

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Pigs.



SOMEONE who knows a good deal about Papuans once spoke of the pig as "King Pig." By that he meant that the Papuans think their pig is a very important animal. Of course he was right; and of course you are right too; the pig is a very important animal.

We don't know who brought pigs to this country. It was a long time ago when some travellers landed on these shores and pulled up their canoes, and set free the first pigs. We suppose that some of them must have run off into the bush like Taufu's pig (perhaps his was the first). At any rate the bush all over the island is now full of pigs.

Some of them live in the villages and are fed by their "fathers" and "mothers." These are tame, or, as we say, "domesticated." But they are just the same pigs as the wild ones in the bush; and every Papuan knows that if he catches a wild piglet, and keeps it for awhile in his village, it will come to eat out of his hand like a pussy-cat.

The Uses of Pigs.

Now in every country the animals are very important. Sometimes they can be domesticated and taught to help man in his work; or they may provide him with some useful material. Thus a man can get up on a horse's back and ride it; or he can milk his cow and turn the milk into butter; or he can shear his sheep to get wool to make his clothes. And

these animals are all useful in another important way; they can be eaten (though for some reason or other British people don't like eating horses).



HANDLE OF A PUDDING-STIRRER,
NORMANBY ISLAND.

Now you can't ride a pig—at least not with any ease or comfort; you could not milk it with much success; and you certainly could not shear it.

It is true that the white man knows how to turn pig's skin into leather and make his boots with it; and he turns its stiff bristles into hairbrushes. But Papuans don't know how to make these things, and at any rate they don't need them. All they can do with their pig is to eat him—and that they can do very well.

And so the pig is after all a very useful animal, for his flesh is one of the best of all foods.

Animal Food.

Most people think that some animal food is necessary for us. Some, it is true, disagree about this. These people are called "vegetarians": they say we can live very well on vegetables alone, and that it is wrong to kill and eat any animal. But I think most of the doctors agree that we need some animal food; at any rate those who are looking after you Papuans think so. You have any amount of vegetable food in your gardens; the more meat you can mix with it the better.

In days gone by some of your fathers and mothers were cannibals; and no doubt they had some very good meat then. But, as it is a bad thing to kill and eat your fellow-men, they had to stop being cannibals. However, they still had wallabies and dugongs and bandicoots and lizards and so on; and, above all, they had pigs. For this reason then, so that you may have plenty of meat, the Government wants to see as many pigs as possible.

You should still fatten your pigs for the feast; and he who can bring four or five to the *soi* should still be counted a big man. Give them plenty

of food and make them as fat as you can. Among the white men they have "Agricultural Shows" every year, and prizes for the biggest animals. It might be a good idea if you borrowed some spring scales for your next feast to weigh the pigs like bags of copra; then you would be able to see which pig really won.

Pigs and Plantations.

Pigs are very greedy, and they like to grub up your gardens and break into your young coconut plantation. Some people have thought that they ought to kill their pigs because they did so much harm to these plantations. But that is quite a mistake. Remember that your pigs are just as important as your coconuts—they are more important. But you can have both if you take the trouble to put strong fences round your plantations.

Cruelty to Pigs.

There is one thing I should mention. Papuans are usually fond of their pigs and kind to them; and the pig's "mother" sometimes cries when the time comes to kill it. But sometimes, and in some parts of the country, the people forget all about being kind to the poor old pig. They keep him tied up for a long time before the feast; and then they drag him up and down the village, and beat him with sticks, and poke him with spears to make him squeal. And the louder he squeals the better they like it. That is cruelty. You look after your pig well when he is alive; when the time comes to kill him, you might do it as quickly as possible.

Bank Accounts.

THE Treasurer, in his last yearly report, mentioned the bank accounts held by Papuan natives. Every native who wants to can put his money into the Commonwealth Savings Bank at Port Moresby, or Samarai, or Daru, or Misima.

The first account, says the Treasurer, was opened at Samarai in 1913. In 1928 there were 439 native accounts; and the total was £6,493. One man had a "balance" (that is, money in the bank) of £113 17s. 11d., which he was putting by for his child.

Another man had kept on putting money into the bank for nine years; and at the end of the nine years he had a balance of £126 16s. 3d. With this he was able to buy a whaleboat to go fishing for bêche-de-mer and trochus; and he still had some money left in the bank.

Why you should Bank your Money.

There are two great advantages about putting your money in the bank. First of all it is safe. The bank locks it up in big iron boxes or "safe"; so that nobody can steal it. That is better than carrying it about in your little box or in your belt.

The other advantage is that they give you "interest" on your money. This means that they add something to it, so that when you come to draw out your money you get more than you put in. The rate of interest is 4 per cent. This article is not going to give an arithmetic lesson; but if you were to put in £5 at the beginning of year, then at the beginning of the next year you can draw out £5 4s. If you put in £10, then you can draw £10 8s., and so on. You can put in what you like and whenever you like. The bank gives you a book and they put down in it the amount you put in, or "deposit." Then when you want to use your money for something you go to the bank and ask to take it out. They give it to you and mark it down in the book. The money you have left is your "balance."

The great thing about the bank is that it helps you to save. If you have your money hanging about you will spend it on something you don't need. If you keep it in the bank you will not spend it so easily.

Standard V.

SCHOOL children know that they must expect examinations at the end of every year. They begin with Standard I when they are small, and as they grow older they work up to Standards II, III, & IV. But many children do so well that they reach Standard IV while they are still young—sometimes no more than 12 years.

