camp with what they had gathered, each having her own portion, for she who had plenty would not give any to her who had so little.

That night the unsuccessful gatherer cried to her kabbarli and said, "Marrura has got a good mai patch, but she won't tell me where it is, and she won't let me go with her, nor will she divide it with me." Kabbarli, who was mirrooroo jandu (a sorceress) said, "You go out with her tomorrow as usual, and I will punish her while she is away from the camp, for I cannot hurt her in the camp."

Next morning the two jandu went out as usual, and they had gone some little way and were about to separate when the greedy one said, "My milgin (digging stick), I forgot it." She had left it on the ground where she had sat down for a moment. The other said, "You go back for it."

While she was away, the mirrooroo jandu made a big tchooroo (snake) across the path by which she had gone. When she returned and tried to pass the tchooroo to where her wanjallin was waiting her on the other side, the snake lay directly across her track, and would not let her walk on.

"Hit him with your milgin," said Wanjallin. She did so, but the snake moved beyond reach of her milgin. Then she tried to go behind him, and he moved back, then in front, and he moved

forward, then she tried to crawl underneath, but he lay flat, and when she made to jump over him he rose up and would not let her. Then the other woman said to her, "You will have to stop there always, for you would not share your mai ground with me as all who go out mai gathering together should do."

So the woman and the snake turned into stone at Tchocroogoon.



In Yamminga time there were two girls, Kolguru Kolguru (little pigeon) and Jindibirrbirr (wagtail) who came from koonian (north). They were gathering ne-al-burnoo (seeds) and Jindibirrbirr used to find plenty, but never gave any to Kolguru, who only found a little mai. They each had a fire-stick. Kolguru was angry with Jindibirrbirr because she would not share the nealburnoo with her, although Kolguru would always share hers with Jindibirrbirr. One day Jindibirrbirr forgot her milgin (digging stick) but she did not miss it until Kolguru said, "You got your milgin?"

"No," said Jindibirrbirr, and went back for the milgin.

While she was away Kolguru made a tchooroo across the track and when Jindibirrbirr returned with her milgin she tried to pass the tchooroo but could not.

"Come this way," said Kolguru, and pointed to where the head of the snake lay. Jindibirrbirr tried, but the tchooroo moved forward.

"Try this way," said Kolguru, pointing to tchooroo's tail, but tchooroo moved backward and prevented her.

"Jump over him," said Kolguru, and when Jindibirrbirr tried, tchooroo rose up again and prevented her. Then Kolguru told her to crawl underneath the tchooroo, but he lay flat along the booroo and she could not creep through.

Then Kolguru said to her, "I gave you half my mai and you never gave me any of yours. You will stop there now and I will stop here with tchooroo between us." And there they are now, all turned into stone, Kolguru at one side of the tchooroo and Jindibirrbirr at the other.

TCHANBUR AND NALJAThe Story of Two Men - Native Law of Meat Food

Tchanbur was a Yamminga womba and was maam-boong-ana (a fully initiated man). He had two jandu (women, wives) who used to go out every day for mai (vegetables, roots, seed, fruits, etc.) and bring home yarrinyarri, yirgili and many other seeds and fruits, always with their goolbi or warndal (wooden scoops) quite full. Tchanbur used to go out walli (meat) hunting, but was too lazy to catch much, and so he often came home empty handed and his jandu and he had to live most of their days on mai. Now a womba must always find wallee for his family and his women must always find mai. No womba must look for mai and no jandu must hunt big wallee.

One day an old man called Nalja came and sat down by Tchanbur's camp. He saw the women eating only mai and so he went out to the pindan (bush) and speared a kangaroo and brought it to the camp and gave it to the women, Tchanbur also helping himself to the walli. Every day Nalja went out and each day he brought back walli, and the jandu getting a great deal of mai, they all got very fat and strong. Tchanbur let Nalja go and bring home walli and so one day while Tchanbur was away, Nalja ran away with the jandu and took them towards his own country. Tchanbur came back empty handed as usual, but found his camp deserted and his women gone with Nalja, and no mai or walli for him. He was very angry and tracked Nalja, and the jandu till he came up to them. Nalja said to him, "You stand out there and we will fight, you are no good, you never catch walli and you eat mai always." They stood out at some distance from each other and Tchanbur threw his spear at Nalja, but he had not a strong arm, and Nalja easily dodged his spear. Nalja then threw his spear at Tchanbur and killed him, and kept the women, for he could always catch plenty walli for them. A man must always find walli for himself and his family and not depend on others to catch it for him. If he allows other men to feed his jandu, these men can then take the jandu away and keep them.



Another Version

Tchambar had two jandu and every day he went out hunting and always returned in the evening with plenty of meat. He pretended he had to go a long way for it.

"But you never come home tired," said the jandu.

"Oh, that is because I am big and strong," he said.

Tchambar, however, who was a pindana womba, only went a little way and then he went into the beega and lay down and slept. A Koojong womba named Nalja used to meet Tchambar every day and share his wallee with him and that was the wallee Tchambar brought home to his jandu, saying he had caught it marra - far away.

Nalja was a great wallee hunter and so Tchambar always had a big portion of the meat. Tchambar went only to Nalja's camp and sat there waiting until Nalja brought the wallee home and shared it with him. This went on for a long time and at last Nalja got tired of giving and giving the greater portion of his wallee to Tchambar and getting nothing in return. So one day he caught a langoor (opossum) with his other wallee, and he said to himself, "Now I'll let the jandu know that Tchambar does not get his own meat," so he took all the entrails out of the langoor, instead of taking only the stomach, but he made the same small hole that is made when the stomach is taken out. Then he filled all the inside of the langoor with doogur (red ochre) and closed up the little hole he had made, fixing it tightly with a wooden skewer, as is always done when the stomach is taken out, to prevent the flies from getting inside and spoiling the wallee.

That evening Nalja gave Tchambar a great quantity of meat, duck, turkey, long-tailed iguana, and the opossum. Tchambar was so glad that he took them all quickly without looking at them, fastened them by their heads to his nanba and walked home to his jandu very proud with such good meat. The jandu were very pleased and said, "We will cook the iguana and opossum and give Tchambar the turkey, for that is what he likes best." But when they opened the langoor and saw the doogur, the elder one said to the other, "Tchambar never caught this, he has not been catching any wallee at all. Let us track him and see who has been giving him wallee to bring to us."



So leaving the wallee they stole away and following Tchambar's tracks soon reached Nalja's camp, and he said to them, "I knew you would come when I put doogur in the langoor. You come away with me, for I can find you plenty wallee always. If Tchambar wanted to keep his jandu, he should not let another womba feed them with wallee. Womba must get wallee for their own jandu and not take it from other men."

So Nalja and the jandu went away koojangoora. Tchambar followed his women and by and by came up to where they were sitting in Nalja's camp.

"You come back to my booroo," he said.

Nalja answered for the jandu, "No, they won't go back to you. They don't want a womba who won't hunt for his own wallee. I have been giving you wallee for a long time, and you took it, took it, and never gave anything back. I can always get plenty wallee for the jandu, but I will fight you for them.. (Tchambar had found the doogur langoor, and then he knew that the jandu had found him out.)

He said to Nalja, "Yes, I will fight you," so they went out in the open with their spears and karboorna (shields) and Tchambar threw his spear but he had let himself get so lazy and fat that the spear only hit Nalja's karboorna a little bit. Then Nalja threw his spear and it went right through Tchambar and killed him. So Nalja kept the jandu and always found plenty wallee for them, for he knew if he did not the jandu could go away from him.



THE GEERRGEERR AND JOOGAJOOGA

(Sparrowhawk and Pigeons)

(Billinge = informant)

Geerrgeerr was a womba in Yammainga time and had two jooga-jooga or koolguru koolguru for his jandu (wives). One morning he left his jandu at the camp, where they had some nealburnoo (seed) to eat, telling them that he had to go too fara way to take them with him. So they stayed at home while he was away.

