MIRILYA CAMP

Saturday, 12th October, 1916

Minjia, Nyanyila, Injarrardin and Milaga all here. Got two
last to help carry some boxes to wagon, but are very lazy.
Gave them more clothes. Minjia and Nyanyila went off in the
cart kangarooing, but only caught one. Willy Scott and
Nyubira came about sundown and Dhungu brought me a letter from
Mr. Murray to say Nyubira would help put up my tent gear and
Jindu is probably to take me in, but Mr. Murray will send
buggy to meet me on Monday.

Sunday, 13th October

Have been packing up all the morning. Nyirbira helped well.
Gave her two blouses. Have only my living tent to pull down,
but Jindu didn't start to look for camels till lunch time.
I hoped to have been able to get on the road tonight but Jindu
hasn't turned up yet with any camels, and Willie Scott is
keeping the day of rest at the shepherd's camp. My bird
friends will miss me. Took Jackie rabbiting for the last
time. He is getting better at the work. Walked along the
hill to take my last view of the beautiful valley and slopes.

Monday, 14th October

11 a.m. Have been seated on the wagon two hours. Now waiting
for Jindu and Jirrjirr. The wretched natives won't come along
with the camels, though the bells ceased two hours ago and I know
they had collected them. Jindu wants a strong, stern hand over
him to teach him smartness, and make him work when out of sight
of Yalata. They are dreadful natives to work. At the first
chance they just go back to absolute native conditions and have
no consideration for any one's desire to do the work in hand.
I had to take down and fold the heavy tent by myself, Milaga
and Nyirbira not having turned up. A heavy task which has left
me limp. Little Minina, Waragu and Jurrjurr are all round and
about, perching now and again close to the wagon to give me a little serenade. As the natives are not mine, I must just endure their passive refusal to do me any service, notwithstanding that I've given them all clothing.

It is a lovely morning, cool and softly cloudy. Was up before sunrise, thinking that Jindu would make an effort to come early. Did not reach camp till nearly sundown. Milaga refused to come along and help us, so we had to unload everything at top speed. It was long past sunset and almost dark when the last post was put in that held my tent. I sent the boys off at once, as the road I had made was rather narrow and twisted in places. I hope the boys got through it all right. Did not even keep them to write a note to Mr. Murray thanking him. The buggy apparently came out for me but turned off the road outside Shirper's paddock and so I stayed in the camelwagon - eight camels and one being led. It was a long and tiring ride and when the camels trotted the shaking was appalling. I shall be afraid to open my typewriter, such a shaking as it must have got.

Worked until nearly midnight, putting up bed and necessary sundries. Too tired to sleep. The beautiful open camp of Wirilya, the great starry dome, in which every star above the horizon was visible at all points, the clear view, the changeful and changing colours on slope and plain, the dear songs of Mining and Woraga - all these are gone from me - they lessened my great trouble and grief. Now I have the roar of the sea, and the close company of mallees and karu and bilari and wattle-bird have taken the place of Mining and Woraga - a great contrast.

Tuesday, 15th October

Jindu was to tell Mr. Murray that I would like somebody to put up my tents, etc., but no message came from Yalata today. However Thangarri had seen my tent from Fowler's Bay and she brought Kambari, a Kalgoorlie girl, and two children, boys, Ingan, full-blooded, and Sinja, half caste, father at Kalgoorlie,
Ear retire man is dead. They helped me very well and willingly
and I was able to give the children some good clothes and Thangarri
and Kambari 2 blouses each and a waistcoat for Thangarri's man.
She tells me Joanna is very bad, George Day's woman, and that
poor old Mallainya is nearly dead, if not already dead. Poor
old man several hundred miles away from his own waters.
Am nearly ship-shape, but frightfully tired and weak.

12th October
Winima, m., gave me koondi. Gave him pipe.
Marradhanu, m., gave me 2 koondi, 2 kaili. Gave him coat, vest
and pipe. He will make some mires.

25th October
Guyama gave me kaili and nanba and jina-arbu (slippers).
Thanguri gave me monguri.
Dilgala, Dhammuin (2 names) gave me monguri.
Baiali, Thangurri's half caste boy.
Marburning sent thaddurdu (necklace and forehead band of string.
(Must give these bhalda) and necklace; ulunju strings of hair.
Also waru dhaitu - nosebones.
or
Wogarning (kangaroo leg)