

Notebook 6k

Ooldea Notes

dee'adi (cuckoo) a "hatter" I've never seen two of these together. Has many notes and sometimes tries to run up a scale. His night notes are mournful. His cousin the black faced cuckoo shrike has more pleasing notes. They are great caterpillar and grasshopper eaters, as are also the dhandhain or mēlga (spotted ground birds). Jibering and jindirr (wagtails).

Koorrguling (owls) in their noiseless flight are often mistaken for yūlilū wara gabbalin (spirits that make you shiver with fear) and every native draws nearer the sanctuary of his fire when a sudden noise of owl pouncing on mouse or small marsupial is heard. Fire banishes all evil magic, of the dead or living.

To many persons a bush road is only a means of transit from one objective to another. From Dan to Beersheba, a good or bad road for bicycle, motor or buggy, but to the bush lover it is all opening into a world of wonderful things, strange living creatures that swarm in its ragged windblown and fire twisted woods.

Nature's rule - eat and be eaten.

Kalga - Venus (Mungi, informant)

Miri katta - morning star

Moorng-oo ingu - evening star

(Ibari, informant)

Walgalā, beelarn, boordundu, mambulu - all shrubs and saltbush, etc. Yannawarri - spiders' nests attached to beelarn and kardia (the only two trees they use). (Nyanyila, informant)

Wala, yanna - sulky spiders

A glorious rainbow shaft resting on the edge of my world to the south.

Weera, meega, thaggulu - 3 names for scoop.

Spike backed lizard, ngabbula.

For me there will always be a rainbow beyond the hill until my eyes shall look upon the last hill of all, when I shall see the heavenly rainbow.

Garrarding - manna from bara, sandalwood.

Goonagurda N. wind and March Flies.

Biria - mid autumn or spring, pleasant weather.

Warna oonoorn - autumn

Burna and k'ring (long tailed iguanas) make needa and jimbi (round nests), little lizards make gardal (tunnels).

Sunlight flecking the overhanging greenery as the soft wind stirs the branches. Jalga ambi, red flowering shrub. (P. 3)

Boondi (wattle shrub)

Living in a world of vague terrors, everything outside the native's knowledge meant destruction to him, therefore he must always get in first. Every stranger was an enemy.

Spiders, centipedes, scorpions, beetles, mice, little mingari, small black insects (worm-like) coming out of rabbit burrows. Moths of all kinds, butterflies.

To cage a bird is sinful, to think of their little wings and their bodies and souls contracted to the dimensions of a cage! their beautiful airy motions and flittings and their domestic activities curtailed so cruelly is almost to suffer a soul's imprisonment and even to jeer and pry into their little homes is an intrusion. I know where many of my little bird friends live, and at first a little broken winged affectionate mother used to run before me in panic but I made a point of passing the vicinity again and again until finally a bright little eye would be cocked up friendly at me as I passed.

Looked at from merely the point of view of utility, every bird is needed to cope with the abnormal prolificity of insect life. The magpie will kill and eat centipedes, scorpions, beetles, ants, spiders (red tailed and backed) and will kill but not eat the smaller deadly snakes.

Now and again a deep wind rises in the darkness with the rhythm of long slow wide waves filling the kardia trees with a troubled cadence and dying down to a sigh will leave them trembling in the night with the spell of its passing.

The pale mists of the moon glow.

A shrub that gathers itself together before death to protect the young shoots that will come later. Spring days of green and gold, of breeze stirred treetops and vagrant sweet airs and the fragrance of green young things, growing.

Insert 6a.

Boording gerrba, landing on cliffs near Jigala.

Dhoolandha, (not Dhoolina - see previous page)

Wannadhabbi near Murdierung.

When a woman had a boy baby and became again pregnant, if her baby continued fat and well, then the new baby will also be a boy, for he will not take the fat from his brother, but if it is a girl, it will take all the fat from its brother before it is born and so it is often killed to give back to the boy the fat it has stolen from him. He eats it and gets fat and well again.

The red road and white road running through mallee and plain.

Poor Jeera

The death within her eyes was a peaceful one. No more tortured questioning, no more frightened anticipation of ill treatment for crying out in her agony, no more frantically jealous outlook from them. They looked steadily and quietly into the Dreamland of her forefathers whither her soul went.

Kuldabuldana (a woman speared through the ribs, name of Red Attick's place)

Brimbaji (Stoddart's place)

Heads of Points re Dau (wobbaluru) (See completed article)

activity towards and at full moon.

