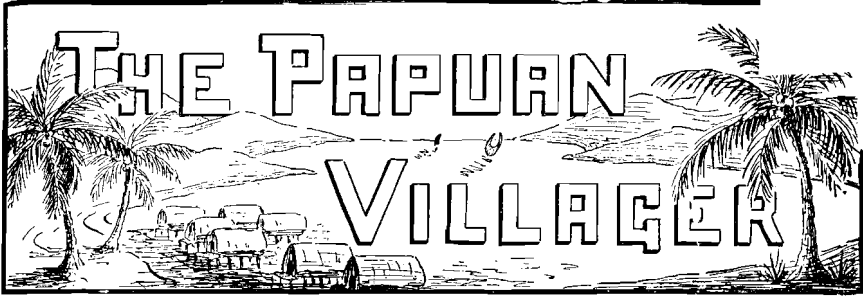


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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## A Trobriand Chief

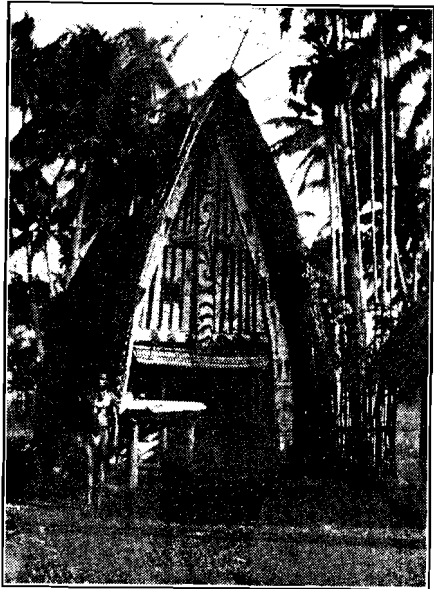
In most European countries there are all sorts of Chiefs. Some men become chiefs because they have a lot of brains, and work hard. The head of a business or the head of a Government "Department" is a sort of chief. Those who work under them have to obey them, and they have to say "Sir" when they speak to them. The Governor is the big chief of all Papua.

Others are born to be chiefs. There are plenty of men in the white people's countries who become chiefs because their fathers were chiefs before them. We call them Lords, Barons, Earls and so on. Those who are born to be chiefs may have a lot of brains or they may not; it doesn't matter. We have no white chiefs of this kind in Papua.

### Respect for Chiefs

But, whether a man is made a chief or born a chief, we respect him. We take off our hats when

we meet him; if we are soldiers or policemen, we salute him. In one European country when the people see the big chief they hold their right



Mitakata, the Trobriand Chief, standing by his house

hands straight up in the air and sing out "Heil." That is their way; it is just a sort of salute.

### Papuan Chiefs

Now you people of Papua also have your chiefs, as you well know. And of course you respect them. If a big man comes to your village you may put a mat for him to sit on, and you may get him something to eat, and you listen to what he has to say.

But chiefs in Papua are not much like chiefs among the white men. You have your own way of doing things, and to be sure it is a very good way. In your villages one man is mostly as good as another. At any rate you don't have to salute a man because he is a chief.

### Chiefs in the Trobriands

But there are some exceptions. In the Trobriand Islands there are men of "high rank" and men of "low rank" or "commoners." And the highest of the high rank people are really big chiefs. When a commoner

passes one of these he has to stoop quite low. He has to keep under the chief—not right underneath him of course, but beneath his level.

### Different Ways of Showing Respect

When an English chief is standing the English commoners must stand too. On the other hand when the Trobriand chief is standing the Trobriand commoners must sit down (or squat, which is their way of sitting). It is all very different, but one way is just as good as the other. Both of them show respect for the chief, which is a good thing.

In this issue we give you a picture of Mitakata who is the biggest chief in the Trobriands. You see him standing beside his beautifully carved and painted house. Another picture shows you his very special lime-pot. Mitakata is a very good chief and the people respect him.

