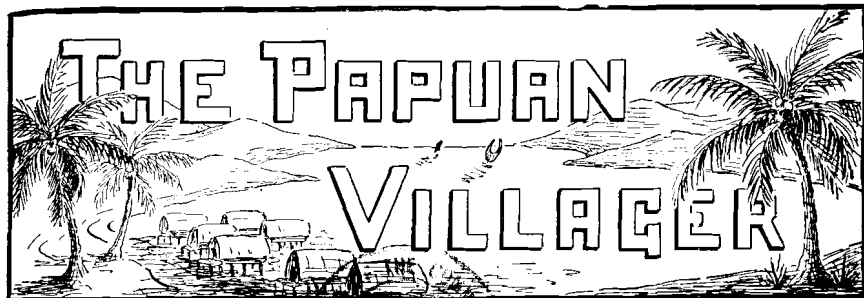


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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## Flying Over Papua

Last February the Government sent some officers to fly over parts of the Western and Delta Divisions. Mr. Hides wanted to make a better map of the country he had walked through with Mr. O'Malley last year; and Mr. Champion wanted to see where he would go in his big patrol which is to start this month. It was

thought that it would help both of them to see the country from the air. The Editor had the good luck to go with them.

### From Port Moresby to Wau

"Guinea Airways" is the name of the Company which owns the 'planes. We left Port Moresby in a big three-engined 'plane and nearly got to Wau the first day. But the clouds covered



Mount Hagen natives crowding round the 'plane

the mountains, and we had to turn round and come all the way back. The second day we had a very bumpy time, because there was a big wind. One of the bumps was hard enough to throw people out of their chairs, and we were very glad to land on the ground at Wau.

#### Big 'Planes at Lae

From Wau we went to Lae, where the Guinea Airways have their big aerodrome. There we saw the great 'planes that carry engines, and pianos, and cows, and other big things up to the goldfields.

#### The Journey to Mount Hagen

From Lae we flew straight to Hagen in a single-engine Junker 'plane. It took us two hours, and we passed over many open valleys with many gardens and houses. Near Mount Hagen the houses are little round ones. From up on top they look like mushrooms or small round shells. And the gardens are divided by drains into squares, each about 9 ft. x 9 ft. They are so evenly divided that they look like draught-boards, except that they are not black and white.

When we landed at Hagen 'drome the two Roman Catholic missionaries, Fathers Ross and Meiser, received us very kindly, and gave us plenty of good pork, and sausages, and vegetables, to eat. And while we were there Father Ross took us to see some of his native friends.

#### The Natives of the Hagen District

Many people live in the open country near Mount Hagen. They are fine, fat, strong, men and women. The men wear round white shells under their noses and hanging over their upper lips. They wear their

hair in a bunch on top of their heads with a fine net stretched over it. And some of them wear a big white "melon-shell" or "bailer-shell" on their chests. Most of them carry axes over their shoulders. They are beautiful axes bound with cane, and the blades are of pale green stone with a sharp edge. The men wear aprons in front, and leaves stuck into their belts behind; and they rub pig grease all over their bodies (this helps to keep them warm, for the air is very cold up at Mount Hagen).

#### Their Gardens

They have round houses, or oblong houses with rounded ends, very neat and well built; and their gardens are as neat as their houses. The people live mostly on sweet potatoes, but they have plenty of bananas and other food, and they grow beans. Beans are very good food; I have never seen them grown in the same way in Papua.

#### Flying West of Mount Hagen

We had two flights from Mount Hagen. The first day we went 100 miles west and back again. Nearly all this flying was over Papuan land. We passed over some fine open valleys with lots of people. Looking down on the gardens we could see that they were divided into small round beds, not square beds like those near Mount Hagen. We passed over mountains and rivers and lakes, and at last came to the valley of the Tari Furoro, where Mr. Hides and Mr. O'Malley met lots of people. It was a very pretty place.

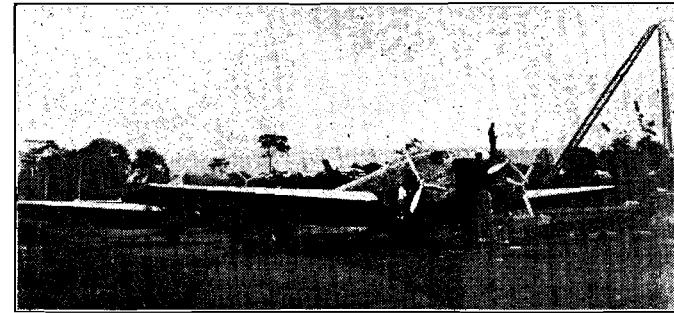
#### Dropping Sea Shells

On these valleys we dropped handfuls of white shells. The people of these parts (like most Papuans) are very fond of white cowrie shells. So

we dropped some as a present. I hope the people found them where they fell on the gardens; and I hope none got hit on the head by a falling shell, because it would be going pretty fast.

