

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. I, No. 3.

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Papuan Gardens.

IN this month's paper you see some pictures of the gardens made by the people of Hanuabada. They show you one or two new things; for although the Papuans are great gardeners, they still have something to learn.

The Importance of the Garden.

We all have to work for our living. You have to hunt for pigs and wallabies, and fish with spears and nets; you must build houses to live in, and you must make mats and pots and string bags and many other things. But the first work of every Papuan is to make his garden. This is his real business.

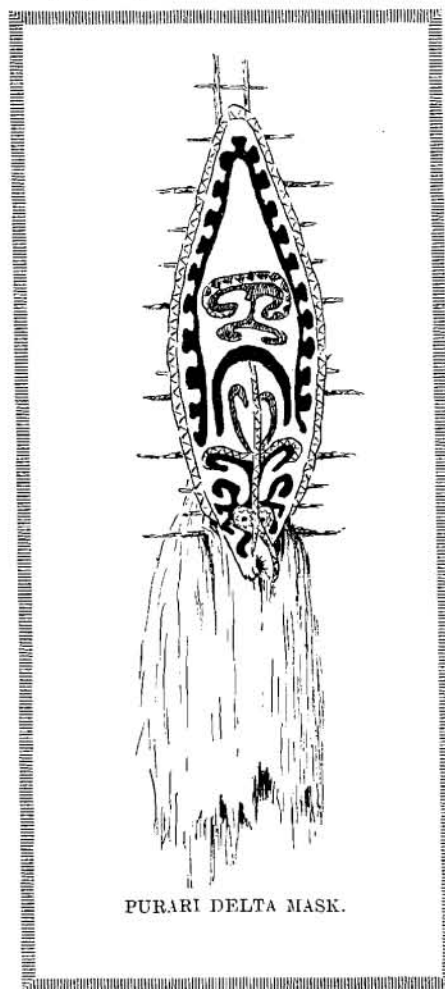
When you have collected all your food from the gardens, and when you have called all your friends together for a feast, you feel very proud of yourselves. It is a fine thing to see the taro and the yams tied to poles, and hundreds of banana-bunches hanging in a row. Then your friends say to themselves, "My word! These people are very strong"; and you feel proud of your village.

New Foods.

It is very important to have good food and plenty of it. Papuans know well how to grow yams and taro and bananas and many other things. But there are new kinds of food that will make your gardens even better than they are. When the white man shows you these you should try them in your gardens and in your cooking-pots.

Corn.

One of the best new foods is corn. On page 5 you will see two pictures,



PURARI DELTA MASK.

one of the corn growing in the garden at Hohola, the other of four ripe "corn-cobs." This food, corn, is grown nearly over the whole world. It is

grown by white men and by many brown men like yourselves. They make it into porridge, and they make it into flour and bake it. When it is baked it makes a kind of bread called "Johnny Cakes." It is a very good food, and some day I hope the Papuans will learn how to grind the seeds into flour and bake bread for themselves.

But you can eat it on the "cob." You boil it for about half an hour in water with a little salt; then eat it before it is cold, holding it in your hands. Many white people have it this way, like dogs eating bones.

Tools.

In the other garden picture you will see some tools. Tools are the most important thing of all for the Papuan gardener. Before the white man came you had only stone axes and wooden digging-sticks. The white man has shown you the steel axe and the knife, and now you can cut down the bush much more quickly and clear it away better. But you have not yet used the other tools enough.

You see in the picture a rake and a shovel, and a mattock and a fork. The rake and the shovel are used to clean up your garden—and it is a good thing to keep it clean. The mattock and the fork are to dig it. If you want your plants to grow well you must dig or loosen the ground before and after planting. Then you need not fear the dry weather so much.

If you can buy an axe you can buy these other tools. Use them in your garden and you will find it is worth while.

Poreporena and Kilakila Gardens.

THE people of Poreporena have made some new gardens of another kind this year. They have put in many of the old Papuan plants; but the Magistrate, Mr. Baldie, has got them many new plants and they are trying these for the first time.