### Big Game Fishing

#### Game

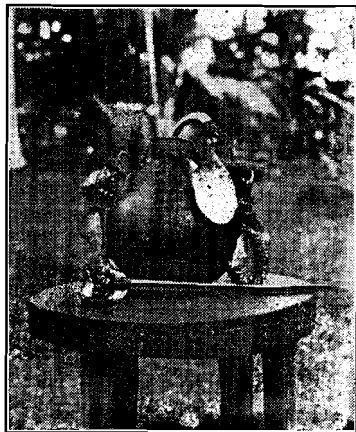
You all know what games are. You play cricket, football and hide-and-seek. They are games.

But there is another meaning for the word "game." It stands for the animals and birds that white men hunt for. They don't hunt them in order to eat them. They hunt them because they think it is good sport, or a good game. And so they come to call these animals "game."

By "big game" they mean big animals that are hunted, like lions and tigers and elephants and buffaloes.

#### Big Fish

Europeans also go in for "big game fishing," for there are some very big



Mitakata's Lime-Pot

fish caught in the sea. They don't catch them with nets or fish-traps. There is no sport in that. They catch them with line and hook.

### Rod and Line

The line is fixed to a long pole or "rod," and it is wound up on a "reel." When the fish gets hooked it swims away and pulls out a lot of line. Then, when it begins to get tired, the fisherman winds up his reel till at last the fish is pulled in.

Plenty of white men fish for fun; and they may sit for hours and catch nothing. Or they may catch one only six inches long. But the big game fishermen want something much larger.

### The Bait

They go out in launches and they have big rods and long lines. Their bait is a whole fish. It may weigh four or five pounds.

The dead fish is fixed to the hook and line and pulled along behind. Soon the shark or the swordfish sees it. He thinks it is a real live fish and he snaps it. Of course he does not know there is a hook inside it. He gets this hook caught in his mouth and swims away as fast as he can.

Then the fisherman lets him swim about for a long time and, when he is tired out, pulls him alongside.

### Swordfish

In this way they catch sharks and swordfish. You know what a shark is. A swordfish is one with a long

sharp point on the end of his nose. It is something like a great long knife, or the "sword" that European soldiers used to fight with when they went to war. But it is really more like a spear than a sword. These swordfish are sometimes very big.

### Famous Fishermen

The most famous of big game fishermen is a man called Zane Grey. He has lately been fishing in the seas round Australia, and on one day he caught seven swordfish. The biggest of them weighed 230 pounds.

### The Record

But the record big fish was caught by an Australian this year. It was



A Small Swordfish Caught at Samarai  
J. N. WALSH, PHOTO

a tiger shark, and he had it on his line for five hours before he pulled it in. It weighed more than 1,500 pounds—as much as twelve or thirteen Papuans put together.

## Another Blackfoot Story

### Old Man Sees Fruit in the Water

One day Old Man was standing on the bank of a river. He looked in the water and saw some pictures (reflections) there of fruit growing on the bank. He thought the fruit was real; so he dived into the water. But he could find nothing.

As soon as he was back upon the bank he saw them again; so he dived one time after another, and at last he tied stones to his legs so that he might stay down longer. Then he nearly drowned.

At last he was very tired, and, finding a shady place under a bush, he lay down to rest. Then looking up he saw the real fruit hanging over his head. This made him very angry. He picked up a club and beat the fruit tree until there was only one fruit left. This is the reason why people to this day beat fruit from trees.

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

## Getting Letters from a Tin Can

In some parts of Papua it is difficult to deliver goods and mail during the south-east season. The sea is rough. The waves are so big that canoes and row-boats that come out to get the stores and mail are overturned. Everything gets wet. If the weather is like this the boat has to go by without landing her mails or cargo. She tries again on her return journey to do this. Sometimes in the rough season she has returned to Port Moresby with the mail. But she is usually able to deliver it going or coming.

To one little island in the Tongan Group the mail is delivered in a strange way. It comes in a tin can. This island is quite on its own and is surrounded by coral reefs and dangerous currents. Big boats cannot reach it.

Long ago a native postman used to swim out to the boat with the mail. But one poor fellow was carried off by a shark and ever since then the postman goes out in a canoe, carrying the mail in tin cans. These cans are hauled up the side of the big boat by a line. The mail brought by boats is put into tin cans and then dropped over the side to be later picked up. It is a sort of floating post office.

