

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 8, No. 9
September, 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

Gardens

We have often written about gardens in *The Papuan Villager*. This is because we think they are the most important thing of all to the Papuan people.

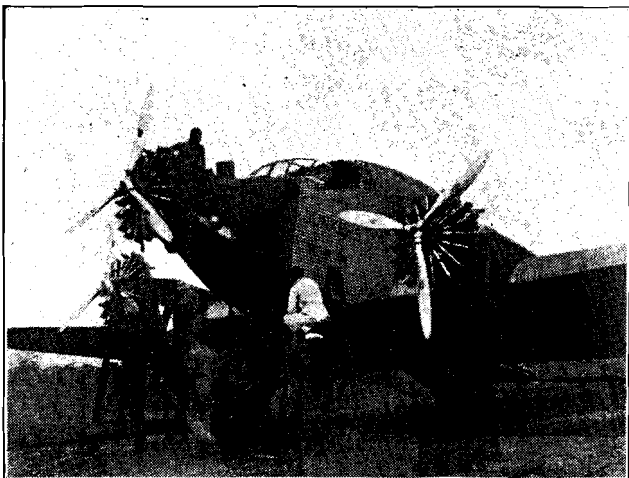
The Competition

In this month's paper one of your own people writes about gardening. He is Barton Diritanumo, who won

the competition. Only five others wrote articles. They all wrote well and we give a list of their names. But five is not very many. The Editor feels wild because so few entered for the competition.

A New Reader

The Government Printer is getting ready a new Reader. It is called *Papuan Junior Reader*, Number 5;



A Big Aeroplane
at Wau

and it has been written by your old friend, Colonel Hooper, the School Inspector.

The first half of the book tells you about things in other parts of the world. In has many stories about animals—lions, whales, bears, wolves, buffalo and so on. It also has some good stories about famous travellers—Columbus, Drake, Captain Cook and others. It tells you about "explorations," that means finding out new parts of the world. And the last lesson tells you how our Port Moresby was discovered many years ago.

Lessons on Gardening

You will find this first part of the Reader very interesting. We hope you will find the second part interesting too. It is about gardening.

Now Papuans are very good gardeners. But there are a lot of things they do not know. And if you learn all that is written in this new Reader, and if you do what it tells you, then you will be better gardeners than before. You will have better things to eat, and you will be healthier and richer.

The lessons will tell you about the soil or ground; about seeds and how they turn into plants; and about Rotation of Crops (that is planting different plants, one after another, on the same ground). And there are lessons about Rice, Maize, Millet, Manioc, Arrowroot, Peanuts and Cotton. Someday, we hope, Papuans will be growing all these different crops for themselves in their own country.

The Editor in Honolulu

The Editor has been away from Papna for three months. He went

to Honolulu for a Conference on Education in Pacific Countries. Seventy-two people went to the Conference and they talked for five weeks. They did not talk about educating white people, but about the coloured races—Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Filipinos, Australian Aborigines, Maoris, Fijians, Indians, Samoans, North American Indians, Negroes, and so on.

Among the people at the Conference there were two Chinese, an Indian, and a Negro from South Africa. All of them could speak perfect English—better English than most of the white men at the Conference.

The Australian Fleet at Port Moresby

The *Canberra* and the *Stuart*, ships of the Australian Navy, came to visit Papua this month.

The Acting Governor (Mr. Champion) paid a visit to the Admiral on board the *Canberra*; and then the Admiral (named Lane-Poole) paid a visit to Mr. Champion at Government House.

The people of Port Moresby try to give the officers and men of the fleet a good time. The natives of Poreporena helped by giving them a concert; the native choir sang for them, conducted by Mr. Spychiger.

There was a cricket match (which the fleet just won by 9 runs), and a canoe race. About 40 canoes went out, and there were two or three sailors on each of them.

There were dances and dinners and the fleet went away in a good mood to Samarai, where no doubt they did it all again.

Return of the Governor and Lady Murray

Sir Hubert and Lady Murray came back to Papua on the *Montoro* this month.