They are not ready to leave school then; but they must still have some-

thing to work for. So the Government has made a higher standard. These are the subjects for it:—

ENGLISH.

READING.—The whole of the *Papuan School Reader*. Knowledge of the matter of the lessons. Easy unseens.

RECITATION.—A short poem of about thirty or forty lines, to be selected by the teacher, for memorization—special attention to good expression.

COMPOSITION.—Letter writing. Description of events and suitable familiar things. Subject-matter of reading lesson. Reproduction of simple story read or told.

GRAMMAR.—Revision of work of Standard IV.

ARITHMETIC.

Easy problems in money and weights and measures.

Practical work in measuring and weighing. Easy vulgar fractions and decimals. Areas of oblongs and squares.

GEOGRAPHY.

As for Standard IV. Products of Papua and their uses.

AGRICULTURE.

Gardening in a special block of school land. Methods of cultivation.

DRAWING.

Simple Geometrical figures and problems.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

Specially selected lessons on Elementary Physiology; first aid; domestic hygiene; civics and morals.

We hope that those pupils who sit for Standard V will make full use of *The Papuan Villager*. If you read your paper through every month you should find it a great help. And when you have passed Standard V and left school, we still hope you will find the *Villager* interesting, and that you will help it by writing articles yourselves.

Help your Mission.

School pupils probably know that the Missions receive money from the Native Education Fund (that is from Native Taxes). The payments are made to Assisted Primary Schools as follows:—

For every student passing Standard I	... 5s.
" " " " " "	II ...10s.
" " " " " "	III ...15s.
" " " " " "	IV ...20s.
" " " " " "	V ...25s.

This money goes to help the Mission to pay for your education. So you can help your Mission by working hard at school.

"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER" BOUND VOLUME, 1929, 3s. NOW OBTAINABLE FROM THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER

Carrying for the Government.

(Native Regulation No. 106.)

“THE work that the Government do is for the good of all people of the land. Government work cannot be done without carriers. Many people, sometimes for no good reason, refuse to carry for the Government, and thus hinder Government work. Now the people must, when required to do so, carry for the Government, and the Government will pay them. . . .”

Choosing Carriers.

The Government officer tells the chief man or the Village Policeman that he wants so many carriers. The chief or the Village Policeman must then choose the men, and the men must obey. If a man is ill he will not be told to carry; but if a strong man runs away and hides so that he will not be called on; or if he is called on, and then refuses, he will be punished.

The penalty may be a fine of £2, or gaol for three months.

Payment.

All carriers are paid at a proper rate. They are usually paid in tobacco or trade; but if they ask for it, they can have money instead.

They must also be fed, or paid something extra to buy food with; and when they carry in the mountains they are given blankets to keep them warm.

When there are plenty of villages the carriers are usually taken for one day only; and when their work is over they can go home again. But when there are not many villages, or on a long patrol in strange country, they may have to carry for as long as thirty-one days.

It is sometimes a nuisance to have to carry; but it is far wiser to do it willingly than to run away.

Iron Boats.

LITTLE boats are still made of wood. It is mostly the big boats that are made of iron nowadays—boats that can't capsize easily. The little canoe at the bottom of page 6 must be one of the smallest iron boats in the world. In it are two little boys of Poreporena.

Boat Races.

THE canoe-racing season is beginning in Port Moresby, and we give some pictures of the boats of last year. People in the outside world are interested in these Port Moresby races because there are no others quite like them. No one else races with outrigger canoes; though all the world over people race in boats of one kind or another.

The big picture on page 6 shows you the races on Sydney Harbour. They often sail “Eighteen-footers,” that is, boats 18 ft. in length; and on Saturday afternoon they are all over the place, like flocks of whitemarsh-gulls.

The longest of all races is from Australia to England. Nowadays nearly all the big cargo boats have engines; but a few of the old kind still remain. They are called “wind-jammers,” and have tall sails to catch the wind. Sometimes when they leave Australia they have a bet with one another on who will get to England first. It takes them months to do it, so that this is the longest race by far. But it is not really a proper race, for their business is to carry a cargo of wheat or wool.

Among proper sailing races the biggest is between the American and English nations. They have a cup for a prize, just as the Aquatic Club in Port Moresby has, though probably it is a bigger one. For many years America has won and kept the cup. But again and again the English people try to get it back. A man named Sir Thomas Lipton has built five different boats to win the race. They have all been called *Shamrock*, and the last one, *Shamrock V*, now goes to America to sail in the great race. She has a mast 150 ft. high, and a mainsail with more than 5,000 feet of canvas.

This is a bigger race and a bigger sailing boat than any in Papua. But Papuans can be proud of their canoes and of their races. When the *lakatoi* make their *toretore* it is a sort of race, and there is no other like it in the world.

Recently some photos taken by Mr. Gibson were put in a paper that goes to all parts of the British Empire.

They were photos of the *lakatoi*, and the *toretore* was called “the strangest race in the world.”

Papuan Dress.

ON page 7 are two pictures showing different styles of Papua dress. Most white men wear trousers, though some, the Scotch, sometimes wear a kind of *rami* called a “kilt.” This kilt is made of cloth—never, I believe, of grass like the kilt of the Kukukuku men in the picture. These Kukukuku men are also known by the thigh bones which they wear at their waists.

The other picture is of a Rossel Island man. Like many men in the East, the Rossel Islanders wear a pandanus leaf; but the thick rope (called *padi*) is their special fashion.

Fishing with Poison.

