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UNEXPLORED NEW GUINEA

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A GOARIBARI TYPE

Leggings of plaited cane sewn with cowrie shells are worn to protect the legs from sago thorns and leech bites. The whole of the Goaribari delta is chiefly mud or sago swamp.

UNEXPLORED NEW GUINEA

A RECORD OF THE TRAVELS, ADVENTURES,
AND EXPERIENCES OF A RESIDENT MAGIS-
TRATE AMONGST THE HEAD-HUNTING
SAVAGES AND CANNIBALS OF THE
UNEXPLORED INTERIOR OF
NEW GUINEA

BY

WILFRED N. BEAVER

FOR ~~THIRTY~~ SEVEN YEARS RESIDENT MAGISTRATE IN THE
WESTERN DIVISION OF PAPUA OR NEW GUINEA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

A. C. HADDON, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

WITH 32 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 4 MAPS
FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

IT seems to me that there is hardly room for yet one more among the many recent books dealing with Papua and my only excuse for this is that it makes an attempt to describe a portion of New Guinea that even at the present day is practically unknown except to very few. The huge west end of Papua is a somewhat fascinating district in its way and, as far as I am aware, there exists no description of it as a whole except what can be gathered from the writings of the early explorers such as Jukes and D'Albertis and the reports of such expeditions as that of the Royal Geographical Society of Australia to the Strickland, all of which, however, only deal with special districts, and the official despatches of Sir William MacGregor. No one is more fully conscious than myself of the many sins of both commission and omission, especially of the latter, in the text.

This portion of the territory is one of the two districts inhabited by black almost true Papuans as opposed to the brown Melanesians. The other is the northern side of the Main Range abutting on the former German Boundary and inhabited for the most part by natives popularly called Orokaivas.

If I have not done so in the text, I must here acknowledge my indebtedness to various authorities for information on sundry questions : The Reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits, the late

Reverend James Chalmers, several of the Annual Reports of the Government of Papua and more particularly the district reports of the various Resident Magistrates who have been my predecessors in the Western Division.

To Dr. Gunnar Landtmann my very best thanks are due for his chapter, which is really the most interesting portion of the book, and I have to thank several friends for the loan of photographs.

W. N. BEAVER.

INTRODUCTION

BY DR. A. C. HADDON, F.R.S.

DURING a comparatively short but very active life the author, Mr. Wilfred Beaver, has contributed much of value and interest to the gradually accumulating stock of knowledge concerning Papua, as British New Guinea is now officially termed, and his premature death will prove a great loss to the science of anthropology.

He was born in 1882 in Melbourne, Victoria. At the early age of thirteen he matriculated from the Christian Brothers School at St. Kilda and took an entrance scholarship at the University High School, where he did Honour work, but he could not enter the University till he was sixteen. He gained another scholarship which gave him a year at the Scotch College, after which he took a non-resident exhibition at Ormono College, where he remained for one year and passed the first Law examination.

He then left Australia for England and the Continent, and two years later returned to Australia. Three years later he entered the service of the Commonwealth Government in British New Guinea, where he had a varied career.

Mr. Beaver entered into the Government Secretary Department on March 18, 1905. One of his first active duties was to escort a party of miners up the Waria River. This expedition resulted in the establishment of a gold-mining settlement, and in 1906 he was appointed Mining Registrar of the Yodda Gold Field. In 1907 he was appointed Assistant Resident Magistrate in the Northern Division, and to a similar office in the Central Division in 1908. On his return from leave in 1910 he was promoted to be the Resident Magistrate of the Western Division, which post he held for some years. During this time he explored the mainland up to the Netherlands New Guinea boundary, as well as certain regions east of the Fly. He thus played a leading part in opening up the Western Division, and, owing to his being an experienced bushman, he was put

in charge of the expedition that went to the relief of Mr. Staniforth Smith. Later he established a Government Station at Kikori, in the neighbourhood of which he did much useful work.

Subsequently Mr. Beaver was successively the Resident Magistrate of the Mambare and Kamusi Divisions. During this time, in collaboration with Mr. E. W. P. Chinnery, he mapped the distribution of the languages, migrations, and territories of the tribes inhabiting the area between the Hydrographer's Range and the boundary of the then German New Guinea.

After ten years' service, at the outbreak of the war, he obtained leave of absence in order to take a commission in the Australian Imperial Force, and arrived in France in November, 1916, with the 60th Battalion. He remained there till March, 1917, when he was invalided home for a period of three months. At the expiration of this time he returned to France, and played his part in the heavy fighting which took place at Passchendale and Polygon Wood. He was killed on the 26th September, 1917, at the last-named place after successfully taking his company through the wood.

From this bald statement of the various stages in his career it is evident that Mr. Beaver possessed great natural ability, and the experience he had gained in New Guinea in exploring expeditions and in dealing with natives, together with his studies of native customs, gave promise of still better work in the future. However, his patriotism and a desire to assist the cause of justice, peace, and humanity urged him to take part in the Great Adventure, and in so doing he paid the full price, the cost of which he had already counted, to the great sorrow of his relatives, friends, and comrades, to the impoverishment of the Papuan Service and to the loss of ethnology.

Mr. Beaver was a most successful magistrate, having a sound knowledge of his work, legal and administrative. He exhibited great patience with junior officers and spared no pains in training them. He gained the confidence of the natives whom he administered owing to his understanding of and sympathy with them. His success in this direction being largely due to the practical application of ethnological methods.

He was fair and just, a staunch comrade, and beloved of his brother officers. That he accomplished so much was due to his wonderful energy and tireless devotion to duty, and he stimulated his colleagues by the sheer force of his personal example.

Mr. Beaver has done good service in giving us an account of a part of British New Guinea about which the previous information was very scattered and imperfect. Thanks to the investigations of Dr. G. Landtmann, of Helsingfors University, we are acquiring an accurate knowledge about the inhabitants of Mawatta and Kiwai, of which the final chapter in this book is an example.

The accounts by Mr. Beaver of the Bush tribes from the Fly to the Netherlands New Guinea boundary may not have the same interest to the general reader that other chapters undoubtedly possess, but they are very welcome to students, as these tribes may be regarded as some of the most primitive in New Guinea. They are Papuans in the true sense of the term, and practically have been unaffected by extraneous cultures; whereas all the important groups of people east of the Fly dealt with by Mr. Beaver, such as the Girara, Bamu, and Goaribari, have cultures which may safely be regarded as having spread more or less southwards. These, too, may be considered as being essentially Papuan peoples who speak indigenous languages as contrasted with the intrusive Austronesian languages, which are commonly termed "Melanesian." The more dramatic elements of their cultures, such as the customs centring round head-hunting, human sacrifice, the wearing of masks, and other customs, form part of a series of cultural migrations which have entered New Guinea presumably from the north-east and, with diverse modifications, have spread by various routes down to the coasts of the Gulf of Papua. The great Sēpik (Kaiserin Augusta River), with its wonderfully rich cultures, was probably the immediate source of these internal migrations.

A. C. HADDON.

CAMBRIDGE, *June*, 1919.

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Unexplored New Guinea

CHAPTER I

PAPUA IN GENERAL

Stories of New Guinea—The fascination of the country—Out-station life—Cookery—Stores—Papua as servants—The native-built house—Furniture—Insect pests—Fever.

NEW GUINEA has usually been looked upon as a land of mystery and a potential breeding-place of travellers' yarns. "Ex Africa semper aliquid novi" runs the phrase, but omit Africa and insert Papua and you may grasp the ideas expected of the country. It is not so many years ago—at the present day popular imagination is hazy enough as to where New Guinea really is—that the country was regarded as a place where, if a man escaped dying of fever within the first three weeks of his arrival, he was eaten by cannibals within the fourth. But quite apart from such ideas as to the unhealthiness of the country and the dietary fancies of its inhabitants, any story however weird ran an excellent risk of being believed. It has been said that when you are listening to stories of the sea you must either believe all you hear or none at all. If you are going to adopt the former course as to New Guinea, your credulity may be severely taxed. De Saavedra's *Islas del Oro* of the sixteenth century and the sometimes quaint descriptions of the old Portuguese and Spanish explorers are infinitely more truthful than the legends of tailed tribes, web-footed peoples, and villages of Amazons of modern days when the average tourist who spends three weeks in the neighbourhood of Port Moresby or Samarai goes back to the world with stories of cannibal feasts—there must be

something very alluring about the cannibal—and war dances that should, properly speaking, lift the hair from your head.

There is, however, always something enticing about the unknown and the possibility of something new turning up, and I do not think that anyone, even the man who has spent years in the country, ever goes into a new district without some excitement of expectation. There is a mystery about Papua that seems to enhance its fascination. What that fascination is and why there should be any at all, it is hard to say. It is a beautiful country, but a hard one to those whose lot it is to live in it. It exacts far more than it gives. Every one realises that the scenery is magnificent, but every one also realises that this scenery is about the worst in the world to have to tramp over. There is little or nothing of the lotus-eating life which the story-books tell us is the great charm of the South Pacific Islands and which spreads its coils round a man and brings him back time after time. Papua is a land of disappointment, a land where nothing happens as you anticipate, where the Unexpected usually occurs and the Impossible is achieved.

There are, of course, people who enjoy struggling through a sago or mangrove swamp, who are content with short rations, who revel in a stormy night at sea in a whaleboat with the rain pouring down, and the other attractions of Papua; and there is an equal number of others who do not. There are few of us who have not cursed each in our own way the day when we first set foot in the country, but I fancy there are just as few who can tear themselves away from it.

To the uninitiated I imagine Papua suggests a mixture of the usual tropical jungles, coconut palms, coral beaches and birds of paradise, an intense heat and painted head-hunters seeking whom they may devour. In reality I think the tropical jungle is conspicuous by its absence.

Thick scrub or forest is the real not the ideal, and this in certain parts gives place to nipa or mangrove. You seldom see a bird of paradise, and if you did, I fancy you would hardly recognise it as the same bird whose feathers you see in shop windows. The burning heat is seldom a reality. In the low country you may get a damp, steamy climate, but in the mountains you are likely to find it considerably colder than you would think possible.

Out-station life is to my mind in many respects far more comfortable than in the townships. You certainly do not get much, if any, social life, but one hardly notices that after a while, and when you do get a visitor, he is really appreciated. In the old days, at any rate, New Guinea hospitality was proverbial, and especially on the outlying stations or plantations. A man would be deeply offended if you did not stay with him at least a day. Everything was at your disposal, but it was and still is usual to bring your own bedding and your own "boy," although neither were necessities. Outside the townships you can nearly always get a good supply of fresh food. On the coast there are fish, crabs, oysters and turtle. The bush gives you goose, duck and pigeon; wild pig, if sufficiently young, or the hindquarters of a wallaby are by no means to be despised. In almost every part of Papua it is quite possible to grow most European vegetables. Radishes, cabbages, tomatoes and the like do very well, and it is usually a man's own fault if he goes without. As for fruit, at the worst there is always the banana. Many of the native varieties are good, but the best of all is a West Indian one imported many years ago and now spread all over the colony. The papaw and pineapple while not indigenous, are found everywhere now. I remember a rather amusing instance of native conservatism when I first introduced the former to some Main Range mountaineers. They were interested enough in the fruit in a mild way, but it was a new food and they were not

trying experiments. I ate some myself as a guarantee of good faith. Finally, after much persuasion one man, who, I suppose, must have been regarded by his mates as a dangerous reformer, was induced to try a piece. He took it gingerly enough at first, ate it thoughtfully and asked for more, and finally the hillmen went away home with some suckers for planting. Mangoes do very well, although they take a long time to come into bearing. But considering the number of years that New Guinea has been settled, it is surprising how little interest has been taken by settlers or for that matter officials in planting out fruit trees, such as mangoes, oranges and mandarins. I am afraid each man looks on things too much in this light. He reckons he may only be stationed in such and such a place for a short time and it is not worth while bothering, never thinking of the man who will come after. It is quite a selfish idea.

If one wants to keep healthy in Papua, too much importance cannot be paid to one's diet. I should imagine one of the principal reasons for the great improvement in the health of the colony in the last few years is that men have awakened to the fact that "pigging it" does not pay. Clean and comfortable quarters and the ownership of a tolerable cook mean a good deal. And nowadays the latter is not an impossibility. I do not know that the Papuan is naturally a *chef*, but he can be taught a certain amount of cookery if caught sufficiently young. Of one thing you may be certain: he will always take an interest in anything connected with eating. I was once travelling in the bush with a new boy who professed an elementary knowledge of cookery. One evening I shot a Torres Strait pigeon and handed it over to "cooky" with instructions to make "one good fellow sitoo (stew) along billycan." The stew was concocted right enough, but everything went into the pot, beak, legs, feathers, nothing was forgotten. Another cook of mine had his imagination

as regards puddings limited to three kinds, rice, sago and tapioca. We used to get rice, sago, and tapioca served up regularly and without variation. Healthy, no doubt but monotonous. A cookery book is useful enough but it usually is far above the ability and resources of a bachelor establishment. One is only too apt to find recipes like this, "Take two cups of cream, six eggs," etc. There is a need and a big sale guaranteed for a Mrs. Beeton that will tell you how to make reasonable dishes of possible materials and will set forth some method of disguising and serving up things out of tins. The ordering of stores is a very important question to the out-district resident, especially to those living or stationed in the far Out-Back, where calling boats are infrequent or all your stores have to go seventy miles up-country in fifty-pound loads on men's backs. It is usual to lay in a stock of at least three months' provisions and necessities at a time, and it is only when you start to make up the list that you discover what a lot and what a variety of things are needed. All sorts of tinned stuff (in these modern days you can get almost anything put up in a tin from an apple pie to a curried fowl), flour, sugar, soap, all the hundred and one items must be thought of, for there is no shop just round the corner. But even at the best tinned food is rather an abomination. To me the ordinary tinned meats would taste alike were it not for the label, and having read it I suppose the imagination helps you to detect the difference between boiled mutton and corned beef.

I was once sent down to a station in the Gulf of Papua as relieving officer for a month. Not being a new chum I took six weeks' stores. As it chanced I spent three months on that station before I was relieved, and for over a month I depended for my daily food on a few odds and ends left in the store and what my boy could catch in the bay or shoot in the bush. Communication with the nearest centre was at that time very infrequent and there

was nothing to be bought or borrowed anywhere. If the boy came home without any fish or pigeons I had to live a simple life on dry biscuit and black tea. On another occasion on the Mamba River, the district was served by a small oil launch which plied between Tamata and Samarai. There were some thirty or forty miners working on the goldfields with several hundred boys. Everyone was short of stores and all were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the *Bulldog*. Something happened to her, I forget what, but we saw no boat for weeks. The local store was out of everything except tinned sheep's trotters. Sheep's trotters once in a while are all very well and ever enjoyable, but sheep's trotters more or less three times a day become monotonous. Since that time I have never cared much for them.

Cooks and house-boys are apt to have limited ideas on the subject of house-cleaning and general work. The house-boy will often consider he has done his duty nobly when he has carefully cleaned your room, but swept all the dust under the bed or somewhere out of sight, and he cannot always grasp why you have a prejudice against his wiping the cutlery on the edge of his sulu (loincloth). I am afraid that the New Guinea habit of always wiping one's knife and fork on one's serviette is apt to stick when one gets to civilisation. I have often found myself half involuntarily commencing to do so. There are three almost infallible ways of detecting a man from New Guinea or the Islands. If he has a camphor-wood box with a lock that rings like a bell, if he wipes his knife and fork at table, and if he wolfs fresh butter, the chances are that he has spent some years in the Pacific.

On the whole, however, the Papuan does not make a bad house or personal servant. If he himself is inclined to steal trifles or use your handkerchiefs and shirts in an unauthorised manner, as a rule he will not permit anyone else to do so. And he is just as likely to make up any

deficiencies in your kitchen from somebody else's supply, so that *things* even themselves out. The spread of education and an increasing knowledge of reading and writing have certain disadvantages ; for instance, when your boy abstracts a *blank* form from your cheque-book and makes a clumsy attempt at forgery. Wages range from ten to about thirty shillings a month and all found. Once broken in to your ways he becomes handy enough, but even at his best cannot compare with a Chinese or Indian servant. But Papua is not bound by the same traditions as India, where it is necessary to have a special servant for almost every duty. The New Guinea boy has no objection to combining the duties of cooking, looking after the fowls (when he does not forget), feeding the dog, making your bed, and washing your clothes more or less badly according to ability.

Most of the out-station Government bungalows at the present time consist of comfortable enough wood and iron constructions, but in the old days a man had to build his own station with the help of his police detachment, and his comfort varied very much according to his and their skill as builders and architects. The timber had to be cut in the bush and adzed down by hand. More often than not the supply of nails was insufficient and all sorts of make-shifts had to be adopted. A floor plate could just as easily be kept in place by a wooden peg and a joist or rafter tied with liana, native fashion. The roof was made of sago leaf or grass. There are many who wax enthusiastic over the native material house : it is certainly cool and comfortable. But the roof is a harbour for snakes and insects, the walls for "borers," and the floor, if made of palm, jumps under your feet as you walk across. A grass roof only lasts about eighteen months and you have to be continually shifting your bed round the room to dodge the rain until you have time to renew it. Still, after all, there is no West African jigger to bore

into your feet, and you get accustomed to the nightly wanderings of the carpet snakes after rats and the little Gecko lizards dropping down on you unexpectedly. By the way, when these little chaps chirp away on the roof the natives say, "A friend or an enemy is coming this way," a fairly safe conclusion to draw about one's visitors. I have never worried much about looking for snakes in my boots, but it does give a shock to tread suddenly on one of the small green frogs looking for a temporary home somewhere. Bush life is very hard on clothes and boots, especially in the mountainous and wet districts. Boots grow a fine crop of mould in a few days, and unless European kit is taken great care of it will be riddled with wet mould and "silverfish." The best way to keep kit is in an air-tight uniform case or the universal camphor-wood box, or, perhaps, best plan of all is not to bring your European clothes to New Guinea at all.

As I have said, men are living in a much more comfortable manner than they used to do. Government provides no furniture, except a few simple—very simple—office requisites. On the first station I was posted to, Kokoda, then newly opened, the whole establishment did not boast one chair and the office table showed plainly its origin as a meat case. The man who built the station, too, had with a touch of genius built the walls of the living house with sheets of bark. When the bark dried it contracted and left great spaces between each sheet for all the admiring tribes to come and stare through. Still, if a man has a taste for carpentry he can make all sorts of things out of tobacco boxes and packing cases. A biscuit crate draped artistically with a yard or two of turkey red makes an excellent washstand, and a seventy-two-pound meat case quite a suitable set of bookshelves, always supposing that the cockroaches or borers have left you any books at all. At one station we used to be cursed with a plague of black-beetles which came out

nightly and played havoc with any papers that happened to be lying about. At Daru every year about November a swarm of beetles descends on the settlement after dark and makes life a misery in the evenings. In many of the hill districts one is plagued with swarms of little native stingless bees which crawl all over one's hands and face. I have no space to describe the legions of flying ants which descend into one's lamps and put them out with a holocaust of frizzling bodies, and the innumerable entomological specimens which help to add to the white man's burden. Leeches and various kinds of itch, scrub and dhobie, are among the products of the bush, and I do not know which is the worse, scrub or dhobie. The former causes the more exquisite irritation, but the latter lasts longer and is most difficult to get rid of. There are two or three kinds of ringworm, and altogether the skin parasites available to the resident in Papua ought to turn a dermatologist green with envy.

Fever is the dread of the dweller in temperate climes, but personally I find it less troublesome than toothache. You can get rid of fever, but dentists in Papua are few and far between. The remedies for an aching tooth are, therefore, occasionally heroic. A red-hot wire jammed into the gum and a crystal of crude carbolic inserted into a raging stump were two of the remedies I have had suggested, and after all a sufficiency of quinine and three or four blankets ought to have some effect on the average dose of fever.

CHAPTER II

THE DIVISION

Form of administration of a division—A district officer's work—The court for native matters—Papuan magistrates—The village constable—How he is appointed—The armed constabulary—Detective work in New Guinea—An R.M.'s work in the district—Native ideas of truth—Interpreters and interpretation—Pidgin English.

FOR the purpose of administration, Papua, that is to say, the British portion of the island embracing an area of over ninety thousand square miles, has been divided into ten divisions. The size of each division varies, some being larger than others, and the administrative boundaries have been fixed as far as possible in accordance with ethnological limits and the necessities and conveniences of government. The original number of divisions was three, with limits but loosely defined, as was only natural when little of the country except perhaps in the immediate vicinity of Port Moresby was known. The first five years of sovereignty brought a very fair working knowledge of the territory. Gradually the number of divisions increased, but they were always too large for actual efficient working with a very small staff, and the present tendency is towards an increase of divisions with a reduction in area.

Each is under the charge of a Resident Magistrate. He is termed Resident Magistrate possibly because he is continually travelling. He is the direct representative of the Government in his division and his powers and duties correspond very much with those of the District Commissioner in East or West Africa or the Resident in Malaya or Borneo. Judicially he has no inherent power except such as is conferred by statute or rather in Papua by Ordinance. This statutory authority confers the full

powers and jurisdiction in criminal matters such as are possessed by Police Magistrates in Australia or England, and in civil causes jurisdiction in matters up to £100. Thus he possesses the ordinary familiar powers of summary jurisdiction, and in cases of indictable offences commits when necessary for trial or sentence to the Central Court of the Territory. In criminal matters his power is not so great as in some of the Crown Colonies where the District or Provincial Commissioner has full judicial power of life and death subject to confirmation, I believe, by the Chief Justice. It has not been found necessary to confer such power in Papua. But the judicial power is but a small portion of the authority vested in the Resident Magistrate. He possesses, as far as his division is concerned, as the representative of the Administration, a practically free executive authority in the first instance. This authority has never been actually defined and its limits are somewhat loose, but they can be fairly well summed up in the phrase, "maintenance of Law and Order." His duties are many and various. He is in charge of the district prisons: he carries out the public works of the division as far as possible (a man may be a very good magistrate but his education in regard to road making, bridge or wharf building may have been neglected). He collects the divisional revenue and in fact carries on every department of government which has not a special representative of its own in the district. Most important is the power derived from the fact that the Resident Magistrate is also head of the constabulary of the division. This, of course, supplies the legal machinery for the upholding of law and order. It has been questioned whether the combination of civil and police authority in the same person is advisable. In many colonies the constabulary duties are distinct from the purely administrative. In West and East Africa the police, both civil and military, are administered by a special department. But neverthe-

less the senior Civil Officer is supreme although the actual detail is carried out separately. So far as Papua is concerned the point seems to me to be almost academic, and the system has worked and is working well as it stands.

It might almost go without saying that the District Officer acts as Political Officer. He must learn the attitude of the numberless tribes towards the Government and towards each other. He must learn their peculiarities and must learn to deal with the thousand and one native matters that crop up, and as, naturally, a large proportion have never been settled by precedent or contemplated by law, he must learn to deal with them on their merits.

The District Officer must have a working knowledge of surgery and medicine, infantry drill, surveying, building, and boat-sailing. Briefly, he should be prepared to turn his hands to most things and, I daresay, many an officer has often wished he could exchange a hazy recollection of Greek roots or "pious Æneas" for some really practical knowledge of carpentry or geology. A man must be prepared to spend weeks or months alone with savages; he must be physically capable of keeping pace with his men on long rough marches and must be able to resist malaria and dysentery, and it is not always an easy matter to maintain discipline among the raw natives who may happen to be employed as labourers or carriers.

In addition to the ordinary Courts of Petty Sessions such as have been mentioned, there is in Papua the Court for Native Matters. The native, of course, is not exempted from the processes of the ordinary police courts, but the Native Court provides a simple and less formal means of procedure in matters entirely as between native and native and in certain purely native offences which are not dealt with by the ordinary law, for instance, the offences of adultery and sorcery. It has both the civil and criminal sides and perhaps by a stretch of imagination might include

a matrimonial causes jurisdiction, for applications for official recognition of divorce or rather "throwing away" a wife are by no means rare. The civil claims cover a large variety of matters. For example it may be noted that So-and-so was ordered to pay thirty-six sticks of tobacco, and customary New Guinea pay as the price of a wife which had been withheld and was sued for.

The proceedings are informal enough. In the Western Division where most of my travelling was done on a sailing boat, I used to hear cases on board. The cabin of a twenty-ton ketch is not over large and there was just about room for myself, the prisoner, and the interpreter, with a policeman half-way up the ladder and a ring of witnesses looking down through the skylights. To enjoy Papua thoroughly one wants a keen sense of humour.

The Native Court is presided over by a magistrate who is usually either the Resident or Assistant Resident Magistrate of the division. When the Court was first set up it was thought that the Papuan could be trained to act as a magistrate himself, and several native magistrates were actually appointed in the Western Division. Some of the men proved capable. Unfortunately nearly all of them succumbed to that stumbling-block of the official Papuan, blackmail, or extortion, or pay-back. The last holder of the office, Gamea, the chief of Mawatta, was degraded for incontinence or some such cause to the position of village constable. A few years ago he retired into private life owing to his habit of holding "Court," fining his prisoners (?) and pocketing the proceeds. As a matter of fact the system of a native judiciary seems to have proved very successful among the Torres Straits Islanders. On each island there is a Government Chief and Council of men of good character empowered to deal with the domestic and internal affairs of the tribe, but their powers of punishment are strictly limited. The Islanders take their Council very seriously. Where a tribe has

sufficient strength of character, I personally am rather inclined to think that a certain measure of self-government on lines such as exist in Torres Straits is not undesirable. The probability is that the appointment of Papuan native magistrates was far too early. Where they held office, the people had barely come under Government knowledge, to say nothing of control. With careful supervision and very limited powers the experiment might not be so unfortunate at the present day.

In the division, as far as the European population is concerned, the chain of administration is complete. It may happen that the division is split into districts under the charge of assistants. Their judicial authority on the Bench is the same as that of the Resident Magistrate, but executively, of course, they are subordinate to him. Thus there is the Patrol Officer who is subordinate to the Assistant, while both of them take their orders from the Resident Magistrate, who in his turn is responsible to the Lieutenant-Governor through the Government Secretary. But as between the district officers and the natives there is a link wanting. This link is supplied by the village constable or V.C. Unlike most native countries, there is not in Papua a village head-man or any one person who could be regarded as responsible for his tribe or village. It is true that throughout the country there are tribal chiefs, but in most cases their authority counts for little or is obeyed in special cases only. The war chief may lead in time of war or the ceremonial chief at the time of festivals, but there is no person whose authority is implicitly obeyed in all circumstances. The government of a tribe, at least in the West, was carried on by a sort of council of old men who yarned over and came to some conclusion about knotty points, but it had no executive. Some individual was necessary to be the mouthpiece of the R.M., that is, of the Government, in each village. There being no one actually paramount in native life,

some one had to be made so and invested with all the prestige that could be given by that vague, semi-benevolent, semi-malignant being called "Guvmint."

