

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist.

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Quaint Papuan Stories :: :: Papuan Pictures

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THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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A Papuan Newspaper.

THIS paper is for the people of Papua. It is not for the white men (they have a paper of their own). It is for the brown men, and it will tell you about the things that belong to you. It is called *The Papuan Villager* because it tells about the Papuans and the things they do in their villages.

There are many kinds of people in this big country. There are dark-skinned Kiwais in the West; there are pale-skinned Suau men in the East; and there are many other kinds. You will read about them in this paper.

Some live by the sea; some live in the high, cold mountains; some live in the swamps or by the big rivers. You will read about the places they live in.

You will read about their work. For they all make gardens, or hunt pigs and wallabies, or go fishing on the reef.

You will read about the things they make: their spears, their bows and arrows, their carved drums, their mats and fishing-nets, their canoes and houses.

You will see pictures of their ornaments; for they all put things round their arms or necks, or through their noses and ears. They make these ornaments of shell, or pigs' teeth, or dogs' teeth, or beads, or feathers. And they look very fine when they put them on and dance.

They often paint their faces and dance and sing; they often kill pigs and make big feasts; they often make

a ceremony. "Ceremony" is a big word, but it only means this: people come together in one place; and there they do what their fathers told them to do long ago; and they feel that they are doing a holy thing. All Papuans know how to make ceremonies. And you will read about them in this paper.

You will read many old stories also. They are about the people who lived long ago. Some of them are true, and many are not true. But you will like to hear them, because they are all about Papua.

Every month we shall try to fill the paper with things about Papua. We want you to think of these things and be proud of them. The Government does not want you to throw away all your old fashions. Some of them you must throw away. The people must not fight with spears or arrows any more; they must not pretend to kill one another with bad magic; they must not bury the dead inside the village. Those are bad fashions.

But you have learnt many good ones from your fathers. These good fashions you should hold fast. Perhaps the *Papuan Villager* will help you to keep them and to be proud of them.

The English Language.

The paper is written in English, because the Government want you to learn the white man's language. There are many languages in Papua—Kiwai, Namau, Motu, Suau, Binandele and many others—more than a hundred of them. The white man cannot learn them all. It is better then for the Papuans to learn the white man's language. Then he will understand you; and you will under-

stand him. And that will be a good thing, for he can teach you a lot that is new.

If you try hard to learn English, someday you will be able to read the white man's books. But now we hope you will try to read this paper.

Many of you will not understand it yet. If you do not, then ask your friend, or your teacher, or your tau-bada or your sinabada to help you; and if you are still at school try hard to learn English.

Pay for the Paper.

We hope this paper will be ready for you every month. You must pay for it, just as the white man must pay for his paper. It will cost 3d.; or if you pay 2s. at the beginning you will get a copy every month for a year.

We want you to keep the newspapers. Do not throw them away. They are printed on strong paper that will last a long time (it is not much good for cigarettes). By and by you can bind them together like a book.

Help to Write the Paper.

We want many people to help us write this newspaper; and we want the Papuans themselves to help.

If you can write English, send letters to us and tell us about your people. Tell us what they do and what they make. Write down some of the old stories and send them. Then we shall try to put some of your letters in the paper.

You must send your letters to "The Editor, *Papuan Villager*."

This paper is for the Papuans. It is for you. We hope you will try to read it; we hope you will like it; we hope it will do you good.

Snake-Bite.

Poisonous Snakes.

MOST countries have snakes. Some snakes are poisonous and others are not. The very big snakes are not poisonous. It is very easy to tell if one is bitten by a bad kind of snake. These only make two teeth-marks, like this • •

Many Papuan people die when they are bitten by a bad snake, because they do not know how to stop the snake poison getting into their blood.

White people know what to do and what medicine to use, so that they do not die when a snake bites them. And if you learn this you will know what to do, so that you need not be frightened if you get bitten by a snake.

How to Cure Snake-Bite.