THE tribes and peoples of Papua have many different methods of fishing; but nearly all of them know the method of fishing with the poison root. They plant a creeper called *derris* in their villages; and then when it is time to fish they pound the root or stem in the still water. The fish go silly and float about on top of the water. Then the women go in with their nets and pick them up.

A “Kotopu” Ornament.

THE little girl on page 7 has just received a *kotopu* skirt. The women and girls in the Northern Division always wear *ramis* of bark cloth; but this is a special one, for which her father has paid a pig.

All sorts of things are given as *kotopu*. It may be a bark cloth, or a knitted bag, or a spear, or a fine ornament. You have to pay for it with a pig; and the man who gives it to you gives you a lecture. He tells you to be brave and good-tempered and hard-working. In fact you have to be a good *kotopu-emo*.

Football.

SUMMER is over in Australia, and with it cricket has gone out. All through the winter they will be playing football, for the weather is cold, and in cold weather you want something to warm your blood up. In Papua we can play either cricket or football the whole year through. But you can't get really savage at cricket—at least not often; whereas at football you can get pleasantly savage, and, as long as you play fair, you do no harm.

Mr. Humphries wrote this about football in the Cape Nelson District:

At first I found the games surprisingly gentle, there was something lacking, there was no vim in the play as we Europeans understand it, one rarely saw a player knocked down, and no one ever got even slightly hurt. I set about changing this, but soon found that it was not an easy job; the players continued reluctant to bump one another really hard, consequently the man with the ball was rarely troubled, and the play continued quite tame. I persisted and insisted, and now things are a little better; occasionally the man with the ball will get a knock, but we never see "skin and hair flying." That, I hope, will come later. The games must be rough enough to create excitement, to lift the people out of themselves for an hour or so, otherwise we are only wasting time and money. To help matters I have issued the teams with different coloured sashes; a little ritual, too, is added. The two captains shake hands over the ball at the commencement of the game and again at the close, when the teams line up and give the orthodox cheers. Linesmen with whistles and flags also add to the interest, drinks are served at "half-time" and the winning team receives a small prize. People have come from villages up to 25 miles distant to see the games, so there is hope for them yet.

Good players need not be rough players, though. The best footballer is the man who keeps his mind on the ball. You need not bump any man for nothing; but if he gets in your way you should not let him stop there.

Pudding-Stirrers.

PEOPLE in the Eastern end of the Territory use carved wooden pudding-stirrers. Sometimes they are 6 ft. long, and you have to stand up when you stir.

The carved handle on the front page is that of a d'Entrecasteaux pudding-stirrer about 2 ft. 6 ins. long. I believe these big spoons are always used by men—not by women.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Floods.

DURING the month of March it rained very much in the mountains and the Mekeo and Coastal Districts.

It rained while the A.R.M. of Kairuku was out on his quarterly visit to inspect the District Plantations down from Obu to Doa and Veimaui and while we were at Kanosia it rained all night; rained again when we came back to Rorona that was about 20th inst. It rained and rained for nearly 3 days, after which it caused the rivers to flood. The Aroa (Akevairu) River was flooded, we had A.R.M. ferried across safely but all wet, the banks were all under water. We ferried A.R.M. in a canoe from the bank of the river to a dry landing, and then walked to Aroa Plantation.

The rain had caused many openings of Creeks along the beach from Hisiu to Aru Aruna Point (Cape Suckling). The roads were very muddy and wet.

KEREMA.

(Correspondent—Nausten Kaiser.)

THERE are now only two officers at Kerema. Mr. Oldham is the Resident Magistrate, and Mr. Lambden is the Assistant Resident Magistrate.

Last month Mr. Middleton the Patrol Officer went away on holiday.

I was transferred from Rigo last month.

Every afternoon when the police have finished their work we play cricket, and sometimes on Saturday afternoons we have a match.

There are a lot of prisoners in gaol. Some of them keep the rubber plantation clean, and help the rubber-tappers to carry in the rubber every morning. Others go away into the bush with the police to cut timber to repair the bridge on the road down to the beach, and some cut the long grass round the houses and keep the place clean.

A great many Moviaui men were put in gaol because they went to Kukipi to fight the Kukipi people about some ground, as one Kukipi man had planted some bananas on land which the Moviaui people said belonged to them. The Kukipi people did not want to fight and told the Government about the Moviaui people, and as it was very wrong of these people to want to fight they were all punished.

Mr. Oldham and Mr. Lambden are now busy collecting taxes, and some people who could not pay have been put into gaol.

People west of Kerema are all making copra and the Government is helping them to sell it. Between November and January Mr. Lambden shipped to Port Moresby for the people 1,259 bags of Copra, and after paying for the bags, the freight, insurance and commission the makers received between them

£1,002 17s. 7d. In February 294 more bags were shipped and the people received £196 2s. 1d. and everybody now has more copra to ship.

The Kerema Bay people sent 150 bags this month and I think the Keuru, Vailala and Oroko people will have about 600 bags ready to ship when Mr. Lambden goes to make out the shipping papers.

KIKORI.

(Correspondent—Guava-Oa.)

THE Resident Magistrate has been away to Daru on the *Kismet* and back again. We had the Big Governor here and he and his friends had four days with the Resident Magistrate on the *Kismet* going round the Purari Villages.

A prize for a good village was given last week by the Resident Magistrate to Ututi, and while the Big Governor was at Purari he gave one to Ikinu. This village has started a bank account with their copra to buy a boat.

At New Year we had a very big dance nearly 2,000 people on the station and there was cricket and fireworks as well.