In the West, where a chief has a little power, an actual Mamoose was as far as possible selected. This word Mamoose, by the way, which has passed into general use throughout Western New Guinea, is not a Papuan rank or word at all. It was imported from Torres Straits, and even there was originally a proper name which became applied to a number of individuals. It meant, I believe, "red hair." If the chief was a strong, capable man, so much the better, but the honour was conferred upon any individual possessing the necessary qualifications. The village constable is naturally supposed to have some knowledge of our ideas of right and wrong, to preserve the King's peace and to bring evildoers before the magistrate. Years ago it was naturally difficult for raw savages to grasp these facts. Most of the early village policemen were appointed from those who, when the pacification of the country was in its first stages, had served a term in prison for some such crime as murder. As a matter of fact this did not imply in those days any great disgrace or criminality. These "murderers" for the most part had been leaders in tribal battles and were, therefore, the most intelligent, courageous or dominant men of their clan. During their stay in prison—and at the time I can conceive no better training for an ambitious Papuan than two or three years' imprisonment—these men were able to get some idea of the Government and of civilisation. On their return to their villages many of them were well qualified to be appointed village constables with a blue serge uniform and a salary of ten shillings or a pound a year paid half-yearly in trade goods.

As time went on this village constable service has developed until it now numbers several hundred men, and on the whole works remarkably well. Perhaps in years

past appointments were occasionally a trifle haphazard, but the claims of candidates are very strictly examined nowadays and a sentence of imprisonment is by no means regarded as the best recommendation for a Government appointment.

With a good V.C. service a magistrate, as some one has remarked, has his hand on the pulse of his district. He knows or should know everything that is going on. And with a bad or inefficient roll, matters are apt to get very slack indeed. As I have said, in the main the men carry out their duties remarkably well, but it is only to be expected that there will be occasional lapses from grace. After all a village constable is but human and a blue uniform does not put the wearer above all earthly temptation. At one time both handcuffs and keys were issued. The power of "making fast" for an offence is all very well, but when it is combined with the power also of "making loose" there are possibilities of trouble, and more than one village constable has had to retire into private life for using his official position to secure pigs and other wealth. Handcuff keys are no longer issued, and when anyone is arrested he simply has to be brought before the magistrate. Some offenders, I fear, must have a pretty rough time dragged for days over the mountains or through swamps or travelling in all sorts of weather on long canoe journeys, but I have sometimes had a shrewd suspicion that handcuffs are put on about two hundred yards from the Court House.

Where possible it seems to me advantageous in ordinary matters to utilise the village police in preference to the constabulary. An arrest by one of the former, himself one of the people, creates but little interference in the ordinary village life, and, as you may be tolerably sure the matter has been well talked over beforehand, it probably has the assent of the community, whereas a sudden irruption of armed men may often leave behind a feeling



DOUBLE OUTRIGGER KIWAI SAILING CANOE

The dug-out canoe is found throughout New Guinea. The Torres Straits people employ the double outrigger, and the Kiwai-speaking tribes adopted this style from them. These canoes are rigged European fashion and can sail equally well on either tack.

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of disturbance. And apart from that, the fact that the village police, not the constabulary, are making necessary arrests is a fairly good proof that the district is law-abiding.

It is considered that one wife is ample for a village constable as for other servants of the Crown. I suppose this rule is regarded as another strange fad of the Government, like its objections to man-eating and other inexplicable vagaries. Possibly it is at times regarded as a hardship by the V.C. who, a Papuan, belongs to a country where a man's social importance is often gauged by the number of his wives; that is to say, wives must mean wealth and wives mean larger gardens and more food. I fear many a V.C. must be torn between Love and Ambition, between acquiring a second wife and resignation, and I fancy more than one have cast the die and plunged into an orgy of polygamy.

The village constable is allowed but one suit of uniform a year, and necessarily it must be taken great care of. For the greater part of the time it is put away in his house only to be donned for official occasions, such as an arrest. Indeed I would not be sure that a V.C. would consider he was acting quite legally unless he was in full uniform. I know I have unexpectedly arrived in a village and found him as naked and as painted as his fellows but he declined to discuss official business until duly arrayed. I recollect the case of an officer looking for some track or other and meeting the local policeman. He flatly refused to put him on the road until he had gone to his village and returned with his clothes under his arm. I suppose one should not discourage this respect for the uniform, although it is somewhat trying at times.

There have been very few instances that I can recall where a V.C. has proved disloyal or broken out in open revolt. Once in a Bamu River village the local policeman in full kit was shot at the head of his tribe while in the act

of loosing an arrow at the constabulary. In another case, also in the Bamu, the V.C. joined his tribe in taking up arms, but first he carefully laid out on his verandah his clothes and handcuffs, a sign, I suppose, that hereby he renounced the Government and all its ways. A good many years ago in the Northern Division, a prominent chief and village constable, named Ambushi, endeavoured to carry out his duties and dispose of his enemies at the same time. I am not quite sure how many proved murders were placed to his credit, but he was duly convicted and hanged from a coconut tree in the middle of his village.

The only armed force a district officer has to support his authority is his detachment of armed constabulary. During the early days of the Protectorate there existed no means at all of enforcing the orders of the Administration or even of defence. Men-of-war at rare intervals patrolled the coast, but man-of-war punishment was never satisfactory in New Guinea. The first Commissioner for the Protectorate recognised this, and suggested the formation of a small force of Samoans or other South Sea Islanders under a British officer as a police force.

To police Papua with Papuans was regarded as altogether too risky. In 1890 two Fijian N.C.O.'s and twelve Solomon Islanders were sent to New Guinea and formed the nucleus of the constabulary. A little later a few Papuans were added, all from Mawatta and the villages of Kiwai Island in the West. There are now none but Papuans in the force and a few of the original Kiwai recruits still remain. The employment of Papuans has been amply justified by its success, and it is doubtful whether any Force more suitable to the country could have been devised. The service is distinctly popular, for I imagine a uniform is an attraction all the world over, and the work is just suited to the best fighting tribes. The Kiwai-speaking men, I suppose, supply the brains of the Force and certainly make the best non-coms., but the Binandeli men from

the northern districts, while not so intelligent and with less force of character, supply material that will go anywhere and do anything with unquestioning obedience. Cheerful under severe physical hardship and capable of great endurance, the Force has done work that will compare with that of any other native police. These "Savages in Serge," as a critic has termed them, may be rightly called the Handy Men of Papua. One cannot imagine a wider field than their duties embrace: it is just as wide and as varied as that of their officers, and that is saying a good deal.

There is very little of the policeman, as we understand him, about one of the constabulary. It is on the military side that he shines. For detective purposes he is a hopeless failure. Indeed there is very little detective work at all about a Papuan crime. Suppose it is a murder. The first thing to be done is to go somewhere near where the crime has been committed, for the chances are that the first story you have heard will not be correct. You ask the people of the village who killed So-and-so or what tribe has murdered the men of such-and-such a village. You may be told that the people of a certain tribe are a bad lot, and that they probably did it. The whole thing is hearsay, so you go on somewhere else and go through the same performance again. Gradually you narrow things down to something definite and the next proceeding is to try and arrest the culprits, and it is at this point that the constabulary step in.

The name Resident Magistrate no doubt summons up visions of a somewhat dingy room with a more or less benevolent-looking gentleman sitting in a raised comfortable arm-chair. Around him are policemen, solicitors, and officials of various degrees with all the accompaniments of justice in the making. It is a far cry from Bow Street to Papua. I have heard a Court described as a place where justice is "dispensed with," but perhaps some more

civilised country than Papua was referred to. The headquarters of the R.M. are, of course, at some fixed station where his office and records are, but in the main his real work lies out in his district among the people. An officer starts off for a tour—patrol or walk-about as we say in Papua—lasting perhaps for weeks, travelling from village to village, hearing complaints, settling troubles and generally dealing with matters on the spot. Villages must be kept clean, roads clear, houses in repair, and coconuts planted. An ounce of personal inspection is worth a ton of V.C.'s reports, for a native's ideas of what is a state of cleanliness seldom correspond with yours. This going on tour, patrol, walk-about or whatever you like to call it, forms part of the accepted life of the district officer. It lasts for weeks, sometimes for months: it all depends where you are going and what you are going to do. "Walk-about" comprises yourself and your party, food, kit, camp gear, police, and especially carriers. If you are not travelling by whaleboat or by sailing ketch, the carrier is *the* important factor in your outfit, and you must remember that his load is limited to about fifty pounds and that he eats his own load in about three weeks, so that if you cannot live on the country your travels may be circumscribed. Sometimes your carriers happen to be the rawest of crude savages, barely reclaimed cannibals, or head-hunters *in esse*, but everyone is keen on trying to secure the smallest load for himself or themselves, as in many districts it is customary to carry a double load on a pole between two men just as a pig or a victim was carried home to the ovens after a raid. A case of ammunition looks light and there is usually a rush for it: the look of disgust at its real weight is often funny enough.

I have generally found the people taking more than a little interest in the proceedings of the court. Of course I do not suppose that one ever gets to know actually all that is going on in the village. You get told just about

as much as you are wanted to know. You sit down in a chair, if you have one, in the shade, the villagers squat around, and a few of the constabulary stand by to add dignity and to interpret. Some of the matters brought before you are clear enough ; more often they are not, with their eternal admixtures of pigs and women. Fanciful beliefs about sorcery floating through a witness's brain do not help to clear the point at issue. It is often difficult enough, well nigh impossible, to follow the chain of native reasoning that prompts so many actions. A man of Kiwai once went away to work, leaving his wife in charge of his father. During his absence the woman died and when the husband returned he was stricken with grief. He accused his father of not having taken good care of her and in his anger violently raped the first woman he met in the bush. Anger and grief were the only reasons he could give for the crime. Disputes about land often make your head reel with strings of interminable descents, and marriages and intermarriages and claims for part payments on canoes are simply labyrinthine in their ramifications. A credit system in the canoe trade exists in some parts of the West, and the man who has to unravel a claim of this sort is not to be envied. Sometimes the problems are human enough. A native once came up to me with trouble on his mind. He remarked that he had heard that it was forbidden to steal another man's wife and also that his neighbour's wife was continually making advances to him. "What was he to do about it?" I trust I gave the best advice under the circumstances.

I think usually the truthfulness of a native varies in inverse ratio to his state of civilisation. It seems a sad comment on the results of our contact with the native, but the fact remains that a "bushman" is only too ready to tell you all about the murder he may have committed, while the knowing one will say with his acquired knowledge, "Prove it, no one saw me." I remember one case

in the Fly River where a back-country man gave himself up for a head he had never taken. Why he did so I could never fathom unless perhaps it was a case of "restraint in anticipation." When I say the bushman is generally truthful, I mean that he has a decided tendency to state what he imagines you would like him to say, not from any idea of telling falsehoods but simply as a matter of pure willingness to oblige. Some witnesses may be voluble enough, but at other times you run up against that blank wall of "Don't know" or stony silence that seems impossible to break down and I suppose is common to all native races.

Interpretation is among one of the greatest bugbears of the district officer. New Guinea is notoriously a Babel, and to combat this appalling multiplicity of tongues—I have found three distinct languages within a two-mile radius of a station—the Administration has wisely encouraged the use of English among the natives, but no man can really enter into native ideas or understand the native, in other words, think black, until he can talk with them in their own tongue. A man might advantageously make an effort to learn the principal language of his district, for I think almost everywhere there will be found one leading dialect that will be at least understood over a fairly large area, such as Kiwai in the West or Binandele in the North.

It is both annoying and disheartening to hear a man talking freely to your interpreter, and you can tell by his manner and his gestures that he is saying something of the deepest interest, only to find the latter put the whole thing to you in half a dozen words.

Of course there are times when one interpreter will not suffice and you have to filter what you want to say through two or three or even four. One might be pardoned for sometimes being sceptical in such cases as to what really does reach the person addressed, granting the *bona fides*

of the interpreters ; one can only hope for the best. Still, cases of more than two are not common. Occasionally it happens that you can find no one at all to act with even tolerable fluency, and the only way out of the difficulty is to secure some one from the tribe you want to communicate with and keep him on the station until he can learn a language that is known. This does not take a great while, for Papuans as a rule are good linguists. I recollect some years ago in the North of Papua a certain small tribe had given the police an immensity of trouble. A couple of men were eventually captured, but we could discover no one who could talk with them and it was decided to keep them for a while in the hope that they would pick up a little of some known dialect. The experiment was not quite successful in this case for the men began to refuse food and pine away, and eventually it was discovered that they thought they were being kept to be killed and eaten.

For a long while in the West communication with the districts westward of the Paho was almost hopelessly difficult. The languages were entirely different from the Kiwai types and no one could understand them. At last a small boy, a survivor of one of the Morehead tribes, was brought to Daru, and after his return to his own district he proved for many years almost the sole medium of communication.

As a rule when you are speaking to your interpreters or police it is as well to put your remarks in the simplest " pidgin " you can. I remember a brother officer instructing a corporal of police " to proceed immediately to the scene of the affray, make enquiry into the disturbance and arrest the principal aggressors." It is not difficult to sympathise with the consequent bewilderment of a native whose educational opportunities had after all been rather limited.

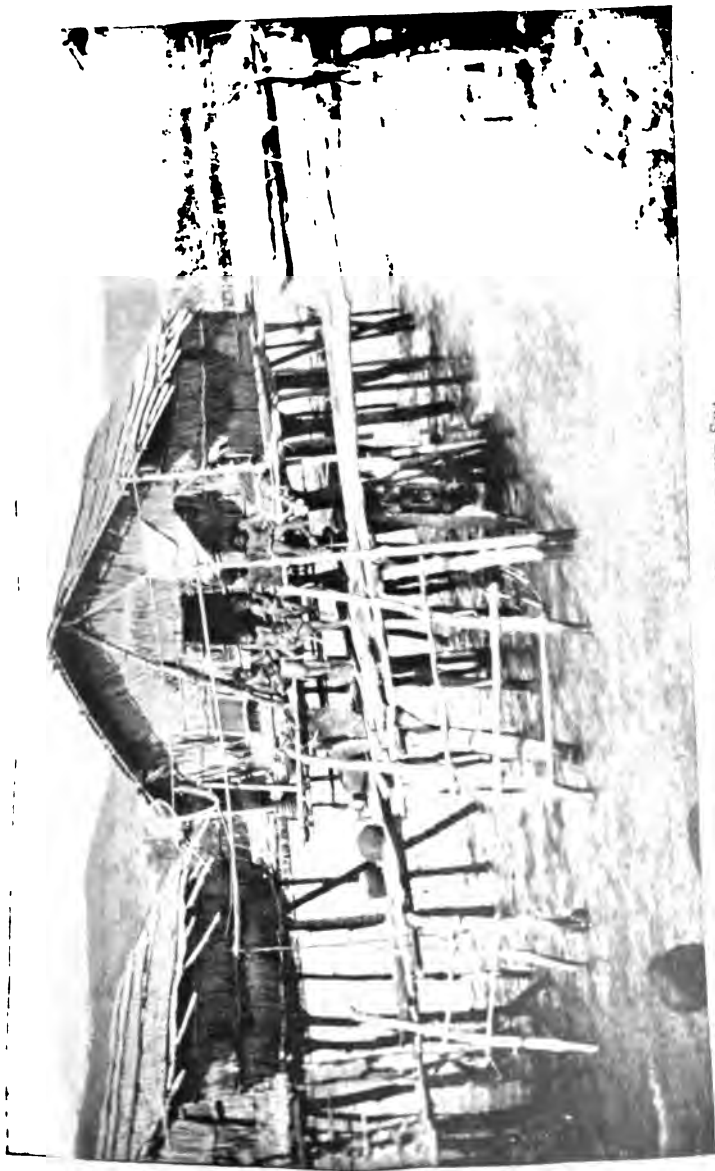
CHAPTER II

HISTORY

The Spanish and Portuguese discoveries of
Dutch explorations to the south-west—T
through Torres Straits and his annexation
of Captains Bampton and Alt and their
The claims of the Dutch to Western New
sion of Papua—The Cinderella of Papua—
—The Papuans of the West.

HUNDREDS of years ago the co
New Guinea was shaded bla
called the Islands of the Bad People.
of the discovery of the island are co
no doubt that the islands to the
were known to the Spaniards and
nations were rivals for the possessio
Spice Islands, and it was this rivalry
the eventual discovery of New Guin
route was via the Cape; the Spani
from Mexico and Peru.

As early as the commencement of t
the name Papoia occurred on a ma
referring to the Island of Jilolo. A
d'Abreu, sighted what is believed to
coast in 1511, but Don Jorge de Men
guese, is generally credited with ha
actual discoverer of the island. T
hitherto been well to the front. But
sailed from Corunna in 1525, and in
three ships under the command of
were ordered from Mexico in search
dition. Saavedra sailed twice along
of New Guinea, which he named Isla



A MOTUAN HOUSE BUILT IN THE SEA

The piles are driven into the hard bottom by working them from side to side.

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of Gold, for he had found traces of the precious metal all along the coast.

At the end of 1586 another Spanish expedition was sent from Mexico to Peru. After landing troops there Grijalva, the commander of the squadron, sailed across the Pacific and cruised for some time about the northern shores of New Guinea. Grijalva was murdered by a mutinous crew, but not before he had discovered in what is now known as Geelvinck Bay an island which he named *Isla de los Crespos*, or Island of the Frizzly Heads. The ship was wrecked on the New Guinea coast and the survivors, who had been taken prisoners by the natives, were rescued by the Portuguese. In the accounts of the remnants of the expedition who returned to the Moluccas is set forth the name which is now given to the British portion of the island. "The people on all these islands are black and have their hair frizzled whom the people of Maluco do call Papuas."

In 1545 Ynigo de Retes, in command of the Spanish ship, *San Juan*, commenced a cruise round the north-west of New Guinea. Continuing on his way he reached the northern shores of Queensland under the idea that he was still sailing along a part of the same island. Actually it was to Northern Queensland that he applied the name of Nova Guinea, which first appeared on Mercator's map of 1569. Torres does not seem to have touched the western portion of the island.

The Dutch now began to take a hand in the New Guinea world and very little more is heard of Spanish or Portuguese discovery. It was the Dutch explorers who first came closest to the mainland of British territory. In 1605 Wilhelm Jansz sailed from Banda in the tiny yacht, *Duyfken*, and came as far south along the mainland as Cape Turnagain. He described the natives of these parts as "wild, cruel, black savages." In 1623 Le Maire and Schouten sailed round the north coast and discovered

New Ireland, where it is on record that from the natives for beads.

The next Dutch expedition of importance was that of Jan Carstenz in the *Pera* and *Arnhem*. He sighted from the sea the great Snow range of New Guinea. Unfortunately coming into contact with mainland natives he was killed, a fate shared by Thomas Pool, who commanded two Dutch ships, *Amsterdam* and *Wassel*. After visiting the islands, Pool had sailed south where he was killed.

The evil reputation of both the mainland and the studded waters of the south-west coast put off exploration for some years. In 1644 Tasman was dispatched to ascertain whether there was a strait between New Guinea and the large "South Sea". He followed down the south-west coast about a hundred miles to the mouth of the Merau River, and this was the furthest approach that seems to have been made to our knowledge. At any rate I have been unable to trace any further exploration by either Dutch, Spanish or English into the west end of Papua.

Just as the Dutch had ousted the Spanish and Portuguese, so the British now ousted the former explorers. Dampier, who rounded the north-east coasts, was followed in 1770 by Captain Cook, who discovered the Dutch New Guinea, but did not meet with a couraging reception from the natives.

In 1793 the East India Company, anxious to protect their trade, hoisted their flag on the north-west coast. The settlement was occupied for some time by British troops.

A year earlier Captain Bligh (of the *Bounty*), in a ship called the *Providence*, sailed past Darnley Island, the Torres Straits and had free communication with the natives. Bligh noted that their canoes possessed large sails and two outriggers. Passing through Torres Straits

the nearest land was the north-westernmost of three small islands, and to this the second lieutenant was sent for the purpose of taking possession of all islands seen in the Straits for His Britannic Majesty King George III with the ceremonies usual on such occasions. The name bestowed upon the whole was the Clarence Archipelago. Thus was the west end of British New Guinea inferentially taken possession of by England.

In 1793 two East India Company ships, under Captains Bampton and Alt, set out from Norfolk Island and their passage through Torres Straits is well described by Mathew Flinders. Apparently they sighted the British New Guinea coast somewhere off the estuary of the Fly River. The great shallows off the mouth of the river were noted and the wanderings of the two ships among the reefs, banks and breakers can only be properly appreciated by those who know this dangerous coast. Bampton gave his name to the large island lying to the south of the Fly Estuary. Both ships cruised in company through the shallows as far as 9° south, and then Bampton went east along the Gulf of Papua in the hope of finding a passage to the northward between the mainland and the Louisiades. He was well in the head of the Papuan Gulf, but gave up the task in despair and turned west again in latitude $8^{\circ} 3'$ longitude $145^{\circ} 23'$. The westward voyage was continued. On July 10th forty-four men, under Mr. Dell, were landed at Darnley Island and hoisting the flag "took possession of this and the neighbouring islands and the coast of New Guinea in the name of His Majesty."

Bampton's annexation was sufficiently vague, but it was infinitely more definite than that of Bligh. Both appear to have been ignored, and it was not until nearly a hundred years later that any serious attempt was made to carry out an annexation in fact instead of in theory only, if we except the abortive settlements in the north-west. None of these attempts were upheld by the Imperial

Government, and, in fact, the actual Government forced upon it, but the facts and history of sovereignty are too well known to need repetition.

The Dutch Government based its claim on New Guinea as the suzerain of the Sultan, on the right of discovery and of constant trade, and formally took possession by opening a settlement on the Bay, and later they extended their jurisdiction to a portion of the island west of a line drawn north and south along the 141st meridian.

The outline I have given of the early exploration of New Guinea is chiefly confined to the western side of the island as that is more closely connected with the British New Guinea or Papua. No one within the knowledge of Tasman ever seems to have approached the western coast until the English navigators themselves obtained the first really definite knowledge of the west end of the island by Captain Blackwood during the surveying trip of the *Fly*, but I am inclined to think there must have been more than one castaway ship on this coast of record has been left. Torres Straits is studded with wrecks, and it is more than possible that vessels have been driven by weather into the Papuan Gulf. That portion of Papua known as the Western Division embraces the country lying between the Dutch Bight and the western mouth of the Purari. This area is large and it is hardly necessary to say that the greater part of it still remains a *terra incognita*. In fact, not more than the merest fringe of it has been explored and charted. The boundaries of this unwieldy division have within the last two years been considerably amended by the creation of a new division which covers the country between the western banks of the Turama and Purari Rivers, reducing what is now the Western Division to a more manageable but still almost hopelessly large area.

Containing as it does a large number of important rivers

systems it seems to me that a description of each in turn would form the most convenient means of giving some account of the native population and of the districts themselves. And as it happens this grouping is, to as great an extent as can be expected in so large an area, almost ethnologically correct. Native tribes are seldom arbitrarily bound by mere parallels of latitude.

For many years and for many reasons the West has been neglected and at the same time regarded with an almost mysterious awe. The division is unattractive as compared with the fertile and pleasing aspect of the east end of the territory. The difficulties of inland travel, bad as they are in any part of Papua, are infinitely worse, due for the most part to the swampy nature of the low-lying coast and hinterland. Added to which the natives possessed a reputation for ferocity which, while in many cases it was not ill-deserved, was and is not actually worse than that of the other inhabitants of Papua. Be that as it may, if Papua was spoken of as the Cinderella of the Commonwealth, or as I saw it described in a cartoon in the *Sydney Bulletin*, "Nobody's Child," the Western Division has long been regarded as the Cinderella of Papua.

The primitive races, according to Dr. Haddon, inhabiting New Guinea appear to have been black, woolly-haired, people who are represented in the New Guinea pygmies, the now extinct Tasmanians, the Papuans proper, and the ground stock of the Melanesians. The Papuans proper are a black, frizzly-haired race of medium height and narrow-headed with an arched and prominent nose. At a later period, a composite people, now called Proto-Polynesians, migrated to the Western Pacific and mixed with the black folk of the islands. The results of this triple fusion are termed Melanesians.

At some period successive migrations of Melanesians took possession of the south and south-east coast of Papua, mixing to some extent with an original Papuan

population. Thus there are broadly speaking in Papua two peoples, scientifically referred to as Papuans and Papuo-Melanesians, while the whole of the native races are called Papuasians.

It is hazardous for the layman to venture any theories as to the racial origin of the tribes of New Guinea, but as far as the natives of Western Papua are concerned it may be, I think, safely asserted that they are not Melanesians, that is to say, that they are Papuans. Mr. Sidney Ray classes all the languages from the Fly to the Aird (on the coast, that is) as Papuan. There has been, so far, little or no material upon which to base conclusions concerning the far interior of the hinterland; but, as far as my own observation goes and it is that of a layman only, I have seen nothing that would lead me to believe that the inland tribes are any but Papuan. A light colour is no criterion of race, although it is supposed to be one of the hall-marks of the Melanesian. D'Albertis, writing of the people on the head of the Fly, held the view that it was a meeting-place of two distinct races, but there does not appear to be any reason to doubt that the whole western population is autochthonous. As a matter of fact, apart from the critical tests of language and physical measurements, it seems to me to be an extremely difficult matter to say which are Papuan and which are not. One may, of course, take into account the existence of certain cultures as evidence for one view or the other. For instance, the Long House with its accompaniment of secret ceremonies, separation of the sexes in its peculiarly western form, and in some cases its original intimate connection with warfare, is a tolerably sure test of the Papuan. I might say that the Long House is by no means confined to Western Papua, but exists in varied forms in other parts of the territory. Thus the tribes of the Upper K̄umusi Valley use a fairly long communal dwelling. The tribes of the Upper Waria have houses set apart for the men in

a ceremonial manner ; and there is, I believe, no reason to doubt that all these people are Papuans. The use of the bow as a weapon seems to be confined to Papuan tribes, but I do not think that this can be regarded as a sure test.

CHAPTER I

DARU

Daru Island—The aboriginal owners of Daru spirits—The devil stones—The devils in township—Daru prison—Sport near Daru—The village of Parama—The seventeen Turtling—The use of the sucker fish—custom.

LYING opposite the mouth of separated from the mainland only a mile or so in width lies the island now the headquarters of the division district between the very loose Boundary and the Aird River watched by the Government residents of John Douglas and Mr. H. Milman appointed as Government Agents for the actual post in the West was established by Mr. Cameron, who was appointed to the Western Division, but transferred to Daru as a commanding centre. A transfer was made here by Mr. He Mr. Cameron in his office.

