



Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist, Port Moresby

Adventures of Gagamo

This is the story of Armed Constable Gagamo of Babaga, in the Kokoda Mark. He is a little short policeman, but a strong one. He has a ready smile on his face, and he doesn't mind what happens. He has been in the Royal Armed Constabulary for 13 years and wears the Long Service Star.

Gagamo told his story to the Editor at Kariava at the beginning of this year. He is safe and sound now and doing his work and wearing his uniform again, though when you have heard his story you will think he is lucky to be alive. It is a long story and will take up a good deal of the paper, but that doesn't matter.

A Patrol from the Strickland River

About three years ago Gagamo went out on patrol from Daru with Mr. Claude Champion and a number of other policemen. They got on board the *Vailala* and went up the Fly River as far as the River Strickland. Then they turned into the Strickland and went on and on as far as the boat could go. Then they tied her up by the bank and got off all the food and baggage and camped on the shore.

They stayed there a day or two getting everything ready for the carriers, and then early in the morning they started their march away from the river. They went on through the bush till about midday. Then Mr. Champion looked at the watch on his wrist. He said, "It is 12 o'clock. We will stop and eat our food." So the rice was shelled out in the empty kerosene tins, and everybody waited and rested while the cook was making the dinner.



Armed Constable Gagamo

Gagamo Gets Lost

While they were waiting Mr. Champion told Gagamo to find a tall tree and climb it and look

round to see if he could find any villages. So Gagamo put down his rifle and sling-bag and took off his cartridge belt. He left them near Mr. Champion and went off to find a good tree. He was dressed only in his jumper and a light *rami* and a working belt, but he took an axe to cut the undergrowth.

When he found a big tree he tucked his axe into his belt and climbed it. But he found that there were tree-tops all round him and he could not see anything; so he climbed down again. He went up a little hill for another try, but he found it was no good, so he decided to return.

He crossed one little stream and then another; he went up one hill and down again; and another hill and down again; and still he found no police and carriers. Gagamo had lost his way. He sang out, but no one answered. So he kept on walking.

He Spends the Night in a Tree

It was now 6 o'clock, and Gagamo thought about retiring for the night. He did not want to sleep on the ground, for it was a strange place, so he climbed a tree and cut some boughs with his axe and made a good place to sit in; and so he stayed there all night like a bird in its nest. But he was very worried and slept badly.

In the morning he got down again and went on his way. He must find Mr. Champion. But he walked all day for nothing and slept again. This time he did not trouble to climb a tree, but slept on the ground.

He is Attacked by Two Men

Next day he went on again, and about 11 o'clock he came to a small stream. It was very hot, so he thought he would have a bathe.

So far he had not seen any men at all, but while he was splashing in the water two strange natives came creeping along with their bows and arrows. They had heard the splashing and no doubt thought it must be a pig or a cassowary. When they saw it was a man they did not care. They said, "We will shoot him anyway."

Gagamo was just pulling himself out of the water by a tree root when they shot. One arrow missed, but the other struck him in the arm, underneath. He jerked it out, seized his axe, which was lying just near, and rushed at the two men.

They were so surprised and frightened that they fled. One man tripped over a creeper. Gagamo was not near enough to hit him with his axe and he got away; but he did hit the man's hunting dog that was following him. He

lashed round with his axe and hit it on the head and killed it. And Gagamo was so wild with those men that he chopped the dog in pieces. (He could not eat it because he had no way to make a fire.)

Gagamo now leant against a tree until the blood stopped flowing from his wound. Then he put on his clothes and picked up the arrow that had wounded him (for evidence when he came to make a case) and went on his way.

He Comes Back to the Strickland

Gagamo cannot remember how many days he was wandering in the bush with no proper food to eat—only water to drink. He thinks it was ten or fifteen days. But each day he went a little further, and at last he came to a big river which turned out to be the Strickland. There he made a raft of bamboo and a little shelter, or house, on it. Then he sat on the raft and went floating downstream.

By and by he saw a coconut tree growing on the bank, the first good food he had seen since the cooks were boiling the rice two weeks ago. So he got his raft ashore and climbed the tree and cut down some nuts and split them open with his axe and had a good feed. Then he turned over and had a good sleep. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning.

