

VI 3c

POISON BONES AND BONE POINTING

MAGIC

VI 3c

POISON BONES AND BONE POINTING

MAGIC

POISON BONES

The Australian native, whether he is civilised by cattle and sheep station owners, or missions, or whether he comes into civilisation from his own wild areas, has one dreadful fear that never leaves him - the fear of "bone pointing". Quite recently a native tracker, civilised enough to have been attached to a police station, laid himself down and died because an enemy had "pointed" a magic bone at him.

Every little group that has come down to me out of the wilds has brought with it some magic "pointing" object, both of wood and bone and stone. The pointing bones are arm, leg, collar or forehead bones taken from the body of a killed and eaten man, and I have handled many such bones that have become like polished ivory through the years, nay, generations, of their use by the group that owned them.

It is the most fatal of all magic because of its invisibility. The victim never sees the magic coming, but he feels a sudden unusual pain and cries out, "Maa'mu," ("Magic, eaten man's bone,") and from that moment he steadily wastes away and dies in a week or month according to the deadliness of the magic. No resistance can be made to magic.

One of my tasks when a new mob arrives is to find out how many death-dealing magic bones have been brought down, and to secure these by barter, though I always find out later that one or two have been retained by the group for its own safety in the new country and among the civilised derelicts that preceded it. For many years I tried to obtain a polished forehead bone possessed by a family that had come down from the border of South and West Australia in 1920, but as its potency as a "magic killer" was recognised throughout all the civilised area extending from Kalgoorlie to Port Augusta, and over the great Nullarbor Plain, its owners would not part with it. As they became "civilised" they were able to hire out the bone "on loan" only, to brothers wanting it for an evil purpose. I have seen it in possession of several persons who had hired it from its owner Beerajoogoor.

The forehead bone was oblong in shape, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ " by $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". It was hung at the back from a neck string, and prevented treacherous spearing and was always conspicuous among the group in temporary possession of it. It has been a deadly weapon for thousands of generations and is one of the most potent factors in the slow but inevitable decline of the Australian native. Any illness that cannot be accounted for is magic illness and no effort is made to combat it. Now and again through the centuries, men claimed sorcerership and taught themselves simple conjuring tricks such as pulling out bones, stones, pieces of wood, etc. from the seat of pain, and some became very clever at this game and were called in by other groups, when any of their members had fallen victims to magic. Suction by the sorcerer over the seat of pain brought forth the stone or wood that had been invisibly injected into some vital spot and if the patient recovered, he purchased the piece of magic and the sorcerer's fame increased. If in spite of his services the patient succumbed, it was because a more powerful sorcerer belonged to the group that sent the magic.

One instance of a sorcerer healing a tiny white child was related to me by the mother of the child. The family lived on a little sheep farm several miles from civilisation and the baby suddenly became alarmingly ill. The sorcerer had been an old retainer for many years at the farm, but until the baby's sudden illness had not mentioned his sorcerership. He said to the mother, "I will make baby all right if you let me touch him," and the mother consented and the sorcerer proceeded to massage the baby's body until its sudden shrinking told him where the magic lay. Then he applied suction and brought away a quantity of pus such as an abscess or some such internal disorder would accumulate. The baby recovered completely and the grateful family kept him in comfort throughout his life.

BONE POINTING MAGIC

One of the most powerful and fatal forms of magic practised by the aborigines is that of bone pointing. Every tribe with which the writer is acquainted uses some form of "pointing" magic, bone, wood, stone, hair, etc., prepared and consecrated by elaborate incantations, but amongst all these, a piece of bone from the small arm bone of a dead man is most deadly and swift in its effects.

Bone pointing has been practised amongst all primitive peoples. Finger pointing, the finger held outstretched in front of the eyes, is still practised in some parts of Ireland to avert the deadly "evil eye", or to project evil into the enemy, or into his beasts, and the belief in the magical power of the bone still exists in Southern Ireland where the bone of a beast which had been bewitched by the evil eye was hung up in the wide chimney as a protection against future bewitchment.

Amongst the aborigines of the Central areas, bone pointing is active and continuous. In every local group there is at least one powerful magic bone, specific terms being used to denote the age and power of the bone.

Ulalya darrga (ancestral spirit bones) are the most ancient and powerful of all aboriginal magic bones. One of these bones was presented to H.R.H. by an old native from the Glen Ferdinand area near the Northern Territory border. It was about three inches in length, flat, pointed at both ends, of a beautiful deep ivory colour. The writer witnessed a ceremony which is sometimes performed in connection with the transfer of the magic bone. The old holder and owner of the spirit bone, feeling that his vitality was leaving him, called to his brother to come near, and when the brother sat down beside him, the old man said, "You must take and keep the burnu now and I will give you the ulalya that is inside me." The bone was then held with the pointed ends at the breast of each man (the only time that the points are harmless) and as the old man held it firmly with one hand,

he pinched and pulled the ulalya from his body just below the ribs, running his closed hand along the bone and flattening the hand against the breast of his brother. He performed this act several times until he "felt his inside empty." The brother then took the ulalya burnu, and going into a place apart, he sat silent for a while until he felt that he had absorbed the spirit of the bone, or rather the "shadow" of the spirit. He then returned to his camp, "different" in the sight of the others, and on his brother's death he took chief place in the burial and mourning ceremonies, cut off his dead brother's hair, etc. It will be noted that the bone does not descend to a son, but to a brother. Not only was the ulalya transmitted in this way, but any other special powers the older brother possessed went with the ulalya.

This bone was polished to a degree of fineness which the most expert present day diamond cutter could not excel. There were no human-made markings on the ulalya darrga but every minute dark spot or line showing within or upon its surface registered a death. How many hundreds of generations had helped to give the bone its smooth polish and how many deaths it had accomplished, who can say? Its old and last owner stated that it had killed waddi jurda and kungga jurda (many men and many women) in his day. He had inherited it from an elder brother who had again inherited it from an elder brother and so on back into the darkness.

Each owner of the ulalya darrga used the hereditary incantations over it when it came into his possession. As he incanted, the shadow of the ulalya in the darrga (bone) went inside him and was added to his other magic powers, which were all located within his breast. The darrga was then wrapped in emu feathers and hair string made preferably from the hair of a dead brother and was carried either in the hair or hair band or worn on special occasions attached to a neck string, the pendant bone at the back of the neck.

When a member of this local group died, (a local group is the aggregate of local individual families) whatever the real cause of death might have been, it was attributed to magic, and after the mourning ceremonies were over, the ulalya darrga was set in motion. Its owner took it to a secluded spot, sacred from women and children, and placing it on some clean branches, pointed it in the direction from which the other death magic had come, singing softly the while the old incantation (which however has no reference to the intended victim's "eyes and liver," etc.) The pointing goes on until some feeling within the owner's breast tells him that the death magic has gone forth, so picking up the ulalya darrga he replaces it in its covering and returns to camp to await the result. Time being of no account to the aborigines, months, years, or happily only days may elapse before the death magic reaches its victim and enters his vitals, killing him slowly or quickly as the case may be.

Now that victim may even be a member of the local group, but whoever it is, he is counted responsible for the death that has brought about his own. His family may possess an object of magic with which they will try to do mischief in return, but the power of the ulalya darrga being supreme, their "faith" in the lesser magic fails before it, and to work without "faith" is useless.

The next most powerful bone is the miri burnu (dead man's spirit bone), also a piece of the small arm bone, about four inches long, rounded, with long pointed ends, one of which may have been charred to give it "fire magic", or an end may be dipped in the blood of the dead man which gives it blood magic. This however is only in the case of a man having been fatally wounded and bleeding from his wound. The fire magic within the bone burns up the intestines, the blood magic makes its victim jundara arlgulu (vomit blood) until his body is empty of blood, when his death follows. The miri burnu is also an old and highly polished bone, of a murky yellow tint, an evil looking object, and one held in great and ever present fear by the native.

The miri burnu belonging to the three last members of the one time numerous malleehen totem group at Boundary Dam, was presented to the writer with grave ceremony after much diplomatic work in connection with its custody and whereabouts, as the presence of these objects of evil magic is always disturbing, especially among the present day "mobs" which are formed from the remnants of various groups, no one group being able to muster a dozen fighting males. When it is known or suspected that one or more of these little mobs is in possession of a burnu, the whole camp is in a state of nervous tension. The men fear to go far afield for dingo or other game, or to let their women go too far rabbiting and iguana hunting and so the first task is to locate the burnu, and then "barter" for this.

Eight men accompanied the bone to my camp early one morning, and seating themselves under an acacia (Thalyuru) tree, quietly awaited my coming, the women remaining at a spot about a quarter of a mile away. A fire was lighted by Jajjala and some small green branches were gathered and upon these the miri burnu was placed, south of the fire and pointing north and south. "We have brought you the miri burnu of the Ngannamurra waddi (mallee hen)." they said, "It is very powerful and many men and women have been killed by it. See, here are two little marks where it has killed two men." As I picked up the dreaded object a quite perceptible feeling of relief appeared on the faces of the men, for a death had taken place at another camp only the week before the transfer of the miri burnu, and the possession of the bone was rather a doubtful honour to the holder, especially in these mob-mixing days. The thalyuru under which we had been seated was cut down and the slope where the fire had been was temporarily closed to the women.

The ulalya darrga and miri burnu are also called "jilbi ba", meaning "old men" - a term which is also applied secretly to the oldest of the sacred totem boards and is not even heard by young initiated men until they have begun to "qualify for eldership".

Some pointing bones are carried and used in pairs, and are alluded to as "guri yarra" (married couple, man and wife), one being the mama (father), the other kungga (woman). Kungga burnu is long, rounded and pointed and is sometimes notched with an initiation knife to mark the deaths it is answerable for. The mama burnu is flat with rounded ends, but both are equally effective and either may kill a man or woman, neither bone specializing in the sex of its victims. These bones are pointed in pairs so that if one fails the other is sure to bring down its victim. One pair of guri yarra had six recent deaths to its account before its murderous vendetta came to an end.