Daru itself embraces an area of a thousand acres fringed all round by a grove. The roadstead carries a fair anchorage, which, however, is better to the south-east than in the north-west. The latter heavy squalls sweep up the coast and whip the harbour into a heavy sea. Up from Mawatta on one occasion Thick black clouds commenced to "guba" was plainly evident. The crew let down all sail except the jib and ran



A TREE HOUSE

These houses are used for observation.

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ASTOR
TILDEN

it burst. I could never have imagined a whaleboat could travel at such speed, and I had about half the crew hanging on to the mast to keep both it and the jib from disappearing altogether.

Sir William MacGregor on his first visit does not appear to have held a very high opinion of the island, deceived in all probability by the mangrove belt. Really, however, there is quite a large extent of good dry land and a smaller area of agricultural country. Along the eastern sides the ground rises up into several high banks and a broad ridge some forty feet high runs from one of these banks across the island for some distance. I believe the general formation is sandstone, but the surface is mixed with large quantities of pebbly ironstone. A form of lignite has been discovered, of no value however. Most of the island is covered with a light forest of ti trees, which is excellent for some forms of building and seems to resist the white ant.

For years before the Administration had made any settlement in the West, indeed before the time of the Protectorate at all, Daru had been used as a harbour and wood and water depot by pearling and bêche-de-mer boats working in the Straits. One or two Europeans settled or had fishing stations there, and a firm of cedar getters, Messrs. Williams and Tait, made it their headquarters. The Tait River (the Oriomo) received its name from the latter gentleman. A few Polynesians were also settled; one of them, Charlie Gora, received a block of the best land as a gift from some of the white men before they left the island.

I do not think Daru ever had a large native population. A part of the Mawatta and Turituri emigration from Old Mawatta occupied the place for a few years during their journey westward, but they were harassed by raiding parties of the Kiwai tribes just as they had been in their old home. The aboriginal owners of Daru, the Hiamu,

were almost exterminated by raids of the same kind and the survivors journeyed to the islands of Torres Straits. A few people of composite origin, but mostly belonging to Turituri, were in occupation when the island first became known to Europeans and they claimed the country as theirs, for the Hiamu had faded away into almost a myth.

The chief Sisa voluntarily gave up to the Crown a large portion of the foreshore and planting land, but until a few years ago the major portion remained in native ownership. With the exception of a sufficiency of land for the few remaining people, I succeeded in acquiring for the Crown all the native rights. It appeared that almost all the owners were Mawatta or Turituri folk; one woman who had married into the Yam Island tribe had to be brought from there to complete the transfer. From the native point of view Daru always had a very bad reputation. Even now the native settlement is only occupied for a few days at a time by the Turituri people who come up to make gardens or use it as a fishing centre. The Mawatta people seldom spend more than a day or so in the place. Daru was full of devils and spirits. The natives regarded the transfer of the station from Mabuduaan with great misgivings and prophesied that the whole establishment would fall sick or become afflicted with boils and sores. The Mawatta tribe seriously proposed that one of them who was in the police should at once leave the Force. There were two large stones inhabited by two malignant spirits to whom the Daru people used to bring offerings of food and shell ornaments and were regarded with intense fear. Mr. Hely was successful in finding out where these stones were and broke them up and threw the fragments into the sea. It was believed that anyone interfering with the homes of these spirits would swell up and die and Mr. Hely noted in his journal that the Mawatta chief made a special visit to find out if all was well after

the destruction of the stones. The spirits, I believe, found another habitation on Daru. Fortunately, no sickness followed on the action taken by Mr. Hely and the situation was regarded with more complacency.

There are female "devils" who live in trees (they, I think, correspond to the "Dogai" of Torres Straits), and a number of them once inhabited a species of fig tree near the Residency. Such a tree should never be cut down. Only one man was found courageous enough to brave the devils in the matter of sawing off some branches, Constable Uria, who in the course of long service became sergeant. This particular fig tree, by the way, was altogether cut out some years ago. As nothing happened to Uria, the idea naturally got about that New Guinea devils had no power over the Government and Government people; but this protection did not apply to outsiders, an idea more or less current throughout Papua. A policeman will only have a moderate belief in devils when in uniform, but when he returns to civilian life he is just as subject to ghostly interference.

There is also a certain spot on Daru which is the abode of a man-devil, named Waimē. He it was who first showed them, so the Mawatta people say, how to make and to use the Garara mask—half man, half fish—which is worn by the highest rank of initiates.

Daru township is not a large one, a few stores and private dwellings; the buildings of the London Missionary Society and the Government quarters and offices make up the whole. It was once considered an unhealthy fever nursery, and I have been told of the great swarm of mosquitoes that rendered life unendurable throughout the greater portion of the year, and how you had to keep sandalwood burning all through the day and creep under the mosquito net at dusk. It still keeps up its reputation for mosquitoes, but the township area has been divided by roads and seamed with drains and health has greatly

improved in consequence. Much timber has been cut and this has probably affected the rainfall, for at any rate in my experience it is not nearly so heavy as the old records showed. The whole place is ablaze with crotons and hibiscus, the flower of the Kiwai, and to my mind Daru would almost be a beauty spot were it not for the wide foreshore which lies foul and black in a mass of mud at low water for a full quarter of a mile. Part of it is mud pure and simple ; in other parts the mud is mixed with sand and small shells and possesses some quality that binds it into a kind of friable sandstone.

On Daru of course is situated the district prison. Partly owing to its long distance from Port Moresby and the East End, partly owing to the impossibility of escape, and partly because of the fact that it is a greater punishment for a native to be imprisoned in a district away from his own, a large number of long-sentence convicts serve their time here. For some reason or other it is an unpopular prison ; I think the East End men dislike mixing with the " black " men of the West (there are, I suppose, degrees of blackness). Owing to the great cheapness and ample supply of native foods such as sago and coconuts it has always been found possible to use them in place of imported rations. A ton of sago can be bought for not more than five pounds at the very outside and lasts a long while. In the East End sago is usually dried, but it is preferred wet in the West. Stored in a tank or wooden vat it is kept moist by a daily bucket of fresh water. Treated in this way sago will keep almost indefinitely, while if it is allowed to dry, it soon ferments. In the calm weather season both dugong and turtle are plentiful and figure in the menu. Turtle soup and steaks for convicts seem almost an extravagance, but when a large sized turtle can be purchased for the equivalent of about five shillings, the extravagance is more apparent than real.

During North-West time there is a little sport in the

way of shooting and fishing, although it must be confessed that most people shoot purely for the pot, and I can hardly insinuate that the shooting "boy's" methods are really sportsmanlike. He prefers a sitting to a moving shot and the nearer he can creep, the better he likes it. The water in the channel is at this time of the year fairly clear, and at times you can get a fairly good catch with a seine net. Now and again you can secure mullet or whiting or gar on the line, but the western waters are really too muddy to be good fishing grounds. I know I have trailed a tow line over almost every mile of the coast without ever having hooked a king fish which is common enough everywhere else. When the nights are calm and dark the natives go off to spear fish by torchlight and it is rather good sport in its way. If you go on the reefs, it is well to be careful of the stone fish, an ugly looking gentleman, a thrust from whose poisonous spines is dangerous. In these modern days the native uses a spear made of a number of small iron rods—this will account for mysterious losses of fencing wire—diverging outwards from the staff on which they are lashed. The canoe glides quietly across the shallows, the fisherman standing erect with a torch in one hand and a spear in the other. The light drops suddenly and the upraised arm darts forward. I have occasionally tried my hand but without much success. The fish always gets away. And I suppose it is even more difficult for a European to shoot fish with the bow, although the natives are particularly clever at it.

In September and March there is very fair pigeon-shooting. If you get out on the reef in the evening at low water great flocks of Torres Straits and blue pigeons cross over from the mainland. There is in the Daru swamps a fine wood duck (*Tadorna radjah*) which settles on the trees, and along the beach there are occasional snipe and plover. Opposite Daru at Old Mawatta there is a big swamp where about November you can get goose

and plenty of wild pig, but Old Mawatta is such a mosquito-hunted spot that there is very little attraction to go there. It was once the home of the Mawatta people, but now is occasionally occupied by small camps of bushmen who come from the Oriomo and build temporary shelters on the beach, just mere kennels, while they make gardens.

Everyone in the West must have a boat of some sort : there is no other way of getting about. For the Government work there were two ketches, both faithful craft, but the old *Juanita* was the veteran of the country. How old she was it is impossible to say, but she was old when over thirty years ago she was first brought to New Guinea with a cargo of miners going to one of the goldfields in the Louisiades. About six tons burden, she was bought by the Government, rebuilt and refitted at Nivani in the Archipelago. For many years she was used everywhere and anywhere until she at last found a permanent home at Daru. At first the R.M. had only the *Juanita* to cruise around one of the worst coasts in the world. How police and prisoners and stores could be crammed into her and still leave a sleeping place for the officer is a mystery. One thing is certain and that is that he travelled with a maximum of discomfort, but she had the advantage of having such a light draught that she could be taken anywhere, up impossible creeks, across impassable banks. When the large ketch, the *Toawara*, came down, the *Juanita* descended to being a mere carrier of sago and prisoners. She was and looked a "native boat." Through gross carelessness her police crew sank her one day in a Kiwai creek and then, appalled at what had happened, they called together what must have been the whole population of the district. By dint of tying ropes of all kinds round her hull and sheer united strength they must have lugged her bodily to the surface again and the old craft sailed into Daru as usual. No one suspected for weeks what had happened until by mere accident the secret got

out. She became leakier and leakier and finally sank at her moorings a couple of years ago dismasted and unrigged. I for one always felt an affection for the old craft, and many of the police bewailed her loss as they would have one of their own dead.

Separated from the mainland only by the narrow Toro Passage lies Bampton Island on which the Parama people have their village. This passage forms the short cut into the Fly River, but on the Daru side its entrance is closed by broad shallow sand and mud banks which can only be crossed at high water through a narrow channel. Often you happen to reach the entrance when the ebb is about half out and you have a dreary wait for the tide to rise. Sometimes you get impatient and try to cross before the tide is full. If you have luck you may get over on the "bumps"; if not your boat runs up on the mud and you still have to wait. Parama is on the seaward side of Bampton, and its front is protected by a wide stretch of flat reef dry at low water and making the village impossible to approach. Nowadays Parama is a most civilised village and the people among the most intelligent and enlightened in the West even as they are among the finest physically. Like the Mawatta and Turituri, the Gebarubi are a tall, well-made black people with the arched Jewish nose and a very Jewish keenness in trade. They speak a dialect almost the same as Kiwai. The women as a whole are nearly as tall as the men and have a decided will of their own. A little while ago there was a great upset in village society. There were seventeen single young women in the community and they all flatly declined to marry. Goodness only knows what abstruse ideas of civilisation dictated their action, but, as usual, deputations from both men and women waited upon Government to decide what was to be done.

Equally also do the men know their own minds. A few years ago they decided among themselves that they would not sign on for work on the pearling fleets for less wages

than two pounds a month. The pearlers were not inclined to pay this amount and Parama would not sign on for less. The "strike" lasted for a couple of years as far as pearling was concerned, but in a manner typically Papuan quite a lot of men signed on for some other class of work at ten and fifteen shillings a month.

Intense rivalry exists between them and the Mawatta people, to whom they are very similar in both their old native customs and their modern ones. A couple of years ago Mawatta challenged Parama to a contest in dancing at the Christmas festivities at Daru. The Parama men turned up but the Mawatta men failed to put in an appearance which led to jeering and much talk of "fight."

It is difficult at this day to realise that the civilised Parama people are the same as took the heads of more than one shipwrecked crew and murdered some of the London Missionary's Society's teachers in 1873, and assisted Katatai folk in a drunken orgie of arrack obtained from a Dutch barque that went ashore off Parama reef, dancing madly round bonfires until the spirit caught and put them to flight by its explosion.

The tribe is totemistic and the totems and organisation are almost identical with those of Mawatta. Like the latter, the people are keen fishermen and a great deal of their lore is connected with the sea. They certainly resent any other natives working their reef, and even went so far as to want to be paid for the *bêche-de-mer* which a white trader was fishing in the neighbourhood. Both men and women go out at low water on the reefs after fish and they know the use of New Guinea dynamite (the shrub *Derris scandens*), which is pounded and bruised and placed in the reef pools. The poison turns the water a milky white and the fish become stupefied and float to the surface. As at Mawatta, turtle and dugong fishing are most important. The turtle-catching season, that is, coupling time (November and December), is a lively one both from a social and a ceremonial point of view. This

season of the year, like yam planting time and the change of the monsoons, marks one of the terms of the native calendar. The turtle float on the surface and can be easily caught : at other periods of the year they are as a rule only to be found in deeper water.

The two principal varieties of turtle found on the New Guinea coast are the Hawksbill (*Chelone imbricata*), from which is obtained the tortoise-shell of commerce, and the Green (*Chelone mydas*), which is used as food. Turtling is as exciting and interesting as dugong hunting. In the season they are to be found floating about in pairs and sleeping on the surface. The canoes go out either by day or on moonlight nights, with certain charms called Kobai placed on their prows. Previous to setting out on a turtle hunt a wooden figure of a man is set up by night, and a charm something in the nature of a small bull-roarer is swung. This is supposed to attract the turtle much in the same way, I suppose, as the bull-roarer is used to ensure a good crop agriculturally. The women do not see this charm and they believe that the figure itself is making the noise. When a turtle is sighted the canoe approaches from behind as noiselessly as possible, for the animal is easily scared and dives at the first sign of disturbance. One man goes forward to the bows with a rope and spears it with a dugong harpoon, then leaping overboard on to the animal's back he ties a rope round the flipper, when it can then be hauled into the canoe. Another method which I have seen is for a man to tie the rope round his arm over the shoulder and then, watching his opportunity, jump on to the turtle and hold on to the carapace or endeavour to turn it over in the water. The turtle, of course, dives, and the point is to seize him by the edge of the fore flipper and to turn him over before he reaches the surface again. It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is not altogether easy and you should avoid the hind flipper altogether unless you wish to be entirely at the disposal of the turtle. Spearing pure and simple is not very interesting, but one

does get enthusiastic over the s
literally being "ridden" or who
to rope it.

Perhaps the most interesting
is by means of the gapu, or suc
rather rare nowadays and seems
at Mawatta than at Parama. '
naucrates) is allied to the macker
disc with which it attaches itself
a turtle or even a ship. When
turtle in this manner the "sucke
which among the Mawatta peopl
tail is pierced and a long line pas
lashed around it. When the car
ground and an animal is sighted
overboard, one end of the tail line
in the canoe, partly for the purp
the turtle. The sucker immediat
and fixes itself to the shell. Imme
crew with a line jumps overboa
fast, when it is rapidly drawn in

There are less sporting ways
female goes ashore to some san
deposit her eggs, and she can be e
by simply turning her over on the
Marukara and Deliverance Island
large numbers are caught there.
couple of hundred almost round
all yolk, and they are eagerly so
personally I think they are far t
are passable for cooking purposes

The native wastes no part of
entrails, and fat, are all greatly
always cut up alive, the plastron
being first removed. Like the du
cut up in a particular manner a



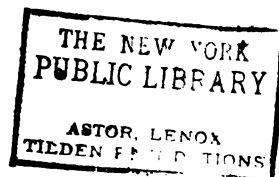
A TIRIO WIDOW'S WEEDS

Tirio on the west bank of the estuary of the Fly.



DRUM-MAKING

The log is first roughly shaped with the stone adze, and then the inside is hollowed by placing live coals on the top and gradually eating out the wood by means of a reed blow-pipe.



to everyone. If it is not butchered correctly the flesh is likely to be poisoned. Thus if the gall has been pierced it contaminates the meat. Much of the turtle fishing is now carried on from small boats and they catch a surprising number. I have seen the Yam Island cutter, a craft of about six tons, come into Daru with seventeen large turtle on board for sale and so many people that many of them had to find room up the rigging.

Parama, of course, has a proper cemetery. Of late it has been fashionable to erect what in native parlance is called a "stone," even though more often than not it is made of wood. Recently I have known of cases where some pounds have been paid for a cement headstone. Most of the "stones," however, at Parama consist of wooden posts, frequently painted with heathen red and carved at the top in the semblance of the deceased's head. Quaintly enough the carvings are nearly always provided with a hat, a most indispensable garment in the West, and I have seen alongside these intensely modern affairs food for the spirits, bows, and women's petticoats placed on the grave, showing that with all their up-to-date ideas the Parama men cannot altogether abandon their old-time customs.

Very different were the structures apparently in memory of the dead as described by Dr. Wyatt Gill: "Further on were two funeral screens so arranged as to give one the idea of a passage between them. They were five feet six inches in height and consisted of a number of stakes driven into the ground covered with lattice work. At intervals along the top were hung wooden images of turtle, sharks, alligators, dingoes, and cassowaries, all painted red to the number of about thirty. At the base were placed in a row some round stones, i.e. gods and, until recently, human skulls." This screen seems to me to correspond very much with the arrangement of the ground as prepared for the Horiomu ceremony.

CHAPTER MAWATTA AND T

Modern Mawatta—Clothes—The migration—divination—Courtship—Woman makes the brothers and sisters—The price of a wife—Relationship by marriage and tabus in connection—Fire - making—Origin of fire—Dugong Charms—The dugong spear—Totemism and Initiation—The Horiomu ceremony—Markets—Trading relations—The canoe trade-

THE important villages of Mawatta situated on the coast-line adjacent of the Fly River. Mawatta, containing about three hundred people, is built at the mouth of the Bina River, which was also known as the coast folk and early European visitors. The name Mawatta is an amalgamation of the village of Katou and Mawatta. Turituri, containing a smaller number of people, lies about an hour's walk from the beach to the eastward.

Whether Parama or Mawatta is the most important village of the West is perhaps doubtful. At Parama there is a most ludicrous mixture of European fashions. No man would ever dream of wearing anything but English clothes and no woman anything but European dress over her native petticoat. European trade long ago replaced native ones: the village possesses three kits of carpenters' implements which I ascribe for the most part have been "acquired" from the day Island pearling boats or the Government stores at Daru. The village is laid out in two streets of pile built European fashion and on European lines, each being occupied by certainly not more than two families. There is a flagstaff and a small courthouse, a well

church and a trader's store. What more could be required?

I suppose Mawatta has come in contact with white men more than any other village in the West. For fully forty years this coast has been visited by stray vessels from Torres Straits, and years before the Protectorate the Mawatta and Turituri men used to sail away on the pearling vessels which were continually putting into the river for fresh water and vegetables. It is not surprising, therefore, that these people have acquired a thick coating of foreign veneer, and cast-off uniforms of British regiments were fashionable as clothing years before the soul of the Port Moresby native had soared above paint and a sihi. But if manners maketh man, certainly clothes do not. I cannot think that the Mawatta man has been improved by wearing a felt hat and a pair of red striped trousers, even if he does speak English freely with an excellent knowledge of its slang.

The tribe, which speaks a Kiwai dialect, is a well-built black race with the narrow head and arched nose, which in Papua is popularly termed the Jewish type. Turituri, Mawatta and Kadawa were originally settled on the point just north-east of Daru, a site still known as Old Mawatta. About one hundred and twenty years ago, being sadly harassed by the Kiwais, two chiefs, Kuke and Gamea, the latter the great-grandfather of the present chief Gamea, travelled westward looking for new lands. Kuke settled with his people at the present Turituri site which was unoccupied. There seems to have been some friction between Kuke and Gamea, and the latter continued his journey west as far as Dauan Island. On his way back he called in at Mawatta and entered into terms of great friendship with the Masingara people. They gave him all the territory which the Mawatta people occupy at this day, seeking no payment, and the two peoples have ever since lived in the most friendly manner. The Kadawa

section came from Daru some ten miles of Gamea. The first site occupied a little to the eastward of the Binat to tide-flooding and hordes of mosquitos made to the western bank. I cannot respect is there much difference.

Just as the Masingara gave land to so the process was reversed in the case the latter have allotted a site on the coast to a tribe named Kunini, who own a large grove and an immense grove of coconuts in some reason, a tribal quarrel, they decided to leave the sea. The Turituri tribe owns all the land on the coast, but it allows the Kunini the use of those on the village site. Kunini has taken a life to some extent, but it cannot be called a "bushman" taint, although every man would be intensely indignant should you say so. Although both Mawatta and Masingara and Kunini are respectively great friends, it does not seem either of the coast villages grossly overvalued others for a passage by canoe anywhere. there is no sentiment in business.

When D'Albertis visited Mawatta or Katau, it, in 1875 he found four long houses and fenced and surrounded by groves of bananas and coconuts. The temper of the people was by no means suspicious, and altogether they were about as friendly as the up-river Bamu tribe is to-day. The skulls of the dead in battle were to be seen hanging in the houses and heads after they had been cleaned of the fleshy part and covered with a mask made of a preparation of wax. The top was pitted with bright red seeds of the wild lily and the eyes were represented by small cowries or shells of pearl-shell, and the whole was surrounded with seeds. From the bones of the forehead hung long-f

pendants, and the cavity of the skull was filled with small stones, so that apparently it could be used as a rattle. The decoration differs considerably from that of the Bamu or Aird.

I believe skulls of relatives were not frequently kept. When a "big man" or one of his relatives died, the body would be buried up to the neck until the head was clean of flesh. It was then removed. The skulls of relatives are frequently consulted on the temporal affairs of life. The owner places them by his wooden pillow at night and during his sleep the dead man's spirit comes to commune with the sleeping one. All sorts of valuable information about gardens or wizards or hunting may be gleaned in this manner. I think this is about the nearest the Papuan gets to anything approaching divination. A similar custom of burying to the neck is also found at East Cape, where the skulls are stored away in caves among the rocks.

Contrary to our own accepted custom the overtures in making love should come from the woman. Of course lack of chastity, except when displayed without regard to decency or decorum, is never considered any bar to courtship or marriage. All that was necessary was the Papuan equivalent of the rule, "Do not be found out." Ostensibly to-day the moral feeling has changed, but I doubt whether there is any real difference. An illegitimate child is certainly looked upon as a disgrace even more so than it was in olden times, when I daresay it would have been quietly disposed of. There was an instance recently at Parama where a young woman gave birth to a child. She resolutely declined to disclose the name of the father, and feeling in the village ran very high indeed. As a marriageable asset she was regarded as quite beyond the pale as long as the child was alive. And it is not surprising that after a few weeks the child died. The death was apparently due to malnutrition, but I have very little

doubt that it was deliberate. These coastal people have been shrewd enough to dislike having to support an illegitimate child, and gathered enough of European ideas in several instances to bring demands for affiliation orders before the Court for Native Matters.

When matrimony was desired or intended a woman who had taken a fancy to a young man sends him a message usually by his brother or sister, if they are small, telling him to come to her house by night. Although the overtures come from the girl there is no doubt that a youth has means of letting her or all the village girls know he is on the look-out for a wife, either by scenting himself with certain barks or by displaying his agility in dancing or by taking a head. The nocturnal visits continue for some time until the parents find out what is going on, although in many cases the affair has been well discussed by the village elders long ago. If the prospective son-in-law is considered suitable negotiations commence on both sides. The suitor sends presents and receives cooked food from the girl. It seems in the old days to have been an accepted thing that her mother and brothers and friends should display some resentment and attack the friends of the bridegroom, but the fight was really of a conventional nature. In some cases the bride is decked out in her best clothes and jewellery, such as "mabua," or armshells, and her face painted. In other cases there is no approach to ceremony at all. It is almost a fixed law that brothers and sisters are exchanged in marriage, a law holding good to the present day. The bridegroom's sister, if he has one, must be given to the bride's brother or failing a brother to her nearest male relative. This rule was very strict and no attention at all was paid to the feelings of the lady in the matter. Instances are known of girls being forcibly handed over, but I suppose after a while they regarded the situation with equanimity.

When there are no brothers or sisters available the bride-

groom has to pay for his wife. The price of a wife varies, but generally speaking she would be worth a large canoe or a couple of "mabua." At Mawatta the price seems to have been unduly inflated and young men got considerably into debt. A working figure was consequently agreed upon and the value of a wife is fixed at four pounds sterling, paid over in the presence of the magistrate. Sergeant Uria had four daughters or adopted daughters and he married them off on the same day. At least he received in my presence sixteen pounds from four young men. In some cases apparently daughters are a valuable asset.

A man has full powers over his wife: she is his property and he can do exactly what he likes with her. Unfaithfulness without the consent of the husband is regarded seriously, and in the old days was punishable with death if it seemed good to him. The paramour ran considerable risks; it all depended on who was the better fighting man or whose supporters were the more numerous, but if he were killed it was considered that he deserved all he got. Nowadays the injured husband brings the co-respondent into court with a claim for damages or a demand for his imprisonment.

The position of women in the community, however, is by no means as bad as is usually imagined. She has a good deal to say (I do not altogether mean literally) on the questions of the day and there undoubtedly exists an amount of affection between husband and wife or wives, although there is little or no polygamy in Mawatta and the other coast villages to-day just as very few cases of adultery from these parts are brought before the courts. It is rather remarkable how quickly these people adopt precedents. A prominent "big man" and deacon was summoned by a husband for philandering with his wife in the gardens. The elder came into court with a very sheepish and ashamed (at being caught) expression and,

as there seemed to be no doubt that he was the party tempted, I let him off with a warning and a fine of thirty shillings, one-half the maximum. A week or so later another "big man" fell from grace. He came into court, pleaded guilty, and, without waiting to hear what was going to be the penalty, placed thirty shillings on the table. I am afraid it will be almost impossible to convince Mawatta that one pound ten need not necessarily be the price of sin.

Divorce is uncommon at the present day, but it is not unknown, and the woman goes back to her parents or brothers. She is eligible for remarriage, but the new husband pays the old one; he still, so to speak, retains a proprietary interest in her. Sterility may be a reason for divorce, but formerly the necessity for such a course would be obviated by taking a second wife. Habitual infidelity or even incompatibility of temper may be a good cause for throwing away a wife. There was a case at Kiwai where a man, wishing to divorce his wife and not having a reason which would gain the sympathy of the village, engaged a couple of youths to violate her after which he got rid of her. Many of the men who have gone up to the East End and remained there for some years return with a wife from these districts. Sometimes the original wife makes trouble, sometimes the two or more women live in peace, but in all cases the stranger must have a pretty bad time. Native women are like their white sisters and make things very unpleasant for one of their sex they pretend to despise.

