

Notebook 26A

Stray Notes

Wardulea

Mandarrgo - its coming out

Miara - dead

Ngilgi, informant (placed in Notebook 15)

The spring is wagalgutuk, but going from spring to spring the train shook the ground and disturbed him and he left it.

In the spring on the bank, if a man or woman are going to die, it will tell you by opening its cracks.

A sheoak at Rosamel will get yellow and die right down, and you know a yungar is going to die, then nula (by and by) it gets green again. A stone near it goes quite naked and someone dies and it is covered again.

## ROTTNEST ISLAND

The Island is mostly a study in greens, bunches of vivid wattle, green set in a frame of white or yellow sea sand, brownly green crowned bluffs held up in grey sloping rock vases, uneven carpetings of varied greens shading like the samples in a Berlin woolshop, bright green bouquets edged round with white ribboned roads, yellow greens framed in deep darkling blue or purple and pale green sea. Sombre greens of pine, broom and olive in their yellow ground setting of dried grass. The mixture and harmony of the various greens delight both heart and eye and bring a restful peaceful feeling in one's breast. There are no pugnacious greens amongst them, no turbulent blatant noisy greens that instinctively arouse one's combativeness on beholding them.

Through their soft feathery branches the fiercest winds can only go hushingly, becoming softened by contact with their unresisting foliage. The Southwesterly breezes having bent the twigs of the pines and brooms, <sup>the</sup> inclined trees just bend their branches northward and thrive in placid security although leaning all awry over the grassy sward. The golden brown fir cones peep out through their green curtains, shedding their seedlings as they ripen preparatory to themselves obeying Nature's law and falling off at an appointed moment to make room for their successors and to give added strength through their decay to the tree that bore them. In between their greenness a blue or purple flower becomes an anomaly. You stare at it in wonder for it is not a part of the landscape, since it is so evidently an intruder. Great masses of purple and mauve flowers will now and then deck the sward beneath the trees but although they are probably indigenous they appear alien and the dark green broom or pine groves under whose shelter they live their brief lives form no harmonious frame for them, standing sturdily erect and uncompromising.

The vivid wattle that permits the clinging embrace of the Clematis courts its own undoing for here and there I note a dead tree hugged round and round by the soft and subtle tendrils of the vine that became its undoing.

Nature is ever making and breaking with infinitely slow process.

She fits her verdure to the soil, her trees to their surroundings, her plants to their environment and no sooner has she accomplished this work, than she proceeds to disintegrate her apparently perfected work.

Anthrop.

Look back at Europe in the Ice Age. She was even then populous with humans who made fires to warm their shivering bodies and who fashioned the rough stone implements that it would even tax us to make today, because of our "machine" training. They painted pictures of their prowess on the bones and tusks of the huge mammoths that were contemporary with them and they like our aborigines buried their dead in a belief of a future life somewhere. The endless riddle of racial descent.

The sea, now blue, now green, a dazzling iridescence of shifting vivid tints, lay quiet and motionless except where beyond the reefs the surf broke like mermaids sea green rocks along the half sunken reefs.

Mattie, informant

Thirsty = D, algarn mulgaran

p. 215 Jan. 4, 1834, Minute re Aborigines.

Battle for their protection.

Resolved

"That the local Government be further solicited to have certain lands in every district unappropriated for the use of the aboriginal inhabitants. That such lands be reserved in situations convenient for the formation of native villages, and that effectual measures be adopted to communicate to these interesting people a knowledge of the Christian religion."

Dungak, Galuta, Winjan, Nunar, were some of those who were shot at the battle (of Pinjarra).

Monop says that Mindemaia has got Mundigan while his awfully (lawful) wife is at Moora. There are three of them who were married at New Norcia living with other women, windang, wakain werra.

#### Life Saving Apparatus

Rottnest native prisoners, all dead

Muri 4

Jangari 7

Yandarga 11

Yingilit 5

Karijil 1

Nungi 2

Yerdil 8

Baljuguru 6

T,urada 10

Warnmur 9

Kulinga 3

Rocket line sent to an imaginary wrecked ship ; attached to the rocket line is the hawling rope, the hawser with life buoy basket, basket buoy, attached to a triangle which is worked through a pulley attached to an anchor. The hawser was made taut and the breeches buoy sent out to the supposed wreck, the rope pulled by ten natives A sailer was put in the buoy all hands commenced to haul in. They worked with a will and in 2 minutes the man was saved.

(cont.)

Mr. Pym stated that the men showed up better than even white men, and during the lesson he had no words but praise for them.

The men are numbered and answer to their number. The Rocket ground is on the rise near Mt. Heischill besides Lake Heischill, a fallow corn paddock wheat and hay.

The rocket is sent on to the imaginary wreck, a small scrub of wattle flanks the instruction ground. The men were taught to coil the life line and "flake" the rocket line and coil the whip. The whip is coiled left handed.

Ngilgi, informant

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Dolga - the valley or dorda and kata the hill. Bukai, a rise or the "back" of a place.

Male or kuljak fly over.

The bittern calls to the walgain rainbow, there are gunok in plenty. Mulyart, sharp bend, a point of land going into the creek or river.

Ngoka - round bend of river.

The ngau mothers lay their eggs in a communal mound. For nine days or so the eggs are being hatched and during this interval the mother ngau will visit the nests every three days or so to see if they are undisturbed. A day or so before the chickens are hatched the mothers fly off and the poor little ngau never know their mothers, nor do the mothers know their offspring. Each little ngau at the close of the day runs into its own little compartment of the mound.



Ngilgi

From Notebook 26A

Ngoka-a corner, a peninsula

Gūtuin - a breakwind (Monop calls this ngutāk)

Kordaman ngal - thinking of husbands, absent minded.

Miring wongain - the Blackwood wonga

Bajong wongi - Donnelly River

Kuri and illa kuri - Perth, Fremantle, Murray

Binaran had Bidergärt, Ngambäl, Wabingan, Laurie's father, and Mibil.