THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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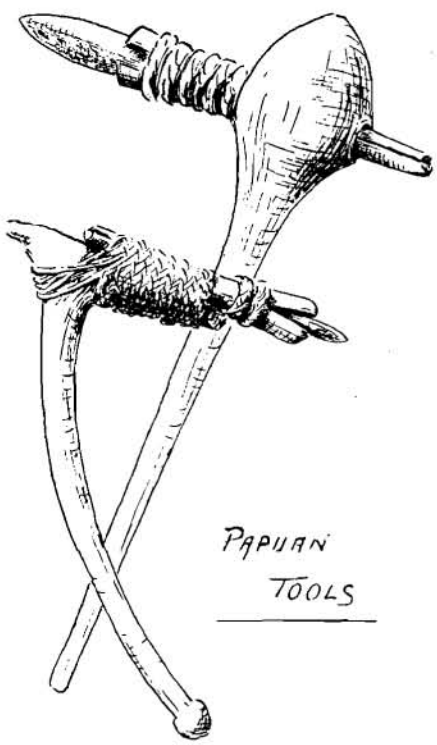
Papuan Houses.

THE White man's house is very different from the Papuan's house; but it is not always a better one to live in. The white men buy bricks and stone and concrete, and they take many months to put up their walls; and then they put a roof of iron on top. When the house is finished they do not expect it to fall down for many years.

The Papuan goes out with his friends and they chop wood in the bush; and his women go out and cut grass, or gather palm leaves in the swamp. With these things they make a house in a few days (if they are in a hurry). Then because they built the house in a short time they only expect it to stand up for a short time. This is the big difference between Papuan house building and European house building.

Yours is quite a good fashion. Since you cannot buy bricks and stone you must use the wood and leaves in the bush. But, as it is easy to build with these things, so you must be ready to build again when the white ants and the carpenter-bees eat them up. An Orokaiva story tells that the first man to build a house was named Pekuma. Pekuma was really a black bird, not a man; and his house was his nest. If the Papuans copied their houses from this nest, they ought to build them again as often as Pekuma did. But some men are lazy: they let the rain drip through the roof onto their backs, or drop their betel-nuts through holes in the floor—and this is because they do not like the trouble of building or mending. But if a man lives in a bad house the other people think he is a poor fish: and the Magistrate says. "You pull it down and build another!"



PAPUAN TOOLS

But when the Papuan houses are well built we all admire them. In the Purari Delta and the Gulf they are sometimes so high that you have to bend backwards to see the top. And their mouths seem to be wide open like those of the crocodiles on the mud-banks. On the Fly River they are so long that you would sometimes have to walk 200 paces from end to end. In the Gogodara they are wide and roomy like a church, and they have well carved posts. Then the Motu and South-Coast people have strong houses, with great adzed floor boards, nearly as good as in a white man's house. And lastly the houses at the East end are the prettiest of all with their curved backs, their high peaks, their carved and painted fronts, and their shell ornaments swinging in the wind.

The biggest houses in Papua are in the Gulf, Delta and Fly River villages. Many of the houses there are 50 feet long and 18 feet high from the floor to the ridge-pole in front. The men's houses are nearly 300 feet long and 50 feet high in front. The long houses of this part of Papua have rooms inside.

The Government does not want you to change the fashion of your houses too much. You can improve them, and yet they will still be Papuan houses. An iron roof looks ugly among the beautiful roofs of grass and palm-leaf. A square building (which you may think is a White man's fashion) looks out of place in the pretty Papuan village.

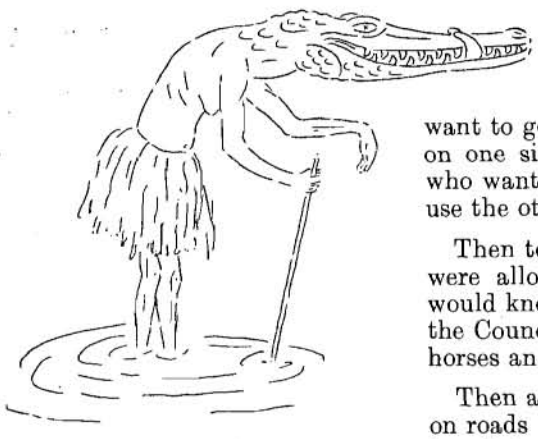
But you can build larger and stronger and airier houses. And if you have been to a school where they teach carpentry, you can use it in your own home. You can make windows and shelves and cupboards and boxes—places to put things in. In short you can learn from the White man how to make your house more comfortable, but still keep it a Papuan house.