There is a certain amount of "tabu" in connection with relatives by marriage, especially in speaking their names. Nor is this custom confined to this part of New Guinea, or to New Guinea only. The local word for "tabu" is "sabe," meaning something forbidden, and resting on a basis of fear that something unpleasant will happen either to the community or the individual trans-

gressing it. Relationship-in-law has a definite name, "emapura." A man may not mention the name of his wife's father, mother, elder sister or elder brother or of any male or female relative of her father and mother. The prohibition is reciprocal as between husband and wife, and holds good when both are members of the same tribe. Mr. B. A. Hely says that people may exempt themselves by a formal renunciation at the time of marriage and also that outside tribal boundaries the custom does not apply. Personally I do not know of any instances of renunciation. Nor am I aware how far the custom of not speaking to relations-in-law is carried. In many places it is strictly forbidden to speak to your mother-in-law and vice versa, but, whatever may have been the custom, there is no restriction now. All the same the rule that her name must not be spoken is strict enough. When a man wishes to speak of some prohibited relation-in-law he uses some roundabout expression such as the wife of So-and-so's husband. Any breach of the "sabe" is paid for by giving the person named a present of food or even more valuable articles, and this payment is enforced by a tribal or clan prohibition to enter the Man House, a sort of sending to Coventry in fact. In the olden days I believe a man was able to recover his standing by taking a head.

When a woman becomes enceinte her husband collects food with which to make a feast for relatives and friends. All hot food is denied her, principally, I believe, on the supposition that it is bad for the child. She is not permitted to eat turtle during the turtle coupling season. In fact, a pregnant or recently confined woman is regarded as unclean and this uncleanness extends to her husband. For instance, a man whose wife is pregnant is not allowed to spear either turtle or dugong or to go forward in a canoe while another man is doing so. Cohabitation ceases as soon as a woman becomes enceinte, and the prohibition is maintained until the child is able to walk about, at any

rate. Native women, as a rule, suckle their infants for a very long time and no cohabitation takes place during this period, as they say it injures the mother's milk. This may be one of the reasons for polygamy. At birth the women are taken to a small house outside the village, attended by the mothers of both husband and wife as well as any old women specially skilled in midwifery, for whom a feast is provided. None of these attendants appear to be regarded as unclean. After birth the mother and child remain for a few days in the birth house; then they return to the village, the mother having first washed herself in the sea. A child is named by its paternal uncle or aunt, but there seems to be no particular rule as to the class of names. A newly born child should be carefully watched, as its first cry attracts a devil who steals little children. This devil is whitish in colour and is armed with tusks like a pig.

I believe actual means are taken to procure either a temporary or permanent sterility, and in the old days infanticide was not infrequent. Mr. E. Beardmore states that too great an increase in population was not desired, giving this as one reason for the practice of certain unnatural offences. While twins are not looked upon with any great favour, they are both allowed to live, but the maternal uncle adopts one of the children.

Menstruation, when it first appears, according to Dr. Seligmann, is ascribed to the moon having connection with the girl in the shape of a man and the red ring sometimes seen round it is said to represent the blood. In this connection it is well known that among certain Australian tribes it is firmly believed that conception is due to the entry of a spirit. Should a man have connection with a woman during her periods, it is said that he will die slowly after he has had intercourse with another woman.

Fire is made by the friction of two sticks, one in the shape of a short hard peg being rubbed in a groove. This

is quite an ordinary New Guinea method, as is also the method of using one stick as a drill. The third way, that of drawing a piece of cane rapidly underneath a piece of soft dry wood, is almost equally widespread. Fire, according to one story, was originally brought to Mawatta from Mabuiag. In those days the people of Torres Straits, like those of New Guinea, did not know fire. One day some people saw a crocodile with fire in his mouth with which he cooked his food. They said, "O crocodile, give us fire," but he refused. They then went to their chief who was lying ill in his house. On his recovery he took some food and swam to Dauan. While resting there he saw smoke on the New Guinea coast. Swimming across he met a woman setting fire to the grass and he stole the fire from her, which he carried back to Mabuiag. From Mabuiag fire went to Tutu, and the Tutu people gave it to Mawatta. There is another Mawatta story quoted by Mr. Beardmore. There was once a tribe living at Double Island, a man of whom produced fire from between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. Some trouble arose and all the people became changed into animals, birds and fish. Eguon, the bat, eventually made his way to Mawatta and gave the people fire.

Both Turituri and Mawatta have always been fishing tribes, and they claim fishing rights over the foreshore and reefs to a point about twenty miles down the coast from Mawatta. Included are some of the reefs now within the Queensland boundary. Quite recently I was approached by a deputation to know whether they would be protected if they sailed their cutter out to certain of these reefs for the purpose of dugong catching. Like the turtle the dugong is both an important article of food and a cause of much ceremonial. The animal (*Halicore australis*) itself is a harmless mammal, attaining a size of eight or nine feet in length and feeding only on marine flowering grasses. Consequently where this food is not

plentiful there are no dugong. It is hunted usually at new and full moon because then the spring tides allow the animals to pass freely across the reefs. It is much appreciated as food, and the whole of it is eaten with the exception of the gall, bladder, and brain, the blood being very carefully collected. The knowledge of properly cutting up a dugong is confined to a comparatively small number of men.

There are two ways of catching dugong, one by harpooning it from a canoe and the other from a platform erected on the reef over its feeding ground. The canoe is used almost at all times, the platform only on moonlight nights. At the commencement of the season a short festivity takes place and the village dances around a decorated dugong spear stuck in the ground. All the men drink gamada and sprinkle a little of the potion over the spear and sing for favourable fishing. The large orange and white cowry shells and the small coconut beetle are also used as fishing charms on the spear, and the vine rope which is attached to the spear barb is also anointed with gamada before the party sets out. These vine ropes sometimes are as much as forty fathoms in length and are invariably used and much preferred to manila even now, principally by reason of their buoyancy. Certain wooden charms roughly carved to represent a dugong are placed on the prow of the canoe, serving a double purpose of both attracting the animal and showing where it may be found. A fisherman is restrained from having sexual intercourse during this period, and the party sets off singing songs which entice the dugong to the reefs.

The "wap" (harpoon haft) is a most valuable native article. I believe the best are made at and imported from Torres Straits, although they are now made locally on occasions. The length ranges from ten to fifteen feet. The harpoon is made from a very heavy black wood, and the end in which the barb is inserted bellies out

into a rounded butt. A barb ("kiwaura"), formerly made of wood or shell, is inserted in a hole in the thick end and lashed to a long line which is attached to the platform of the canoe. At the taper end the spear is often carved and decorated with bunches of cassowary feathers. When the canoe approaches a dugong the harpooner springs into the water, striking at the animal at the same moment. It immediately dives, the harpoon shaft is jerked smartly back, leaving the barb and line fast in the dugong. The harpooner then swims back to his canoe and when the dugong rises again to breathe, the other members of the crew jump into the sea and rope it round the tail. The dugong is seldom killed outright, for the skin and blubber are very thick, and it is only by the merest accident that the barb penetrates to a vital spot.

The harpooner must be careful to see that he does not get entangled in the rope and so suffocated. Dr. Landtmann mentions how a Mawatta man named Maiva once perished in this manner and not even his body was found. Some of his countrymen were unsuccessfully endeavouring to spear dugong from a platform. Then in the moonlight they saw the bloated body of the dead man swimming towards them followed by a flock of dugong. Each tried to spear one but without success, and all being struck with terror went home. Next time they carried food for the spirit of the dead man inside the coils of rope and were successful. If they see Maiva they throw the food into the water and the fishing is good, but the people now no longer remember him and make no offerings.

Platform fishing is carried out in this way. During the day the reef is inspected for traces of the animal, such as the cropped marine grass on which it has been feeding. A platform made of several mangrove or other sticks lashed together to form a kind of scaffolding is erected at the spot, for the dugong will return to its feeding ground during the night. When it comes sufficiently near, it is speared in the usual way from above.

Definite portions of the catch are allotted to members of a canoe crew, and the owner especially gets a prime cut. On the conclusion of the season a great feast and dance is held in the village and there is a great deal of merry-making.

The usual definition of a totem is that of a class of objects, animals, fish, plants, or other things, that are revered by groups of men and women who say they are descended from this or that object, and, as members of the group, believe that they are consequently of one blood, they do not intermarry within the group. The group is known as a clan and there are many social obligations imposed on members of the same totem. This social system is found in a more or less modified degree throughout the West, but nowhere does it approach such a high state of organisation as in the Trobriand Islands.

In Mawatta and Turituri there are eight totem clans or divisions: (1) The Cassowary. (2) The Crocodile. (3) The Dog. (4) The Tortoise. (5) The Rock Snake. (6) The Ground Shark. (7) The Kangaroo. (8) The Stinging Ray. These totems are divided into two groups: the Crocodile-Shark and the Cassowary-Dog. Associated with the former are the Ray, Tortoise, Snake, and with the latter the Kangaroo. One of the cardinal principles of totemism, viz. exogamy or marriage outside the clan, has broken down to a large extent at Mawatta and in a less degree at Turituri. Another rule, that of not eating the clan fish or animal, has also broken down to a large extent.

Formerly, of course, no totem could be eaten, and intermarriage between totems would have been regarded as the worst form of incest. I suppose a breach of totem law would have been unknown or, if it did occur, the punishment would recoil on the offender's own head, and he would become afflicted with boils or sores or swelling of the body followed sometimes by death.

Husband and wife mutually respect each other's totems,



A NORTH COAST FISHERMAN, BUNA BAY

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and the totem descends to the children through the father. Mr. Hely states that the children are equally divided between the parents' totems and that a person does not belong to more than one sept. But there are many men who have two, three, or even four totems, all derived from the father. For instance, one man belongs to the Casowary clan and also to the Dog and the Tortoise, all of which are forbidden to him as food. In this case he married a woman of the Shark clan. Although children follow the totem of the father, I believe considerable respect is shown to that of the mother, especially in regard to eating it. I do not know that totem cognisances were regularly carried on the body, although the scarification marks sometimes represented them, but when a man went out to fight he painted his mark on his chest in mud or red paint.

Initiation takes place during the North-West season. The lads are taken from their mothers and go to the Darimu, where they remain in a screened-in compartment. The maternal uncle undertakes each boy's instruction and brings him his food which is prepared by the mother. During the stay in the Darimu the boys are taught about their totems, various customs of the tribe, and the use of certain ceremonies. When this is completed they are taken outside and shown to their mothers, but return to the Darimu that night. Next morning they come out, when they are beaten ceremonially with coconut stalks. A feast is then held during which a present is made to the maternal uncle by the boy's father, and the boy is a young man.

The Horiomu ceremony in connection with the spirits of the dead takes place at the commencement of the South-East season. Actually when it is to be held is decided by the old men. Several young men go into the bush at night and make a whistling noise which makes the women afraid and say that the spirits of the recently dead are

near by. Drums are beaten, but there is no dancing at first. All the village goes off to the gardens to obtain a supply of food, and the men who are to take the part of the spirits in the coming ceremony go to the bush to make and prepare their costume. This dress consists of a petticoat of young coconut leaves and the arms and legs are similarly covered. The face is screened with a mask of leaves in such a manner as to conceal the wearer. Each man carries a bow and arrows.

The food is placed inside the two fences erected for the purpose, one of which belongs to the Crocodile-Shark clans and the other to the Cassowary-Dog. During the actual dance the women remain on one side of the fence and the men and performers on the other. I believe that the women are not supposed to know that the actors who take the part of the spirits of the dead are living men and they are considered to be real ghosts, nor do they know who the dancers are. The idea of the dance is to let the mourners know that the spirits are alive. After the actual dancing of the "spirits" is over the women go away and the food is changed from the Crocodile to the Cassowary fence and vice versa. It is then removed to the Darimu and shared out and eaten. The mourning costume which is worn for periods up to a year consists in covering the body with a white mud and two long fringes of frayed leaves hanging from the neck, one of which falls in front and the other behind. Armlets and leglets of a similar nature are worn in addition.

Much fish is caught by both Mawatta and Turituri along the reefs and the surplus catch is traded with the bush tribes. There used to be regular markets with Masingara, and now the Mawatta women sell fish almost daily to the bushwomen, who come down to the village for the purpose. Similarly Turituri held markets with Darimu and Irimisi and other villages inland. One melon shell, to be used for making hoes, was worth forty bunches of bananas and ten baskets of taro. Ten pounds of fish

bought a large bunch of bananas or about thirty pounds of taro. This merely gives an approximate idea of the trading, but it can be confidently asserted that the coast men never lost by their transactions. I have at times known Mawatta men, who perhaps were in regular employment or had other private business, engage the bushmen to make gardens for them, paying either in cash (very rarely) or old clothes or marine products. I was recently at Masingara when I noticed the carapaces of four large turtles. When I asked where they obtained the turtle I was informed that they were the payment for the fencing of about five acres of Mawatta gardens. While the bushmen are infinitely better fencers, this looks to me suspiciously like sheer laziness on the part of the Mawatta owners.

Partly owing to its situation and partly owing to the enterprising nature of its people, Mawatta has become an important trading centre, but acts more as a middleman than anything else. Many products are required by inland and river tribes that can only be obtained from the sea, and the people of Torres Straits use many articles that can only be obtained in New Guinea.

The principal article required for home consumption is food. Sago is largely bought from Kiwai Island, as Mawatta makes little or none of this commodity. From Torres Straits are imported such articles as shell armlets made from the *Conus millepunctatus*, pearl-shell crescents, dugong spears, nose shells, various shells used for all sorts of purposes and, in the old days, small pieces of iron. There was in addition a small trade in dogs' teeth. In return are traded drums, arrows, feathers, especially those of the *Paradisaea Raggiana*, boars' tusks, and a little sago. A small amount of basketry and armlets and various earths to be used for pigments are exported from the Wassi-Kussa district principally through Boigu Island.

Several of the Fly River tribes exchange pandanus leaf mats and women's grass petticoats for shells at the

rate of one mat and one dress for one large melon shell and one conch shell. The former are required for basins and other domestic utensils, but the demand is not a large one. Another trade between Mawatta and Kiwai used to be bows and arrows for manufactured sago. One large bundle of the latter purchased one bamboo bow and twenty odd arrows. Cowry shells and pearl-shell crescents are traded for certain purposes only; the former are not in great demand, being used among certain tribes as grave charms and dancing rattles. Small cowries and dogs' teeth are not looked upon as articles of any importance. The arm shell (mabua), however, is in unlimited demand and almost any price will be paid for good specimens.

The most important trade article affecting Mawatta and Turituri, however, is the canoe. Neither tribe are builders themselves, but they buy both for themselves and for the Torres Straits trade. As a rule Saibai used to buy from Mawatta and Murray or Darnley from Parama, but at the present day many of the Torres Straits buyers, after having received permission, buy direct from the Fly River traders. One stipulation, however, is made and that is that payment shall be made on the spot. Formerly, I gather, payment extended, that is, when trade was done direct, over a number of years, a source of constant trouble. Mawatta and the coast people buy their canoes from certain Kiwai and Fly villages, the buying trip being usually made during the calm weather of the North-West season, and a successful expedition is always followed by much feasting and dancing. The negotiations extend over some days, and when they are over the vendors supply the buyers with a store of sago and coconuts for their return home. Sometimes the canoes are bought on credit, a deposit being paid, but the debt may often not be cleared for some years. Frequently the canoe is worn out before it is fully paid for. As a matter of fact I do not believe the Kiwai people themselves make half

the canoes they sell to Mawatta, for it is only a very few of the Kiwai villages that own a sufficiency of suitable canoe trees. A large canoe is worth two large arm-shells and a small one, one melon shell, one dugong rib bone, and a string of dogs' teeth.

The canoe is a dug-out made from a single trunk with the ends gradually tapering to a blunt point. When purchased it is provided with a single outrigger and is without masts or sails. The outrigger consists of a float made of light wood, six or eight feet in length, according to the length of the canoe, and attached to the hull by two transverse poles. These are fitted to the float by two sets of sticks running in opposite directions. The double outrigger, which is an introduction from Torres Straits, is now the usual thing on the coast and in the estuary of the Fly River. It is interesting to find that the dug-out canoe, as far as Torres Straits is concerned, is a New Guinea invention, but if New Guinea gave the dug-out to the Islanders it obtained the double outrigger sailing canoe from them. Previously a poor sort of mat sail was in use. Nowadays the whole outfit of a Mawatta sailing canoe is semi-European in gear, rig, and everything else. Calico or canvas is used for the sails, Manila rope for the running gear, and wire for the rigging. Proper blocks are used. The canoe on its arrival at Mawatta, if intended for sailing, and very few are used in any other way, although you may find a few small ones with a single outrigger for paddling up creeks or small rivers like the Binaturi, is at once fitted with a double outrigger, a washstrake attached to the hull with lashings, a platform for the crew and the storage of supplies, masts, and rigging. All this work is carried out locally. I do not know if a canoe had a specific name in the old days, but at the present time every craft of any size in imitation of European boats has a name painted on the bows. Some of them are even coppered.

CHAPTER VI

THE BUSHMEN

The inland country—The Badu—Kesave—Poisoned arrows—Orgal and Aita—The adventures of an Aita man—Branded brides—The Podari sorcerers—Eating corpses—General type of housebuilding—Class of country inland—Natives' ferries and bridges—Dirimo tribe—Bush tribes generally—Mania for clothes—Arpra villages—Case of Pomboa—Kuru Downs—The hasty burial—Gardens and hunting—Kangaroo hunting—Trapping—Planting charms—The Masingara—The story of the crocodile—Gamada drinking—Its preparation—Lack of ceremonial—The bow and arrows—Decrease in population: its causes—Wearing of clothes—Sodomy—Excess of males—Abortion and infanticide—Sorcery—Dreams and the spirits of the dead.

THE whole of the inland district lying between the Paho and Oriomo rivers is collectively known as Daudai or Dudi; the latter name, however, being more specially applied to the region abutting immediately on the estuary of the Fly. It has been penetrated principally from the south-eastern coast, and one has rather a tendency to regard the furthest limits of tribes known inland from that direction as totally distinct from those known inland from the southern bank of the Fly. It must naturally be presumed that the further one proceeds up that river the more the inland tribes, such as they are known at all, will differ both in type and language; but what I wish to make clear is that in my opinion those lying between the south-eastern coast of Western Papua and the southern bank of the Fly, at any rate as far as Canoe Island, merge imperceptibly into one another at some point in the interior. I do not mean, of course, that there is an absolutely fixed line of demarcation.

It is known that the greater part of these tribes is of a wandering habit. I know of at least two small packs whose travels take them between the Oriomo River on

the south and Aduru (above Canoe Island) on the Fly to the north. From what I have seen I am inclined to group them all together with a set of more or less common customs, at the same time excepting those immediately adjoining the coast. It is, I admit, a very broad classification, but, as knowledge of their habits is scanty enough, it is about as much as can be said. The coastal tribes of Mawatta and Turituri have exercised within the last twenty years a very considerable influence on their "bushmen" neighbours principally in the direction of what might be called "Europeanising," which is not necessarily "civilising."

The district is drained or watered by only two streams of any importance, of which but one is more than a large creek, the Oriomo, entering the sea just opposite Daru. The other, the Binaturi, reaches the coast at Mawatta.

The first tribe of any significance in the bush is that of Badu. Its lands are situated some miles to the north-west of Masingara, of whom more anon, and is undoubtedly the largest and most important in the district. These lands are composed of low ridges covered with grass and a species of eucalyptus separated by low swampy land, and there is a considerable area of forest country. At one time the Badu village consisted of ten houses built on the ground, each about fifty feet long. The tribe must therefore have been a fairly large one, but neither a large village nor a large population exists at the present day. The people were continually at war with Masingara and *ipso facto* with Mawatta, and it was in connection with some of these intertribal raids that they first came in contact with the police, and they appear to have built up for themselves a considerable reputation as fierce fighters. The first party that went to the Badu village was accompanied by a large train of the Masingara, and naturally the Badu turned out in full fighting kit. There was considerable arrow fire, and one of the Mawatta men with the

party named Kesave was rather badly wounded. Kesave was either at that time or a very little later a member of the constabulary, and this was his first wound in the service of the Crown. He seems to have been rather an unlucky person for he managed to get wounded on two or three later occasions while serving with the police. It has often been stated or surmised that the Western people poison their arrows and the coast people undoubtedly believe this. It was thought at first that Kesave was struck by a poisoned arrow and it was he himself who told me so. The sap of a tree called "tote" is stated to be a poison used for the purpose, but as "tote" is merely a rosewood (*Pterocarpus*), I surmise it is harmless. D'Albertis mentions on his first visit to Mawatta that the arrows were smeared with a reddish substance, and as the sap or juice of "tote" is brown or reddish, what he saw was probably the same.

I have heard from some sources that a few of the bushmen poison their arrows by dipping their tips in a decomposing human body. Whether this could actually produce fatal effects apart from septic poisoning I am unable to say, but even if correct the practice is probably a "sympathetic" one. When Mr. Massy-Baker, of the Papuan Service, returned from his trip to the Strickland River in 1911 he brought back a bundle of wooden arrow tips which he thought were poisoned. They were found carefully protected by a covering, so it is evident that they had been dipped in something, actually poisonous or not. When I was on the head waters of the Waria in German New Guinea in 1906 I found broad-pointed arrows in use smeared with a very evil-smelling, sticky substance, and protected by coverings of leaves, which I was assured by the police was a poison, although at the time I was inclined to think it more in the nature of a charm. Incantations are frequently muttered over arrows both to produce good shooting and a fatal effect, and less often charms may

be used for the same purpose, although I have not seen a charm in actual use on an arrow. The use of actually poisoned arrows by Papuans is still unproved, but almost all of them are dirty enough to produce blood poisoning without any assistance. Mr. J. P. Hennelly, when acting as Resident Magistrate of the North-Eastern Division, met the Gombara tribe who were stated to poison their spears. The method is described as follows: "They get the bark of a tree called morso and with the betel nut this is chewed up and the mixture then spat all over the spear-head. As two constables were wounded and no ill-effects followed it is reasonable to presume the mixture was harmless and was perhaps intended as a charm or as puripuri."

The furthest inland villages yet reached in this particular district have been Sorgal, or more properly Sogaru, and Aita and Podari at a distance of about forty miles from the coast in a straight line. Near Aita is some very excellent planting country and a small lake and a large grove of coconuts. A year or so ago considerable trouble broke out among these three villages, as usual over a woman, and mingled up was a tangle of charges and counter-charges of sorcery and "pay back" for deaths. A number of Podari men had been recruited for the plantations in another part of the territory, and unfortunately almost all of them together with some Aita men had died. Hence the accusations of sorcery. So closely inbred and interconnected were these Podari people that the officer who went to distribute the wages of the deceased to the next of kin could only find one woman who stood in varying degrees of close relationship to ten persons. Much of the trouble between Aita and Podari was caused by a man who had also engaged himself for work at the same time as the others. Almost immediately after his arrival at the plantation where he was to work, he with some of his fellows deserted from somewhere in the neighbourhood

of Port Moresby. Nothing has ever been heard of his companions nor could he give me any information as to their fate, but the tale of his own adventures was exciting enough. Two years ago the coast line between Port Moresby and the mouth of the Purari was safe enough, but between the Purari and the Turama a solitary stranger ran an excellent chance of being eaten. It was a mystery how he escaped arrest on the first part of his journey, but how he escaped being eaten on the second part was a still greater one. Being a bushman he of course could neither swim nor manage a canoe and there is a wide network of river and sea to traverse. I gathered fragments of his story, how the Urama people had hunted him in canoes while he waded through water up to his neck, how other savages had chased him like a water-rat through the swamps, firing arrows at him all the while, how he stole a canoe and drifted somewhere. Finally he appeared to have come to land near Bell Point on the Turama, where instead of being eaten he was treated kindly and given a wife. He lived with these people for some months until he was picked up by a recruiting vessel and brought to Daru. As if he had not already had enough excitement, no sooner had he returned to his home than he started a pretty feud by shooting a Podari man.

Mr. Massy Baker tells me that among these villages girl children are allotted in marriage very shortly after birth, and that it is customary for the man to whom she is to be given to incise his "brand" on her arm or breast, just as if she were a pig. I am not aware what form these scarifications take, but they may partially explain some of them seen elsewhere, although this is the first time that I knew of this custom.

The Podari tribe, or what was left of it, made a strong effort to "pay back" for the deaths of their brothers. Complaints of their sorcery became rampant through the district from Masingara and Mawatta and a number of

small bush villages. A Masingara man was reported dead and it was stated that four Podari sorcerers and one Glulu man had brought about his death. From the evidence brought forward in court later it appeared that the Podari party came down to Glulu, a small village a few miles from Masingara, where they obtained their accomplice. He seems to have been a tool more than anything else. They then went on to the Masingara village of Bulau by night and found their victim sleeping in his house. Charms were made against him, he was lightly struck with a large piece of a vine, which when dry has all the appearance of a human bone and is stated to be very strong medicine, and a piece of real human bone was pointed at him. That there should be no doubt about the result the Glulu man hit him on the back of the head with an axe. The most extraordinary thing about the whole case was that the latter incident was only introduced as a most minor detail, quite an after-thought in fact. Everyone seemed to attach far more importance to the sorcery as the actual cause of death. Next day the corpse was buried, but it appeared that the sorcerers returned during the night and consumed some portions of it. I do not know that man-eating is much in evidence in the inland districts, but I have been informed by one Daru resident that he had known of several instances especially of corpse eating. I mean, of course, dead bodies actually buried in the first instance.

The same gentleman is also my authority for an instance of a stockaded village which he mentions having seen when travelling inland. This particular village, the name of which he was unable to give me, apparently is situated in the downs country. As far as my memory serves me he described the place as strongly palisaded and the people as naked, curled, dark brown savages of strong medium stature and of a fierce disposition. In appearance they did not differ much from the ordinary type of bushmen

except that they were uncontaminated by outside influences. I have not been able to find or identify this tribe.

The general type of village and housebuilding among these Western bushmen is that of a house up to about forty feet in length built on the ground, about eight feet high, roofed with ti tree bark and with curved ends but without walls. The women and children live separately. As a matter of fact the pile-built house is now replacing the ground house almost everywhere, a change partly introduced from the coast and due to imitating the houses seen by visiting bushmen either at Daru or at the up-to-date coast villages and partly by the example and precept of various Europeans settled in the neighbourhood.

The generally accepted opinion used to be that all the land between the Fly River and the sea consisted of low swampy country, but actually it is very different. It consists principally of long, low, undulating hills and ridges well grassed and broken by belts of forest timber, such as bloodwood, varieties of eucalyptus and ti tree. There are certainly great patches of swamp, and in the rainy season a great deal is almost hopelessly impassable. Round about the villages of Tate and Glulu, neither of them very far from the coast, there is a considerable tract of elevated country with scrub land and open stretches with a rich dark red loamy soil. Further inland and between here and the Oriomo the late Mr. Hely describes the country thus: "The country was like a garden, the number of wildflowers of various colours (three kinds of wild pea, honeysuckle, wisteria) reminding me of other lands . . . there is splendid permanent water in creeks and lagoons: the country is high and could never be flooded—the soil is firm even in wet weather, while the grasses are entirely different to those nearer the coast on the low lands, sweet and succulent and of moderate height." The most extraordinary thing about the district is that "the soil rests on a coral foundation. In a creek

at Somlos I found what seemed to be coral limestone, a view that was confirmed by finding boulders of coral at Irupi containing fossil shells."