If the snake bites you on the foot you must quickly cut the place with a knife or piece of glass or bamboo, so that the blood will run; then tie a string or piece of vine very tight close to the bitten place, but a little above it, nearer to the body; then tie another string just above your knee.

You tie these to stop the bad blood going high up into the body. After you tie these strings, your leg will get big and very sore, and you will want to take the strings off. But you must keep your leg tied up for four or five hours; only every hour you can loose strings for a minute or two, then tie them tight again.

Medicine for Snake-Bite.

White people, when they have to walk about where there are lots of snakes, carry a little bottle with red medicine that is very good for curing snake poison. They put this medicine into the place where they cut the snake's bite; but they also tie the leg up in the two places, like you have been told to. If you like you can ask the Missionary or Magistrate for a little of this red snake medicine so that you can take it with you when you go to make gardens or to hunt in the bush.

When you have learnt how to stop snake poison you should show all your friends. By and by all New Guinea people will learn how to do this; then they will not die when a snake bites them.

—“*Lagani-Namo.*”

Election at Poreporena.

ON Friday, 18th January, the new Councillors were chosen at Poreporena. (Poreporena is the big name for three villages—Hanuabada, Elevala and Tanobada.)

When the white people choose their Councillors in Australia they call it an “election”; and this time there was an election at Poreporena. All the people “vote”; and this is how they do it.

Each man has a piece of paper, and he makes marks on it to show who he wants for Councillors. Then he puts his paper into a box (called a ballot-box), and afterwards these papers are all counted. The men who get the most votes are the new Councillors.

Thirty men were ready to be Councillors; but there were only twelve places for them to fill. You will see how many votes each man got. The men who got in are marked*

HANUABADA.

	VOTES.
1. Taumaku Madai*	174
2. Tutara Igo*	165
3. Udu Rova*	150
4. Motu Nonuka*	145
5. Taumaku Sere*	144
6. Peter John*	139
7. Daera Guba	130
8. Pita Vagi	107
9. Lahui Morea	87
10. Arua Gavera	85
11. Gabe Kari	84
12. Lahui Iva	73
13. Mia Daera	72
14. Igo Gau	68
15. Arua Tahui	52
16. Daroa Lohia	41

HOHODAE.

1. Kabua Gairo*	38
2. Garia Vagi*	33
3. Alua Ganiga	27
4. Ahuia Ova	23
5. Boge Maraga	7

ELEVALA.

1. Paranika (Frank Rei)*	122
2. Heni Keni*	89
3. Igo Erua	67
4. Sisia Vaieke	36

TANOBADA.

1. Raho Rakatani*	63
2. Lohia Kamen*	58
3. Gari Doura	40
4. Morea Kamea	26
5. Lohia Gabe	21

The people nearly all voted. Only a few forgot to come. The women voted as well as the men; and I believe they were quicker than the men. Some of the people took so long to

vote that we got rather tired. The oldest man was Mabata. He told me all about the Councillors. He ought to be Chairman of the Council himself; but I think he does not want to. He is 69 years old. Another very old man was Tau Ova. He voted very well, but he would not mark the paper himself. He said his eyes were no good. The oldest woman voter was Girigiari. She ran into the Council House because she thought she was late; and she very nearly fell down. A lot of the Hanuabada women wanted to vote for all the sixteen men. Perhaps they thought six Councillors were not enough for their village.

The Council will last for three years. After that there will be another election; and then the people can change the men if they want to.

The old Council is finished now but it has done good work. The Chairman or head was Ahuia Ova. The head of the Council is called the Chairman because he sits in a chair at the end of the table in the Council house. Ahuia has worked hard and has been a good friend of the Government. He knows, too, that the Government is a good friend to the Papuans. We hope that the new Council will do good work like the old one.

Fishing at Karama.

IN the South-East season the sea is very rough on the coast of the Gulf Division. But in the North-West season the water is smooth, and then the villagers go fishing.

Using the Big Net.

