

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 8, No. 7
July, 1936

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist
Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

Price: Two Pence
1s. per annum in Papua
2s. per annum, post free
elsewhere

Stones in the Trobriand Islands

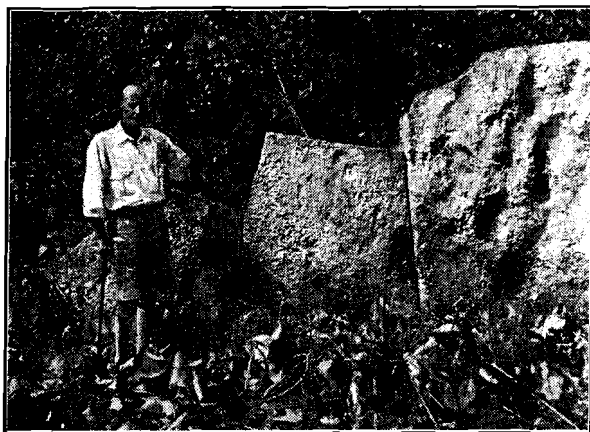
Coral Islands

The Trobriands are coral islands. They are made of the same sort of stuff as the coral reefs. But they have been raised above the sea; and they are now covered with earth, so that the people can grow their yams (which are some of the best in the Territory). There are no proper

stones in the Trobriands, except those that have been brought there. The people used to bring their stone axes from other islands.

Stone "Enclosures" on Kiriwina

But lately some great big stones have been found on Kiriwina (one of the Trobriand Islands). They are big slabs, or flat stones, and they have been set up in the ground close



Mr. Austen and some of the Standing Stones

together so as to form walls. The walls are very much broken but they seem to have formed oblong spaces or "enclosures."

Mr. Vivian spoke of these stones some years ago on Kitava (another of the Trobriand Islands). The Kiriwina ones (which are much bigger) were first reported by Rev. H. T. Williams of the Methodist Mission. Since then Mr. Austen has seen and measured them, and last February the Editor paid them a visit.

The biggest enclosure is about 60 feet long and 15 feet broad. You can see the size of the slabs from the picture on the first page. Others are a good deal bigger than these.

A Stone Standing More than Thirteen Feet

The biggest stone of all stands in another place. It is part of a different enclosure, of which all the remaining stones have fallen. This big slab stands more than 13 feet above ground, and is sunk 4 feet into the earth. You see it in the picture on this page with a man standing beside it.

Where did the Stones Come From?

Where did the Trobrianders get these big stones and how did they put them up? Someone suggested that they made them of sand and lime, something like concrete. But I think that is a mistake. They are really a kind of stone made of a great number of broken shells and other things, all pressed together and grown hard. Some stones very much like them are found on the beach at Kitava. They lie under the water, and are broken up into big slabs like those of the walls. I think the people found them

ready-made and then just dug holes and tipped them up.

Who Made the Enclosures?

Nobody knows now why the big enclosures were made or who made them. Were they a sort of house where the chiefs or the magicians used to meet? Or were they places to bury people in? (some bones have been found in them). Or what were they?



The Big Standing Stone at Kiriwina, Trobriand Islands

It is thought that they were put up by some long-ago people coming from the West. These people may have come from the islands that lie to the west of Papua (Java, etc.). They used to build with big stones there. Then when they went on to the islands of the Pacific Ocean they kept on building with stone. But

that was long, long ago, and the present-day people have given up doing it.

Another Blackfoot Story

Old Man has a Race with a Wild Dog

Once Old Man went hunting and killed a lot of animals. He cut them up and hung up the meat to dry over the fire. While he was working a wild dog came along. It had a pearl-shell tied to its neck, and one of its legs was tied up as if it was hurt.

"Give me some meat to eat," said the wild dog.

"You get out," said the Old Man.

But the wild dog did not go away, and after a while the Old Man asked him for his pearl-shell to peel his taro with. But the wild dog said, "No, I can't give you the shell. It is my medicine."