A loud cry of utmost fear comes suddenly from the man or woman who believes that a bone has been "put inside" him or her and if there is no old and active sorcerer in camp whose immediate services can be secured, there is no hope for the bone stricken victim. If the sorcerer is present he goes at once to the patient and watches intently the writhings of the body. If the bone has gone inside the liver, heart or intestines, the sorcerer sees the bone moving in these parts - all illness is due to the entry of some foreign body - diagnoses the seat of the trouble, and either massages or sucks out the offending object, which may be a piece of bone, wood, string, stone, etc. When the patient sees the portion extracted and when he has obtained possession of it by immediate barter, he gets better at once, and placing the bit of bone in a small receptacle, he carries it about with him or buries it inside the bark of a tree.

Sometimes guri yarra burnu are worn openly amongst the men's group, but only when the owner has "many brothers" in the group and when he is a brave man, for only a brave man would lay himself open to secret bone pointing due to his possession of the bones.

The fear of the bone and other magic is inherent in all natives, wild or ultra civilised though they may be. The writer remembers two old natives, one of whom had been an Anglican for 50 years and instructed at Bishop Hale's native mission on the Swan, the other a Roman Catholic, born and reared at Nyeerrgu

Water (New Norcia) beside which Bishop Salvado started his mission in 1846. The Anglican believed that he had intercepted and caught fire magic intended for another man in the camp who was supposed to have been responsible for the death of a woman which had occurred some years ago at a place some 80 miles east, and the belief killed him although he was "the wrong man".

The Roman Catholic man whose totem was the dingo believed his death was due to blood magic sent by a group from the circumcised area north east of Victoria Plains, one of whose young men had died some little time previously. Blood and fire are the most fatal of all magic.

Every small group that comes into civilisation brings some magic with it, either the hair of some of its dead, which will give it warning of dangers, or bone magic, or a stone magical object of some kind, yet every group believes that the magic of the other group is not only more evil but also more powerful than its own. The fear of magic never leaves a native, no matter how educated and civilised he becomes. It is a religion of Fear with them and whatever other religion may be superimposed upon it, the ruling Fear is strong in death.

Amongst a large family group north east of Lake Way, consumption had unaccountably spread, men, women and children dying from the disease. Their number became less and less as the dread disease took its toll and as the men saw their sisters, brothers, daughters, mothers and fathers dying, after each death they raided the offending tribes north of them whom they considered responsible for the "blood magic". They killed many of the blood magic people both by raiding and by their own magic, but still their women and children caught the disease and died. Finally two brothers only were left of the group and on a killing expedition these two fell into the hands of the police and were sent to Rottnest Island Prison.

Consumption had already settled on the elder of the two and towards the end he said to the writer, "How strong and powerful the blood magic must have been to have travelled not only the long long way over the land but also over the great salt water

to come inside and kill me." (Neither magic nor spirits are supposed to be able to "cross water".) Muri, his younger brother who was finally released from prison, had scarcely reached his ancestral waters when he too succumbed to the disease. These men had a powerful and magic totem of their own - the initiation flint - which they could project into the intestines of their enemies, but for one death accomplished by the jimari (knife), so many resulted from the awful blood magic of the northern men, that the whole family group died out.

A magic bone may be secreted and left near a camp or in a native hut. It may be hidden in some place which the victim frequents. Wherever it is placed, the victim must come within the line of the point, otherwise the magic, which only goes out through the point, will pass by him. Hence the bone must always be carefully placed in position.

One of the reasons why a native will never re-occupy an old hut is his dread that magic may have been placed within it during his absence.

Each bone owner has his own method of placing and pointing the bone and will often sing to it, enlivening its magic. No magic bone can heal, for the bone holds killing magic only.

If anyone is caught bone pointing, or if the bone is found by someone else, someone in the group will die or be killed, for in all bone magic it is either "kill or be killed".

Warringan was a very jealous wife and though her husband beat her and beat her with his club and his boomerang, she still wished to keep him for herself, so whenever she saw him pay attention to other women, she invariably fell upon them and half killed them with her digging stick. As she was his only wife, Joerung was desirous of obtaining others, and to that end he hunted assiduously and brought much game to the camp, most of which he sent to his mother's brothers possessing daughters of marriageable age who had been allotted to men who had either died or had sufficient wives of their own. Joerung finally fell deeply in love with a big young widow and by paving the way with her father and mother with many presents of game food, and also by placating her husband's brothers, the eldest of whom would be entitled to her when the days of her widowhood were over, by gifts of boomerangs, hairbelts and karrarr, Joerung made the way easy for his ultimate courtship of Maialau.

Warringan watched the growing interest between Maialau and Joerung, measured the former's big, strong proportions, knew of her strength in other fights and her command of her stick as a hitting and a thrusting weapon, and decided that a stick fight would give all the advantages to Maialau.

Now Maialau was goomal borungur, that is, she had the goomal (opossum) for her "elder brother", or totem, as we call it, and every man and woman knows that there is a spiritual "family" connection between all men and their totems, so that if an opossum, male or female kangaroo be found dying or dead, the finder knows that an opossum totem man or woman, or one of the kangaroo totem, will soon die. Warringan did not wait for anything of this kind to happen. She went out as usual hunting for vegetable root and fruit food, and each morning she hunted in hollow trees and logs, and watched for the scratchings of an opossum, for she was anxious to catch one alive and put it to death slowly by piercing its body with a pointed bone or stick and leaving the stick in the wound, carry the animal in her bag until it died, so that she could listen and be glad over its sufferings.

One lucky morning she found fresh scratchings in a hollow tree, and putting her ear to the trunk, she made a slight movement and listened for a sound that would tell her in what part of the hollow trunk the opossum had made its nest. The slight sound the animal made inside the tree, as it raised its head to listen to the small movement Warringan had made, told her that it would be easy to reach it, and very soon she had it in her grasp. She had a strong beendee (wooden skewer or pin) ready for her purpose, and with this she pierced the opossum through the tongue and throat, taking care that it should not be an immediate death thrust, but that the victim should linger and suffer, yet be unable to cry out, so that she could keep it in her bag until it died, for she wanted to hear it gasping and feel it moving with pain. As the opossum suffered, so would Maialau and as it died so would Maialau die also.

Warringan put the pierced animal in her bag, which she filled with the vegetables and roots she had gathered, and returned to camp. She placed the bag in a bush near her camp, so that the opossum's laboured breathing should not be heard by Jooerung, for had he heard, he would have known instantly what Warringan's revenge was to be, and he could have thwarted her design by getting a sorcerer to render her measured impotent by placing magic between the wounded opossum and Maialau. Warringan carefully kept the bag and opossum hidden and took them out with her during her daily hunt. Sometimes she would sit in the shade of a thick bush and taking the starving animal out, would gloat over it, and think how soon Maialau would be suffering in the same way.

One morning she heard a man say, "Maialau won't come out hunting today. Her throat is mindaitch (sick)." Warringan went off by herself and sat down again to look at the opossum which she had not seen since the previous evening, when it was still alive. When she caught hold of it, she knew that it was dead; all the fat had gone off its bones and the skin lay close against them. Maialau was big and fat, and Warringan said to herself, "Now I will see her getting thinner and thinner every day, and she will die just the same as goomal." She put the dead opossum in a

hollow, first taking care to pull out the skewer which she buried by sticking it into the ground.

Maialau's throat became very bad, but she did not sigh or moan, only she got leaner and leaner every day, for she could not eat, even the soft roots or still softer flesh of young birds and animals, which Jooerung feverishly hunted for and brought to her people. Day by day she lay in her shelter, but no one thought of Warringan killing the totem until one day the sorcerer of the local group was called in, and he told Maialau's people she was bulya-ed ("magic-ed"). He then went away by himself to find where the magic came from, and seeing Warringan's tracks near by, he followed them up and came to the hollow log where she had thrown the opossum. He picked it up with his spear and saw what Warringan had done.

He returned to the camp, but did not tell Maialau's people what he had found. He only said that she would die, for he had come too late to take the magic from her. So Maialau starved to death just as the opossum did, and Warringan rejoiced that the punishment was effective. But Jooerung suspected her of compassing Maialau's death, and he beat her more fiercely than ever until one day he hit her near the heart so that she fell down senseless.

Now the sorcerer was her own mother's ^{mother's} brother, or what we would call maternal great uncle, and he came to where Warringan lay and sat by her till she came out of her swoon. Then he said, "You killed Maialau's totem. Now you will die yourself, for I saw a dead woorark (small marsupial, now extinct - Warringan's totem), and it was a yogga woorark (female). The opossum sorcerer has discovered your crime, and now you are bewitched." Something hurt Warringan's heart just then, like a stick being thrust through it, and she died.

THE STORY OF BANJIL

(South West)

Banjil, the wife of Binjerung, brought a little baby with her from the stone at Bokabiring, where she had gone to get it. Banjil was quite, quite young, and she loved and fondled her baby all the day. She rubbed it with fat, and with ashes and soft powdered charcoal, until its little body gleamed again. Binjerung, who was very much older than Banjil, used to watch her playing with the baby, and he was not angry when he came home with meat from his day's hunting and found no roots or vegetable food waiting him, for he said, "By and by when the baby grows up, Banjil won't want to stay at the camp all day playing with him. They can play now." So instead of being angry, he would go and get the wood and make the fire and cook his meat, giving Banjil as much as she wanted.

Banjil was the happiest little mother in all the place, and she would be glad when the older women came and called her "Mother". Banjil would smile up at them and rub and fondle her baby, and blow upon its neck for kisses. Sometimes her older sisters would bring vegetable food and leave it at her camp for Binjerung, for in all the camp there was no one who did not like Banjil, she was gentle and soft and kind to everyone.