The Binaturi has been ascended by whaleboat almost to the beginning of the Djibu Hills, which form the watershed between this stream and the Oriomo. A few miles from its mouth it divides into two branches, neither large, but both carrying a good depth of water, and really pretty streams with their arches of overhanging forest. On one branch, the Budupupu, there are many native ferries, for the stream is infested with crocodiles. These ferries consist of a bundle of bamboos loosely tied together so as to form a raft. Across the stream is stretched from tree to tree a long line of native liana and the passenger pulls himself across by hauling on the rope. Another method of crossing is by bridges peculiar to the district. These are made of long bamboos well lashed together and laid on the surface of the water from bank to bank, so that when one walks over, the bridge sways and becomes half submerged, half floating. They are a trifle awkward to the booted European, especially when they tip over at an angle of about thirty degrees, but the native seems to get along all right. There are some excellent fertile patches along these streams, and one quite large tract that I was told is owned by the Yam Island natives. How these people became possessed of land here I cannot say unless it be by intermarriage ; but I do not suppose their claim could be recognised, as they are a Torres Straits tribe under the jurisdiction of Queensland.

The largest tribe in the neighbourhood is that of Dirimo, on the banks of the Budupupu, and consists of a few remnants of other tribes added to the original Dirimo one. They live in a mixture of small communal houses both on piles and on the ground and are a dark weedy lot, much addicted to the wearing of clothes. In numbers they are distinctly on the decrease. About five years ago they numbered sixty ; less than two years ago they were not

more than forty-seven. They consider themselves very civilised, but have highly inflated ideas of themselves and their property. I was buying some land from them for the Crown, about a couple of hundred acres. The price demanded was one million pounds in cash money. I explained that the Government was hardly prepared to pay that sum and the price dropped in one jump to a hundred, and in the end they were willing to accept the usual price per acre in trade goods.

There are one or two peculiarities about some of the small villages to the north-west. At some of them which are not nomadic there is an arrangement of two paths leading up to the houses. One road, the more direct one, may only be used by men, the women being permitted to approach only by the second and longer track. I have several times noticed the unfortunate women with a load of taro and firewood on their backs having to crawl round this circuitous road. When white men first come into many of these hamlets, the women do not actually show fear, but seat themselves on the ground with their hands over their faces or with their backs turned.

Speaking generally the bush tribes are of a colour almost black, but not quite the black colour of the Fly estuary. Their noses are shorter, straighter and thicker and not of the aquiline or Semitic type. They bury in the ground and cover the grave with ti tree bark. The men go clothed or used to go clothed in nothing but the inseparable bow gauntlet, but now rags at any stage of wear are in great demand. The ordinary dress of the women is the long grass petticoat, but it seems to be a fashion when one comes to a village for every woman as soon as she gets an inkling of your approach to race off and wriggle into a shapeless print dress which she has managed to acquire somewhere, just as the men have been known to pass round a solitary shirt from one to another in order to pay their respects. It is quite hopeless to try and combat this sense of false modesty. When a woman is in

mourning she is wrapped from head to foot in strings of ti tree bark, which she wears for months when it is finally cut off and burned.

At the head of the Gowapupu, the smaller branch of the Binaturi, there is a village called Aripa, where excellent tobacco of good flavour and very little thread is grown. I met here a curious custom in defence of murder which was pleaded successfully, that is in mitigation of sentence, for the accused got off with but six months' imprisonment. A young man named Pomboa was charged with having killed his sister. Pomboa, by the way, gave a lot of trouble before he was arrested. He received some warning of our approach and took to the bush followed by the village policeman of Dirimo and some men of Aripa. The party followed Pomboa for over thirty-six hours—these people are great travellers by night—before he was caught in a very exhausted state. It appeared that his brother-in-law had died, and in an ecstasy of grief Pomboa seized his bow and shot a couple of arrows into his sister. He pleaded as his excuse that "it is our custom when a man dies it is not right that the woman should remain behind."

The pick of the district is undoubtedly the country lying in the vicinity of Kuru on the northern side of the Djibu Hills. Almost imperceptibly the country rises in a succession of low ridges till it reaches at Kuru fully four hundred feet above sea-level. The climate is delightfully cool and fresh, especially towards evening and in the early morning. The Djibu people are now but a very small remnant. On the last occasion when I was travelling through to the Oriomo across these inland downs I found the few people living in small humpies on the ground and exceedingly exasperated the Kuru tribe by accusing them of having killed a man by sorcery. When I reached Kuru I found a kind of death feast in progress. I was told about the deceased who was a man of middle age, and it was explained that they really had commenced to celebrate

his death some time before, but in the middle of the festivities the corpse got up and said he was hungry. This did not seem quite normal, but he was given some bananas, and then I was told that "he died again." I was a trifle suspicious of this second "death," and asked if they were sure that the man had actually died. "Oh, yes," they replied, "we buried him." It may have been a case of the hasty burial, but apart from that there is a distinct idea that the spirit should not be held back when it wants to go and I suppose inferentially that it is right to lend a helping hand. Natives have a great objection to awakening anyone quickly from sleep for the spirit may be wandering and perhaps it will not get back in time.

Kuru at one time was about the leading tribe of the neighbourhood, but they are now sadly diminished in numbers and live in tiny hamlets widely scattered. On the Oriomo there are but few people left, and to my own knowledge two small tribes have entirely disappeared within the last six years.

The whole district is a planting one, taro being the staple crop. It is always roasted, the women doing the cooking and being very skilful in the use of bamboo tongs for turning over the food on the fire. Personally I have not seen any taro here equal to that of the Northern Division, but many people swear by this. Taro is a root of the arum family and looks when cooked very much like a piece of mottled soap. Very big gardens are made, far greater than would seem to be required by the actual needs of the inhabitants; but the gardens are very scattered, each man planting away from his neighbours. To the extreme west the yam is the principal food; here it is the taro, while away to the eastward very little but sago is used. During the past few years the seasons have been very dry and consequently the crops suffered severely. Every tribe with the exception of such as possessed patches of sago was hard put to it for food and was driven to subsist on coconuts, bush fruits, mangrove shoots and the pro-

ceeds of hunting. The natives are almost better hunters than they are planters, and exceptionally skilful at following the kangaroo and cassowary, shooting them with arrows. Near the Oriomo I saw a method of catching kangaroo which I have not come across in any other part of the territory, and that is by the hunters forming a ring round three or four of the animals and gradually closing in and running them down, not necessarily using any weapons or dogs at all. The usual method in other parts is to drive the game into nets and spear it. In the open-ended sheds which serve as houses you can often see small coops for confining young cassowary or piglets which have been caught. Ginger, by the way, which is very plentiful, is a powerful hunting charm, both for men, dogs and weapons. A good deal of game is trapped, such as kangaroo and smaller marsupials like bandicoots. The trap is built on the animal's run and consists of a heavy beam of wood, one end of which rests on the ground, the other on a light stake some six feet long slightly inserted in the ground. Pandanus fibres are placed between the beam and the upright. The animal coming along in the dark becomes entangled in the snare, the stake is pulled away and the heavy beam falls killing the animal. The kangaroo found here is the kangaroo of Australia and is infested with tick. At some villages, although there seems to be no objection to assisting others to kill them, it is forbidden to kill or eat kangaroo ; for a totem reason, I suspect.

A good many garden or planting charms are used. Frequently one sees on the tracks near gardens large circles of grass hanging from trees which I am told are charms to make the taro grow. Although one seldom sees them in use at the present time and among the more civilised tribes they do not appear to be regarded with much veneration—the last I saw was a worm-eaten and grimy specimen lying neglected in a corner—rudely fashioned and

somewhat obscene effigies of bot used as garden or agricultural generally throughout New Guinea work, that is, the lighter part of digging with the digging stick or and gathering in the crop. Myself it was the harder part. Once fenced (they do not always fence the man's job is practically over, beds in the heat of the sun all day to say nothing of dragging home h firewood at dusk. The shell hoe is n shell inserted into a wooden hanc wedges. It is now supplanted by th

The bush people have a system sickness. When a man becomes il by himself away in the bush, and l quently he is left to himself. Still t the patient does die.

The Masingara are at the pres hundred strong and their two village pleasant walk from Mawatta, with v terms of intimate friendship and a a few of the very rare instances in wh marries with bushmen, but I cann which a bushman has married a M an agreeable surprise to walk in fron time and find a broad guttered track as one approaches the villages and to well-built settlement of some size numerous, sturdy and show no fear your trail like a string of light infan ments of tobacco, but they are qu like rabbits for shelter into the ne happen to turn round rather sudden villages are separated by a tidal br

which is crossed by a broad bamboo bridge resting on bamboo piles and lashed up with cane. It is safe enough, but somehow it looks too slippery to inspire confidence. Once upon a time the whole tribe used to live in ground houses, the single men and boys sleeping in unwalled shelters on the ground, in which were kept great strings of pigs' skulls and cassowary bones. The family houses were walled in and shared with the village pigs. The long Man House still exists, but it is now raised on piles and is regarded as a kind of club and meeting-place. The family house—and the modern tendency is for the whole family to live together—is pile built, but the lower space is walled in, a concession to conservatism, and is still shared by pigs and those who cannot get used to the new-fangled method of sleeping on a floor. Twenty years ago or more the tribe was divided into six sections with four Man Houses, two of the sections each possessing one and the remaining four sharing one between each two.

The crocodile is looked upon with great respect, and Mr. Hely mentions in an old district report how it became a sacred animal, for the crocodile may be killed but not eaten under pain of becoming exceedingly ill and breaking out into sores. A man named Usai was one day walking near Pudu Creek when he heard singing and talking. Being curious, for the language was that of his people, he searched and found a large crocodile playing with two small ones. Hastily making his way back to the village and telling the people what he had seen and heard he suggested that it would be just as well to secure this great "god" for themselves. Next day everybody went to the place and asked the crocodile to become their god. The honour, however, was declined and the crocodile disappeared. However, the Masingara did not intend to be cheated out of their deity and managed to capture the large animal but only one of the small ones. The name of the large one was Nugu and the small one Ulbe

and they were both taken away to the village and shut up in a house. After a while, however, it was noticed that children began to disappear while their parents were away in the gardens. Nugu admitted eating them. So an arrangement was made whereby Nugu should receive pigs and he in his turn should leave the children alone. Ever since then the Masingara children may play without fear of crocodiles.

There are or were two well-designed carvings of Nugu and Ulbe, the former about eight feet long, and Nugu is also represented as a large carved figure of a man and was looked upon as a garden god. The two former effigies were hunting charms and were brought out among the dancers at the big hunting dance.

The Masingara in common with the rest of the bushmen, for it was from this district that the practice seems to have originally sprung, have solved the problem, as it has been put, of how to get drunk on a piece of dry wood, or rather root. I do not know how the peculiar properties of gamada came to be discovered, but it must be prepared in a special way in order to develop them.

Gamada is the drink prepared from the stem and roots of a plant known as the *Piper methysticum*. It is widely distributed over New Guinea. It has been found on the Gira River in the North and in a stunted form in the high mountains of Central New Guinea. Mr. Armit mentions having seen it in the Yodda Valley, but describes it as lacking in potency, and I have seen it growing on the head waters of the Kiko. But the knowledge of the plant and its use is confined in Papua to a comparatively small area in the Western Division. It grows as a low shrub about three feet in height and is a light green in colour. The natives plant it by itself in small plots usually away from the ordinary gardens and attend very carefully to its cultivation, the shrub being of slow growth and taking a very long time to mature. If you bite the root, it does

not taste very enticing, but at the same time it leaves a not unpleasant peppery flavour. In order to experience its full intoxicating effects I am told that you should smoke after drinking it.

To prepare the drink the root and stem are chewed, the chewed mass being spat into a bag made of the inside portion of a coconut leaf, a little water is added and the whole is then squeezed into a coconut shell. The chewing apparently brings out the peculiar properties of the plant and the drink tastes much like a concoction of senna, pepper, and other nasty compounds, and resembles nothing so much as a strong mixture of curry powder and water. The Papuan gamada is stated to be very much stronger than the South Sea kava, the effect of which is comparatively mild, and it does not require a great deal of gamada to produce symptoms closely resembling drunkenness, outwardly at any rate.

The New Guinea method of preparation gives you rather a feeling of intense disgust, and there is almost a total absence of ceremonial in both preparation and drinking. At the same time you can find very faint traces of ceremony. For instance, when visitors arrived at a village they used always to be offered gamada and, as a matter of politeness, it was chewed for them; but apart from that it was drunk without more ado. Inter-village or domestic matters are frequently discussed and settled over a bowl, and there is no more harm than if it had been done over a cup of tea. At Masingara it is smeared during the hunting dance over certain effigies, and at Mawatta and other places it is consumed during fishing and initiation ceremonies when, I am told, it is chewed by small boys. So much for the ritual of gamada.

At the present time it is known and used all over Kiwai and in many parts of the Fly River. At no time was it ever used by women or lads, and until very recent years it seems to have been reserved solely for the older men.

In itself as used formerly gamada was harmless enough. It formed a strong social tie, and beyond perhaps a state of blissful nothingness into which someone might fall at odd times through over-indulgence, no ill results followed. However, its use has been extended and inordinately large quantities began to be consumed, and it was considered that this increased use was having a bad effect upon drinkers. Consequently it has been prohibited by a Native Regulation. I do not think that there is any doubt that moderate drinkers find it quite innocuous, but it is otherwise with confirmed drunkards. They become emaciated, they lose their appetite, their sleep is fitful and they generally sink into an unwholesome lethargy while their mental faculties are dulled. After a debauch there is a profuse and offensive perspiration, weariness and pins and needles in the hands and legs, and one of the most noticeable symptoms is a loss of control over the limbs. In fact, like most other things, gamada is all right in moderation, but in excess it does not produce any good effects. "Its chief physiological influence," says Mr. Basil Thomson, "is on the motor nerves, but the sensory fibres are also affected and the influence is cumulative. The alcoholic extract, when evaporated to the consistency of soap, is as active as cocaine, weight for weight, in inducing local anæsthesia."

When gamada drinking was prohibited, many of the Mawatta natives came to me and urged that it was useful in staving off dysentery. Medical opinion, however, beyond finding certain astringent qualities in the root, did not support the plea. It is interesting in this connection to note that the Fijians have a firm belief that yan-kona (kava) is a specific in the early stages of diarrhœa.

The chief weapon of the bushmen is, of course, the bow, and they are excellent makers of arrows. The Papuan arrow is not feathered and consequently at anything over a very short range the trajectory must be very high. Extreme arrow range cannot exceed two hundred and

fifty yards, and at that distance aim at a definite target is quite out of the question. Besides the ordinary varieties they make arrows carved in the shape of men, crocodiles and snakes, some of them very elaborate, others rather crude. This carving is always done on the wooden head, and in the old days, being made with an "epa" shell, must have taken a great while. Very few of these elaborate man arrows are made now. The shaft is made of reed and sometimes has a few rude chevrons or lines drawn upon it. None of the shafts are notched. I have mentioned previously that arrows are frequently charmed before being used for fighting and in addition a successful arrow, i.e. one that has killed a man, is often named and celebrated in songs. I should not omit to state that the manufacture of carved arrows is not confined to the bushmen. They are equally well known in the Fly and elsewhere, and each type of arrow has a specific name.

I have referred previously to the decreasing numbers of the bushfolk. The officers of the Government have drawn attention to this fact over twenty years ago, pointing out the numbers of abandoned village sites, and in my mind there is no doubt that the population must at one time have been very considerably in excess of what it was even then and still more so than what it is now. In many instances there is no apparent visible cause for the perceptible decrease in population apart from obvious factors such as dysentery or whooping cough. The country is fertile, there is no lack of food either animal or vegetable, and there is no fighting. But the fact remains that the native population is dying out, in some cases slowly, in others rapidly. I have already mentioned the figures at Dirimo, a settled tribe. But the greater part of the bushmen is nomadic or semi-nomadic. Although they cultivate large areas they are continually on the move. They are greedy imitators of what they believe to be white man's fashion as passed on to them through the coast villages such as wearing clothes and even to the extent of

learning English. But clothes-wearing and the filthy rags they do wear seem to render them peculiarly liable to pulmonary troubles to which they easily succumb. One officer notes in a report that it was unpleasant camping near a village as he was kept awake all night by the continual coughing. Many are weedy and undersized, a condition induced partly by inbreeding among themselves, for no coast tribe with the possible rare exceptions in the case of Mawatta and Masingara would dream of intermarrying with the bushmen, and the numbers of the latter are too few to permit of a wide choice. The excess of males over females is noticeable. At Ori on the Oriomo I counted in 1908 a population of twelve males to eight females, children included, and the same proportion is roughly maintained in a number of tribes. I have noticed this same excess of males over females in other districts, in some of the mountain tribes in the Central Division and a similar decrease in population. Another reason is that while there are not enough women to go round, polygamy exists, the elder and more influential men marrying two or even three wives with the object of possessing larger and better gardens. Then again the falling birth-rate is influenced by the fact that many of the girls are married at a very early age, the ceremony being completed as soon as it is physically possible to do so. Artificial means are taken to limit births, and if these fail, infanticide is practised. It is only right to mention that no case of any of the practices described above has ever been brought before the courts, but that does not necessarily imply that they do not exist and I should say that these are not only my own observations but those of two experienced officers who have been my predecessors in the West. I do not intend to apply all these factors to every bush tribe, but the sum of them applied to all in general will, I conceive, supply a working reason for the almost alarming decrease in population. A few years ago a small wandering tribe named Iruku consisted of seventeen males



MEN DRESSED UP TO REPRESENT THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD AT THE HORIOU CEREMONY, MAWATTA

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and four females. They were a wizened, monkey-like pygmy lot of beings, and they have now completely disappeared, nor is it surprising.

Added to all this are the deaths caused by sorcery or the fear of sorcery. Sorcery, it is needless to say, is the bane of every Papuan. I think I can safely say that I have never been in such a sorcerer-ridden district. And the worst of it is that little or none of actual sorcery practice is brought under one's notice although one knows it exists. It appears to be believed that a doctor of the black art can dissociate his spirit from his body and despatch it about the country working all sorts of mischief. Certain men are credited with supernatural powers either acquired or by inheritance and the people are prepared to ascribe everything to them. The coast folk invariably say the bush people are powerful sorcerers and the bush people accuse each other of the same thing. Possibly and very often the sorcerer himself does nothing to shake this belief. Why should he? It is a source of power and wealth to him, whether it be black or white magic. When anyone dies from some unexplained cause, when a person dies from snake bite (and in New Guinea no one except those actually killed in battle or the very aged die a natural death), when the crops fail, when there is too much rain or too little, it is all due to the sorcerer. Natives, too, attach much importance to dreams. After a death I have often had some one come along, perhaps a relative, and remark that last night as he slept the spirit of the deceased came to him and said that So-and-so, probably a well-known wizard, had done him to death. So, too, the spirits of the dead are communicated with while not sleeping by those who are dowered with the power to see and converse with them. That many deaths occur in connection with witchcraft is certain, whether by self-suggestion due to fear or by poisoning I cannot say, but I exclude such physical forms as a blow from an axe previously described.

CHAPTER VII

THE BUSHMEN

(continued)

The Paho River—The Dabu and Togu tribes—Description and dwellings—
A great pig-breeding district—Pigs and cassowaries can swim—Raids
from Torres Straits—Kwoiam's fight—Mabudauan Hill—The station
at Mabudauan—The purchase of the site—Paho Island—The drum of
Besai—The weeping place of the spirits—Wawa's house at Mabudauan.

ON the coast the village of Buji is a convenient stopping-place before treating of what might be called the far Western tribes. Eastward, that is to say, the district between that place and the Paho River, I have found distinct traces of connection in the inland country; for instance, at Sogaru, mentioned previously, much of the language is identical with that spoken on the head of the Wassi Kussa; but for practical purposes a division at Buji in the West is most easily grasped, more especially as the whole area hereabouts is very sparsely populated. In fact there is but one tiny settlement on the coast between Buji and the Paho.

The Paho River, or as it was once termed somewhat meaninglessly the Kawa Kussa, is an uninteresting stream passing through swampy mangrove for five miles or so near the coast until it makes a big loop and then flows through somewhat higher ground. Sir William MacGregor ascended it in a steam-launch as far as it was navigable without finding much of interest, and one or two others have travelled higher than his furthest point in dingies without any greater success or finding any native population. One trader made several cross-country trips in the search for good land, but beyond a few suitable patches found nothing sufficiently attractive. The only two tribes

known to myself personally on the river are the Dabu and the Togu, the former to the westward and the latter on the opposite bank, but very much higher up.

At the time that both tribes were first met they were living in constant dread of the Tugeri raiders from Dutch New Guinea, although that fear did not prevent them raiding Mabudauan Station themselves and stealing knives and axes and whatever other portable property they could lay their hands upon. The original camps of the tribes were merely lean-tos about fifteen feet by ten, open at each end and with roofs made of curved saplings, over which were spread sheets of ti tree bark. They were built on the ground and indeed were typical Western bush houses. Altogether existence must have been pretty miserable. These camps were temporary ones, but do not differ much from those of the present day except that the modern ones are a trifle better built, but in no sense are they to be taken for permanent homes. Both tribes till the ground and grow much taro, but they are continually shifting their habitations, as the gardens become eaten out and there is distinct tendency to break up into small packs. The Togu were at one time about two hundred strong with a proportion of males to females and children of about one to three. The usual form of social organisation is maintained, that is, the women and children occupy separate quarters from the single men, irrespective of family, and like all the bushmen the men go naked except for the bow gauntlet which throughout the West seems hardly ever removed. The demand for clothes is spreading rapidly among them.

It is just about this point on the Paho that one notices most strongly the Western limits of the black people. These Paho folk are almost black and wear their hair in short curls. To the westward the prevailing colour is much lighter. Both Togu and Dabu have been decreasing in numbers, but apparently less rapidly than their east-

ward neighbours, and the former especially seem to be a more conservative tribe altogether and hold themselves very much aloof from their neighbours. Togu is a very good pig-breeding district, and the pigs are well fed and carefully looked after and are often offensive in their familiarity, attaching themselves to visitors and frequently only being restrained by force from following them away from the villages. People working in their gardens or travelling are attended by their pigs much as other people are by their dogs. Like most other natives they geld many of the boars to let them grow large, and occasionally blind them with lime to prevent them from straying. I used generally to send down here at Christmas time to buy pigs for the men's Christmas dinner. I have an idea, by the way, that it is generally supposed that both pigs and cassowary cannot swim, but I once saw a cassowary swim the Paho to escape from a hunting party, and one November I bought a couple of pigs at a village in the Fly. The crew rigged up some sort of rope arrangement to keep the animals on board, but they managed to escape while we were lying at anchor and started to swim the Fly here about two miles across. I don't know whether trying in a small dingey to catch a pig swimming its hardest in a current running at the rate of so many knots an hour is considered sport, but at any rate it is exciting enough. The boys succeeded in getting their Christmas menu by diving underneath the animal and roping its legs under water and then hauling it into the dingey.

At first the Togu were generally in a state of jumps and used to stand with bows ready and arrows on the string, nervous to the last degree. A man in a state of extreme fear is often dangerous, but it is difficult to realise that the dirty, undersized, nervous Togu of the present day could have been the ferocious and desperate savages mentioned by Sir William MacGregor.

I am inclined to fancy that the Tugeri and Mawatta

men were not the only ones who harried these two Paho tribes. It is well known that several of the Torres Straits Islanders used to raid the New Guinea coast and bush for heads. At times they descended on the Wassi Kussa, but generally they went to the coast further east. There is an interesting story told at Mabuiag how Kwoiam, the great hero of the Islands, paid for his mother's death. (He killed her himself, by the way.) The story is told in full in the Report of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits, but a brief account will bear repetition. When Kwoiam was about to cut off his mother's head, he said, "When I sharpen this knife I will cut off the heads of the New Guinea men." He went first to Boigu and then passed on to Dauan Island, where he climbed up the hill and threw up his throwing stick which fell in the direction of Daudai (New Guinea). So Kwoiam and a companion went on in their canoe and came to Daudai and went up a creek and then into the bush. They reached the village of Tog (this is probably Togu) which was surrounded by a fence with two openings (another instance of a stockaded village in Western New Guinea), and collected all the bows and arrows and, having set fire to them, fought the men as they rushed out of the gate. Two men only escaped. Kwoiam cut off the heads of the slain and tied them in bunches and these he hung over his shoulders so that there were two bunches of heads in front and two behind. "In one hand he held his javelin and throwing stick and a head with the other hand, and with his mouth he held the head of a grey-haired old man." Whether Togu is the actual location of this particular raid or not, the story is noteworthy as showing what the Daudai bushmen had to put up with.

Even at the present day or rather until very recently the bush people have been subjected to a great deal of annoyance from the Islanders. Parties of the Saibai men were in the habit of coming across and sailing up the

Paho on hunting or so-called trading sold garden stuff and were paid or good to their unwanted visitors, and nearly scared out of them by the brought with them. Much the same was practised further west by the Boi

On the western bank of the mouth the only hill on the coast after you los in the Papuan Gulf, and it is a pleasan after the interminable dark green of t lined coast. The Australian Main Rai now be traced from Tasmania in the eastern margin of Australia through Straits into Mabudauan. This hill is f and sixty to two hundred feet high and i same as Dauan or Cornwallis Island, itse the New Guinea coast by only a comp channel. To the ordinary person M exactly like what it probably is, that is rounded by recent alluvial deposits. T entirely composed of granite, but does large area. Littering the intervening space the yellow sandy beach are huge boulder worn stones. The Paho flows round the h sea on its eastward side between two smal channel is full of great stones and the two i rocky. Stretching away to the west is a stones culminating in another island not fa Point.

This was the site selected for the first Station in the West. In some ways it is d why this was so. The soil is only light, the c thickly populated and the anchorage while good. A vessel drawing six feet has to lie a k for the foreshore is almost dry at low water. channel on the western side, by which if yo

and your ship does not draw too much water and you care to risk turning suddenly at right angles among the rocks, and if some other contingencies do not happen you can enter right into the Paho. On the eastern side there is a fairly straight passage, but it is filled with concealed boulders. On the other hand, it was the first site seen that looked at all suitable. The land was high and dry and above all it was apparently the only place, for Daru, although known, was evidently not considered suitable. In addition, Mabudauan was in a convenient position for checking the raids of the Tugeri pirates from the West. To my mind Marukara Island just opposite would have been a much better place. It is only a small island, but there would have been enough room for the Station with a pleasant sand beach and a deep and secure anchorage. I have always anchored under Marukara and pulled over in the whale-boat to the mainland or up river. It is not always easy, however, to get back in the teeth of a south-east gale. I have had literally to pull for hours and then find the boat carried away miles to leeward until the *Toawara* got up anchor and sailed almost down to Saibai to pick us up.

