

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Hangin^g for Murder

If a white man kills anyone he is tried before the Judge, for the white man's laws do not allow one man to kill another.

If he killed him by accident he might get no punishment at all. Or if he killed him in self-defence (that is, in trying to save himself) the judge might let him go. But if he went and killed the other man on purpose, then he would be guilty of murder, and he would probably be hanged.

Same Law for European and Native

A white man is not allowed to murder anyone, European or native. Some time ago a European in the other Territory murdered some natives, and he was hanged for it.

The natives are now under the

same law against murder as the white man. You must not kill Europeans and you must not kill one another.

Light Punishment for those who Do Not Know the Law

True, the judge usually puts a native murderer into gaol instead of hanging him. This is because the native does not know any better. It was perhaps the fashion of his fathers to go out and kill others; and they did not see anything wrong in it.

But you may be sure that those who got killed

thought it a very bad fashion. And the Government agrees with them. It says that killing must stop, and therefore it punishes you for killing.

It punishes you for killing just as it punishes you for stealing. • But killing is a lot worse than stealing, so



Fishing on the Point, Auma, Gulf Division

the punishment may be a lot heavier. In the worst cases it is death.

Heavy Punishment for those who Do

If a native has been to school; if he knows the Government fashion well; if he knows that killing is really a very bad thing—then I don't expect he will murder anyone. But if he does commit murder, there will be no excuse for him, because he knows. And so the judge may have him hanged.

Another Blackfoot Story

The Wife of the Morning Star

Once upon a time two girls were sleeping in the open, because the night was so hot. They woke before daylight and were looking into the sky. One of them saw the morning star and said to the other, "That is a very bright star; I should like him for a husband."

She Goes to Live in the Sky

One day when they had forgotten all about this, the girl who had spoken was working in her garden. As she was coming home a beautiful young man stopped her.

"Why don't you let me pass?" she said, "I don't know you!"

But he answered, "I am the Morning Star and you said you wanted me for a husband. Now I have come to take you."

And the girl replied, "Yes, I did say that." And so she went away with him up into the sky.

Now the Morning Star had the Sun for his father, and the Moon for his mother. When they saw that he had brought a wife home from the Earth people they were very pleased.

They gave her food and drink, and she lived with the Morning Star as his wife.

She Digs Up the Forbidden Yam

She used to go out into the sky gardens and work. Her mother-in-law, the Moon, showed her the gardens and pointed to one very big yam. "You must not dig up that very big yam," she said. So the girl worked; but she always wanted to be digging up that yam.

She Sees Her Home Through a Hole in the Sky

By and by she had a baby son, and when it was big enough to sit up alone she went out to her gardening again. This time she thought, "I will dig up the big yam."

She did so; and when she had got it out there was a hole in the sky through which she could see the earth below.

Now she brought that yam home, and the sky people were angry.

"Who did you see when you looked through the hole?" they said. "I saw the earth," she answered, "the trees, the rivers, and the villages of my people."

She is Sent Back to the Earth

Then said the Morning Star, "I can keep you no longer. You must go back to your own people and take the boy with you. But one thing—do not let him touch the ground for fourteen days. If you do he will become a star and go up into the sky to fit into the hole from which you dug the yam."

So they let the woman and the baby boy down from the hole in the sky with a strong spider's web. And the people saw her coming and when she was near enough they cried,

"Why, it is the girl who never came home from the gardens!"

She Makes a Mistake

And she lived in her mother's house, and guarded the little boy very carefully for 13 days never letting his feet touch the ground. But on the 14th day her mother sent her out for water. As she was going she told the old woman to be very careful; she must keep the baby on the bed and not let it touch the ground.

But the old grandmother did not know what would happen, and so she was not very careful. While her back was turned the baby crawled out on to the ground. She just put it back and covered it with a blanket.

Her Baby Becomes a Star

When the baby's mother came home with the water she ran straight to the bed and pulled back the blanket. The baby was gone!

That night she looked up into the sky, and there in the hole where she had dug up the yam was a new star. So she knew what had become of her baby.

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

Post Offices and Postmen

Many Papuans can now write letters. These letters go up and down the coast on all the small trading boats. I don't think many of them have stamps on; the crews of the boats are the "postmen."

Postmen

We do not have postmen in Papua, for our towns are not very big, and a boy can easily be sent with a key and open a box and get out the mail; and he has not far to go. If his master

has no box then he asks over the counter for his letters.

But in other countries, where the cities are bigger, the mail is brought to the offices and houses by postmen. They carry the letters and papers in a bag over their shoulders. Once upon a time a postman always wore a red coat so as to be easily seen, but now he usually wears blue with only a red stripe.