The Alligator-Woman.

(a Suau Story.)

AN old woman lived in an old house with four children—two boys and two girls. She was an ugly old woman; and her house was a bad one, with holes in the floor.

While she was lying on the floor asleep, two of the children, a boy and a girl, came underneath. They got sticks and poked them through the holes, and tickled the old woman and made her jump about. She was very wild but she did not say anything then.



Next morning she said, "Come on ys and girls, we will go to the river and get water." They took plenty of pots and went down. But the old woman put some shells in her bag.

They all went down to the water together. Then the old woman turned her back so that they could not see her. She took the shells out of her bag, broke them up, and put them into her mouth. The pieces of shell stood up like sharp teeth.

The old woman said, "Now I am an alligator;" and she dived under the water and swam about. She saw where the two good children were, and she did not go near them. But she swam up to the bad boy and girl and cut them in pieces with her sharp teeth.

After that she stopped in the water and was an alligator. The people could not find her in the river. But sometimes she comes up and lays alligator-eggs on the bank.

Councillors and Laws.

IN all the places in the world where many white people live there is much law (*taravatu*). This law is made by Councillors, and these Councillors are men or women who the people think know best what sort of law to make, so that the people will get on well and be happy. So to try and do this, the Councillors have to think and talk about everything.

Traffic Laws.

In some places there are so many people and horses and bicycles and carts and motor-cars and trams in the roads, that there is very little room, and many people might be killed. But the Councillors make a law. All the people who want to go one way must move along on one side of the road, and those who want to go the other way must use the other side of the road.

Then too, if horses and motor-cars were allowed to run quickly, they would knock many people down—so the Councillors make a law to make horses and motor-cars go slowly.

Then again, if there were no lights on roads at night-time, there would be a lot of accidents; so a law says that road lamps must be lit up at night, and carts and trams and motor-cars must have lamps too, so that people may see which way they are moving.

Then too, if any one who liked could go and drive motor-cars, many people would be hurt or killed; so another *taravatu* makes people who want to drive motors go and show the policemen that they know or properly "savvy" how to drive a motor.

Laws about Schools.

Councillors know that some foolish fathers or mothers will not send their children to school, so they put on laws to make parents send their children to school; and if the parents do not listen to this they are fined.

Some children do not like going to school, and go "walk-about" instead; when they are found out the teacher punishes them with a caning. And if they keep on going "walk about" instead of going to school, these children are taken away from their homes and put in a place like a jail, where they cannot run away, and then they are made to go to school.

Health Laws.

The white peoples' Councillors know very well that if dirt or rubbish is left lying about, sickness will come to the people, so a law makes everybody keep their houses, yards and roads clean.

And when a doctor tells the Councillors that a very bad sickness has come, the Councillors quickly make a law to put people who get that kind of sickness away from all the other people, so that no one may come near them and get the sickness too.

Many bad sicknesses are in other countries, so that is why a doctor goes to every steamer when it comes into port, to look at all the passengers and crew to make sure that none of them have a bad sickness to bring amongst us. If the doctor finds anyone on the steamer with a bad kind of sickness, which other people may get by going close to him, the steamer is sent away to some place where she must stop until the sickness is finished. Of course all the other people on that steamer who are not sick will be very angry, because the law makes them stop on the ship until all its sickness is finished; but this cannot be helped: it is better to do this than to let the passengers come ashore and give sickness to the people on shore too.

—"*Lagani-Namo.*"

["*Lagani-Namo*" will write more about this in the next number.]

Mosquitoes.

Malaria.