At first it was believed that the Mabudauan land was not owned by anyone and the Crown took possession of it without more ado. Mr. Cameron, the first Resident Magistrate, had not been long in residence when two sets of claimants put in an appearance. The Mawatta people stated they were the owners of the whole coast-line, and a little later the chief of Dabu said his people owned Mabudauan. I believe the rival claims were disposed of by assembling the parties at the Station and paying both. Many years later I happened to ascertain the actual facts. After the abandonment of Mabudauan by the Government and the removal to Daru, a settler applied for five hundred acres, including the original one, of one hundred and fifty, bought by the Crown. It was necessary,

of course, to purchase the balance. The chief of Mawatta, he who had been the vendor in 1891, also claimed inland. It was not certain where the boundary would run so I brought the Dabu people along with me, and while running the back line the two chiefs pointed out the dividing mark, a certain large tree. The claims of Mawatta were therefore fully admitted by the bushmen.

Paho Island, at the mouth of the river, is much used by the Mawatta people as a temporary camp either while they are on fishing trips or when they go to Mabudauan to make gardens. There is but one part used for houses, that facing the old station site. On the other side facing the sea is a well-known spot with a small rocking stone, and near by a flat stone on the ground evidently covering a hollow. The former is the home of a local devil named Besai, and the stone over the hollow is her drum. When stamped upon it gives forth a muffled echo. When a death occurs at either Mawatta or Turituri you can hear the boom of Besai's drum as the spirit passes Paho, and the rumbling of the rocking-stone near by. Even when the people are camped at Mabudauan they know when somebody has died at home by these sounds in the night. On a rock near the water's edge are four marks made by the ghost of Sido, the great hero of the Kiwai peoples, on his journey to Adiri, and near the highest part of the island is a species of fig tree under which the spirits of the dead weep. I was told that plenty of people had seen spirits here, both men and women, the latter being nearly always nude. I made a slight examination of the place and I am very much inclined to think that Besai's drum is due to the fact that there may be a tunnel running towards the sea which is affected by certain states of the tide. But there is not the slightest doubt that even the most modernised of Mawatta men firmly believe in the passage of the spirits and the beating of the drum of Besai.

Mabudauan, too, has its romances. As a matter of fact there is hardly a prominent landmark or spot on the coast that has not some story or other connected with it. There are many huge granite boulders strewn about, and one in particular was pointed to me as the dwelling of a malicious spirit named Wawa. Dr. G. Landtmann refers to him and the spot thus, "From Wawa's house a narrow path leads to a horizontal slab of rock on which Wawa sharpens his stone axe, as shown by several oblong marks in the rock." Malicious as he is, I hope Wawa is not the personage responsible for the hordes of fleas at Mabudauan when I happened to pitch my camp in the vicinity of his "house," and that they were more prosaically due to some Dabu men who had just left the spot.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EXTREME WEST

Buji—The visit to Dimiri—The Beer tribe—A trading expedition from Mawatta—The Beer murders—Story of Bagi—The Mai Kussa River—Mr. MacFarlane's discovery of gold—Strachan Island—The Dutch boundary—The Morehead River—Morehead people.

LYING opposite the Queensland island of Boigu is the modern village of Buji, situated just a little to the eastward of the mouth of the Mai Kussa River. At no time was Buji ever of any size and it was continually being decimated by the Tugeri, so that it, like most of the other tribes in the vicinity, was reduced to very small numbers. The Reverend James Chalmers is believed to have been the first European who came in touch with these people, and he describes the tribes of the district as Buji, Wasi, Bera, Tabalata, Caima and Uiba. Tabalata, however, is the name of a district, not of a tribe. At the present time Buji is made up of the broken tribes of Madi, Buado, Darp, Waigi, Pado and Wasi, Darp and Buado being practically extinct, although I fancy there is a Darp man at Boigu who was taken over there as a boy for fear of the Tugeri. These remnants of tribes were collected and settled at Buji when a small police post was established there in, I think, 1897 as a means of holding the Tugeri in check. Inside a loopholed stockade were built the houses of the villagers and the quarters of the six constabulary who formed the garrison. The original houses of the Buji were described as being built of saplings bent over and thatched with bark. The stay of the police for several years improved this type of architecture, and all the dwellings are now built on piles and are fairly substantial and seemingly a compromise between the strictly

European and the ordinary communal Darimu type. The yam storehouses are built on the ground.

The people of the district are organised in totem clans, the principal being the Crocodile and the Kangaroo. I have been told that the Raggiana Bird of Paradise is among the totems, but if this is so I fancy it is the only case in New Guinea where it is known. According to Mr. Chalmers sodomy of a ceremonial nature was practised during initiation, and it is not difficult to believe if one takes any note of the appearance of the people.

The duty of the constabulary stationed here was not only to watch the Tugeri, but also to try and get in touch with neighbouring tribes. At the time, of course, very little was known of the country at all, and what exploration had taken place in these western parts had been principally dictated by the necessity of preventing the raids from Dutch New Guinea. In fact, it is not too much to say that the history of the Far West twenty odd years ago was the history of the Tugeri.

A tribe called Dimiri living in the vicinity of the Yaru, the first stream running into the Mai Kussa, was among the first visited by the police. The men of Buji, who were friendly with the Dimiri, suggested the visit and introduced the police. Much in accordance with New Guinea fashion the hosts suggested that it might be a good opportunity of getting rid of their guests. Possibly Buji might have fallen in with the idea, but the constabulary were their only protection against the Tugeri bogey, and accordingly a warning was conveyed to them. The Dimiri attacked in the early morning, but got decidedly the worst of it, losing several men and some prisoners. As they were unable to secure the heads of the police, Dimiri avenged their defeat by immediately raiding a smaller tribe living to the north-east called Ioro. The latter had not done anything in particular to deserve this, but in New Guinea warfare that does

not matter. These Ioro people differ rather considerably from the Buji-Morehead type and more nearly resemble the bushmen of the Paho. It is interesting to note that they possessed a village surrounded by a stockade and loopholed for arrow fire. I have only found three or four references to villages of this kind in Western New Guinea, and I doubt if any exist at the present day.

Eastward of Buji but inland only two tribes are known : Beer, already referred to, and Gaima. They are very similar to the Buji people in appearance, using the same kind of bow, crossbelts and arrows and wearing the pubic shell in the same way, which is entirely different to the method of the East. On the other hand, they are much darker in colour and physically better built. The Buji men seem to succumb to disease very quickly and to have very little stamina. Out of fifteen men who signed on for work in various parts of the Territory not more than four returned home, the others dying from dysentery, beri-beri or pneumonia.

It is within recent years only that the Buji and other tribes have learned to use canoes ; the former have two or three small sailing ones. Previously, I believe, they used rafts to cross streams. In the yam season, those aristocrats of Western Papua, the Mawatta, make trips as far as Buji for trading purposes. But they go up to the Beer tribe as a rule, whom they reach by ascending a small creek some fifteen miles east of Buji and then travelling by road. I happened to be at Mawatta when one such expedition was starting. It was looked upon as a regular picnic ; everyone in the village with the exception of a few old men and women set out in their whole fleet of canoes. The goods taken for barter included old tools, knives, axes, old print dresses, in fact all the rubbish they could find no use for themselves. A stay of three or four days was made at Beer, during which time their hosts fed them. In exchange for all this rubbish palmed off on the un-

sophisticated bushmen they brought back some tons of fine yams and much other miscellaneous gear such as women's dresses, bows, orchid root bags in two or three colours and the so-called Tugeri arrows. These arrows are sold again to Europeans in New Guinea or, by way of the Torres Straits Islanders, reach Thursday Island, where they are disposed of to curio-hunting tourists. The Buji and Wassi Kussa people carry on some trade with Boigu, selling belts and boars' tusks and manufactured stone clubs, although on the Wassi Kussa I was told that the stone for clubs was obtained from Boigu and Dauan.

The first trip I made to Buji was in the height of the south-east season in the old *Toawara*. At the time there had been a number of deaths from a somewhat mysterious disease variously considered to be beri-beri, "wasting disease with acute cardiac failure," and pneumonia. In addition a little later there had been the mysterious alleged murders of two Beer women, which wanted looking into. They were supposed to have been shot with arrows and then beheaded. The blame was laid upon the Babiri tribe—everybody living between Buji and the boundary is called Babiri locally unless called Tugeri—because a small party of Morehead people were camped on the Mai Kussa at the time and a Morehead head-knife had been picked up on the road. The blame in particular was laid on a Sanana man called Bagi. Bagi's history is rather interesting. He is the last, or one of the last, surviving members of his tribe which had been exterminated by the Tugeri. On the establishment of Buji Station, Sir William MacGregor brought him there as a lad, and he subsequently was taken on to Daru to learn English and Kiwai. With his knowledge of the languages right up to the boundary Bagi was in great demand as an interpreter and go-between. For some years he lived at Buji and married a Buji woman. The epidemic mentioned above swept away his wife and children and he returned to his friends

on the Morehead, where incidentally he acquired another wife.

I spent nearly two days trying to find out something definite about the murders. One man had been told by another, who was since dead, that he saw Bagi and the Babiri shoot the women one night. Another man said it was too dark to see. The father of one of the women said he knew nothing at all about the matter. Somebody else had a dream about the affair until in the end I began to wonder whether there had ever been any Beer women at all. One thing, however, all were agreed upon and that was that, if the Babiri had killed the women, it was in payment for the deaths of Bagi's wife and children who, it was to be presumed, were dead by means of Beer sorcery. As far as I was concerned the only thing to be done was to go up the Morehead and get hold of Bagi. Rather unfairly, I suppose, I asked him the direct question. He gave me a very plausible explanation: "My wife died, my children died from the sickness and I too would have died. I came away from Buji and therefore the Buji people are wild and have spoken my name." As no information could be obtained on the Morehead, perforce the matter had to be dropped. As a matter of fact there were later on some good grounds for supposing that Bagi and his friends did actually kill the women, but no evidence could be obtained that it was worth while arresting them on, and Bagi still continues to act as guide, interpreter and friend to those travelling in the Far West.

About a mile to the west of Buji is the mouth of the Mai Kussa River. The two so-called rivers, the Mai Kussa and the Wassi Kussa, are really two large arms of the sea embracing an island of considerable size, now called Strachan Island, after Captain Strachan who visited the delta in 1885. Into these two rivers, for it is perhaps convenient to call them so, flows a large number of streams, some of quite a large size and one or two of them have

been ascended for some distance. The word "Kussa," by the way, is not a Papuan one at all, but, I believe, comes from either Saibai or Boigu, nor are these names the correct native ones. The Mai Kussa is called the Toji and the Wassi Kussa the Bauda, but as the former names have passed into general use it is better to retain them. The Rev. S. MacFarlane and Dr. Stone were the first to enter the Mai Kussa, which they explored in the Mission steamer *Ellangowan* in 1875 and which they claimed to have ascended for ninety-one miles. Guido Coro's map published three years later and another map published in 1885 shows it as entering the Fly near D'Albertis Island. Mr. MacFarlane named the Mai Kussa the "Baxter," and the party brought back some very typical New Guinea travellers' stories, among which was a report of a bird measuring twenty-two feet between the tips of the wings. Mr. MacFarlane also brought back with him news of a very startling discovery, of which I give an extract from the *Brisbane Courier*. "He would tell them something that they did not write about at the time and that was that the missionaries discovered gold there (on the Mai Kussa) in 1875. He was not such a fool as to write about the matter or there would have been a rush of people. . . . He knew a place where a nugget had been picked up on the beach, but he did not know where it came from. . . . He would not be surprised to find that if gold were ever discovered in New Guinea it would be on the Gulf. There was in that vicinity a spot about two days' journey from Katou (i.e. Mawatta) which had never yet been visited by white men in which it was possible there might be gold." As far as I have been able to discover, none of the country around Strachan Island appears auriferous and no trace of the gold has yet been found. Certainly Mr. A. H. Jear reported having discovered a faint colour in a small creek leading into a tributary of the Wassi Kussa, but it may have been pyrites or even mica. Whenever I

have been in the district I have endeavoured to trace, without success, the spot where the colour was found and I have not discovered the faintest sign of the mineral. One hardly expects to find gold in such country as exists south of the Fly.

Captain Strachan made some exploration round this delta in 1885, but his distances, like those of the previous explorers, are, I think, greatly exaggerated. The affluents of the Wassi and Mai Kussa are very tortuous and numerous, many of them leading into each other which would easily account for any confusion in distance. The two large rivers are salt all through, but the smaller streams are fresh at low tide.

Strachan Island is fairly well raised above the sea and contains some open grassed country. It is absolutely uninhabited at the present day, the whole population having been destroyed by the Tugeri, except the few who have now settled at Buji. As on most of the water-ways in this district, there is an abundance of game and bird life. Sailing out of the Wassi Kussa on one occasion we started up black duck in thousands while the mangrove on the beach was simply alive with fat young birds. Birds are equally plentiful, if you happen to be walking across from Buji to the banks of the Mai Kussa.

It is a good run in the south-east from Buji to the Dutch boundary, although being in a rather deep draught ketch I had to stand out to sea a long way. The coast is all very flat and even and particularly uninviting. There are no deep bays or indentations and only one river of any size coming into the sea. The prevailing feature of the country is flatness and the prevailing vegetation mangrove. Occasionally at long intervals a few small clumps of coconuts may be seen, planted probably by fishing parties from the bush. I know of one or two such places where the Morehead people come down to gather shells and fish. The whole coast is devoid of population, and



FAMILY PARTY ON THE MOREHEAD

The man, of course, never moves even to his garden without his arms. The wife follows, carrying the basket peculiar to the district, which is topped by the baby.

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I do not think that this is due entirely to Tugeri raids. It is simply that the country is too inhospitable to support any. At low water the foreshore is dry, in some places for five or six miles to seaward, a mixture of coral, sand, and mud. At this season the navigation is very unpleasant, not to say dangerous. The waters are shallow, there is absolutely no shelter and the tides are very irregular. There is one full tide in the twenty-four hours and a half tide only in the interval. The flood seems to run westward during the first half of its course and the process is then reversed.

The westernmost boundary of British New Guinea had been fixed at 141° E. Long. There is no record of this part of New Guinea having been visited since Tasman cruised off Merau River until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Dutch Government sent the man-of-war *Batavia* to the locality, and some years later the Dutch patrol boat *Java* came along searching for a tree which had been marked by the *Batavia*. The incursions of the Tugeri into British territory had rendered it necessary that some definite coast boundary should be fixed and a joint commission of Dutch and British officers was arranged to settle the matter.

There was a small creek now called Java Creek in close proximity to the boundary, but the coast was swampy and a landing unsuitable. A short distance to the west on the British side was found a large fresh-water river, which received the name of Bensbach, after the Dutch Resident of Ternate. The middle of the stream calculated to be $141^{\circ} 1' 48''$ E. Long., and $90^{\circ} 7' 85''$ S. Lat., was fixed as the commencement of the boundary which was to run due north until it met the Fly and then following the course of that river which turned into Dutch territory, until its return into British, when again the line runs due north to the point of junction of British, Dutch and former German boundaries on the fifth degree of south latitude,

This arrangement gave a narrow strip of British territory to the Netherlands, but placed the whole course of the Fly within the boundaries of the colony. On the coast there was no mistaking this point of demarcation. The mouth of the Bensbach is about 150 yards wide, and the river itself was regarded as uninhabited and passing through poor mangrove country. As a matter of fact the Bensbach (its native name is Turas) is navigable for considerably over eighty miles and at that point carries a depth of five fathoms. For some distance there is certainly no population, but the reason is that the natives for some cause unknown to me regard the river as bewitched and never travel down it. Even the Tugeri never used the Bensbach as a highway. They invariably went overland to the Morehead or reached the sea west of the Bensbach and travelled east along the coast.

I have already referred to a large river entering the sea at Heath Bay. This is known as the Morehead (Baiamkad). Across the mouth is a deep stretch of sandbank and the channel through these banks is extremely devious. One can only attempt to take a sailing boat in with some risk, especially when it is blowing a howling south-east gale. I was forced therefore to anchor the *Toawara* about six miles out to sea and run in with the whaler. For some miles up the banks of the river are low, wet and covered with mangrove forest. After thirty miles there are intermittent patches of dry ground and long fringes of swamp and swamp grass. Further up the banks are consistently higher. There are large plateaux of short grass-land that might be suitable for cattle, but I am inclined to think that the whole of the river banks are far too wet. After one leaves the mangrove behind the river, however, presents a really picturesque and beautiful appearance with long stretches of park-like lands and forests of eucalyptus and ti tree. Pulling up stream I saw numbers of crocodiles, and they appear to be fierce and daring. One

rose up right alongside the whaler and made a vicious snap at the coxswain, who nearly fell overboard on the other side in his fright. During our halts the police amused themselves with fishing for cat fish which abound and hunting for cuscus, of which I saw two varieties, a yellow and white, and a brown. Both are common in New Guinea, and here as elsewhere the natives use the skins as head fillets and arm streamers.

The population now left on the Morehead is very scanty indeed, considering the fertility of the district. What may have been once fairly large tribes are broken and scattered. Some are extinct altogether. And this state of affairs has been almost entirely due to the raids of the Tugeri, who appeared to have looked upon British territory as their peculiar territory for obtaining heads and slaves as well as providing them with excellent hunting.

The people are rather inclined to be light skinned and in the main are well built, but at one village called Tonda, which is made up of a mixture of various tribes, I noticed the men were anything but physically fit. In fact, they were mostly a set of weeds. Their hair is worn in long ringlets rolled up with mud or grease or wild honey and lengthened with tags of sedge or fibre until it hangs down over the shoulders. They make very good crossbelts of fibre, which are sewn with Job's tears and attractive head ornaments and necklaces of wallaby teeth. The septum of the nose and the nostrils are pierced and ornaments of various kinds are inserted and the lobes of the ear are treated in the same manner. The favourite ornament of all seems to be a piece of dried pigskin painted red on one side and hung round the neck or inserted in the ear. The men are either naked or wear a very large pubic shell, usually a *fusus* or *triton*, and tied round the waist with a cord, the head only of the member being drawn under the shell, which is a receptacle not a covering. Its use is more like that of the Dutch New Guinea penis gourd than

the groin shell of the Fly and Bamu. The women wear a petticoat of bark strips usually uncoloured and reaching to the knee, which is quite different to the petticoat of the Fly.

The houses are poor and built on the ground. Many of them, however, being mere hunting camps are not intended to be anything more than shelters. At one village called Tugaribio some years ago a very curious structure was seen. "In the centre of the village," says the Report, "and stretching for sixty yards from side to side was an erection of bamboo and light timber rising gradually from the ground at either end to an apex sixty feet high at the centre. It was openwork throughout except along the top, which to a great extent was covered in by the bamboo crosspieces, being placed close together affording a footway over it. The inside was divided into four distinct divisions by openwork partitions carried from the bottom to the top." It was ascertained that this structure was a frame for hanging yams and food upon at a feast.

CHAPTER IX

THE EXTREME WEST

(continued)

The Tugeri pirates—The peace token sent to Daru—Description of the Tugeri—Overland from the Wassi Kussa—Tabaram district—Fight at Pongaliki—Manioc cultivation—Tobacco cultivation—The western bamboo bows—Tugeri arrows—Crossing the Morehead—The tribes of the Bensbach.

CONTINUAL reference has been made to the Tugeri (to use their popular name) and it is necessary to give a brief description of their connection with Papua, more especially as there are at least two villages of them now known to be British subjects. Their principal and most numerous settlements, however, are in Dutch territory, but annually they despatched parties of several hundred men on head-hunting raids across our boundary. Their usual course was to follow along the coast during the calm north-west season travelling in long, clumsy, dug-out canoes propelled by poles. Then they canoed up the Morehead or travelled still further west to the Strachan Island Delta or even further east to Boigu, Saibai or Mawatta, returning home before the commencement of the south-east monsoon. In 1885, Captain Strachan was attacked in the Wassi Kussa by a force which he estimated to be over a thousand strong and he had great difficulty in beating it off. Next year they travelled as far as Mawatta and killed a European living there, but the Mawatta people put up a good fight and beat them back. In 1892 they again travelled east as far as Mabudauan, but by this time there was a Government Station at this point. The Tugeri landed there, but some early riser gave the alarm and the raiding force fled to the West. Four years later for the first time the con-

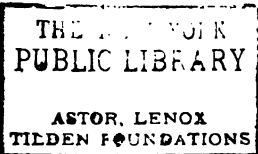
stabulary succeeded in catching the Tugeri in British territory, and on a rocky beach among the mangroves of the Wassi Kussa broke up the raiding force and inflicted some heavy loss on it. The Buji people still point out the place with great pride. This defeat demoralised the Tugeri for some time and they kept quiet for a year. Next year, however, they were again raiding on the Morehead. Early in 1900 the Resident Magistrate received through the police detachment stationed at Buji a peace message sent "from a Tugeri chief to the Governor of Daru." It consisted of a broken arrow passed through one of their peculiar nose ornaments. This message reached Buji through a hitherto unknown district called Tabaram, which was friendly with the Toro, by whom it was sent, a tribe living on the Bensbach and closely related to, if not actually, Tugeri themselves.

In the meantime some negotiations were going on with the Dutch Government regarding measures to stop these raids and compensation to the unfortunate Morehead people. In the middle of the discussion, a small body of Daru police cruising round the Morehead in the whaler were attacked one night by a large force of Tugeri. There were but six police, but they fought desperately. Arrows rattled into the whaler, pierced the rudder and stuck in the planking like a pin-cushion. Constable Kiau found his Snider jammed, and having no bayonet thrust forward with the muzzle into the chest of an adversary so that it became choked with flesh. Constable Peradi used the butt with effect, and eventually the Tugeri fled leaving among their gear three heads of some Morehead people which had been partially smoke-dried doubtless with a view to preservation. The R.M., Mr. Murray, recommended all these men for a special reward for their gallantry, but I am not aware that they ever received any. By the way, it was in connection with these Tugeri raids that the first and only issue of a New Guinea service



A TABARAM GIRL WITH A GRASS PETTICOAT

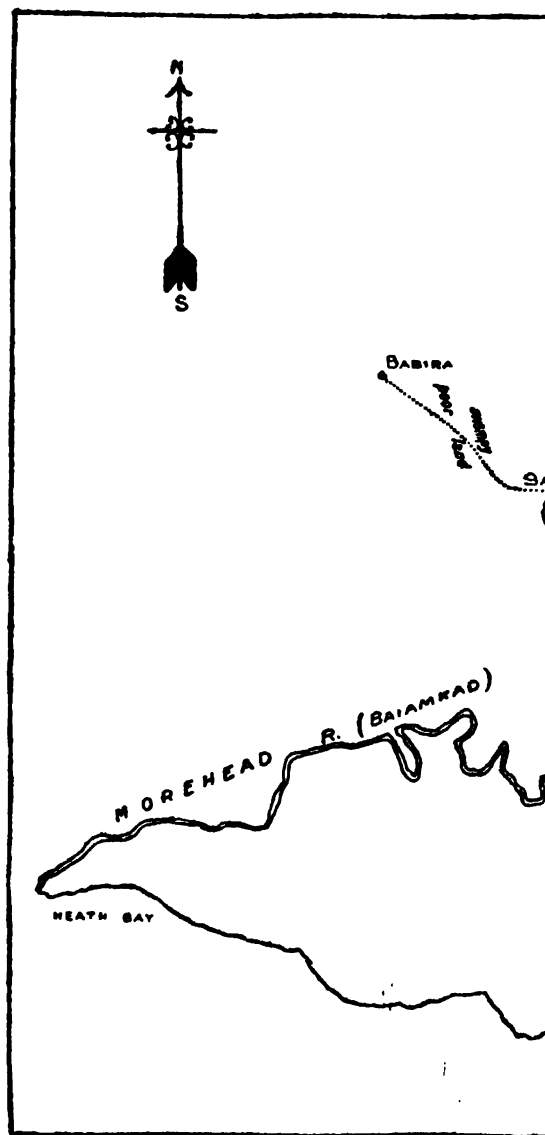
The women of this tribe are reputed to be skilful archers, and as adept at handling the big bamboo bows as their menkind. As in several other Papuan tribes, the women at times accompany their men to the fight.

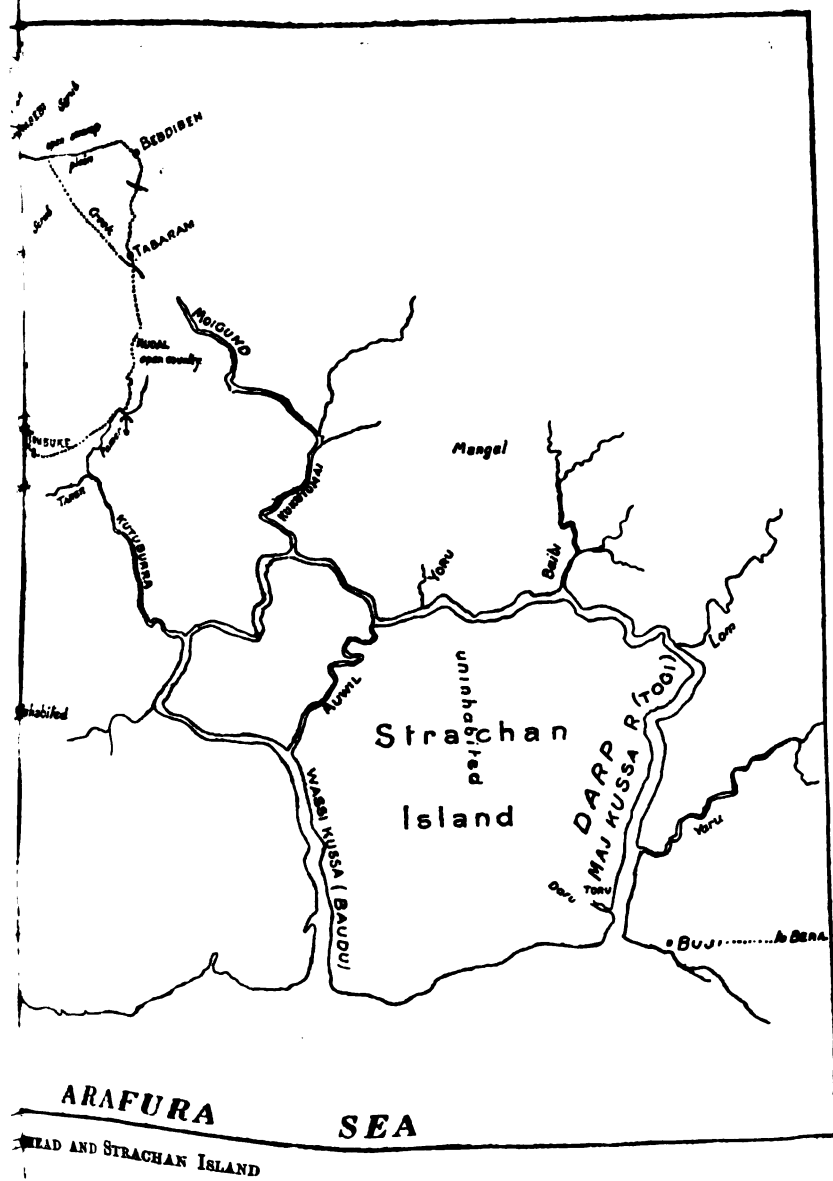


medal was struck. Captain Butterworth and Sergeant Sefa were the recipients, but the medal was disallowed by the Secretary of State. Over twenty-two Morehead people were killed on this last raid and two lads were taken away as captives. The sum of £150 was a little later received from the Dutch Government as compensation and it was distributed among the various tribes concerned.

