

## JUBAITCH.

In early years of the Nineteenth Century Yalgunga and his family were sitting in camp on the banks of the Swan River, when suddenly Yalgunga heard strange noises coming from the water, noises he had never heard before. All his family listened and wondered and feared when around the bend came a curious thing resting on top of the water. It came along to where Yalgunga's camp was and he saw in it what he thought were "Spirits of the Dead", because (they dreamed that the Spirits were white faced.) Unconsciously Yalgunga picked up his spears and stood up waiting, while the women and children stood back in fear. Out of the boat came the White Spirit and came over to Yalgunga and held out its hand to Yalgunga who immediately dropped his spears and grasp the hand. Turning around to the land Yalgunga waved his other hand and showed all, including the spring which now supplies the <sup>Perth</sup> University. Picking up his spears, and the women and children quietly following he left this camp and went some two or three miles away. This manner meant that Perth and the whole area ceded to the white man for ever. So <sup>quietly</sup> easily was the whole of Western Australia taken over.

Jubaitch's immediate family were the earliest amongst the dispossessed groups, whose title to the Swan Banks and Springs and the fertile warrein (native potato) soil, dated back through hundreds of generations, yet was abolished for ever at the first <sup>hand shake</sup> axe stroke of the white man. <sup>or rather, the first handshake of the white man</sup>

There was no attempt made to recover the old water and camp sites, for the Kalleepgur (owners of the fires, homes, hearths) believed that the white folk who had appeared so mysteriously amongst them were the jang-ga or spirits of their own dead returning to their old camps from <sup>K</sup> Karannup, the home of the dead <sup>behind</sup> beyond the Waddarn Goombar (great sea).

Jubaitch's babyhood was spent amongst these first comers, with whose children he grew up, sharing their games and their food and sharing his and his people's food with them in times of stress.

He could remember an occasion when the only food for the <sup>white</sup> children was pollard porridge, until the <sup>supply</sup> supply ships came to their relief.

Jubaitch's own little family group made distinctions between the white settlers early, choosing to live with, and work for and with, those whose manners and conduct were in a sense in conformity with their own.

The little group, keeping its own laws meticulously and faithfully, attached itself only to those amongst the whites who made daily practice of their own social laws, customs and refinements, and there was never vulgar friction between Jubaitch's people and the old Swan River pioneers whom they had chosen as their babbib-gur (pledged friends).

Young Jubaitch was a favorite amongst all, and having affinity only with the best amongst the white settlers, he absorbed no evil habits, and was as reliable and capable and manly as their own young lads. *a small speck*

He loved to see the pomp and circumstance attendant on official functions in those long ago days, and quietly watched the jang-ga in all their comings and goings.

His beeda-wa period (initiation into manhood) passed, and ochred and adorned with hair belts and headbands and plumes - the only sign of the "initiate" in the South West - he was borne triumphantly on the shoulders of an elder brother along a lane of delighted relatives, and laughingly thrown into a heap of ochred and tanned kangaroo skin cloaks filled with the presents of the great groups assembled for the beeda-wa ceremony.

Daajeluk (betrothed) infants were formally given to him, for whose parents he hunted and fished until they died, as this was the law of his people.

He learned to spear and club and run down kangaroo and emu for his own folk and his parents-in-law, and led many a "kangaroo ~~battle~~ *battle* over the slopes of the Darling Ranges and what is now King's Park.

At yong-ganngardongin (running down a *gorge* ~~kangaroo~~ singly) he excelled, never faily *ailing* to bring back the game to his family, the elders of which divided it according to the food laws of the tribe.

His people used no shields in their battles or duels, dodging the spears and weapons thrown to them and at them. Jubaitch became the most expert dodger in his group, and in all the fights and duels thrust upon him during his manhood not one man could say he had scored a hit. He specialised in spear-dodging after he had heard the tradition connected with it.

"In Nyitting (cold) times, an old man and woman had one son. The old man went out every day ~~hunting~~ for meat food and always brought home big meat. One day he speared a Weja (emu) but the spear came back by itself and tried to spear him, and the old man had to Gij-kwelgan, (spear dodge) all the time, for the spear would not let him rest.

