

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 9, No. 3
March, 1937

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Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

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

BUILDING

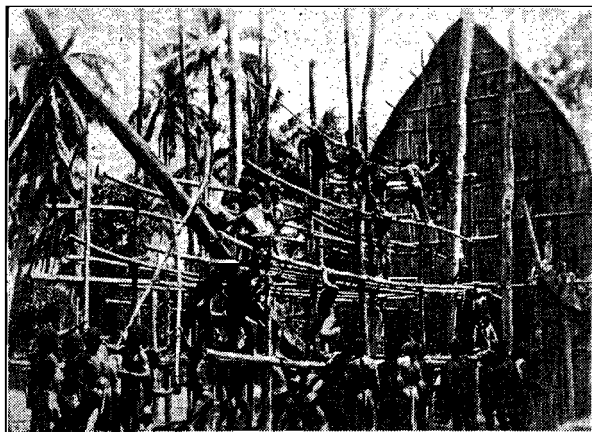
Materials

White men build their houses of stone or brick or concrete or "fibro-cement" or wood; they cover them with roofs of "galvanized" iron; and they use nails and iron bolts to hold them together. Papuans make their houses of wood and sago branches and other things that come from the

bush; they cover them with roofs of grass or bark or palm-leaf, and they tie all the parts together with cane.

Mending Your House

Now Papuans are often very good builders indeed. But houses made of these things cannot last as long as those made of concrete or stone, so often have to be mended.



Putting the "Eravo"
Post in Place

The wind comes up and blows away some of your palm-leaf roof, or the rain and sun make it rotten. Then, if you do not want the water dripping on your neck, you have to mend it with some new leaves. Or perhaps the floorboards get loose, and you drop your knife through a crack between them. Then you have to tie them down again. Or the posts sink on one side and the house tips over a little. Then the Magistrate comes along and says, "Look at that ramshackle affair! Is it a fowl-house?" And the owner is ashamed. He has to pull it down and build a new one.

Making a House in a Few Days

But one thing, you can build a Papuan house very quickly. If your relatives and friends come to help you, and you give them a feast, you can make a new house in a few days. That is more than the white man can do.

You can build very good houses with your own materials; and the better you build them the longer they last. You know all about hardwood for the posts, and you can make good solid floors with palmwood or adzed planks. And a roof of grass or palm-leaf is very much cooler than one of galvanized iron.

Houses that Look Right

There is another thing. The houses that you build with your own materials are good to look at. Among the coconuts and other trees a roof of palm-leaf or grass looks just right. A roof of iron looks ugly. It looks as ugly as a calico petticoat on a Papuan woman. Her proper native dress, a *rami* of grass or sago-leaf looks pretty, and she need not be ashamed of it. You need never be ashamed of your

own kind of dress, nor of your own kind of house.

At Orokolo there are still some very fine men's houses or *eravo*, nearly 60 feet high. They mean hard work, as the picture will show. But a great big well made *eravo* is a thing to be proud of. The men's houses of Orokolo and the Purari Delta are the finest buildings to look at in the whole of Papua—Port Moresby and Samarai included.

Getting Ready for the Coronation

People in England are getting ready for the King's Coronation. He is to be crowned King on 12th May. The Queen too will be crowned, and the two little Princesses and thousands of other famous people will be there to see it.

This is to take place in London in a very famous old church. The workmen are already putting seats along some of the roads so that people may see the King and Queen as they pass by. And they are making thousands of new seats inside the church where they are to be crowned. It will be a very special thing to have a seat inside this church.

Shops and factories are getting ready flags to trim the streets and shop-fronts and houses. It will be a great feast day, and all the people will be out to see the sights. At night they will put searchlights on the big buildings and London will be as bright by night as by day.

The big stores too are getting ready all sorts of things with pictures of the King and Queen on them—cups,

mugs, plates, spoons, etc. And they will sell hundreds of these, calling them "Souvenirs." Souvenir means a thing that you keep to remember a great day.

In some parts of London where poor people live the children are to be given a party. They will close the side streets and lay tables for the children. Thousands of them will be having a feast on Coronation Day in the streets and there will be cheering and shouting all over London for the new King and Queen.

