

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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The Village Councils.

IN this month's paper we tell you how the Hanua-bada people chose their new Councillors. But Hanua-bada is not the only village that has a Council. Many places in Papua now choose their best men for this work; and it is their business to look after the village and to think of wise things for the villagers to do.

The First Council.

The first Village Council was in the Western Division near Daru. This was many years ago; and the Councillors used to wear a blue woollen jersey with "Councillor" written over their chests. After that there were Councils at Baniara in the North-Eastern Division; and then at last they had them in all the divisions of Papua.

The Councillor's Medal.

Now the Councillors do not wear a big blue jersey. But they have a medal which they hang round their necks to show they are big men, or Councillors. This is a very good change, for the Papuans do not need clothes; and I always think a medal is cooler than a jersey.

The White Man's Parliament.

The white men have Councils of their own. They call them Parliaments. The white Councillors sit down together in a big house called the House of Parliament; and there they talk a lot. One man gets up and talks while the others listen to him. Sometimes he talks so long

that some of them fall asleep. But in the end they decide what to do; they make laws, and all the people must obey the laws.



A MANAGALASI MAN WITH TATTOO.

The Council Cannot Make Laws or Hold Court.

The Papuan Councils are something like this; but they cannot do as much as the Parliament. The Councillors are not as wise as the white men, so they cannot always decide what to do; and they cannot make laws. Instead the people must obey the laws that the Government gives them, because these are good ones. They are better than the Councillors can make.

The Council cannot hold Court, because they do not know how to. Long ago the white men learned from their fathers how to hold Court. That is why they know how to do it now. The Government can find out if a man is guilty. But the Councillors never made Court before. If they tried I think the villagers would row. And the Council might make a mistake and punish the wrong man.

How the Council Helps.

But the Council helps the village people and the Government; and this is how they do it.

It is hard for the white man to understand the Papuan; and it is hard for the Papuan to understand the white man. We live in a different way and we speak a different language. But the Government want to do the best thing for you; they want to find out what is good for you and what you want.

The Government cannot listen to all the villagers talking at once; there are too many. But you can talk to the Government through your Council. For there are only a few men in it, and they are sensible men, with good heads. They can tell the Government what the people think, and what they want.

All Magistrates have big ears. They will listen to the talk of the Council. They want to help you. But they must understand you first; and the Council will help them to do this. First the Councillors talk about your business; then the Magistrate talks to the Councillors. And so the Council is a good thing for him, and a good thing for you.

The First Coconut.

LONG ago there were no coconuts in Papua, but now they are found nearly everywhere. At least they are found nearly everywhere on the coast. In the hills they do not grow so well, because the coconuts do not like to be cold.

There are many stories about the first coconut, but this one comes from the East end of Papua. You will hear it often in places like Wedau and Taupota and Milne Bay.

How the Woman Caught Fish with her Head.

A woman used to go fishing all by herself. Every day she caught plenty; but she did not give them to her friends. She took them to her house and ate them alone, and by and by she had eaten so many that there was a big heap of fish-bones near her door.

Once a man passed by, and he saw all the fish-bones. "I wonder how she got those," he said to himself. "Next time I will follow her when she goes down to the sea."

So he followed her and hid in the bushes by the beach and this is what he saw. The woman came down to the shallow water and there she took off her head. She lifted it right off her shoulders and put it down in the water. Then she went off and left it there.



The man was very surprised and frightened, but he stayed where he was and soon he saw the headless woman come back. She picked up her head and shook it, and out fell a lot of fish. They had gone through the hole in the neck into her head and now she

shook them out into her basket. Then she stuck her head on her shoulders again and went home.

How her Head was Stolen.

This would be a very easy way of catching fish, and some of you may like to try it. You can easily take your head off—with the help of a friend, though you will find it hard to put back properly. At any rate you had better stand near and watch your head in the water. For the man in the bush played a trick on the woman, and the same thing might happen to you. This is what he did.

Next day he came again and saw the woman take off her head, and leave it in the water, and go away. Then he came out quietly, picked up the head, and ran and hid it in the bush. He threw it down and left it; and when the poor woman came back she could not find it anywhere, so she walked about some time without her head and then she died.

How it became a Coconut.

Some time after, the man went to look for the head. He could not find it; but in the place where he threw it down a coconut tree had grown: and many nuts had fallen on the ground. He broke one open and tried it and said "My word, that's all right!" Then he took it home and showed it to his wife, and after that all the people used coconuts.