IN this country of Papua we sometimes fall ill of fever. If you have a wicked headache, if your skin burns, your body trembles, and you feel a very sick man all over, then you probably have fever, as it is called, or "malaria."

Malaria is found in many other countries. People used to wonder why they got ill; what gave them the fever. They used to think it was the bad air, or the mist; but they were

wrong, and they still got fever. Then a great white man named Ross began to think about it. He worked and he thought for a long time, and then one day he made a discovery: we all get malaria from the mosquito!

The Anopheles.

There are many kinds of mosquitoes that do you no real harm. They only sting you—though that is bad enough. But there is one kind called "anopheles," and he goes round carrying malaria from one man to another. He bites a man with fever and then flies off and bites you. In this way he may take the fever from the first man and give it to you. He puts it into your blood; and by and by you fall ill.

Keeping Mosquitoes Away.

Now you can tell the anopheles because he is striped like a tiger. All mosquitoes are fiercer than tigers, and the trouble is that you can't see them coming. But you must manage to get out of their way if you don't want fever. One way is to live in a good dry place. For the mosquitoes are born in still water; and if there is no still water near, you will be free of them. The other way is to keep them off you. Sometimes you can do this by smoke, but you can't keep the smoke going all night. A far better way is to use a mosquito-net. It costs you 8s. 6d. or 9s. but it is worth while having one. If you can afford it you should have one and never forget to use it.

Ovia, teacher at Poreporena School, has sent in an article about the first Missionary teachers. It is such a good story that it all goes into the paper. But the last part of it, about the mosquito-net is the important part. Ovia has asked that the last words be in capital letters.

Rahu Talai and the Mosquito-Net.

About 53 years ago some of the South Sea teachers and their wives left their home and went away to Papua. So they got into the sailing boat and sailed days and nights. At last they reached Manumanu. They lived there with the people of Manumanu. They stayed there for a good long while.

While they were there some of the Hanuabada people went to Manumanu to buy some foods, or gather some *Gavera* (that is the fruits of mangrove tree). Before they went to Manumanu first of all they sailed to the sailing boat belonging to the mission to meet the people of that boat. When they saw the white skins they were all surprised. "This is not really men. This is gods from south. Look! their narrow noses, and nice faces!"

They stay there for some hours. When the meal was ready the ship people sit round the table. The Hanuabada people saw them sit round the table with knives and forks. They said, "People must cut each other with the knives." Then white people gave some food. First of all they give meat. The Hanuabada people saw the meat they were afraid; they said, "This is the flesh of dead body!" And they give some biscuits.

They said the biscuits is the bark of the tree. And they saw many other things. And one of the women got up (her name Kohu Erara) and said "Don't touch anything or you die; let me try." So she ate some of the food and wait for half a day. She never die. So they all tried.

They all assembled on the beach to see the visitors and when they come ashore, the Manumanu people made friend with South Sea Missionaries, and a man took them to his house (Rahu Talai his name). One night they were all sleeping in one room. They have their mosquito-nets put up because the season of the mosquito were started. They were all in the nets, except one man sleeping without nets (Rahu Talai his name). One of the South Sea man put up mosquito-net for him while he slept. In the middle of night Rahu Talai woke up and saw he was inside the mosquito-net, and he began to cry louder and louder. He said "O dear, O dear, O dear! Look these white fellows thought I was dead, so they put me in the box and put me in the grave, O dear, O dear! They take my life off." In that minute he try to run out of the net, but he has no way to run out. "O dear me, O dear me! How I get out, how I get out?" But he never touch the net. Afterward he touched the mosquito-net and said. "I thought that was heavy iron box; but this is like spider's house, very soft." And he broke the net into pieces, and one of the teachers asked Rahu Talai what was the matter. Rahu Talai answer to the teacher, "O you silly fool, who told you put me in the spider's house?" "Don't be silly baby," said the teacher, "that is mosquito-net, not spider's house. This net is keep out the mosquito." "O no," said Rahu Talai, "it was 6 feet high deeper than grave. So I thought it was grave."

After 3 days Rahu Talai asked for mosquito-net for himself. So he sleeping well all the night. So he said—

"THE MOSQUITO-NET IS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD."

