

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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## Wood Carving

### Different Kinds of Art

There are many artists in Papua. Some are good at one kind of art, and some good at another. Some make string bags in pretty patterns with gay colours. Some make nice round pots and decorate the edges. Some beat out bark-cloth and paint it in red and black and yellow. Some make cut patterns on their bamboo pipes, or burn them on with a little red-hot stick. And some are wood-carvers.

All the people who do these things, and who do them well, are called artists.

### Papuan Wood-Carvers

Some districts are better at wood-carving than others. Some of the cleverest in all Papua are the Gogodara on the west bank of the Fly River. They can make little men with bright eyes of shell and painted faces. Then the people of the Purari Delta are great ones to carve their canoes. The Motu people carved their *dubus*. The Suau people do some of the best work of all. They carve the



front of their houses, their paddles, their axe-handles and all sorts of things. They, and the people of East Cape, and the people of the Trobriand Islands, are perhaps the best wood-carvers in all Papua.



A Carving from the Fly River

### The Trobriand Carvers

The Trobriand Islanders are the most famous for carving. They often use a black wood called "ebony"; and they do very beautiful work, making walking-sticks, and lime-sticks, and fighting clubs, and so on.

### Tools

The old time carvers had to use tools of stone or shell, but they did beautiful work even with these poor

tools. Nowadays they have tools of steel—knives and chisels—and of course their work is much easier. If they take a lot of care their work should be better too; for a good workman can do better work with a good tool.

### Making Things for Europeans

In the Trobriand Islands a lot of things are made to sell to Europeans. In the village of Bwitalu there are plenty of men who carve big wooden bowls and tables and flower-stands; and these are taken to Samarai and sold to the white man. Many people in Papua—and many visitors too—have a Trobriand table in their room at home.

It is a very good idea to carve things for selling to Europeans. But we hope you will always do your work well. A proper artist doesn't always think about the money he is going to get. He thinks rather about the work he is doing with his hands. And he is only satisfied with good work.

### Counting the Bears

You have heard of the Bear, who lives in countries where the climate is cold. He is one of the most friendly of animals.

Now in the country of Sweden they are afraid the bears are dying out. That means soon there will be no more bears. So a man who loves animals has given money to protect them. One of the first things they are going to do is to count all the bears in Sweden.

During the winter, for five or six months, bears hide in their winter houses under the snow. In spring

they come out, and it is then that they can be counted. After counting them they are going to try and take care of them. They must not be killed; they will be given food to eat and places where they can live without being hunted.

### Too Much Talking

People often say there is too much talking in the world. Sometimes when I am in a village in Papua I think this is true; and it is very much the same in the white men's villages.

But I have just read that it costs £1 a minute for a man in London to talk on the telephone to a man in New York. (Two years ago it cost £5 a minute.) There will not be too much talking between England and America at that price.

It's a good job we don't have to pay £1 a minute for talking to one another. We should soon run through our money.

### The Honey Hunters

In Africa there is a tribe of natives called Wangindo. We do not know much about them except that they are poor and that they are not fighters as some others are. They have no cattle and no crops. But they are lovers of honey.

There is a little bird who lives there called a honey bird, and they use him as their guide to the wild bees' nests. If a Wangindo man is working in his garden and he hears the honey bird's calling note, he drops his tools, leaves his work and goes off to find the honey.

When he finds the tree where the honey is he lights a fire and smokes out the bees. He cuts down the tree and takes the honey. But he leaves the grubs of the bees for the bird who guided him there.

He does not go back to his village with the honey. He takes it into the bush and puts it with other hives that he has there. He hides the place and he is the only man who can find this honey.

### The Dog and the Garden Food

Once upon a time the people had no gardens or garden food. They ate all sorts of leaves instead, and they were often hungry.

Now there was a dog in the village who was really a man, though he walked about like a dog. The people were very unkind. They spoke roughly to him and kicked him and gave him nothing to eat.