New Kinds of Plants.

Some of the seed for the gardens came from Australia, and some from other parts of Papua. Sweet potato came from Bisiatabu in the mountains behind Port Moresby, and hundreds of pineapple-heads came from Hisiu. And the Magistrate gave the people seeds of many white man's vegetables—cabbage, beetroot, lettuce, radishes, English potatoes, beans, leeks and others. Many of these have grown very well, although it has been a hard year, and the good rains have not come.

Selling Vegetables.

These gardens are for the Papuans. The Government want you to learn to grow and eat new kinds of food. But if you have too much for yourselves you can sell some. The white people in Port Moresby like to buy corn and green lettuces and red tomatoes, and they will pay money for them. But when you go round to the houses with your bag full of vegetables, you must not ask too much, or the people will not buy.

The Government ploughed the land for the people with a tractor. This work costs money, and it has to be paid out of the Tax.

The Pig-Proof Fence.

The Poreporena gardens have a "pig-proof" fence. This is made with wire-netting and barbed wire. It is so high and so strong that no pig can get in, and it will last for many years. One wallaby got in. He must have been a very good jumper. But he was not a good enough jumper to jump out, so the people chased him round the garden and caught him.

The wire for this fence cost £50. The Poreporena people are going to pay for it themselves within three years. By selling some of the vege-

tables they grow they will help to get this money.

The Kilakila people did not want a pig-proof fence. They made one in the Papuan fashion, with wood. This is not so strong, and it will not last as long as the other. But then they do not have to pay for it, for they can go out with their axes and cut trees for themselves. So perhaps their fence is just as good.

Garden Work.

Some of the men and women work very hard; others not so hard. Some plant their vegetables in good straight lines like a dog's front leg; others in crooked lines, like in dog's hind leg. But they will all learn better by and by; and these three gardens at Nisimana, Hohola and Kilakila will help to teach them; and they will bring them plenty of food too. If the people work hard they need not be hungry in the dry time.

The Armed Constables.

ON page 4 you see some of the police at their drill or "fall-in." These pictures were taken on the parade ground at Konedobu. This is where the police live in their barracks. They are trained by Mr. Logan, the Head-quarters Officer; and when they are good policemen they can go to the outside stations, or for patrols or "walk-abouts" with the Magistrates.

But they have to work hard while they are in Port Moresby, and they have to drill. This drill makes their bodies strong, so that they can go for long walks in hard places; and it teaches them to be sensible and obedient, so that when their white masters talk they know what to do.

Sergeant-Major Simoi.

You will see also a picture of Sergeant-Major Simoi. He is the oldest of all the N.C.Os., and he has been a policeman for nearly 30 years. He does not know how old he is, but he says about 100 years.

He has been in some big fights in the early days. He fought against the Goromani (Koiari) under Sir William MacGregor, who was the first Governor of Papua; he fought on the Musa River under Captain Barton; and at Abau under Mr.

Higginson. Many other times he has fought; but he said "Small-small fight—no matter that!" He helped to make the track from Port Moresby to Kokoda, and he went to Lake Murray with our present Governor.

Now he is getting an old man, and his work is to drill the young policemen, and to look after the town guard in Port Moresby.

Simoi comes from Katatai, near Daru. (Gaiberi) the next oldest N.C.O. comes from the same village. He has two young sons, and he says they may be policemen. If they are, we hope they will serve the Government as well as their father has.

V.P. Post.

MANY Papuans order things from Australia by V.P.—or "Value Paid"—Post. They ask a big store in Sydney to send them a woollen sweater or a bat or a hand-bag or some other thing. The store sends it to the Post Office, with your name on the parcel; and then you can get it if you pay the money.