Day by day the little baby grew and Banjil watched his growth. But suddenly he stopped growing, and the fat went off his little legs and body, and the sleekness went away, and his eyes got bigger and bigger. He would lie all day in Banjil's arms, looking up at her without winking. Banjil rubbed him with more and more fat, but his little body shrivelled up and his eyes got still larger, and he still gazed all day at Banjil. And as the days passed and baby grew still more thin, Banjil would rush frantically with him to her grandmothers, and to the sorcerer, but they said to each other, "Baby has caught *mulgar* (magic), someone has bewitched him, or he may have caught it on its way to someone else." The sorcerer pinched the baby, and blew upon it and tried to suck the magic out of it, but all was of no use.

One morning Banjil held a dead baby in her arms, yet baby's eyes were still open and watching her. Binjerung's and

Banjil's relations buried the baby in a little hole in the rocks near the hillside and closed up the entrance and swept a path clean so that when baby's spirit came out it would go along the path to Koorannup. Banjil carried her little baby and laid it down, but made no loud moan or cry, only the tears kept falling, falling like rain. Banjil walked a little way back towards the camp with the others, and then leaving them, she returned to the grave and going to a moojoor tree whose branches lay across the swept path, she gathered a small bunch of these, and tying them all together she put the little bundle into her bag for she now believed she had baby's spirit with her.

She took it home with her, and all the time she sat in her camp she had the little bundle beside her. Even at night it was by her side. Yet she made no loud moan, as women always do over their dead, for she felt the spirit tugging at her breast and her heart. Day and night it pulled at her, and it was gradually pulling the strings loose. And then Banjil's eyes grew big and the fat went off her bones and the tugging inside grew greater, for the spirit wanted to go away to Koorannup, but it wanted to take Banjil, too. And at last Banjil went away with the spirit of her baby and they buried her as near to the baby as they might go, for one must not go to the place where there had been a burial for a certain time, otherwise the soul may be disturbed and lose its way to Koorannup, in which case it will turn into a bad spirit and come back and haunt them. Banjil was put in the ground, and round the head of her grave they made a little semicircular mound. They then cleared the ground beyond where the feet pointed west towards Koorannup, for the soul would go along the cleared path.

Half way between the grave and the camp they lighted a fire in case she should turn round and come back towards the camp instead of going on to Koorannup. But Banjil's soul and her little baby's soul went on to Koorannup. And Binjerung went a long way away to some far away place, for he could not again go near the spot where he had watched Banjil and her baby boy.

THE JANGA AND THE YUNGAR
(SPIRITS OF RETURNED DEAD AND MAN)

(South West)

Janga are spirits which assume many shapes. Sometimes they take the form of snakes, and work evil only; sometimes they are the spirits of dead men who did not go to Koorannup, but turned back when half way there to their own ground which they haunted ever afterwards. These janga would choose a shady or thickly wooded spot or cave on their ground, and sit down there always. After they were once seen the place was avoided and became win-naijung, or sacred ground. When their own friends passed near by the janga would not hurt them if they strewed some leaves or rushes as they passed by, but if this service was neglected, the janga would send some magic inside them which soon killed them.

Sometimes janga chased any men they saw passing, and when they caught them would kill and eat them. If a man were chased by a janga, and he could pick up some nuts from the red gum tree, if he threw these behind him as he ran, the janga would stop to pick them up and so the man would have a chance of escaping. Or if the man could run towards a river and swim across it, the janga would be unable to cross after him. Or perhaps when he reached the edge and looked into the water and saw himself, he would forget the man and let him go, for he would sing to himself like this :-

Mow Marra ooladha wooraji koolo!
Mow Marra ooladha wooraji koolo!

Sometimes a man will be clever enough to escape from the janga. In Nyitting times a Malmaling man was out getting edible grubs and a janga suddenly came close to him and said, "What are you eating my grubs for?" The man was greatly frightened to find the janga so close to him, but he said, "I did not know they were your grubs. I am sorry that I took them." But janga mouthed at him and caught hold of him quickly, for he wanted to take him home and eat him. He put the man in his bag and went off through the trees to his cave.

As they went through the trees the man tried to get out

by catching hold of a branch. At last he caught hold of a thick bough and got out of the bag. Janga went on through the bush, thinking that he was still in it.

When he got to his kala (fire) he put the bag on the ground, got a stick and lifted the top of the bag very gently so he could kill the man when he put his head out. But there was no man there to kill! The kanga shook the bag and held it upside down, but there was nothing there. Then he became so angry with himself for letting himself be tricked, that he beat himself with his stick all over his body, and turned into a stone at Dargain. Now you can see the stone janga there with the marks of the stick all over it. Dargain became winnaijung.

No one ventured near the Dargain stone janga, and so until the white people came from over the sea, no man ever chased or caught an animal which he had speared and which took refuge at Dargain. As soon as it went on the sacred ground, the animal also became sacred, and was left there. The white people, being spirits themselves, could go into all sacred places without any harm coming to them, and after a little time the natives thought that the Dargain stone janga could not harm them either. One day a man chased a kangaroo that he had speared and that had taken refuge near the stone. He caught the animal and brought it home and divided it amongst his people, but shortly afterwards his mother and sister died. So until all the natives died on the coming of the white men to their country, no man of that region ever again caught or ate game that took refuge at Dargain.

BWAIEE KOOLONGUE

(CHILDREN'S ROCK)

(Swan district, Balbuk = informant)

There was a winnaiten stone in a cave off Beverley Road, and if a woman looked at it as she passed she became pregnant. Little children were in this stone and used to go into the body of the women who looked at the stone. A great bird, "like an owl", once frightened the children and they all went away out of the stone to a place called Geling, south-east of Beverby. Then when the women went to Geling, the little babies came to them.

Near the cave a native boy killed his mother and her spirit remained there until the boy was passing the cave again. Then the mother's spirit caught him and was going to keep him, but some sorcerers went to the cave and got the boy out and so saved him.

Janga (jenga or jinga) are the spirits of the dead natives that take bodily form and haunt certain districts and places. They differ from kaanya in that the latter is invisible and will not usually work harm, whereas the janga are generally boogur (sulky).

In ancient times, a native went yongar ngardongin (kangaroo stalking) and did not return. His people wondered where he was and then they bulya'ed him (got the sorcerer to look for him by magic) to find out where he was.

They went to the place where the sorcerer told them he was and they found him with the janga who were cooking him and then taking him out of the fire and making him alive again so that they should have more play with him. His moorurt (own people), with the help of the sorcerers, got him away alive, and one day they took him out kangaroo hunting, but when he raised his dowuk (club) to throw it at the kangaroo, his arm broke off because the bone had been burnt by the janga. The man died and went to Jinjanup-Joorannup (westward over the sea).

THE KERRGAINBI JANGA

(South West)

The Kerrgainbi spirits always drank the blood of the men they caught there. They could be heard far away drawing in their breath after they had sucked the blood. When the natives had to pass Kerrgainbi on their way to the game ground, they must always adjust their bookas (cloaks), carry their sticks and spears with the points held downwards, and have something tightly held and fastened and their skin bags hung properly on their backs. If anyone dropped his spear, or if a man or a woman slipped in passing the place, they died. No game must be killed on the spirit's ground at Kerrgainbi, and if anyone eats any meat that may have been caught there, the spirit broke their knees and made them mata ngelin (crooked legged) ever afterwards.

One day Ngoogurdan caught a goomal (grey opossum) near Kerrgainbi, and being very hungry, she said to herself, "The spirit may be asleep, and may not have seen me catch it." So she cooked and ate the animal. When she had finished, she felt something hit her on the legs and soon afterwards big lumps formed on her knees. When these went away her legs were crooked and remained crooked until she died.

Yungar always swept and cleaned the approach to the sacred ground of the Kerrgainbi spirits, and often, when they went to sweep it before they passed that way to hunt, they saw a lot of grey hair flying about, which was the jerdal or grey hair of the spirit. But if, when the native went to sweep the ground he found bits of meat on it, he knew then that he would soon die, because the spirit showed him he was eating his flesh.

HOW A YUNGAR BECAME BULYAGUTTUK

(South West)

Doolyung felt that he was becoming different every day. Until he had grown up and become a man like all the other natives, he was just as they were. He hunted with them and played and fought and performed his allotted part in the various ceremonies. But there came a time when he began to dream strange dreams, and to see places in his dream that were far off. Each time he had these dreams and saw those strange visions, he would relate the dream and describe the vision to his moorurt and babbingur (relations and friends). His dreams grew more odd, and he became so wrapped up in them and visions that he was to his people as though he were moolkart (mad) or katta wakkain (head no good).

He would be taken away in his dreams to places many, many days' journey away, and he would tell his friends what he had seen and heard while he was sojourning in those places, and would relate incidents that happened to him on the way. Always at night he was taken to these places and saw the strange sights, being brought back to his camp in the early morning by those who had taken him away. All the time his body remained in camp apparently asleep, but it was only his body; he himself was away with those who were giving him magic power.

During all his dreaming and visioning, he did not join the others in their daily hunting or in their evening games, for they recognised now that he was being apart from them, and were frightened of him, and they listened deeply to his recital of those things he saw and heard while his spirit was journeying. At last one morning, he waked up quietly and spoke to no one, and then they knew that he would no more look like an ordinary man. From that time he became a sorcerer, and could make people ill or well, kill or cure them, bring rain and go in spirit to any place he desired, or enter into any animal or bird, or take any shape he wished when he wanted to put magic into an enemy. He was also able to see the spirits and watch them that they did no harm to his people, for some sorcerers had power over the spirits and could prevent them working evil on his people. He could make his people successful in hunting and fishing and in battle and could

take the shape of a grub or mosquito or anything he pleased when he performed magic.

