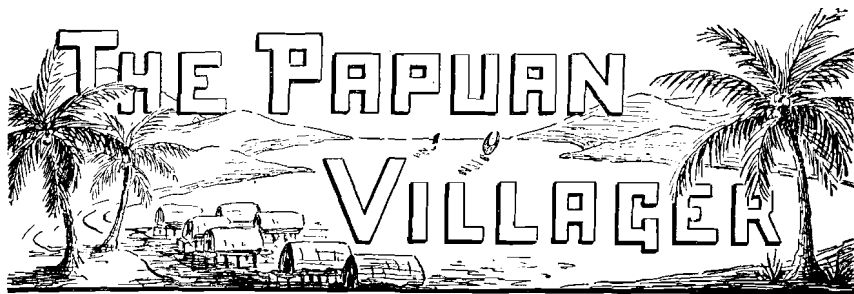


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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An Address to the Governor

Sir Hubert Murray has been the Governor of this country for thirty years. The white people of the Territory got up an Address for him. The Address is a sort of letter, and

it said that Sir Hubert had governed this country wisely and well. It was signed by nearly all the Europeans in the country. They congratulated him and thanked him for what he had done. This Address was handed to him by the Governor-General.



Lord and Lady Gowrie in Hanuabada

A. & K. GIBSON, PHOTO

The natives of the Central Division also gave an Address to the Governor. It was given to him by Lord Gowrie when he came to see the Welcome at the village of Poreporena. It was signed by 2,438 people. It would have been signed by many more if they had been able to write. It was decorated with drawings by Rea Mea.

These were the words of the Address:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY
SIR HUBERT MURRAY, K.C.M.G.,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

Our Governor,

We people of Papua all know that in July, 1937, you complete thirty years as Governor of Papua. During all those years we have seen your good works, and all the helpful things you have done. When we have come to speak to you, you have not closed your ears, nor have you frowned on us, but have received us, and listened to us, and taken action for us. We have seen all the good things you have done, and our happiness is great because of you. Therefore we all beg of you not to leave us, but stay here as our Governor for years to come. For we know you and how you have led us into the ways of your laws, treating white people and ourselves just the same. We know that you love us well, and we are full of love for you, Our Governor.

Welcome to the Governor-General at Hanuabada

There were perhaps 4,000 people in Hanuabada when the Governor-General and Lady Gowrie came to see it. The whole village had been decorated. There were streamers of banana leaf everywhere, and pretty trees had been planted in front of the houses. The people crowded along each side of the way as Lord and Lady Gowrie and our Governor passed.

A big shelter had been put up, with chairs to sit on, underneath. All the Councillors sat in a row along one side, and the place was decorated with ferns, flowers and palm leaves.

The Drummers

As the Governor-General came near the shelter he passed between two lines of drummers, all wearing their paint and feathers. They began to tap their drums gently, making a little noise. But by the time he reached the shelter they were beating them hard and making a noise like thunder. There must have been hundreds of drummers there.

The Speeches

Then three Councillors, Rakatani, Ahuia and Gavera stood up and made speeches and the Governor-General answered. He said he was very pleased with what he saw. He had never in his life seen anything like it. He thanked the hundreds and hundreds of people who had come so far to greet him; and he said he would write to the King in England and tell him about it.

Then some presents were brought to Lord and Lady Gowrie and after that the Governor-General stood up and read out the Address from the natives to Sir Hubert Murray. We have told you about that in another part of this number.