#### Reading with your Finger-Tips

Most people learn to read with their eyes. They see a picture of a letter and then they learn its sound. After that they are shown how to put the



One of the Big Junker 'Planes at Lae

#### Over the Limestone

Next day we flew south-west. The country was not so open. We crossed many ridges, covered with forest. The valleys in between had houses and gardens; and some of the houses were very long ones—100 yards or more, I should say.

Then we came to the limestone country. It is very broken and jagged, without any houses or gardens or tracks to be seen. It must be very hard country to walk through. And it would not be very nice to land on in an aeroplane. At last we came to the end of the limestone and we could look across to the flat plains and the broad rivers of our Delta country. We could see the great Turama River emptying into the Papuan Gulf.

Then we turned back and came through the clouds and over the mountains to Hagen again. And on the next day we came all the way back to Wau and Port Moresby.

letters together and to make a word. This is eye reading.

But what about those whose eyes are no good? And those who cannot see at all? There are some like this all the world over, and there is a special kind of reading for them. Little raised dots mean different letters when they are put in their right places. Here is what "Cat" looks like, · · · ∴ (C · · A · T ∴). Blind readers run their fingers over the little raised dots and read by feeling. Some can read nearly as fast as those who read by the eye.

There are blind people in Papua and some day they may be able to read with their fingers. But the Papuans with good sight will have to learn first to read with their eyes.

#### A Brave Papuan

A man named Tabu has been given a medal for bravery. We believe he

comes from Papua. At any rate he was working with the pearlers in Torres Straits.

A very big wind had wrecked many of the pearling boats; and Tabu, who was a strong swimmer, helped to save some other men. They were in the water for 31 hours. When they landed Tabu left them and walked 15 miles to find help. The men had had no food for three days.

He got the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

### The Bishop of New Guinea

#### 36 Years of Mission Work

Bishop Newton was 70 last December. He has worked for 36 years in Papua and Australia, and his work has always been for the good of the native people.



Henry Newton, Bishop of New Guinea

He came out to Papua in 1891. Those were the early days, when many miners were finding gold in our country. He came from Australia in a tiny sailing boat together with some miners, and then went up the North-East Coast to join the other missionaries of the Anglican Society.

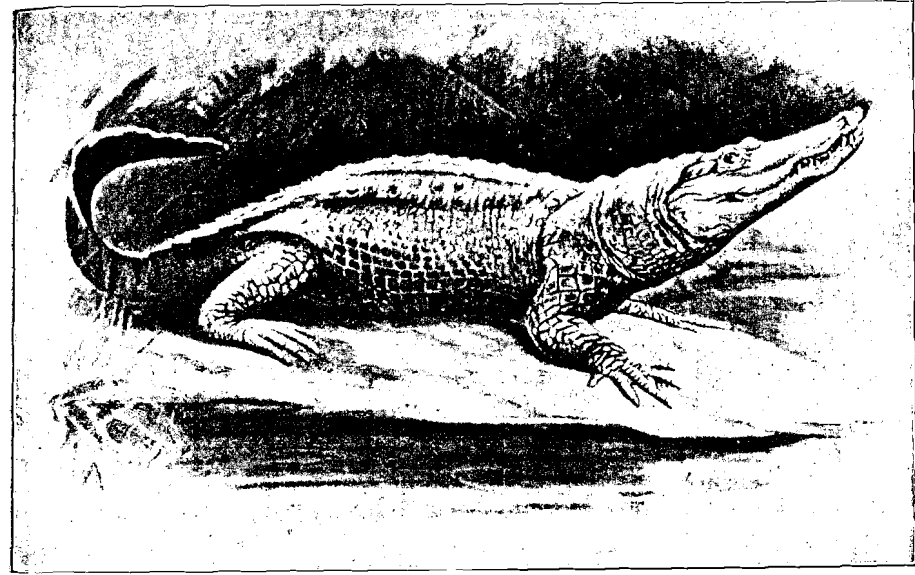
After many years among our people he went to Australia. But it was not to finish being a missionary. He became the Bishop of Carpentaria (in the north of Australia), and for 7 years he was head of the Mission to the aborigines there.

Then he came back to Papua to be the chief man of the Anglican Mission here. He is called "Bishop of New Guinea" (though his work belongs to Papua, not to the Mandated Territory which is nowadays called New Guinea).