He Finds the Old Camp

Next day he cut down all the remaining coconuts and put them on his raft and went floating downstream again. After several days he found the place where the *Vailala* had anchored and where the party had made camp on shore. But there was no sign of anybody. (After searching and searching Mr. Champion had thought that Gagamo had been killed by savage natives and his body taken away, and he had therefore gone on.)

After so many days the grass was already growing over the camping place. Still Gagamo, as he said, was a little bit glad to find the place, even though his friends were not to be seen.

He Meets Some Strange People

He stayed a day on shore and then went on down the river. Next day towards evening he met some people. An old woman saw him first and told her son. She said, "What man is that?" and the son came paddling across in a canoe and spoke to him. Gagamo did not know his language, but the man made signs to him to get into his canoe, so he did so, taking

his axe with him. He wondered if the man was going to kill him.

His Friend Ombure

The man's name, as Gagamo soon found out, was Ombure, and he and his old father and mother were good friends to our little policeman and saved his life. Now he sat in the middle of the canoe with Ombure while the father and mother sat one at each end. And so they paddled to the village.

Then all the people came pressing round, strange faces and not friendly ones. The chief man was named Teteva. He said, "Ombure, we will kill him." But Ombure folded his arms and sat still and did not speak.

Then the old man, Ombure's father, showed them where his arm had once been broken. Gagamo discovered later that this arm had been broken by a bullet, and now the old man was saying, "If we hurt this policeman, then the Government will be angry and someone else may have his arm broken by another bullet." He asked his son not to listen to Teteva, and then Ombure told all the people to go away, and they went. And so Gagamo was left with his friends.



A Monkey

Gagamo Gets Strong Again

Now they looked at his arm and took his jumper off and washed his wound. They made him lie down and lift his arm, and they made hot water in a green bamboo and poured it on the sore place.

Then they gave him sago and meat. Gagamo could hardly eat at first, but he soon began to

pick up. He said that after his hunger and wanderings his legs were like pieces of grass. But his friends looked after him so well that he soon got strong again and began to grow fat.

He stayed for a month at the village with Ombure and his family. But Teteva the chief and some others were not friendly, so they moved to a little island further down the river and stayed there in a garden house.

He Comes to Lake Murray

By now Gagamo was quite well, and he helped Ombure make a new canoe. In ten days it was finished, and he and Ombure and his father and mother all got in and they went down the Strickland towards the Fly. Ombure had said, "What about the pupupupu?" (by which he meant the Government launch, thinking of the noise of the engine). But Gagamo answered, "When we hear it don't you be frightened and run away. Taubada will give you a knife and axe for being my friend."

So they came to Lake Murray, and there Gagamo found some men who could talk Motu. Next day he even met an old friend, one of the Lake Murray men who had once been a policeman at Daru. So Gagamo felt he was now pretty safe.

He Meets the Government Again

Then one day they heard the pupupupu. (You must know that the Government had never given up looking for Gagamo, and now they had come again to Lake Murray.) Next day perhaps the launch would come to the island-village where Gagamo was staying. So they got all the canoes ready to go out to meet it. But Gagamo said, "You others wait; Ombure and I will go out first."

Now that night a man had brought news to Mr. Champion on the launch that Gagamo was still alive. He could hardly believe it. He said to that man, "My word, if you are lying I've a good mind to put you in gaol." But next day, as they were nearing the village, they saw the canoe with Gagamo and Ombure standing up in it and paddling out to meet them.

Gagamo told me that Mr. Turner, the Patrol Officer, put the "compasses" to his eyes (he meant the binoculars, or glasses) and said, "Yes, it really is Gagamo."

He Has a Wash and a Shave

Then the canoe came alongside the launch and Mr. Champion was mighty pleased to see his man again. The very first thing, Gagamo

and Ombure had to stand still in the canoe and have their pictures taken. Gagamo liked this well enough, but when Mr. Champion told him to come on board straight away and tell him all about everything, he was very shy. He apologized for his dirty skin and his beard—for he had been so long among the Fly River natives that he had grown one of their big black beards.

But his fellow policemen on the launch were keen to welcome him. They brought soap and hot water and he had a good wash and got his beard shaved right off. And one of his friends lent him a uniform, and in no time he looked like a policeman again.

Ombure Gets His Reward

Then he could talk better to Mr. Champion and he told him all about his adventures. And he made a very big talk about his friend Ombure who had stood up for him and saved his life. And, as a good end to Gagamo's story, you will be glad to know that Mr. Champion thanked Ombure as he deserved, and gave him a long knife, an axe, a parcel of salt, and some calicoes, handkerchiefs, matches and fish-hooks as a reward for helping one of the Government's men.

