

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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The Bamu-Purari Patrol

Mr. Ivan Champion has written his report of the big patrol in the Western and Delta Divisions.

The Track

You will remember that Mr. Hides and Mr. O'Malley did a big patrol in 1935. They went from the River

Strickland to the Purari. Mr. Champion's party followed a different track. They started from the River Wawoi, which flows into the Bamu. And then they went north, round the Leonard Murray Mountains; crossed the upper Kikori River and at last came into the grassy highlands. They went on to a very high mountain called Giluwe. Then they turned to



Men and Boys of Bebedeben, Morehead District

the east, and, after a long, hard journey, came to the Purari River and down to the sea.

Mr. Champion's companion was Mr. C. J. Adamson, the Patrol Officer. They have both done a great deal of mountain climbing before. There were also twelve Armed Constables and thirty carriers.

The Carriers

The police behaved very well, as was expected, and so did the carriers. These carriers were men from the Port Moresby gaol. They were not forced to go. But when they were asked, they wanted to go. And they carried very well indeed. Mr. Champion says that he never had a better lot of boys.

There was a Rigo man named Iobu in the Daru gaol when Mr. Champion's party got there (for they set out from Daru to the Bamu). This man had been with Mr. Hides, and he wanted to go again. So Mr. Champion took him, and he says that he was one of the best of all. Iobu is not afraid of a long walk.

Rice and Marmite

The rice (8,000 lb. of it) was carried in kerosene tins—43 lb. each. Each tin was sealed, and the rice kept good all the time. They also took some "Marmite." This is a sort of medicine that is rather nice to eat and is very good for you. At one time a number of carriers got ill with "beriberi." This is a very dangerous sickness. Luckily they found a garden with some sweet potato tops, and these, together with the Marmite, cured the sick carriers, and they were able to go on.

The Wireless

The patrol also carried a wireless set for receiving messages. It was

made by the wireless people at Port Moresby. And each evening at 6 o'clock Mr. Champion got a signal telling him the right time. (It is no good trusting watches, because they go wrong.)

Taking Observations

Mr. Champion needed to know the right time so that he could "take observations," that is, find out where he was. He looks at the sun, he uses some funny instruments, he works out a sum of arithmetic, and there you are! (as the Editor doesn't know how it is done, he won't try to tell you). But for this your watch must be exactly right. So through the wireless it was possible for the patrol to know just where it was each day. The position of the camps, and the track which the patrol followed are marked on the map. The time signals used to come from San Francisco, in America; and the receiving set did its work well. It was still going strong when the party got home. The whole thing weighed only 64 lb.

Knowing your Business

As the party went along through all this new country they kept an eye open for gold. Mr. Adamson knows a great deal about this work, for he has done it before. As a matter of fact he does not think there is much gold there at all; and we listen to what he says, because he knows what he is talking about.

It takes a long time to get ready for a big patrol. Mr. Champion learned long ago how to take "observations"; and Mr. Adamson learned long ago about prospecting. For if you want to get good results you must know your business.

We shall tell you some more about the adventures of the patrol in a later issue.

A Brave Papuan

Last month, one of the Hula cricketers, named Laka Tapolo, was bitten in the leg and the stomach by a shark. This happened quite close to the shore at Raukele.

He was carried to the Hula L.M.S. hospital. As he was carried along he talked to the Missionary and said he was "Quite all right, but he did not feel like walking."

Mr. A. E. Watkins, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, did all he could for Laka. He was very badly hurt, but he had something that he wanted to say to the Magistrate about his tax. It was not quite paid up; and he apologized for this to the Magistrate while he lay dying. He smiled happily when Mr. Watkins said that would be quite all right. But they could not save Laka's life, for the wounds made by the shark were too serious.

Laka was a good cricketer, a good church boy, and an honest man in all his dealings. He has a young wife and many friends who will miss him from his home and village. All who read how he died will honour him as a brave man.

Catching Rats for Money

There are some islands not far from the coast of Queensland called the Lord Howe Islands. Instead of growing coconuts and making copra, the people who live there collect the seeds of a palm named the Kentia

palm and sell them. Last year the crop was a very small one.

They have another way of making money, and that is by catching rats. The Government pays fourpence for the tail of every rat. The highest number caught by one man from October to December was 865. You can reckon and see how much money he made. Only men who live on the island are allowed to catch the rats.



A piece of Painted Bark Cloth, Berepa, Gulf Division

The rats are caught because they do so much damage to the crop of seed from the Kentia palm. It is a good thing to kill all the rats you can; but in Papua the Government does not pay men to catch them.

The New Hospital

You have heard that there is to be a new hospital for Papuans on an island near Port Moresby. It is to be looked after by Miss Fairhall and she will live there with her patients.

When she returns from her holiday in Australia she will get ready to move to the new hospital.

There will still be a hospital in Port Moresby. But this one at Hunter's Passage is for special cases. Miss Fairhall can take better care of the sick people when they are separated from the village and she has them close at hand. Another nurse has arrived to take charge of the work in Port Moresby, a Miss McMillan who previously worked in Fiji.