At Karama and other places they have big nets called *lehe*. Each *eravo* (or men's house) has a *lehe* of its own and all the men go fishing together. Some men stand on shore and hold one end of this big net. They hold it by a rope, while the net is piled up on a big canoe. Then the canoe paddles away, and as it goes the men throw out the net. They keep on throwing it out and the canoe goes round and comes back to shore further down the beach. Here the men get out and hold the other end of the net. Now they begin to pull it in. They pull it

man named Edai Siabo showed them; and they did what he told them to do. Edai Siabo came from the village of Boera. He went fishing with his friends; and they slept at a small island called Hidiha. But while they slept, *Dakwala*, a sea-eel came, took hold of Edai Siabo, and he pulled him down under the water. There all night he talked to him and told him how to make *lakatoi*. In the morning Edai's friends woke up and found him gone. But they saw his legs sticking out under a rock; and they pulled him out. And although his belly was full of saltwater he was not quite dead. They took him home to Boera, and he got better. And then he told them all about the *lakatoi*: he told them how to lash the canoes together; how to make the deck; how to put up the masts and sails; how to make magic so that the *lakatoi* sail fast; how to load them with pots and arm-shells.

At first they laughed at him; but at last they did what he said and made *lakatoi*; and Edai Siabo told them to sail away when *Laurabada*, the South-East wind, was nearly finished.

"Toretore," the Race.

After that they sent *lakatoi* every year. They build them very carefully. When they are finished they have a race. They call this *toretore*. When the *lakatoi* race the girls dance on a platform; some of the young men hold the steering oars; some of them beat the bamboos called *sede*; some climb into the rigging. They all shout, for they want to win the race.

The "Lakatoi" in the Western Villages.

After the *toretore* they sail away. They sail away with *Laurabada*, the South-East wind, behind them. Some go to Motumotu, some to Kerema, some to Vailala, some to Maipua, some to Ukiravi, some to Kaimare, and some to other places.

Then they anchor in the big rivers. They bring out their pots and arm-shells and give them to the people there. These people give them sago in exchange. They also cut down big trees and give them to the Motu and Koitapu. And the Motu and Koitapu make them into new canoes.

Coming Home.

They stop two or three months in the West. When they have finished they lash all the canoes together. Now the *lakatoi* are very big; sometimes they have twelve or thirteen canoes each. They load up the sago and sail home, with *Lahara*, the North-West wind, behind them.

The Motu women are very glad to see their husbands come back. And there will be plenty of food in the villages. They have brought a lot of sago.

"Lakatoi" Lost at Sea.

Sometimes the *lakatoi* are lost at sea. This year the Hanuabada and Elevala people had very bad luck. They sent out eight *lakatoi*, but most of them were broken up by the big seas near Oiyapu. Seven of them came back. Their pots were broken and they brought very little sago. Only one stopped to get sago and new canoes. This *lakatoi* had Ako Lahui and Morea Gau for captains. It went to the village of Lese.

The others had bad luck. But we hope that the Motu and Koitapu people will try again and send many *lakatoi* this year.

The Hanuabada and Elevala "Lakatoi."

These are the *lakatoi* that sailed from Port Moresby. Each *lakatoi* has a name. Each one has two captains. The first captain is called the *baditauna*; the second captain is called the *doritauna*. Their names are given.

Lakatoi Name.	Baditauna.	Doritauna.
Bogebada ...	Garia Vagi of Dubara	Gabe Kari of Mavara.
Bogebada ...	Hare Mase of Qaradubuna	Ikau Sere of Mavara.
Bogebada and Oalabada	Kohu Vagi of Qaradubuna	Dai Oala of Tubumaga.
Bogebada and Oalabada	Goru Heni of Gunina	Edea Uda of Tubumaga.
Kevaubada ...	Ako Lahui of Gunina	Morea Gau of Gunina.
Kevaubada and Bogebada	Gabe Rei of Gunina	Kikana Uda of Botai.
Bogebada ...	Igo Naime of Vahoi	Rei Gamu of Mavara.
Kevaubada ...	Laloaru Keni of Gunina	Bau Moi of Gunina.

Village News at Baniara.

SOME people near Baniara write down their village news on paper.