Witnesses and Agreements.

WHEN the white men do business with one another they have "witnesses." Sometimes one man sells something (perhaps a pig) to another man and does not get his pay straightaway. But he asks a friend to stand near and see him give the pig. This friend remembers; he is a witness. If afterwards the other man will not pay, then they make a case in the Court, and the witness stands up and talks. The Magistrate hears and then the man has to pay for the pig.

Mr. Baldie, the Magistrate at Port Moresby, has asked us to put this in the paper. He says that he has a lot of work in the Court because the village people do not have witnesses. The Village Constable or a Village Councillor would be a good witness.

He says too that you should agree about the price. If you are selling a pig or a dog or a canoe or any other thing you should be sure that both men understand the price. Then, when the time comes to pay back, you will not row.

Mr. Baldie has suggested another thing. If you know how to read and write you can make an "agreement" on paper. The white men often do this. You write down what you agree to do and both of you sign your names on the paper. Then you keep it. It is called an agreement. Afterwards when everything is square you can tear it up.

The Alligator.

A woman went to the river to get water. She filled her pot and took it home. When she emptied the pot she found a baby alligator inside. "Oh, my little alligator!" she said.

She kept it inside her house. It grew and became very big. Sometimes she sent it out to bite a village pig. Then it brought the pig back and the woman ate it.

Once the woman went to the garden. She closed her house carefully. But a young man looked through a hole in the wall, and saw the alligator inside. Its mouth was wide open and he was very frightened.

Then he blew the shell trumpet. All the people came. They speared the alligator and tied it up with ropes. But the alligator broke them, and went down into the river.

The alligator was very angry. He said, "It is your fault. I will stop in the river and I will eat pigs and men."

This is an Orokaiva story.

Garden Tools.

WE have spoken before in *The Papuan Villager* about garden tools; but they are so important that we can talk about them again and again.

Steel Axes instead of Stone.

Before the White men came the Papuans had to use tools of stone and wood. But the stone axes and adzes (*see* page 1) are now nearly all thrown away; you have steel axes and trade knives instead, and you do better work with them.

Wooden Garden Tools.

But the Papuan gardener still uses his tool of wood. In nearly every garden the most important tool is the digging-stick. Some are long ones, and some are short. The long one shown on page 4 comes from Boianai, near Wedau. The people there are good gardeners: they know how to bring water from the hills and make it run around their taro. The four wooden spades in the other picture are from Gogodara near the mouth of the River Fly. Here the people know how to dig "drains": they have drains to make the water run away, for if water lies too long on the garden the plants will die.

Steel Tools for the Garden.

But although these are good tools they are not as good as steel ones. We do not want the Papuans to try always to copy the White man. But this time they would do well to copy him. They should use his garden tools.

On this page there are some drawings of tools you can use. First there is the hoe. It is used for digging out weeds and for loosening the ground. Your plants will grow far better if they don't have to fight against the weeds; and their roots cannot grow if the earth is like stone around them.

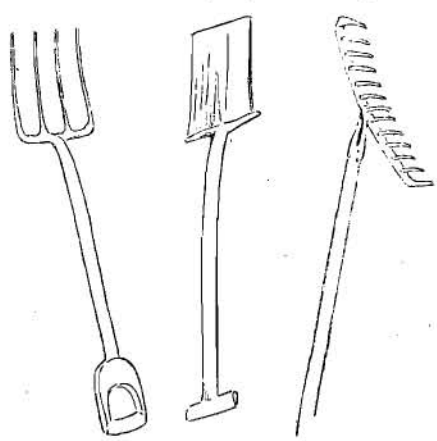
Then there is the fork. This also is used for breaking up the ground. Even when there is nothing planted, it is a good thing to dig your garden with a fork or a hoe; for when you plant your yams and taro later on they will grow well: the soil will be kind to them.