Mr. Butcher comes every other Sunday and holds Church Parade in the new Badminton Court and on the other Sunday, Molonga the teacher comes.

Mr. Butcher's new house at Aird Hill is very fine.

The *Kismet* has been very busy since Christmas; she has done 1,437 miles.

Sergeant Taro is still here and Lance-Corporal Puruta, Corporal Kau and Armed Constable Ebani went on leave last boat. The new gaol is finished and is very big. We have a very large hospital here and have medical assistants Iovea and Leke to look after it.

Coxswain Tai-I of the *Kismet* has been very ill and went to his village for a rest to get better, and the Resident Magistrate lent Lote to the *Kismet* for the time. Aniani is new engineer of the *Kismet*.

A new barracks is being built and Overa the Kiwai carpenter is doing this; it is a good house.

On the 26th February, 1930, Sergeant Taro and Court Interpreter Taina went away to Paia-A Village for some business and back again with 46 prisoners from Paia-A Village.

On the 5th March, 1930, a punt from Port Romilly Sawmill put 11,500 feet of timber on the Government Wharf waiting for *Papuan Chief*.

On the 6th March, 1930, Armed Constable Koivi told the Resident Magistrate that in his village Iari, an alligator got his sister in the Iari River. Koivi had been away to his village.

On the 14th March, 1930, the Village Constable Damai from the Maopia, Baru River, Western Division, came to the office and told the Resident Magistrate about some of the people of Paravi, Baru and Poimia who went up to Oberi Village and killed some people there. That same day the Resident Magistrate left on the *Kismet* for the Baru

River and got back again on the 17th March, 1930, with 18 of those men who killed the Oheri people.

MISIMA.

(Correspondent—Peter John.)

Launch "Levoni" on Reef.

ON the 7th March, 1930, *Levoni*, Mr. Bernier's launch, got on the reef at Misima, just very nearly the entrance of the passage through the Misima on the east side at 6 p.m.

When Mr. Bernier went up he asked Mr. Berge, the R.M., if he could help him and Mr. Berge sent Government's boys over got her off from the reef.

After we came back to the wharf I called some more boys to come over with me and try and save the launch before tide went low. The L.-Corp. Fane, of N.E.D., A.C. Kabideu, of E.D., and myself went over first by the Government's dinghy to the east side of the passage. As soon as we got there L.-Corp. Fane and myself walked over the reef. I sent A.C. Kabideu back to fetch some more boys, we walked about a couple of minutes on the reef and found five boys were there unloading the *Levoni*. L.-Corp. Fane and myself then helped them and took out all the boxes and all other things, except engine.

After that I told these five boys and L.-Corp. Fane to try and push the aft side off the coral and pull her down to the deep water because deep water is not too far, just about four (4) feet long from aft of *Levoni*. We push on the aft side of the rock and tried again to pull her down, we were doing this when twenty-three (23) boys came over and I told them to try it hard at once, but some boys had to push the aft side and some boys had to pull with the rope to pull her off from the reef.

We saved the Launch *Levoni* at 8.30 p.m. by twenty-nine (29) boys and myself; We had a very hard task. Mr. Bernier was very pleased with our work and rewarded us.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

CRICKET.

Port Moresby v. Poreporena.

A cricket match between Port Moresby and Poreporena was played at Port Moresby Oval on Saturday, 19th April, 1930, and resulted in a draw. Scores:—

PORT MORESBY (1ST INNINGS).

Harris, c. Boe Gavera, b. Hila Tutuhi	...	55
O'Malley, b. Igo Erua	...	0
Smith, G. G., b. Igo Erua	...	9
deGroen, c. Heni Heni, b. Igo Erua	...	30
Connors, c. Rea Mea, b. Igo Erua	...	10
Boileau, b. Hila Tutuhi	...	4
Gough, c. Furler, b. Igo Erua	...	0
McEnroe, c. Gavera Arua, b. Hila Tutuhi	...	35
Smith, S., c. & b. Igo Erua	...	7
Matthews, std. Rage, b. Igo Erua	...	0
Furler, Bob, not out	...	0
Wides	...	2
Byes	...	10
Total runs	...	162

BOWLING: Hila Tutuhi, 3 for 47; Igo Erua, 7 for 89; Teina Boe, 0 for 4; Rea Mea, 0 for 12.

POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS).

Gavera Arua, b. Harris	...	53
Boe Gavera, c. G. G. Smith, b. Harris	...	9
Heni Heni, c. & b. Harris	...	30
Igo Erua, c. deGroen, b. Connors	...	15
Rage, c. deGroen, b. McEnroe	...	6
Rea Mea, c. O'Malley, b. McEnroe	...	0
Geita Gaigo, c. deGroen, b. Harris	...	0
Hila Tutuhi, b. Harris	...	3
Vagi Davara, run out	...	2
Teina Boe, not out	...	1
Furler, L. (captain), not out	...	9
Wides	...	1
Byes	...	6
Total for nine wickets	...	135

BOWLING: Connors, 1 for 50; O'Malley, 0 for 31; Boileau, 0 for 11; Harris, 5 for 31; McEnroe, 2 for 6.

A second match was played on Monday, and was won by Port Moresby by 1 wicket and 17 runs. The scores were:—

POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS).