One boy writes what all the other people do every day. Some of them go to their gardens; some go and cut down a sago palm and make sago; some go to the bush and cut sticks to tie up their yams; some of them build a new house; some of them hunt with dogs; and some of them walk about to see their friends in other villages. On Sunday they go to church.

When a man dies they put down his name on the paper. When the people make a feast they count the yams and coconuts. When a boat comes (like the *Ruby* or the *Mac-Laren King* or the *Laurabada*) they write down when she anchors and when she sails.

Mr. Atkinson, the Magistrate, told the people to write these things. If they do it well he will send the paper to the other villages. Then the people will read what their friends do every day.

The people of Bogaboga Villages and the people of Iriwowona have written papers; they wrote something every day for a month. By and by other villages may do the same.

The Moon and the Pig-Jaw.

THE people in a Mambare Village once killed a pig. They cut it up and shared it out. All the people had some; and they gave the jaws to an old woman and her little boy.

The old woman ate her half. The little boy went down to the river to swim; he left his half tied to the veranda of the house.

When he came back the bone was not there. Nobody could find it in the village. Then they saw a new light in the sky. It was curved, like the pig-jaw. Then they knew that the pig-jaw had gone up into the sky.

They sang out, "What are you?" And the light in the sky answered, "My name is *Kariga*, the Moon."

Suau Wood Carving.

THE best wood-carvers of Papua live in the Trobriand Islands. But there are other people who can carve nearly as well; and we show you here some pictures of what the Suau men can do.

The men who live about Suau Island and Fife Bay carve ornaments for their canoes; they carve the handles and the points of their paddles; they carve floats for their fish-nets; they carve the handles for their stone axes; they carve lime-sticks; and they carve little bowls in which the old men break up their betel-nut (for these old men are so old that all their teeth are gone and they have to make the betel-nut soft before they can chew it).

Pictures of Suau Carving.

The first two pictures are of paddle-handles.

(a) One of them is like a bird with a hooked beak; perhaps it is a sea-gull.

(b) The other is said to be a fish called *Odohi* with his double tongue poking out. (I have never seen a fish quite like this one; but all the fishes that the Suau men carve have very long tongues.)

(c) In the next picture you see the two of them together—the fish and the bird. This is the end of the big beam that lies in the middle underneath the Suau houses. Some of the new houses have no carved beam like this, because the people who build them are too lazy. But it is an old fashion and a good fashion: all the best Suau houses have a carved beam underneath, and it is painted in red, white and black.

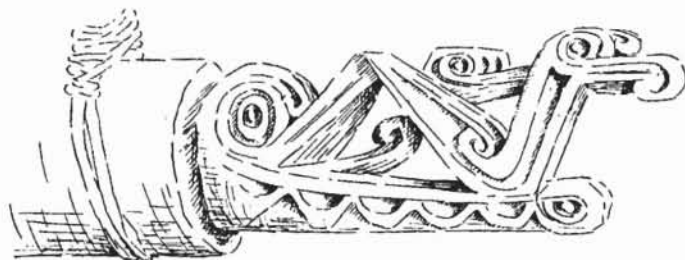
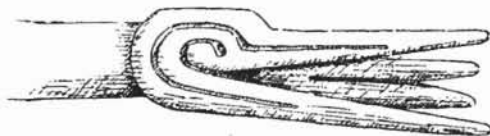
(d) The next picture shows you the handle of a lime-stick, and this time you can see two birds. The man who carved it told me the big one was a black cockatoo and the small one was its baby; but I thought the big one looked more like a hornbill with his long beak, and the small one like a sea-gull.

(e) This pattern which you can see on the lime-stick handle is found very often in the carvings of the Suau people. They call it *Erepa*, "a knife-stick," because they carved it so often



(a) PADDLE HANDLE.

(b) PADDLE HANDLE



(c) CARVED HOUSE BEAM



(d) HANDLE OF LIME-STICK



(e) THE PATTERN "EREPA"



(f) PART OF AXE-HANDLE

on the hard flat pieces of palm-wood that are like big knives.