If you take the thick husk off a coconut, you find three soft places in the hard shell. You can easily make holes there with the point of your knife; and then they look like two eyes and a mouth underneath; in fact it looks like a face. That is because the first coconut was a woman's head.

Why you should learn English.

IF you Papuans knew how good it would be for you to learn English well, you would always be trying to. White people know about such a lot of things just because they read about these different things in books and papers. When anybody sees some new thing, or place, or finds out any wonderful thing, he writes down all about it and so he tells other people.

A very long time ago even white people were not able to write or read. They were then very simple people like you Papuans, and had no clothes except the skins of animals, such as dogs or wallabies. They had no iron either in those times—just the same sort of stone clubs and wooden spears that you have. But some of them had good sense, and little by little learnt how to make marks which meant certain things; just like you make the *taravatu* (law) marks on your trees or on your doors to show that other men must not touch the marked tree or go inside the marked door. But they had very many different marks to mean different things, and after a long time they learnt how to make better marks, until they made the alphabet:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O
P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

And as the white people in those times were wild, and used to fight a lot, they tried very hard all the time to make their spears and clubs and axes and other fighting things better. When they saw a new kind of stone they would try it, to see if it were better than the old kind. And by and by they learnt how to cook a kind of rock in the fire, so that they could make iron. Then they made things to fight with out of iron.

The first iron was not very good, but by trying and trying all the time they found out how to make better iron. And after a long time, when a lot of the white people had learnt to write and read, they used to write about the iron and how they were trying to make it better. So when the old people who had learnt how to make the iron died, the young people who were alive could look at the writing and learn how to make the iron too.

This is how white people know how to make boats, and flying-machines, engines, telephones, and all the wonderful things you see them with. Instead of having to find out such a lot of things by himself, a young white boy is sent to school so that he can learn to read and write. Then, when he is a man, he can know all the wonderful things that his fathers found out before him.

—"Lagani-Namo."

by both ends and all the fish are in the middle. So they drag it in to the shallow water, and then the people can easily catch the fish.

Sharing out the Fish.

When they have caught them they share them out. They put them in little heaps on the sand, and sing out to the women to come. The women come with their baskets and take the fish away and cook them. Once I counted sixty-one heaps, and I think there were altogether about seven thousand fish.

All the People Work.

Each canoe has a captain. There are other men called *mai karu*. Their business is to share out the fish, some to each family. But the big men are the *dehoa*, who are masters of the net. Each net has two *dehoa*. These men never go out on the canoe, but they have to look after the net. All the men must help them mend it when it is broken.

In the South-East season it is rolled up and put away. Then the rats nibble it. When the North-West wind begins to blow they take out the net and unroll it on the beach. They mend the holes and start fishing again. When they fish at Karama no one is lazy: every man gives a hand.

Budobudo-Noiarere. Son of the White Pigeon.

How Budobudo was born.

ON Suau Island there is a big *budobudo* tree. When the men cut down the bush to make gardens they always leave this tree. They leave it because Budobudo-Noiarere was born in it.

He was the son of a white pigeon. She came to this big tree and made a nest. She wanted to lay an egg there but she laid a baby instead. So Budobudo, the baby, sat in the pigeon's nest high up in the tree.

How he was found.

The pigeon brought him bird's food but he would not have it. No matter, he grew fast. After a while he looked over the edge of the nest; and saw a bunch of ripe bananas. They were in the garden below; so he got out of

the nest and climbed down and ate one. Then he climbed back again. And after that he went down every day and had some bananas.

Now the owner of the garden saw that some one was stealing his bananas, so he hid and watched; and he saw Budobudo come out of the nest, take his bananas, and go back.

How Budobudo came to the Village.

Then this man went to the village. He rattled his lime-stick in his pot and sang out to the people. "Tomorrow I will make a feast; and I will show you something to open your eyes."

So that night he climbed the tree and asked Budobudo to come to his house. And the boy said "Yes, I will come," and went down to the house; and the man put him away on a shelf inside. There he stayed all night and his mother came and pecked the roof above his head. And Budobudo said "Is that you, mother?" and the bird said "Mm, mm!" for she could only make a noise like a pigeon.

Next day the man got his feast ready. When all the people had come, he brought out Budobudo. And they all whistled and said, "I say! What a fine boy!"

How the boys try to kill him.

And Budobudo grew very fast and was such a fine boy that all the girls fell in love with him. They all wanted Budobudo and would not look at the other boys.

All these other boys were very wild. They said "Who is this Budobudo? No father, no mother!—yet all the girls run after him." And they were so angry that they made up their minds to kill him.