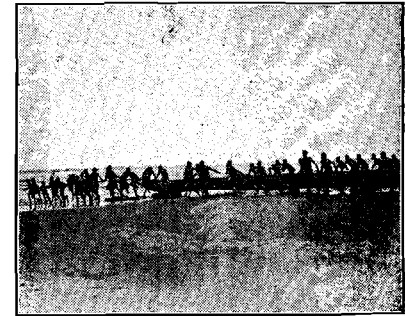
The Dead Birds Sing

Some of the Papuans who live in Port Moresby have seen the Museum. It is a place behind the Government Anthropologist's office and is full of things that come from Papua.

There are *kaiva-kuku* masks, crocodiles made in wood, figures of men carved and painted, wooden bowls, axes, fish-traps and dead men's heads, and lots of other things.

There are also some stuffed birds in a glass case. No one ever heard these birds sing in Port Moresby. But in America, where they do so many wonderful things, a man has made the stuffed birds walk and sing. At least they walk by clockwork and look as if they sang. When the birds walk about a record plays on a hidden gramophone. This is the voice of the bird in the showcase.

It is a new idea and perhaps one day when you come to the Port Moresby Museum you will hear the song of the stuffed birds. We have no gramophone; but we can get the office boy to hide behind a box and whistle.



Pulling a Canoe down to the Sea for the Motu "Lakatoi," Orokolo

Climbing A Mountain in Dutch New Guinea

In Dutch New Guinea there are mountains called the Snow Mountains and one of them is named Mt. Carstens. It was named after a Dutch sailor. He was probably the first white man who saw it.

Several Dutchmen have tried and failed to climb this high peak. It is higher than any mountain in Papua and there is ice and snow at the top. But now a young Dutchman named Dr. A. H. Colijn has done this with native carriers to help him. It was a fine climb for them all, and a very good piece of work for the carriers. They were men from a part of that country where there are no mountains, hardly even a hill, so they had to learn all about climbing as they went.

Some white men seem to like climbing mountains. They do it for fun or for adventure. When they get to the top they feel they have had a win. Perhaps some Papuans do the same though I don't think many do. It can't be much fun climbing mountains with a big bag of rice on

your back, and even white men don't like climbing much when they have got to do it.

A Papuan Policeman Honoured

Every New Year the King names certain men and women who have given good service to the Empire to be put on his "Honours List." That means that he is to remember them and to give them a reward for their services.

We have had white men from Papua who have received honours before. His Excellency, Mr. Champion, Mr. Murray, etc., and they are all very proud of them.

This year for the first time a Papuan has been chosen. He is a policeman and his name is Senior-Sergeant Gaiberi. He is the senior policeman of the force, and he has been given the King's Police Medal. He has served his country for over 40 years and it is a splendid record.

Forty years is a long time to have given good service to your country, and I think only one other Papuan can have such a police record, that was Simoi, the fine old man who was the companion of our Governor on so many of his trips.

The Armed Constables will be very pleased that this honour has been paid to Gaiberi.

Since writing this we have been very sorry to hear of the death of Sergeant Gaiberi. He died at Cape Nelson on 4th March and we hope that before he died he had heard of the honour that had been given to him.

—EDITOR.

The Faithful Servants

We read in the *Children's Newspaper* of three Indian servants, father,

son and grandson, who worked together for the same master.

Grandfather Balesar

Many years ago a young English soldier went to India. He needed a servant and he found a boy named Balesar. Balesar was 21 years old when he first came to serve his young master, and he stayed with him 24 years.

Father Gumti

He married and had a little son whose name was Gumti. When Gumti was three years old he was running round after his father learning all the things his father did. He wore a little strip of red cloth just as the little Papuans so often do.

Son Shiv

Then he too married and he had a son named Shiv. When Shiv was three years old he too began work for the English soldier. He ran around after his father and learnt all the jobs his father did, and he helped with folding the clothes and polishing the shoes. For this he got his own wages as soon as he was five years old, and he was very pleased with himself.