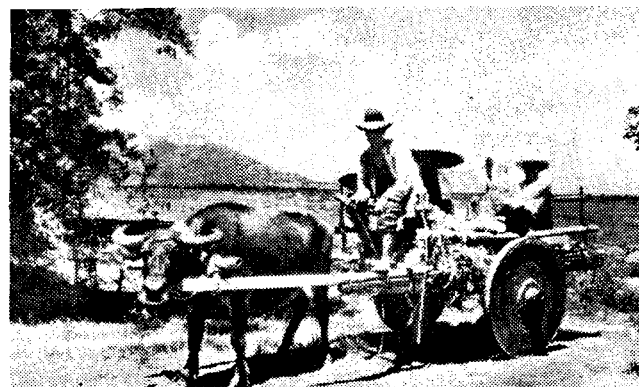
The Governor has been away for nearly a year, and has been to England and back.

Mr. Champion (the Government Secretary) was Acting Governor while he was away.

The buffalo in the picture belongs to Manila, which lies a long way west of Papua. He is very much like a cow or a bullock, except that he has much bigger horns. He travels very slowly. But the men sitting in the cart do not look as if they were in a hurry.

Changes in the Service

Several officers have retired this year. This means that they have



A Buffalo Cart in Manila

A Buffalo Cart

There are very few carts in Papua; and I don't think there are any buffaloes at all.

A cart is something like a box on wheels. It is often a very big box in which a number of people can sit together; and it may have two wheels or four wheels.

Before we had motors a great many carts were used, pulled by horses, donkeys, bullocks, buffaloes, and even dogs. But now the motor cars are driving all these animals out of work. Perhaps the animals are not sorry.

finished their work with the Papuan Government and have left it. They are Mr. Grist, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Cawley (all Magistrates), Dr. Giblin (Medical Officer at Port Moresby), and Mr. Grant of the Public Works.

When the older officers retire the younger officers step up in their places. Mr. Austen and Mr. Atkinson, who were A.R.Ms. (Assistant Resident Magistrates) now become R.Ms. (Resident Magistrates).

Mr. Wurth, the senior R.M., has had a promotion. He is now Commissioner for Lands. His place as

R.M. of the Central Division has been taken by Mr. Humphries.

Mr. Oldham of Samarai has gone on leave, and his place is taken by Mr. Woodward of Daru.

Dr. Giblin has gone to Wau. When Dr. Williams of Samarai comes back from leave he will be the Medical Officer at Port Moresby. In the meantime the position is held by Dr. Bonney.

Another Blackfoot Story

Old Man Gets Fast in a Crocodile Skull

One day Old Man was going along and he came to a crocodile skull on the ground. Inside of it were some mice dancing. Old Man began to cry, because he wanted to go in and dance with the mice. The mice told him that he was too big to get in to dance. They told him to stick his head inside, and to skake it. This would be the same as dancing. "But" they said, "whatever you do, you must not go to sleep."

So Old Man stuck his head into the skull. He forgot and went to sleep, and, while he slept, the mice chewed all his hair off.

When Old Man woke up, he could not get the skull off his head so he went into the river and swam along with the nose sticking out of the water. In this way he passed a village by the riverside. Then he made a noise like a crocodile. The people shot at him and went into the water and dragged him out.

But when they had him ashore they saw that it was Old Man. Then they took a stone and broke the skull that he might get his head out again.

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

A Brave African

This is the story of a Negro fisherman named Minis Goodman. He was sailing in a small boat with others when they struck a reef and sank. There was a dinghy, and this floated away. Six men swam for it, got in, and saved their lives. But Goodman, though he was a strong swimmer, did not try to get in. He stayed behind to help the women and children who could not swim.

The mast was sticking up out of the water. Goodman dived down to the boat and cut away the boom. This he tied to the mast so that the 12 women, 3 children, and another man could hold on to it. Then he dived again and again and cut ropes. He brought them up and tied them to the boom in loops so that the women and children could rest their feet on them. And he tied a long rope for them to lean their backs against.

Then they all clung on and waited for help. But it was a long time coming. One by one the others grew weak, and lost their hold, and sank in the water.

When at last a boat came along, Goodman was the only one left clinging to the boom. The others were all drowned, but it was not Goodman's fault. He had worked hard to save them when he might have saved himself.

Turtles in London

We read in the *Papuan Courier* about the turtles being kept in London. The real home of the turtles is in the warm waters of the tropical countries. There are plenty here in Papuan

waters. They could not live in the seas round England, because there it is so much colder.

But turtles make very good soup, and the people in England and other countries like this soup, and are ready to pay a lot of money for it.