He reads the name and address on the envelope and goes up the steps to the door of the office or the house. There is a little slit in the door just big enough to take a few letters and in this slit he drops the letters. They fall into a little box inside, and when he rings an electric bell someone hears and comes and gets them. Then he goes to the next door and does the same thing to every office or house he has mail for.

Central Post Offices

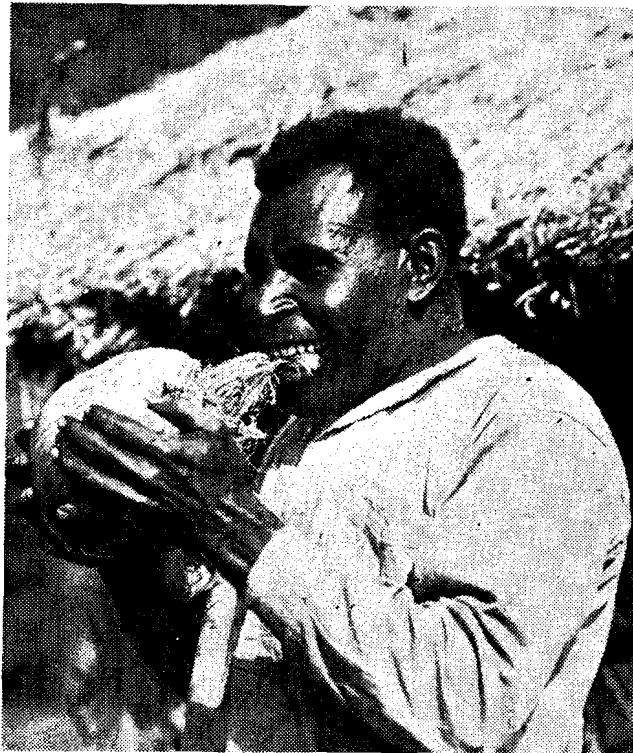
The letters that he carries have come by aeroplane, train, boat or by other slower ways. They must all go through the Central Post Office of a city. This is a very big place and a very busy one. Here letters are sorted and put into different bags, some for the city, some for other parts of the country, and some for far-off lands.

Smaller Post Offices

Letters for the city are given to clerks to sort. Those for the north part of the city go into a bag marked "north," those for the south part of the city into a bag marked "south," and so on. Then these bags go in big vans to the smaller post offices in the north, south, east and west districts of the city. And here they give each postman his part of the mail to deliver.

How Postmen Travel

In cities where business offices, shops and houses are close together the postman walks to deliver his letters. When the houses are a little further from the heart of the city, and not so close together, he often rides a bicycle from place to place. Letter-boxes are on every gate. Into these he puts the letters and blows a whistle to tell the people in the house that there are letters in the box.



Munday Williams, a Torres Strait Islander

In the country he usually rides a horse. The letter-box is by the roadside. It is set on a post so that he

can easily reach the slit and put in the letters, without getting off his horse.

In the cities the postman may come round four or five times a day; in the country he may come only once a day; and in some lonely places perhaps once a week.

The Champion Coconut-Peeler

Here is a picture of Munday Williams, who comes from the Torres Straits Islands. I don't know why he is called Munday unless he was born on a Monday.

He is said to be the champion coconut-peeler in all the Islands, and we may well believe it. Most people use an axe or a piece of sharpened stick, as well as their hands and feet, to husk a coconut. But he can manage it all with his teeth.

Who would like a bite from Munday Williams?

Litter

Litter is rubbish left lying about. Paper, empty tins, old bottles and

rags left lying about and making the village look untidy and dirty. Besides being untidy it is unhealthy. Clean

villages are full of strong people and we want no tins left about to collect water and make a home for the young mosquito.

If you have bottles keep them clean and tidy inside your house. Old tins should go to the rubbish-heap. Old rags and paper you can burn.

In England people who leave rubbish about are called "litter louts." A lout is someone who does foolish things and could be called a fool. So clean up after you, and teach your children to be clean and tidy so that Papua can say she has no "litter louts."

Papuan House at the Adelaide Exhibition

In this *Villager* we give you a picture of the Papuan house which has been sent to Adelaide.

Adelaide is having its 100 years Jubilee. And the people are holding an exhibition. Things are brought together from all parts of Australia and the Empire for it. They are things which men have made by the skill of their hands; and thousands of visitors come to see them. They will come from England and other far parts of the world. It is said to be the best exhibition ever held in Australia.

The Adelaide people asked for something from this country for the exhibition. They wanted a pretty native house, and Kwato, the big mission near Samarai, agreed to build it.