His son said, 'Let me kwelgan.' 'No.' said the father, 'You might be speared:' but the son cried again and again 'Let me father, let me father' and at last the father said, 'You try.' The son tried, but going too close to the spear it pierced his koorda (heart) and he died.

His maman and ngang-gan (father and mother) buried him at Ngang-galup (6 miles from Rockingham) and after a time he went to Kurannup, where by and by his parents joined him."

If the son had not been killed all the yung-ar (men) would have been able to dodge the spears and would never die or be killed.

Jubaitch's totem was the yong-gar (male kangaroo), the warr (female kangaroo) being the totem of his sisters, and often when he had run down a Yong-gar and the night had come upon him while still far from his kalleep(home) he would cut off the fore-paw of this Kangaroo and tying it to his arm with a strand from his hair belt, would lie quietly down to sleep under its protection, knowing that nothing could harm him while the spirit of his totem watched over him.

He scrupulously kept all his totem laws and cooked and distributed his totem meat according to the traditions of the <sup>Yonggar</sup> Bo-rung-gur (kangaroo totem brothers.)

While still pursuing his own native ways and modes of living, Jubaitch kept in touch with the leading white people of those far-off days, and came in frequent and happy contact with the higher officials, who were impressed by his reliability and steadiness and sobriety.

To his delight they invited him to become a policeman, for by this time he had learned what British law and order meant, even in the small Perth community. He was given a sort of uniform to mark his appointment.

He made good in his new position, was a highly intelligent assistant, and a most excellent convict-catcher and tracker, often scouring the hills and gullies of his own grounds for days and weeks by himself until he secured the escaped convict and brought him single handed back to the jail.

One instance when a desperate murderer, Daly, had escaped it required the policemen to follow him and recapture. Jubaitch went to the Governor and said, "I will go and catch Daly, sir." The Governor said, "Very well, how many policemen would you require to go with you, because Daly is a desperate man." Jubaitch said, "Be better if I go alone and bring back Daly." The Governor gave order for Jubaitch to be supplied with anything he asked. Jubaitch asked for food only.

Jubaitch tracked Daly each day and killing any good he could would cook it by night on the fire he lighted with his fire-making sticks. About the fifth or sixth day he came up with Daly and as he had kept some food for Daly he gave it to him to eat. Daly was lying exhausted under a bush. Jubaitch lighted a fire and gave the man what food he had. When Daly had eaten Jubaitch said, "We will go back now Daly." Daly swore he would not go back. Jubaitch sat down beside him and waited. The quiet behaviour of Jubaitch turned Daly from being a fierce murderer to a poor weak and repentant man. Jubaitch fed both on the way back and quietly walked up to Government House where a policeman stood on guard and quietly took Daly back to jail. For this the Governor asked Jubaitch to become a full policeman and have a uniform. Jubaitch explained he could do better by not being police-controlled and was a free man to help when needed.

His services were highly valued in connection with native breaches of the white man's law, for he recognised the impartiality of British justice and was able to explain it in a native way to his erring brothers.

Jubaitch and his family had already come under the influence of good Bishop Hale, but he had absorbed so little of the jang-ga's (white man) religion during all the years of his instruction and attendance, that the golden eagle lectern represented in his mind the strong "God" of Bishop Hale, the dove of Bishop Salvado, Roman Catholic Bishop, being in comparison "a very poor God."

Time and again in his later years Jubaitch would engage in controversy over the respective merits of the two birds with Monnop, a New Norcia Roman Catholic native, and his final triumph over Monnop came when, on a visit of the latter to Perth, he led Monnop, first to view the fine fiery eagle in the Anglican Cathedral, and then pointed out to him the faded little pignon on the walls of Bishop Salvado's Church.

The Bible story of the Flood was somewhat in accord with the traditions of his people, as almost all the coastal tribes possess a Flood traditon.

Freshwater Bay, near Perth, was formed as a result ~~with~~ of a flood which drowned all the people because one of them had broken a woggal (spirit, carpet snake) law: and within the area belonging to Jubaitch's people there was a traditon connected with two blackboy trees which had once been women.