They tried one thing after another but they could not kill him. He always got away. This story is very long, so I have to cut out some of it. But I will tell you how they made the last try to kill Budobudo.

How they threw him into the sea.

They were all going out in the canoes to fish; and Budobudo went with them. They had some mats on board; and they spread them out and lay in the sun. By and by a boy said to Budobudo, "Will you kindly

catch the lice in my hair?" And Budobudo said "Yes." So he lay down while Budobudo looked for lice in his hair.

After a while the boy said, "Now we shall change." So Budobudo lay down with his head on the other boy's knees. The canoe was rocking gently. It was warm in the sun; and he felt sleepy. The other boy kept on asking him, "Are you awake, Budobudo?" At last Budobudo did not answer, for he was really asleep.

All the boys in the canoe had been watching, though they pretended to be fishing. Now very quietly they covered him with a mat; then with another mat; then with another. At last they rolled all the mats round him and tied them fast with rope. Budobudo was inside and he could not move hand or foot, so they threw him overboard and paddled home to the girls.

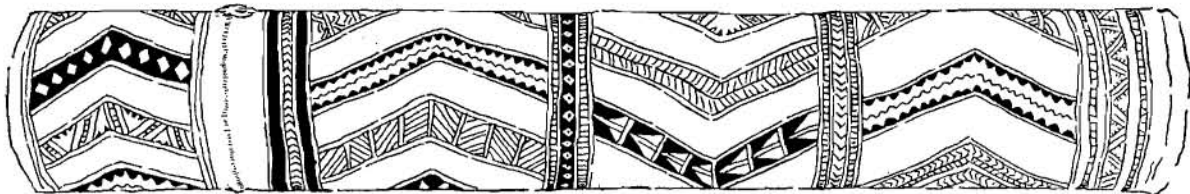
How Budobudo's mother found him.

There was poor Budobudo floating on the sea inside a bundle of mats. But now his mother the pigeon came looking for him. There were many logs floating on the sea, and she went from one to another; she sat down on each one and cried "Mm, mm!" but there was no answer. At last she came to the bundle of mats. "Mm, mm!" she said, and Budobudo's voice answered from inside. "So that is you, mother."

Then day after day and night after night she sat on the bundle. And she talked to her son, always saying the same thing. But they were many days at sea, and the sun was hot; and at last the white pigeon died of hunger and thirst.

How Budobudo came to shore.

But the bundle of mats was drifting all the time. At last it came to the island of Taboiva; and there it lay on the reef. And the waves washed it backwards and forwards on the sharp coral. And the sharp coral cut the ropes and then Budobudo could move his arms. So he threw off the mats and stood up on the reef. But before he went ashore, he gathered the bones and feathers of his mother, the white pigeon. And he took them with him, and put them carefully in a pandanus tree.



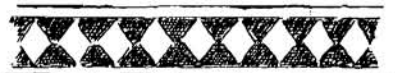
Managalasi Art.

AT the top of this page you see a picture of a Managalasi smoking-pipe.

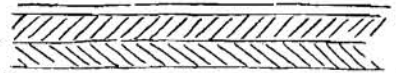
The Managalasi live in the hills in the North-Eastern Division. They have not got fine villages or big houses, and they do not live in a very nice country; but they are artists.

In the last paper I told you what an artist was. It is a man who likes to finish his work well, and to make it look nice.

The Managalasi wear bark-cloth, and they are artists at painting it. They smoke with bamboo pipes (as most of you do). But they make patterns on them; and they are artists at doing that. They tattoo the bodies of the men, and they do this very well; so they are artists at tattooing also.



Pig's FOOT-MARKS.



FISH-BONE.



CASSOWARY'S EGG.



BARBED SPEAR.



BIRD'S TEETH.

Bamboo Smoking-Pipes.

This is how a Managalasi man makes patterns on his pipe. He takes a small stick and burns the end of it in the fire. Then he holds it against the bamboo pipe; and blows

on it to keep it red-hot. In this way he burns patterns on the bamboo. You can see some of them in the picture.

He gives names to the different patterns. It is not always easy to see why the name is given. But the first one is something like the pig's foot-marks in the wet mud. The second one is a good picture of a fish-bone. They told me the third was a cassowary's egg, though it does not look much like one. The fourth, a barbed spear, shows you the hooks or "barbs" that are cut near the point of a spear. When you dig your spear into a pig you cannot pull it out, because of the barbs. They told me the last picture was bird's teeth. This must be another kind of bird. It has not got teeth like a man or a pig; but the edges of its beak are like a saw.

Managalasi Tattoo.