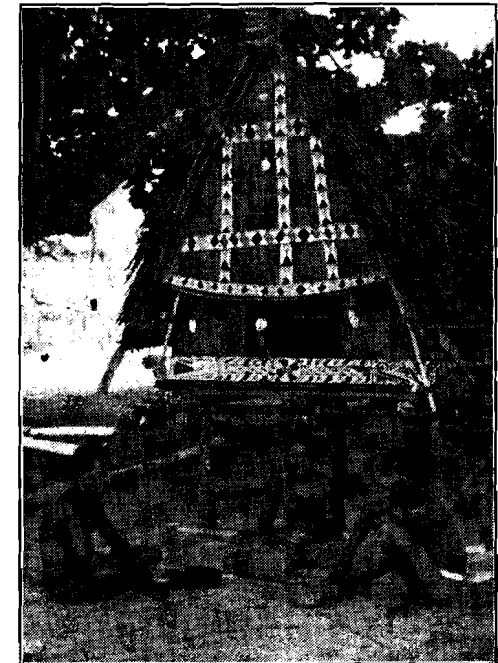
Mr. Abel got his boys to do the work; and he got some artists to come and carve and paint the boards. The house

was built exactly like a Papuan house from Milne Bay, with fire-place and all.

And with it Mr. Abel sent some Papuan things—a cooking-pot, a paddle, a sleeping-mat, coconut-shell water-bottles, a lime-stick, belts, armlets, combs, and so on.

The house was finished at Kwato, and Burns, Philp carried it free to Australia. It was a big house to go on a boat, and the shipping people got a fright when they saw it. But it reached Adelaide safely and has been put up.

By this time thousands of white people have seen it and know what good Papuan house-builders can do.



The Kwato House at the Adelaide Exhibition

A Komodo Dragon in a Glass House

You have heard of a large lizard called the Komodo Dragon. You have heard too that there may be some in Papua, but so far no one has caught or photographed one. So it may or may not be true. But they have been caught in the Dutch East Indies and two were taken to the London Zoo.

Food for the Komodos

At first they were content and happy in their big glass house that was lined with strong wire netting. They ate chicken and rabbits and eggs. Then one of them named Sumba began to be restless. Perhaps he was homesick and wanted to get back to his old home, the muddy river and the dark forest. For one day he bent back the thick inside wire netting and put his horrible head right through the heavy glass window.

A Woman Gets a Fright

A woman who was standing nearby heard the glass fall and looked up. There was Sumba's head and part of his great body half out of the window above her! Luckily for her he must have been afraid to take the high jump, and the keepers were called. They soon had the dragon safely stowed away. He might have found something more to his taste than chicken if he had taken that jump.

Wood Chopping

In most parts of the world there are woodsmen who have to chop down trees. They are strong men and skilful with their axes; and they are

very proud of what they can do. In Australia they often have wood-chopping competitions to see who is the best man. They put up a number of big logs in a row, one for each man in the competition. Then somebody fires a gun and all start chopping together. It is a sort of race with axes. The first man to chop the log right through wins.

Of course these men use the best steel axes. I don't know how they would get along with a Papuan stone axe.

Nuggets

Miners have to work very hard to find gold. They have to dig and dig, and then wash and wash. And the gold they find is usually in the form of dust, or at least in very small pieces.

But sometimes they have some luck and come upon a real lump of pure gold. A lump of this kind is called a "nugget."

I suppose nuggets are sometimes found in Papua. But they are not very big ones. The other day a boy found a very big one at Ararat in Australia. Ararat is an old goldfield, and the boy was ploughing a field. He turned up a nugget 100 ounces in weight. It was worth £850.

Native Contributions

Fishing for the Sarevera

In our School Reader No. 4, we have been reading about the salmon and its habits. It is an interesting lesson and when I read about the life and ways of this fish it made me think about a fish that is found in our rivers. So now I tell you this story about the *Sarevera* and its habits.

We read in this lesson that the salmon is not found in this country. That is true; it

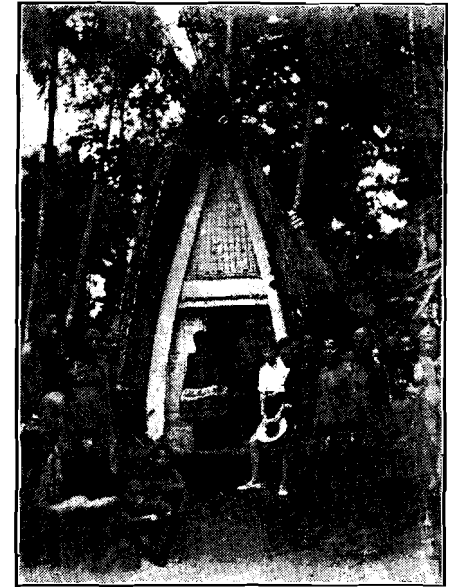
is only found in northern countries. But you will see that the *sarevera's* habits are in many ways the same as those of the salmon. The big difference that I can see is that while the salmon lays its spawn a long way up the river, the *sarevera* lays her spawn near the river mouth. But I will now tell you all I can about the *sarevera*.