(f) You see the *Erepa* pattern again in the last picture. This picture is part of the handle of an axe.

What is an Artist?

Not all the Suau people can carve well. But there are some who like to sit down and work and work at making these things. We call these men artists, because they like doing things well and making them look fine and pretty. There are some artists in every village in Papua—in Wedau, in Hanuabada, in Motumotu, in Kaimare and all the other villages. Some of them are men and some are women; some are artists at making pots, some

at building houses, some at painting bark-cloth, some at singing songs. All the people who like to do their work well and make it look nice are artists; and every man can be a little bit of an artist if he tries. The old-time Papuans knew how to make many things: the people of to-day should try to make them just as well as their fathers did.

On the photo page you will see pictures of some of the Suau men at work. They live in the village of Sapauri, on the mainland near Suau Island. The older man is named Banieva; the younger man is Ninia. Both of them are true artists.

Dugong-Catching at Suau

How we Catch Dugongs in our Village at Suau.

FIRST we get our nets ready, then we look for the dugong's feeding-places. One night we wait till the dugong (*luni*) has come to get sea-grass to eat, then we go quietly and drop our nets into the water. Some of us go right behind the feeding-place and drive the dugong to the nets.

Two or three boys with their ropes jump into the water and tie the ropes to the dugong's tail. Then they take the ends of the ropes and make them fast to the side of our canoes. We shout and beat our paddles inside of our canoes so that everybody in the village will know we have caught a dugong.

Then we bring it ashore and cut it up, both sides first, then the tail and whole body. The body is given to the boys who tied the ropes on to the dugong's tail. The head, which has a beard, is given to the Chiefs of other villages; all the rest is divided among the people.

Chiefs of other villages afterwards pay for the head and beard in bundles of sago and other food. The bones of the head and the beard are returned to the master or chief of the net, so that he will be able to keep them in his place, and always know how many dugongs (*luni*) we have caught.

By Nansen K.

[This is written for the *Papuan Villager* by a Papuan. Nansen K. is clerk in the Magistrate's Office at Rigo. He is the first Papuan to help with the paper.]

The Little Girl and the Cockle-Shell.

A LITTLE girl went down to the sea in Mullins Harbour, and there she found a cockle-shell. She took it home to her village and made a very small fire all by herself: and in it she roasted the cockle-shell.

Then she wanted to go and play. So she said to her mother, "Please look after my cockle-shell. When I have finished playing I will come and

eat it." So off she went and her mother looked after the shell.

By and by the little girl came back. She said, "Now I am hungry: I will eat my cockle-shell." So she opened it.

Now a cockle-shell is like an oyster. When you open it, one side is full of meat and the other side is empty. But the little girl did not know this. She thought both sides should be full of meat; and she was very angry with her mother.

She said, "You have stolen half my cockle-shell. You have eaten it while I was playing." Her mother said, "No. Don't be a silly little girl. All cockle-shells are like that—half full and half empty. Open another and see."

But the little girl cried and cried and would not listen. At last the mother got angry and threw the cockle-shell at her. It hit her on the forehead and cut her. The red blood ran down and the little girl went away and turned into a Bunebune bird.

She flew up into the trees; and since then the Bunebune has a red mark on its forehead where the little girl was cut by the cockle-shell.

The Abau Alligator.

THIS is news from Abau. Mr. Flint, the Magistrate, has sent it.

A big alligator used to swim in the water near Domara and Duramu; and it used to eat the people. They said it had eaten "hundreds." That cannot be true. But Mr. Flint knows it ate three men; and this is how he found out.

The policeman Waramai shot the alligator with his rifle. He saw it sleeping on the sand-beach near Duramu. He is a good shot, and he shot the alligator with one cartridge, and hit it in the belly. It died straight away.

The Duramu people were very glad. They said Waramai was a very good boy. Then they cut up the alligator; and they found many bones inside it. They found heads of dogs and pigs;

and they found three heads of men. So we know the alligator ate three men.

They found some man's hair too. A widow said it belonged to her dead husband; for the alligator had eaten him. She kept the hair.