Geerrgeerr went Yalmban (south) but he did not go very far. By and by he came to a great plain and he stood in the middle of the plain and spread himself out and made a great number of geerrgeerr come from him, north, south, east and west and he fought with these, which were himself all the time. In the afternoon he came back to the joogajooga all bleeding, lame and cut. When the jandu saw him they cried aloud and said, "Where have you been? Who wounded you like that?" Geerrgeerr said he had gone marra, a long long way, and he had met brothers, brothers-in-law, father's brothers, mother's brothers and fathers-in-law, and they had a great fight, and that was how he got all his wounds.

Next day Geerrgeerr again returned bleeding and wounded. He did this for several days and every day the jandu asked them if they could come with him. "No," he always replied, "I go marra-booroo (far away country) and you would be too slow. I want to go quickly."

One day after he was gone, one of the joogajooga, the older one, said to the other, "Let us follow him and see where he goes." So they followed Geerrgeerr, and presently came upon him fighting with himself, and they said angrily, "Yang-ga moogul meemar inj," ("What do you want to go fighting with yourself for?") and then they rushed at him, shouting "Waow, waow, waow, waow," and they raised their milgin (digging sticks) to hit him, but he cried out "Geerrgeerr, geerrgeerr," and flew up into a tree where they left him, and he is Geerrgeerr now.

The joogajooga said to him, "If womba want to fight, let them send a neelan or nimmerdi (messenger) and bring marowera womba - fighting men, and fight properly, and not among themselves. Families must not fight among themselves, they must go outside their family."

WOOLGARDAIN AND KOOLARDING

(Whipsnake and Mangrove Snake)

Woolgardain was a land snake and Koolarding a sea snake. In Yamminga time Woolgardain had no poison, only good strong teeth, and Koolarding had only poison teeth. One day they were both sitting near their camps. Koolarding said to Woolgardain, "Can you run to that tree?"

Woolgardain was very active and ran quickly to the tree and back again.

"Now," he said to Koolarding, "you run".

Koolarding said, "No, I am too heavy, but you are a great runner, so I will give you my poison teeth and you can give me your strong teeth and then you can bite and run away quickly, but if I bite I can't run away. I am too clumsy and I may be killed."

So they exchanged teeth with each other, and now the Woolgardain can poison and quickly get away, but Koolarding can bite but cannot kill, and so he is not killed. He is there in the mangrove swamp now, and Woolgardain is in the pindan (inland, the hush).



WINNINI THE EMU AND KALBAIN THE PIGEON

In the Yamminga times of long, long ago Winnini the Emu and Kalhain the Pigeon were womba (men) and had a great fight. Winnini was a Pindana and Kalbain a Koojanguru. Kalbain put a stingaree string (mung-ala) on his spear and Winnini got a serrated stoneheaded bamboo spear (jinnal) and he also had a long yoong-gara (throwing stick) which Kalbain did not have, but he had a very good koorili lanji (boomerang made from koorili tree) and when they fought, Kalhain threw his koorili lanji at Winnini and the lanji cut both his arms so that by and by when they changed into birds, Winnini had no arms to turn into wings and so he could never fly. Kalbain said to him, "You will always have to run along the ground while I can fly far away."

Winnini was a dark-haired womba from the Pindana booroo (inland country) and Kalbain was a lammar nalma (fair-headed) womba from koojanguru (the coast) and the koojanguru or kularra-bulu womba must always fight the Pindana womba.

Ngoombal ngangga  
Billinge's speech

Marral - stories  
of Yamminga time

WINNINI AND KALBAIN

(Emu and Pigeon)

Winnini and Kalbain were men Yamminga time and had a great fight. Kalbain put a stingaree's mungala (sting) on his mungoorl and Winnini got a mamboo jinnal (throwing stick) which Kalbain did not have. Kalbain had however koorili lanji (boomerangs made from koorili tree). Kalbain threw the koorili lanji at Winnini and cut off his nimala (hands) with it and when they turned into birds, Winnini had no arms to make wings, so that they can never fly. Kalbain said to him, "You will always have to run along the ground now, while I can fly away."

Winnini came from Banni-abulu (east) and Kalbain was a koolarrabuloo (western) womba.

From original of Chapter VII, P. 32

Winninee came from the East (banneeabuloo) and Kalbyn from the west (koolarrabuloo) and Winninee had jarrongur and Kalbyn had koorilee and Winninee had arms then and he tried to hit Kalbyn with his jarrongur and missed him and Kalbyn hit Winninee with his koorilee and cut off both his arms and Winninee became an emu and Kalbyn said, "You can't fly any more now, you will always have to walk and anyone can kill you and I can fly away, and Kalbyn flew away and cannot easily be caught."

Yalbooreo and Jeemarra are synonymous terms, and both mean "friend" or mate.



THE MEAT-HUNTING JANDU

At Yardagurra (between Broome and La Grange Bay) there are a great many white ants' nests. In Yamminga time these were a lot of women who used to go out by themselves and hunt meat - men's work - and come home and cut it up and eat it. They did this for a long time and at length Tchooroo (snake) spoke to them about it.

He said, "You know you should not hunt for meat food. That is men's work. You must get mai (vegetable food)," but the women continued to hunt for wallee, and at last Tchooroo turned them into jiddai joonoo (ants' nests). All the jiddi joonoo at Yardagurra were jandu Yamminga time, but they broke the hunting law, which Tchooroo had to uphold, and so he punished them.

NGARGALULA

In the Yamminga times of long, long ago there were three countries in Jajjala, the area that is now called Broome. There was the sky (kalbu) country, the ground (booroo), and the underground (jimbin) country, and it is of the jimbin country this story tells. The jimbin country was the beautiful home of the babies, ngargalula, and all young animals, birds and plants. By the little streams the babies sat and played with the tiny fishes and crabs and all along the banks the flowers opened and leaned down to touch the babies as they floated along on their way to the sea. The little birds sang to them and the ngargalula sat beside them on the branches or beside the thickly leaved shrubs where bird and ngargalula played games among the leaves.

And there was no dark night in ngargalula land. Sun and moon and stars came and sat down with the babies and young reptiles and snakes fondled them. Jimbin was the loveliest of the three countries of the Jajjala people, for neither sorrow nor fighting nor evil nor death ever came to Jimbin land, and no grown up could visit jimbin except in dreams.

When the Booroo men dreamed of Jimbin, they saw the babies playing with the young land and sea creatures, going down under the sea with their friends the turtles and fishes, or sitting beside young animals and birds or the edible food plants that were round and about them. Jimbin was filled with young ngargalula and lovely flowers and plants - the young of everything that grew in the booroo country above them. All the little ngargalula knew about Booroo land. When the flowers and edible foods stopped growing in Booroo land, they all went to Jimbin until it was time to go up to Booroo again.

Every person in Booroo land was once a little ngargalula from Jimbin land. The little ngargalula always chose its



own father and always came to him in his dreams. As the man slept he dreamed he saw a little ngargalula standing close beside him, and he said, "Who is your father?" and ngargalula replied, "Kaimera, you are my Burongu father," and then the dreamer would look round the place where the ngargalula was standing and he would see some good edible food or some young emus or turtles or porpoises and he would note everything round and about the ngargalula, and when he had taken note of all these things, the ngargalula would go over to where his future earthly mother lay asleep, and going inside her was carried by her until by and by he was born in Booroo land, but he was still a ngargalula until the day came when he smiled at his parents, and then he was "no more ngargalula."

The living things, birds, fish, edible plants, flowers, that his father saw in his dream, became his ngargalula totems, and when he grew up to manhood and dreaming time, he dreamed the increase of his own totem food and no one else could dream its increase except himself, and if it were a favourite food of his Booroo land people they would ask him to "Dream more, dream more," so that they should have plenty of it in the season, whatever the food might be. If the ngargalula totem were some specially liked seeds, he would dream he was in Jimbin land again sitting near his totem and he would pluck the seeds and chewing them would scatter them all about him, and if his totem were the ngargalula seeds, which came up in Booroo land for a short time only, all his Booroo land friends would see beautiful rays coming from the setting sun and they would laugh happily and say, "Yeergili seeds will be many."

