

HOW THE PELICAN GOT HIS BOOMERANG BILL.

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Lengo was a Kularra-booloo womba (western man). Jallingmur, the Pelican, was a Ko-al gurdi womba (south-western man). They were travelling koo-nian (north).

Lengo had a very good kool-mi lan-ji (heavy, fighting, broad, triangular-shaped boomerang) Jallingmur had only a light jirib lanji, made from the wood of the jirib tree. He wished he had Lengo's fine lanji.

Lengo was a great fisherman. He showed his Kularra-booloo brothers's sons how to catch fish with bait. He broke nee-barda (oysters) and many other kinds of ban-mun-go (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 karra-joonoo (small mullet fish), cooked it, chewed it, and spat it out over the sea. The fish came fast and fast to eat the karra-joonoo, so that the Kularra-booloo men had always plenty of fish. Lengo threw his koolmi lanji among them, and the lanji would go round and round in the sea, and kill many walga-walga (salmon) and other big ones.

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

"Joong-goo wan-birdim." (Fire make)."

Now joong-goo was the Koal-gurdi word for fire, and noo-roo was the Kularra-booloo word, and all men liked their own language best, and thought it was better than any other. They mimicked the speech of their neighbours, with laughter.

So Lengo said, very crossly,

"Nooroo kanna 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). Bye-and-bye they stopped arguing to eat, and when they had eaten Jallingmur said,

"You and I change lanji."

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

"Ngow-ai. (All right)", said Jallingmur, and he did not ask again, but when Lengo put his koolmi lanji on the ground, he picked it up and put his little 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 Jallingmur, 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.

Jallingmur said, "Get your mung-oorl (spear) and stop it!" but though Lengo held his spear high up, the lanji rose higher and higher, and round and round, and at last it went into the sea.

"Oh, my lanji, my lanji!" cried Lengo. 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 Jallingmur said "I will get it." He swam out to the koolmi lanji, and caught it in his mouth. When Lengo saw his lanji in Jallingmur's mouth, he said, "Now you can keep my lanji, but it will stay in your mouth always. You can never get it out again." So when Jallingmur changed into a pelican, he had a mouth like a big killer boomerang.

Lengo travelled further koo-nian (north) and went into the ground at Lengo-goon, near Weera-gin-marri, at the place where he used to catch fish with ban-mungo and karra-joonoo bait, and all the Kularra-booloo men who went to Lengo-goon to fish had to use the same bait that Lengo used in the dream-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 the boy. Lengo was so angry with his jee-marra (wife) that he hit her on the back with his now-loo (club), and she died and turned into stone near Weera-gin-marri.

There you can see the bent form of Lengo's wife, whom he killed because she had not saved his little son from the lightning.

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

And the Stone Woman of Weera-gin-marri tells all women that they must always take care of their children so that no evil magic can come to them.