In one of his dream journeys, he was taken inside a shark, in whose stomach there were a great many majjet teel (magic shark stones). He was told to pick up one and he did so, and it was in his hand when he came back from his dream journey. It was a piece of crystal quartz which could not be obtained in any portion of the dreamer's country, and when men saw the magic stones they knew that he was given great magic power and they were very proud and glad to have such a clever sorcerer as their relation.

Doolyung remained a sorcerer until he died. Before dying he said to his son Ngweeagurt, "I am going to Kurannup. You sit by me and catch my magic as it is leaving me, and then you will have my powers and be a sorcerer." Ngweeagurt sat down by his father and presently he heard the noise of the magic inside his father. "Tch, tch, tch," it sounded, like a locust and then like boomerangs playing. He leaned over his father's mouth and caught the magic as it came out with his father's spirit, and so became a sorcerer like his father.

Now Doolyung had been killed by a more powerful sorcerer and the morning after he was buried and the place swept and prepared for his journey to Kurannup. Ngweeagurt and all the friends went early to the grave, each man taking his thrower only, and all walked in single file. They dodged behind or between the trees, so that the murderer should not see them, for he would be sitting with the spirit of the dead man. When they reached a spot where they could see the grave Ngweeagurt saw a booyung (stranger) sitting on the grave. He named him to his people and sent magic into the camp to which the murderer belonged, thereby killing a number of the murderer's family. Only Ngweeagurt could see the murderer sitting on the grave.

BIBBULMUN SPIRITS

In the southern corner of Australia the great Bibbulmun race lived and flourished for many ages. Their land was fertile in foods of all kinds, honey from the banksia and wamalyu (manna) from the marri (eucalyptus), marrain, jaggal and julal (edible roots from the ground), and edible gum from the mungart (jamwood), all good and fattening foods abundant in their season. The groups or individuals whose totems were edible, sang for the increase of their totem plant or fruit, fish, animal or bird, and performed the prescribed ceremonies. The banksia borungur (totem) placed a tiny ball of opossum fur rubbed with wilgi (red ochre) in the fork of the banksia tree, and at evenings banksia totem songs would be sung loudly or softly until the flowers were filled with honey. Then honey totem men sent out smoke signals or "invitations" to their friends to come to the honey feast and kening (corroborrees) and merriment reigned while the season lasted. The swan totem group sang and performed for the increase of swans' eggs, the salmon totem men sang beside inlet or river on their kalleep (home ground).

All over the great Bibbulmun area there were certain stones, or hills or caves or rocks within which dwelt spirit babies, and when a Bibbulmun girl, or woman, wanted a baby she went to the stone or cave or rock which was the spirit babies' home, looking earnestly and quickly at it. Then one of the babies came out and followed her to her camp. Kaagubin Hill, near Mt. Stirling, was full of these spirit babies whose voices could be heard playing and singing by the sorcerers of the group, but the babies never came out of their homes until some young mother wanted one. Then the little baby who saw her waiting, stole out at night from his underground country and went inside his mother.

In the spirit baby country neither death nor sickness ever entered, and there was no hunger in spirit baby land. No grown up person ever entered there, not even the sorcerers who along could hear the babies singing.

There were many other spirit beings amongst the Bibbulmun. There were the janga or januk - spirits of dead who returned to their earthly home instead of going to Kurannup, the home of the Bibbulmun dead beyond the western sea. These janga were evil spirits, and sometimes they caught a living Bibbulmun boy or man and made cruel sport with him, putting him into the fire and pulling him out alive, and putting him in again and again for their sport. (Janga was the term applied to the first whites seen by the Bibbulmun.) Then there were the kaanya, or wiurn - souls or spirits of the newly dead who lingered about their earthly home for a while before going to Kurannup. Sometimes the soul of a young mother or father would not leave the place where a loved baby was left behind, and mourners would hear the kaanya restless and flitting from bush to bush where the baby lay, and the father or mother would lean over the baby who stretched out its little hands to them. Soon the little baby would pine and sicken, and the kaanya would become more restless until at last the little baby kaanya found father or mother, and there was no more rustling noise at night, for mother or father had taken the baby's spirit to their Kurannup home.

The woggal (snake) could transport himself through sea and air and ground to the furthestmost boundary of the Bibbulmun country. If he were lying at the bottom of Gabbi Kairl (Esperance road, water shaped like a boomerang), and a King-gil-yilling (Albany) Bibbulmun was eating forbidden food, or cutting meat with his daap (flint knife) the wrong way, Woggal saw him, and wangulung (sickness) would be sent at once into the stomach of the law-breaker.

There was one great evil spirit-woman, called Wurrbin, who was feared by all Bibbulmun. She walked about with Wurrbin nob, (her daughter) and always carried a firestick covered with wiluk (red ochre). If she caught a man by himself, she took all his meat food and then killed him with her firestick, and burned him, and he would never more be seen by his kallepgur (own people).

The following legend comes from the Murray district and bears some resemblance to Spencer and Gillen's mythical ancestors:-

In Nyitting or Demma Goombar (ancestral) times, a walya (a species of wallaby) came travelling up north from the southward. On his way he sat down to rest. The place is now called Kangoolup (Mount John) and a big rock was formed where he rested. Everywhere he walked he left shells and pebbles behind him and you can still see the heaps of them that marked his journey north.

As long as the big rock at Kangoolup remained unbroken, there would always be a great many Mandura natives, but when the rock was broken they all died. If any yungar knocked the shells and pebbles about, a spirit called out to them, "What are you knocking my food about for?" The kalleepgur (owners of the district) always made the shells and stones sacred, but they did not strew rushes in the vicinity, as some other natives did with respect to sacred places.

oOo --- oOo --- oOo

There are circular shaped heaps of stones scattered about various parts of the Gascoyne district which were interpreted by one old native as marking the track of the Kajjoorda (the snake of the South) in its journey to and from its pool. The heaps are about three feet in diameter and three feet or more in height. Some of the stones were very large. Round the heaps, a large ring or circle was formed and it was edged with stones.

Ngweeakurt was a very clever sorcerer and could obtain for the natives anything they desired. Once when the natives were far away in the bush and had no tobacco the mulgar told them to go over to certain bulrushes where they would find some tobacco. They did so and found a pound of tobacco. Ngweeakurt may have made the journey to the white man's house like a mosquito or anything. He could turn himself into a blackboy, or anything he pleased and could go where he liked.

THE HUNTERS AND THE WOMEN

(Banbury district)

Ngaabut and Boordinya, two jonga bushmen, went out hunting and they brought back plenty of kangaroo with them. Their dolya (women) were sitting on the ground cheating each other and telling each other how clever they were. Ngaabut and Boordinya wouldn't give any kangaroo to the women, only ate it all themselves. So when they went out hunting again, the women said to the paper bark hut of Ngaabut, "Come over this side," and the hut came over. They changed Boordinya's hut in the same way.

When Ngaabut came home with some kangaroo, he put them as he thought down at his hut, but when he looked up, the hut wasn't there, and he said, "I am a silly fellow to think my hut was there." So he moved over to the other side where he saw his hut and fire. As soon as he reached the hut, it moved over to the other side, and when he went back again, the hut and the fire moved again. Then the rain came down and beat upon Ngaabut and spoiled his kangaroo. He kept moving and moving hither and thither until daylight when he fell asleep.

The same thing happened to Boordinya and the women said to them, "If you do not give us some of the daaja (game) that you catch, we will always do that to your huts." So Ngaabut and Boordinya told the women they would give them meat every time they caught it. After that the huts stayed in the one place.

THE TWO DOLYA AND THE BOORDINYA
THE SPIRITS OF THE FOG AND THE SPIRIT BEING

(South West)

Two dolya came every winter. They were women and always lived on goonok (crayfish). Boordinya was demman (grandfather) to the dolya, but when he gathered a great quantity of goonok, he ate them all himself without giving them any, although they shared all the marrain (vegetable food) they brought home with him.

This went on for a long time until one day the older Dolya said to the younger, "We will make a big fire in a forked tree and frighten demman by making him think that a lot of men are coming." So they made the fire, and when it was lighted and the smoke was going high, high up, they called out to Boordinya, "Demman, look at the fire, yungar (men) are coming, yungar are coming."

Boordinya was greatly frightened when he saw the fire, and having a large quantity of crayfish beside him, he put it in two little heaps, and said to the Dolya quickly, "Injee dabban, alla dabban, injee dabban, alla dabban." ("This is for you, that is for you, this is for you, that is for you.")

He gave them the crayfish because he was so frightened of the strange men, and Dolya said to him, "We will make a big fog so that the men won't see us." So they made a big fog and fed on the crayfish, and always afterwards, Boordinya shared his fish with Dolya.

oOo --- oOo --- oOo -

(Vasse Version)

Two Dolya were sitting on the ground near their fire, cheating each other and telling how clever they were. Ngaabut and Boordinya, two bush spirits, lived near them, and sometimes they would share their meat food with the women, but more often they were greedy and would give them no meat.

One day the spirits (janga) brought home two kangaroos, but would not give the women any of it. So next day, when Ngaabut

and Boordinya went out hunting, the Dolya said to the paperbark huts of Ngaabut and Boordinya, "Come over to this side," The huts got up and came over, and the fire came with them.

Ngaabut came back first and threw down his kangaroo beside his hut as he thought, but when he looked, there was no hut there. It was on the other side.

"Well," said Ngaabut, "I am doggee-doggee (silly fellow) to think my hut was here when it is over there." And he picked up his kangaroo and took it over to the hut, but as soon as he reached it, it got up and shifted back again to its former place, And every time Ngaabut moved over to his hut it got up and went over to the other side. Then the rain came down and spoiled all his meat and he was kept moving, moving until daylight when he became very sick and went to sleep.

Boordinya also brought home meat and set it down beside his hut, but the hut was away at the other side and Boordinya was carrying his game all night in the rain, moving backwards and forwards. Whenever he attempted to put the meat down by his hut, the hut would get up and go over to the other side. The women had made a thick fog come with the rain, so Ngaabut and Boordinya wandered to and fro all night as if they were crazy.