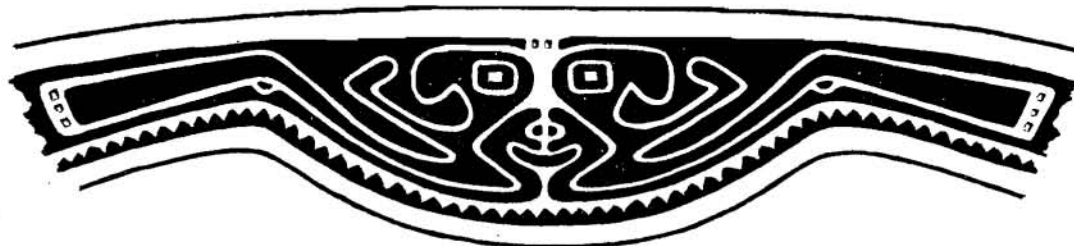
But many men have been going wrong in this. They have ordered the thing from Sydney: it comes to Port Moresby or Samarai; and then the man finds he has not got the money ready to pay for it.

You cannot get it from the Post Office without paying. If you don't come with your money within one month, the Post Office sends it back to the store in Australia.

Last month 17 parcels went back; the month before, 30; the month before that 13. This was because the boys who ordered them had not enough money to pay for them.

This is a bad thing for the stores, because they have to pay postage and "insurance." If you do not take your parcel, they lose money, and this is not fair.

But it is a bad thing for you too. Eighteen big stores have been sending things to Papuans by V.P. Postage from Australia. But if the parcels are not paid for, they will stop sending them altogether. This will be the fault of the boys who order but cannot pay. Those boys who can pay will find they cannot order things from Australia.



Purari Delta Canoes.

THE River Purari is the second largest in all Papua. It comes down from the hills of the Delta Division. But when it reaches the flat country, and before it comes to the sea, it breaks up into five big streams—Aivei, Panaroa, Urika, Baroi and Wame; and these big streams break up into hundreds of little ones. When a river divides like this we say it makes a "delta."

In the Purari Delta live the Namau people. The little streams are running everywhere,

and so the Namau can travel from East to West of the Delta without ever going out to sea. They have wonderful canoes for the inland streams and creeks. They are called "dugouts" and they are made from the trunk of a tree, without an outrigger.

Paddling the Canoe.

In the rough sea they would tip over, but on the smooth rivers they go fast and straight like a launch. A dozen men or more stand in the canoe, one behind the other; and they paddle in perfect time, and stamp their heels on the bottom of the canoe, and shout, and send the spray flying up into the air behind them.

The Low Prow.

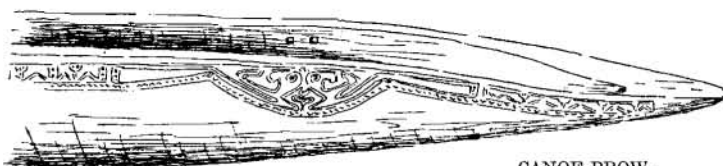
The prow or nose of the canoe is cut down, so that it lies on the water. If the wind is blowing and the water is a little bit rough, it will come in at the prow, because it lies so low on the water. To stop this they make a little wall of mud; and, if the water is very rough, they make a small boy sit out on the flat nose of the canoe.

He turns his back to the waves and so he breaks them, and they cannot come in and swamp the canoe.

Canoe-Carving.

You will see a picture of the canoe-prow on this page. The Namau always carve the edges of their canoes, and they do this very well. They make beautiful patterns near the prow and they carve the edges of the canoe from bow to stern.

The black and white picture at the top of the page is one of patterns. It



CANOE-PROW.

is something like a face with eyes and nose and mouth; the very long pieces that stick out on either side are said to be "ears." In the other picture you see four of the different marks or patterns that they make along the edge of the canoe.

One page 5 there is a picture of some Purari Delta canoes all painted up and ready to put into the water. You also see a man carving his canoe. He is using a nail for a chisel, and a piece of wood for a mallet.

Why the Namau Carve their Canoes.