So a man gets turtles brought from the tropics to London. They do not come from Papua, because it is so far away. They come across the Atlantic from the West Indies. On the journey they have to be kept in tanks of warmed water.

In London they live in a big tank which is heated by steam, and they have an electric fire burning, so that they can come up and enjoy themselves above water. No doubt they fancy they are lying in the sun.

They are finally killed to make soup. And the London people, like yourselves, eat the meat too.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

DARU

(Correspondent, William Tabua)

A little village in the Fly River district last month lost half its people. They had been building a new house and they wanted to make a feast for it. The day was stormy and they set out to an island to catch some fish.

Coming home with a good catch they found the tide rising and the water very rough. An outrigger gave way and the canoe tipped over with many women and children in it. The canoe was carried out to sea and for three days and nights they were not found. Only three women and two men landed.

At another village 3 men were crossing to the mainland to buy tobacco and they had some cash with them. The man who had all the money in his basket was sitting on the edge of the canoe with the money under his arm in the purse. All of a sudden he fainted and fell over the side and before the other fellows could pick him up he went underneath

with all the cash. Two days later they found some of his flesh on the shore.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, Rea Mea)

On Thursday, 7th August, there was great excitement through the village of Poreporena. Some of the children shouted they had seen a very short man who appeared from the ground with a book in his hand and singing some of the hymns. All the people rushed up to see but they could not see the strange man. All who stood near said he had disappeared while the people were rushing up.

The people were all surprised and amused and everyone was very anxious and they asked each other what will happen after this strange thing. Some said it is because there is too much dancing, some said it will be a terribly



A Man with a Digging Stick. Boianai

bad time. Everyone had different thoughts. But they never thought that it was just a little game of the children or that they thought they had seen something moving and were frightened.

After a day or so they realized that it was not true.

This is the second time the Poreporena people have been surprised by strange and untrue things. Some years ago they were surprised by a story that came from the garden people. They said they had seen a wonderful village behind the hills but it turned out to be only white clouds covering up other hills and floating in the valley. As the wind blew it slowly cleared away, moved and changed its shape. And they saw that it was not a village at all but only a moving mist or cloud.

MISIMA

(Correspondent, Barton Diritanumo)

Three matches were played in Bwagaioia lately. The first was against the L.M.S., Laoga.

BWAGAIOIA (181): M.S. Frank, retired, 45; T. Bou, retired, 78; Steven Oala, 27. LOAGA (36): Iliatia, 13; Himo, 11.

The second match was against Quartz Mountain and they won by 1 run.

QUARTZ MOUNTAIN (57): Labeli, 15. BWAGAIOIA (56): Barton, 24; Charlie, 18.

The third match was against Quartz Mountain and this time Bwagaioia won by 50 runs.

BWAGAIOIA (128): Frank Solomon, 36; Mahiti, 31. QUARTZ MOUNTAIN (78): Ipi, 26.

Garden Competition

Making a Garden at Dogura

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I am just going to tell you a little about gardens. Many hundreds of you know how to make and look after a garden. Most of you know too that gardening is one of the chief occupations in Papua.

There are two ways of making gardens. The mountain people and a great number of islanders, as well as some coastal people, make their gardens on the hillsides and in the valleys. They cut down big woods to make gardens. First of all the big trees are cut down and then it is left for some days till the timber is properly dried, when it is burnt. After that they put a fence all round, which

is needed to keep the pigs from getting in to root and destroy.

Irrigation

Another way is called irrigation-gardening. At Wedau, Wamira and Boianai we make our gardens on big flat lands covered with grass. We make our gardens about a mile or two miles inland from our village. The way we make them is about the same as the farmers in Australia.

First of all we choose the ground. Then two or three men go and mow the grass and cut the big trees in some spot about the size they need. Then they leave it to dry. After a few days when it is properly dry they burn it. The owner then cleans away the rubbish. The next day about 12 to 20 men go with long digging sticks to plough the ground. We stand in a line, 6 in a mob, across the ground, working backwards all the time.

If we choose a big piece of ground the ploughing will keep us going for a week. After ploughing we leave it for a few days to sun and also to let it get an airing. Then we till it and make many plots, counting each person in the family. We make straight drains to each plot and the water runs in these to water the plants.