[Gagamo cannot write, but since he told his story so well he gets the 5s. prize for this month. Ed.]

The War

Russia

The biggest fighting still goes on in Russia. The German armies push and push from the West against Moscow, and further South they are trying to break into the Caucasus. Moscow is the capital city of Russia, and the Caucasus is the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. Both are very important: Moscow because it is the biggest city in Russia, and the Caucasus because it has oil wells, and the Germans want oil very badly. But though they keep on trying the Germans cannot break the Russian resistance.

In the meantime Britain and America are sending supplies to the Russians. That great country has more men than the Germans, but not so many arms. What they want is guns and tanks and aeroplanes, and all these are pouring into Russia by the back door.

The Japanese

Last month we told you about the Japanese. They are not in the war, and we hope they will not be silly enough to come in.

They are having talks with America; and although they are a very fierce people we hope they will not be fierce enough to take on a fight with such a big enemy.

If Japan began a war she would have to fight all the "A B C D" powers. They are America, Britain, China and the Dutch East Indies.

North Africa

The latest big news about the war comes from North Africa. Here our British forces have begun a big attack on the Germans and the Italians. They have pushed Westwards from Egypt into Libya and have moved very fast. There are British, South African, New Zealand, Australian and Indian troops fighting on our side, and they have a great many tanks and guns. It is a big battle and it will last days and weeks. Our men have begun very well.

Ground Nuts

Ground nuts will grow well in Papua; Papuans like to eat them; and they are easy to grow. They are sometimes called Peanuts, because the plant is a sort of pea. This is another good thing about it; for plants of this kind do good to the soil.

The native gardeners of Tonga are being advised to grow ground nuts. It would be good advice for the native gardeners of Papua also.

Native Art

We read in the African paper *Listen* about an African native who has done a lot for the "arts and crafts" of his country.

Arts and crafts are things like painting, drawing, pottery, string-work, wood-carving—things that you have to do with your hands, doing them as well as you can. You work carefully and thoroughly; the thing looks good when you have finished it; and you say, "Not so bad! My handiwork!"

Mosi Yeyap

The African native is named Mosi Yeyap. He lives in West Africa, where the old-time people did fine wood-carving, moulding clay, and casting brass. Mosi saw that the present-day people were not as good as the old ones at doing these things. The old artists were dying off and the young people were not interested.

They found that they could buy things instead of having to make them. But Mosi knew that it was worth making things well with your hands just for the sake of making them, and he has a plan for keeping the arts and crafts of West Africa alive.

A Native Museum

First he has a museum. This is a big house in which he keeps good specimens of the old-time arts and crafts—things that master-hands of earlier times have made. Anyone can go to see them. They are examples. Young people of to-day can see this old work and say, "Perhaps we can do as well or better."



A Lion

Native Teachers

Then he got together a group of the older artists to be head-teachers. Young men and women who are lucky enough to have clever fingers and who love making things well watch them at work and learn their ways. These are the under-teachers. And the under-teachers teach the pupils in the schools.

In this way all the boys and girls in Mosi's district have some training in the old arts and crafts. Some of the young pupils are clumsy. But many are quite skilful, and these come near to being artists. They enjoy their work and are all the better for it. And a few—sometimes perhaps only one in a hundred—are really good. These are the true artists. Sometimes they copy the old things, and they make quite new things, new ideas of their own. They turn out good work because they are not satisfied unless it is the best they can do.

Why Not Do the Same in Papua?

We wish all success to Mosi Yeyap and his school of arts and crafts. The present-day people can do as well as the old-time people if they are interested and try.

We have already suggested this sort of thing to you in Papua. It is a sad thing that some of the old arts and crafts—pottery, wood-carving, string-work, etc.—are not as good now as they used to be. We want to bring the old ones back to life and to have new ones as well.

The Papuan Villager hopes that the Missionaries will encourage and help all the Mosi Yeyaps in this country.

The Rhinoceros Beetle

You all know what a beetle is, and some of you know what a rhinoceros is, though none of you (unless you have been to the Sydney Zoo) have ever seen one.

