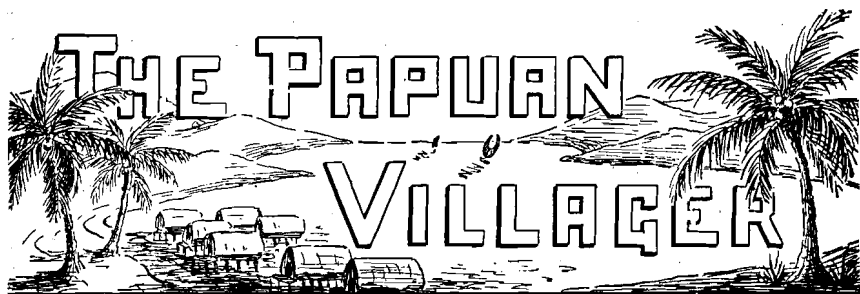


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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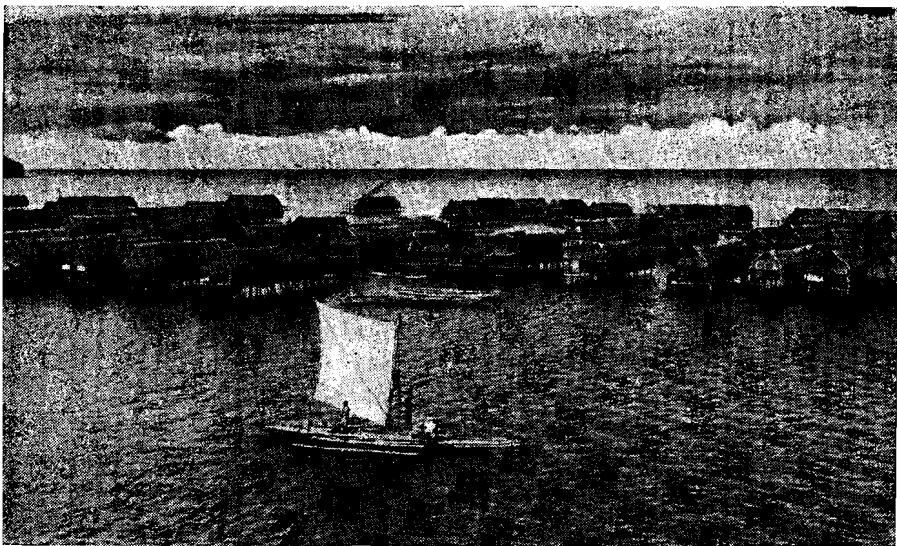
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Stock-taking at the Zoo

Stock-taking in the Stores

We read in *The Papuan Courier* about Stock-taking at the London Zoo. You know that all the stores do their stock-taking once a year.

They shut their doors so that people cannot come in and buy things, and for two or three days all the staff are busy counting the stock. (The "staff" are the people who work in the store, and the "stock" means all the things they keep in it.) So the



Tupuseleia Village, a Coastal Village on Piles

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

staff count up the tins of meat and jam, the singlets, calico, pipes, umbrellas and all the rest of them.

In the Zoo

In the same way the London Zoo has its stock-taking once a year. The staff of the Zoo count up all the animals and reptiles.

It is easy counting the lions, tigers, bears, giraffes and elephants. They are so big that they can't hide themselves. But it is hard work counting the little birds that keep flying round in the big cages; and fish that keep swimming round in the tanks; and hard also to count the snakes and lizards, because they hide under the leaves and stones.

Every year it is found that something has escaped. Birds and fish manage to get away, and they can't be found. I don't think tigers or elephants ever escape. At any rate they would soon be found if they did.

Counting the Snakes

Sometimes the snakes won't add up properly. It is not because they get away. The Zoo staff are very careful to keep them in their proper places, for nobody wants a snake out of the Zoo. We are frightened enough of the snakes in Papua where we are used to them. I don't know what a Londoner would do if he found one in his garden.

The reason why the snakes are sometimes missing is that they eat one another. Once a big snake called a King Cobra lived with six other cobras in the Zoo. That made seven altogether. But when they came to do the stock-taking they found only one. The King Cobra had eaten all the other six.

Breeding at the Zoo

But though some of the animals disappear, by dying or escaping, some new ones are born every year. Some animals refuse to have babies when they are kept in cages, but others breed in the Zoo just as they do in their proper homes. Lions do for instance, and so do hippopotamuses.

Cost of the Big Animals

The big animals in the Zoo cost a lot of money. Once you would have had to pay £100 for a lion and £1,000 for a hippopotamus; though now, since they breed in the Zoo, you can get a lion for £20 and a hippopotamus for £200.