Boordinya became sick just like Ngaabut, and he, too, lay down and went asleep. When they woke it was daylight and clear, and their huts were in their proper places. Ngaabut said to Boordinya, "Dolya have done this." The two dolya heard them and said, "Yes, we have moved your hut and now every time you bring home meat and do not share it with us we will do the same."

Ngaabut and Boordinya quickly said, "We will always give you a share of our meat if you don't move our huts again. You have made us sick walking in the rain, and you have spoiled our meat, but we will give you meat always if you leave our huts alone." The Dolya replied, "Ngaia, ngaia - yes, yes, all right."

JITTI JITTI AND WEJ

(WAGTAIL AND EMU)

Jitti jitti (the wagtail) was a man once, and Wej (the emu) was only a bird. Jitti jitti lived at Koddalilling and Yujungup. He had two wives, Ngow (mallee hen) and Debburn (squeaker crow).

Jitti jitti went out hunting and in the afternoon he saw a wej and crept up to it and speared it in the heart. Wej got up and ran slowly to Yujungup, where he began to vomit blood which is now wiluk (red ochre) of which plenty is found at Yujungup. From Yujungup Wej ran to Ji'ogudain and stayed there, leaving more ochre, then to Kambaling or Kambalap where he again vomited blood, and left much ochre. Whenever he tried to rest, Jitti jitti came up and frightened him and made him run again. At Bolunulling he stopped and tried to sit down, but Jitti jitti "tchu'd" him. At Korining he vomited so much that he was very nearly dead. He went from there to Kulbing and died at Kulbing just before sundown. He had run about a hundred and ninety miles.

When he died Jitti jitti, who had followed him all the way, took the melung (fat) out of his kidneys and heart to bring it home to Ngow and Bebburn. When he turned Wej over, the melung and ngup (fat and blood) ran out in such quantities that he couldn't get it all up and now there is always plenty of ochre at Kulbing.

Wej died far away from his home which was at Korijing, Duri-iring and Biganing (east of Narrogin). Now if any man rolls a stone down Duri-iring Hill, a big mulyin (meteor) will fall, for the hill is janga wej bujur (spirit emu's ground).

WHERE THE BABIES COME FROM

Some babies "sit down" at Kaagubin, near Mt. Stirling, and any woman who wants a baby will go to Kaagabin where she will hear the baby voices. If she looks a long time at Kaagubin, one of the babies will go to her.

Miak, the Moon, is the chief baby giver, and when he is full, you can see the babies playing about. He is maam (father) for all yungar (men), for it is he who gives the babies to the women.

Along the coast near Gebaming and Woojaring (Hopetown and Kojung-up districts) "ngoobaritch wabbaring", little babies are playing all the day long, but they can only be heard by the woman who wants one of them.

All the Southern babies lived in some special rocks or stones or hills, and all the women knew where they were, so if they did not want a baby, they avoided the place where the babies were. Always their voices could be heard by those who camped near the baby shrines, and always the camp was quiet, so that the little spirit babies should not be disturbed in their playing. Sometimes the little babies had a janga (spirit) bird to guard their rocks and abiding places, and if the bird's voice was heard in anger by any man or woman who passed the place and disturbed the babies, that person died.

Kagabin, near Mt. Stirling, is full of spirit babies (kagab) and any woman who goes there and looks at Kagab will get a baby.

Along the coast near Jebaming and Wujating (Hopetown or Kojonangap district) many little spirit babies may be seen playing by the sea. Ngubaritch (or bizagur = seacoast people) wabaring = children or babies playing by the sea.

The Southern district mungar believe that away to the north of them (about Meckering) there is a tribe of little people or pigmies, called Mamara, who fight and talk. Mamara will show their kening (corroborees) to a visitor whom they take a fancy to. The visitor thinks he sleeps and dreams all he sees, but he remembers the song and dance when he wakes.

If Mamara dislike a visitor, they take off his skin without letting him know. The visitor returns to his own country and falls sick, and when the sorcerer comes to him he sees at once that he has no skin, although the sick man's own people do not see that the skin has been taken off. The sorcerer takes the wiurn (spirit) of the sick man with him to the mamara country, to show the mamara who took his skin. The spirit goes with him, points out the mamara camp, and sorcerer takes away the skin. He returns with it to the man and puts it on him and he immediately gets well.

Southern district

Malgar was a man with big bib (breasts) like a woman. He lived at Yogeragain, and he said he wanted to travel round and round. (Ngain ben kuling babilying kulu bargulyu wungula wungula wungula,") Then he shouted out, "mad mad mad," which is the noise the emu makes. His voice was so strong when he finished his words that the sounds, "mad mad mad," went on for a long time.

While he was making that noise a dingo chased him thinking that he was an emu. While Malgar was running he first dropped a wan (woman's stick) and the place where he dropped it was called Wandap kwerdering. Then as he ran he dropped his bwok (cloak) and the place is called Bwokingab. Then he dropped his koytch and that is now Koytch Koytching Lake. At another place he dropped his dap (knife) and it is now Dabuling. He dropped another wan at Wan baiaring and at another place he dulyun kwerditch ("relieved nature") and that is Dulburning. At another place he dropped sweat and "mist" (dwail - vapour) and that is Dwail werding. Then he shouted "Waiwering" and Werangin that place is called. He was killed at Werangin and the dingo carried him to Kuling. The dingo went on to Dwertakin and the two big stones there are called dwert bukal (dog's back).

Kura, kura (long ago) there was no sea, only rivers, lakes and swamps. There were many fish in all these and Jitti-jitti (Shepherd's Companion) who was a man, used to eat them.

One day he went away travelling, far away, and while he was absent, a great number of men came and settled down in his district. They knew it was his country, for when he was returning, they saw him a long way off and they said, "There's a man who owns this country coming." They caught some good fish and cooked them and gave them to Jitti-jitti, but he was very angry because they came on his ground and ate his fish, so he would not eat the fish they cooked. He went over to the Lake, and taking a big spear, he thrust it into the middle of the Lake and splashed the water all about. All the men who had settled in his region were drowned in the Lake and Jitti-jitti turned into a bird.

THE STORY OF CREATION

According to one old legend, the story of creation is as follows :-

There were once three big men only in the world, and one day they went up a hill, putting sticks upright in the ground as they went. They went up another hill and put some more sticks in the ground as they went along. Presently these sticks turned into men and women, the men being on one hill and the women on another. As soon as these men saw the women they ran towards them and carried them all away with them.

Then the three big men put another stick in the ground and plenty water came.

In the Weld Range district there is a famous native mine from which the coveted red ochre has been obtained for many hundreds of generations. The approach to the mine, which lies on the top of one of the hills of the Range, is circuitous and weird. The track winds in and out amongst narrow valleys, which, green and well-wooded as they are, engender a strange eerie feeling owing to the apparent absence of life in the vicinity. This district once possessed a comparatively numerous native population, but one man now represents the tribe in whose country the mine is situated. Just before the last turning is passed, there are two dark odd-looking outcrops of iron ore on the steep slope of the hill. According to the last direct owner of the red ochre mine, these two outcrops are two mundang, or spirits, of long dead owners who are now watching over the road to their mine.

The names of these mundang are Iliri or Jugulgura and Darbidi or Miril. Near the hill where they are watching, is a pool called Danganu, where a Jila (mythical snake) "sits down" with his wife. Jila also guards the mine and climbs the trees in his neighbourhood so that he can see "far away". The spirits appear to be sleeping on the slope of the hill, but if a strange native tries to pass and obtain or steal the red ochre, the recumbent spirits stand up and face him, and he soon dies. Sometimes one of the spirits visits the mine, and if you camp near the place at night, you can hear him running down the hill, striking his kundi (club) with his miru (spearthrower) in his journey over the path.

When Idiengu, a Kaimera, was born, he was covered all over with duari (red ochre) and was said to have come out of Duari-barlu (red ochre hole). His father was Bo'ana, a Burgulu, his mother Ilijingu being a Paljeri. The spirits who guarded the place were his friends.

Boana and all his people are now dead, and Idiengu is far away, so, except for the spirits, there is no one now to guard the mine. If a great many natives go there together, they will

they will not be touched or hurt by the spirits, but if only a few go, the spirits and snake will kill them. These spirits are somewhat similar to the janga of the South and ranjee of the North in that they were once living in the districts which their spirits now guard.

The mine has always been held sacred from women and children, and was used as a hiding place for the imeri (long carved flat sticks) and other objects used during initiation. These were stored in some of the "drives" or "pockets" of the mine.

Animals, eggs, snakes, birds, etc. all made of, or turned into, stone may be seen in the mine. You must get the ochre quickly, as, if you are very slow, a big Winju (wind) comes along, and you will very soon die. If a stick cracks, too, you will die. There are three springs near the mine, but they are only known to Idiongu. When he visits his home he can go and see Miril and Iliri, who were his ancestors.

Iliri and Miril did not go to the home of the dead; they remained spirits in their district and now keep guard over the mine. The Weld Range natives believed that Nyumi (the owl) was the father (maman) of all yamaji (natives).

Murchison tribes

There are legends connected with the Pleiades which are called Naiari by the Ngadawonga and Waiawonga and with Magellan's Clouds which are Barla and Tulgardanga and Wanarida (Orion) or Bi-argo as Orion is called by some Ngadawonga.

Miuri, the evening star, has also a legend, and many other constellations are represented in legend and myth. Most of these are, however, forgotten, or only vaguely remembered, by the natives, and it was not possible to obtain a coherent account of any one constellation or star.

A long legend, connected with the travels of some "Maiauba yamaji" who are now turned into curiously shaped boulders or rocks in various places in the Wajari and Ngadawonga districts was regrettably unprocurable, as no one native could remember the entire legend and consequently no consecutive record could be obtained, for when the natives gathered at my camp for its relation, each one quarrelled with the others' rendering and there was no time to sift the contradictory statements.