First of all we put the taro plants; then the woman's plants—sugar-cane and asparagus—beside the drain; then after that yams and taitu. The water to irrigate comes from a higher portion of the river. We dam the big river for the source of the irrigation and this water runs along through the irrigation channels some miles to the gardens and waters all the plants.

The Taro

However it has to be well looked after and after the plants are put in they have to be watered all the time. When the taro is one month old the women go out to the garden and pull the weeds out and cut off some old stalks. In about a month the young taro spring from the old root, and the women go out and pull the weeds and again cut old stalks, dig the ground and pile it up around the young plants. Three months later the taro is ready to eat. The taro crop takes about 6 months before it is ready to be eaten.

Other Plants

When we have pulled the taro the ground is replanted with potatoes or sugar-cane or any other vegetable plants. At all times we

water the garden, night or day. Some people sleep in their garden hut to hunt the pigs from their gardens, and also they hide, watching for robbers who might steal some taro or other things from the garden. We hunt the pigs away because they go rooting and destroying the plants.

Some of Our Garden Rules

We people of Wedau, Wamira and Boianai work using irrigation rules. This is our custom and we take care of our gardens under the following laws:—

- (a) Don't you put coconut oil on your body;
- (b) Don't eat fish or anything that comes from the sea;
- (c) Don't you go to the woman;
- (d) Wash yourself before you plant the taro.

If we break these laws the taro won't grow big and perhaps a disease will come and destroy it.

Taro has a nose, mouth, and eyes like ourselves. So you must wash yourself before you go to the garden to plant the taro. See

when we go to school and we have not had a bath that morning the teacher smells and asks us, "Have you had a bath this morning?" And we reply, "No Sir," or "No Miss." And so we are sent back to have a bath. That's a school rule and that's how the teacher takes care of the children—just as we take care of the taro.

I believe every Papuan in every village has a garden. Some have the garden on the hillside or in the valley and some have the kind that is different called an irrigation garden.

Well readers I have to close and hope some other writer has a better competition essay about a garden.

[By M. D. Barton, native clerk, Misima, S.E.D. This article wins the prize of 5s.]

List of Competitors

The following also sent essays for the Gardening Competition: (1) James T. Ovia, Hanuahada; (2) Eileen Tom, Hula, L.M.S.; (3) George Scott, Yule Island Technical School; (4) Marehari Raepa, Karama, G.D.; (5) Raka Ipi, Port Moresby, Court Messenger.



Irrigation of Taro at Wedau

Native Contributions

Earthquake at Kerema

On 10th June, just before dark we had an earthquake.

The evening was calm and silent, with no noise from the waves breaking on the sand-beach or any wind blowing the leaves from the trees.

We knocked off from our work and each of us went to our own houses. I sat in my house and had a yarn with the Native Medical Assistant and all in a moment we felt the floor was making bumps as if a man was walking there. We all felt it and stopped talking and waited. All were very quiet and we were surprised for about half a minute. Then I said, "Hello, it seems like an earthquake." After saying that, the sounds were getting less but still going.

I said to those who were with me, "Get out from the house quickly," and we all rushed out. Then it began to shake very much with a horrible noise, and it made me frightened. I got up and stood still for a few seconds to think before getting down and it kept on getting stronger. So I ran down to the ground as fast as I could and it stopped at once.

Concluding my story with cheerful mind.

[By D. Morea, native clerk, R.M., Kerema.]

Letter from New Subscriber

Dear Sir,

I respectfully put the following matter before your kind favourable consideration.

I have often been reading my friends' *Papuan Villagers* and it makes me happy. Sometimes too I am glad to read all the Papuan stories and the European ones as well. So I have made up my mind that I like to join with you and receive a copy from the Government every month if possible.

So I will try my best to join in *The Papuan Villager* because I know that we Papuans can learn more English in reading *The Papuan Villager* than when we are at school. In the *Villager* some of the English words are very hard for us Papuans, but we learn new words all the time when we read.

So I am sending you my rough story about

a big fish ("groper") caught by me and Interpreter Obadaia at the Government wharf, Losuia. I hope it will be fit for a paragraph in the paper. I also post a shilling with it for the price of my *Papuan Villager* for a year.

Thanking you in kind anticipation,

Yours sincerely,

RARUA OALA, N.M.A., Losuia.

[We will put in the story about the big fish later on. We hope that some others will follow Rarua's good example and buy their own papers.—Ed.]

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Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—8070/9.36.