The dog went to his garden, for he had a real garden of his own. There he put off his dog-skin and became a proper man. His sister was there, and they ate bananas. She ate so many that she was sick. But then the dog-man gave her some native salt and ginger and she felt all right again.

He told her how the people in the village were cruel to him. It was very unfair, because he was really a man. Then he returned to the village, telling his sister to come after him with a bag full of food.

When he got back to the village he was a dog again. The men kicked him out of the way and rowed at him. They said, "Why can't you catch pigs and wallabies? You are no good."

## The Friendly Crocodile

We often hear of the unfriendly crocodile, but here is one that is friendly.

He lives in Africa at a place called Lake Victoria. He even has a name, Lutembe. The natives there call him by this name, and out he comes from the water. He waddles up the shore and they give him stale fish and he is very pleased with it. He may not wag his tale, but he lets the boys pull it. Someone once took a photo of a boy pulling his tail and it looked as if the crocodile was smiling. Well he has a mouth big enough for a good smile; but I hope no Papuan will try to find out if our crocodiles will smile when their tails are pulled.



Bwitalu Wood-Carvers at Work

## Two Miles Under the Earth

White men are always trying to find out things. Some spend a lot of time looking at the stars and others dig down in the earth.

Not long ago one of these men (a Belgian) went up in a kind of balloon higher than anyone has ever gone. He found out a number of new things about the air.

And now he wants to see what the centre of the earth is like so he is going to dig a big, deep hole and go down it. He hopes to go down two miles.

If he went down deep enough he would go right through the earth and perhaps find himself in Sydney. The people of Sydney would be surprised to see a new hole in their city streets, and the head of a Belgian man suddenly popping out. But I don't think he will get that far.

## War Against the Emus

In Western Australia there are birds called Emus who are making a nuisance of themselves. An emu is something like a cassowary.

They have been destroying the wheat crops; and the farmers say they saved 125,000 bags of wheat by killing 56,000 emus. That is a lot of emus; but though they have killed so many yet there seem to be thousands more of them.

People have tried to kill them in many ways. They have chased them with dogs; dug pits for them to fall into; and they have put down poison for them to eat. They have even tried machine-guns too. A machine-gun is one that keeps on shooting out bullets one after the other. It is used in war. We hope our Papuan cassowaries don't try to imitate the Australian emus for we don't want a cassowary war in Papua.

## The Brush Turkey's Nest

The Australian "brush turkey," like our Papuan "scrub hen," has a different way of hatching her eggs out. She does not lay them in a nest and sit on them like other birds do.

The cock turkey (the father) scratches together a large heap of leaves and grass. The mother turkey lays her eggs in these grasses and leaves them. The heat of the dying leaves and grass hatches out the young turkeys.

In England, in a sort of bush Zoo called Whipsnade, they have a brush turkey from Australia. She has laid her eggs and hatched them out in a large mound like this. Then the keepers of the Zoo came to clear up

the nest. They found it weighed 5 tons. That must have taken the cock turkey some time to make. He could not be called a lazy fellow at any rate.

## Adrift at Sea

### A Kind Father

We read in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* about some natives of the Marshall Islands who were lost at sea. They were lost for eight weeks and were hungry and thirsty, for they had little food and drink. One of the men had with him his two adopted children. He would not eat himself, but gave his share of the food to these children. When the boat was at last found he was so weak from hunger that he died soon after.

### Alone at Sea for Thirty-four Days

Another man, a native of Tokelau, was lost for 34 days. He set out to sail for his home island, 45 miles away, but the wind turned against him, and he was swept off his course. He travelled 200 miles in the 34 days, and had only 10 coconuts to drink. But he was picked up at last, very lucky to be alive.

## Native Contributions

### The Story of Two Brothers

Once upon a time there lived two orphans and they were brothers. When their parents died they went and lived with their grandfather and grandmother. But they were not kind to them. Sometimes they only gave them a bit of dried food and no water, and sometimes only the skin. When they finished their meals they used to go and play with their bows and arrows.