### Living Hard

Bishop Newton has been a great traveller in the hills and swamps of our country. He used to "travel light," as we say. This means that he did not take a great number of swags and boxes. And he "lived hard," which means that he did not trouble about being comfortable and having a lot of good things to eat.

Now that he is 70 years old he has retired. But that does not mean that he has stopped working. He will act as Bishop until some younger man is named for the place. And even then I am sure he will go on working at something or other.



A CROCODILE

### Catching Crocodiles

There are many crocodiles in the rivers of North Queensland just as there are in Papua. Some men in Australia earn money by catching them. They sell their skins and their teeth, and sometimes they catch them alive for Zoos.

#### Crocodile Skins

The skins of crocodiles make very good leather. It is used for shoes and bags and other things. The skin of a 10 foot crocodile is worth about 30 shillings.

#### Wire Nooses

They are usually caught in a wire noose. The crocodile puts its head inside the noose when it goes to take the meat which has been put there

for bait, and then it gets caught. It lashes about in the water, but it can't break the wire and so it dies at last.

#### Poison

Another way is to put poison on the meat. The crocodile dies and sinks in the water. But in a day or two its dead body floats on top, and then they take the skin.

#### Catching Crocodiles on Hooks

Another way is to catch them on a big hook. They hang some meat on this hook just above the water. The crocodile snaps it, taking meat and hook at the same time, and so he is fast.

#### Shooting

And the last way is to shoot them. But you must shoot them in a soft place, or the bullets will just jump off the hard skin.

Some of you Papuans might be able to teach the crocodile-hunters other ways of catching them.

### One Man has Caught 1,000

Crocodiles are very bad things. They kill so many of our pigs and our people that nobody minds killing them. An Australian named Hall has caught more than 1,000 crocodiles. His biggest measured 28 feet long.

### Another Blackfoot Story

#### The First Marriage

In the beginning the men and the women did not marry and live together. They lived in separate villages.

One day Old Man came to the village of the men, and, when he was there, a woman came over from the village of the women. She said she had been sent by the chief of the women to invite all the men, because the women were going to pick out husbands.

Now the men began to get ready, and Old Man dressed himself up in his finest clothes; he was always a fine looking man. Then they started out and when they came to the women's camp, they all stood in a row.

Then the chief of the women came out to make the first choice. She had on very dirty clothes, and none of the men knew who she was. She went along the line, looked them over, and finally picked out Old Man, because he looked so fine. Now Old Man saw many nicely dressed women waiting their turn, and, when the chief of the women took him by the hand, he pulled back and broke away. He did this because he thought her a

very common woman. When he pulled away, the chief of the women went back to her house and ordered the other women not to choose Old Man. While the other women were picking out their husbands the chief of the women put on her best clothes. When she came out, she looked very fine, and as soon as Old Man saw her he thought, "Oh, there is the chief of the women. I wish to be her husband." He did not know this was the same woman.

Now the chief of the women came down once more to pick out a husband, and, as she went round, Old Man kept stepping in front of her, so that she might see him. But she did not look at him and picked out another man for her husband.

After a while all the men had been chosen except Old Man. Now he was very angry; but the chief of the women said to him, "After this you are to be a tree, and stand just where you are now." Then he became a tree and he stands there yet.

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

### Rain and Wind in America

#### Floods

I am afraid the big rains in the Port Moresby district have caused some floods and spoiled some gardens. But they are a very small thing compared with the floods in some other parts of the world.

In the southern part of North America the Mississippi River has been in flood. This is the largest river in the world, and when it is in flood the waters cover the country all round.

It is said that 250 people have lost their lives and over half a million

have lost their homes. And a big flood also costs a lot of money. This one has done 54 million pounds worth of damage.

#### A Tornado

We certainly have strong winds in Papua sometimes. But we don't get hurricanes and cyclones and tornados. These are names for the very big winds that knock over houses and tear trees out by the roots.

They have just had a tornado in America. It is said that 300 people were killed by it and nearly 2,000 were hurt. Thousands of people have had their houses smashed or blown over.

### DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

#### PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, *Rea Mea*)

##### Canoe Racing

Sister Fairhall, of the Mission, asked the village people to have a special canoe race for the white members of the Port Moresby Vade-Mecum Society. The village people agreed to bring the canoes and the race was held on Saturday, 23rd May last.

There were about thirty-one members of white ladies and men from Port Moresby present on the canoes, and they all paid 3s. for each person, and there were six canoes racing.

