

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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The Poreporena Choir

The Poreporena Choir gave a concert on Wednesday, 3rd January, in the Mission Institute.

The singers are trained and conducted by Mr. Spychiger. He teaches them the songs and makes the men and women, boys and girls, sing in proper time. He stands in front of

them and waves his little stick, or "baton," and they have to keep their eyes on him and take their time from the stick. And he has taught them to sing very well.

It is rather a pity, but the white people do not sing together much nowadays. The white people of Port Moresby certainly could not sing like that; they would not know how to



The New Cathedral at Doğura

begin. But some of them came to hear; and they heard some very good music and greatly enjoyed it.

Native Music and European Music

The Papuans have lost or thrown away some things because Europeans have come amongst them. But on the other hand they have learnt a good many new things from the Europeans. And this singing is one of the very best things of all.

The Papuan Villager has nothing to say against the songs of the native villages. They are very good. But the songs that Mr. Spsychiger has taught the Poreporena Choir are better songs; they are far better music than ever you had before. And so the Poreporena people have reason to be thankful to him, and to the Mission that makes it possible for him to teach them.

The singers looked as if they liked their work. We hope the Poreporena Choir will go from strength to strength.

The Programme

These were the songs: 1. Aloha Oe; 2. Stilly Night, Holy Night; 3. The Bluebells of Scotland; 4. Lend From Lofty Heavens Vastness; 5. Dirava E Oi Gadomu; 6. In Forest Glades in Springtime Fair; 7. Softly Sighs the Voice of Ev'ning; 8. Over All the Stars there is Peace; 9. Softly the Night is Sleeping; 10. Ah, Must We Part for Ever; 11. Hail, Heavenly Song, Hail All Hail.

Two Men and a Horse

After two or three songs the Choir sat back and had a spell; and a big bag-coloured horse was led into the

Institute by two men. One of these two was a tall fat man with a face as black as ink. The other was a smaller man with a pale pink face and a long black beard. They tried and tried again to get on the horse's back; but it bucked and kicked and threw them off; and sometimes it fell on top of them; and sometimes they fell on top of it.

At last one of the two riders got hold of the back of the animal and pulled it, and out came a young man. Then the front part of the horse got up and walked off by itself with its great head high above the crowd.

The very black man was Airi of Korobasea; the pale pink man was Oala of Barakau; and the horse was Raho and Siaka.

Later on the black man and the pink man came on and did some very good dancing. The music for their dancing was provided by Harry Mahuta on the steel guitar and Siaka Heni on the banjo.

The "Oliver Tomkins"

Ever since white missionaries came to Papua they have used boats to go from village to village and place to place. For many years the *Ada* was used at Daru. Then it grew old and could not be used for heavy work in the open sea.

So the London Mission asked for a new boat to be made. Mr. Cecil R. Fisher, who has had many boys from all along the South Coast in the Fyfe Bay Technical School, first drew plans of a vessel. Then this was talked about by Mr. Schlencker who

was to use the boat, and by others who wanted to help; and the marine architect helping the Society in Sydney sent the final plans to Fyfe Bay. There Mr. Fisher called his men and boys to work on the new boat and he and Mr. Rich told them it was to be the best they could build. Every bit of work, they said, must be faithful, every bit of timber sound and good, and every nail and screw must be well and truly in its place.

Government Wharf. His Excellency, Sir Hubert Murray, was at the service and spoke kindly and understanding words.

The *Oliver Tomkins* is forty-two feet long, with a twelve-foot beam, and draws about six feet when fully loaded. There is a nice airy cabin with plenty of light. The boat is made for sailing, but it also has a 30 horse-power Gardner diesel engine to drive it when the wind does not serve.



Some of the Crowd at the Opening of the New Cathedral

The whole length of the keel was one piece of timber. The knees were made of *kokoila* cut at the mill. Both Australian and Papuan timbers were used in the making of it. After it had been launched and left in the water for the seams to take up, it was put on the slip at Kwato and coppered. It was painted and ready for the visit of Mr. Goodall and Mr. Hurst, the Society's Secretaries, when they came to see the Papua Stations.

Then Mr. Fisher brought the *Oliver Tomkins* to Port Moresby and handed it over to Mr. Schlencker after a service of dedication held at the

Oliver Tomkins was the name of the young man who went from Port Moresby with Tamate (Chalmers) and was killed by the Goaribari people. Once again, after so many years, we saw *Tamate* and *Oliver Tomkins* together again in Port Moresby.

