

In Nyitting times the hill at Claremont was the home of a woggal. Now this woggal was boogur (sulky) and would not allow any yuhgar to hunt on his hill. Moreover, when they passed along the foot of the hill, they had to strew rushes as they passed along. Those who neglected this propitiatory offering to the woggal died soon afterwards. No game was ever hunted in the vicinity of this hill, and no kalleepgur ever climbed it. Rushes were strewn as they passed its base, and those who neglected this, always died.

Then white people - janga - came and built their maias (house, hut) everywhere and at last a big hotel was built on the top of the hill, where the woggal had his home. At the opening of the inn, the proprietor wished to have amongst the attractions a corroboree. He asked the natives to come and dance for him, and he would give them food and clothing.

"No," said they, "we cannot make a kening on this hill. It is winnaitch, and the woggal would kill us."

"Nonsense," said the owner, "I've dug up all the place and there's no woggal there."

"You can't see it," said they, "but we know it is there and we won't make a kening on the woggal's boojur (ground)."

Then the proprietor found some natives who had been brought from the Nor' West by some squatters. He induced these to come and hold a corroboree on the hillside. From the base of the hill, some kalleepgur watched them and soon "one fell down, and then another," said Balbuk, who told me the story, and they were taken away to the hospital where they very soon died. They had dared to go on the Woggal's boojur and the woggal punished them. After the hotel was built no more rushes were strewn, for the woggal went away from the place after killing the booyunggar (stranger natives) and he took his water with him.