These two little boys were only small boys when their parents were killed. Of course in those days men were fighting and killing and even eating each other. So once when the boys were by themselves they determined

they would escape from their grandfather and grandmother.

#### The Two Boys Leave Home

In the afternoon when their grandparents came home from the garden, they gave the boys some food and they ate it and went to bed. At midnight when the grandfather and grandmother were asleep they stepped out the door and walked to the bush.

Early next morning while they were walking the youngest brother was very hungry and he asked his elder brother to give him something to eat. But he said, "I haven't got anything in my hand to give you." A little further on there stood a nut-tree with plenty of fruits. So then the elder brother looked up and said, "Oh, just sit down here for a moment and I'll climb and get fruits for you."

When he was climbing he heard the noise of a drum coming close to them, so he called down to his brother and said, "Watch yourself brother, the enemies are coming." The younger one said, "Where?" Tolinga answered, "Oh, they will soon reach us."

#### The Enemies Come

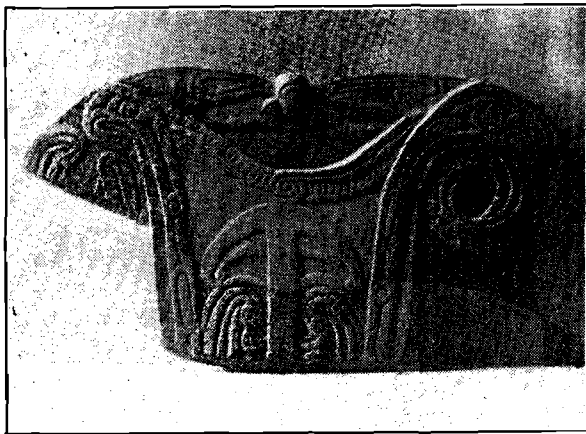
A few minutes later the enemies surrounded the nut-tree with the two little boys. These two little boys had got weapons for they knew that fighting was still going on. Also they were very good shots for they practised shooting when they were playing games. When the fight started Olinga, the youngest

boy, struck ten down in one minute and he called up to his brother as he was fighting. A little while after his brother came out from the nut-tree and he also struck down ten in one minute. The fight went on for about four hours. The enemies were all gone but they cried for more to come and take their places as the fight grew stronger and stronger. The two little boys got tired for they had no helper. Anyhow while they were fighting they were going all the time closer to the nut-tree. When the enemies got very strong and they came closer to them they did their magic and immediately the trunk of the tree was opened, and the little boys went in.

While they were inside the trunk of the nut-tree their enemies looked everywhere for them but they had no hope of finding them. At last they went away a little distance. Tolinga and Olinga went out and called to them. When the enemies saw the little boys again they came back again. They tried again to kill Tolinga and Olinga but they were not strong enough.

#### The Conquerors

The fighting went on for a day and a-half but the enemies had no hope. So they went to them and asked for peace. So they had peace and they promised Tolinga and Olinga that when they grew to be men they should find wives there and rule over that country. And when they grew up they got married and



An Old Canoe Ornament from Normanby Island

ruled over those people as they had been promised. This was because they were the conquerors.

Solomon Island story.

[By Patterson Farr, Headquarters Barracks. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

#### The Kangaroo and the Wallaby

Once upon a time the kangaroo and his friends the wallabies met together, and they talked with each other about choosing a master to work with. One of the wallabies said, "Friends, we had better choose the kangaroo for our working master," and all the wallabies answered, "Yes, he shall look after us and after our work too."

The next day the kangaroo and all his workers went to their gardens and planted corn seed. Then they stopped their work and went home; but their master, the kangaroo, told his friends, "You go first and I will come behind." So all his workers went home quickly. But the kangaroo went back to the gardens and ate up all the corn seed.