Gavera Arua, b. Coffey	...	12
Boe Gavera, b. O'Malley	...	1
Heni Heni, b. Coffey	...	4
Igo Erua, std. G. Smith, b. O'Malley	...	17
Rage, b. Coffey	...	1
Rea Mea, c. Howard, b. O'Malley	...	2
Geita Gaigo, b. Coffey	...	0
Heni Puka, c. Bob Furler, b. Flower	...	5
Furler, L. (captain), l.b.w., b. Flower	...	32
Hila Tutuhi, not out	...	13
Vagi Davara, h.o.w., b. Flower	...	0
Byes	...	4
Total runs	...	91

BOWLING: Coffey, 4 for 14; O'Malley, 3 for 48; Flower, 3 for 25.

PORT MORESBY (1ST INNINGS).

Coffey, b. Igo Erua	...	2
Faulkner, b. Heni Puka	...	12
deGroen, b. Heni Puka	...	3
O'Malley, c. Rea Mea, b. Igo Erua	...	38
Howard, b. Rea Mea	...	16
Harris, not out	...	10
Flower, b. Rea Mea	...	0
Smith, G. G., b. Gavera Arua	...	9
Hamilton, b. Gavera Arua	...	0
Matthews, std. Rage, b. Igo Erua	...	10
Byes	...	6
Leg Byes	...	2
Total runs for 9 wickets	...	108

BOWLING: Heni Puka, 2 for 20; Igo Erua, 3 for 27; Rea Mea, 2 for 22; Hila Tutuhi, 0 for 17; Gavera Arua, 2 for 8.

Gulf "Lakatoi" Visit Central Division.

Some *Lakatoi* from Lese Village, Gulf Division, arrived at Hanuabada recently; they only came to see their relations and friends here, and they also brought plenty of Sago, Coconuts, Betel-nuts and some other kinds of native foods for their relations and friends. They spent happy days here, and were well looked after, and well fed by Poreporena natives.

On the morning of Friday, the 2nd instant, they sailed back to their home villages; their relations and friends gave them some goods, earthenware bowls or dishes, cooking-pots, and water-pots, and also supplied to them plenty of food, some bags Rice, Flour and Tobacco, etc., and gave them good farewell and away they sailed.

Dugong and Turtle Catching by Motuan People.

I am very glad to send the under-mentioned list showing the total of the Dugongs and the Turtles caught by the Poreporena people, during the months from January to April, 1930; with the names of the captains of canoes, the owners of nets, and the numbers of the Dugongs and Turtles caught by each net:—

Captains of Canoes.	Owners of Nets.	Dugong Catch.	Turtle Catch.
Gabe Rei (1) ...	Gabe Rei (2) ...	5	...
" ...	Vani Heni ...	1	...
" ...	Gorohu Gabe	1
" ...	Rakaani Douara	1
Morea Gabe ...	Morea Dogodo ...	1	1
" ...	Tomu Dogodo	1
" ...	Lohia Gabe	2
" ...	Igo Maragina	2
Naime Dogodo ...	Naime Bani ...	1	4
" ...	Dogodo Naime	2
Nanai Naime ...	Nanai Naime ...	1	...
" ...	Bau Igua	2
Bau Moipi ...	Sema Bau	3
" ...	Heni Bara	3
" ...	Dogodo Bau	1
Arua Gavera ...	Gavera Arua	2
Udu Lohia ...	Ovia Edea	2
" ...	Udu Lohia	1
" ...	Roni Virobo	1
Total ...		9	29

RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

ON Tuesday, 20th March, the Assistant Resident Magistrate went to Port Moresby by the *Papuan Chief* to see the dentist and he said when he had seen the dentist he would want to patrol back overland from Port Moresby to Rigo.

Before he left the Station to go to the coast, he told me that his orderly was to be sent to meet him. I sent one policeman to get carriers from Gomoridubu Village on Friday evening at 6 p.m.

On Saturday morning Village Constable Magani Melo, of Gomoridubu Village, brought six boys of his village for Armed Constable Bauri the orderly to take for the Assistant Resident Magistrate.

So Bauri left the Station on Saturday morning with the carriers to go towards Port Moresby to meet his master. They did not go far, because the Assistant Resident Magistrate came back by a cutter with Mr. Wurth, Resident Magistrate, Central Division, so the orderly and other police and cook for the Assistant Resident Magistrate walked back from the coast to Rigo Station with the carriers.

The Resident Magistrate and the Assistant Resident Magistrate arrived at the Station on Friday evening about 6 o'clock, the Resident Magistrate came on business. On Saturday and Sunday the Resident Magistrate inspected the station records, the prison and the coconut groves and copra house. The Resident Magistrate left Rigo for the coast on Monday morning at 7.30 with carriers. He intended to collect tax on the way back to Port Moresby.

Story about Vagi and Gaogao.

ONCE upon a time an old woman named Hanebadana she had a child named Igagalo. He had one eye only; also his mother Hanebadana, she had blind eye too.

Beside her son there were two fellows, Vagi and Gaogao. Vagi he come from the bush, he is a kangaroo; and Gaogao he come from the salt water, he is tortoise. They care for them many years.

Killing Vagi and Gaogao.

One day Hanebadana she wanted to kill these two fellows Vagi and Gaogao to make big feast for village people. So that was why she sent her son to the garden to bring some bananas, yams, and all kind of food.

While Igagalo was out to the garden these two fellows Vagi and Gaogao they were playing in the house, make big noise all over the house. Hanebadana she got very angry with Vagi and Gaogao. She said, "You will be killed some time this afternoon!" And Vagi heard Hanebadana say. So Vagi went and told Gaogao, "More better we ran away for our lives."

Gaogao was thinking that the best plan was to dig a hole in the ashes place; and (in this way) they ran out and went to the beach. And there they dance, and make some fun, and sing a song.

