

In those Yamminga times of the dreaming, Lengo was a koo-jang-oo-roo (sea-coast) man, and one of his sons was Manda-bula-bula, clever and strong. It was he who showed the sea-coast men how to catch fish by torch-light. He made woon-dung-oo (torches) that would stay lighted a long time. At night he would go down to the barda (beach) with his lanji (boomerang), and kill all kinds of fish that came in with the tide -- walga-walga (salmon), jirra-lool, (king-fish) and many other good-eating fish Mandabulabula caught, and he would bring them all back to camp, strung on his spears, and lay them down before his father.

Lengo would keep those he liked for himself, and send the rest to his tribal Brothers and friends, leaving Mandabulabula only the little ones and stringy ones. Never did he give him a walga-walga, nor a jirra-lool, nor any of the good fish, though there were so many.

Now Mandabulabula was a maam-bung-ana (full-grown man who had learned all the lessons of manhood). By law, he could eat any of the big fish he caught. But he loved his father, and was obedient to him for a long time.

At last he got tired of catching good-eating fish, and never being allowed to eat any of them, so one day he went down to the beach, and turned into lightning, and went over the sea.

Lengo was also on the beach. When he saw his son turning into lightning, he tried to stop him with his spear and with boughs, but Mandabulabula went away from him.

Bye-and-bye Mandabulabula turned into red stone and went into the ground near the beach, and now, when the tide is out, you can see the red rocks near Wallaning, north of Broome, that the sea-coast men call Mandabulabula-goon, the place where Mandabulabula went into the ground.

Old men should not forbid their sons to take their proper share of the fish they catch when their sons are grown to full manhood.

VII.2
[21]
c.2

MANDA-BULA-BULA.

In those Yamminga times of the dreaming, Lengo was a koo-jang-oo-roo (sea-coast) man, and one of his sons was Manda-bula-bula, clever and strong. It was he who showed the sea-coast men how to catch fish by torch-light. He made woon-dung-oo (torches) that would stay lighted a long time. At night he would go down to the barda (beach) with his lanji (boomerang), and kill all kinds of fish that came in with the tide -- walga-walga (salmon), jirra-lool, (king-fish) and many other good-eating fish Mandabulabula caught, and he would bring them all back to camp, strung on his spears, and lay them down before his father.

Lengo would keep those he liked for himself, and send the rest to his tribal Brothers and friends, leaving Mandabulabula only the little ones and stringy ones. Never did he give him a walga-walga, nor a jirra-lool, nor any of the good fish, though there were so many.

Now Mandabulabula was a maam-bung-ana (full-grown man who had learned all the lessons of manhood). By law, he could eat any of the big fish he caught. But he loved his father, and was obedient to him for a long time.

At last he got tired of catching good-eating fish, and never being allowed to eat any of them, so one day he went down to the beach, and turned into lightning, and went over the sea.

Lengo was also on the beach. When he saw his son turning into lightning, he tried to stop him with his spear and with boughs, but Mandabulabula went away from him.

Bye-and-bye Mandabulabula turned into red stone and went into the ground near the beach, and now, when the tide is out, you can see the red rocks near Wallaning, north of Broome, that the sea-coast men call Mandabulabula-goon, the place where Mandabulabula went into the ground.

Old men should not forbid their sons to take their proper share of the fish they catch when their sons are grown to full manhood.