With the exception of one last attack on the Morehead, which was repulsed by the tribes themselves, the Tugeri made no more raids on British territory, and indeed they now make frequent friendly visits as far east as Buji to join in feasts and dances, where I have occasionally met them. Nevertheless the people of Boigu and Saibai annually fall into wild convulsions of alarm at the sight of a canoe along the coast or a fire on the mainland and drag the Daru officers, myself among others, down on a groundless and abortive errand of protection.

In physical type the Tugeri are quite equal to the best of the Western tribes, such as Wabada or Goaribari, but they are a light brown in colour. They wear their hair lengthened out with tags finished off into a ball or plaited to form a kind of ruff round the neck. Typical of the tribe is the method of piercing and ornamenting the nostrils with claws of the cassowary or eagle and bones or feathers, thus giving the whole countenance a particularly ferocious appearance. They invariably travelled along the coasts or rivers in long ten-men canoes without outriggers and used poles made of the midrib of the sago. On their expeditions they carried a small supply of sago and arrow-root, but they lived mostly on game and on the country they raided. The whole of the raiding route is covered with the remains of old camps, which were long shelters of bamboo roofed with ti tree bark. The Tugeri seem to have a custom that I have not met elsewhere in Papua, and that is, instead of cleaning the skulls of their enemies,





they carefully smoke-dry the whole head, extracting the brain and soft matter through a hole in the occiput. Sir William MacGregor noted having found a smoke-dried human tongue. Another practice not known elsewhere is the custom of taking captives. These were always young children, and they were, as far as is known, well treated and brought up as members of the tribe. For instance, two members of the Pirara tribe, who had been taken away years ago as lads, were recovered from the Kondua section of Tugeri and returned to their homes on the Morehead, where their arrival brought the surviving numbers of the tribe to five. Runaway carriers in the old Northern Division used to be caught by the Orokaivas and held as slaves to work in the gardens for a month or two before they were handed over to the police, and occasionally some would be allowed to settle altogether, but nothing actually approaching the Tugeri custom is known.

A year or so ago I made a trip across the interior of the district lying between the head of the Mai Kussa and the Bensbach, travelling west in a line about forty miles from the sea, much of it through new country. At Buji we picked up an interpreter called Awati—I was not able to get hold of the useful Bagi until reaching the Morehead—and for the convenience of others I might remark that Awati, while he understands English and Kiwai, is far too given to relapse into a condition of languid boredom to make either a good interpreter or guide. Nor should I say that he is strictly truthful. We spent a few days travelling round the water-ways surrounding Strachan Island and the rivers running into these two big arms of the sea, but the country was not interesting, most of it being low with occasional clay banks. Then due north of the Wassi Kussa we turned up a large tributary called the Kutuburra, and at some distance up this stream the river threw off two branches. Travelling up the right-hand one we were soon hailed by a naked ring-

leted individual who remarked that here was the landing place for Tabaram.

We spent a week in the district and among the villages lying between the Wassi Kussa and the Morehead, and I ascertained for certain that the whole country between the Tabaram district and sea is absolutely uninhabited and that this uninhabited area extends far westward across the Morehead. As a matter of fact the country is unsuited for habitation and the population all lies far inland. These Tabaram people were first met about 1900 and came into prominence by a sanguinary raid on the Boiboi. The Buji police went up to their villages, but were forced to retire with some of their number wounded. A patrol then went up from Daru. Outside one of the villages was a large cleared space which had been used as a dancing ground in celebration of the raid on Boiboi and the heads of those killed were placed round its boundaries. At either Pongaliki or Deredere practically the whole collected fighting force of the district met the constabulary and commenced pouring in showers of arrows from the scrub and from each house in the village. Heavy volleys silenced the fire from the bush, but the arrows still came from the houses. To the surprise and dismay of the officer in command it was found that the garrisons of the houses contained almost as many women as men and they were using the bow as capably as their husbands. One woman came to the door of a house and deliberately drew an arrow on the police sergeant.

This is one of the few known instances where women take part in the actual fighting, although on the Kumusi in the North they accompany the men to the attack and act as spare spear-bearers, and on Kiwai they follow their husbands with a kind of wooden sword.

However, our reception in the district was tumultuously hospitable. As we entered, the people rushed to cut banana leaves and place them on the ground for the

baggage and ourselves. Like all bush villages they were scrupulously clean. Instead of all the houses being built together in a street or single group, each house or group of two or three houses was kept separate, surrounded by a neat garden of bananas or yams and in many cases carefully fenced in. In fact, to find one's way through a village of any size became rather like wandering through a small maze. Village sites naturally were always selected for the fertility of the soil, the general type of country being poor and lightly timbered with ti tree, stunted she-oak and bloodwood. There are large patches of open country covered with sour grass and large numbers of pitcher plants and sundew, both an indication of poor soil. Planting land seems rather limited, but what there is is very good indeed and seems to run along very low undulating country. All round the villages the land is thickly planted with yams, bananas, and manioc. The presence of the latter throughout the whole district from Buji to the boundary was rather a puzzle to me, as manioc is not a plant indigenous to New Guinea. I discovered, however, it had been first introduced from either Boigu or Saibai to Buji, and from Buji it has spread until it is now one of the staple crops. Papuans do not as a rule adopt a foreign food so readily, for they are very conservative in this respect.

The houses are built of saplings laid lengthwise on the ground and range up to twenty-four feet in length. The roof of ti tree bark is what is known as the inverted boat shape and projects in front to a point, forming a verandah about three feet wide. Each family or group of related families lives in its own house and there does not appear to be any arbitrary arrangement whereby the men occupy one group of houses and the women and children another. I might add that the whole of the district and as far west as the Dutch border has been untouched by outside influences.

A very interesting feature is the skilful cultivation of tobacco, which is of fine quality although the larger leaves become coarse and ribbed. Every village contains many beds of the plant, old house sites being selected for the purpose, possibly because of the well-manured soil. The walls are removed before planting and the plot is well dug and mixed with ashes. The roof is left. As the seedlings become stronger the roof is gradually removed until only the frame remains. The leaves are collected and dried in the sun and in the houses; they are then packed in plaited rolls, ranging up to six feet or so in length.

Travelling west we passed through Pongaliki and Dembebi, where our guides took some pride in pointing out the bullet marks in the trees made at the time of the fight with the police. Just here was a big chain of lagoons with many acacias. At Mata, a large village which was hitherto quite unknown, our arrival created some little excitement, the people yelling out, "The devils have come." The local word for devil and white man is evidently the same, or it may be inferred that the local devils are white in colour. By my reckoning we were only a few miles from the Morehead at a point about eighty miles from its mouth, but no inducement and no pressure could produce anyone who professed the slightest knowledge of anything or anywhere north or west of the village. Perforce we had to turn south-west.

The bamboo bows of this district are the most powerful I have seen anywhere in New Guinea and are about seven feet long. The string is a flexible slip of bamboo and the weapon is strung by holding on the ground with the great toe that end of the bamboo which used to grow in the ground. It must take considerable strength or perhaps knack either to string one of these great bows or draw an arrow to its head. I could do neither. At Ponju, a village to the south, I saw Tukom, a well-built savage, at

a distance of fifty yards drive a bone-tipped arrow right into the heart of a four-feet ti tree.

There is a variety of arrow which is only to be found in this district and which is the most ornamental and best finished I have seen in New Guinea. About five feet long it consists of a reed shaft painted alternately in red and black with a design of scrolls and leaf patterns. The tip is of white cassowary bone and fastened to the shaft by a lashing of hibiscus fibre or ti tree bark, the whole covered with a white cement made of what looks like lime. These bone tips are most formidable and can produce a dangerous wound. Some are broad-bladed, tapering to a sharp point. Others are cut into fantastic barbs and spikes. Other tips again consist of a single cassowary claw with a spike made of bone turned in the opposite direction. These are primarily war arrows, but they are nowadays made for a more prosaic use, trade. The natives manufacture very good drums too, painting them like their face in red and white, and the ornamentation consists of raised bands and raised triangles, ending in spirals. Most of the drum heads are made of wallaby skin.

The dead are buried outside the villages and raw yams and the weapons or digging stick and roasting tongs of the deceased are placed on the grave. The spirit goes up into the air. It is interesting to note that the dog here also has a spirit and apparently accompanies his master to the hunt in the place of the dead.

In dress and appearance both men and women resemble very much the Tugeri and Morehead peoples. Several of the men had their tagged hair eked out with strings of artificial hair hanging down to the waist, but I saw no girls similarly adorned. Like the Tugeri and Morehead men, they pierce the nostrils, and claws or bones are stuck through the holes. In a few instances a string decorated with Job's tears led from each nostril through the ear lobe and was tied round the neck.

Travelling south from Mata we passed through nothing but poor dry country. It was certainly the dry season and water was very scarce ; but there is no doubt that just as the country is parched up in the dry, so it is one vast swamp in the wet season.

There is a great deal of country which is termed " devil devil " in the Northern Territory, and, in fact, the whole bush with its light scrub and thousands of white ant heaps, and its bird life, reminds one forcibly of Northern Australia, and is as little like a tropical jungle as one can conceive.

Suddenly coming out on to a fertile garden patch we met a typical New Guinea family party from the Morehead. The husband was walking on ahead followed by his dogs and carrying nothing but his heavy bow and bundle of arrows and with his gauntlet of sago spathe on his left arm, so that he was ready to fight or shoot game at the shortest possible notice. Behind walked the wife, her big conical-shaped basket hanging from her forehead and the baby straddled across her shoulders.

A number of chiefs and old men accompanied me on this trip from village to village striding along in front, each old fellow playing what was doubtless intended to be a tune on the Pan's pipes. I have been in many queer situations in New Guinea, but this was the first time that I have marched preceded by a special band.

We came out on to the Morehead in the middle of the big loop where Tonda is built, where I met Bagi and several other men I knew personally. The only way to cross the river was by using a very worm-eaten old dug-out canoe which had been captured from the Tugeri. We got the party over and camped on the western bank near a prawn catching and hunting camp of the Saluam tribe, a fine well-built lot, almost a light yellow in colour, but not otherwise differing materially from the other Morehead tribes. I noticed these people in possession of quite an

amount of trade goods, such as beads, straw hats and prints which I knew could not have come through any British source. On enquiry I found that these goods had reached them by trading with the Tugeri, with whom they were now on very friendly terms.

On the western side of the Morehead are many park-like glades and open plains with short grass, seamed with innumerable creeks and simply alive with game and waterfowl, duck, shag, cranes and ibis. After leaving this pleasant region we travelled north-west towards the Bensbach over dry wind-swept undulating plains.

About seventy or eighty miles up the Bensbach, which trends so much to the eastward that it comes within a comparatively short distance of the Morehead, are situated the villages of the Toro people who, with the allied villages of Kua and Tord, might be termed semi-Tugeri. They are closely related to both the Tabaram tribes and the Tugeri themselves. I might state that I do not think that the former were ever subjected to Tugeri raids. From Toro it is about three days' march through poor, uninhabited open country to the boundary where a little on the British side are two villages of Tugeri, Bau and Kondugara, each of a couple of hundred people, and just across where the border was reckoned to be is a large village, Kondua. The reception of the police might be termed friendly, but there was a distinct endeavour to entice the party inside the houses by offering them women, for none of the tribes from Tabaram westward are regardful of the chastity of their women, but there is some reason to suspect that treachery was intended. A feature of the men, who resembled the Tabaram and Morehead folk, was the wearing of certain parts only to be taken from the male. Evidently the Tugeri, like many, if not all, of the tribes in the Western Division, mutilate the dead.



BABIRI MAN FROM NEAR DUTCH BOUNDARY

The pubic shell in this district is worn in different fashion to that of the Fly and the Bamu insomuch that it is a receptacle and not a covering.

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CHAPTER X

THE FLY RIVER

The discovery of the Fly by Blackwood—Various early explorations—Description of the lower river—The islands—The lower villages—Tirio—Sorcery—Sorcerers—Baii the sorcerer of the Gulf—A coconut dance—Baramura village—The raid by the mission teacher—Attack on the police—Customs with regard to women.

“THE coast was quite flat with a great line of coconuts and other palms running along the beach which appeared to be sandy. Several large openings or gaps in the shore were remarked, up the widest of which no land could be seen from the masthead. . . . When immediately opposite the great opening seen this morning we found the water alongside the ship during the ebb tide very muddy, and on dipping some up and tasting it it was found to be only slightly brackish, just enough to be unpleasant to drink. This was at a distance of ten miles from the shore, and confirmed us in the opinion that this must be the mouth of a large river.” Such is the description given by Mr. Jukes of the discovery of the Fly River by Captain Blackwood, of H.M.S. *Fly*, in 1842. Captain Blackwood was engaged in a survey of Torres Straits and the neighbouring waters with the *Fly* and two smaller craft, the *Prince George* and the *Midge*. He first attempted to land on Bristow Island, and three days later was cruising off the mouth of the river, which he notes as “shoaly.” It is a forbidding entrance and it is evident that Blackwood did not appreciate fully the extent of his discovery, for he mistook the large numbers of islands and channels as simply indentations of the coast. The sea breaks heavily across the forty-mile wide estuary, and the passages through the countless sandbanks are narrow and difficult to find. The banks extend seaward for miles

on which big rollers hurl themselves, while the sea is discoloured for a great distance by the outpour of muddy water. Blackwood pulled in towards one of the islands in his boats and landed, but retreated owing to the approach of a large number of natives.

The first actual proof that the Fly was a river was not obtained until 1876, when Messrs. MacFarlane, D'Albertis and Chester, in the steamer *Ellangowan*, explored the stream for some distance, but even then confused by the numerous islands they were doubtful whether the channels all formed part of the same river.

For many years, even till the present time, the Fly was regarded as a mysterious region in which anything might be found. Monkeys, rhinoceri and buffalo have been among the least of the marvels. Tailed men and men who were joined together in pairs (it is noteworthy that the two mothers of Sido, the great Kiwai hero, were in the legend joined together) were to be found there, and after all it is to be expected that something beyond just ordinary "New Guinea" should be discovered in its six-hundred-odd-mile course.

Mr. MacFarlane mentioned the natives as being armed with helmets, shields and armlets. The helmet is, of course, the white peaked fighting head-dress, arched with white cockatoo feathers; the armlet is the bow gauntlet, but the shield I cannot account for. No bowmen in these parts use the shield, but it probably refers to one of the carved wooden "gopes" or screens being waved, such as I have seen in the Aird River.

Mr. MacFarlane's trip was not altogether a peaceful one, nor was that of D'Albertis in the launch *Neva* next year, although in the majority of cases the natives came off waving green boughs, the sign of peace. MacFarlane, however, proved that the Fly was something more than a good navigable river, and that there is no good land within two hundred miles of the mouth; but, on the

other hand, he stated that there is a thick population of mixed Malay and Papuan type, thinking like D'Albertis that the lighter skinned people of the interior were certain evidence of the mixture. The Malay element may be entirely eliminated, and I do not think there is the slightest doubt that the population of the Fly as well as the whole population of the West is Papuan in the strictest sense of the word.

Mr. MacFarlane can be regarded as the first explorer of the Fly ; but he himself seems to disclaim the honour, for he came to the conclusion that before he entered the river there must have been many shipwrecked sailors cast away in these waters whose heads have long since rotted in the Darimus (Man Houses). There are strong currents which sweep through the Gulf of Papua, and, apart from them, the dangerous navigation off the estuary must have wrecked many a ship. Even now mysterious and untraceable wreckage occasionally floats ashore in the river.

The two subsequent expeditions of Signor D'Albertis and the expedition of Captain Everill in the *Bonito*, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, which travelled up the large branch of the Fly known as the Strickland, were the only explorations undertaken until Sir William MacGregor ascended the river for some six hundred miles in 1891 or 1892 ; but exploration was confined in the estuary almost entirely to the western side, and the eastern bank was untouched for many years.

Roughly, the Fly is about forty miles across at its estuary and even sixty miles up the river it is miles across. Through this great mouth there is a series of ever-changing islands split into two distinct portions by the great mass of Kiwai, and again on the western side by the large island of Mibu. Mibu must have originally been a small sandbank, for almost in its centre is a patch of sand some sixty acres in extent and excellent coconut ground ; round this sandbank mud and mangrove collected until the whole

island attained its present size. It is thickly planted with coconuts, even the mud, and the Sumai people once owned large gardens on it. Practically all the islands have been formed in the same way, and almost daily you can see them in the making or being washed away—islands which will some day dissolve into banks, and banks which will equally attract floating timber and mud and eventually become islands. I think it was on Abaura, one of the great Kiwai fishing grounds, that there was once found deeply imbedded in the centre some wreckage of an ancient ship, clearly showing how the island grew. This mass of islands extends right up the river until one reaches what might be called clear water, that is, when you can see the banks on either side.

There is nothing beautiful or attractive about the lower reaches of the Fly. Nipa and mangrove are the prominent features with mud thrown in, and scenery is conspicuous by its absence. A trip in a sailing vessel is depressing enough. Unless the wind is fair, you simply have to depend on the tides—the river is tidal for a couple of hundred miles—and it is quite impossible to make headway against them. Beating down-stream on a falling tide you can raise some mild excitement in wondering whether you are going to remain on a bank until next flood or if you are going to hit the only reef in the western channel. All navigation is by the lead, for the water is too muddy to notice any shallows. The south-east trade wind raises a very heavy sea, although I have heard many sceptical remarks about getting bad weather inside a “river”; but when the wind and tide are running against each other and it happens to be blowing hard, I have had as bad weather in the Fly as I ever wish to meet in a small craft.

On the lower western bank there are but three villages of any size, each of the single Long House type, all peaceful and none particularly interesting. All the inhabitants are black and ringleted and perhaps less afflicted with civilisa-

tion than their neighbours opposite at Kiwai. In the bush are many small packs of natives, mostly nomads. Now and again they send out messages to you that they are not afraid of the police. "Come in and fight, your guns are only sticks made to frighten us," is the burden of their cry, and when you have tramped for hours through some beastly swamp you find a couple of shelters like dog kennels, whose owners have fled in abject terror long before your approach. As a matter of fact the river folk are intensely afraid of the sorcery of the bushmen and invariably describe them as "big" fighting people.

Further up the western side is the village of Tirio, which at one time possessed the double distinction of having the largest house and the most powerful sorcerers in the Fly. When I first went there in 1908 the whole of the clans in the tribe were living under one roof over six hundred feet long. A couple of years later Tirio was living in two Long Houses very much smaller and about half a mile apart. I did not find out any particular reason for this change except that old Tirio had been abandoned on account of some epidemic resulting in a number of deaths. Infinite trouble has been caused by Tirio sorcery. Sumai, a powerful Kiwai village living just across the river, was trembling at Tirio black art. Spells were even cast upon the various magistrates, though without much effect I am afraid.

It has been stated so many times that sorcery is the biggest curse of native life that it seems almost unnecessary to repeat it. Most of the sorcerers, if not all, are old men and in many cases work upon the credulity of the village for their own gain. If a man wants a love charm, he goes to the sorcerer; if he wants to get rid of an enemy, he goes to him likewise, and of course he has to pay for what he wants. The mere suggestion that he has been bewitched is often enough to kill the victim, although I do not mean that every death is brought about by auto-suggestion only.

The Rev. Mr. Chalmers stated definitely that the poison is given secretly, but what the effect is is impossible to say. Among the Orokaiva I have known actual cases where sorcery has undoubtedly been given, but I have not been able to see any real something. For instance, there is a charm which is applied to the lips of the victim which has the effect of rendering the victim unconscious. On waking he licks his lips and swallows the poison and death in a few days. There is another charm which is also placed in the open mouth during the involuntary motion of swallowing and is absorbed. A sorcerer's outfit as a rule consists of pig's bristles (sometimes human ones), pig's bristles and human hair which for some reason may be credited with magical powers. Of course it must be remembered that in any specific case that the sorcerer may be acting for his own ends. He may have also his own ends to serve. Sorcery is worked primarily by obtaining any part of the body such as a lock of his hair, the pieces of his scraps of his food. That is why a native is so carefully careful about their disposal, especially when he is not too sure about.

Having obtained something connected with the person about to be bewitched, the rest is easy. If a man has trodden on and left a recen (recen?) used. A little later a man touches something or smokes something in the fire and a whisper goes round and he regards the person as dead. If the entrails of an animal, such as a pig, are removed and the charm placed inside a piece of the person to be bewitched; he will die. In a case at Kubira (on Kiwai) where a man was charged with the offence. He had forgotten what, he "puri-puri" (puri-puri?) placing some of his charms, in this case

bones, in a spot where the lad would step on them. As a matter of fact, the latter was seriously ill when I saw him, complaining of severe abdominal pains, but a sentence of six months in gaol for the sorcerer had a wonderfully curative effect.

Equally, of course, the sorcerer may be employed to cure as well as kill. It is possible there may be actual healing, but in most cases the cure seems to consist of a little sleight of hand in juggling stones, sticks, and even wallaby skins, from the sick person's body as the cause of the ill.

Charms may be worked by breathing on leaves or stones or by using things such as plants which, according to native ideas, have qualities inherent in themselves. Nor is malignant sorcery always applied to persons. It may be equally well applied to prevent gardens producing a good crop or to prevent the fishing being successful. And quite apart from black sorcery there is another kind which is harmless enough in its way and to interfere with which means interference with the ordinary village life. A garden charm, to help the crops, does no harm. A wind-bringer, a rain-maker, a sea-calmer, a charmer of turtle or dugong, are all proper enough and work no ill. Nor would one interfere with those who provide appropriate charms for hunting or for those who perhaps for a consideration supply a charm guaranteeing to prevent you being hurt in battle. It is the esoteric sorcerer, such as he who pretends to the power of sending his spirit out to work harm, very like the "Vata tauma" of the Motuans, and the charlatan who works mummery for gain, he who works ill by physical means, who deserve all the punishment they get.

Politically the sorcerers as a body, partly because they are among the elders of the village and partly through the fear they impose, possess a deal of power. It is very largely on their advice that important tribal decisions are made. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that every Papuan, no matter how civilised he is, believes firmly in sorcery.

and the power of the sorcerers. Some lived at Baimuru, the very last village Division on the borders of the Purari. A renowned wizard named Baii. Baii was a dried-up old man with a crippled leg and a face horribly distorted with lupus. Baii was pretty actively patrolled at the time and an attack was planned on the police party. I might say, resulted in utter failure on the fact that the tribe had already allotted the party as the menu for the next breakfast. Baii was accused of having planned the whole prison for a long while awaiting trial. Baii was in securing evidence against him. It was rumoured that Baii had only to whisper and that man sooner or later in some way died and consequently no one was willing to do so. However, in the end a few witnesses were called and court was opened. It was all very well to say what they knew unofficially, but Baii was to make them face the sorcerer. As witnesses came in, Baii, leaning nonchalantly on the wall, looked at the unfortunate Papuan one single look and he fell in a fit on the floor. I saw this happen till even the interpreter became affected and Baii began to seize the police. The old Kiwai, who spent most of his life in the police, regarded Baii with utmost respect. I did not complete the trial but I believe Baii had to be eventually executed on the utter impossibility of getting anyone to testify against him.

It was at Tirio about three years ago that I saw a dance that is hardly ever performed. I arrived at dusk unfortunately everything was over, but I was able to see a part of it and for a full description I am indebted to my predecessors.



BINA VILLAGE

This tribe lives in the heart of the sago swamps, and at low tide is unapproachable owing to the great area of semi-liquid mud. Small wharves are built from the creek banks over the mud to reach the water from the houses.

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I might state that this dance is only given by such tribes as possess a large number of trees, and only those who are equally wealthy receive invitations to the ceremony. For instance, Sumai and Auti, who have no great goodwill towards Tirio but who possess many coconuts, are invited while Kubira, which is always friendly but is lacking in a grove of trees, is omitted. The ceremony is performed between the months of August and November or December. The first thing needed for the dance is a supply of white cockatoos, for these birds, as is doubtless well known, are very destructive to the coconuts. As many of these as can be procured are killed and hung about the trees near at hand. Several men, in one instance an old woman, then harangue the dead birds in this strain: "Your family are bad. You steal coconuts. You throw coconuts to the ground before they are ripe. We shall kill your father and mother. Tell your friends to keep away from our gardens or we shall see you become like coconut water and we shall drink you." Some of the coconut trees are plastered with mud and above the mud are hung festoons of coloured sago fibre. The food is then gathered—no dance is complete without a supply of food—and heaped near by. The drummers seat themselves in a circle and the dancers rush pell-mell about the coconut trees, stopping at intervals to snatch a morsel of food or whiff of tobacco. The dancers' dress is entirely made up of coconut leaf strips, the decorations being the skins of the flying squirrel and sago fibre. The dancing is kept up for some hours at a stretch, and on the departure of the visitors presents of coconuts are made to each. Much singing of an incoherent and at times desultory nature is indulged in during the performance, the gist of which is as follows: "We have plenty of coconuts. Other places (names never mentioned) have none. Our coconuts are strong as the ti tree. Our coconuts are sweeter than others." This is all interspersed with appeals

to the wind not to blow down the coconut trees and to the Auwo Oromo (Fly River) not to wash them away. No women take part in this particular dance and no names are ever mentioned during the singing, so that some of the visitors are apt to imagine that their own village is meant when it is stated "other places have none."

The idea of it all is this: Cockatoos are killed as a warning to others not to steal coconuts. The mud is put on the trees as it is thought to assist the growth of the trees and is food for them.

One cannot help noticing at Tirio some of the peculiar styles of women's hair dressing. Sometimes it is shaved or cut close, leaving a tuft running the length of the skull. Sometimes the whole head is devoid of hair except a line running across, or perhaps just one curly tuft is left on the very top. The widow's costume is equally odd, although somewhat similar to that of the Oriomo. She is swathed from head to foot with coverings and petticoats of grass or fibre, while on her head she wears a plaited cap with long streamers hanging all round right down to the ground—veritable widow's weeds. I also saw a widower, a bushman this time, who was costumed in an exactly similar manner, but with the addition of a plaster of white mud.