The new hospital is specially for tuberculosis patients and those who have leprosy. There are many such places in other parts of the Pacific. The island is to be divided and the tubercular people will be on one half, and those who have leprosy on the other. It is better for everyone that they should be away from the village. For one reason other villagers can't come near them to catch these diseases; and for another, they can have the care of the nurse all to themselves. Miss Fairhall is doing a splendid piece of work for the sick people of Papua, and I hope they will remember this and offer her all the help they can.

The Lizard and the Crocodile

Jondopu, the lizard, quarrelled with Imbaga, the crocodile. They each wanted to keep a wooden trumpet, but neither would let the other have it.

Then Jondopu put some medicine into the river and made the water dry up. The crocodile could no longer hide in the water so the people came with spears and killed it.

Meanwhile, Jondopu took the trumpet and climbed a tree; and

there he stays to this day. He blows his trumpet and that is the voice of the lizard. (Has the lizard got a voice? The Editor does not know. Perhaps some native reader can tell him.)

The Baby Crocodile who was Saved

Imbaga, the crocodile, had a family of baby crocodiles. They were all killed by the people except one. That one escaped and a woman caught him. She kept him covered up in her house in a pot and she fed him.

He grew very quickly. One day, when the river was full of water again, he ran away. He went to the water and said to himself, "The people killed my brothers and sisters. All right, I will start killing the people. And I will kill their pigs and dogs." And ever since he has lived in the river, and kills men and women and pigs and dogs whenever he can.

Mr. L. P. B. Armit

Mr. Armit, who was Chief Clerk in the Lands Department, has had a promotion. He is now Chief Clerk in the Government Secretary's Department, that is the Department which looks after all the Magistrates.

Mr. Armit was Acting Editor of *The Papuan Villager* during 1933 and 1934.

A Good Mother

We have just read about a white mother who has had 29 children. We think this must be a record. Perhaps a Papuan mother can beat it, and if so we would like to know her name and put her down for the Tax Bonus.

New Ship for Papua

Burns, Philp have ordered a new ship for Papua and New Guinea. We shall not see her for more than a year, as she will take a long time to build. She will be a ship of 6,000 tons, very much bigger than those we have now. She will have room for 200 passengers; and a swimming pool for them to bathe in.

The Old "Marsina"

Fifteen years ago the *Marsina* used to sail from Sydney to Papua. But Papua and New Guinea are growing in size, and so we keep on having bigger boats. The *Marsina* was given up because she was too small. She was given a new name—the *Craigend*—and went to work elsewhere. Then she was given a third name—the *Haiping*—and was sent to China. But on the way she met a cyclone and began to leak. The crew had to leave her and she is now a wreck.

A Present for the Zoo

There are little snakes and big snakes. One of the biggest of all is the python. It is found in Papua and New Guinea.

Last year a python, 16 ft. long, was sent to the Sydney Zoo. Now that python has laid 11 eggs, so soon the Zoo hopes to have 11 more pythons.

These big snakes are worth a lot of money for their skin is made into leather, and this leather, with its pretty markings is worth £1 a foot. It is made into shoes and bags for white women.

White women don't like snakes when they are alive. But they like to carry their skin about when they are dead. They pay a lot of money for their snake-skin shoes and handbags.

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Tattooing a Motu Girl

Sheep in Boots

You have all seen that white men wear boots. But who has seen an animal in boots?

We read that in England they have a disease among the sheep known as foot-rot. To cure this they have put boots made of rubber on the sheep and they are made with zip fasteners. We hope our Papuan pigs never get foot-rot. If they do, you may have to put boots on them. What a fine sight they would be strolling along in rubber "zippers" through the village.

The Locust Again

You have heard of the locust as a pest, the sort of grasshopper that eats and destroys the crops till there is not a bit left. But we have just read in the *Children's Newspaper* how he made a further nuisance of himself.

In Africa there was a certain cricket match being played, when a swarm of locusts, two miles long, came like a big cloud. The cricketers could not go on with the game though they tried every way of getting rid of them. Players, and those watching, joined in the hunt, and it took twenty minutes to chase them off.

A Hurricane at Port Darwin

A very big wind is called a Hurricane, or a Cyclone. We in Papua have our *gubas*. They certainly blow very hard, and they sometimes knock a house or two over. But they are soon over.

A hurricane or a cyclone lasts a long time and blows much harder. Not long ago a wind of this kind hit

Port Darwin, which is the Capital of the Northern Territory of Australia. They say it was going at a speed of 100 miles an hour—about three times as fast as a motor car going at a good speed.

Most of the stores, offices, and houses at Darwin had their roofs lifted off by the wind. Many were smashed to pieces. Only one man was killed but hundreds were hurt.

Cricket

Hanuabada against Hula

The Hula team (captain, Piki) came to play against Hanuabada (captain, Kohu Dogodo) last month. The match lasted two days and ended in a draw.

Hula, 1st Innings, 91; 2nd Innings (declared) 5 for 260. Port Moresby, 1st Innings, 115; 2nd Innings, 9 for 172.