No little ngargalula who became a Booroo land boy or girl ever hurt their ngargalula totem or the young of their animal or bird or fish totem, and so the ngargalula totem foods were always plentiful.



No man could dream of a ngargalula baby unless he had a ranjee (spirit, soul), and no man would claim a baby as his if he did not dream the ngargalula came to him. When Wallungun of Jajjala accompanied a white man to Perth in the early days of white settlement, he dreamed while in Perth that a ngargalula came to him, told him he was its father, and Wallungun saw the wanjulain - long edible bean - beside the ngargalula, and when he returned to Booroo land some years later, he knew the little baby was his.

Ngargalula knew all the laws and avoidances and totems while they were ngargalula, and no ngargalula ever came to the wrong father. When the dreaming man was Burongu, ngargalula said, "I am Kaimera," and if the man was Kaimera ngargalula said, "I am Burongu," for Kaimera and Burongu are fathers and sons for ever.

And if the dreaming man saw the ngargalula standing by the sea beach, he looked round, and while he looked, a turtle or porpoise would come up beside ngargalula and play with him, and the Booroo land father would say, "These are ngargalula jalnga (totems)." The baby ngargalula could see his brother and sister who had come to Boorooland, but they could not see him for he was ngargalula, and he would go inside their mother and if he had chosen a Burongu father, his mother was Pannunga. If he was Burongu, then his father was Kaimera and he must go inside a Parrajer mother.

Many babies came to Booroo land, for the Jajjala men kept their marriage laws and lived good lives. Every Booroo land man knew that if he broke the strict marriage laws that had come down to his people from far off Yamminga times, he would be killed by his brothers or his fathers for breaking their great marriage law, and even if he ran away with the wrong woman and found some distant water to sit down beside, no ngargalula baby would ever come to him in his dreams, and he would be thrown away by his Booroo land people for ever.



The babies that might come to him would be picked up anywhere and had no totems unless he gave them a totem from the strange waters of the new country he had fled to.

Boorooland boys had to pass through nine trying stages before they became fully initiated men like their fathers and during all these periods they were separated from their mothers and sisters, and were always learning the laws and avoidances, totems and responsibilities of Booroo land men. Every one of these nine periods had its own special lessons to be learned, and at one period of his probation, the young learner was given a sacred board, called kalleegooroo, carved with yamminga markings and with some special totem mark that his father had seen when the little ngargalula baby came to him. The kalleegooroo must never be seen by women or children. The boy kept it with him night and day in his period of solitude, and the spirit within the board protected him always.

A great moment came when the young man first dreamed of his own ngargalula booroo and saw the babies playing round and about him. And when he told his dream to a grandfather the old man knew their grandson had a "ranji" (spirit, soul) and was a worthy Booroo land man. By and by when all his probation periods were passed and he was Taalurgurra, a fully initiated man, the little ngargalula girl babies who had been betrothed to him would be grown up and and given over formally to him and the Taalurgurra would dream of his ngargalula country and a baby would come to him and he would say, "What are you? Who is your father?" and the baby would say, "I am Burongu. You are my Kaimera father."

When the white man came to Jajjala, all the Booroo land people were very frightened and though the men still dreamed and the ngargalula came to them in their dreams, it was only a little while until the Booroo land men died and went to Loomurn, the home of the Jajjala dead beyond the great sea that beats the shores of the country that is now Broome.



NGARGALULA

Every child born in the northern districts of Western Australia (Broome, Beagle Bay, Sunday Island, etc.) is the incarnation of a spirit child called ngargalula. These ngargalula are lammar nalma (white haired) and their country is below the ground (jimbin), that is, below the country whose surface is occupied by those people to whom they come afterwards as babies. The northern natives believe that below the surface of the ground they walk on there is other country occupied by ngargalula and by all the totems. The ground at the bottom of the sea is also supposed to be frequented by ngargalula, out of which they often come to walk and play upon the beach. They are frequently seen playing with koolibel (turtles) by the jalngangooroo. The turtle appears to be specially connected with the ngargalula and this particular species apparently possesses some magic. When a native sees a koolibel asleep on the beach and goes towards it to catch and turn it over, the ngargalula will sometimes warn the koolibel or pull it back into the water, and if the man is jalngangooroo he will see the ngargalula doing this.

The ngargalula in these coastal districts wander about the coast or in the vicinity of the sea. The inland (pindana) ngargalula are black haired and have darker skins than the koojangooroo (seacoast) ngargalula (similar to the fair Manitch and dark Wordung of the south).

Ngargalula are seen by men only, never by women and a ngargalula cannot become a baby unless it is first seen in dreams by its future father. The woman merely carries the ngargalula for its chosen father. The man dreams, perhaps during a sleep at noon, that the ngargalula comes to him and calls him by the title due to him. He sees its booroo or ground, which is beneath the surface of some portion of his own father's ground, having the same configuration, land marks, etc. That night when the man is sleeping in his camp, the ngargalula comes again in his dreams and stands beside him, and in the morning when he wakes, he looks round him, but the ngarga-



lula had now gone into his wife, and she begins from this time to carry it. He does not tell his wife that he has seen the ngargalula, and she only knows that her man has seen it when she is conscious of its presence within her.

Should it happen that the woman carries a ngargalula without its having been dreamed first by the father, she is immediately sent away to find the man whose ngargalula she is carrying, as the husband repudiates the fatherhood of the baby since the ngargalula did not first come to him.

When the ngargalula becomes a baby, it is still a ngargalula, and remains connected with its "spirit" until it begins to hear and speak and understand. Then gradually the ngargalula merges into the girl or boy and is "no more ngargalula". It does not go back to its booroo any more; it is absorbed into the entity of the child and when that child dies, whether in youth or adolescence or old age, its spirit goes Loomurn (a term similar to the Southern word "Koorannup") - westward, over the sea, where all the dead natives are. Hence ngargalula cannot be reincarnations of ancestors (yamma). They were put in the ground by Yamminga in Yamminga time, but they are not "the Yamminga coming back again."

When pelicans, etc., were womba they had ngargalula, the same as the womba (men) now have, but the ngargalula are not the reincarnations of pelicans, nor have they necessarily the pelicans as their totem. They may have the pelican as a totem if (1) they have come to a Kaimera father, when the pelican is their class totem, or (2) if a pelican has been seen near them on the dream ground, when it will doubtless be their ngargalula totem, even although they may not be of the class of which it is the totem.

The ngargalula has its own booroo or ground which is always beneath the surface of the father's ground, but it is not the reincarnation of any of its father's people who may have been buried in various portions of the same ground, for the spirits of all these ancestors went to Loomurn and no spirit ever returned from Loomurn.



Jocarree is the name given to the spirit of a person recently dead. Later, when the body has become skeletonised, other names are applied, but no dead ancestor, even those who went into the ground in Yamminga time, are reincarnated in the ngargalula. The ngargalula are inhabitants of a country which is supposed to be below the surface of the ground and to which the totems also go after their season is over. The totems of the dead natives return to the ngargalula country they came from, but ngargalula, once they have come "Kalboo" (above the ground) never return "Jimbin" (below the ground) again.

The ngargalula and totems live in the same country and whatever special totem the father sees in the vicinity of the ngargalula, becomes the child's totem.

Whatever class the ngargalula or its future father may be is immaterial; it enters the class only into which it is born. A Kaimera man may sleep in the shade and a ngargalula may come to him in his dream. He asks it, "Yangee eebala jooa?" (What father you?) The ngargalula may reply, "Leeberr, a Kaimera," or "Wajjee a Paljeri," or "Beejee a Banaka," as the case may be. It then addresses the dreamer as eebala, ngabbo (father, young father), or kogga (mother's brother), or yaggo (brother-in-law), whatever the exact relationship may be between them, but no matter what class name it has given as ngargalula, it becomes the Boorong son of the Kaimera father to whom it came in his dream, and its class totem is that into which it has been born.