Vagi run and catch Gaogao and threw him in the water. Gaogao dive down in among the big stones and hid. A little while Gaogao come out water and ask, "Vagi, did you see me when I was hid in the big stone?" Vagi said, "I did not see you because it was too dark."

Now Vagi said to Gaogao, "You watch me run up the hill." So he run down valley up the hill and run back to his friend, and he asked, "Gaogao, did you see me when I run up the hill?" "No, I did not see you, because too high the hill."

The Departing of Vagi and Gaogao.

Vagi told Gaogao, "Supposing that if any man wanted to catch me, they must fast!" Then Gaogao dived into the water and said to Vagi, "This will be a home of mine, and men shall call me tortoise."

And Vagi said to Gaogao, "If any man wanted to catch me in the grass they must fast!" Then Vagi run into the grass and said to Gaogao, "This will be a home of mine, and men shall call me kangaroo."

Igagalo killing his Mother.

Igagalo come back from the garden, and he ask, "Mother, where Vagi and Gaogao gone?" And mother said, "I do not know where they are gone; I got no eye to see them." Now Igagalo went and look about in the house. They were not in the house—no anywhere. For that reason he come and killed his own mother and cut her up in small pieces for making feast for all people in the village.

The Cooking of Hanebadana in the Pot.

Igagalo's wife was cooking Hanebadana in the pot with bananas. And Igagalo told his wife, "Bank up the fire!" At same time Hanebadana answer from the pot, "Bank up

the fire!" And yet she was cut up in small pieces and cooked in a pot. She was not dead at all.

Taking Hanebadana out of the Pot.

When Igagalo heard the pot talking he run up to the fire to see what had happened. As soon as he lift up the pot lid, Hanebadana joined again—she was not dead. So he pull Hanebadana out of the pot because she joined again. Hanebadana told her son, "If you willing to kill me you may kill me once more, if you like cut me up the small pieces again. But I will not be dead."

Igagalo goes out Hunting.

He went into the bush and killed one kangaroo. He killed Vagi, who was with them before. And then he carried to the village, and he cut it up in half. And he hung up one leg; and the other pieces he divided it among his people. For his own he roasted the one leg that he hung on the veranda.

It happened that one day there was nobody in the house. So this kangaroo joined itself and danced about. And if he hear a noise he would stop dancing and hang up—one leg only, then make song like this: "Bovare-vare Bovagovova Ionaukahua Roveaumai Ro." Some days after, Hanebadana hear that singing, so she told her son, "You better keep watch."

So Igagalo keep on watch. At last he found it out who was singing. Vagi it was. And Igagalo turn round and talk to the kangaroo: "I thought you was meat; but now I know you, you are not."

While Igagalo was talking the one-leg kangaroo he joined down to the earth. And now his turn to talk: "If any of you want to kill me you must bring all good nets and good dogs. Then can get me!" After saying that he run in the bush.

[By Aniani Naime, seaman, Kismet, Kikori, D.D. This story wins the 5s. prize this month.]

Papuan Bags.

I think everybody knows about mahous. All the Papuan people are fond of mahous, for they are good for carrying things in. In the Western Division people have string mahous, and they are made in all sorts of colours, and all kinds of mahous too. Some are for rocking their babies in, and some for carrying things in. But there is one which they carry wherever they go, with betel-nuts and lime in. They will never forget that mahou.

But in the Eastern Division they have what is called a basket; and they also use it the same way as the Western people use it. Do you know what they make their baskets out of? They make them out of pandanus leaves. The trees grow near the beach. Or if there are no pandanus, they use young coconut leaves. These are very pretty little baskets. I think you will see a few in Port, made by the Suau people. If you go to Samarai you will see many of those baskets, and I think you would like to buy one.

[By George Solien, N.C.S., Medical Department.]

Young Men among the Erema People.

NEWS for Erema peoples in the Gulf Division. They keep their young boys in the dubu, men's house, called *Erauo*.

When the boys are growing up into men, they put *hirita* (an enclosure) round on end of men's house. And one day they make feast for the young boys' uncles. Then uncle cut off nephew's *erekae* (?) and blow the horn, and sound themselves, and throw the *sihi* (the boy's bark-cloth band) up on the roof, and catch to give the nephew.

Then all people get outside, and they shut up the boys inside the *hirita*. Nobody can see. Until twelve months no little boys can see them; and no women or men or girls must see them. So if they want to walk about they have to cover themselves with coconut mats.

When their time is finished their father and mother make sago and have bound pigs and dogs, and gather many kinds of things together to make feast, when (they will) give the foods to young boys' uncles. And then they hang about the nephews all many kinds ornaments, and sing all night till daylight.

About five o'clock they got come out. They have grown into big fat boys with long hair too. And their mothers and sisters are very glad to see them again; also their girl friends.

When they could come out, one night and another night they walk about, every night, to look after wed some girls. If any boy get marry any girl, he is winner. Every one pleased him, and others got shame by themselves.

Then if they all ready get married, then father and mother get very long poles, 50 ft long; tie on natives goods for to pay their son's wife. So they paid them about 40 pearl-shells, 40 arm-shells, 10 *apakora* (forehead bands of shell), 20,000 dogs' teeth, and 2 pigs, and 1 dog. And 5 women can carry the pole by their hand with the things; and give away to the girl's father and mother and all their brethren. They are very glad; and everybody says, "That man and woman, they are very rich people for to pay our girl 2 pigs and 1 dog, and feed us well afterwards."