South

If strangers hunt kangaroos in Yulbering and hang up the meat, or leave it without cutting it up, a big dwel (fog) comes down at once from the hill and heavy rain will fall and drown the strangers. They must cut up the meat and lay it against the fire and then no rain nor fog will come. If a kangaroo is killed and left, it must first be turned on its stomach and then covered over with bushes, so that no part of it can be seen.

Ngaijang and Byarit were once at Yulbirin and they caught a big kangaroo and skinned it and left it, but Ngaijang first turned it over on its stomach and then covered it with bushes. If he had not followed the rule, such heavy rain would come that it would drown anyone camping there. If the animal is to be eaten, it must be cut up, but if it is only skinned and left, it must always be turned stomach down and covered over with bushes. In Winiang country all animals that are killed and not eaten must be covered up, or great rain will fall.

There are no Yulbering men now left and no one can tell the stranger passing over the country the straight rules to follow. Yulbering is the largest of the three hills near Two People Bay.

Swan district (Told by Balbuk)

On the eastern side of Gooseberry Hill, on the point of the hill there was a sacred place which was, however, only sacred to some members of the family group. If Balbuk's father (a Tondarup) killed a kangaroo, opossum or any other game, neither Balbuk (a Ballarruk) nor her father (a Tondarup) could eat it, but her mother (a Ballarruk) could. If either Balbuk or her father ate the meat, the spirits would break their knees and make them crooked (maata nge'lin). A woman who was also forbidden to eat it, but who did so, in defiance of the warning, had her legs hit by the spirits and lumps formed on them. When the lumps went away, her legs were crooked.

The kalleeggur jungar (people belonging to the district) kept the place swept and cleaned, and after they did so they frequently saw a lot of grey hair flying about which they knew was the jerdal (grey hair) of the spirits. Balbuk could give no reason as to why restrictions were placed on some members of the family and not on all.

At Jaggoolijoo, a place on the Helena River Hills, there is another level sacred ground, with a stone in the middle of it, and when a man sweeps this place, if he visits it soon after and finds pieces of meat on the stone, he knows that he must die, for the spirits are eating his flesh.

There are live spirits at Kweeaman, who watch for men who are travelling alone. When they stoop to drink the spirits pull all their hair out and leave them without any hair on their heads or bodies. If these spirits chase a Dandarraga district man he will try and cross and river, for the spirit stays by the water to look at himself and admire his shadow, saying, "Yeertha wandee," ("I'm a fine fellow").

WINNAITCH

In various parts of the South there were certain places which were winnaitch, or sacred, the abodes of kaanya or janga - spirits. These winnaitch places might be only trees or rocks, a sand bank or a hill, but whatever they were, the natives in passing them were careful to strew rushes or boughs upon them and so propitiate the spirits dwelling there. Any native going over one of these places and neglecting to make this propitiatory offering was sure to die.

In some of these winnaitch places the kaanya was a bird whose voice was always heard, but whose form no native ever saw. There was a standing stone somewhere near York that had a bird as its kaanya. At Kootungup, near Wamarup Bar, a big Tuart tree was winnaitch.

Winninup, near Busselton, had a winnaitch sand bank, which no native would travel over. That part of the river in Busselton that lies between the two bridges was winnaitch and was supposed to have been inhabited by a woggal or mythical snake.

In some of these winnaitch places, loud noises like the sound of a huge fire with a strong wind blowing upon it could be heard, and if a native was venturesome enough to approach the place where the sound emanated from, he only saw a smoke circling round and round the spot. This smoke they believed to be the spirits of dead natives who were covering up the place where the noise had come from.

Some of these spirits were quiet, others were boogur, or sulky. The natives did not fear to hunt in the vicinity of quiet winnaitch places, but they always carefully avoided those where the sulky spirits dwelt.

The site of the Osborne Hotel at Claremont was winnaitch, and a story is related of a corroboree having been held there some years ago by the Nor' West natives who were not aware of its evil reputation, but who suffered the consequence of treading on forbidden ground, for before the corroboree was ended, two of their members suddenly collapsed and were taken to the hospital where they died of some mysterious illness inflicted by the offended spirits of the place.

MYTHICAL WOGGAL - CARPET SNAKE

Every deep pool throughout the West is inhabited by a huge mythical snake, called by various dialectic equivalents. The services of these mythical snakes can be commanded by the sorcerers of the districts, all of whom will have the snake either as a "familiar" personal totem, or hereditary totem. On the Gascoyne, the snake is called kajjoorda, the sorcerer who has power over it being called kajjoordoo. In this district also the sorcerer who wishes to use the services of the snake goes down to the bottom of the pool and lies beside the snake and whispers his desires which the snake grants.

GHOSTS, etc.

In the locality of Northampton, the natives have a tradition that at a certain spot, called by them Unenaerina, the spirit of a dead native was supposed to have appeared to the other natives. At Mitherra, in the same district there is supposed to be a haunted cave in which the spirit of a dead native appears at night.

There were giants in the old days, giants of men who left their footprints on the stones and rocks of the North, and giant animals whose fossil remains have been found.

MAGIC

Murchison

Pointing sticks, curiously shaped stones, mirudi (bull-roarers), pearlshell and bones were the chief magic or Mobarn, implements used amongst the Ngadawonga, Waianwonga, Ngaiuwonga, Kurduwonga and other tribes of the Upper Murchison. The possessors of magic, or sorcerers, were called Mobarn, or Wandigulongu.

If a Ngaiuwonga man wishes to be revenged upon a member of some other tribe, he takes a nose stick, which he rubs over with a little grease and ochre, or he may put a few bits of down upon it towards the point, and going into a solitary place, usually on, or near, some boulders, he holds the stick in the direction he wishes the magic to go, singing furiously but not loudly, the incantation which must accompany the magic in the stick. He then thrusts the stick through his nasal septum and returns to camp. Most of the older residents in camp, seeing him return with the implement through his nose, know that he has been performing magic. When they hear of the death of some member of the neighbouring tribe, they know that the magic has reached its victim.

A mirudi also carries magic to distant tribes. A native named Jal, when at Lake Way, yumbu-ed (made magic) a mirudi and sent it towards the Cue district in search of a man named Townsend. The mirudi was a year and a half (two summers and one winter) making the journey, but when it found Townsend it killed him, and returned afterwards to Jal. Jal is distinctly feared by the members of his own and neighbouring tribes, for he invariably uses his magic for evil purposes.

A nose bone, made from the forearm of a kangaroo, was etched with bands, irregular markings and burnt spots, and was used to "point" a member of the Ngadawonga tribe by a Ngaiuwonga whose woman the Ngadawonga man had taken. The stick was pointed during a visit of the Ngaiuwonga man to Ngadawonga territory, and a week before I left the Peak Hill district, I was asked to go and see the victim who was suffering internally. He felt that the magic had come from Meekatharra, as the part affected had

been turned in that direction when the magic entered into him. Counter magic and a porous plaster applied to the pain very soon alleviated it, and probably ere this return magic had been sent to the Ngaiuwonga. Both the sender and receiver of the magic were "mobarn" (magic), but the magic of the Ngaiuwonga man was the stronger.

Magic stones are either put inside the person to be mobarn-ed ("magic-ed"), or are taken out of someone who has been mobarned. Magic stones are also kept in the stomach of the mobarn man, whence they can be taken at will. When sent on an avenging errand, the owner of the magic marda (stone) touches himself on the part which he desires to affect by his magic, and then, holding the stone between his finger and thumb, he stretches his arm out in the direction he wishes the magic to go, either singing the magic, or exhaling it in his breath. By and by, when he looks at the stone, he sees it covered with the blood of his victim and he knows it has performed its work.

When the stone was used for healing, a rough massaging, or sucking the affected part, drew the evil magic from out the victim whom it had entered, the stone being afterwards placed on the wound, in order to complete the healing process.

A small piece of pearlshell called Daramara, was used principally as a rainmaking stone by the Wirdinya and Waianwonga. It was also used to transmit evil magic into a member of another tribe. No change appeared to occur in the pearlshell, as occurs in the stone to show that the magic has taken effect, but the death of someone belonging to the camp was watched for, and when it came, whether he was the person aimed at or not, the sorcerer who projected the magic was satisfied.

Jal's special magic implements were the jimari (flint flakes) which he could produce from his stomach at will, and send in the direction of the person he wished to injure. I possess two jimari which returned to their owners after having accomplished their revengeful errand. They belonged to members of the Wajari tribe and are supposed to be covered with the blood of the victims.

Should a man point a stick or bone in the presence of other men, all these will be careful to get behind him while the magic is being projected, otherwise they fear they may intercept the evil going from such stick or bone.

The Upper Murchison tribes could not be induced to point any other stick than their own, nor would they willingly touch a magic stick from another tribe, and no man who is not mobarn will take a rain stone, magic bone, or other magic implement in his hand. All rain stones are magic, and are used equally to project magic and to make rain.

A magic stone has been left hidden in a spot over which it was known the victim it was destined to enter should pass, the magic stone going inside him and then returning to its hiding place where it was picked up by its owner.

When it is desired to mobarn a man who is in the same tribe, the implement used may be put in the hair of the person who is mobarning, or at the back of his hair belt. Wherever he places it, he arranges that the part from which the magic issues, shall be turned towards the person for whom it is intended.

A spear or other weapon in the hands of a mobarn man will be yumbu-ed, or made mobarn (yumbu is a Ngaiuwonga term) and being pointed towards the person for whom it has been mobarned, will reach him with its deadly message.

Articles bartered from long distances, pearlshell, small larras, crystal cubes, hair string, etc., appear to possess special value on account of the unknown magic attached to them from the various tribes they pass through. The magic in bartered implements is not injurious to the purchaser.