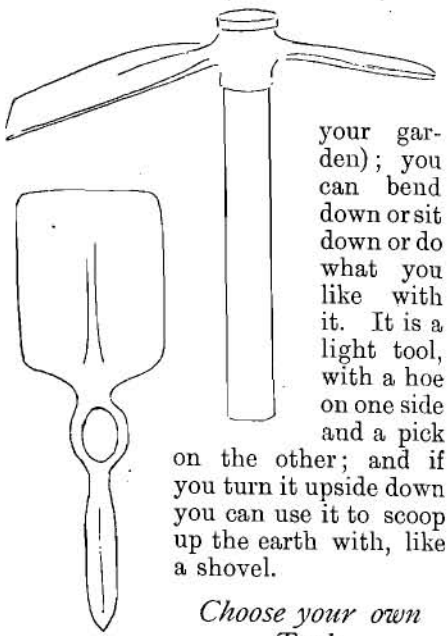
The spade is used for breaking the garden and for digging holes. When you have to make a deep hole to get your yams up, you can do it better with a spade than with a wooden digging-stick.

The rake is used for cleaning up. You would be wise to keep your garden tidy, and you can do this better with a rake than with your fingers. The women too can use it to clean up the rubbish in the village.

The Entrenching-Tool.

The last picture is one of an "entrenching-tool." It has this name because it is used in war to make "trenches" with. In a war there are so many bullets popping about that the soldiers have to dig holes to get down in, out of the way; and these holes are called trenches. The soldiers lie on their stomachs while they dig. Now we think that the Papuans might use the entrenching-tools to make gardens with. You don't have to lie on your stomach (for there is no one trying to shoot you in your garden); you can bend down or sit down or do what you like with it. It is a light tool, with a hoe on one side and a pick on the other; and if you turn it upside down you can use it to scoop up the earth with, like a shovel.





Choose your own Tools.

The Government wants you to use tools. But we are not sure what kind of tool you like most. If some of you will write to the paper; then we shall hear what the Papuans themselves have to say. But this is certain: if you learn how to use steel tools you will be better gardeners.

Flying News.

THE Australian flying-machine *Southern Cross* has set off again for England. She left Sydney on 25th June; and on the 10th July she had reached Croydon, England. This is the machine that had to land before. But Mr. Kingsford-Smith had another try.

Another Australian, Bert Hinkler, flew from England to Australia alone some time ago. When the flying-men of all the people met in Europe, they said he was the best of the lot. So Bert Hinkler is "King of the Air."

Cricket.

THE Kwato team came to Port Moresby on 22nd June and played a three-day match against the White men. Port Moresby won by 4 wickets. A full account of the match will appear in the next number, with pictures of the players.

The Story of Kaimi-Gore and Ido-Gore.

THESE two men are brothers, and they put their heads together. Both want to make one *Lakatoi*: Kaimi-Gore is first Captain (*Baditauna*), Ido-Gore is second Captain (*Doritauna*). And then start to make the *Lakatoi*. When they ceased their work, and put everything on board, they start to sail away to Gulf or Delta Division, with their crews.

How they live at the place.

When they arrived at the place, they stayed there. Some times their crews have been sent out in the fields for taking some cane (string) and timber for the new *Lakatoi*, or water or fire-woods. And these crews are quarelling much in their works. And on their returns to *Lakatoi*, some of them have reported to the Captains. But these two men did not say anything, because they are brother, and did not want to separate their joint. Some times Kaimi-Gore's crews begged some fire-wood or water from Ido-Gore's crews, and Ido-Gore's crews refused them.

Two new "Lakatois" have been erected.

These two men are talking together, want to make two separate *Lakatois*, because their boys are quarelled much. First of all they divided up their big canoes (*Asi*). Kaimi-Gore got some *Asi*, and Ido-Gore got some. So they start to make two *Lakatois*, and on finishing their works, they put Sagos, Coco-nuts, Betel-nuts, and everything on board, and start to sail back to home.

"Lakatois" started to sail back to home.

They left the river, and got outside of the reef, and these *Lakatois* are sailed in same place, and joined together all way along, day by day, and night by night. During the day one sailed after the other, and during the night, they used the fire sticks (*Kede*) (just exactly Torch-Light) so they know how they are sailing to.