I have seen these canoes more than 50 feet long. And the edges are carved from end to end. Not one inch is missed. Why do the Namau work so hard at their carving? The canoe doesn't go any faster because it is carved. But their fathers taught them that it was a good thing to make their work look fine; and they have not forgotten this. The Namau are very proud of their canoes.

Cricket.

ON the 30th March, a team from Poroporena played a team of white men from Port Moresby. The scores were:—

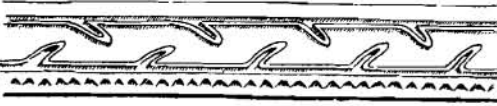
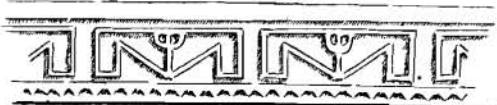
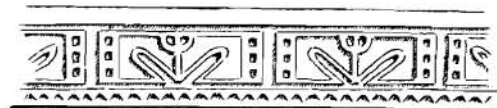
PORT MORESBY.

O'Malley, b. Jimmy Williams	...	3
Connors, c. Rarua Tau, b. Jimmy Williams	...	5
Searle, run out	...	14
McEnroe, run out	...	3
Lowney, b. Jimmy Williams	...	16
Harris, retired	...	71
Allen, b. Rea Mea	...	2
Angel, b. Peter John	...	0
Guttridge, c. and b. Peter John	...	9
Farnsworth, run out	...	1
Clark, b. Igo	...	0
Field, not out	...	11
Sundries	...	13
Total...	...	148

BOWLING: Peter John 2 for 63; Jimmy Williams 3 for 38; Boe Gavera 0 for 20; Rea Mea 1 for 8; Igo 1 for 6.

POREPORENA.

Jimmy Williams, c. and b. O'Malley	...	5
Igo, b. O'Malley	...	9
Rarua Tau, b. Field	...	1
Boe Gavera, b. Harris	...	11
Rea Mea, c. Searle, b. Harris	...	36
Peter John, c. McEnroe, b. Harris	...	2
Raka, st. Connors, b. Harris	...	1
Miria, c. Farnsworth, b. Harris	...	1
Heni, not out	...	4
Pate, c. Connors, b. Allen	...	0
Dagu Mea, b. Harris	...	0
Rev. Saville, b. Allen	...	1
Sundries	...	9
Total	80



The Story of Iramo-Hada.

TWO brothers, Iramo-Hada, the first-born, and Guamo-Hada, the second-born, lived at Buria, near Redscar Head. But Kobuga-Rei, wife of Iramo, is always being adultery with her brother-in-law Guamo. . . And Iramo was very tired of this, and he thought, what shall he would do: he would kill himself, or leave the place and walked away from the place. Before he leave the place he just went to the garden and collected some different individual seeds and plants, and packed them up in two bundles. Then he went home, leaving the bundles in the bush.

His wife saw him, that Iramo's appearances is so different; he does not wants to eats or drink a water; when she cooked a food he throw them away; he is always refused her. . . And at the night they were all asleep, but Iramo did not sleeping. He got up and saw his wife was dead-sleep; and he take the bag down which they keep their rich in. It was hanging in the walls; he hanged off, and divided all the things between them.

He left some of the things for her. But he took his little son, and he picked up the two bundles of seeds and plants in the bush, and started to walk. After a while he rested; but he heard a woman's voice just behind them, and he got up and carry his son and bundles, started to walk. He was walking along the beach; and he turned round, saw his wife was running after him and cried so much. And he picked one of the shell mairi out of his bag and put it down, and tell her, 'You wants this mairi; better take it and go back to your husband. But Kobuga won't take any notice from him. She just picked the mairi up and put it in her bag and followed him.

At last Iramo said 'I know that you are my wife, but you should not adultery with Guamo, and we cannot separated between ourselves.' So he let her come with him and carry the bundles. . . They walked day by day night by night till reached Ioabada hill (this hill is about 5 or 6 miles from Jim Solien's place) and staped up the hill to the top. And Iramo got up and looking the places. The place is beautiful, silent and smooth, but could not see any villages or smoke rises at all.