In all tribes there are one or more mobarn men, and all these are supposed to be in possession of some article with which they can project magic. Some such men are more renowned than others, and a well-known mobarn from one tribe will be asked to attend a patient in a neighbouring tribe. Some mobarn have, however, no "stock-in-trade", the magic being in their stomachs, from which they can eject it by exhalation.

Gunabirding was the only mobarn in the Milguin local group. (Ngadawonga and Kurduwonga met at the Milguin River.) His magic was situated in his stomach and breast. He exhaled short quick puffs of breath which he caught between his fingers and threw in the direction of his enemy. Rough massaging of the affected parts, accompanied by "magic" breathing, was his cure for internal complaints. In making rain, no change was made in the form of magic employed. Gunabirding went into an open space, or preferably on top of a low hill, and taking the magic from his breast, he flicked it to the points of the compass. Gunabirding's rainmaking and healing services have been in request by the Wajari, Ngadawonga and Kurduwonga tribes.

Some mobarn suck the wound, others make the patient eat or drink some filthy decoction in which urine, excreta, semen or blood may be mixed. Others again massage the seat of pain, drawing out various small articles, bits of stick, stone, bone, etc., from the wounded part. Each mobarn appears to throw a little of his personality into his methods of treatment, but the manner of projecting the evil magic is somewhat similar amongst the Ngadawonga, Ngaiuwonga, Wajari, Kurduwonga and Waiawonga people.

Amongst the Ngadawonga and neighbouring tribes, there are many different ways of throwing magic, but those common to all the tribes bordering the Ngadawonga are :- pointing the bone, breathing the magic, or spitting it towards the enemy, putting fire magic into the implement of destruction and heating it towards that end, sticking a piece of pearlshell or curiously shaped stone in the ground and slanting it in the direction of the enemy and taking the magic from the stomach and throwing it towards the enemy.

There are mobarn women also, though these will not be found in all the tribes. I only met one woman on the Murchison, Nyundiwidi, a Ngadawonga, who was mobarn, her possession of the "spirit" boy and girl, Kurdarn, giving her mobarn power. Nyundiwidi could send her boy "familiar" to punish those who offended her or her people. The boy entered the vitals of the victim, causing him or her great pain, finally killing them.

Nyundiwidi always saw her little messenger returning from those journeys covered with blood.

When a woman desires to inflict magic upon another of whom she may be jealous, she usually aims at the womb of her victim, and causing a flooding by her magic, and the victim soon dies. If it is a fat, well-favoured woman upon whom the magic is projected, it is against the fat breasts and body that the magic is directed. The woman who has been mobarned gradually loses flesh, and knowing she is powerless against the magic that is eating her flesh away, she soon dies.

Women are careful not to touch the wannas (digging sticks) or other possessions of women which may be lying about apparently carelessly, as they fear that these have been mobarned and left about deliberately for them to pick up.

Magic can be put into food and drink by mobarn men or women. Those who eat the food die in great agony.

No woman must ever mention the word "mirudi" (bull-roarer). A woman who had inadvertently heard the term "mirudi tchabargardi," (a little mirudi) uttered by an elderly man towards a friend of his who had made some rude noise, did not know its significance, and some days later when a member of the camp made a similar noise, the woman said laughingly, "Mirudi tchabargardi." The moment she uttered it, she knew it was not a word she should have mentioned, but the mirudi went inside her and she very soon died.

When a Ngaiuwonga man is projecting a mirudi or other implement, he first puts his own magic into it, the personal magic being called yumbu. It is magic-filled or "yumbu-ed" and then sent on its message.

The larger yinma (long carved flat stick) is not used to project magic, but a smaller yinma, called tchabin-tchabin, is used by the Ngaiuwonga and Ngadawonga for magical purposes. It is held at a fire, the end being made quite hot. The heated end is then pointed in the direction of the enemy and a piece of it breaks off and goes inside the victim.

A young Ngaiuwonga woman once picked up a mirudi which she saw lying on the ground, and without knowing its importance

or sacredness, she brought the strange implement home to her husband. As soon as her husband saw it, he yumbu-ed it, and the mirudi went into the woman and killed her.

RAINMAKING

Rainmaking is performed in various ways. Yangalngunda, a Wirdinya rainmaker, possessed a small disc of pearl-shell called baba jaramara or mijarba. When he desired a rainfall, he went on top of some hills in his own country and holding the disc between his teeth, and with fingers and thumb, he gave a series of puffing breaths, waving the jaramara in different directions after each puff. Rain was expected to follow very soon after this ceremony.

Another method amongst the Wirdinya was to take the mijarba to a cleared spot, called Kaigarina Wajungu, and place it edgewise in the ground. Then standing over it, the rainmaker sang the following words :-

Mijarba yurin baba jaramara,
Mijarba yurin jaramara.

After the song, the mijarba was taken out of the ground and replaced in its fibre covering until its services were again requisitioned.

POISON BONES

The Australian native, whether he is civilised by cattle and sheep station owners, or missions, or whether he comes into civilisation from his own wild areas, has one dreadful fear that never leaves him - the fear of "bone pointing". Quite recently a native tracker, civilised enough to have been attached to a police station, laid himself down and died because an enemy had "pointed" a magic bone at him.

Every little group that has come down to my camp out of the wilds has brought with it some magic "pointing" object, both of wood and bone and stone. The pointing bones are arm, leg, collar or forehead bones taken from the body of a killed and eaten man, and I have handled many such bones that have become like polished ivory through the years, nay, generations, of their use by the group that owned them.

It is the most fatal of all magic because of its invisibility. The victim never sees the magic coming, but he feels a sudden unusual pain and cries out, "Maa'mu," ("Magic, eaten man's bone,") and from that moment he steadily wastes away and dies in a week or month according to the deadliness of the magic. No resistance can be made to magic.

One of my tasks when a new mob arrived was to find out how many death-dealing magic bones had been brought down, and to secure these by barter, though I always found out later that one or two had been retained by the group for its own safety in the new country and among the civilised derelicts that preceded it. For many years I tried to obtain a polished forehead bone possessed by a family that had come down from the border of South and West Australia in 1920, but as its potency as a "magic killer" was recognised throughout all the civilised area extending from Kalgoorlie to Port Augusta, and over the great Nullarbor Plain, its owners would not part with it. As they became "civilised" they were able to hire out the bone "on loan" only, to brothers wanting it for an evil purpose. I have seen it in possession of several persons who had hired it from its owner. The bone was oblong in shape, about 2½ inches by 1½ inches. It was hung at the back from a neck string, and prevented treacherous

spearing and was always conspicuous among the group in temporary possession of it. It had been a deadly weapon for thousands of generations and was one of the most potent factors in the slow but inevitable decline of the Australian native. Any illness that could not be accounted for was magic illness and no effort was made to combat it. Now and again through the centuries men claimed sorcerership and taught themselves simple conjuring tricks such as pulling out bones, stones, pieces of wood, etc., from the seat of pain. Some became very clever at this game and were called in by other groups when any of their members had fallen victims to magic. Suction by the sorcerer over the seat of pain brought forth the stone or wood that had been invisibly injected into some vital spot, and if the patient recovered, he purchased the piece of magic and the sorcerer's fame increased. If, in spite of his services the patient succumbed, it was because a more powerful sorcerer belonged to the group that sent the magic.

One instance of a sorcerer healing a tiny white child was related to me by the mother of the child. The family lived on a little sheep farm several miles from civilisation and the baby suddenly became alarmingly ill. The sorcerer had been an old retainer for many years at the farm, but until the baby's sudden illness had not mentioned his sorcerership. He said to the mother, "I will make baby all right if you let me touch him." The mother consented, and the sorcerer proceeded to massage the baby's body until its sudden shrinking told him where the magic lay. Then he applied suction and brought away a quantity of pus such as an abscess, or some such internal disorder, would accumulate. The baby recovered completely and the grateful family kept him in comfort throughout his life.

Every tribe with which the writer is acquainted uses some form of "pointing" magic, bone, wood, stone, hair, etc., prepared and consecrated by elaborate incantations, but amongst all these, a piece of bone from the small arm bone of a dead man is most deadly and swift in its effects.

Bone pointing has been practised amongst all primitive peoples. Finger pointing, the finger held outstretched in front of the eyes, is still practised in some parts of Ireland to avert the deadly "evil eye", or to project evil into the enemy, or into his beasts, and the belief in the magical power of the bone still exists in Southern Ireland where the bone of a beast which had been bewitched by the evil eye was hung up in the wide chimney as a protection against future bewitchment.

Amongst the aborigines of the Central areas, bone pointing is active and continuous. In every local group there is at least one powerful magic bone, specific terms being used to denote the age and power of the bone.

Ulalya darrga (ancestral spirit bones) are the most ancient and powerful of all aboriginal magic bones. One of these was presented to H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) by an old native from the Glen Ferdinand area near the Northern Territory border. It was about three inches long, flat, pointed at both ends, of a beautiful deep ivory colour. (The writer then witnessed a ceremony which is sometimes performed in connection with the transfer of the magic bone. The old holder and owner of the spirit bone, feeling that his vitality was leaving him, called to his brother to come near, and when the brother sat down beside him, the old man said, "You must take and keep the burnu now and I will give you the ulalya that is inside me." The bone was then held with the pointed ends at the breast of each man (the only time that the points are harmless) and as the old man held it firmly with one hand, he pinched and pulled the ulalya from his body just below the ribs, running his closed hand along the bone and flattening the hand against the breast of his brother. He performed this act several times until "he felt his inside empty". The brother then took the ulalya burnu, and going into a place apart, he sat

silent for a while until he felt that he had absorbed the spirit of the bone, or rather the "shadow" of the spirit. He then returned to his camp, "different" in the sight of the others, and on his brother's death he took chief place in the burial and mourning ceremonies, cut off his dead brother's hair, etc. It will be noted that the bone does not descend to a son, but to a brother. Not only was the ulalya transmitted in this way, but any other special powers the older brother possessed went with the ulalya.