How Ido-Gore was Castaway.

When both *Lakatois* have past Redscar Head (Lagava) sun was over, and night was too dark, and they cannot see the place. And Ido-Gore's *Lakatoi* was then escaped, i.e., parted from the other; she was lost she was sailed on outside of Lagamara reef, and Kaimi-Gore kept his *Lakatoi* inside of reef. Kaimi-Gore was kindling the fire, and Ido-Gore answered his fire, but too far distance from him, and Kaimi-Gore thought, probably his brother be lost. He did not sleep until morning, and he reached at Ido-dobi, and climb up a tree called *Gone* (the pandanus) and see his brother was past the fishing island, and he was cried, and say:—"O brother Ido-Gore, we are cannot be separated between ourselves, but our crew are quarelled much, so you are in death, and I am in life." And singing this *Ehona*:—

Kaimi-Gore makana, Ido.
Ido ai e vamalo,
Aunakoi bo ika.
O ini ruma, o ini kuro
Ne raro, Ido dobi vai doka.
Aunakoi omo ika,
Asi na ibaraibara,
Ido dobi vai doka,
Kuro veau veau.

In every years the Motuan people making *Lakatois* and their voyages to West for loading up some sagos; but all in their voyages, they cannot make any rows between them, or in their *Lakatois*, because they heard or remembered about these two brothers.

When they left here, they cannot sing this *Ehona* until they return from their journey. On their return journey, and when they past Redscar Head (Lagava) and just about above Rearea and Boera, and looking through the hills of this port and Ido-dobi they are all very glad, because they are in life, and they will see their friends, wives and children. That is why they singing this *Ehona*. And when one of crews start to sing this *Ehona*, and people who are inside of *Lakatoi* hear it, everyone of them is very glad and happy and joyful. Because they know, that they cannot be escape from the life.

The *Ehona* is in the Nara language. Mr. Clark has translated it as follows:—

In Kaimi Gore's sight Ido
behind Ido-Dobi disappeared.
Kaimi saw the *lagatoi*.
His house, his canoe,
he had tied properly; he anchored in Ido-Dobi.
But see Ido's *lagatoi*—
He rows in vain, he is lost.
I arrived in Ido-Dobi
because my *lagatoi* sailed well.

[By Toua Gau, clerk to the Government Anthropologist. Morea Morea, clerk, G.S.D., also sent in a very good story about Kaimi-Gore and Ido-Gore. Mr. Matthews judged between the two and said Toua's won; so it gets the prize of 5s.

The Little Bird and the Moon.

ONE day all birds made their feast, and they talked together: they wanted to fly up to touch the moon. So all birds were very happy because they wanted to touch the moon, and they called one little bird to cook their food. And all birds try to fly up to the moon; but little cook-bird made a big fire and burnt up all taro, and when taro are cooked he scrape them and gave all birds to eat.

But no any bird touched the moon. They were tired, so they have rest. And they called cook-bird to try too. So cook-bird said "My hands are very dirty!" But all birds said, "Never mind, come and try." So the cook-bird left his work, and he try to fly up to the air; and he flew and flew until he touched the moon.

And then moon said, "Why you touched me, but all birds can no touch me?" And cook-bird said, "Because I am very strong, more than other birds." And then moon said, "You will go down and take up the tree leaf, and lie down on the ground, and lay your eggs too on the ground, because you touched me."

And cook-bird said to the moon, "You cannot wash out my hands dirty on your face until the end of the world."

If some time you will see the moon and something look like black in the moon, you will know the cook-bird's hands dirty. And that cook-bird we call *Torutoruvaga*. Always she lay her eggs on the ground. If we go near her we cannot see her, because look like tree leaf; and then she fly, and we know the bird.

[By Benoma Dagoela, Fife Bay teacher, Navabu Station.]

The Story of a Snake.