The rhinoceros is nearly as big as an elephant. He is something like a giant pig—a hundred pigs in one—and he has a big horn on his nose. He lives in Africa.

It is a good thing that we do not have rhinoceroses living in the tops of our coconut trees, but unfortunately we do have some rhinoceros beetles living there. They are big strong beetles, and they have spikes on their noses. That is why we call them rhinoceros beetles.

They do a great deal of harm to the coconut trees. Boys on coconut plantations know what

they are like, for they have to catch and kill them. They also kill the grubs from which the beetles grow.

But there are other and better ways of keeping the rhinoceros beetles in their place. Some clever men have learnt that a certain kind of wasp is fond of rhinoceros beetle grubs, and in some of the Pacific Islands the copra people have got the wasp for their ally.

The wasps were found in Madagascar and carried all the way to Samoa in the Pacific. There they were let loose to make war on the rhinoceros beetle. They do so by eating the grubs.

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The Hookworm

For years past the Medical Department has been giving hookworm medicine free to the villagers of Papua. The Medical Assistants know all about the hookworms, and how they get into you, and how they do you harm. If you ask them when they are in your village we are sure they will be glad to tell you more than we tell you here.

The hookworm is a very small worm about a quarter of an inch long. He has a sort of hook on one end of him, and by this he hangs on to the lining of your gut. He gives you more than a stomachache. He can make you weak and tired and breathless; and worse than that, he helps other diseases to get hold of you.

It is not one hookworm that does this, but many. They all hang on to the inside of you by their hooks and they eat your health up.

How You Get Hookworm

The hookworms lay their eggs inside you and these pass out on to the ground with your *kukuri*. The eggs hatch out into tiny little worms, so small that you could hardly see them, and these live in muddy, damp places. When you walk about in these places the tiny little worms get into the skin of your feet and work themselves up in your body till they find your gut and hang on there by their hooks. There they grow up and lay their eggs; these are passed out to the ground again; and so the thing goes on.

Another way of getting hookworm is to drink water with the little worms in it.

How to Prevent Hookworm

(1) See that you have a proper *kukuri* place, so that you do not walk where others have done *kukuri*. The sea is all right for those who live

by the sea. If you live in the bush you must be as careful as you can. It is a good idea to dig holes and cover them over from time to time.

(2) Be careful not to drink water from near any *kukuri* place.

(3) Take the hookworm medicine when it is given to you. It drives the hookworms out of your body and kills them.

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Women Work for the War

When a country goes to war many things have to be changed. One of the biggest changes is that women have to take the places of the men who have gone to fight in all sorts of work.

They become "tram conductors" (selling tickets to people who want to travel on the trams); they become munition workers (making guns and shells for the army); they drive lorries and deliver goods to people; they collect all sorts of things, like old newspapers and bottles and sell them to be used again; they have gone to work on the land to help the farmers; and many of them are taking men's jobs in offices.

Perhaps the greatest of all changes has been in Russia, where women have become soldiers and have fought for their country. I do not think any British women have done this, but some have been used by the Air Force to fly aeroplanes to places where they are needed.

If the war goes on a long time women will have more and more to take the place of the men who have gone away, for we are going to win this war, and the women are just as sure of this as the men are. So they are working and doing their best.

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Medals for Two Rabaul Natives

Two men of Rabaul have won medals of the Royal Humane Society for bravery. Tomat got a silver medal, and Tokalule a bronze medal.

This is how they won them. A number of natives were bathing when one of them was attacked by a shark. Tomat and Tokalule went to his help in the water. The shark had him by the wrist, but they dragged him away and brought him to shore. The man died later.

Native Contributions

Drilling on the Bamu River

I am going to talk about the Conrad Drilling Oil Field and why they erected a third and fourth oil camp.

This is a very marvellous work and not the same as gold mining or any other field mining. It is very splendid because the men don't dig; it is only drilling, and the machine digs the hole by itself.

Dear Friends, before I came here I thought they dug holes with picks and spades. When I arrived I was very surprised to see this marvellous drilling. Because, although the stones are very hard and difficult to stab through, these drills make the work very easy. The pipes were 2 inch and 3 inch and 6 inch and they went deep into the ground.

[By Ova-Boge, N.M.A., Conrad Party, Bamu River.]