They call their girl two or three days before, because they want to make her wear ornaments, and to hang up one big native bag on her head, full up lot things, just same as boy's father and mother paid to her. And her father and mother they pay the boy in the same way—paid again, about 40 pearl-shells, 40 arm-shells, 10 *apakora*, 20,000 dogs' teeth—would count all same; can't mistake any one at all; all same sizes.

[By T. Kekie Hereva, of Arihava, employed by Mr. A. Sinclair.]

SOME boys have sent in their money two or three times. That is a mistake. 2s. will buy "The Papuan Villager" for a whole year.

Each boy will be told when to send his money again.

The Story of Ira Karaita and his Brother Tavo Karaita.

(Revised by W.J.L.)

Tavo hears strange voices in a tree.

MANY years ago Ira Karaita, the first born, and Tavo Karaita, the second born, lived at Maivira Village. This village is now Karaita and is near Kerema Government Station.

Tavo Karaita was shut up in the Dubu (he was being initiated) and one night he wanted to go for a walk. When he was walking along the road he heard some voices coming from a tree and they were talking about bread-fruit. They said, "We will go and eat the bread-fruit at Ie Village."

Tavo Karaita walked back to the Dubu and was thinking about the voices he heard coming from the tree. He wondered what they meant when they said "We will go and eat the bread-fruit at Ie Village." Tavo Karaita thought of this for a long time.

Tavo becomes a Flying-fox.

One day Tavo Karaita took his stone axe and went into the bush for some cane and some coconut bark. He came back to the village and made a big mask the same as a flying-fox. When he finished making the mask he put it on and tried to fly. After several tries he flew up in the Dubu. He went outside and flew all around over the top of the village and when he saw that everything was all right he flew down to the ground.

The next night he flew away to the place of the bread-fruit at Ie Village. He ate some of the bread-fruit and then a man fired an arrow into his wings (which were his hands). So he flew back to his village again and got there before the morning star came up.

Tavo Karaita told Ira Karaita what he had done and Ira Karaita told him not to go to the bread-fruit again. But Tavo Karaita would not listen to him, and would not believe what his brother told him.

How Tavo was Killed.

The next night Tavo Karaita flew away to the bread-fruit again and the men from Ie Village threw arrows at him. He went to the bread-fruit many times and the men always threw arrows at him but did not hurt him too much. His brother Ira Karaita was always telling him not to go but he would not listen to his brother.

The man who owned the bread-fruit wanted to stop this flying-fox (which was Tavo Karaita) eating his bread-fruit. So he built a small room on top of the bread-fruit tree and watched for the flying-fox to come again.

One night the people at Ie Village heard the flying-fox coming and they called out to the man in the small room in the bread-fruit tree, "Look, here he is! Coming now!" The man in the bread-fruit tree stood ready, and when Tavo Karaita (who was the flying-fox) started to eat the fruit, the man killed him with his arrows and Tavo Karaita lost his life forever.

The man took the dead flying-fox to his house and gave it to his wife. His wife cooked it and they ate it but did not throw the bones away; they kept the bones in their house.

Ira Karaita waited for his brother to come back to the village and was thinking, "What can have happened to him." He waited two or three days, and when Tavo Karaita did not come home he thought that somebody must have killed him, and he was very sorry.

Ira Karaita finds his brother's bones.

Ira Karaita wanted to find out who killed his brother. One day he took two pieces of coconut bark and went to Ipsi Village. He asked the people if they had any flying-fox bones. The people said they had plenty; so Ira Karaita asked them to bring him some, because he wanted to sew up his coconut bark (he wanted the bones for needles). Ira Karaita looked at all the bones that the people had and then told them that all of the bones were too small and that he would have to go to another village to see if he could get some bigger bones.

Then Ira Karaita crossed the river to Uaripi Village; and once more the people had flying-fox bones, but they were not big enough. And so he went from one village to another with the same result, until at last he came to Ie Village.

When he got to Ie Village there were not many people there; some of them had gone to their gardens, and others had gone to make sago. Only the old men and women and the small boys and girls were in the village. Ira Karaita said to an old man "You got any flying-fox bones? I want some to sew my coconut bark." The old man ran up to his house and got some bones and gave them to Ira Karaita. The old man and Ira Karaita were talking about bones for sewing things, and one of the small boys in the village heard what they said. This small boy said to Ira Karaita, "What do you want bones for?" Ira Karaita said, "I want some big flying-fox bones to sew my coconut bark but nobody has got any." The small boy said, "My father killed a very big flying-fox about a month ago." Ira Karaita was pleased and told the boy to show him the bones.

The small boy went up to his house and brought some bones to Ira Karaita but they were all small bones and not the ones Ira Karaita was looking for. Ira Karaita asked the small boy if he had any more and the small boy said that there were plenty in the house. Ira Karaita told him to bring them all. Then boy brought every one of them. Ira Karaita looked at all the bones and told the small boy that he wanted to take the big ones to his home. The small boy told him he could have them and Ira Karaita was very glad because he knew that he had found the bones of his brother.

[By Lohia Toua.]

STORIES, etc., only to be sent to the Editor, F. E. Williams. All other communications to be sent to the Government Printer.

Poreporena Women's Feast.

A BIG feast was held at Hanuabada, by the Poreporena women, on the 7th day of February, 1930.

Before the feast, every women and girls are gathered together in one section, and they made a great talk about the feast. And they put their heads together and say that collection will be made in between them, every women must put 5s. and 10s. respectively; so they collected money and found very nearly about Forty or Fifty pounds in cash. Amara-Ikau was the women's Treasurer.