Also, no matter where the baby is born, the place where it was seen in the dream is its booroo, if the district in which it is born is a thousand miles away, "wooba babba kalwara yoonjoo kabboola," "the little baby was only born there." Its own booroo is the dreamground which of course has its counterpart in some spot in the dreamer's own country. Its individual totems come with it from its booroo, its class totems are determined by the division into which it enters when born. Its inherited totems are those of its father (given, however, sometimes during his lifetime.) The father's totems



go away with him for a time, but the young of these become the son's totems. Pajjalburra (porpoise) was Leeberr's totem, and when he died, Billingee and his brothers inherited these with other of their father's totems, but "all the old pajjalburra went away with Leeberr." The following season young pajjalburra only were eaten.

Nothing in the nature of a sacred churinga has been found in the vicinity of any ngargalula, nor is such a visible sign ever looked for. Beyond the ngargalula booroo and totems, both of which are only seen in dreams, there is nothing visibly connected with it. Every native is so thoroughly familiar with every feature of hill, brook, rock or valley in the country of his fathers, that when he dreams of the ngargalula, and its booroo, he easily locates the booroo on some part of his own real ground. The totems he has seen on the dream ground may or may not be on the real booroo, but wherever they are, having been seen on the dream booroo, they are the ngargalula totems. Springs, rocks, trees, or caves on the dream booroo become the individual totems of the ngargalula, but no sacred character attaches to these from this circumstance. There is not one instance in evidence of a single visible sacred object being found in the vicinity of any ngargalula booroo.

When the father dreams of the ngargalula he sees on its ground all the weapons, implements, utensils, etc., of native life "above ground", but he never even looks for one of these dream implements.

The father when dreaming of a girl ngargalula sees on her booroo the mai (vegetable) totems she will eventually have.

When asked what would happen if a girl came instead of a boy ngargalula which the father had seen, the answer was that such a mistake could not happen. "If the father sees a boy, the boy must come." In the case of a betrothal before birth, if a boy happens to come instead of the girl promised, it is "because the ngargalula hadn't come to the father when the promise was made", and when it came it was a boy ngargalula and

the father couldn't change it.

Sometimes, but very rarely, twin ngargalula - always a boy and a girl - come to the father, but apparently twins are rare in the North, as the natives state that the boy will go into the mother, and later on the girl will come "looking for her brother" and will go into another wife of the same man.

A man may dream of ngargalula before he is married.



NGARGALULA

A man may be staying for a time at a place some distance from his home, and he dreams of a ngargalula. A short while after his dream a little bird, designated by a special name, jeerajeer (the generic name for small birds is beerajoona) alights near him. The man knows that the jeerajeer is the bilyoor (spirit) of the ngargalula of his dream, and he calls out to it, "Tho'a meejala beebie ngan jee," ("Go and stay with your mother,") and the bilyoor goes to the booroo where the man's wife is, and enters inside her.

In the Jimbin booroo, the ngargalula sees all the totems, but when it becomes a child it cannot see them, and its father has to tell it what its totems are. If a ngargalula has been playing with a kangaroo or opossum, then such animal will be its own ngargalulatotem. It is rather mischievously disposed at times, particularly when it is a seacoast ngargalula, as often a man will find a turtle on the beach asleep and turning it over on its back, he returns to his camp to inform his friends of his find. On his return the turtle will have vanished and then he knows that the ngargalula has taken its friend back to the sea again. The mysterious connection between the turtle and the ngargalula who are often seen playing together on the beach cannot be explained by the natives interrogated. They only know that the ngargalula is a special friend of the turtle, and all turtle totem men are jalngangooroo. There is too a special turtle dance in which the male and female turtle are the chief symbols. Only one species of turtle, the koolibal (big green turtle) appears to be the "special friend" of the ngargalula.

THE QUEER FISH AND QUEER BABY

Two Kaimera women, Wanjallin and Marrura (oldest and youngest sisters) went out fishing one afternoon and Wanjallin caught a very curious looking fish. The Paljeri husbands of the sisters were not far off and the women called to them to come and see the strange fish they had caught. Wanjallin cut it open, and found the inside all brown coloured and "like a baby", so that none of them would cook or eat it, and Wanjallin threw it back into the sea.

When Marrura's man slept the same night he dreamed he was back at the place where the strange fish had been caught, and a ngargalula came to him out of the water and followed him in his dreams to his camp, where it went over to Marrura who carried it till it was born.

When it was born it was not only the same colour as the fish they had thrown back into the water, but it had a cut down along its breast in the same way as the opening had been made in the fish Wanjallin had caught.

The baby was born at Jirngingan, but its own ngargalula booroo was that part of the seacoast and sea where it had come to its father out of the water. It died before it had left its babyhood, for its mother feared it, and its father was ashamed of it, and the little baby was left alone and neglected in the camp and at last it died. But when it died it did not go to Loomurn but went inside its mother again and tugged and tore and bit at her vitals. It had turned into a weerra ngeering neelerr (spirit child with sharp teeth) and its fingers were like sharp claws, and it was thin like a skeleton. The jalnga ngooroo of the mother's tribe was called in to take it out of the mother and burn it, and he tried and tried to do so, but its teeth and claws hung on, and would not let go, and at last the mother died and mother and baby went to Loomurn.

The father would not kill it as it was his ngargalula baby.



The father must always dream of the ngargalula baby before he can have any children; the mother can never dream of ngargalula, she can only carry them when they follow their father home, and feed them and look after them when they become babies and until they become balgai (first degree of initiation).

The place where the baby is born is not its booroo, "wooba babba kalwara yoonjoo kabbula" - "the little baby is only born there" - its own ground is the place where its father had seen it in dreams, and from where its jalnga or totems come. There are three countries or booroo amongst the North West Kimberley coastal natives. Jimbin - which is ngargalula and totem ground only, from which no dead can come and to which no dead thing can go;

Kalbu - which is the present day ground of the living natives; and

Koorrwal - the sky, between which and Kalbu there was once a road made of a great kalleegooroo, which however got burnt by some women who were travelling between Koorrwal and Kalbu and who camped halfway and lighted a fire which burnt the road, a wooden one, made from a giant kalleegooroo (bullroarer). All those who were at Koorrwal had to stay there, and those at Kalbu could never go Koorrwal again, for the women burnt the road.

Those who die on Kalbu ground go to Loomurn, or else come back as ranji (spirits) and haunt certain portions of their Kalbu ground.

If a little girl ngargalula comes to the father, he sees on its jimbin booroo mai, milgin, moorngoo (rope made of human hair), baalu (string), warndal, binjin (wooden vessels), etc.

Compare with previous story :-

At a place called Nyoonal, Southern W.A., near Newcastle, W.A. a Kaimera woman from the Tableland district, Nor'West, was fishing in a deep pool. She caught a big fish and cut it open. The fish seemed to be an unusual species and the woman first called her sister to look at it and then her husband and some other natives came to inspect it. It was such a curious looking fish, however, that none ventured to eat it and it was thrown away. As they all returned to camp a little bird (beerajoonoo) followed them all the way, and that night the woman's husband dreamed that a ngargalula had come to him. When the baby was born it had a birthmark (lanberr, berrgen, Gingin word) from throat to stomach exactly similar to the cut the woman had made in the peculiar looking fish. The little baby died shortly afterwards.

Beejee, a Banaka, married a Southern (Manitchmat) woman with whom he lived near Perth. Beejee dreamed that a ngargalula came to him at a spot called Yinda near the Yule River where, in the rainy season, there is a little waterfall. Although the baby was born near Perth, its booroo was Yinda, the waterfall is its jalnga, and some mai and wallee seen in the dream are its jalnga also. Yinda is part of Beejee's father's hunting ground.