A rhinoceros would cost you £1,000 and a trained elephant £800. The most expensive animals in the London Zoo are the two gorillas. You would have to pay £5,000 each for them.

If any reader wants to buy one of these animals he should write to the London Zoo about it.



Mea Gavera, Government Messenger Boy?

Wireless

Many thinking Papuans wonder a lot about wireless. A house boy hears his *taubada* at Losuia talking to some other *taubada* in Samarai and, in surprise, says, "Wah!" and sticks a finger in his mouth.

Sea Waves

But it is not hard to understand. Think this way. You and a friend are each on large canoes, at anchor. The length of a cricket pitch is between you. Your friend would like his small son to have a yarn with your small son. So his small son swims to your canoe on top of a lot of funny little *sea waves* made by the wind.

Air Waves

When he gets to your canoe his father sings out to him, "Don't stop too long, we are going away soon." By this talk your friend has made *air waves* between the two canoes. So, as his son came to you on *sea waves* made by the wind, your friend's voice (talk) has come to you on *air waves* made by his own wind.

Electrical Waves

Now the white man, to help him to talk over long distances, as between Losuia and Samarai, has called on "electricity," which can be made by him. I will not tell how this is made; it would be too hard for you to understand. But I want you to think again.

Calling up in 1950

When your friend's son has swum back to his father, your friend hoists his sail (if he has one) and goes to the other side of the bay, out of hearing, if not out of sight.

But before this happens, you both will have been to a store (this may be in the year 1950) and each bought a small electric battery and two short pieces of wire, both of which you will put inside your pouches on your belts, in front of you. In another pouch you each will have a watch.

As your friend sails away in his canoe he shouts, "I will give you a call at four o'clock to-day, so listen in." By and by, at this time, your friend having come to anchor at the other side of the bay, unfastens his pouch, catches hold of the wire joined to the battery, places the end of the wire in front of his mouth and turns on the switch (key) of the battery. By doing this he makes a lot of "waves" go out north, south, east and west. But until he talks there will be no sound on the waves.

At four o'clock you, too, will look at your watch and say, "Ah-a, this is the time to listen in." So you catch hold of your wire joined to the battery in your pouch, and place the wire at the side of your best ear, to listen to what should be coming on the *air waves*. But you must not forget to turn on the key of battery.

Very soon you will hear your friend's voice coming over the air (through the wire): "Calling, calling Dago, calling Dago (your name). I want to know if you hear me. So I am going over to listen—over, over."

Your friend takes the wire away from his mouth and places it at the side of his best ear. You take your wire away from your ear and place it in front of your mouth, and then talk: "Calling Miria, calling Miria (your friend's name). Yes, I heard you. How are you?"

And there you are. You two can keep on talking, in turns, until the pigs come home, or your batteries "die."

I think you ought to be able to understand this.

—R.A.V.

[The Editor knows nothing about electricity. Talking over the air may be as simple as this in 1950, but you cannot buy these things at the stores yet.]

Grass in Villages

Many people in Papuan villages think that they must kill all the grass on the ground. In the old days they did not do this. The tidy people killed the grass near the houses so that the women could sweep the ground clean. But in other parts of the village it was allowed to grow.

Grass or Dust

Bare ground is dusty ground. The wind blows up the dust and carries it along, and it gets on your food and into your eyes and throat. The germs of disease go with the dust, and so sickness is carried round the village. When the ground is grass-covered there is not so much dust and not so much sickness.

What the Government Wants

Many villagers seem to think that the Government wants all the grass killed. When they hear that an officer is coming they get busy and start cutting and scraping away the good grass with knives. They think he will be angry if he sees it growing in the village.

This is a mistake. The Government has given an order to the officers; it says that grass is better than no grass. And we hope that the villagers will get this into their heads.



Blowing the Shell Trumpet

Long Grass and Short Grass

But this does not mean that you can let your village be untidy. If you read the little article by Ivarava Mariosu in next *Villager* you will agree that a tidy village is good.

Nice short grass is tidy. Long grass is untidy, and it may hide all sorts of dirt and rubbish. So the best thing is to keep the grass cut.

Those of you who have been to Port Moresby have seen the prisoners cutting the grass with hoop-iron. When next you go to Port Moresby you buy a piece of hoop-iron, and when you get home slash at the grass in the village. If you keep cutting the long grass, the short grass underneath will grow strongly, and you will have a village that is both pretty and healthy.

A Wreck near Port Moresby

An American and his wife were travelling alone in a small ship from Australia to New Caledonia in the Pacific. They had an engine, but the engine went wrong, so they had only their sails. Since they were a long way out to sea and the winds were against them, they decided to turn north and sail for Papua.

They came near the coast at Hula; but they had no charts or maps of our country, and they did not know where they were.