Then Iramo said 'We better leave and try to seek another good place where we cannot see Buria any more.' So they went on and come to Kini-Kini, a hill beyond the Government House of Konedobu, and make their camp there. They had no water, but one day their dog found the water-well called Ranu-Guri (this well is near the Police Barracks at Konedobu). He bathed there and went back to his master with wet hair. So Iramo and his dog went down to the well together, and Iramo drank and found it was very sweet, nice and cool water. After that they made their camp at Ranu-Guri.

They lived here and made gardens. Then on one day he saw some Motu people were fishing in the harbour, and these people saw his smoke is rising in the garden. In this

way the Koita people and the Motu people met. They changed fish for yams, taro, bananas, sugar canes, taitu, and they became friends.

Iramo-Hada's iduhu is called Geakone. His iduhu is still going strong at Hohodae.

[This story wins the prize of 5s. It is by Igo Erua, of Elevala, clerk in the Department of Native Affairs. He is also clerk to the Poreporena Council.]

A Big Wind at Saroa.

IN Jan. and February we had large squall and big wind. At that night the squall was come and very strong wind was blowed. Everybody were sleep at night. They all heard the squall was coming at middle-night. They all get up quickly, wake their childrens; and the mens was run to the doors, open, they run down to the verandah to get the water; they put their fire out.

Then they take their childrens, and they all run down to the ground. And some people they sleep under the house, and some sleep on the verandah, and some sleep in their own house, and some they could not sleep until the morning. Some peoples they was very fright, because their house near the cocoanut trees.

In the morning everybody was wake up, and some people they went to their gardens, and other peoples they had sleep at daylight. When dinner time, all the womens take their cooking pot, and take their water and the fire; and they take all the little childrens and went to the bush, cooking their food. Only mens and boys they stay at village. They mind the houses.

[This story of the squall at Saroa is by Charlie Esau.]

A Patrol to the Turama River.

MY master is Assistant Resident Magistrate at Kikori, and I am his cook boy.

I went with him to the Turama. First day we reached Bibu, and stay there for the night. And in the morning at 8 clock we startet to sail up to the village called Umaidai. There we did not drop the anchors. We drew a rope to the people and they did tight it against the shaken wharf and then Mr. Blyth and Mr. Austen they went to rest house. Oh yes I forgot to tell you there were three white men on boat. After they have tolk with V.C. the two taubada come on boat and untie the rope and sail to Saragi.

At Saragi we went into the dubu. All this side people have long dubus. The dubus full up with mats bow arrows and firewood, bamboos for making fire light lamp. When Badu wanted to start the engine at Saragi it went wrong and they had to work a long time before it would go.

At the village of Hawoibobo one of the V.C. came down to see Taubada. Taubada talk very strong to him. The poor fellow's head went round and he stared (startet) to spin himself like a top and fell to the ground. And he made himself stand up again, but in vain.

Tern and tern and fell in to the water. Oh if you where at the spot you would best out laughing.

[By Magekeagaimo Phillipo, from Mekeo.]

A Cricket Match at Kikori.

THE Government Launch "Elevala" arrived at Kikori on the 19th January, 1929. On Sunday morning Elevala crews they come up to the station. And they asked us to play a cricket match with them. And we told them there was not much time, so we better start at once.

So game was started. The Elevala crews batted frist, but we got them out very quickly. At frist play they made 54. And then it was our tern to batted, and we made 50 frist game. In the second innings the Elevala crew made 24, and Kikori 51; so we beat them—totals amount 101 to 78, and the game was finish.

And we told them crews to come up to our house to have some kaikai and smok. But they were ashamed, so did not come up to our houses. So they went down to Elevala. And then we send one boy to called them, and then they come up to the house. And then we give them kaikai and smok, and then we told them this place Kikori was best place playing for cricket. This three times game we wiond Aird Hill, and Vanapa, you Elevala. We beat all of you. And then crews they said "Because we not practice every time so we can not play cricket well." So we told them not think abouted: we all Government boys.