LEEBERR, A GREAT SORCERER

Leeberr was a Kaimera and a great womba Yamminga time. He was jalngangooroo (a man having many totems, a sorcerer). The loolooloo (whale) was one of his jalnga and it had moogurdae (scars) in its body, just as he had. Pajjalburra the porpoise was also Leeberr's jalnga.

One day Leeberr, who was a great fisherman, went down to catch some fish. He wanted to catch a pajjalburra because he would then have plenty to give his friends. When he reached the barda, what did he see? A great number of pajjalburra coming up out of the sea, crawling on to the barda, and everyone of them dying there. Then Leeberr said, "I am going to die now, for my jalnga have come up to show me that I am to die." Innim burarraga - all the jalnga died before the man. They came to ne-ang-alli - the tidemark on the shore.

One day Leeberr, who was a Jajjala booroo womba (Jajjala district native) went from Jajjala to Beedaboogan to hunt. He found plenty wallee, and having made a Kalleebur nooroo (fire by kalleebur method) by splitting a piece of the ngalleemoongal tree, putting some dried marra (grass) in the opening he had made, and then sawing it across the split part with a wooba baalu - a sharpened piece of hard wood which he had carried in his hair for the purpose - so that very soon smoke came and then fire, he cooked some of the food he had caught, ate it and lay down for a little sleep before returning to Jajjala with his load of wallee. Kalleebur nooroo is quicker than woongalga (upright method) and the wood/must be used for the woongalga nooroo is not as plentiful as the kalleebur baalu. While Leeberr slept he dreamed that a ngargalula (spirit baby) who was lamma nalma (white haired) and was not black, but brown-coloured, came to him and sat down beside him. In his dream he said to the ngargalula, "Yangee eebala jooa?" ("Who is your father?") The ngargalula replied, "Kaimera, I am Boorong and you are my eebala (father)." Leeberr was Kaimera and his son should be Boorong. In his dream he saw the ngargalula following him home to his camp where his wife



was to whom the ngargalula went and by and by a baby was born at Jajjala which was the ngargalula Leeberr had seen in his dream at Beedaboogan. The baby was not black when it was born but reerrga (charcoal) was rubbed on it until it looked like the womba.

Although the real baby was born at Jajjala, Beedaboogan was its own booroo, for there the ngargalula had come to him. Leeberr called his son Bilingi after a "far-away father's brother."

All the places between Beedaboogan and Jajjala where the ngargalula had followed Leeberr were the jalnga (totems) of Bilingi, nyeerrwa (rock caves), koombara (rocks), bidi (sea), jooka (mudfish) and neeburda (oysters), for Leeberr was a koojangooroo or seacoast man.

When the ngargalula sat down beside Leeberr it had some flowers of the waljuru (long bean) in its hand, and the waljuru was the ngargalula jalnga which Bilingi was able to make plentiful and therefore give more mai to the women of his family. While Bilingi was a tiny baby he was still ngargalula but when he grew out of his wee babyhood he was "no more ngargalula". When he grew up he dreamed he was on his own ngargalula booroo and he picked up the waljuru he saw there and bit it and spat the pieces all round and about him and the very first time he dreamed this, a great deal of waljuru came up, and after that first dream he always dreamed its increase.

When Bilingi died, he went westward over the sea to the place called Loomurn where all the old seacoast natives go. He could not go back to his ngargalula booroo, for nothing dead can ever go "jimbin" which is where the ngargalula booroo is, under the land and under the sea where there is bush and plain and water and food and where the ngargalula and totems live and where nothing ever dies. When Bilingi died the waljuru went away from Beedaboogan where it had been so plentiful, for the jalnga goes away with the dead man.



At Wallagingoon (near Willie Creek) Leeberr, a Kaimera, had lain down to sleep in the beega (shade). While he slept he dreamed that a ngargalula came to him crying. Leeberr said, "Yan'gee eebala jooa?" (What father your?) Ngargalula replied, "Kaimera, jooa eebala." (Kaimera, you (my) father.) Leeberr looked round the ngargalula booroo and saw some waljuru and wool'ngur (two species of long bean) growing near the ngargalula and some flowers of these were held by the ngargalula. Leeberr saw, besides the mai, in a creek, some banmungo (shellfish), walga walga (salmon), jirovel (skipjack), booganoola (catfish), jaminool and other fish, which would all be the ngargalula jalnga later. All the weapons, implements, ornaments, lanji, karrboona, yocarna, mungoorl, nowloo, yoongara, baalu bindial and everything the ngargalula boy would need in his life as a womba, all these Leeberr saw on the dream ground. The kalleegooroo or sacred carved flat stick, marked with the ngargalula walga was also there, for the ngargalula can see all these things while he is a ngargalula, but when he comes kalbu, he knows nothing of his dream ground, nor will he dream of it or of his totems there until he has passed the jammunungur stage in his initiation, and has heard and seen the kalleegooroo at the ceremony attending that stage. The kalleegooroo he is shown at the jammunungur stage is not the kalleegooroo of his dreams, for that he only sees in his dreams and never really touches after he has left the ngargalula ground. After he has passed the ballelli stage, which comes before jammunungur, he may dream the increase of his totem plent.

Leeberr woke from his dream and looked around him, but the ngargalula and its booroo had vanished. Then he remembered the jimbin booroo of the ngargalula, which was a valley surrounded by low hills, and he recognised it as Beedaboogan, part of his own tribal territory, and the creek where he saw the fish was Bilgerri-ngoonoo or Weerrarra, a creek near Beedaboogan. Beedaboogan was over 20 miles away from Wallagingoon, where Leeberr had lain down to sleep.



Leeberr went back to his camp at Waljooragoon, and that night he again dreamed that the ngargalula came to him and stood between him and his wife Jardajib, and when he woke in the morning and looked about him, the ngargalula had gone, for Jardajib had then begun to carry it. By and by the baby ngargalula came at Jajjala and was lemmar nalma (fair-headed) like all seacoast ngargalula, the pindana (inland, bush) ngargalula being nyimberr nalma (dark-haired). Jardajib rubbed its little body with reerrga (charcoal) and its hair, many times a day, for all ngargalula must be so rubbed to make them like womba. While ngargalula was a wee wee baby in Jardajib's arms, he was still ngargalula, but when he began to see and know and smile at Jardajib and Leeberr, he was no more ngargalula, for the ngargalula had merged into the little boy child - babba. When the boy could understand, Leeberr told him where his booroo was and what the jalnga were that he had seen there beside the ngargalula, and by and by when Bilingi became old enough he dreamed and saw his own booroo and jalnga in his dreams and then he knew them to be his own. When balelli he could dream their increase, and when jammunungur he could see his dream kalleegooroo and later on, when he was a talloorgurra - an elder and a fully initiated man, taking his equal part in the initiation of other boys, having had his own ngargalula dream, he might then make a kalleegooroo similar to his dream one, and mark it with the markings that represented the jalnga of which he dreamed the increase. These jalnga were greatly liked by all the womba and jandu and children of Bilingi's tribe, and often they would come and say to him, "You dream plenty waljuru and woolngur, we like them and we want to eat much of them," and Bilingi would dream nightly in the flower season of the waljuru and by and by Beedaboogan would be covered with the good mai and many fathers made him tharlu and gave him a baby to grow up for his wife, or promised him the first little ngargalula girl that would come to them.

The ngargalula ground may be underneath some real part of the hunting grounds of the boy's yammainga tchamma (ancestral grandfathers) but not necessarily so. It will always however be on a "countryman's ground and on the seacoast, for a nyimberr native ngargalula will



never come to a koojangooru womba, nor will pindana booroo appear in his dreams. Neither will a lammar nalma ngargalula come to a pindana womba, whose dream child must be nyimberr nalma and be playing on pindana booroo. If a lammar nalma baby were really born after the pindana womba had dreamed his proper nyimberr nalma ngargalula, he will send both mother and baby away, and the girl must find the koojangooroo womba who dreamed the ngargalula she carried. She and her lammar nalma baby will return to her mother's camp where she will be beaten and ill-used, and the father may either give the womba another daughter, or if he has not got one, he will promise one to the pindana womba, because his daughter would not carry the womba's own nyimberr nalma ngargalula.