Balesar, the first boy to serve the soldier could not read or write. But he could remember. His master says he never forgot what he was told. But Gumti learnt to read and write fairly well.

When their master became too old to do his job any more he went home to England. Balesar, Gumti and Shiv went to another part of India. Balesar fishes in the river near his home, for he is now an old man. Gumti writes every three months or so to his master in England. And Shiv was married last year. They were faithful servants.

Fires in Big Cities

If Port Moresby had a big fire and half the town blazed up there would be nothing that the people could do except get as many things out of their houses as they could.

We have nothing to fight fires with in Papua. But in great cities like Sydney they have special fast cars called Fire Engines that come and help people put out fires. Where houses are close together there is a danger that one sets fire to another. In every part of the city there is a fire engine. These engines can easily be called by telephone or by bells that are placed in little red boxes on many of the street corners. The bell from this box rings in the Fire Station, and in a few seconds the firemen and the fire engine are ready to rush to the place where the bell rang.

Water is used to put out the fire. In cities there are large pipes of water

laid down under the roads. These pipes have big taps above the ground and the firemen attach long tubes of canvas to them called hoses. Water comes rushing out of the canvas hose and the firemen pour it on to the flames. They also use chemicals (medicine that puts out fires).

Sometimes there are people in the tall buildings who cannot get out. So fire engines carry long ladders. In this way firemen rescue people from the tops of buildings.

In Papuan villages you have no fire engines, no hoses, no chemicals and no ladders. All you can do is to be careful.

Fifth Test Match

Won by Australia

Australia won the fifth test match by an innings and 200 runs. It was played at Melbourne. The Australians made 604 runs in their first innings; and this great score is the highest that an Australian team has made in a test match in Australia.

A great deal of interest was taken in this match, because of the four matches that had already been played this season England had won the first and second, and Australia the third and fourth. People came from all over Australia and New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, Papua and New Guinea, and also from England to see it. There were 52,000 people present when the game began.

Don Bradman was Captain of the Australian team, and A. L. Allen was Captain of the English team.

When the two Captains tossed, the Australian won, and, as the wicket was a very good one, he decided to let



A young Bride of the Northern Division with the Ornaments Paid for her

his men bat first. Their innings lasted a little over two days, and they all managed to score, though O'Reilly only made one run.

The Englishmen had fine weather the first day they batted, but rain fell that night and made the wicket bad, so they were unable to make a big score. As they were so far behind the Australian's score, they had to follow on, and the wet wicket helped the bowlers to get them out for only 165 runs. They played a fine game, and it was just bad luck that they had to bat on a wet wicket.

AUSTRALIA (1ST INNINGS).

Fingleton, c. Voce, b. Farnes	...	17
Rigg, c. Ames, b. Farnes	...	28
Bradman, b. Farnes	...	169
McCabe, c. Farnes, b. Verity	...	112
Badcock, c. Worthington, b. Voce	...	118
Gregory, c. Verity, b. Farnes	...	80
Oldfield, c. Ames, b. Voce	...	21
Nash, c. Ames, b. Farnes	...	17
O'Reilly, b. Voce	...	1
McCormick, not out	...	17
Fleetwood Smith, b. Farnes	...	13
Sundries	...	11
Total	...	604

Bowling: Allen, 0 for 99; Farnes, 6 for 96; Voce, 3 for 123; Hammond, 0 for 62; Verity, 1 for 127; Worthington, 0 for 60; Leyland, 0 for 26.

ENGLAND (1ST INNINGS).

Barnett, c. Oldfield, b. Nash	...	18
Worthington, h.o.w., b. Fleetwood Smith	...	44
Hammond, c. Nash, b. O'Reilly	...	14
Leyland, b. O'Reilly	...	7
Hardstaff, c. McCormick, b. O'Reilly	...	83
Wyatt, c. Bradman, b. O'Reilly	...	38
Ames, b. Nash	...	19
Allen, c. Oldfield, b. Nash	...	0
Verity, c. Rigg, b. Nash	...	0
Voce, stp. Oldfield, b. O'Reilly	...	3
Farnes, not out	...	0
Sundries	...	13
Total	...	239

Bowling: McCormick, 0 for 54; Nash, 4 for 70; O'Reilly, 5 for 51; Fleetwood Smith, 1 for 51.

