NOTICE OF GENERAL MEETING

The fourth General Meeting of the Society for 1984 will be held in the S.A. Museum Education Building, North Terrace, Adelaide on:

MONDAY, 25TH JUNE, 1984 AT 8.00 P.M.

AGENDA

1. Apologies.

2. Minutes of the previous General Meeting:
   Minutes of the previous General Meeting, held Monday, 28th May, 1984 to be confirmed. A copy of these minutes is attached.

3. Papers and Journals:
   Papers and Journals received since the last General Meeting, from other Societies and Organizations will be tabled at the Meeting.

4. Business:
   To remind members that the July meeting will be held at the new address - Conservation Centre, 120 Wakefield Street, Adelaide and to use the side entrance.

5. Speaker:
   Dr. Peter Sutton, Consultant Anthropologist with wide-ranging experience in this field, will give an address to the Society entitled:

   "Aboriginal Botany"

6. Supper will be served and a Trading table held.

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Continuing the excerpt from "My early days in the Colony" by the late John Adams, in which there is a description of boomerangs and a funeral ceremony.

When the baker came with bread, some of them were sure to be there, and we often missed a loaf very mysteriously. We paid the blacks for their wood, etc., mostly in rice and sugar. They got a piece of tobacco from all smokers, it was not safe to pay them until they had done what they agreed to do, and as soon as they got paid they would make a fire and boil the rice, and after eating it would wrap themselves up and beat their breast with a sing-song until they were fast asleep. On one occasion we were alarmed in the night by a lot of them throwing firebrands about near a hut, and the report was they intended to burn the huts. It turned out afterwards that one of them had a grudge, as a man who shot a quail, by accident a shot struck a native at a distance, and he thought the man shot at him. We turned out about 22 strong, armed with guns, swords, bayonets, etc., and marched round them, but we had no occasion to use the powder. After that we formed a watch, two started at one end of our huts and patrolled all round our encampment, two others would start from another point and pass each other about midway with the cry of "All's well," and this we did for some time, until we went armed, but the natives did not trouble us any more of a night. There was a man the worse for liquor who came to the store, he bought a piece of pork, it was near sundown, he lived at North Adelaide. He got across the river, for next morning he was found murdered by the natives. They had stabbed him with a small bone they carry through a hole in their nose. The only wound was in the heart. Until he was opened up by the doctor we could see only a small drop of blood. He must have died without pain, as he was found lying with his legs crossed and a slight twitch of the muscles of the mouth. The immigrants were going out in search of the murderer armed, but the Governor interfered, there was not a native to be seen about for some time, but the murderer was discovered some time after and was hung, he was supposed to be the same fellow who hit Mr. Barnet, of Hindmarsh, on the head whilst bathing, and was thought to have been drowned — his little girl who was a little way off minding his clothes saw the fellow go to the river with a waddy in his hand. Some of them were very expert in throwing the spear, they would often show us by throwing the reed at one another, they would have a shield of bark, and catch the reed as it was flying, and not one of them ever got hit by them, however straight they were thrown at them. Two of the Sydney blacks who came here showed us how they threw the boomerang, that is about one of their most dangerous weapons. They throw it first to strike the ground, it then rises up and forms almost a circle in its course and comes back to them with great force. (The principle of the boomerang struck Sir Thomas Mitchell, of Sydney, that it was a propelling power, and a steamer was fitted up with one instead of the screw, it was tried at the measured mile at Portsmouth, England, and found to propel the steamer 12 knots an hour, this is from the English news.) Whilst living on the South Road a lot of the natives passed on their way to Adelaide from Encounter Bay where they were taught by the late Mr. Newland. They wanted a drink and in their usual way some of the boys asked, "What name you?" and on telling them my name was Adams, they looked at me in a strange way, and then asked me where was Eve. I understood them, so pointed to the house. They were anxious to see Eve and wished me to bring her out. When I brought out my wife they looked at her and said, "That's not Eve, that's Adam's lubra." One day the natives came near us carrying the dead lubra of King John to their burying-ground on the section of Mr. Wright's. They had been carrying her about to their camping places for about a fortnight. King John asked me to go and see her buried. I went with two others, on arriving at the place the men who carried her went to a certain spot and after some ceremony they took her for about three yards and walked backwards and forwards three times, and then laid the body down. They sat down in groups, made their fires, ate, and smoked their pipes. After a while the women got up and went near the body and began to lament, and falling on the body uttering most piercing cries, on getting up we saw the tears streaming down their persons. They then spread out and collected bundles of dry grass, the men got a quantity of bark and one began to dig the grave with a spade I had lent them. They made a small hole at first, and when they got down about a foot they undermined it, and when we looked in it appeared like a large round pot, but we did not stop to see the closing ceremony. They brought the spade back battered up, and between them drank three 12-gallon buckets of water. I went to see the grave the next day, they had left a small fire at one end and bark was piled up like a roof over the grave, and all was very neatly done, and for nearly a fortnight after one of them would come every evening to make up the fire.