In building this boat Papuan workmen have again shown their ability and good work at Fyfe Bay; and we are glad that they have done so.

—O.G.P.

"THE PAPUAN
VILLAGER" ②

BOUND VOLUME
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Pygmies

The little men shown in the picture on this page belong to the Rainu River district in the Mandated Territory.

They are both full-grown young men, but it is said that one of them is only 4 ft. 2 in. tall, and the other 4 ft. 1 in.

We have plenty of very small men in Papua, but perhaps none so small as these.

We call these tiny little people "pygmies." Pronounce it *pigmies*. It has nothing to do with pigs, though you may be sure that the pygmies have got pigs. It just means "very small people."



A New Bird of Paradise

A new Bird of Paradise has been found in the mountains of Papua and New Guinea.

It was first spoken of by the late Mr. Jack Hides, who saw one on his long patrol and brought back two of its strange feathers. Later on Mr. Ivan Champion saw one. And since then some of the birds have been caught and skinned in the Territory of New Guinea.

This bird of paradise lives only in the high mountains—8,000 ft. or higher. It is a small bird, only about 9 inches long; but it has two very long feathers, like ribbons, in its tail. These are white, or nearly white, and measure between 2 feet and 3 feet.

The bird has been called after the Administrator of New Guinea—"McNicol's Ribbon-tailed Bird of Paradise."

Pocket Battleships

The Germans have three "pocket battleships." They are not of a sort that you can put in your pocket, for they weigh 10,000 tons each. But they are much smaller than proper battleships, so we call them "pocket battleships"—like pocket-knives or pocket-handkerchiefs.



Some Pygmies of the Mandated Territory

Although small they are covered with strong iron-plating, and they carry very big guns—11 inch. Look at a policeman's rifle. The hole in the end of it is .303 inches. The hole in the end of an 11-inch gun is 36 times as big, so you can imagine what comes out of it. It has a bullet weighing tons, not ounces.

Earthquakes

The year 1939 finished with a great number of earthquakes all over the world.

During December they were reported from Great Britain, Los Angeles in America, from the Dutch East Indies, from Tanganyika in Africa, and from Turkey. The one in Turkey was very bad. It destroyed many cities; there were great floods; and thousands of people were killed. Even Port Moresby and Samarai had their little earthquakes; though they did not kill anyone, only smashed some china cups and saucers.

Let us hope there will be no earthquakes in 1940. We fear there will be some pretty loud explosions to shake the earth when the big guns go off in the war. But surely that will be enough.



Caddies' Day

The Caddies of the Port Moresby Golf Club had their big day on 16th December. There are 43 caddies, and they do their work very well. Each year, at the end of the season, they have some competitions and a "beano," or feast. These are the results of the competitions:

Six Holes, A Grade:

Dona: 5-4-5-3-4-4	25
Oea: 5-4-5-3-4-5	26
Lahui, Udu, Hekora, Doria	all	...	27
Erago	28

Six Holes, B Grade:

Toua Boe: 5-6-6-4-4-4	29
Toua Gavera: 5-6-5-4-5-5	30
Tutara, Hekai, Heni	all	...	32
Lohia	33
Homaka	36

Driving Competition, A Grade, Oea: B Grade, Ego.

The pocket battleships have done a good deal of damage. They go about sinking our trading ships wherever they find them. Meantime the British and French navies have been looking for them all over the oceans. Now they have found one of them, and it is at the bottom of the sea.

The "Graf von Spee" and Three British Cruisers

Three cruisers, the *Exeter*, the *Achilles*, and the *Ajax*, caught the pocket battleship *Graf von Spee*. These three cruisers had much smaller guns—only 8-inch and 7-inch. The *von Spee*, with her big guns, should have been able to sink them before they got near enough to hurt her. But the small cruisers came right in close, and they fired lots of shots into the *von Spee* at close range and made plenty of holes in her.

Then the *von Spee* ran for shelter to a port called Montevideo in Uruguay (South America). This is a "neutral" port, which means that it belongs to a country which is not in the war, and the *von Spee* was not allowed to stay there. She had to go out again and face the cruisers who were waiting for her.

The "von Spee" at the Bottom of the Sea

She came out; but she was not able to fight any more. Her captain gave orders to "blow her up," so that she should not be captured by our ships. He did not blow her up as you blow up a football; he blew her up as you blow up something with dynamite; and so she went to the bottom.

Now there are only two pocket battleships left. Sooner or later our navies will catch them also.