Not far from Beedaboogan there was a beegardain ngooroo (sacred ground - forbidden) where many initiation ceremonies had taken place. The wallungarri and wallawallong ceremonies were performed there. Bilingi's wallungarri and wallawallong ceremonies were not held on his ngargalula ground, but at a place called Munganalla near Wallagingoon. There were not enough womba at Beedaboogan to make him ballelli, so he was taken koonian (north) or waddiabul. After the waljuru season was over it returned jimbin until the next season came round, but if the man died between the seasons, it did not come up the following season, or only very little that had not gone jimbin.



THE STORY OF WANDAGARRA

If a lemmar nalma ngargalula cannot come to a pindana womba, nor a nyimberr nalma ngargalula to a Koojangooroo womba, sometimes a womba may dream of a ngargalula that does not belong to his own children's class division, for there are four divisions or Classes amongst the northern people, and every ngargalula baby enters one of these divisions as soon as it is born, and when it is ngargalula and comes to its potential or chosen father in his dream, it knows its own and its father's division while a ngargalula, but when it becomes a baby it knows nothing like other babies. But as soon as it can hear and understand it is told which division it belongs to, and also the class or division of its father and mother and those of two of its grandparents which are different from its own. If a boy is a Kaimera, his father is Boorongoo, his mother Banaka, his mother's mother will be Kaimera like himself and so will his father's father, but his father's mother will be Paljeri and so also will his mother's father be Paljeri, and by and by when he gets a wife he must only take a Paljeri girl and when his little ngargalula children come, they will be Boorongoo, going into his own father's division again. So it always has been. But it has sometimes happened that a ngargalula will come who is of class differing from that of the children of the womba to show he comes, as the following story will show :-

Wandagarra was a Banaka and one day was asleep beside a spring near Weerragin-marri when he dreamed he was at a place called Jerr-ngin-ngan (a spot within the township of Broome) and a ngargalula came to him there. Wandagarra said, "Yangi eebala jooa?" ("What is your father?") The ngargalula said, "Paljeri, eebala ngai Maljarra goon booroo." (Paljeri, father (my) belongs to Maljarragoon water.") Wandagarra knew that Maljarragoon belonged to a womba named Leeberr, who was often, as is the custom amongst them, called by the name of his birth ground.



Now Leeberr was a Paljeri and therefore the ngargalula was a Banaka and the wooba babbula (little brother) of Wandagarra. The ngargalula however followed him home and was carried by his wife, and by and by the baby was born and must enter the class Paljeri, as his father was a Banaka.

Some time after the baby was born when he could walk, Wandagarra met Leeberr or Maljarragoon at a Wallungarri ceremony and Wandagarra said, showing his boy to Maljarragoon, "Jeea joona walla, nganna lainbi joo." ("That is your ngargalula son. I stole him from you.") Maljarragoon looked at the boy and said, "He is Paljeri now and I cannot take him back from you, and as he watched the little fellow running round among his playmates, Maljarragoon continued, "Maalu ngai ngooroo, jeea ngooroo nyeemin, jeea ngooroo marrain, nganjala jinna marrain." ("He is not like me, he is like you, like your walk, I see him walk like you.") And so the boy remained a Paljeri and stayed with his Banaka father, and by and by when he grew up he was given a Kaimera girl for his wife and his ngargalula children were Banaka like his own father. Neither man nor baby can ever turn back into a ngargalula.

The ngargalula who are in the jimbin below the sea often come up to the beach to play with the Koolibel (turtles) who are their special friends. Wandagarra's own ngargalula jalnga was the koolibel, for his father had dreamed that he had seen him playing with a koolibel on the beach. One day when Wandagarra was tal'oorgurra and a jalngangooroo he went down to the beach to catch a turtle and he saw one lying asleep on the beach. He walked quietly along towards it in order to turn it over on its back, when he saw a ngargalula half in the water reaching its hand over the koolibel whose shell it seized and thus dragged it back into the water. Being a jalngangooroo, Wandagarra could see the ngargalula doing this. The koojangooroo jalngangooroo will often see the ngargalula wandering along the shore, or playing with the koolibel.

The ngargalula enters into the class into which it is born, whatever its class or division may have been as ngargalula, but when the ngargalula comes to the man in his dreams, it always gives him the title of relationship between them. It will call him father if it is a Kaimera ngargalula and he is a Boorongu and it will call him kogga (mother's brother) if it is Kaimera and he is Banaka and babbula (brother) if it is Kaimera and he is Kaimera too and tchallal if he is Paljeri and it is Kaimera for it is his ingalbu or youngest brother-in-law. Yet when it is born it goes into the division that the father's other children belong to.

Sometimes two ngargalula, a boy and a girl, or perhaps two boys, will come to the womba, but often only one of them will be carried by his wife. By and by, however, the ngargalula girl will come, for she will want to see her little brother, or the little boy may come, and may be either carried by the same mother, or by another mother, but he will come to the same father, or he may not come to him again as ngargalula, but he will recognise it as his own, for it had come to him with its brother.

What will happen if a boy ngargalula comes to a womba and a girl baby is born instead?

"That could not happen," said Wandagarra, "if I see a boy the boy must come. Sometimes a baby girl is promised or betrothed to a man before even its ngargalula has come to its father, and when the ngargalula comes and is a boy instead of a girl, the young man has to wait, as when it came to the father it was a boy ngargalula and he could not change it." The dreaming is called boogarri.



Loee, doombara ngan'ya

The ngargalula booroo is real and the wallee and mai growing on it are also real but the ngargalula do not walk kalboo (above ground) they go jimbin. When the man dreams, he goes jimbin and he throws the mai jimbin, the same ground is jimbin that is kalboo. The ngargalula goes about jimbin, but in your dreams only you see him. The jimbin booroo is the same as the kalboo booroo, but the jimbin booroo is ngargalula booroo.

All ngargalula belong jimbin and only when they become babies are they kalboo. Their booroo is jimbin, the karrboorna and other objects seen by the father are jimbin. These never come up, but the mai and wallee that are also jimbin when dreamed (P. 4) by the boy will come up kalboo and will not only grow on the ngargalula booroo but on other places as well. The boy makes the mai and wallee come kalboo. He also makes the karrboorna just the same, but the ground and the weapons and the other objects on the dream booroo are always jimbin and are dream weapons only, tho the ngargalula see and touch them as ngargalula.

Billinge

NGARGALULA

(Early information)

When the ngargalula are asked, "What your father?" and he says, "Paljeri" or "Kymera", it does not matter as he goes into the proper class when he follows his new father. Wabbingan's father dreamed that a little ranjee or ngargalula came to him, and he asked him, "What your father?" Maggundee (mangrove nuts) the ngargalula was picking up and cleaning in the water.

Mal'jaragoonbooroo was the name the ngargalula gave of his kogga who he said was a Paljeri. Wabbinyan was a Banaka as a ngargalula. Leeberr was his father but he is now a Paljeri as Wondongarra was his father and he was a Banaka.

Kalwarra yoonjoo - "only born there", that is not his booroo, his booroo is where his father dreamed him. I begin to understand how it occurs that a Paljeri ngargalula can become a Kymera when born. If I, being a Boorong man, dream of a ngargalula who tells me his father was Paljeri, and if he follows me home, he becomes a Kymera when he is born, but I have stolen him from his proper father, whom when I meet I tell I have stolen a Paljeri ngargalula and he is now a Kymera. Ngargalula may be anything, Kymera or Paljeri, etc., but if he follows me home he becomes Kymera.



The ngargalula knows the class of the man he follows and calls him by the title due to him as for instance, a Boorong man dreams a ngargalula comes to him and he asks the ngargalula, "Yanga babba jooa?" (What boy you?) "Ngai Kymera, jooa ngabbo", (I Kymera, you youngest father), or "Ngy Paljeri, jooa kogga" if the ngargalula follows him home, and goes into his woman, it will be a Kymera. It does not know anything when it comes, but by and by, when it grows up, its father will tell his brother-in-law, "That's your boy, I stole him." A man has no ranjee if he doesn't dream of a baby ngargalula. Wabbingan has no ranjee; Armitik got a ranjee.