On the first page you see a Managalasi man with tattoo. In some parts of Papua the women are tattooed and the men are not. But among the Managalasi the men are tattooed, and the women are not. When the boys are fairly big they are shut up in a dark house. They stay there five or six months; and while they are in the house they are tattooed.

Pig-tails.

At this time too they tie up their hair in bark pig-tails. Many of the other mountain-men do this; and on page 5 you will see a photo of some mountain-men near Abau. The Managalasi men do their hair in the same way. We call these "pig-tails" though no one ever saw a pig with such a long straight tail.

Other people have pig-tails. These people are called the Chinamen because they live in China, far away. They are a great people, like the white men. Only one or two have come to Papua. You may know one of them. He is cook on the *Papuan Chief*. All Chinamen are good cooks, like Mak Sin.

The s.s. *John Williams*.

EVERY year, for thirty-five years, the s.s. *John Williams* has come to our country, not only to call at Port Moresby and Samarai, but to visit all the Mission Stations from Kwato to Daru. About the time the Poreporena people are reading this, the children will be calling, "Sail-O! *John Williams*!" Samarai, Kwato, Isuleilei, Mailu, Hula and Gabagaba will already have seen her, in charge of Captain Kettle as usual.

Besides visiting Papua, this ship goes twice each year to the Gilbert Islands, and once each year to Samoa, the Ellice and Tokelau Islands, and to Niue.

Ships do not usually live as long as men, and the *John Williams* is now an old boat. As she grows older she needs more repairs, and each year many hundreds of pounds are spent in Sydney to patch her up. It may be that this will be the last time we shall see our old friend.

She is different in many ways from the other ships that come to us. In 1893, children in Britain and Australia collected money to pay to build her, and ever since the children have paid for her upkeep. She does not come to make money out of the country. She has brought many white Missionaries and their wives, and still more South Sea Missionaries. She has brought timber and tools to build houses and churches and schools in our villages, and food and clothing for the Missionaries and Teachers of the London Missionary Society, and medicines for sick people. Many times she has been in big storms, but, though she is only a little ship, she has come safely through them all. She has done her part to bring in God's Kingdom in Polynesia and Papua, and if this is her last visit to Papua, we shall say, "Well done, *John Williams*!"

—J.B.C.

"Taumatasiboni and a Maiden."

ONCE upon a time there was a snake called Taumatasiboni who lived at Nari, an island near East Cape. But that snake is not quite well a snake, and he is a man and he become a snake.

Now a girl lived in Nari. She went to her work in the garden and came back with a basket of food. On her way she saw a tree, pretty white sweet smelling blossoms. So she put down her basket and she climbed up to the top and picked flowers. And when she picking she said herself, 'Ae! where is the Taumatasiboni? I wished very much to kiss him, with this sweet flower.'

Taumatasiboni the snake was sleeping under the tree and he heard her, and saw her climb the tree. But he did not say anything. So the girl came down, picked up her basket and went home.

Next day she came to the tree again, and climbed it, and picked the flowers and said the same thing. And once again the snake heard her and let her go.

But now Taumatasiboni determined by himself and take advice to her. So he lay quiet, binding that same trunk of a tree and tight fast by himself, and waiting for her. The girl came to the tree. She did not see the snake, but climbed up and picked the flowers, and said again she would like to kiss Taumatasiboni. Then she climbed down. But when she came near the ground she saw a heap of snake binding a tree trunk; and she had a suddenly jump and glaring at him. How did she could to go down to the ground, because she was very frightened? She hold a branch of a tree and stay there for a moment. Taumatasiboni look up and saw her. She is sitting at the branch of a tree. And he opened his mouth and said, 'Maiden why don't you can come down?' And she answered to him, 'I was frightened of you.' 'Come down over my head and do not be afraid of me. I am Taumatasiboni.'

The girl looked at him and she speak by herself saying, 'That is Taumatasiboni. But I mean that Taumatasiboni is man; but he is a snake. But she went down sad and frightened; and became his wife.'

Then they went to the beach together and Taumatasiboni coiled himself up like the flat foam (platform?) or like basket, and told his wife to get on top of him with her bag of food. And she saw him and she said herself, 'Who is like to sit down at the top of a snake flat foam?' She thinking and thinking. Then she came with fright and put all the things at the top flat foam body of a snake. And she sat down too; and the snake move at the top of the sea, and swam round to the maiden's village.

At the village she went first to tell her father and mother. And they said, 'Where he is? Here is a place prepare for your husband.' And she get all done and she ran down to the shore and tell him, 'You will come up now. All things already.'