Day or two before the feast, all men were sent out for fishing, and they brought plenty of fishes, and gave them to the women for their feast.

On the 6th Feb., every women came in town from the village, and entered into the store of Steamships Trading Coy., Ltd., and they bought plenty of European foods, some bag rice, flour, and sugar, etc., there are about two or three heaps of these things, which have been carried out to the village by the lorry.

On the 7th Feb., this was the date of feast, every women and girls are dressed up nicely, they wore their native petticoats, beads, and necklaces, and rubbed their skins with the coconut oils, this make their skins a shine and bright; some women are danced, and played around and around the platform, and some are yelled and screamed for the feast, but everybody were very nice and pretty lookings, and they are like an olden people on that afternoon.

There were two or three individual heaps of foods were placed on the platform, and about £5 or £10 worth baking bread, and plenty of fishes for everybody to eat.

Everybody were chased by the women, if they caught them, open their mouths and given something to eat, and rubbed their faces with the foods, and let them go; this is what the Papuan people always doing in the feast.

[By Igo Erua, Clerk of N.A.D., Port Moresby.]

The Woman and the Pigs.

ON the Friday, 26th September, 1929, a woman and her child they went to the creek. The woman she saw some wild pigs in the bush; and she told to her child, "Will you hide in the grass. I am going to drive the pigs?"

The child said, "No, if you go, some of the pigs, other pigs, will bite you."

And the woman she ran to the pigs. She catch. And some of other pigs ran into the bush. One of these pigs came back to her, and she stopped. She ran to her child because she was very frightened. And the child said, "Oh, mother, I thought you lost!"

Mother said, "I am all right. We better go to the home."

[By Leonard, schoolboy, Mailu Island.]

The Story of Irawanin.

THE man's name was Irawanin. He and his sister they lived in a place alone. Irawanin had got a big beard, and was a big man.

He and his sister they stop in the village alone. She said, "You only eat taro. When will you eat pig?" He said, "Yes sister, you want to eat pig, do you?"

Early in the morning Irawanin took his spear and his dog and went to forest to hunt. And the dog bit three pigs. And the man carried them out.

The dog ran first, and the sister said, "Where is your master? You come first." And she looked on in the road. The man came with three pigs. He put them on the veranda. She cooked the pigs, and they did eat.

Again Irawanin took his spears and his dog; and again he got three pigs. And the dog came first. And the sister saw her brother bring three pigs, and put them on the veranda. She cooked them and eat.

Some one man he heard news of Irawanin. And he get canoe and his wife and daughter, and they go to Irawanin's village, and found Irawanin and his sister on the veranda.

They stay all night; and in the morning Irawanin took his spear and his dog and go to the forest to hunt. The dog he bit three pigs. And the man carried three pigs. And dog he come first to village, and sister she said, "Where is your master?" She saw her brother bring three pigs. He said, "Sister, you cook pigs." The man, his wife and daughter, have pigs. Irawanin got betel-nuts and gave to the man, and they went to their village. But the man said, "Irawanin, you marry my daughter."

So they left their daughter to Irawanin for wife. And many many children they got, only boys.

By and by the man and his wife came to see the daughter and all the children; and once again Irawanin gave them three pigs. When they had eaten them the man said, "I want to go to our home." And Irawanin said, "All right, if you want; or sleep here, and early in the morning go."

The man said, "No, I go now." And to his daughter he said, "Give me your eldest

son; I want to take him with me. You got lot of children." Irawanin and his wife said, "Yes, take your grandchild."

Well, one evening that man blew whistle, and all the people came to him; and he said, "I want us to go to Irawanin's village and kill him and take his things. He got a lot of 'sapisapi,' long long ones, very very beautiful!"

All people said, "How many houses?" The man said, "Only two houses: one for Irawanin and one for his sister. Irawanin, his sister, my daughter and her children, live alone."

The child heard this news and cried to go to his father. So grandfather take (held) him, but did not stop him. He went home and then he said, "Father, father, I want to tell you, all village people come to us, and will kill us and take out things. Irawanin said, 'True?' Child said, 'True!'"

Irawanin told his children, "An enemy coming to us." And he went to the bush and got some wood and some leaves for his children to bath with this (using them as medicine?). Then at his word they fall in, about three lines. And he gave them spears, and tell them enemy will come soon.

They made fence for village and two gates. Then they said, "When will they come? The sun goes down." Then they shut one gate and opened other gate. And some went out to beach and saw the enemy come and land. They blew the whistles.

Enemy said, "How many people here?" The man said, "Only two houses." They went into the village.

Irawanin sat down on the veranda. Only the children fought the enemy. The children were made strong; and they finished off all the people but their grandfather. He ran to the beach, and in canoe went to his village. The women say, "Only one canoe and one man!" And they were sad. All their people were dead.

The man went to another village and said, "I have lost my people. Help me to kill Irawanin." They said, "All right!" They went to Irawanin's village; and again children were strong and killed them. Again their grandfather he ran to the beach, got his canoe, and alone went to his village. And all were sad.

Again he went to another village and asked them to come kill Irawanin; two times his people were loosed (had lost). They said, "All right!" They went to fight with Irawanin and landed. Children saw the enemy and blew whistle. They went in and fought with Irawanin's children. And the children were strong and killed the people.

So Irawanin's children they win three times. So then they stayed in their own village with their father.

[By Randolph Namuri, mission teacher, Kewanasasaf, Wanigela, N.E.D.]

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