"nujjer one"

throwing of sand when angry

imitating neighbouring and women's dancing

forms of dementia, violent, cunning, frightened, wailing

fear of ghosts

child-like enjoyment

deep base "growl" note in singing

having to be wrapped up in his blankets at night, waiting for this ceremony every night

wrapping up bundle and clothes and preparing for departure when anyone visited the camp

hardness of skull

no fears of jingi

tabu between him and Jinga always Binilya between them. This avoidance is called engilyi

hatred of dogs

Koondhaing his woman

The snake entering and leaving his wurli, his frequent runaways
Cooking kalsia burna wongala for a change. Wandering at night.
"Eggnog" being his barber, making him a new shirt with pockets.
Taking him for a walk. He was methodical in his ways and liked things just so. Any departure from the usual upset him and brought on the period of madness. His break through to Jinga's wurli and then by breaking the yumeri (tabu).

Mimicking the bird's voices.

Quick to change temper, shouting, singing, whistling and calling aloud at night.

The living beauty of the bush, its glorious glimpses of vivid colourings, cloud and sunshine alternating and each giving its distinct shapes to the landscape.

Where is Jurrjurr (Canopus) star? Are there two?

Aldebaran

Kunggara - Pleiades

Kaangga - Aquila and Delphinus

babba wia wandi

Giniga

Gibbera Vega in Lyra?

Walja Southern Cross?

Karrbiji

Still trees darkening overhead and the sweet lush herbs under one's feet. A hermit thrush singing his evensong, and the murmuring evening wind. White hill mists covering the sombre kardia, the quiet deep sky where the wide bright stars are strown.

"Out thro' the darkness ringing

Over the twilight moor,

Calling the ghosts of long since

.....

The wind is sighing low to the empty night, over waste headlands,
the wind is the voiceless singer where moonlight and magic linger.

Geoffrey Wall

A high flotilla of little wind clouds on a summer day, or cumuli piled against the heavenly blue accenting its blueness by their whiteness.

Scudding cloud wracks with the moon, riding like a Viking ship in a grey sea, The great swoop of the Milky Way.

Who is there who doesn't know the old village weather prophet?

If the moon lies on its back, it's going to be a wet month, if you can hang your jakkurdi on it, and if you can't it will be a dry month.

In the still time of the world when the golden sunset is fading and the bird songs have ceased and the night insects have not yet

started their antiphonal chorus, then look at the new moon hanging on the edge of the world over which it rests hooping or poised on the low dark kardias or pointed sheoaks.

It does not always follow that rings round the moon will bring rain - the old beliefs are not justified in Australia. At home it is said that the number of stars that can be counted inside the ring indicate the number of days before the rain comes, Of course the comparative density of the mist regulates the number of stars visible.

Did you ever watch the moon riding high and small on driving cloud wracks? Slope and valley, hill and wood appear for a moment as the dark clouds obscure the moon and the earth shivers with the quick changes of moonlight and darkness.

Weather signs night and morning. Are they windclouds or the haverings of a spent storm far off.

Some natives have barometrical bones so to speak and these are the rainmakers in their tribes.

You hear the kardia talking on the hill? by and by rain come. But there's no marr (cloud).

Well, booreaga talks and tells me water soon coming.

The wind silently rushes through the upper spaces, where there is nothing to oppose it. It is only when it encounters the obstacle of tree or house that it speaks and roars.

The buzzing telegraph wires always foretell a change to wet weather.

Have you noticed the tiny clouds that sometimes rest in the eastern sky, waiting for the dawn and the red sun to touch them. A most absorbing sight in the open country.

The native looks at once to the sky when he wakes. We can only speak of the sky as a great dome when our eyes can take in the full horizon. I wonder how often we bush people take our moods from the dawn and early morning sky. The shadow of night will still be holding the world when the cloud flecks are greeting and being greeted by the dawn before they vanish mysteriously away.

Rainbow at morning
warning
noon
very soon
night
delight

Have you ever watched a great bank of cumuli grow and expand from within itself until it has covered half the sky. Mass upon mass tumbles out from itself, sometimes opening out to let loose an electric flash and closing again with the rumble that comes to us as thunder? It is in these great masses of cloud that the natives know the thunder god lives in and travels in and an examination of conscience takes place at these times amongst men and women, for offences against the laws. The whirlwind has always magic in it and its course is watched often with keen anxiety. The moon sends many little spirit babies in these whirlwinds and those native women who don't want babies throw dust into its midst and so blind the eyes of the baby! which then cannot run inside them.

Very few of our home signs have an equal significance here. If the clouds enlarge it will rain, if they diminish it will be fine. The soft moist rays that the sunset sometimes throws out are a sure sign of rain. A cold sunset, amber and green melting into darkness. The stars often tell the natives which way the wind is going to blow. The distant hills looking near are either rain or north wind.

How the soul revels in those great open spaces when the world is far off and the heavens are near and familiar!

From the underside of the rain clouds the white rainmist falls, goes down slope and valley. Page 14

The ethereal mountain heights of cumuli.

How many of us realise what starlight means? the radiance that the stars shed on a clear moonless night, with the great Milky Way shedding its myriad specks of light as it swoops downwards on its course. Oh, believe me, the natives have compensation in their closeness to mother earth and their wide untrammelled view of sky and stars, moon and clouds in silent places.