This bone was polished to a degree of fineness which the most expert present day diamond cutter could not excel. There were no human-made markings on the ulalya darrga, but every minute dark spot or line showing within or upon its surface registered a death. How many hundreds of generations had helped to give the bone its smooth polish and how many deaths it had accomplished, who can say? Its old and last owner stated that it had killed waddi jurda and kungga jurda (many men and many women) in his day. He had inherited it from an elder brother who had again inherited it from an elder brother and so on back into the darkness.

Each owner of the ulalya darrga used the hereditary incantations over it when it came into his possession. As he incanted, the shadow of the ulalya in the darrga (bone) went inside him and was added to his other magic powers, which were all located within his breast. The darrga was then wrapped in emu feathers and hair string made preferably from the hair of a dead brother and was carried either in the hair or hair band or worn on special occasions attached to a neck string, the pendant bone at the back of the neck.

When a member of the local group died, (a local group is the aggregate of local individual families) whatever the real cause of death might have been, it was attributed to magic, and after the mourning ceremonies were over, the ulalya darrga was set in motion. Its owner took it to a secluded spot, sacred from women and children, and placing it on some clean branches, pointed it in the direction from which the other death magic had come, singing softly the while the old incantation (which however

has no reference to the intended victim's "eyes and liver", etc.) The pointing goes on until some feeling within the owner's breast tells him that the death magic has gone forth, so picking up the ulalya darrga he replaces it in its covering and returns to camp to await the result. Time being of no account to the aborigines, months, years, or happily only days may elapse before the death magic reaches its victim and enters his vitals, killing him slowly or quickly as the case may be.

Now that victim may be even be a member of the local group, but whoever it is, he is counted responsible for the death that has brought about his own. His family may possess an object of magic with which they will try to do mischief in return, but the power of the ulalya darrga being supreme, their "faith" in the lesser magic fails before it, and to work without "faith" is useless.

The next most powerful bone is the miri burnu (dead man's spirit bone), also a piece of the small arm bone, about four inches long, rounded, with long pointed ends, one of which may be dipped in the blood of the dead man which gives it blood magic. This, however, is only in the case of a man having been fatally wounded and bleeding from his wound. The fire magic within the bone burns up the intestines, the blood magic makes its victim jundara arlgulu (vomit blood) until his body is empty of blood, when his death follows. The miri burnu is also an old and highly polished bone, of a murky yellow tint, an evil looking object, and one held in great and ever present fear by the native.

The miri burnu belonging to the three last members of the one time numerous mallee hen totem group at Boundary Dam, was presented to the writer with grave ceremony after much diplomatic work in connection with its custody and whereabouts, as the presence of these objects of evil magic is always disturbing, especially among the present day "mobs" which are formed from the remnants of various groups, no one group being able to muster a dozen fighting males. When it is known or suspected that one or more of these little mobs is in possession of a burnu, the whole

camp is in a state of nervous tension. The men fear to go far afield for dingo or other game, or to let their women go too far rabbiting and iguana hunting and so the first task is to locate the burnu, and then "barter" for this.

Eight men accompanied the bone to my camp early one morning, and seating themselves under an acacia (thalyuru) tree, quietly awaited my coming, the women remaining at a spot about a quarter of a mile away. A fire was lighted and some small green branches were gathered, and upon these the miri burnu was placed, south of the fire and pointing north and south.

"We have brought you the miri burnu of the Ngannamurra waddi (mallee hen men)," they said, "It is very powerful and many men and women have been killed by it. See, here are two little marks where it has killed two men." As I picked up the dreaded object a quite perceptible feeling of relief appeared on the faces of the men, for a death had taken place at another camp only a week before the transfer of the miri burnu, and the possession of the bone was rather a doubtful honour to the holder, especially in these mob-mixing days. The acacia under which we had been seated was cut down and the slope where the fire had been was temporarily closed to the women.

The ulalya darrga and miri burnu are also called "jilbi ba", meaning "old men" - a term which is also applied secretly to the oldest of the sacred totem boards and is not even heard by young initiated men until they have begun to "qualify for eldership."

Some pointing bones are carried and used in pairs, and are alluded to as "guri yarra" (married couple, man and wife), one being the mama (father), the other kungga (woman). Kungga burnu is long, rounded and pointed and is sometimes notched with an initiation knife to mark the deaths it is answerable for. The mama burnu is flat with rounded ends, but both are equally effective and either may kill a man or woman, neither bone specializing in the sex of its victims. These bones are pointed in pairs so that if one fails the other is sure to bring down its victim. One pair of guri yarra had six recent deaths to its account before its murderous vendetta came to an end.

A loud cry of utmost fear comes suddenly from the man or woman who believes that a bone has been "put inside" him, or her, and if there is no old and active sorcerer in camp whose immediate services can be secured there is no hope for the bone stricken victim. If the sorcerer is present, he goes at once to the patient and watches intently the writhings of the body. If the bone has gone inside the liver, heart or intestines, the sorcerer sees the bone moving in these parts - all illness is due to the entry of some foreign body - diagnoses the seat of trouble, and either massages or sucks out the offending object, which may be a piece of bone, wood, string, stone, etc. When the patient sees the portion extracted and when he has obtained possession of it by immediate barter, he gets better at once, and placing the bit of bone in a small receptacle, he carries it about with him or buries it inside the bark of a tree.

Sometimes guri yarra burru are worn openly amongst the men's group, but only when the owner has "many brothers" in the group and when he is a brave man, for only a brave man would lay himself open to secret bone pointing due to his possession of the bones.

The fear of the bone and other magic is inherent in all natives, wild or ultra civilised though they may be. The writer remembers two old natives, one of whom had been an Anglican for 50 years and who was instructed at Bishop Hale's native mission on the Swan, the other a Roman Catholic, born and reared at Nyeerrgu Water (New Norcia) beside which Bishop Salvade started his mission in 1846. The Anglican believed that he had intercepted and caught fire magic intended for another man in the camp who was supposed to have been responsible for the death of a woman which had occurred some years ago at a place some 80 miles east, and the belief killed him although he was "the wrong man". The Roman Catholic man whose totem was the dingo believed his death was due to blood magic sent by a group from the circumcised area north-east of Victoria Plains, one of whose young men had died some little time previously. Blood and fire are the most fatal of all magic.

Every small group that comes into civilisation brings some magic with it, either the hair of some of its dead, which will give it warning of dangers, or bone magic, or a stone magical object of some kind, yet every group believes that the magic of the other group is not only more evil but also more powerful, than its own. The fear of magic never leaves a native, no matter how educated and civilised he becomes. It is a religion of Fear with them and whatever other religion may be superimposed upon it, the ruling Fear is strong in death.

Amongst a large family group north east of Lake Way, consumption had unaccountably spread, men, women and children dying from the disease. Their number became less and less as the dread disease took its toll and as the men saw their sisters, brothers, daughters, mothers and fathers dying, after each death they raided the offending tribes north of them whom they considered responsible for the "blood magic". They killed many of the blood magic people both by raiding and by their own magic, but still their women and children caught the disease and died. Finally two brothers only were left of the group and on a killing expedition these two fell into the hands of the police and were sent to Rottneest Island Prison.

Consumption had already settled on the elder of the two and towards the end he said to the writer, "How strong and powerful the blood magic must have been to have travelled not only the long long way over the land but also over the great salt water to come inside and kill me." (Neither magic nor spirits are supposed to be able to "cross water.") Muri, his younger brother who was finally released from prison had scarcely reached his ancestral waters when he too succumbed to the disease. These men had a powerful and magic totem of their own - the initiation flint - which they could project into the intestines of their enemies, but for one death accomplished by the jimari (knife) so many resulted from the awful blood magic of the northern men, that the whole family group died out.

A magic bone may be secreted and left near a camp or in a native hut. It may be hidden in some place which the

victim frequents. Wherever it is placed, the victim must come within the line of the point, otherwise the magic, which only goes out through the point, will pass by him. Hence the bone must always be carefully placed in position.

One of the reasons why a native will never re-occupy an old hut is his dread that magic may have been placed within it during his absence.

Each bone owner has his own method of placing and pointing the bone and will often sing to it, enlivening its magic. No magic bone can heal, for the bone holds killing magic only. If anyone is caught bone pointing, or if the bone is found by someone else, someone in the group will die or be killed, for in all bone magic it is either "kill or be killed."

Putting kabboowalla inside a man meant sending a spirit cannibal inside him to devour his entrails and kill him.

A falling star foretold, amongst the Broome district natives, the death of a relative, also comets and meteors, whichever way these fell, a person from that district died.

A broken ring of stars (Scorpio?) is supposed by the Broome natives to represent a fish trap, both the stars and the trap being called jardagurra.

In the Tambellup district the Pleiades are called "eedee-billee" and are supposed to represent a lot of women. In the same district Venus is called kogarda, but the legend respecting this star could not be remembered.

There appears to be no fire totem amongst the northern coastal natives. The terms for fire are joonoo, nooroo, joong, jonk, in the Derby, Broome, Beagle Bay and other districts, but there is a special name for fire in summer time - inbal - which is also applied to the song sung when a jalngangooroo wishes to cause a marrja (bush fire) to spring up. The term Inbal is principally used by the pindana womba (inland natives). Should any of these be travelling in search of other womba (not necessarily to kill, it may be a friendly search), and there is no maggoor (track), they sing the Inbal song, and a marrja starts at once in front of them, and makes a maggoor, and at the end of the maggoor they find the womba they are in search of. Unfortunately the Inbal song could not be obtained.

The term Inbal has however another meaning attached to it besides that of fire. When a womba is suffering from severe inward pains, the following song, also called Inbal, is sung by another womba, not necessarily a jalngangooroo, and the pain soon goes away :-

Jillee wa mallundee (bis)

Jillee wa winjoor winjoor jai (bis)

Kartgoor dalaa, kartgoor dalaa,

Jillee wa mallundee, etc.