Native Contributions

The Story of Our Wood Drum

On Monday one of our Deacons named Dagi Kapu made a wood drum for the church. We call the wood *oaito*. When he finished this we went fishing at Ariou. We got about 114 fishes and came back home about 5.30 p.m. Afterwards we divided one fish to each house.



A Tidy Village, Abau District

Some days later we got pots and fishes and some of the fishermen visited the mainland to buy food. When we returned three days later we started to cook those foods, one pot for each house, until 3.25 in the afternoon. Then we divided to each house after the Deacon had rung the bell. Afterwards he asked us if we had had enough. We said, "Yes."

We wore clean ramis and the girls made good dresses too. After the bell rang the second time we started our dance; and from 4.30 till the sun went down we danced. Later we danced by the light of the lamps. Everybody was very glad and a very nice dance it was. We were very excited and all the Christian men and women were very much decorated. We danced till daylight.

Next morning at 7 o'clock the Deacon told us to put the table down the middle, and we did that. The Deacon, Bunava, came and stood near the table. Then we had Our Lord's Prayer. Afterwards the Deacon baptized the big drum and we gave it to God.

Respectfully we called its name "W. J. V. Saville." The drum was shaped like a paddling canoe.

We had three drums, one for school, one for Sabbath and one for Wednesday. They were all decorated for Sunday morning and we beat them all together and made a very big noise on the island. We call it Laruoro Mission Station. The people heard the noise all over the island, a very, very big noise.

The Deacon killed a pig for us because he was sorry for us, for it had rained all night. Afterwards I cut the pig for Mailu people and divided it among them, one piece to each house. We shared this pig among 69 houses and everybody said it was very well knifed.

[By Noga Koi, Mailu Island. This story wins 5s. prize.]

The Old Woman and Her Pigs

In the olden days there lived a widow named Apuraicapo. But she was shrunken on her legs and she had a little old house to live in. She was very tired at that time, for both cold and rain were beating her very badly.

One day, early in the morning, this poor widow went creeping to her small house, but she missed her way. There was a hole beside the road and she fell down into that hole. She stayed there for many years. Many of the men, women and children in that village, after

a few years, no longer made hunting things for they did not catch any animals. The village people were very sad because they ate only their own Papuan garden foods, and they did not eat any fish either.

Then one man said, "We must leave this village," and they all said, "That is a good idea." One day all the people assembled and talked about searching for another place; for a new house on the bank of a river. At last the villagers so much disliked their old village that they collected the goods for their houses to take with them. So no one stayed there, but only the widow who was left behind in the hole. She lived on in the hole for many years.

After that some strange people came to this old home and they lived with the poor widow. The strange people asked the poor widow, "Where are your friends?" And the poor widow answered, "I don't know." After these men had lived there for a good while two men from the first village were walking about in the bush. They saw the strangers settled in their old home and they went hastily back to their own new village and told their friends, "Our old village is full of strange people living there." These men were very surprised and also their own women and children. They asked each other who these strange people were. Next day the men went again to see them, and they saw plenty of people walking about in the village. The people of the two neighbouring villages were good friends, and they often met together in their feasts and dances.

The old widow remained in her hole. After that she gave birth to a son together with four pigs at once. He and his four brothers grew rapidly and he was soon strong enough to do the work his mother wanted him to do. He lived there for a long time with his mother and four brothers, the pigs.

One day the old woman remained in her hole and the boy went alone and hunted with his dogs. The dogs found a pig and killed it and brought it home with them. The boy's mother was very angry when she saw the pig was killed. She demanded of her son and his dogs, "This is not a pig. It is your brother." Then the boys and the dogs shouted, "It is not my brother. It is a creeping animal." So she took a stick and beat the dogs horribly. The poor widow had tears in her eyes because her son had killed her favourite pig-son. The

three other pigs were frightened and ran away into the bush. Since when they are staying there, even to this day.

That was the first time pigs were tamed by these people. Nowadays they are afraid of us because that stupid boy killed them with his dog. Now the bush pig is dangerous to us.

This village was called Tati. It is an inland village. That is the place where the first pig came from. It is a true story. My father told me this story. That's all.

[By Opa Tore, L.M.S., Moru, schoolboy.]