Lanberrjin - birthmark.

Where they catch the wallee is the baby's booroo. Sometimes the baby will be marked in the same way as they marked or speared the wallee.

More early information re ngargalula.

Re the dream babies, mention Sandy, Winnie and Willie; the latter dreamed and got the baby, the former didn't dream, hence no babies. Ranjee and alcheringa not very different.

Coast ngargalula have all white hair - laamar nalma (white head) ; when they are born they are copper colour, but reerrga is rubbed on from birth and in time is supposed to darken the skin. Pindana babies are nyimberr nalma (black haired). They belong to the vicinity Jimbin below the sea and land where there is pindana and booroo.

Boongara ngoonan is Wabbingan's booroo, the point near where the cable comes ashore near Broome. His father went out to hunt and caught some wallee and cooked and ate it and then lay down to sleep in the beega. He dreamed the ngargalula followed him from a certain place in his dream. When he got home at night and when he slept beside his wife, the little ngargalul again stood at his head in his dreams, crying, and in the morning he looked for him but he had gone into the wife through her navel. Later on he tells his woman that he dreamed of the ngargalul and then she knows that she will have to carry it.

If two ngargalul come (sister and brother) only one will go into the woman, usually the boy and the girl comes later on to see her brother and probably goes into another wife of the same man, but where he dreamed the baby was, that is the baby's booroo.

In other dreams the eebala will see the place where the baby came from and then he is assured that that is his booroo.

(Instead of calling a man's name they will call out his booroo; "Jajjala booroo" would be the call for Billinge by everybody.) Boogarree, the dreaming is called.

Ranjee is the spirit of the lightning and a jalngangooroo can catch hold of the (ranjee) walngeree lightning and holds it down, then the lightning won't hurt anything, otherwise it would break the baaloo and take it away with him.

(Willy willies are meerijool; woongool = raining all the time.)

Note at top of page :- Walngeree = lightning, larr'gardee = boab nuts  
Naia = the noise of the thunder.)



The following pages 60 e - i contain the earliest information about ngargalula, and in addition some items concerning Magic, spirits, etc. which should be referred to Section VI.

The earliest information about Ngargalula (incomplete)

(Billinge, informant)

(1900 information)

Boogaree is the ordinary dream but ranjee is a sort of dream spirit, it lives in the thunder and lightning and burns trees down. It is also in caves, in trees, springs and many other places.

Wal'ngēr'ee = lightning

Ny'-a (nai-a) = thunder

The ranjee is in the lightning (walngeree) and is rather a mischievous spirit. It cries in the dreams of men and women and enters into the bodies of the women and becomes a child. Leeberr dreamed of a little ranjee crying in a nyeerrwa and it followed him home and went inside Jardajib and Billinge was born. The nyeerrwa is Billinge's booroo (country) and jalnga and is mee-rooroo (sacred - winytch in Southwest) to anyone except Billinge and his father.

(Corrected later)

Page 26

Billinge's ranjee (spirit) goes back to its nyeerrwa when Billinge dies. The spirit returns to its home.

The ranjee cries and follows the man (in his dream - boogarree) and the man asks him, "What are you?" - "Yangee nyil'owel"

(what name) and the ranjee says, "Kymera" or "Paljeri" as the case may be.

(Corrected later)

Page 30

1900 (previous page apparently missing)

did not want him "too much like Paljeri" he had grown, but the boy should have been a Banaka.

Suppose a man is married and he never dreams a ngargalula and no ngargalula follows him home, and yet his wife begins to carry a baby, he knows that baby is not his and he sends the woman away to the man whose ngargalula she carried. If the husband doesn't dream ngargalula the baby that his wife carries is not his.

Unless the man dreams the ngargalula, his wife can never have one.

Leeberr's ranjee went back to his booroo, Jajjala walning, the ranjee goes back to the man's booroo.



Billinge's ngargalula that he dreamed (he isn't married and has had no babies) are in the booroo near Broome and if he dies without getting a baby, his brothers may pick up his ngargalula some time, the ngargalula keeps on its own booroo. A Jajjala man could not dream of a Nullagine ngargalula, but he can dream one from a booroo near Roebourne and at Beagle Bay and Derby.

Page 31

(Marginal note - name of wallawallong song when jammunungur are made - nguroboo nguroboo.)

There are no special ranjee in those places where women and children have been turned into stone, nor are they winnaitch (forbidden, sacred) necessarily. The ranjee or ngargalula don't specially frequent any of these places.

Ranjee will be in beegardain ngooroo, or meerijool places and will not hurt home people (laana booroo). One time a man made two jammunungur and no one gave Leeberr wallee and Leeberr was so angry he sent his own ranjee and the ranjee brought a lot of other womba (ranjee womba) and they brought their lanjee and mungoorl and all the womba who hadn't given eebala wallee were frightened and thought the ranjee womba were real thammunjoona womba and they ran away. The ranjee went back to its booroo which was a baaloo and now no strange womba can go near that baaloo.

Leeberr's ranjee is eebala to Billinge's ranjee. Leeberr's ranjee is Beedanogaree. Before he goes into the mother he is ranjee, then he is ngargalula and when he is born he is ngargalula, when he grows up he dreams his own ngargalula totems or ranjee and by and by that ngargalula is his own walla again.

Lengogoon might be ngargalula booroo but they do not belong to Lengo, they would get jalnga from Lengogoon and he would be called Lengo booroo, but they have no special or mysterious connection with Lengo.

If the father is jalngangooroo the sons will all be jalngangooroo too. Sometimes the living will be named after the dead (after grandparents mostly) and several Billingees were at Broome, Carnot Bay and Beagle Bay. (Corrected later)

Page 33

Two Banaka Billingees at Carnot Bay, two Boorong Billingees at



Beagle Bay, and two Boorong Billingees at Broome.

The Koojangooroo ngargalula are lammar nalma (fair haired) and are only found along the seacoast. The pindana ranjee (not ngargalula) are nyimberr nalma (dark haired). The pindana ranjee are the same as the ngargalula, only the name is different and the colour. (Corrected later)

Page 34

All the sons of a jalngangooroo are jalnga-ngooroo too (resembling the kajjoorda of the Gascoyne) and there are jalngangooroo women, daughters of a jalngangooroo man.

(Where is Billinge's ngargalula now? that ngargalula cannot be his sons by and by because that would be himself and if his ngargalula is at Beedaboogan will his son's ngargalula be at Beedaboogan too? and his son's sons (No, Billinge's ngargalula merged into himself and is no more ngargalula.)

Page 35

There appears to be no sex totem.

The line of descent runs through males, the women only carry the children. Wooba babba kalwara yoonjoo kaboola - little fellow only born there.

When a man is dying his ranjee and jalnga go away from him.

The noise they make when leaving him is called mirrooroo.

Ranjee belongs to lightning. One ranjee follows the rain, is the spirit of the rain and lightning. Another ranjee is ngargalula, ranjee babba. If Billinge died his ranjee would go to Wallaning or Jajjala. Ranjee and ngargalula are together on the koojangooroo. When Maggundee was in Perth two ngargalula came to see him, a boy and a girl, they ~~are~~ not born yet, they came as ngargalula to see him. If Maggundee died without being married these ngargalula might go to his brother.

Ranjee go to their own booroo when the man dies. Ranjee was a Yamminga womba at one time. You can dream ngargalula without having children. You hear them crying in your dream.

The lightning ranjee is like a womba sometimes. The ngargalula booroo is its own, not his Yamminga booroo. My ranjee won't go into another womba, when I am sick they go away, if I linger a long time they come and see me. No one knows where the ranjee came from



my ranjee goes back to some spot, if it is koojangooroo he will stay there and if pindana he'll stay in it.