Piki Ravu made 127 not out for Hula in the second innings. It was a good job for Hanuabada that the match did not last any longer.

Samarai against Port Moresby

The Port Moresby team went to Samarai to play for the Governor's Shield. Samarai have the shield at present, and Port Moresby wanted to win the match and bring it back with them. But they didn't.

Port Moresby, 1st Innings, 130; 2nd Innings, 86; Samarai, 1st Innings, 69; 2nd Innings, 177.

Mr. M. Harris made 138 runs in the second innings for Samarai, while the rest of his side made 33 between them (sundries 6). He is a nephew of Hon. E. C. Harris, the Treasurer. So cricket must run in their family.



A Scene in Milne Bay

Native Contributions

How Food Came to Papua

This is an old story that we all know. How the different kinds of food came to our land.

Long ago there was no food, only potatoes; because potatoes came down from heaven. But there were no yams, taro, sugar-cane or bananas. Just Papuan food; and there were so many fights that the people could not work hard in their gardens.

The Komati People are all Killed; all except Itipune

One day the people of a village named Koneoro went down to see the people of another village named Komati. They went early in the morning, and they smoked and burnt out the Komati people and they killed them. No one was saved except one woman. She was in the well. They did not kill her. Her name was Itipune and her husband's name was Nawa Rirai. The enemies went away, and all the fires went out, and the woman came out from the well.

Itipune Meets a Long Snake

When she reached the top she met a snake. He was a very big snake and the woman cried out very loudly. Avalo was the snake's name and he did not kill Itipune. Avalo was 82½ ft. long and he was good *kai kai* in New Guinea.

Itipune had a babe in her womb. The snake took Itipune up into a big tree. They crawled up to Avalo's room and Itipune stayed there until her baby was born.

Avalo went away to the bush to find food. He looked for venison and worms, for wallaby and some other foods. When Avalo left the woman he said, "You stay in this room." And Avalo went to the bush. The woman got ready five pots of boiling water and when Avalo came back he shouted for the woman to get ready food for him. "You cook food. I will go and have a sleep." Then Avalo slept.

She Kills Him and Cuts Him Up

Itipune, the woman, took up the five pots of boiling water and dropped them on Avalo, and Avalo was killed. Then Itipune pulled Avalo out and cut him into 100 pieces. She took them up and threw them all over the place and into the grass. She let them lie until they were eaten by worms.

Itipune Finds Food-Plants

One day Itipune remembered Avalo. She thought how she had cut him into 100 pieces and thrown him all over the place. So she went to see how all the pieces of Avalo were getting on. She saw things growing in the places where she had thrown the pieces of Avalo, and they were growing as all sorts of foods. Avalo had become sugar-cane, taro,

yams, bananas, melons. All these things came from the pieces of Avalo that Itipune had cut and thrown everywhere.

Nowadays some women, when they plant yams, put in a piece of snake's body too, because Itipune did this long ago. We remember her and are sorry. If you like you may plant your garden in this way like Itipune.

I wish that all your gardens will grow and have plenty of food for the people.

[By Arthur Daniel, L.M.S., Hula. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Old Woman and the Boy

A boy lived with his grandmother in a village. That old woman was very old and she had no teeth.

One day she baked a little taitu for her dinner. She did not want to boil the food so she baked it. You all know we have many different kinds of taitu. One kind is white and another is red inside it, another kind is one that grows and comes above the earth; and another one is smooth and looks very nice. So the old woman baked a smooth one, and the little boy saw his grandmother baking the taitu and he went out to play with other little boys.

How the Poor Old Woman Baked her Taitu

She put two sticks of fire together and put her taitu by it. When the taitu was baked it was soft and it looked as though it was not cooked because she did not put it on the fire. Then she took off the skin of the taitu and she put the skins beside the fire and she ate the taitu. Then that little boy thought in his mind, "I must go to my grandmother because the taitu will be baked by now." So he went to his grandmother, and he asked her. But she said, "I have eaten it." And the little boy said, "Ho! You have eaten that very big taitu." Because he saw lots of skin on the ground he thought his grandmother had eaten a great deal of taitu.

The Little Boy is Angry

Then the little boy went to a tree called *Budoa*. You all know what the tree is like. The trunk is very straight and the branches are not all in one place, but two or three branches come out; then three or four feet

higher some more branches and so on until the top is reached.

The little boy climbed up and when he came to a branch he called to his grandmother and said, "Do you see me?" And his grandmother answered, "Yes. I can see you." Then he went up higher again, and he called the same words to his grandmother again, and the old woman answered as before. He did the same thing again and again until he got to the top. Then he called to his grandmother again but this time she answered, "No, I cannot see you."

Then he changed into a cuscus.

His grandmother called to him, "Ho, come down. Here is your taitu." But the boy said, "No, I will not come. I must live in the top of the tall trees."

That is why the cuscus lives in the holes of the trees called *Gefe* in the Saroa district. They are big tall trees.

[By Jack Rabu, Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

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
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