Old Man saw that the dog had his leg tied up and said, "Well, brother, I will run you a race for a meal."

"I am sorry," said the dog, "I am hurt. I cannot run."

"That makes no difference," said the Old Man; "run anyway."

"Well," said the dog, "I will run for a short distance."

"No," said Old Man, "you have to run a long way." And the dog at last agreed to do this. They were to run to a far-away point and then back again. Dog started out very slow, and kept crying to Old Man, "Wait, wait."

At last Dog and Old Man came to the turning point. Then Dog took the bandage off his leg, began to run fast, and soon left Old Man far behind.

He began to call out to all the dogs and other animals, and they all came rushing up to Old Man's camp and began to eat his meat. It was a long time before Old Man reached his camp, and he kept calling out, "Leave me some meat, leave me some meat." But when he got there the meat and the dogs were gone.

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

OIL

Looking for Oil in Papua

The white men have looked for oil in a good many parts of Papua. They began in the Gulf Division and they have since been at Cape Vogel in the North-Eastern Division, and at Oriomo in the Western Division. But, although they have found oil, they have not found so very much of it; and they have given up trying to get it out of the ground. In years to come no doubt they will try again; and we hope they will succeed.

Different Kinds of Oil

There are many kinds of "oil." The kind of oil we are speaking of here is called "mineral" oil, because it is got out of the ground by mining. (You can mine for oil just as you can mine for gold or copper.) These mineral oils are used to drive engines in boats, power houses, flying machines, motor cars, and so on. The "crude oil" used on the *Laurabada* is a mineral oil; so is the petrol which the laundry boys use in their irons; and so is the kerosene you use in your lamps.

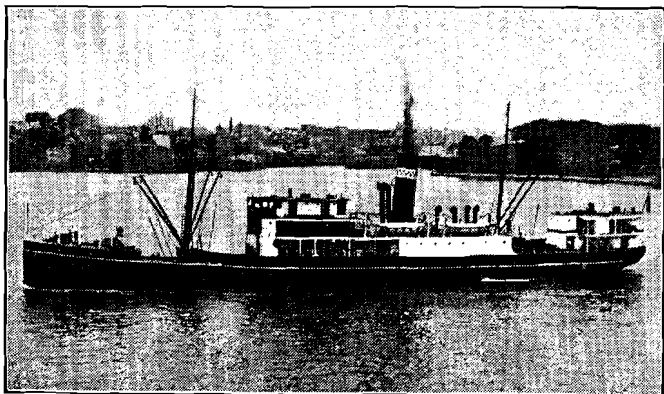
A Long Pipe Line

All the world wants oil. And in some parts it flows out of the ground almost like water. One of these places is Irak. The oilfields in Irak

are a long way from the sea, and so a long pipe line has been built to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. It had to be laid across big rivers; and for hundreds of miles it crossed a sandy desert where there is no water at all. Altogether it is 600 miles in length—nearly as long as a straight line from Samarai to Daru. The oil flows along this pipe from the fields in Irak to the ships in the Mediterranean.

that more people and more cargo have to cross the sea.

You can see this from the following list. The "tonnage" tells you the size of the boat—how much it will hold; the "beam" is the width of it; the "horse-power" shows you the strength of the engines; "knots" are miles over the water; and "passengers" means the number of people the boat carries.



The Old "Morinda"

The Burns, Philp Steamers

The Burns, Philp steamers that come to Papua seem to be getting bigger and bigger. Many years ago they were very small ships. Then we had the *Marsina*; then the *Morinda*; then the *Mataram*; then the *Montoro*; then the *Macdhui*. (You will see that these boats are all very much alike in one way, for their names all begin with M, and they each have seven letters.)