Ranjee make the thunder and lightning.

Page 36

Wabbingan has got no ngargalula.

There's a ranjee belonging to lightning and a ranjee belonging to ngargalula.

Ranjee is lefthanded (ngalgarraman). Jalngangooroo will stop the lightning ranjee with his left hand also. Ranjee bringing ngargalula comes sometimes like a bird, the womba see the bird and then that night they dream of ngargalula. You can't see your ranjee until you are big enough to dream of ngargalula.

Yeeragooloo (mungoorl baaloo) which yields jeerungoo mai (jamwood seed) belongs to the rain and lightning ranjee and at lallurn when the seed gets ripe, the oldest man in the camp must first take some of the seed (that had been gathered by the women and now lay in vessels waiting for the ceremony) and putting it on the koombara lallurnjooonoo (nethermill stone, apparently only used at lallurn time) grinds it, then puts it on the coals, cooks a little, takes a mouthful, bites and scatters it from his mouth all over the place. If this is done a gentle wind will come and keep the place cool and if it is neglected, no wind will come, no leaves will appear on the trees, the mai will wither and fall off and walga will burn everything up. After this ceremony anyone can eat the mai up. Sometimes two or three ranjee will be seen in the rain and the thunder and lightning.

The ngargalula is a baby first, then it grows up.

Willy willys are meerijool (full of magic).

Meerijool, mirooroo and beegardain ngooroo, all mean the same thing.

Ranjee and ngargalula belong to the same booroo. Ranjee never dies, neither does ngargalula.

Willie's baby will go to Eoomurn.

Balellee will dream their own ngargalula and by and by if they marry that becomes their own ngargalula again and when it grows up it will dream its own ngargalula again.

All the time the woman is carrying the ngargalula it goes to and fro on its booroo and when it is a baby it goes about its booroo anywhere.

Moolyagurra - baby just born.

Yeegana jandoo - woman pregnant

The eebala sees a kalleegooroo, lanjee, mungoorl, karrboorna, and everything a womba has on the ngargalula booroo. The ngargalula is also jalngangooroo if the eebala is jalngangooroo. If the eebala is not jalngangooroo the ngargalula won't be jalngangooroo. On the girl's booroo the eebala sees mai, milgin, baaloo and all a woman's gear.

The kalleegooroo that is on the ngargalula booroo is left there and by and by the.....



There is a spot in the Nullagine district where in Yammainga time a man and woman were cooking kangaroo beside a river. They raised their eyes and looked over the hills and saw lightning coming quickly towards them. Then they heard great heavy thunder and both were so frightened that they jumped up to run away. The man ran quickly but he did not go very far before he fell down and there he lay. The woman tried to run, but she was too heavy and could not move. Both were turned into stone, and can now be seen near a creek amongst the hills of the Shaw River. If their own country men visit the place, the stone forms remain still and quiet, but if stranger natives come uninvited, the stone figures get up from their kneeling posture and stand and face the intruders who die shortly afterwards.

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, etc.

J.O. Brown contributes the following tradition communicated to him by a Cossack native nicknamed "King Mulligan" in reply to a question how the first blackfellows came there.

"A long time ago," said Mulligan, "there were no blackfellows here in this country but there were plenty of frogs in Cossack Creek. There came a very big willy-willy and it blew the frogs out of the creek, high into the air; it blew so hard that they did not fall but were carried by the wind up to the tableland, 100 miles inland. There was no water in the district to which they were driven, so the frogs drank the dew off the grass and they ate grass seeds. By and by some hawks came to the place and rested on the trees and looked down on the frogs hiding in the grass. The frogs, as a result of the hawks' gaze, produced some young ones, and these young ones proved to be little blackfellows. They soon grew into men and women and then the men were always fighting about the women, until one day some men ran away with some women and went towards the sea coast stopping at the place where Cossack and Eoeburne now are."

"Whalebone", another Cossack native, long in the employ of W.S. Hall, furnished Mr. Brown with the following legend :- "A long time ago a medicine man journeyed far to the westward in order, as he told his friends, to have a look at the moon at the place where she touches the earth when she goes down. It was a long way and he was walking two moons (coothera weelarra) before he came to the place where the moon sets, which was a place very far west of the tableland. He saw the moon stop on the top of a high hill; he was on the hill waiting for it, when it got there. He was quite close to it and saw some very big kangaroo and emu. They were very big, vastly exceeding the size of the animals he used to hunt. Then he reached out his hand to feel the moon and it immediately fell over the other side of the hill and the light (or fire in the moon) went out and it was dark and he could not see the moon any more, so he turned round and walked back home."



Coasack, Roeburne

J.O. Brown also states that :-

The natives hold a superstition in connection with the hawk, to the effect that when the bird is seen hovering about their camp, it is a sure sign of a birth amongst them. There may not happen to be a woman at the camp in a condition to fulfil their expectations, but that does not affect their superstitious belief. If however a baby is born and a hawk happens to be in the vicinity, they attribute the birth of the infant to the presence of the hawk. It does not seem to suggest itself to their minds that procreation had anything to do with the birth of the baby.

In other districts it is believed that the children are the reincarnation of dead relatives.

THE PARRJAN'NING (kangaroo)

The parjanning was a womba in Yamminga time and it was he who showed the other womba how to make themselves jammunungur. He first took the small bone out of his leg, sharpened it, and pierced the boys' noses with it, and that is why all the warrangujee (nose bones) are kangaroo leg bones. Then he tied up the womba's arms and getting the warrangujee he showed them how to pierce their arms and draw the blood from them which the jammunungur drank. Then he became a parrjanning. At wallungarree time, a song is always sung to him as the men pierce their veins :

Parrjanning parrjeaning, etc.

Parrjanning parrjeaning.



THE WOOLGARDAIN AND THE BANNINGBOOROO

(Broome district)

The woolgardain (whipsnake) and banningbooroo (carpet snake) in Yamminga time used to circumcise and subincise the Yamminga womba. Woolgardain had a karrawain koombara (black ironstone?) with which he made the incisions but this koombara caused great pain. Banningbooroo had a mardabil nganjoonoo, or ngarril (white flint) and when he used this, there was no pain felt with it. He made moballin (circumcision and subincision) with it and moo-gurdal (scars). Woolgardain said to Banningbooroo, "Your koombara no good, nothing feel pain with it, you throw it away and try my karrawain."

Banningbooroo would not throw it away so Woolgardain took it from him and spoiled it, taking all the "good" out of it, and now the ngarril hurts the womba, who feel a hot pain like a fire when the moballin are made with it, but before Woolgardain spoiled it, it did not hurt the womba at all.

Banningbooroo could not fight Woolgardain when he spoiled his ngarril, because Woolgardain had poison and ran too quickly and Banningbooroo had only teeth and no poison and could not hurt anyone so he had to let Woolgardain spoil his ngarril.

(This story is told to the balellee at jaddalagoon (afternoon) time during the process of the wallungarree ceremony, when he is made balellee.)

Meerijal, koonyooloo (the moon) was once a man, and he said, "Ngaiinja" (I am going). The moon was talloor (fully initiated man).

The womba said to him, "You go with that boy", and he said, "No," and they said, "You go gambil, jallooroo," he said, "No," and they said, "You go balelee," he said, "Maaloo, they might make me minjil," and they said, "Joo nganga lean," and he said, nothing, maaloo. He wanted to take the woman away with him, and they asked him, "Do you want this one?" and they pointed to a big one and he said, "No, she might look too much for balngan joonjoon (grub)," and they said, "You like this girl?" and he laughed and said, "Yes," and he took the girl away with him and they travelled westward, and when the girl stretched her arm a lot of girls came and when she stretched the other arm a lot more came and when she stretched her legs a lot more and the moon put doogul on his forehead and now this koonyooloo has got a light Kalgal that won't burn you, but Walga (the sun) has got a fire, but if Walga let her mother come up, the whole country and all the womba would be burned. So Walga keeps her mother down.