COMPETITION

Write an article about White Men's Wars. What do you think of them? Articles must reach the Editor by the 29th February, 1940

The Medical Patrol to the Gold Mines

One day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, I went to "fall in" at the office. After this I went to the road. Our *taubada*, Mr. Whitehouse, saw me on the road and called out my name, and I looked up and said, "Yes *Taubada*"; and our *taubada* said, "Come on then." I ran up the steps and he told me to go to the hospital and pack up medicines. Three of us were to go to the Gold Mines to see the work-boys there. Mr. Whitehouse and his cook-boy, Gibson, and I started off.

The Patrol

Then we started to walk to Bwagaioa at about quarter past nine. At Loaga we went up to the Mission Station; and then our *taubada* said to me, "You two boys wait down under the house." Then he went up to Mr. Bartlett's house and was still talking there for about 1½ hours. Afterwards he came down and said, "All right boys," and we started off again.

We went to the Quartz Mountain and stayed there because Mr. Whitehouse was talking to the Manager for about quarter of

an hour about his work-boys; to see whether they were all right or not. But the manager said his were all right. After this we walked to Oiapunu, where there were trucks coming to the Quartz Mountain right-of-way.

We looked at all the boys there but they were all right. But we stayed there for a short spell, because *taubada* and I went to see the boys' house and the small house. We came back to the house and my *taubada* said, "Wait there," and he went up to the house to drink tea in his friend's house. Behind he came down and we started our walk again.

Oiapunu to Sisa

When Mr. Whitehouse finished drinking tea and came outside we started to walk again to Reuben's place, where there was a store. But Mr. Whitehouse was very short of water and he asked Reuben to give him some water to drink. Then Reuben ran into his house and took a glass and ran down and gave *taubada* twice times; and *taubada* said, "Thank you Reuben."

Then we walked down in the big road where the lorries are running to Mr. Pentland's house, and our *taubada* said, "You two boys wait for me. I am going to Mr. Pentland's camp to tell him we are going on to Arakiriki to sleep there."

We Visit Mr. Pentland's Camp

Mr. Pentland saw Mr. Whitehouse coming and said, "Where are you going?" Then Mr. Whitehouse said, "I am going with these two boys to sleep in Arakiriki to-night." But Mr. Pentland wanted us to stay in his camp that night; so we stayed and we went to the boys' house down below Mr. Pentland's house.

Mr. Pentland told his cook-boy to take the billycan and cup and give Mr. Whitehouse's boys food. So he gave us four cups of rice and one tin of meat. Afterwards we went down to the kitchen and cooked our food and ate it finish. Then we went up to the boy camp tent-fly where they sleep, and for full night they gave us pillows, blankets and a mat to sleep on.

We Visit Arakiriki

At 9 o'clock we started off again on the track to go to Arakiriki. The sick boys there, about 5 of them, came to us and Mr. Whitehouse gave four of them 5 grains of quinine each. To one boy he gave an injection of

bismuth 2 cc. and then finished all boys. Then behind I went to the boys' house to have a spell. Then I went to *taubada* and said, "We two boys want to go on first to Sisa and wait for you there." So he said, "All right, you go and I come behind."

We went on and waited at Sisa about 4 hours and 5 minutes. Afterwards *taubada* came and stayed in Sisa about quarter of an hour.

We Leave Sisa

We started off again and while we were coming down the road between Sisa and Umuna there was a big heavy rain falling. So we went to the Umuna hospital until the rain finished. Then afterwards we saw all the sick boys in hospital, about 10 or 11 lying in their beds. I did not see them properly because Mr. Whitehouse said, "Don't you come inside the hospital." So I waited outside for *taubada*.

We Walk to Kulamulia

Then we walked to Kulamulia, and *taubada* went up to the Manager's house and talked there about the boys in hospital or in the mine, if they were sick or not. Then he came to the boy's house to see the boys, but they were all right. Behind we went to see patients in the hospital at quarter past six. But we never saw one patient inside the room.

Kulamulia to Bwagaioia

We started to walk about 7 o'clock at night. *Taubada* walks first, behind I walk next. We went up a hill to find Willie's place, and Dagora's place, and went on to Bwagaioia Village for the night. *Taubada* went to his house and I went to the hospital. I told one of our patients to bring cold water, and I went to bath. After I had finished my bath I ate *kaikai* and I went to bed at 10 past 8 o'clock.

The road was very bad because plenty of mud and water and I was very tired because of the long walk. The rain was falling every day, that made plenty of mud and water too.

This is the end of my story. Good-hye friends. Happy New Year to you all. Cheerio.

[By O. Bou Tauna, N.M.A., Misima.]