But they are getting bigger and better, because Papua and the Territory of New Guinea are growing, so

"Horse-power" means something like the strength of a horse, but not quite the same. If you had the *Macdhui* pulling at one end of a rope and 4,800 horses on the wharf pulling at the other end, I am sure I don't know who would win, but I think I should back the horses. At any rate I am sure the captain would be very wild.

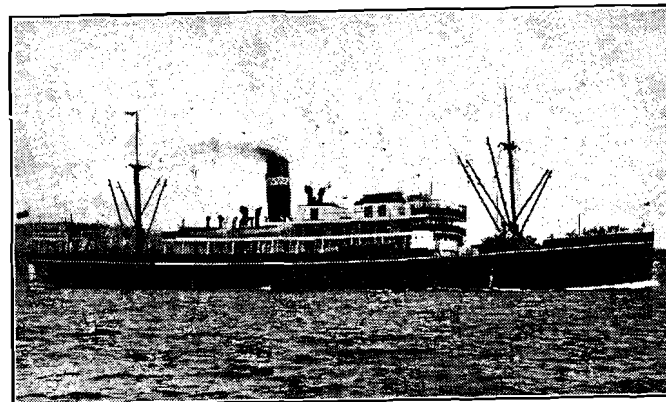
<i>Morinda</i> :	
Gross tonnage ...	2,025 tons.
Length ...	260 feet.
Beam ...	38 feet.
Horse-power ...	1,670.
Speed ...	11 knots.
Passengers ...	80.

<i>Montoro</i> :	
Gross tonnage ...	4,057 tons.
Length ...	360 ft.
Beam ...	47 ft. 2 in.
Horse-power ...	3,000.
Speed ...	13 knots.
Passengers ...	121.

<i>Macdhui</i> :	
Gross tonnage ...	4,561 tons.
Length ...	341 ft. 9 ins.
Beam ...	51 ft. 2 in.
Horse-power ...	4,800.
Speed ...	15 knots.
Passengers ...	133.

nut. But it has nothing to do with cocoa, which is quite another plant. Nowadays we leave out the letter *a*, and spell it coco-nut. Some people spell it koker-nut.

The coconut was probably found first in the Dutch Indies. Christopher Columbus, who sailed round the world more than 400 years ago, may have found it there. And as Christopher Columbus and his people were Spaniards, they gave it a Span-



The "Montoro"

Burns, Philp are a very big company and they have other ships, much bigger than these, going to other places. Some day, no doubt, they will put some of these bigger boats on the Papuan run.

The Coconut

Many Europeans who take the *Villager* have read the Papuan stories about the beginning of the coconut. So it may be a good thing now for the Papuan to learn something about the coconut from the Europeans.

The word used to be spelt cocoa-

ish name. The word *coco* means "bugbear." A "bugbear" is not a cross between a bug and a bear; nor is it a bear with a bug on it. It just means a ghost, or something very frightening. You might call it a "devil-devil."

And why did they call the coconut a devil-devil-nut? Because, when you take the husk off it, you see those three little holes at the end that look just like a mouth and two eyes. In fact it seems to grin at you like a "coco," and so they called it a coconut.

—Contributed.

A Big Row at a Cricket Match

At Savii, an island in the Pacific, a cricket match was going on between two teams who belonged to two different missions. The game started very well, but one of the captains and one of the players on the other side had a quarrel. They started to fight. And then the teams started to fight too. Of course they used their bats and they picked up sticks and stones also. Then the police came along.

When all was quiet again it was found that two men had broken heads and several had broken arms.

One man went to gaol for three months, and seventeen men paid fines of £5 each. Some others were fined also, and altogether the cricketers paid £93 in fines. They might have built one or two good cricket pitches with the money.

We hope that Papuan cricketers will keep their tempers better, and use their bats only for hitting cricket balls.

Houses on Wheels

An old lady has just died in England at the age of 103. She had lived all her life in a house on wheels. She said she had always lived out of doors in her moving house and that was why she was so healthy and well and lived so long.