ENGLAND (2ND INNINGS).

Barnett, l.b.w., b. O'Reilly	...	41
Worthington, c. Bradman, b. McCormick	...	6
Hardstaff, b. Nash	...	1
Hammond, c. Bradman, b. O'Reilly	...	56
Leyland, c. McCormick, b. Smith	...	28
Wyatt, run out	...	9
Ames, c. McCabe, b. McCormick	...	11
Allen, c. Nash, b. O'Reilly	...	7

Verity, not out	2
Voce, c. Badcock, b. Smith	1
Farnes, c. Nash, b. Smith	0
Sundries	8
Total	165

Bowling: McCormick, 2 for 33; Nash, 1 for 34; O'Reilly, 3 for 58; Smith, 3 for 36; McCabe, 0 for 1.

Native Contributions

Heard on the Wireless

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*.

Mr. S. G. Middleton, the Assistant Resident Magistrate at Ioma, had his own little wireless in his house. One day the wireless gave me a great surprise. You know the wireless news comes from all cities in every part of the world.

This day I went to my *taubada's* house to get the office key. When I was close to his house I heard voices and I thought my *taubada* and *sinabada* were talking. After a few minutes my *taubada* called out to me and I went to the wireless room and he told me people were talking from Moscow. I was very surprised and I laughed and thought how far is it from Papua to Moscow! I listened a few minutes and then I returned to my office and I opened a map of the world and saw where Moscow was. Oh, friends it is far, far away from Papua to Moscow. I suppose the wireless is the most wonderful thing in the world.

I will tell you what you have to do if you want to hear Melbourne or Sydney talk to you. The wireless has little hands, but I cannot tell you their names because I don't know what they are. But the owner of the wireless can turn a little handle to its proper place and they can hear voices from Melbourne. Turn to another place and you get Sydney, another and you get England, and so on.

Every morning we can hear messages sent from Port Moresby to other places in Papua. Also we can hear from Samarai the date and time that the *Nusa* is leaving Samarai or when the *MacLaren King* goes to Mambare Beach. Then we can send mails to catch these boats and it is really excellent.

I think some of you can hear this in your master's houses in Port Moresby and Samarai. Also some of the cookie boys and girls can hear their master's wireless in their houses.

One very fine moonlight night I went with some friends to *taubada's* house, for we wanted

to listen to people talking all over the world. My *taubada* turned a little handle for he wanted to get Melbourne and we heard horse-racing and some other kinds of games. Also we heard New Zealanders singing their native songs. Then we heard a man say, "Now it's five to eight; you will soon hear the big clock strike eight." Our clock said it was ten minutes to eight so we put that right, and after waiting those five minutes we heard the big clock ring from Melbourne. We were very surprised and talked to one another about this. Then we heard men speak from England, China and Germany.

Now my friends I cannot write all the words we heard from all over the world. We don't know the language of Germany, China or Japan, so how could we know what they were saying? We heard many, many words in English too that I could not write in my article because they were too hard for me to know.

Our land of Papua has its broadcast and it was opened on 25th October, 1935, by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. I thought that perhaps sometimes later on a broadcast might be sent from Port Moresby in the Motu language or some other Papuan language.

Mr. Middleton is a great assistance to the natives of Papua. He teaches me how to send words in the Morse Code. I know only a very little but I can read A to Z. I do not know 1 to 10, but these I can be trained in later on. If you want to say "A" you can make it in Morse Code like this — That is A, and so on. I suppose some of the Poreporena Scouts are training in Morse Code every Monday night as I have heard they are. I am proud to send this article to *The Papuan Villager* to let the readers know how I am training in the Morse Code. I shall be glad if the Editor will correct this rough article and enter it in the *Villager*. I hope it will interest you readers and I send you all good wishes.