So many tins containing all sorts of things are dropped by boats that pass this island that it has got a new name. It is called Tin Can Island, but its proper name is Niuafouu. When anyone visits Niuafouu I don't know whether they land him in a tin can or not.

## Armistice Day

This month the anniversary of Armistice Day came again. When the Great War had been going for more than four years there was at last an "Armistice"; which means that the fighting stopped. The armistice came on the 11th November, 1918. On every Armistice Day since then the people of the British Empire cease work and stop play for two minutes, to think about the soldiers who died in the war. At eleven o'clock, on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year, they keep silence for two minutes. A good many people forget all about it; but they say, "Well, we will keep the silence next year."

## Death of a High Chief in Samoa

A man named Mataafa Salanoa was High Chief in Samoa. He was an important man, and was one of

the O.B.E., which means "Order of the British Empire."

Mataafa Salanoa could speak both French and English. As he knew English so well he was very useful to the Council.

## Pictures by Air

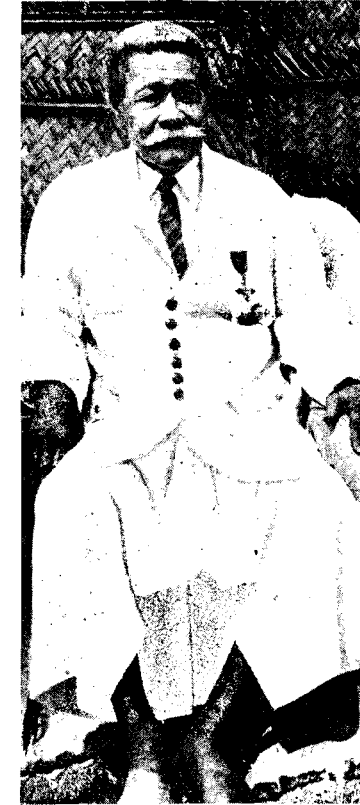
You all know how messages can be sent long distances by wireless. They go everywhere and are picked up by men who have wireless sets. Music and talking are often as clear and good as if you were close to the men who are making the broadcast. (That is what they call music or talking over the air.)

Now they have found a way to send pictures by air from one country to another. I have a picture in front of me that has come from England by air. These air pictures are sent by wireless and some of them are very good pictures too. This one is so good that I am sure I could tell who the man was if I met him on the streets of Port Moresby. When an important thing happens in England they can have a picture of it in the Australian papers that day or the next.

I am sure that when the new King is crowned that there will be a picture the same day of the coronation.

## A Fire on the "Montoro"

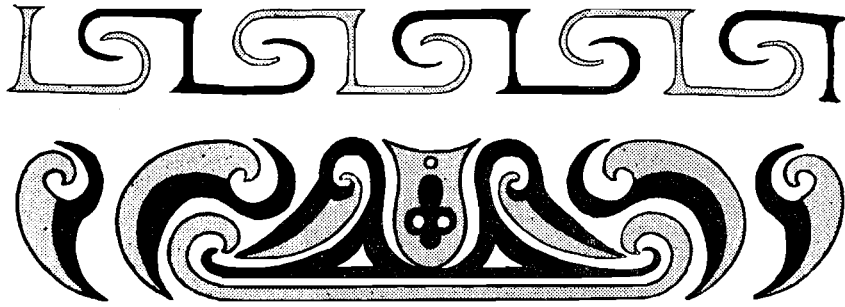
When the *Montoro* was coming up from Sydney a fire broke out in the hold. But it was very soon put out. Most of the passengers knew nothing about it. It is a good thing it was put out because a fire at sea on a big boat is a very dangerous thing.



The late High Chief, Mataafa  
(Block by courtesy of *The Pacific Islands Monthly*)

the "Advisers" to the Legislative Council. He used to advise the Council of Europeans about native things. He was also a member of the Council.

The King gave him a medal called



Cross Board from a Yam-House in the Trobriands, Painted Red and Black  
DRAWN BY L. AUSTEN

## Football in Fiji

The islands of Tonga and Fiji in the Pacific visit one another to play football. They play a kind of football called "Rugby," which is different from yours. They have an "oval" ball while yours is a round ball. Oval means like an egg. Of course the ball is not exactly like an egg, or you would not be able to kick it very often. It is made of leather with a rubber bladder inside which you blow up tight, just like one of your own footballs. When you play Rugby you can pick up the ball and put it under your arm and run with it. You can't do that in your game.