[By Jim Guava Oa, native clerk, Resident Magistrate's Office, Kikori.]

Articles for Papuan Villager.

PLENTY of boys have sent in articles this month. Many of them are very good, and they are all welcome. There is not room enough in the paper to print them all, but we hope you will keep on sending them. The best gets 5s.; the others that are put in get 1s. each.

These boys have sent articles which cannot go into this month's paper. Some of them will be in next month's.

Kila Vali, of Raukele, Hula.

Toua Gau, of Hanuabada.

Henry T., of Gwalimarupu, Rigo.

Kapa Kila, of Hula.

Morea Morea, of Hanuabada.

Aniani, of Elevala (Boats Crew, Kikori).

Badu Lohia, Kikori.

One boy sent two good articles from Daru but forgot to sign his name.

Send your articles to F. E. Williams, Editor, Papuan Villager, Port Moresby.

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How the Inland People found the Cooking-Pot.

IN the olden days the inland people always roasted their food. They had never tasted boiled food. One day three brothers talked together about making a journey somewhere. They left their home and went their way taking their dog with them. The name of the dog was Doganariga. On the third day of their journey they climbed to the top of a hill, and from the top they saw the great sea. They thought it was a very big flat piece of ground or a big river, because they had never seen anything like it in their own home; and they were very surprised. They also saw the smoke of a fire, and they thought some people must be living there. After that they went back and slept in the place they were before. The next morning they came down hill, travelling until sunset. On the fifth day of their journey they came at last to the coast.

They did not go to the coast people, but hid themselves in the bush, because they themselves had spears, clubs, and shields. The three of them talked together, and thought that the eldest of them had better go by himself unarmed in case the coast people got frightened of him. So the eldest, whose name was Girevavarika, went to the coast people, whilst his two brothers hid in the bush. When the coast natives saw Girevavarika they were frightened and ran, because they had never seen inlanders before. At that time the coast natives lived in a shelter near their canoe. When the coast people were running away, the inland native called, and told them not to be afraid. Then he went to their canoe, and talked and made friends with them. They did not talk, but made signs with their fingers, because the coast natives did not know the inland language, and the inlander did not know Motu.

The names of the coast men were Koikahua and Aburikabua. These two men told their wives to cook food for the inland man. He looked at the women cooking food in their pots. When he saw the way they were doing it, he was very surprised, because he had never seen anything like that before. When the food was cooked, the women gave him some food; but he did not eat it because he thought he might die. He also said to his brothers, "Don't you eat it, for if you do, you may die."

Then the three men went back towards their inland home carrying pots and fish. When they were going along the road, the wind made a noise in one of the pots; and when they heard the noise they were afraid. They thought it must be a god or a spirit in that pot, so they put down the pots and broke them with their clubs. They returned to the village with empty hands, and told the story of their journey.

After a time the three of them went back again to the coast. The second time they took their pots back with them to their home. The village people were very surprised when they saw them. The three brothers cooked their food in them, and said, "We will eat some of it, whether we die or not." All the other people were afraid to eat the food. But the three men who ate the food did not die. Their names were Girevavarika, Gamadavarika and Dubuvarika.

[By Tom, of Lawes College, Fife Bay. Corrected by R. L. T.]

Return of the Governor.

SIR HUBERT MURRAY, the Governor, has come back to Papua by this *Morinda*. He has been away for eight months for work and holidays.

The L.M.S. Conference.

THIS month all the missionaries of the L.M.S. have been in Port Moresby at their yearly "Conference." At the conference they all sit round a table and talk at one another. They talk about the best way they can help the Papuans. This year the head was Mr. Saville. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Moir Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton, Mrs. Saville, Miss Schinz, Miss Ellis, Miss Beckett, Miss Milne, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Short, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rankin.

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