These two balga (blackboy trees) standing close together in a rather isolated spot near Minjelungin, were once two Yog Kootagur (big stomached women) who were saved from the Dauingerup Flood because they were gobbel-guttuk (pregnant).

They sat together on a boorna den (log of wood) and floated over the Dauingerup water, floating until at last a wind blew them to the bujur (land).

The yog kootagur got off the boorna den, and walked and ran, north and north until they came to Minjelungin. They left babies at certain places along the way, and at Minjelungin they were changed into balga, and no-one ever touched these balga which were once two yog kootagur.

When the jang-ga (white people) stopped the beel (Helena River) at Booroloyne (Mundaring Weir) the water covered up the balga so that the yog kootagur can be seen no more.

Jubaitch was a store-house of the laws, traditions and folklore of his people, and his great grief lay in the indifference and neglect of the younger generation to learn and appreciate and follow the laws of their ancestors.

Maamba, one of his people's camping grounds, at the foot of the Darling Ranges, was set aside by John Forrest as a native Reserve, and here Jubaitch spent his later days, the one quiet decent living member amongst a group of derelicts from the settled areas far beyond Perth, from Gingin in the north to Busselton and Augusta in the south.

Jubaitch was contented to remain at Maamba, but as he had not acquired a taste for the jang-ga's drink, he could form no companionship with the poor drunken old men and women whose days were spent in grog seeking, jail and enforced retention of the Reserve.

To expound the laws of his tribe to his young relatives who occasionally visited the Reserve: to recount myth and story beside the fire on moonlight nights: myths, which he had absorbed so eagerly from his elders in his young days, was the delight of Jubaitch's old age.

When the writer pitched her first "native camp" on the Maamba Reserve in the early 1900's, Jubaitch's store of memories found an eager and tireless listener, ready at all times to hear the tales of the Nyitting (cold) times or the ancestral times: of the many totems and their inter-relation: of the sacred places of totem and spirit places that Jubaitch's feet had never trodden: smooth surfaces swept and levelled

by guardian spirits where, if you wished to know whether a relative had died or was going to die, you ventured near the winnaitch <sup>place</sup> spot and looked fearfully to see if there were fresh footprints on its clean soft surface: of winnaitch stones that sent out baby voices late into the night: of winnaitch rocks which must be passed in tense silence or a piece of raw meat - your meat - will appear on the rock, your death will surely follow: of winnaitch trees at the foot of which you must strew rushes so that you may pass by them in safety: Of winnaitch hills and slopes beside which the smallest breach of native law - sharpening spears at night, cutting meat in the wrong way - will bring flood or fire and certain death upon you: of the anger of the guardian totem spirits when their food laws are broken: of the magic and sorcery that was always active. And above all these of the life abiding home of the spirits after death and the sure and certain belief that the Jang-ga moorurtung (spirits of dead relatives) would be sitting and waiting to welcome him (Jubaitch) when he stepped upon the Kurrannup shore after his long journey under the sea.

White beliefs are relatively on a par with the aboriginal belief in a future life, but the aborigine having been adequately punished in this life for every one of his wrong-doings, is not burdened with sins to embitter his closing hours, which is why the death of all aborigines is a quiet passing.

Jubaitch's one desire was to die on his own ground, so that his kaan-ya (spirit) should pass over familiar surroundings to Kurannup, and he would see the same home when he opened his eyes on Kurannup shore, and find his own people smiling at him, with little Gootalan, who loved him and died so long ago, the first to touch him and welcome him.

Jubaitch had his wish, for his kaan-ya left his body as the cart bearing him to the Perth Hospital passed over the Karragullen portion of his kalleep.

The kaan-ya <sup>Spirit of the newly dead</sup> rests only upon one species of tree - the Nuytsia floribunda or Christmas Bush of the West - on its journey to the sea, and throughout his long life Jubaitch never picked flower or branch or sat beneath the shade of the "spirit tree".

Jubaitch died in 1907, and his body was laid in another portion of his kalleep at Guildford. He died in his own faith and hope, the last of