The Side-Shows

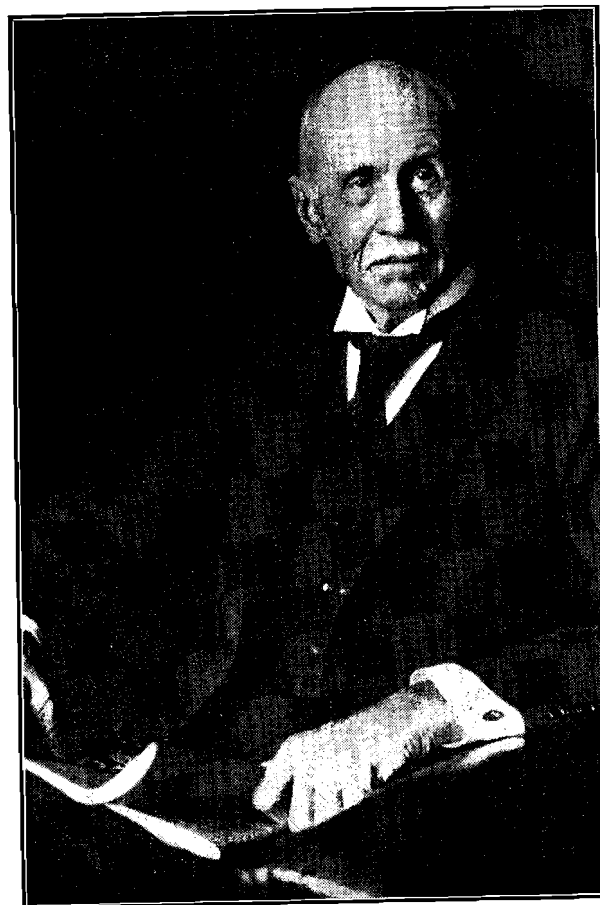
After the speeches were over the Governor-General and his wife went to see the side-shows. Mr. Humphries, the Resident Magistrate, had worked hard to get them ready; there was Rei Vagi making the handle of an old stone axe; there was Lou Oala making a paddle; there was Lulu (wife of Pita), tattooing the back

of Abigu Kekeha; and many others, too many to mention. People were making bags and ramis, fish-nets and pearl-shell ornaments.

But the best thing of all was old Sebea of Kila Kila running round with his *koda*. He has caught 8 pigs with that *koda* and he was showing everybody how he did it.

Beacons for Fliers

Most of you have seen the beacons or lighthouses that guide ships on the sea. Some of them are steady lights; others turn round, so that the ship far away sees the light flash now and again. If there were no beacons the captains of the ships would not



His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray

be able to find their way into the harbours at night.

Nowadays the flying men are travelling by night as well as day. And in some parts of the world they have made beacons for the aeroplanes.

Across the great Syrian Desert, which is like a sea of sand, there is a line of these beacons. The light is so strong that an airman will be able to see it 80 miles away.

The "Queen Mary," the World's Biggest Ship

Have you ever counted the port-holes on the *Macdhui* or the *Montoro*? The *Queen Mary* has 2,000 port-holes. She has shops on board, and three places where they hold church services; she even has a gardener who attends to the flowers. They keep these in ice and all he has to do is to bring out fresh ones every day to decorate the rooms.

They can serve 10,000 meals every day, and 800 people are busy getting this food ready. There are over 100 cooks.

She has room for 3,250 passengers and crew, more than twice as many as all the white people in Papua.

Adventure with a Crocodile

A man was sleeping in the open beside a river in Queensland. His dog was sleeping nearby, or perhaps he was walking about in the night. A crocodile heard the dog and crept up to eat him. He crawled right over the man in his sleep. Then the man woke up, and the crocodile was so frightened that he ran back to the river.

We do not know whether this story is quite true. The man said it was an 18-foot crocodile. But how did he know?

A Big Animal of Long Ago

Sometimes people find the bones of long-ago animals. They lie buried in the earth. Some of these old-time animals were very big.

The other day someone in Africa found some bones of a huge creature called a brontosaurus. Its breast-bone was 3 feet long and 12 inches wide. Compare that with your own breast-bone.

They also found its jaw-bone. The teeth were 4 inches long. How would you like a mouthful of those?

It is thought that this animal stood 25 feet high; and that it weighed 40 tons. That is about as much as 800 Papuans put together.

The brontosaurus has died out long ago. There are no more of them on the earth. It is a good thing too.

Maori Canoes

Some hundreds of years ago the Maoris sailed over the ocean in great canoes, and in that way came to New Zealand, where they now live.

Nowadays they have no need for these canoes, and they are not made. But they were very fine things, good for sea travel, and beautifully carved. Some of them are kept in the museums of New Zealand, and everybody admires them and wonders at their size.

In 1940 New Zealand will be having its 100 years anniversary; and a

number of Maoris are building some new canoes in the old way for it. At the exhibition the canoes will be put in the water and manned by the descendants of the Maoris who sailed in the same sort of boats 600 years ago.

like Christmas trees" with all these things hanging about them.