Tongans and Fijians play football very well, and hundreds of people, both European and native, go to see their games.

## The Last Day of a Boar

In Australia, a little while ago, a Pig was being taken from one place to another when he got out of his box. (They don't carry their pigs with their feet tied to a pole in Australia. If they did perhaps this pig would not

have got away.) For a while he seemed to be quiet, but when the people tried to catch him he got very wild. He rushed at them and scattered them. Some climbed on fences, some into trees, and some on to the roofs of sheds. Then a man came up on a horse and tried to chase the boar. But the boar "had his blood up," and *he* chased the horse and the man.

Then, when the boar had beaten everybody, he had a good look round and dropped dead.

## Gold from Papua

Last year we sent out 21,732½ oz. of gold from Papua. This was worth £68,922. This is more gold than in any year since 1921.

## Another Flying Record

Mr. Mollison has flown across the Atlantic alone in 13 hours and 19 minutes. This is an hour and a-half faster than the previous record.

## Uses of Rubber

Many Papuans work on rubber plantations and they know that rubber comes from the sap of a large tree. There is plenty of rubber sent away on the *Macdhui* and the *Montoro* to be sold in Australia.

Rubber is used for making the tyres of motor cars; it is used for making the soles of shoes; it is used for making tennis balls and golf balls; for football bladders and for raincoats; for erasers (or "rubbers" for rubbing out pencil marks); for corks of bottles; for mats on floors; even for pavements on roads; and for a hundred other things.

Men who work with electric wires use rubber gloves so that they will not get a shock from the wires.

The latest thing is that some men have thought of making oil from it. But so far they have not been able to make it cheaply enough to sell. It costs much more than the oil that comes straight from the ground.

## DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

### PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, Rea Mea)

The 4th season Cricket and Football Match between Port Moresby and Samarai natives was played on Port Moresby Cricket Oval on 17th and 18th November. Samarai won both cricket and football matches.

Cricket commenced at 3.30 on Tuesday. Samarai won the toss and batted first. Three wickets were down for 105 in that afternoon. On Wednesday at 10 a.m. the cricket started again with very fine day. Samarai were all out for 177.

Port Moresby did very badly for their 1st innings with the very poor score of all out for 36 runs. This is the lowest score between these two teams. John Guise was the great bowler, he spins his ball very dangerous to hit. You will see how our men got out by

his bowling. He has made the first record, he took 14 wickets in two innings.

Port Moresby then went in for their 2nd innings, and did little better than in the 1st innings—made 152 runs.

Samarai only wants 11 runs to win so they send two men in to bat, but one goes out for 0. However, they passed the score. Samarai won by 10 wickets and 7 runs.

The result of the scores:—

### SAMARAI (1st INNINGS).

Dennies, b. Toka ... ..	0
Jack, c. Heni, b. Hila ... ..	34
John Guise, c. Hitolo, b. Timo ... ..	53
Sikini, b. Hila ... ..	10
Mazeppa, c. Heagi, b. Timo ... ..	7
Roy Namuri, c. Hila, b. Rima ... ..	4
Situ, l.b.w., b. Heni Puka ... ..	25
Michael, not out ... ..	33
Iru Rau, l.b.w., b. Rea Mea ... ..	6
Dasil, b. Hitolo ... ..	1
Paruru, b. Hitolo ... ..	0
Sundries ... ..	4
Total ... ..	177

Bowling: Toka, 1 for 24; Rea, 1 for 26; Hitolo, 2 for 26; Hila, 3 for 30; Lawrence, 0 for 9; Rima, 1 for 22; Timo, 2 for 17; Uduru, 0 for 1; Heni Puka, 1 for 22.

Port Moresby, 1st Innings, all out for 36. John Guise took 6 for 23, Iru 3 for 3.