There are in Europe people called gypsies. They do not belong to any land but travel about in these covered carts called "caravans." A caravan is like a little house on wheels and it is pulled by a horse. It has a stove and a chimney and beds, like ship's bunks, one above the other. Cups and plates, clothes and kerosene

lamps, pots and pans are hung inside and out. A little veranda in the front makes a place for the driver to sit; and there are windows on the side walls with curtains, like a real house. A family lives inside, and they camp on open ground and usually make fires and do their cooking outside. Sometimes what they cook has been stolen from a farm nearby.

Farmers do not always like the gypsies on their land but they have got used to them, and they let them use their fields as a camp. Some people nowadays get very nice caravans and tie them behind their cars. Then they go for holidays and they say they see more of "the stars and the sun and the moon, and all sweet things of earth" if they live like gypsies.

More than 300 Miles an Hour in a Car

Motors and aeroplanes get faster every year. The man who holds the record is an Englishman, Sir Malcolm Campbell. His car is a funny looking thing. It looks more like a big fish than a motor car. He calls it the *Blue Bird*.

In this car he drove a mile in about 12 seconds. The speed was equal to just over 300 miles an hour. No one has ever driven a car so fast before. The tires were so hot that he burnt his hand when he touched them.

Aeroplanes

Aeroplanes can go even faster than this. Some are being built now that travel more than 400 miles an hour.

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VILLAGER" ©

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Address to Dr. Giblin

The following Address was given to
Dr. Giblin by the villagers of Poreporena, Tanobada and Hohodae

Poreporena, Papua,
14th July, 1936.

ADDRESS OF FAREWELL TO:
DR. W. E. GIBLIN, G.M.O.,
Port Moresby.

Sir,

WE, the Councillors of Poreporena, on behalf of the villagers of the following villages, as Poreporena, Elevala, Tanobada and Hohodae, will deem it a great favour for you to peruse this our Farewell Address. We are unanimous in our opinion, Medicine was dispensed in a very competent and compassionate manner. Your interest for our attentions very often was greatly appreciated, when we approached you with our difficulties and misunderstandings they were vividly explained and attended to.

Hence we wish that every success and the best good luck will follow you to your future destination; and we also hope for kind remembrance for us when we are parted.

Please accept our esteem and grateful thanks, on your departure from this Territory.

We are yours, gratefully.

for the Villagers and Councillors,
(Sgd.) RAKATANI-KEKE,
Chairman.

Native Contributions

The Women become Flying-Foxes

The Men Give no Meat to their Wives

One day, in a certain village all the men went to hunt and they caught pigs and cassowaries and wallabies. They cooked them at the hunting ground and ate them there. They did not bring any home for their wives and children. When they came home they told their wives, "To, we did not catch any animals."

Except One

But one man had kept some for his wife. He put the meat inside his hair and tied it

there. When they came home he told his wife to look in his hair. The woman took off the string and took the meat.

Next morning they went out again and they did the same thing again, that same silly thing all the time. One day the woman who had been having meat each day said to her friends, "Are your husbands bringing meat to you?" "Oh no, they have not brought meat to us because they have not caught anything." But the one woman said, "But my husband always brings some meat for me." So the other women were very angry and they said, "What are we going to do?"

The Women Make Wings

And the one woman said, "We must make wings and fly away from them." And they all said, "That is a good plan."

So they told the girls to get fibre-cloth from the coconut palms and the girls went and did this, and the women sewed them and they made wings. Then they cooked some very good yams and bananas and taitu and ate them.

Then they told one girl to try and fly and she flew very well. They all flew to a tree in the middle of the village and there they waited for their husbands to come. They all did this except the woman whose husband had brought home the meat—she stayed in the village. They told her to tell their husbands that they had done this bad thing to punish them.

When all the men and boys came back from the hunt they saw no women or girls and they said one to another, "Where are the women and the girls?" Then the one woman said, "All the women and girls are changed into flying-foxes and they have flown to the tree."