They are fine looking fish, a foot or eighteen inches long. Most of the time they live away up the river near the source and during those months we who live on the beach never see them. But every year in the months of April, May and June, they leave the source of the river and come down to the mouth where they lay their spawn in the sea, near the mouth of the river. Towards the end of April only a few come down the river and the people catch some of them with their bows and arrows. Then in the month of May all those up the river get ready for the journey to the sea. Now the people living on the banks of the river know it is the time of the year for the *sarevera* to come down the river. They prepare their canoes and nets, and watch and wait for the arrival of the fish. If there is a loud peal of thunder, and heavy rain falls at night, then the people will fish for the *sarevera* at night time. The fish stay down at the river mouth for about three days or longer, and then they get ready to leave the sea and take their long journey back up the river until they reach their own home and wait there till the next year's spawning time.

But they leave the young *sarevera* in the sea and when these have grown strong and about 2 or 3 inches in length they take the homeward journey up the river to meet their parents. They wait for a big tide to help them return to their home.

It is an exciting time for everybody when the *sarevera* come down to the river mouth. All work in the villages stops and all the people are happy because this fish is very good food and only comes once every year. When the Toaripi people are fishing for *sarevera* they catch great numbers of them with their nets. Some catch a hundred or more, others get 50 or 60. In the Mairu River not so many come down to the sea and 15 or 20 is a good catch.

There are many rivers in Papua but I don't know whether *sarevera* are caught in them all. Perhaps some other reader can tell us about the habits of the fish near their villages. I



A Pretty House in the Trobriand Islands

can only tell you about those fish we have near our villages of Toaripi and Mairu.

When the month of June is past we never see the *sarevera* until the following April.

[By Forova Hui, L.M.S., Moru. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Two Children

Once upon a time a man and his wife lived in their nice village, they had their children with them. Their village was called Hereva. After a few years this man and his wife were taken ill and they seemed as if they were going to die and they were both very sad about their children who would soon be without their parents.

Then the man told his brother to look after them and he said he would do his best for them and be true to the trust that was laid on him. This promise made the hearts of the sick father and mother glad and they died in peace. They were not buried properly but their house was burnt down with the bodies inside.

Then the brother took the children with him to his own house and at first he was not unkind to them. But by and by he drove these poor little children out of his house and they had to sleep under the house.

Not far off lived two bad men who were ready to do any evil thing. So the brother sent for these men and paid them to take the babies into the bush and kill them there. But these men did not like to this cruel thing and what should they do with these poor children who stood by with tears in their eyes? They led them about 14 miles into the bush and they left them saying that they would bring them food when they came back. But they never came back and the children did not know what to do. They waited a long time for the men, about a week. They sat down and cried and at last they died.

Their names were Ovo and Eka. Ovo was a boy and Eka his sister. The dead bodies of the babies were eaten by ravens, that bird we call *Akoako*. That is why our district villagers do not eat this bird's flesh.

This is the end.

[By Tore Opa, L.M.S., Isuleilei.]

The Dog and the Firestick

Once upon a time a dog lived on a hill and in those days there was no fire. The dog thought about getting a firestick and when he looked up he saw smoke on Goodenough Island. Then the dog said, "I must swim across and get fire from Goodenough Island."

The dog went down to the beach, pulled out his canoe stone, got into the canoe and paddled away using his four legs.

He paddled across to Goodenough Island. When he got there he went to the village and asked a man, "Brother will you give me a firestick?" The man answered, "Yes sir, I will give it to you." He gave the dog the firestick and the dog went back to the beach, pulled out his canoe stone and got in the canoe. The firestick he put on his head.

Then he paddled out into the middle of the ocean and rough waves came and wet his firestick. The dog stopped paddling and thought about his firestick and he went back to Goodenough Island for he said, "I must go back and take my stick."

He went to the same village and asked the same man as before, "Brother-in-law, will you give me a firestick?" The man said, "Last time you called me brother. Now you come and call me brother-in-law. Don't say 'brother-in-law,' say 'brother,' then I will give you your firestick."

Then the dog said, "Brother," and the man said, "That's all right, now I will give you your firestick." The dog took the firestick and paddled across to his home on the hill and he burnt the grass. When the people saw the fire smoking on the hill they said, "Where did the dog get that firestick from?" And they came and took some of the fire and cooked their food.

The people asked the dog, "Where did you get this firestick from?" And the dog said, "I brought it from Goodenough Island." Now that hill is called by the Mukawan people "Dog's Hill."

This is an old Mukawan story.

[By Alexander Tabogani, Mission teacher at Taupota.]

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