Just then they saw the *Montoro* coming along. They sang out to the captain for a chart and he threw one over. But before they could get it it had sunk in the water. So they kept on following the *Montoro* till it was out of sight.

Thought the "Pruth" was the "Montoro"

When night was coming they saw a big boat. It seemed to be lying at anchor, and they thought it was the *Montoro*. But it was only our old *Pruth* stuck on the reef.

The Americans thought they would



Tapping Rubber on a Government Plantation

shelter beside ~~the~~ ship till next morning. So they came near. Next thing they had touched the reef; and a moment later a wave carried them right on. Their boat turned over and began to break up.

The travellers only had time to get their papers from the cabin. Then they jumped into the dinghy and rowed ashore. They reached Ela beach at 11 o'clock that night.

It was very bad luck for them to lose their boat. They had only the clothes they stood up in; and next morning when they went to look for their boat it was nowhere to be seen. It had sunk in the deep water over the reef.

Blowing the "Kibi"

Every Papuan man or boy should be able to blow the shell trumpet (not many white men can do it). In the picture on page 36 you can see a boy blowing it on a Government station.

When white soldiers have to wake up in the morning, the bugler blows his bugle (not many Papuans can do that). He blows his bugle for knock-off, for dinner, for "lights-out," and so on.

The shell trumpet is the Papuan bugle, and labourers, prisoners and police all know what it means.

A Propeller Falls from a Flying Boat

A number of big "flying-boats" have come from England to Australia. They were flying over Melbourne when one of their propellers broke. The pieces fell on top of a building.

You know what the propeller of a boat is like. Aeroplanes have propellers also: they don't push through the water but pull through the air. This one measured 12 ft., so that it is a good job it did not fall on anybody's head.

The Youngest Government Servant

On page 34 we give a picture of Mea Gavera. He is a messenger for "Number One," i.e. the Department of the Government Secretary. He must be the youngest officer in the Service.

If Mea keeps on smiling he may one day be Court Interpreter.

Native Contributions

Making Rubber at Kokoda

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I am going to tell you about rubber at Kokoda.

Tapping the Rubber

All the tapping boys on the Station get up and go to their task in the morning twilight about 5 a.m. They take their tapping knives and start tapping at that time and go on until about 9.30 a.m. Then they wait for the juice to finish running. About 10.30 or 11 a.m. the tapping boys get their buckets and capsize the juice into them and take it to the factory.

In the Factory

First of all the factory boys roll the rubber from the previous day's tapping. Then they clean the tanks and make them ready for the new rubber coming in. The tappers bring in the rubber juice and pour it through strainers into the tanks. Then the juice is diluted with water and the boss boy measures it with a brass instrument. After this he measures the diluted juice with a measuring stick and then pours in the acid. Then the slides are quickly put into place, and the tanks covered with canvas.

Rolling the Rubber

The next day, very early, the boy in charge calls all the factory boys to roll the rubber. First they roll the sheet in their No. 1 machine then in their No. 2 machine, and when it is right they roll it through the marking machine.

When the rolling is finished the long rubber sheets are put on the table and cut into two-foot lengths and put on a wire rack to drain. Then it is taken and weighed and then put in the smoke-house.

Rubber Put into Bales

After it is properly smoke-dried it is all taken to the packing shed and cleaned, weighed and pressed. Sometimes they make more than 70 bales in a month. The bales weigh 100 lb. each.

A Good Worker

You know the Mekeo boy, Phillip Mange? He was ten years in gaol. Now he is doing very good work on the Government Rubber Plantation at Kokoda.

The Government heard about his good work and about all the rubber that came from Kokoda and they were very pleased with Phillip Mange. He is not in prison now, but is working for the Government—a free man.

Well good-bye Readers.

[By D. Igo Rahe, T.N.M.A., Kokoda, N.D. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

How the Pig Came to Papua

Lumapo Meets Makaravai

A very long time ago, a man named Lumapo had two wives. They built a house on good land named Hauva. For many years they lived in that good land.

One day the man went hunting to seek cassowary and wallaby in the bush. That day he was hungry for he had come a long way. And he said to himself, "I had better go and tell these house-men to give me some food, and I will eat it." He thought like that.

Then he went near them and talked to them saying, "My relatives, please give me some food." They did not hear his words and he called again. "Does nobody live here?"

A man said, "Who are you?"

He said, "I am Lumapo." Then he asked that man inside, "What is your name?" But the man did not answer strongly, but modestly, like women's speech. (He spoke lies.)

And Lumapo spoke again, "You are an old woman?"

She said, "Yes sir."

Lumapo said, "What is your name?"

"My name is Makaravai."

"Where is your husband?"