ONCE the Saroa people went to Government Station at Saroa. On that day everybody cleared their own coconut trees. A big snake asleep by my coconut tree. I did not know a snake was there in the weed, so, when I cutting the weed I cut half of the snake. When I see that snake I was very fright and I ran away from the snake. Then I call two men and two girls; those men were working by me and the girls too. The snake ate one big *bandicoot* (Motu said *mada*) so that snake could not walk about, because he is very heavy. The snake is not quite dead; I run away cut a stick to kill the snake. Then I asked the two men, I said, "You think somebody like to eat the snake." And they said, "No, nobody eat the snake." So, I get a stick and kill the snake straight away. Then I picked up on the stick and hanging up on the tree. (That snake, Motu called *lavara*, is good snake.)

[By Charlie Esau, Saroa.]

A Boy Bitten by a Snake.

JUNE 5th we get up at 6 o'clock in the morning. Father and mother they want go to the fishing. Then father he tell the wife, "You give some sago for boy and girl." Mother she said, "I not give sago, because this girl does not help me." Girl she says, "Every week three days I help you, three days I go to the school."

Then father and mother go to fishing in the Miaru River. This boy and girl stay in the village. The sun is coming up. At 10 o'clock this girl said, "Little brother, you stay to village; I go fishing. You see all women they are going to the fishing." Little brother he said, "Please, sister, I have no food this morning. I want go to the garden." The sister says, "Where you going to?" "I go to get bananas."

Then they go to the garden place. (This garden place is about 1½ or 2 miles.) The sister got bananas. The little brother he make trap; he want to kill rat. Then snake bit his No. 1 finger. They come to the village. The sister not tell people. This boy lie down under the house, and the sister is going to the fishing.

All people do not know. At 5 o'clock they come to the village. She tell the people. All people said, "You have no mouth!" At six o'clock the boy was dead. His name was Pukari Tore. The sister's name Lari Tore.

[By Tuaming Haro, of Iokea].

The following have sent in articles this month:—

Nansen K., Rigo.
Posu Semesevita, Motumotu.
Mirisa R., Iokea Councillors' Clerk.
Miro Fae.
Leo Aitsi Parau, Kairuku.
V. Reatau Mea, Poreporena.
Gideon Waikaidi, Wedau.

Send your articles to F. E. Williams, Editor of *The Papuan Villager*. All articles from Papuans receive 1s. The best for the month gets 5s.

Decorated Tobacco Pipes.

ON page 4 there are two pictures of pipes from the Rigo District. The people of that part don't have pipes only to smoke with. They like to decorate them too; and they do this in two ways. Some of the pipes have patterns or marks cut on them with a knife. Others have the pattern burnt in. You will see another picture of a man doing this second kind of work (he is a man of Wanoari, Laloki River). He takes a long thin piece of *casuarina* wood. He holds the end in the fire, and then, when it is red-hot, he burns patterns on the pipe with it; and he blows on it to keep it hot. White men also know how to do this. But they use a red-hot rod of iron instead of a piece of *casuarina* wood. This rod is like a "poker"—the thing you poke the fire with to make it burn up well—so the White men call this "poker-work."

The pipes on page 4 come from Taborogolo, Baugabuna, Ibaradou, Baraika, Amuraika, Gorokomana, Napenanoum, Waiapaka, Obaki, Doakomana, Manugolo, Gaigeve and Kwale.

Visit of the Governor-General.

LORD and Lady Stonehaven will come to Papua at the end of this month. Lord Stonehaven is the Governor-General: that means that he represents King George in Australia.

Earthquakes in New Zealand.

THERE have been big earthquakes in New Zealand; and in some of the towns the buildings have been shaken to the ground. Whole hills have sunk down flat; and rivers have altered their courses and flooded the country. Some people have been killed; and many have lost their homes.

News from Abau.

THE big dance—Maduna Mauru—of the Mailus is over; and the people have settled down again to their usual daily life. For the past nine months the men have been busy bringing in pigs from Port Moresby, Kapa Kapa, Aroma and Bona Bona. The women too have done their share towards the feast. They made hundreds of bundles of sago. Eighty-three (83) large pigs were killed. The one with the most fat was purchased by Waupu, at Hula, for £20. The dance was conducted by Councillor Maru of the sub-clan Mara Dubu.

—"*F.*"

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