[By Asagi Awaga, native clerk, Ioma, N.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Beginning of the Coconut

Kadiniga Goes with his Friend up Guwovia Mountain

The man's name was Kadiniga. One day Kadiniga said to another man, "To-morrow morning you come and bring your dog and

we will walk about in the bush." That night the other man went to sleep in his house and he remembered what Kadiniga had said. Therefore in the morning he arose and went to Kadiniga's village.

Then they all walked up on Guwovia Mountain. The man said to Kadiniga, "Do we stop here for awhile? Or what do you think?"

But Kadiniga said, "Not I, but you, shall say if we stop or we go on." Then that man saw that Kadiniga's face was transfigured. Then the man spoke to himself and said, "I think this man has become a sorcerer and soon he will swallow me."

Competition

PIGS

WRITE an article about Pigs—
• village pigs,
bush pigs, any kind of pigs. Papuans think a lot about pigs. Why do they? Send articles to the Editor, "Papuan Villager," Port Moresby

THIS COMPETITION CLOSURES ON 15th JUNE, 1937

PRIZE OF FIVE SHILLINGS FOR THE BEST ARTICLE

Kadiniga is Bound to a Tree

Then the man sat down on a large log because he was frightened of Kadiniga. And Kadiniga looked down on that man's loins and he saw some cane belts and he said to him, "My friend, what of your belts?"

Then the man answered and said, "These are my belts of long ago. My boys and I went to the bush and they cut the cane. Then they bound me to a tree and the boys went back to their village. I was left there in the bush. Then my boys came back to me and they chopped the tree down and I too fell on the ground. Our boys cut off the tree from my body. Then we all returned to the village." And the man said to Kadiniga, "Well, do you want some belts?" And Kadiniga said, "Yes please, my friend." So the man cut a cane and bound Kadiniga to a tree. And he said, "You look very nice there," and then went back to the village.

Then Kadiniga was alone on Guwovia Mountain; and Kadiniga was dead.

Kadiniša's Head Becomes the Coconut

Then that corpse became all palms. The skull became the coconut, and the fingers and ankles became the betel-nut, and other bones became other palms.

The other man stayed in his village. After a year had gone he thought of Kadiniga on the mountain and he talked to himself, "I shall go and see what Kadiniga is doing. Is he dead, or what?" The man chose a time very early in the morning and he set out to Guwovia Mountain. Before long he saw the place where he had left Kadiniga. But now he could only see a tree standing there. So he went near the tree and looked around and then he talked to himself, "I will get a nut from the tree." So he climbed and got the nut, husked it and broke the shell. Inside he found the white meat. He gave a piece to the dog to let him try it first and when the dog had eaten it he too tried the meat of the nut and found it very nice.

That is why the coconut looks like a man's head with eyes, nose and mouth after the husk is taken off.

[By Eutyechus Maima, Methodist Mission, Salamo.]

The Kukukuku Men

In January we were staying at Lelefrū, near the place where some Kukukukus live. We had been there for about three weeks. One day I went to work in the garden and saw many bananas there. My brother and his wife and their two children and my wife and our baby were with a Samoan named Auaua and his wife, Vainga, at their garden house. This was near the Kukukukus' place by the Meporo River in the Gulf Division.

While I was on my way to the garden, seven Kukukukus came and I met them. One Kukukuku man said, "Oh, my friend what are you looking for?" I was afraid and called to my brother, but he said, "What are you afraid of. Don't be afraid of these men, they will not kill you."

Then one Kukukuku man came and caught hold of my hand and said to me, "Let us go down to Lelefrū." But I said, "No. Don't you go down to Lelefrū Beach." And we came to Auaua's house and there we had a

chat and ate betel-nut. We bought bows and arrows and birds' feathers from the Kukukuku men and gave them knives and axes and shells for them.

I asked them to go with me to Kerema. But they said, "No, because if we go to Kerema we die; we are afraid of the Government." Those Kukukuku men were very frightened and they all ran away to the bush. We called to them but they would not hear but ran away very fast.

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

[By R. Pou Evoa, L.M.S., Toaripi, Mirihea, No. 2, G.D.]

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Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—8289/4.37.