"I have no husband." Then Lumapo was very, very sorry for that old woman,

He is Sorry for Her

Afterwards he returned to his home and his two wives gave him food, and he ate it all. Then he told his wives saying, "To-night we will not sleep, we will roast some food and to-morrow we will go to the bush. To-day I saw an old woman. She has no brothers and she lies down all alone in a house. She told me I must always be hungry for I have no brothers. I said, sorry."

That night they slept in their house. In the morning Lumapo and his wives went off. The husband got a pot of water and he went up into the house and washed that old woman's body. He gave her a new petticoat and he gave her food. Afterwards Lumapo asked his two wives to carry this woman. His second wife went to carry her; but she was carried away herself by the old woman.

The Old Woman is a Man

Then she was lost to her husband. Until she was found her son and her husband were very angry; and the husband said, "All night I have not slept with you." But one day the son saw that old woman's body, and he told his father, "She is not a woman, she is a man."

Lumapo Kills that Old Woman

So one day Lumapo led the old woman into the bush. When he saw an areca-palm tree he spoke to her saying, "You had better climb this areca-nut tree." The old woman climbed and he got his arrow ready and went to shoot that old woman. Then he told her, "Before you spoke falsely; to-day your time is come." And he shot at her and killed her. Afterwards he dug up the ground and put in the body. He returned back to his home.

When the second wife asked her husband, "Where is the old woman?" He said, "I don't know," and she cried. In the morning the man and his wife went to seek that old woman.

The Man's Wife Bears a Pig

That day his wife dug the ground. By and by she found something in the ground and was afraid. "What is that thing in the ground?"

she asked her husband. He said, "You are not afraid. It is your husband! I am not your husband." Then she dug up and took the body and ate it every bit. She promised Lumapo saying, "You will be surprised later on. A new animal will be found all over this country (Papua)."

Lumapo went back to his house and for many years his second wife bore him lots of pigs.

[By Karava Marasse, a scholar at L.M.S. Moru.]

The Story of David

A Brave Shepherd Boy

Once there was a boy called David who used to mind his father's sheep. David was young but he was strong and brave. On one occasion a lion came to kill the sheep, but David killed it with his stick. Another time a bear caught a lamb in its cruel mouth, but David killed it and the little lamb was saved.

David liked singing, and when he was minding the sheep he used to sing very sweetly. King Saul's servants told him about the shepherd boy's songs so he sent for David to go and sing to him.

David and the Giant

David's elder brothers were soldiers in the King's army. One day David's father said to him, "Go and see if your brothers are safe and well and take some food to them." David wanted to see the fight so he went willingly.

David found his brothers, and as he was talking with them there was a terrible shout. "What is that?" asked David. "Oh," they said, "That is Goliath the Giant. Every morning and evening he calls for one of our soldiers to go and fight with him." "Well, why don't you?" asked David. "Foolish one, Goliath is 10 ft. high," they said, "and everyone is afraid of him."

"I am not afraid," said David. "God will help me to fight him with this."

David's elder soldier brothers were very angry with the young shepherd boy. "Go home and mind your sheep, boy," they said. But David's words were repeated to the King, who then sent for him. When the King saw David he said, "Oh no, you can't fight Goliath. You are only a boy."

[By Vakona Vali, Hula, L.M.S. boy. Vakona Vali stopped at the most interesting part of the story. David won the fight. He threw a stone from a sling and hit Goliath on the head and killed him.—Ed.]

Dugong Fishing at Daru

Dear Sir,

Just a few lines to let you know how things are going on. I would like to let you know first of all how I spent my Christmas on the reef. The evening two days before Christmas I went to the reef with some of my colleagues in a canoe for some turtles for the Christmas feast. That night our search was in vain we couldn't see anything.

Then the next day, that is the day before Christmas, we made another search but couldn't get anything at all. We had speared several of them but the harpoon wouldn't hold. About midday our launch arrived with some of our company then we all got on board and rested for an hour. Then we all went ashore again to fish on the reef.

We caught a good many fish that evening. Then we arranged to get out in two companies for another search until midnight, then get on board and get back home before Christmas morning. I went out with some in the canoe, while the others went in a dinghy. We were as unlucky as on the previous night; we couldn't get near enough to spear one as the night was very calm.

The company on the dinghy were very lucky. About 10 p.m. they speared a dugong which took them right out some miles from the reef where we were. About midnight my company got on board and waited for the other company, but they did not come at the appointed time. Then we got annoyed and went after to search for them. Then about midday on the Christmas Day we were found by the launch, right out from the reef, tugging the exhausted dugong. We got home late in the afternoon.

[By William Tabua, Daru, W.D.]

"The Papuan Villager"

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