So Taumatasiboni lived with them. By day he lay down and binding round near the ashes;

but at night he left his skin there and became a man and talked with his wife in the dark. And she thought it was another man, and that the snake was still sleeping by the fire. But it was only his skin; for in every early in the morning she woke up and saw him sleeping and binding besides the ashes.

After a while Taumatasiboni asked if he could go to help them in the garden. And they said to him, 'You are a snake and please yourself. So they all went to the garden. The people were cutting down trees to make a place for new gardens. Taumatasiboni worked with his tail. "His tail beat in the root of a tree, and bend that tree, and they trees fall down. When the people saw him they wondered him and praise him."

So they worked every day, and Taumatasiboni planted taro with his tail. When he had finished he was hot. He said he would go and swim, and told his wife to come after. "And he came to a water like the brooklets at the mountains falling down to the sea. There he sat down and changed off his body and become a man, and have a bath. At last the maiden came and she saw him. He is swimming and she hide herself, and looked at him very bright and shine man bathing. He finished bath. The maiden came from her hide."

But before she came to him Taumatasiboni had got into his snake skin again. She did not say anything and they went home together. Next day they worked again, and the snake-man bathed, and his wife saw him.

But on the third day while he is swimming the maiden came straightway to him, and she took his skin, and she took fire and burnt all that—no any piece left. Then he finished swimming. He came up to get into skin again—and where is? He look round all over the place where he had put it, and he had found nothing. . . . And he began to scream, 'Why did you burnt up my skin? My body is make me strong, and my tail plants your food and plough your garden. And now I never strong again.'

And then they reached home. He fell down and sleep. And the maiden cook hot water and put hot water in his body, because he had soft body, changed out off a snake skin; and put coconut oil in his body. And he got hard skin and became a good man and rich man again; and sleep with him and live with him for ever and ever."

[This is the best article this month, and wins the prize of 5s. It was so long that I had to write a lot of it again, making it short. Campbell's own words are in the straight printing. Campbell comes from Wedau. He is a type-setter in the Government Printing Office.]

Earth-People and Sky-People.

MANY years ago (the Hanuabada people say) the sky was not very far away from the earth; it was only about a hundred feet from the earth to sky. There were people living in the sky as well as on the earth. The people who lived on the earth had not much good food, but the people who lived in the sky had plenty. So the Earth-People begged the Sky-People to give them some ripe bananas.

The Sky-People opened the door and threw some down. The Earth-People gathered up the bananas and kept them for some days. When they had eaten them all up they asked the Sky-People for more, and Sky-People gave them some. This went on for some time. Then one day there was a quarrel between the Earth-People and the Sky-People. The Sky-People said: "We are going to separate from you." Then they cut the cane called *vakoda*, which up to that time had held the earth and sky together; and sky flew up and up away from the earth. That is why there is not much food on the earth nowadays.

[This story is by Ovia, a teacher at Poreporena School. He says in a letter that he is not able to write very good English. But I wish you could all write half as well.]

How a Man was Burnt Hunting.

ONCE the Poreporena people went out to burn the grass and hunt. Every gun people going sitting round West side. Other going South-East side. They waiting wind there. When wind blowing then they want burning grass. Now the people start burning grass because South-East wind blowing (blowing?) very hard. Now the gun people must watch. They open eye and looking every were for pigs and wallabies. But one man was sleeping in the grass. Then fire was coming quick and covered him. Then he was wake. But fire burning him, because fall (fault?) belong to himself. He died because he did not watch the fire.

[By Heni Heni, of Hanuabada, type-setter in the Government Printing Office.]

The Old Woman and Children.

LONG ago an old woman she lived in a cave by herself. And one day the children went out to the sea after fish. And there they meet an old woman, and she called out, 'Will you come up to my house.' And the children went up and got inside the cave. And the old woman was standing near the door, but in a moment the old woman shut up the door when all the children were inside.

She kept them there a long time. Once when she was gardening they got out. They took her stick and fled away to their home. She came back and found them gone. Then the woman shout out, 'Ah! Children wait for me and give me my stick'. . . . But they heard not her voice. And the children went away to their home and they lived quite safely with their father and mother.

[By Maurice, of Wedau, type-setter in the Government Printing office.]

Papuan Articles.

THIS page will be kept for Papuans, if they will send in articles. This month Campbell gets 5s., the others, 1s. Igo Erua has sent a good article. I hope to put it in next month. Campbell's article was too long. Don't make them so long. Write to "The Editor, *Papuan Villager*, Port Moresby."