They all started together and the Rev. D. E. Ure was keeping the time. The good canoe *Kwadikwadi* was the winner of the race with six white people. I was also in that same canoe, and I felt it was a very happy day for both white and natives for they had much pleasure and an enjoyable time.

It was a strong south-east wind blowing and it made the canoes go very fast at all times—like seaplanes. There were two of the seaplane men also in one of the canoes and I hope they enjoyed it.

At the end of the race the Mission people gave tea and bread to the crews of the canoes.

### Native Contributions

#### The Man Who Became a Dog

A long time ago the people first saw the dog. A man and his wife and son lived at the small island; the island's name was Mikafiru. The man's name was Lavai and his wife's Mori-Aroai; and their son's name Vika.

#### Father and Son Go Hunting

One morning the mother cooked the sago and gave it to the boy, and the father and son went off to hunt. They went a little way and then the father said, "Stop, Vika Lavai, my son, these two roads divide here and we will put sago and young coconuts here. We are going to hunt and after we have finished we return here."

Then the father went his own road by himself and he took his bow and arrows. His son went down another road and then he took off his man's skin and hung it on a tree, put on a dog's skin and went hunting like this. Not long after he heard the pig's smell and ran behind the pig and met him and jumped on his back and bit the pig's ear. He bit and bit until the was dead. Then he went and took off the dog's skin and hung it on a tree. Again he put on a man's skin and carried the dead pig to his father.

When the father saw him he said, "Oh, my good son Vika Lavai. You have killed a very big pig. I have only a small mother pig, but we have done good hunting and our mother will be very glad to see us."

They carried the pigs to the village and the mother saw them and danced around the house and when she finished she gave her son and husband food. Afterwards she cooked the pig and they ate it all up.

#### A Second Hunt

Next day Lavai and his son went hunting again and they went by the same road, each man hunting by himself. This time the father killed a black kangaroo and a small pig. He carried them up to the place where he was to meet his son.

Vika had again hunted in his dog's skin and when he heard the pig's smell he ran with barks and met the pig and jumped on his back and bit and bit him until he died. He went further and found another pig and killed him in the same way. Then he returned

to the place where his man's skin was and took off the dog's skin and put it on and went to the place where his father was waiting. His father asked him, "How many did you kill? I killed a black kangaroo and a small pig." The son said, "I killed two pigs. Let us go down and carry them up." When the father saw them he was very glad and asked him, "How did you kill these two pigs?" "I shot them with my bow and arrows."

So they carried all the animals to the village and the mother saw them and said, "You and your father have had a good hunt. The first was good but this is very good indeed." The father said, "This land has many pigs that is why we bring home such good food." The mother cooked the meat and they ate it. During the night the father thought, to-morrow we will hunt again.

### The Third Hunt

Next day the boy and his father went off again at daylight. The father thought to himself, this time we will hunt and I will kill the little pig and my son the big pig, and he said this to the son. They again went to hunt in the same places, the father going down his road and the son along his.

But the father thought, to-day I will not hunt but look at my son's hunting and he sat down under a tree and waited rather a long time. The boy went and changed his skin and hung up his bows and arrows on the tree. The father came along and saw the skin and the bows and arrows and said, "Whose bows and arrows are these, and this skin too?" He came nearer and saw they were his son's and he thought his son had been killed by an enemy.

Not long after he heard a dog's bark. "Who is that dog," and he thought it belonged to the people that had killed his son. "I will go and see who it is," he said. But there was nobody there, only the dog. He asked the dog, "Whose dog are you?" The dog turned and ran after him and he climbed up a high tree.

Then the boy knew it was his father and sat down on the ground and the father asked him, "Are you another man's dog or are you my son Vika?" He did not speak and the father said again, "True, you are my son?" and the dog's tail shook. Then the father cried out and said, "Why did you put a bad skin on, my son? Take it off and put on your own skin."

But the dog said, "I have finished being a man and I am going to be a dog," said the boy.

Then the father said, "My son, why do you do this every time we go hunting and get good food. The father came crying into the village and his wife met him and said, "Where is our son?"

The husband did not answer but kept on crying. Then the mother said, "What are you crying for. Is he lost in the bush? Have you no words to tell your wife instead of cries only?"

Then he said, "Look under the house." The mother looked and said, "Whose dog is that?" "That is our son" he cried, and she jumped down from the house and took hold of the dog's legs and the dog turned and bit her and ran off to another place. Then the father said, "That is our dog to look after us and to stay here in the house."

My grandfather told me this story.

[By Marisa Raepa, L.M.S. schoolboy, Moru. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

## The New .. Competition

Write about Gardening. Tell how you make your own gardens; what you plant in them; how you look after them, and so on. Prize of 5s. for the best article.

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