The Domara people ate the alligator. The Duramu people would not eat it, because it had eaten their countrymen.

Mother Earth Talks.

Brown Mother Earth said, "Oh, my sons, Dig deep, and deeper still; I cannot give you food in full, If you the soil don't till."

"The wooden sticks your fathers used, To break the garden soil, Were silly things and could not give Big food for all the toil."

"I'm waiting now," said Mother Earth, "To see men work aright, When from my breast will spring great heaps Of *kaema* sweet and white!"

"Take spades and hoes and rakes of iron, And dig and turn and clean, And I'll to you give *taitu* large, And yams you've never seen!"

"And *tohu* high, and *biku* long, And taro thick as trees; But dig you must with iron tools, If these my gifts you'll seize."

— "&c."

This has been written by a man called "&c." "&c." is not his real name. It is only his mark.

The brown Earth (or ground) is like your Mother. She gives you your food. Do what she tells you to do. Then you will have better food. You will have plenty of sweet potatoes (*kaema*) and round yams (*taitu*); and your sugar-cane (*tohu*) will grow high and your bananas (*biku*) will be long fat ones.

The white men use "spades and hoes and rakes of iron" in their gardens. If you use them you will be able to do better work. You can see these things on the Government Station or at the Mission. Learn how to use them. Save your money and buy them for yourselves.

KATHLEEN GIBSON

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it to you.

PUBLIC CURATOR.

Musical Instruments.

ON page 5 you see four pictures of men with musical instruments. Papuans have a great number of musical instruments and they are very fond of them. If you know how to play them you can make nice noises; and if you do not you can usually make nasty noises (though when I tried the Jew's harp I could not make any noise at all).

These men come from the Morehead River which is away in the West. The first has a Jew's harp made of bamboo. (You can buy a Jew's harp made of iron, but it is no better than this, and if you lose it you cannot make another like it.)

The second has a bamboo pipe. He is not smoking tobacco; he is playing a very pretty tune, like a bird singing.

The third has an instrument called a *Dongel-dongel*. It is made of bamboo. You lift up a thin piece of bamboo-skin, but do not tear it off. Next you put little pieces of wood under the strip of skin to keep it tight; then you twang it with your finger, or hit it lightly with a little stick. It makes a noise like "*dongel, dongel, dongel*" and that is why they give it this name.

The last picture shows a kind of Pan-pipe. You tie four pieces of bamboo together. The pieces are of different length, some long and some short; and they must be open at both ends. Then you blow gently on it.

This pipe has nothing to do with a frying-pan. We call it a Pan-pipe because long ago a white man called Pan used to have one like it. He had no clothes; and lived in the forest like a Papuan.

[There are many other musical instruments in Papua. The Editor would like to hear about them. Write and tell him about them and send him a picture. Or, if you like, send him the instrument in a parcel.]

Cricket.

The Test Matches.

EVERY few years England plays Australia at cricket. Sometimes the Englishmen come to Australia, and sometimes the Australians go to England.

When the English team plays the Australian team they call it a "Test" match, because they want to test or try which is the better side. They have played test matches for many years, since 1880. Australia has won 47 and England 46, so they are nearly square.

This time the English team is in Australia. They have played 4 test matches and England has won 4.

The last match is not yet finished.

Latest Scores.

ENGLAND.		AUSTRALIA.	
FIRST INNINGS.		FIRST INNINGS.	
Jardine ...	19	Jackson ...	30
Hammond ...	38	Kippax ...	38
Hobbs ...	142	Ryder ...	30
Tyldesley ...	31	Woodful ...	102
Duckworth ...	12	Bradman ...	123
Hendren ...	95	Fairfax ...	65
Larwood ...	4	Oldfield ...	6
Geary ...	4	Oxenham ...	7
Tate ...	15	Wall ...	9
Leyland ...	137	Hornabrook ...	26
White (not out)	9	Grimmet (not out)	38
Sundries ...	13	Sundries ...	16
Total ...	519	Total ...	490

ENGLAND (SECOND INNINGS) 1 for 18.

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