Mr. Adamson carried his own swag (weighing 30 lb.), a rifle, a revolver and a mining prospector's outfit.



Baby Pigs

A New Fish

Some men fishing off the coast of Queensland caught a new kind of fish. It is an oyster-eating fish and stands on its head in the water to eat. When it eats, the tail of the fish stands up out of the water.

Has any Papuan seen a fish like this?

Bamu-Purari Patrol Lake Kutubu

The patrol spent a long time at a beautiful lake in the mountains. It is called Lake Kutuhu. Before reaching it they had to climb steep mountains carrying heavy loads. Each man carried his load of rice and a number of other things as well. Mr. Champion says they "looked

The first man to see Lake Kutubu was A.C. Maniti. He climbed a high tree and sang out, "Hip, Hurrah!" for he could see a big sheet of water.

The party went on and were soon met by eight men. Their leader was an old man with grey hair and beard. They had little pieces of bamboo stuck through their noses, and wore their hair in little "pigtails."

Next day the patrol went down to a river which led into the lake. The people had fine large canoes, and they got into them and paddled downstream. Soon they came to the lake, and the beautiful view left them breathless. The water was blue and the shores were dark green; and in the middle was a pretty green island with a village. As they paddled slowly towards the island Mr. Cham-

pion tried the depth. He could not get bottom at 20 fathoms.

The Village on the Island

They found a very long house on the island, and fifteen small houses. The long house was for the men; the small houses were for the women. The women peeped shyly at the newcomers; but the men were very friendly.

They brought some sago and sold it for white beads. One woman was seen to grab a parcel of beads from a man and give him some very strong talk. The sago must have been hers, and perhaps the man was trying to take the pay for it. Then an old man rushed in and pushed the others away. Behind him came two others carrying a dead pig.

A Storm on the Lake

The party stayed several days on the lake and paddled about visiting different parts of it. They shot several ducks that came swimming near their canoes. One day they were caught in a storm. They were guided to a limestone cave where they had shelter from the rain. The wind made white waves, and it was dangerous work paddling in the heavy sea. It is a big lake, ten or twelve miles long and nearly two miles broad.

Slavery in Africa

Once upon a time a great many people in the world were slaves. Slaves are people who have to work always for no pay. In the old days rich, powerful people sometimes had hundreds of slaves working for them. They used to keep them and feed them but made them work very hard; and sometimes they were cruel to them.

The Slave Raiders

You know what a recruiter is. He goes about the country and asks boys if they want work. If they do, then he takes them to a Magistrate and gets them signed on.

But in the days of slavery men used to go round and catch men as you would catch little bush pigs. These men were called the Slave Raiders. They did not ask if the people wanted work; they just took them and tied them up; and later on they sold them just as we sell pigs and dogs.

The End of Slavery

Then people began to think this was a bad thing. Most of the slaves were black men from Africa; and the world came to think that these black Africans were men just like anybody else. They should not be sold for money and they should not be made to work for nothing. So all the big nations of the world agreed to stop slavery.



An Orokaiwa Man with the Jaws of the Bush Pigs he has killed

There are still some people who keep slaves; and there are still some cruel slave raiders. But they are growing fewer and fewer, and someday we hope everyone will be free.

We sometimes have to work without getting any pay. We have to give some help to the country as a whole. And so sometimes Papuans have to clean up tracks and clean up villages and get no pay for it. But this is a fair thing and nobody need growl about it. Papuans never have been slaves in the past; and they never will be while they have a good Government to look after them.

The Boy's Brigade and the Measuring Stick

In a West African village there was a Boy's Brigade. The Boy's Brigade are something like the Boy Scouts. They have to behave properly and they have to do things to help other people, and (what is rather important) they wear uniforms.

Every boy in this village wanted to join the Boy's Brigade. But the age limits were 12 to 18 years. Many little boys, hardly more than 10 years old, came to join, saying they were more than 12.

The boss of the Boy's Brigade could not tell their real ages (for in Africa, as in Papua, people don't count the years as they go by). So he cut a bamboo pole, and said that only those who were as tall as the pole would get into the Brigade.

One small boy kept on coming to be measured. He came six times in six weeks. But he was 2 inches too short. Then he came a seventh time in the seventh week, and, lo and

behold, he was half an inch taller than the stick!