The women and girls flew from that tree inland. That is why, when the men go to hunt or fish, they bring animals and fish to their wives and the women cook them and they eat them too.

This is the end of my story.

[By Jack Rabu, Lawes College, Fife Bay. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

A Letter from a Pupil Teacher

My Dear Friends,

I shall tell you about my work. Before

school I get ready many different works on the blackboard.

On Tuesday evening the *MacLaren King* came here with Colonel Hooper.

On Wednesday, 5th September, the first standard marched into the schoolroom about 7 a.m. and afterwards the 4th, 3rd and 2nd standards marched into school too after matins. They all had examinations.

The same day the *MacLaren King* went to Dogura. On Monday morning, 17th September, some big boys and girls left school. Before they went away we went into church and Rev. Light dismissed those children. The little boys and girls were very glad that their brothers and sisters could go to their villages and Miss Downing took their photographs before they went.

Then I start my good work again.

On Saturday the sister will give me a new class. Five days every week I walk to school and only two days I stop in my home.

My village is two miles from Boianai Mission. There are six schoolrooms there, one big one, and five small ones. Every Wednesday afternoon we clean them and also our playgrounds.

Sometimes I work down on the beach and in the gullies with our children.

Now I stop here.

Your sincere friend,

ANANIAS PARATA,

Pupil Teacher at Boianai.

Kokoda Cricket and Football Team at Ioma

Mr. B. W. Faithorn, the Assistant Resident Magistrate at Kokoda, came with the Kokoda Cricket and Football Team to Ioma on the 20th March. There was a cricket and football match between Kokoda and Ioma played on the 22nd March at the Residency of Ioma. Ioma won.

Football: Ioma versus Kokoda.

Won by Ioma by 3 goals to 2.

Cricket: Ioma versus Kokoda.

Kokoda won the toss and batted first. The scores were:—

KOKODA.

(1ST INNINGS).		(2ND INNINGS).	
Sema ...	4	Oraja ...	0
A.C. Nato... ..	4	Kogeni ...	0
Mr. B. W. Faithorn	44	Dick ...	0
A.C. Fere... ..	0	Mr. B. W. Faithorn	5
Dick ...	0	A.C. Fere... ..	0
Kogeni ...	2	Sema ...	0
Oraja ...	0	Erepa ...	6
Erepa ...	0	Keke ...	1
Sopa ...	1	Sopa ...	12
Keke ...	6	A.C. Nato... ..	4
Sepora ...	0	Sepora ...	1
Sundries ...	6	Sundries ...	1
Total ...	67	Total ...	30

IOMA.

(1ST INNINGS).	
Jacob, K., b. Sepora ...	11
Asagi, A., b. Sepora ...	0
Mr. S. G. Middleton, b. Mr. Faithorn	20
A. C. Kairu, b. Sepora ...	0
Manjembo, e. & b. Nato ...	0
Baromani, b. Nato ...	6
A. C. Matthew, b. Nato ...	0
Seseloia, not out ...	1
A. C. Oeka, b. Mr. Faithorn ...	0
Kau, b. Mr. Faithorn ...	0
Gewa, stpd., b. Mr. Faithorn ...	0
Sundries ...	9
Total ...	47

(2ND INNINGS).

Kau, b. Mr. Faithorn ...	15
Tago, b. Mr. Faithorn ...	3
Mr. Middleton, c. Dick, b. Sepora...	8
Jacob, K., b. Sepora ...	18
Seseloia, run out ...	0
Asagi Awaga, not out ...	4
Matthew, b. Mr. Faithorn ...	0
Sundries ...	6
Total 6 wickets for ...	54

Ioma won by 4 wickets and 4 runs.

In a previous match Ioma won by an innings and 29 runs. Jacob Kimai made 100 runs in Ioma's first innings.

[By Asagi Awaga, Clerk, A.R.M.'s Office, Ioma, Northern Division.]

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Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—7960/7.36.