Next day they returned to their gardens and saw the corn seed was gone, and they began to be troubled over the loss of the seed. Again they planted more seed, then stopped their work and went home. But their master came afterwards and when he saw that his workers had all gone he did the same bad trick again, and then went slowly back to his home.

Early next day the wallabies hurried to their gardens and again they saw that the corn was gone and they were very troubled. They all talked together and decided that next day one wallaby should hide and watch, and see who came to eat the corn seed and go back home and tell all the other wallabies. So they planted the corn once more and that day one of them hid himself to watch for the thief and the others went home.

Then their master came slowly along waiting till all his workers had gone home. Then he ate up all the corn seed; and the wallaby who had hidden saw it all, and he said in his heart, "I have seen our master eat all this seed," and he went quickly back to his friends and told them, "The kangaroo ate up all our seed."

Then the wallabies talked together, "We will kill this kangaroo for he spoils our work

and eats our seed." Then they went to the garden and killed their master, and carried him home and cooked him for their dinner.

That is the end of my story.

[By Alexander Tobogani, Anglican Mission, Tautopotia.]

#### The Story of our Picnic

One Friday night our missionary said to us, "To-morrow we will go on a picnic because very soon Miria, one of our Papuan teachers, will go home and this is the way we shall say good-bye to him. On Saturday morning we had our food and prayers and inspection early.

The missionary's wife and her girls made some food for the picnic and at 10 o'clock we all left Savaivili. Posu said, "Let us go along the Akeva path." So some boys went first with their knives to clear the path, then we all followed. Talking and singing and playing we walked on.

Then we had a meal and afterwards Miria said, "Thank you very much for this picnic." Then we all come back to Savaivili. This was the end of our happy picnic.

This is the end of my story. Good-bye.

[By Uvia Molola, Port Moresby.]

[This article was received in April, 1935. It has had rather a long time to wait.—Ed.]

#### The Story of a Man and the Sago

Once, when a good man called Lakoropisae of Toaripi was forced to run from his strong foes, the Danes, he hid himself in a wood.

In this wood there was a small cottage, or small house, and Lakoropisae asked the woman who lived there if he might go in and rest. Now the woman did not know the King (Pukari) but she saw that he was a Toaripi Semese, which means Toaripi soldier, and that he was very tired. So she let him come in and sit in her kitchen.

Beside the hearth, near the fire, some sago was baking, and the woman told the foreigner (or one unknown) that if he watched the sago cooking and did not burn it that she would give him some supper. Then she went away to do her work.

At first, Pukari Lakoropisae watched the sago carefully. When it was well cooked on

one side he turned the other to the fire. But after some time he began to think of his land, and of his poor people, and then he forgot his business, or duty imposed.

When the woman came back the sago was black and burnt. "You are an idle fellow," she cried angrily, "You would be quite ready to eat the sago, but you will not take the trouble to watch it."

While she was loudly scolding her husband came home. He knew King Lakoropisae. "Be still, wife!" cried he, "It is our noble lord the King (Pukari)!"

When the woman heard this, she was much afraid, and she begged the King to forgive her.

The King smiled, and said, "I will gladly forgive you for your rebuke, good wife, if you will forgive me for spoiling your supper."

[By Posu Semesevita, L.M.S. teacher, Savaivili.]

[This is really a story of the English King, lifted dressed up in Papuan clothes.—Ed.]



An Australian Native Fast Bowler

### The North-West Season

Last Friday, 11th September, the sea became calm and we knew that the big wind had finished. At this season the men and boys in my village catch many crayfish in the reefs. This is the time when Gulf people sail in their canoes to the East for trade.

### The Sago Trade

This month of September the sago trade begins. If the people in the West want big money they must take sago to the East now. In November the Hanuabada people are very

hungry, and they will give a good price for our sago. But in January they have plenty of food and do not want to buy sago. Then the price is very small and our people cannot get much money. So the best time to go on a trading journey is November.

That is all I can write. Good-bye readers.  
[By Malaefope Koavea, of Moru Technical School, Isuleilei.]

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