The boss of the Boy's Brigade scratched his head and had a good look at the stick. A smart little boy had got hold of it and on the quiet had cut 2½ inches off the end.

We hope the small boy has grown 2 inches in the meantime; and that he is now in the Brigade; and that he will soon be a corporal.

Native Contributions

The Talking Bower Birds

Last January, 1936, I went for my holiday to my home at Ambasi. One Friday night I slept at the Mission Station. On Saturday morning I went to Dewatutu and there I saw the bower birds sitting on their nests. One was on top and the other underneath.

When I walked past, the bower birds (*dapana*) called out and said, "Where are you going?" My friends answered and said, "We are going to Dewatutu." They said, "All right (*Awara Aimbruio*)."

I went to Dewatutu. When I was there before, these birds were not talking. But last January they had started talking to the people and they talked to them every day. When some of the Ambasi people went to their gardens the bower birds spoke to them and asked them where they were going. And the people answered that they were going to their gardens. These birds are very clever at talking to men. If the Ambasi people are going to Dewatutu, or to church, the birds always keep on asking them questions as they pass, and the people have to answer.

The bower birds have built their nest beside the Government road close to Ambasi. The people always put around near them ripe fruit; and sometimes the birds ask for coconut water for their drink, and for their baths.

The Bower Birds and the School Children

When the two birds see the school children go by they talk to them. But once they talked to them and frightened them and none of them would pass by that way to go to school. The next day the teacher, Vincent Moi, sent some

Village Councillors to Siwariri, Dewatutu and Botana villages, and brought in the children. Then the mission teacher asked the children, and the children answered and said, "Vincent, we are very frightened of the bower birds. They are "devil-devil" birds (*Binei ui*)." Their teacher told them that they were only birds. There were many just the same in other countries. The bower bird was a talking bird, and he could talk to men.

They Scold the Teacher

One day our native priest, Stephen Maiorot sent his teacher Vincent Moi to see those bower birds close up. So he went close to the nest and the birds were angry and said, "Vincent, you bad boy." So the teacher was quite surprised and went back to the Mission Station. And now they still talk to the people near the Government road at Ambasi in the Northern Division.

[By Herbert Neisi, Ambasi, N.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Story about Pigs

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I very much hope to tell you about pigs' habits in the world. We have many pigs in Papua, some are wild and some belong to village people. The wild pigs live in the bushes or tall grass near the hills. They get their food at night time because they are very afraid of sun and light and of people who might come to watch them.

Their Food

Their food consists of roots, fruits, some wild yams, and some new leaves too. Mother pigs bear their babies six or seven at a time. The babies take their milk from their mother's breast and they take care of their children all the time. Male pigs are very big and they have two tusks in their mouths and their tusks are sharp like some European tools are. So we are very afraid of them because they kill some of our men.

Pigs' Tusks

When we kill them we take the tusks for our tools. We think these things are our best Papuan tools. Wild pigs have very thick skins and they have not nice flesh. It is very hard and their hodies are very rough. They have very huge faces and they can teach themselves to kill men. They are always

running backwards and forwards too, and we know they are savage when their bristles stand up on their backs. Then they grunt and squeal and make a great noise and they can chop down the trees with their tusks.

Village Pigs

The village pigs live inside their fences. We look after them all the time and give them food: sago, banana, nuts, old nuts, apples (?) and many other kinds of food. They can eat well and we are very fond of them because they are very tame and every morning and afternoon we call them by name. When they hear they run very fast to the fence and if they get hungry they cry for us very loudly. We know they are hungry and we give them food and water.

Feasts

The pigs are interesting in our country. We kill them for feasts or to welcome our friends. The village pigs are very fat and have good flesh and their skins are very thin. In native Papua we are very fond of the pig's flesh. Pigs are like money to the Papuans and the people like them for that reason also. Many herds of pigs live in our village and also in other villages too.

This is the end of my short story.

[By Malaifepe Semese, L.M.S., Moru boy at Yokea, G.D.]

COMPETITION

ADVENTURES What is the biggest adventure you have ever had in your life? Write and tell about it. A prize of 5s. for the best article. Competition closes on the 1st December, 1937

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