### PORT MORESBY (2nd INNINGS).

Heni Puka, b. John Guise ... ..	20
Timo Arisa, c. Jack, b. John Guise ... ..	49
Lawrence, b. John Guise ... ..	0
Hila Tutuhi, c. Jack, b. John Guise ... ..	1
Hitolo Hekure, c. Dennies, b. John Guise ... ..	9
Rima Rakatani, b. John Guise ... ..	3
Rea Mea, b. John Guise ... ..	34
Toka Gandi, c. and b. Iru Rau ... ..	7
Uduru Noga, c. Jack, b. John Guise ... ..	12
Heagi Gavera, not out ... ..	9
Willie Tamarna, c. Mazeppa B., b. Iru Rau ... ..	0
Sundries ... ..	9
Total ... ..	152

Bowling: Jack, 0 for 5; John Guise, 8 for 71; Dennies, 0 for 22; Sikini, 0 for 7; Iru Rau, 2 for 36.

Port Moresby was captained by Heni Puka and Samarai by Mazeppa Bacca.

## Native Contributions

### The Story of Bavaeapapoa

Many years ago in a village of Fife Bay called Avaloro, there was a boy whose name was Bavaeapapoa. Early one morning his parents went out to work in their garden. But Bavaeapapoa still slept.

### He is Angry Because he Loses his Fish

When he woke up his father and mother were gone. But, seeing four men fishing in the creek called Guguru with their nets, he got up and went there. When he reached the creek where the men were fishing he saw a fish inside a net, so he went into the water himself and caught the fish. But those four men came and one of them seized the fish from him and took it for themselves. Bavaeaenapoa tried to get his fish back, but in vain for he was only a young one.

The men went back home with the fish. But poor Bavaeaenapoa's heart of course was full of anger because of those four selfish men who took his fish from him. The little boy cried loudly, but no one helped or heard him; and he cried on till he was very ill in voice.

When his parents came back from the bush some village people told them about Bavaeaenapoa, and said that lots of people had tried to bring him back to his home, but the boy would not come for he was very wild.

### He Becomes a Snake

Then his father and mother went down to find their son by canoe, for the tide was very high. When they found their loving son the boy was still crying. His father picked him up from the swamp, but the poor boy changed into a big snake. Then the man put the boy again in the water and he became a boy again. His father touched him again to take him from the water, but lo, it was a snake. So he dropped him down again. Alas he becomes a boy again.

The strange thing which his parents have seen made their hearts full of trouble and sadness. So they kissed him good-bye and left him alone, though they were very anxious.

When the boy's father and mother arrived home they painted their bodies black, an old New Guinea fashion, in sorrow for their only begotten son who was lost in the creek. A few months later the man prepared a feast for the village people and his son's friends.

### He Goes to Live on a Hill

But Bavaeaenapoa, left by his parents in the creek, became a big snake and went up the hill from the water and lived there. At night Bavaeaenapoa came down to see his friends among the boys of the village: but they did not like to let him come into their houses because of his strange body that frightened them. In the daytime he lived in his own new home under a very big stone on

the hill.

Sometimes the village people went out hunting taking their dogs and spears with them. But a very big snake on that hill chased them down and their dogs too. The people of the village said, "It is Bavaeaenapoa who became a snake in the Guguru Creek." Years later some of the people found the dead body of a very large snake on that hill; and they thought that it was the body of Bavaeaenapoa. Then the people of our Bay called that place where they found the dead body of the snake "Bavaeaenapoa," and it is still known by that name to-day.

This is the end of my story.

[By Donald Moruwutu, Technical schoolboy, Fife Bay, E.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

## A Letter from a Papuan

Dear friends,

I am writing this letter to you as I would like to know if one of you will write to me to tell me what is *Palolo*. I do not know what it is myself. It is a South Seas word.

I heard that someone said it was a little fish-worm.

But I heard that somebody said it is a little fish-worm (a spawn, Motu *bira*) and it comes up on the top of the ocean once or twice in a year, this year on Wednesday, the 4th of November, and on Friday, the 4th of December, in large numbers. It is good eating.

Will some of you Eastern Division and South-Eastern Division boys who know and have seen these things please write it out in *The Papuan Villager*.

I should be very pleased if someone will write it in the later papers.

DAGO MOREA, native clerk, Kerema.

[The Editor would be glad if some subscribers would write about the *Palolo* worm. Please send in your letters to the Editor and the best of them will be published.]

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