Scene on the Strickland River

Now Conrad No. 1 was spoilt because the pipe they put into the ground would no longer turn round. It was stuck, and when they tried to pull it out it would not come. That was why they went to erect a new building, a new camp at Apinaipi. This new camp was 120 to 130 miles away from the old camp.

This party called it No. 3 Camp and they took everything there from the old camp. The Conrad Drilling No. 2 Camp is dispersed now for the pipe broke inside the ground. This one (No. 3) too broke as they tried to pull it out of the ground. So they went and cut another place in the bush again at Vavoi River and they erected a camp there. This they called No. 4 Camp.

The Dugong

The dugong is something like a pig. It has no legs or arms but it uses its flippers. The dugong's face looks very much like the pig's face too and it has a tail like a propeller. The body of the dugong is very, very, thick. The big dugong has a very hard skin, but the little one has a soft skin. When the dugong is young it has a lot of fat in its body, but when it grows up it loses this fat. It has a little fat under its chin and a little in its tail. But most of its body is hard, and it is very fleshy.

The strange thing about the dugong is that it has no smell at all. It tastes very much like turtle. When the dugong lies down on the canoe or on the platform it looks just like a pig. It has a very big body and this has hair all over it but it is very slippery all the same. The skin of the dugong is brown with a white chest. When it is cooked and the brown skin is taken away the underneath is a kind of light blue.

Another thing is that the dugong has one baby at a time. It feeds the baby with its own milk just as our mothers feed their babies. The dugong looks after its baby very well too.

How it Lives

It lives near the reef in the deep water. We often see it above the water. When the dugong hears a canoe coming it dives quickly down under the water. Sometimes we see it swimming about to and fro having great fun. It eats seaweed and soft sand. Sometimes it swims up a river and then comes back again to the sea. It loves to swim about with its baby.

Very often when the dugong goes up the rivers near Hula it fights with a crocodile. In the sea it fights with the shark. These two creatures bite the dugong and it dies.

How it is Caught

Hula men catch the dugong with big strong nets and to do this they go out in big double canoes. They know where the dugong lives and they sail to this place. When they arrive they let down one end of the net into the water and paddle round the place till the rest of the net is in the water. Then one canoe stops at one end of the net and another canoe waits at the other end.

In other canoes are still more men and these make a loud noise to frighten the dugong. The frightened dugong then rushes towards the net and the men watch very carefully the pieces of wood that are tied to the net. They know that if those pieces of wood stand up straight in the water then the dugong is in the net. So they haul up the net into the canoe with the dugong in it. Then they begin to dance and sing as loudly as they can.

This is the song:—

"Oula, oula, oula Alepa walo ai e
Gatanai o gata vanevane e
Oirele loualiakapualia iu."

These words are very old and we don't know what they mean. But the men always sing this song when they catch the dugong.

[By Eileen Tom, Raukele.]

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Black and White Magic

Before I go any further I would like to say that the writer of this article has now completed three years service at Ioma.

I want to tell you a little of Sorcery in Papua. In some parts it is gradually dying out but in other parts it is still very much alive. The belief in sorcery will, I say, never be extirpated, for one finds it among the most highly-civilized tribes of Papua. But it may be minimized.

One reported case, for instance, from the Gira River in the Northern Division, was of a canoe that upset in the river and one of the crew was swept away and drowned before the eyes of the whole village. The death was attributed to sorcery. It appears that the sorcerer takes up the imprint of the man's foot from the mud (the whole village is mud in these parts) and throws it into the river. After that the man will surely be drowned.

War Gifts

Send your shilling to the Government Printer
Ask your friends to HELP WIN THE WAR
Read your name and address in "The
Papuan Villager"

I, Asagi G. Awaga, say that this "black magic" was punished with a brief term of imprisonment.

"White magic" is sometimes practised to secure a plentiful crop of yams and this is not interfered with. The garden magician is known as Aikembo. I will explain this kind of magic. It is made to ensure a good harvest and the magician visits the gardens, armed with his wand, crooning an incantation, and throwing portions of soil behind him on either side (it is essential that a number of ants be mingled with the soil). He also takes a number of leaves and blades of grass and beats them into pieces with his Asisi, or magic wand. Then he pushes the Asisi stick into the ground and sways his body to and fro, moving the Asisi stick from side to side as well as up and down. After this the magician goes each day through the garden singing his songs to the growing crops.

Well I'd better conclude here my short article.

[By Asagi G. Awaga, native clerk, Ioma.]

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