About four miles further up the river is the fairly large village of Baramura, a tribe that has always been somewhat unsatisfactory and difficult of control. In 1890, Sir W. MacGregor came to this place, which he called Odogositia, but there is little doubt that it is the same. Situated up a small creek, which in the spring is an exceedingly pretty one except for the mud, Baramura possessed an extremely long house, 520 feet as paced out. Its interior was no different to those of Kiwai except that, at the time it was seen, it had a small temporary shrine. At the time of Sir William's visit the people were shy and suspicious, keeping their big bamboo bows close at hand and ready strung.

These Baramuras are a well-built black folk costumed as at Kiwai. The raised scarification mark is almost universal among them, taking the form of a coiled loop on the shoulder muscle and possibly representing a snake or other animal on the breast. This latter is almost certainly a representation of the scales of the crocodile. Matters went well at Baramura until a foolish coloured mission teacher some years later came to the village with a party of followers. They were hospitably received, but repaid the kindness of their hosts by trying to seize what they called the "god." This was undoubtedly one of the very sacred Moguru images or carvings, and the act was unwise to say the least of it. The incident ended in the party being chased from the village and their vessel looted. A bad matter was now made worse. A party of police came up and shot the pigs and burned the magnificent house to the ground. Matters were partly settled through the good offices of a Sumai constable home on leave, but Baramura was sadly upset and for years the village remained more or less suspicious of any intercourse with whites. The Long House was, however, never rebuilt as far as I am aware. A couple of years ago a serious outbreak took place, when, led by their chiefs, they made a desperate attack in order to rescue some prisoners upon the officer and three or four police who were visiting the village, after which the whole tribe immediately took to the bush. Through the good offices of the Tirio neighbours I was able to induce them to meet me, and after a little moral pressure the ringleaders of the attack were arrested and the prisoners who had been rescued gave themselves up. Besides being very good cultivators and pig-breeders the Baramura are among the best canoe-builders on the Fly. Pulling up the Baramura Creek I have seen scores of canoes of all sizes in the making. All are dug-outs fitted with the single outrigger, but without a platform. For the first time I saw here a two-bladed

fighting arrow, not a bird or fish arrow, but one made for fighting with murderous barbs on each blade and actually so used. The points were wooden. The bamboo-bladed arrow which is generally used in pig-hunting is fitted somewhat differently to the shaft, and when used in war, as far as any aim at all is made, is fired at the abdomen with the idea of causing as much loss of blood as possible. This is also the reason for its use as a pig arrow.

To my great astonishment I found quite recently that the same customs with regard to women as obtain in the Bamu and Aird also appear to exist here. They are now known to hold good from Buji to the Dutch border and along both banks of the Fly. I had always been under the impression that the Fly River people were exceedingly careful of the chastity of their women ; but it seems to be a mistaken idea and I should be quite prepared to believe that they once existed on Kiwai and even at Mawatta and Parama, although nowadays of course they are quite unthinkable at these places.

CHAPTER XI

THE FLY RIVER

(continued)

Aduru and Pisarame—Canoes and gopes—Banana cultivation—Bird-catching houses—Stockaded village—Edible clay—The custom of Sarina—Suwami—Driving out the devils of sickness—Dog-breeders of Weridai—Egereba tribe—Man-eating at Iwi—The Wabada tribe—The custom of Sohup—Cat's cradles—The man in the moon—A night visit to Kowawisi—The upper Fly.

THE chain of islands, as shown on the maps, beginning with Canoe Island do not now appear to exist. Apparently the channels between them and the mainland have silted up and in reality the islands form a part of the river bank. There is a large population in this neighbourhood and the tribes at one time lived in the mainland swamps, but came out on to the river after they were pacified and given village constables. Thus the Pisarame settled on Canoe Island, the Aduru on the next one and the Suwami on Bennet. Aduru and Pisarame are practically the same people and are closely allied to the bush tribes living on the Bituru (a tributary of the Fly). Pisarame can, I think, be identified as the tribe which attacked MacGregor just near here. They all have the single Long House together with a number of small family dwellings occupied by the women and filled with their gear—great oval cane, large meshed fish and fresh-water turtle nets, looking exactly similar to an enormous butterfly net without a handle, materials for making dresses, firewood, food and various ornaments. There is a noticeable tendency to drop the single Long House, and in its stead erect six or seven smaller ones, each to be occupied by a single totem clan ; much of this tendency has been caused by local jealousies and quarrels.

Both tribes are skilful pig-breeders, and the Kiwai people make frequent trips here to buy pigs, for which they pay in tools, shells and calicoes. They are also celebrated for the good canoes they manufacture, which are of the usual Fly paddling type and have no platform. Even with such comparatively uncivilised people as these are, I have never seen anything but steel tools used in canoe manufacture; rather a striking contrast to the infinitely more enlightened Kerepunu people of the Central Division who still prefer the stone adze for the finer work on their canoes. Like all the Fly River craft these are fitted with a decorated removable prow ornament called gope used as a charm of good luck or good fighting and on which the heads of the slain were hung. Whereas the Kiwai and Bamu gopes are flat boards carved in relief into rough outlines of a man's face and body; these are not carved at all, but simply bound with plaited cane and decorated with crotons and other bright shrubs. The gope in a slightly different form, in its man-carved form, is hung on almost every Long House in the Fly and Bamu, and is a sign of good health or good luck. Dr. Haddon rightly considers it as a derivative of the bull-roarer; but there is no doubt that its primary use, ceremonial in its nature, was for the purpose of hanging heads on. Even now you see along the east bank of the Fly the skulls of small animals or birds hanging from what are intended to represent the legs in exactly the same manner as the heads are hung from the Agibis at Goaribari.

Just among those tribes is the very heart of the banana-growing country, and the huge areas under banana cultivation are the most striking features of the river for fully fifty miles. The gardens are laid out in squares with irrigation drains which enable them to be watered by the rise and fall of the tide, and the whole plantation resembles nothing so much as a gigantic chess-board. Every year new ground is cleared, for the people recognise that a

banana crop exhausts the soil rapidly, so when a plantation is made it is cropped for some years until the fruit diminishes and the garden becomes overgrown. All the while of course fresh crops are coming on. While the green bananas are still on the trees, the bunch is packed with leaf debris and bound round with a complete covering of dry nipa or sago leaf. This both improves the fruit and protects it from birds. There are dozens of varieties cultivated, from the hard green plantain to a soft sweet-eating banana, which, when boiled, forms an excellent vegetable. As growers of yams, sweet potatoes, or bananas, the Kiwais are mere children compared with these up-river people.

I have noticed now and again a few very fine star clubs, but I think they have been brought back by men who have been working in the North, but they have been fitted with a short cane handle. At Aduru among the gardens I have seen at odd times small houses built in native fruit trees in which the natives sit and shoot pigeons or birds of paradise in the manner shown in the story books. Birds, such as the *Paradisæ* whose plumage is required for decoration, are shot with a blunt-headed bird bolt or sometimes caught in nets in the trees or by smearing bird-lime in the places they frequent.

I have occasionally bought at several of the villages between Aduru and Weridai specimens of the so-called Tugeri arrows, thus proving that there is a trading communication with the southern coast. I was told that the arrows are bought from the bushmen and they are probably traded through many successive tribes. As a matter of fact I succeeded in tracing this route from Buji, but unfortunately have never had the chance of following it. It is known, however, that three or four Fly River chiefs, including those of Daumori and Weridai, some years ago travelled across almost to Buji.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Aduru Mr. Milman,

who many years ago when Resident at Thursday Island, acted as Government Agent for Western New Guinea, mentions that there was a large stockaded village with walls forty feet high. It was near here, also, that in 1886 a large cutter called the *Manu-Manu* was caught in the Fly River bore and had two of her crew drowned. The bore starts many miles lower down near Gaima and comes up with great force, being especially dangerous first along the western and then along the eastern bank between the Bituru and Buceros Island, after which its force diminishes.

At Tapamone on the Bituru River there is an edible white clay to which attention was first drawn by Mr. Robert Bruce, well known in Torres Straits. The clay is put up in rolls with a string running down the centre, and when eaten it is scraped down with a shell and used as a relish. This particular clay is also found near Sui, a small village near the mouth of the estuary. There are one or two villages living on the north-western side of Mt. Lamington in the valley of the Kumusi River who are clay eaters and invariably carry supplies of this "food" about them. In fact, from all accounts they pine away when deprived of it. The first acquaintance with Tapamone, by the way, was hardly a friendly one. As the two parties met, the police in the whaler and the natives in canoes, the canoe party poured in a shower of arrows to which not unnaturally the police replied. After these amenities, however, everybody got very friendly and remained so.

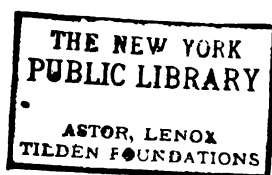
Aduru at first gave a good deal of trouble. I forget the actual cause of their last outbreak, but as the police were returning down a narrow grass-lined creek, the Aduru kept up a heavy arrow fire on their canoe from each bank. Everyone from the officer to the junior constable received a wound or a pierced uniform and the wonder is how anybody at all escaped. Patience has brought the Aduru into line, but they are still a queer lot, one month affable and pleasant and the next bolting off to the bush like a set



THE RAVI OR CLUB HOUSE

Such houses as the one shown in the top picture are used by the Naman tribe on the Papuan Gulf.

A LONG HOUSE OF THE FLY RIVER



of hysterical schoolgirls and all for no earthly ostensible reason.

There is an extraordinary custom all through the Fly and Bamu rivers which occasions a lot of trouble, and unless one knows the custom it is likely to cause some bewilderment. This is called Sarina in the Fly and Harina in the Bamu. When a prominent chief feels that he is near his end, he sends to some other chief or tribe with whom he has during his life been on terms of great friendship a head knife or a club or a bundle of arrows. This message is well understood. When he dies, the people to whom the token has been sent, at some suitable opportunity attack the tribe whose chief had originally sent it. The latter people of course are absolutely in the dark as to any reason for being raided and are apt to resent it. One of the best known cases of sarina occurred at the death of Araua, a Daumori chief, who died some years ago. Before his death he sent a club to Saopo, chief of Pisarame, with a result that Saopo simply had to lead his people down on Daumori after Araua's death. Fortunately for the Daumori they happened to be away at the time of the raid, and the few who were in the village promptly bolted at the sight of the Pisarame armada of canoes. The latter contented themselves with chopping down some gardens and departed after calling out that the Daumori did not know how to fight and that they would return when they had made new canoes, and decorate them with Daumori heads.

Suwami differs a little from the two preceding tribes both in general characteristics and in being if possible a trifle more hysterical. The tribe possesses six or eight houses about one hundred feet in length, each of course occupied by a single totem clan, the social organisation being of the usual Fly River kind. I doubt whether one would see a head nowadays at either Pisarame or Aduru, for they are all too well hidden in the garden houses, but

at Suwami one sees now and again an old head still hanging on its carrier, naked and unashamed. Once when I was pulling up the Suwami Creek leading to the village I heard a terrific din, drums beating, conch shells blowing, and a deafening yelling. It turned out that there had merely been some sickness in the place and these means were adopted to drive away the evil spirits—quite sufficient I should think for any ordinary devils. At the river end of the creek I saw an effigy dressed in trousers, shirt and felt hat which was the representation of a Suwami man who had died on a plantation some hundreds of miles away, but apparently his ghost travelled back to the spot it knew in life. Near it were bunches of bananas on stakes and parcels of cooked yams, and the food was brought daily just as if this cenotaph were the ordinary grave. I noticed many women in mourning, the most striking part of the costumes being the grotesque patterns traced in the mud that smeared the breasts of the mourners.

The Fly here makes a big bend, and at this point is a trifle more than a mile wide. The eastern bank is uninhabited, and hereabouts you can at times see great flocks of white pigeons, which are attracted by the numerous wild nutmeg trees. There is a special variety of freshwater turtle, peculiar, I believe, to the Fly which is found in this district and of which I was anxious to obtain a specimen. The one I succeeded in getting was sent on board, but to my disgust the police on the *Toawara*, not knowing I wanted the beast, ate it and disposed of the skeleton, the part I wanted chiefly, by dropping it over the side.

From this point upwards the river carries a splendid depth of water; indeed, sounding along the western bank near Weridai we got "no bottom at nine," which was all the lead went. For over five hundred miles up-stream it is navigable for craft not drawing more than six feet, but the current is very strong in the upper reaches.

The large village of Weridai (MacGregor called it Tagota, but I have never identified this name) is prettily situated some distance up a large tributary and surrounded by many clumps of bamboo. This latter is used a good deal in house construction. The clan houses contain a partition at the far ends, which are reserved for the chiefs and the men. I could not at first understand the large packs of dogs to be seen here when it suddenly struck me that dog flesh is greatly esteemed as food in these parts, and I found that dogs are bred for table and traded to tribes lower down.

About forty miles lower down is the island and tribe of Daumori. If you should happen to be sailing about the islands or banks round here in October or November you can see the D'Albertis creeper at its best and in all its glory. Seen against the intensely dark background of the forest, it shows up well in one brilliant scarlet blaze. The Daumori people, a betel nut chewing race, are the first cousins of the Girara living inland. They have two Long Houses, but they do not possess a stairway as at Kiwai, and you have to climb by a notched stick into what are I suppose the darkest houses that I have seen, even at midday. The Daumori have some reputation both as makers of canoes and of drums and they are also considerable traders in native tobacco.

The eastern bank of the Fly below the red clay banks of Gaima is known as Manouetti, and is inhabited, on the river, by two and, inland, by six villages of the Egereba tribe. The coast villages are quiet black folk with many gardens on the neighbouring islands, and in former days had to put up with a good deal of raiding from Wabada. The villagers that still remain inland have in a few instances, notably Urio, both a riverside and a bush settlement. These Urio folk are a shy lot, rather small in stature like most of the real swamp dwellers. On one occasion I gave a passage to a couple of Urio men on their

return from a year's work on one of the east end plantations. As the whale-boat grated on the beach a mob of scantily clad women rushed down with green leaves which they placed on the sand, and they would not permit the men to land except on these, and then each of the two was lifted up shoulder high and carried away by the women into the gloom of the Long House without being allowed to touch the earth. I could obtain no reason for this procedure except that, if it were not done, the two men would undoubtedly die.

Urio has suffered considerably from the attacks of a neighbouring bush tribe called Iwi. Always more or less unfriendly a very petty quarrel started a couple of years ago. A married woman of Urio fell in love with an Iwi man. It appeared that the only way she could think of to get the man of her choice was to dispose of her husband. Accordingly arrangements were made to entice him along the beach towards Iwi when her lover and some friends fell upon the unfortunate man and shot him to death with arrows and took his head, and then the whole party including the lady cut up the body, cooked it with sago and ate it. This was an interesting case as it disposes of the much-discussed question of man-eating, apart from mere ceremonial cannibalism, in the Fly. I have ascertained that this is no isolated case, but in all justice it must be admitted that Iwi belongs more to the Damu tribes than to the Fly. After this, of course, Iwi, which was just beginning to have a little confidence in the "Governman," took to the swamps, though shortly before the Iwi chief had sent me as a present his head knife with seven notches in it, a much prized heir-loom. Some of these inland districts are just unspeakable travelling, and the road to Iwi, for it was in the wet season, lay first on trees raised on forks and then on saplings resting on or below the level of the swamp so that one slithered along a sagging stick, that one could not see but only feel for with one's boots with

the prospect that an unbalanced step would land one either among the sago thorns beside the "track" or neck deep in the foul muddy compound below. The Iwi refuge village was in the very heart of a thick swamp with the houses built on stilts high above the mud, and even the pigs were provided with platforms to rest on.

The Siba-rubi or Wabada tribe living on the island of the same name were undoubtedly the big fighting people of the eastern Fly estuary. They terrorised the Egereba, and even Kiwai was inclined to treat them with respect. Of powerful build and more clear cut features and even a trifle lighter skinned than the Kiwais, they were excellent bowmen and could put a couple of hundred men into the field, or rather canoes. A fierce raid on the small Purutu tribe, which lives in a filthy mud swamp, for the purpose of obtaining heads to adorn their new canoes, brought them under the notice of the Government and eventually ended in their submission. Wabada is divided into two villages and is closely connected with the tribes of the lower Bamu estuary and their customs are the same, even to the extent of mutilating the dead, both men and women, in exactly the same manner and for the same purposes. They speak the same language, which is not unlike Kiwai. The Long House system is the same as Kiwai, but Wabada has many more totems and not so many of them are plants. At one time they used to fight with the Kiwais, taunting them with being "women" (a very deadly insult) and with wearing clothes, for Wabada then went naked but for the groin shell and bow gauntlet, and quite unashamed. Nowadays Wabada is a hard-working trading tribe with as keen a penchant for clothes as the most bigoted Kiwai or Mawatta man. On the other hand, they still practise, but surreptitiously, the peculiar customs of the Bamu with regard to their women, and I have found here what I have not noticed in any other part of the West and that is that professional prostitutes are, or were,

maintained by the village. I believe there is something of the same sort at Rossel Island in the Louisiade Archipelago.

There is a curious custom here, of which the name, if my memory serves me rightly, is Sohup, by which any persons thrown up by the sea, say from an overturned canoe, are killed. It may be partly because they are strangers and as such are therefore enemies, and partly there may be the same sort of idea that caused the old Breton and Cornish seaside folk to cast shipwrecked people back into the sea, that is that they bring ill-luck. I became aware of the idea when a small cutter belonging to a copra trader on Kiwai Island was borrowed without leave by his "boss boy," who overloaded the little craft with a host of his friends at a shilling a head and took them out crab fishing to Abaura Island. The cutter was never heard of again, but a persistent story got round that some were washed ashore at Wabada and were there killed. I came across the custom when making enquiries about the matter.

Like all the other western tribes, the Wabada people are very clever at cat's cradles and string tricks. Many of them are exceedingly complicated and hands, toes and mouth are all brought into use. The Flying Fox is a really clever trick, while such others as the cockatoo, the jelly-fish, the crocodile, the waving of cassowary feathers and a man bending down are equally good. The varieties, however, are innumerable, but a great number of the tricks are utterly obscene.

According to a Wabada story the moon is inhabited by a man named Sagome. In the old days a man named Sagome and his mother Gebai lived at Dibiri (the Bamu). When Sagome grew up, he became enamoured of his mother and wished to marry her but she refused, pointing out that he was her child. Sagome became very annoyed at her refusal and went away to the moon, which he

reached by climbing up a sago palm. As he climbed, the sago tree became longer and longer until it reached the moon and then it sank back again to the earth. As the new moon approaches the Wabada people now say, "See, Sagome is coming."

Almost opposite the Wabada passage on the Fly bank is the Begeri village of Gowabuari, speaking a Dibiri language, and, like Wabada, closely connected with the tribes of the Bamu estuary. It consists of one Long House at one end of which is the chief's divan and men's club. Like the rest of the river, they once went naked and unashamed in their blackness, but now, like the rest of the river, they wear old clothes; but it is not so very long ago that Gowabuari kept strings of skulls in their Long House. A mile or so below Gowabuari is a small river called Segera with a very badly silted bar, but, once inside, it is a splendid shelter in the worst of weather. This river is most peculiarly discoloured, and during the ebb tide the smell is very noisome. A small tribe called Kowawisi divides its time between living on the Segera and on the Bamu. I have unpleasant recollections of a miserable midnight journey up the Segera to this place in a canoe in the driving rain in order to arrest a man who had shot three arrows into his wife for sleeping with another man without her husband's consent. We sat drenched and huddled up in the narrow craft while the paddlers drove it silently along until we reached the collection of hovels dignified with the name of Kowawisi.

Of the upper reaches of the Fly and Strickland I have no personal knowledge. All the present information of these parts is derived from the reports of D'Albertis, Everill and MacGregor. In 1911 Mr. Massy-Baker made a long journey up the Strickland, but neither on that river nor on the Fly did he meet with much population. Within the last year or so, however, the Papuan Government has sent two or three expeditions to these parts, and

among the important results from a geographical point of view has been the discovery by Messrs. Baker and Burrows of a large lake in the triangle of country between the Fly and the Strickland. The population that has been met appears to have been fairly numerous, and the same curious armour of rattan, the same mummified bodies laid out in platforms in the villages and the same extraordinary life-sized heads of stuffed human skin, such as have been described by the earlier explorers, have also been seen.



1. A TUGERI TYPE.—The hair is worn in curls and lengthened with tags of sedge or fibre. Sometimes false curls are worn, but this practice is confined to the men. Claws of the eagle or cassowary are inserted in a hole in the nose, giving the wearer a particularly ferocious appearance.
2. VEILED GIRARA WOMAN.
3. FLY RIVER TYPE.
4. A NORTH-EAST COAST SCARIFICATION.—In the West, raised scars usually are signs of having killed a turtle, or clan marks, or signs of suitability for marriage, or for mere ornamentation. Each scarification shown in the above represents a love affair.

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CHAPTER XII

KIWAI ISLAND

Origin of Kiwai—The Kiwais—Their history—Cannibalism—Attempt of Sumai to resist the Government—Sexual crime—Relieving their feelings—Decreasing population—Sago—Sago-making—Woman's work—Native bridges—Canoes and canoe trading.

THE native story of the origin of Kiwai Island is probably well known, but as the account corresponds very much with what was possibly partly the case, it is perhaps worth while repeating. Kiwai, its people say, was once upon a time a small sandbank which gradually grew and increased in size till trees made their appearance and other plants. After this the birds came and nested. In due course one of the birds laid an egg which produced a worm and the worm became man.

The whole island, the largest and most important in the Fly, is some thirty miles long with a greatest width of about three miles. Very little of it is above high-water mark, and indeed the majority of the villages are inundated at flood-tide by the rising waters. At the sea or southern end, the island is rapidly being washed away. In fact, at the present day you can anchor in two fathoms of water over what was a few years ago the Mission Station at Saguan. On the northern end it is making a little. On the eastern side at Wiorubi and Sagasia the river is rapidly eroding the island, and at low water you can see the stumps of the old houses, the people now having to build further and further in the bush. The whole of the seaward end is blocked by large and dangerous sandbanks. On the island itself there is little or no timber of economic value and the interior for the most part consists of sago swamps and small forest undergrowth. At Kiwai you get

the first of the true sago-eating peoples, who extend as far eastward as the Bailala River.

The inhabitants, commonly called Kiwai (a name given by the average European to all natives of the West from the light-skinned Morehead people to the small dark Bamu men), are among the most distinctive in Papua. The people, who are true Papuans, are almost black in colour, long-limbed and flat-chested. Their heads are small, but perhaps their most characteristic feature is the large hooked nose with a Jewish curve, so much so that I have heard the Kiwai referred to as the black Jews of New Guinea; but it might be stated definitely that the Semitic and Kiwai peoples have not a custom in common.

Generally speaking the physique is good—there has been a marked advance in physical type within the last twenty-five years—and the Kiwais are without doubt among the most intelligent and forceful of the Western peoples. Like the men of Mawatta and Parama, they are somewhat stubborn and know their own minds, and, like the rest of the West, they are far too susceptible to foreign influences and ideas. They have greedily assimilated to themselves the use of European tools, fashions, and clothes, so much so that it would be accounted almost shameful to be seen clad in anything but trousers and singlets or in the case of the women in shapeless print dresses which, by the way, do not appear to receive as much laundry attention as they might, although I understand there is a slowly increasing demand for soap: a change from only a few years ago when almost every man wore his hair in tags and when even Iasa men ate rice raw, not knowing how to cook it.

I am afraid that I cannot altogether agree with those who have called the people of the Fly a melancholy and morose folk. It must be admitted that their country is not enlivening nor is the Kiwai of the same volatile and laughter-loving disposition as the man of the East End.

I admit he takes life more seriously and his sense of humour is not of the keenest. Still a village is nothing but one continual state of chatter from dusk till dawn and the laughter is often as annoying as it is constant. On one occasion I happened to be stuck on a sandbank near the mouth of the Fly with a number of Kiwai and others aboard. The wait for the rising tide was monotonous enough until some bright genius among the crowd commenced telling stories and mimicking his neighbours. Shrieks of laughter brought me up to watch the actor, and although I could not follow his jokes in the vernacular—and goodness knows they were broad enough—the gestures and mimicry spoke for themselves.

As far as can be traced the whole of the present villages on Kiwai, with one exception, were settled as one community at a place called Barosara in almost the very centre of the island. About a hundred and twenty years ago a faction fight over the ownership of some coconut trees led to a secession of some of the people who occupied and built what is now known as Doropo on the eastern side. Concerning these people I have heard another story, and that is that they originally came from the interior of Segama Island in the Bamu, and that they were akin to the Sisiamé tribe there. The latter told me the story themselves and pointed out a large tree from which both they and the Doropo issued in the dim past. They also said that at one time the Doropo used to speak a Bamu language, but now everybody had forgotten it and all speak Kiwai.

Another split occurred after the Doropo emigration and this party settled at Wiorubi, also on the eastern side. After this exodus the remainder of the tribe shifted from Barosara to the riverside to what is known as Iasa or Kiwai, still regarded as the principal and parent village. Some forty years later there was yet another tribal split, and the settlements of Auti and Paara (Sumai) were founded under the leadership of a renowned fighting

man called Sibara. The story runs that Sibara came to the land and saw that it was good and said, "This is a good place to die in," and so the land was called Paara, or Death. So far the offshoots of the original tribe have been more or less distinct entities, but now Iasa itself threw off several colonies in search of planting lands to the south-east. In this way Ipisia and Agabara, under the leadership of a renowned man called Bune, Samari and Saguan were occupied. All these frequently leave their villages for months at a time, returning to Iasa generally to make sago and in connection with the big Gaera and Moguru ceremonies. Each of these four communities has its own house or houses at Iasa, so that at one time the latter may be extremely crowded and at others comparatively empty. There is but one foreign element on Kiwai, the small Kubira tribe, between Iasa and Sumai, and speaking a totally different language. Practically nothing is known of their origin except that they claim to be aboriginal owners of their lands.

Kiwai, in common with the rest of the Fly, seems to have acquired from the very start rather a reputation for ferocity. In 1845, Captain Blackwood was attacked off the southern end. Forty years later an attempt was made to massacre the teachers of the London Missionary Society at Samari and Iasa. The attempt failed, but it resulted in the flight of the teachers and total abandonment of what Mission work there was. Neither MacFarlane, D'Albertis nor Bevan gave Kiwai a very good character. Although doubts have been thrown upon Mr. Bevan's remarks, in the main they were not far out. Kiwai was continually at war and on the look out for heads. As is well known they drove the Daru, Mawatta and Turituri people to the West. Whether they were ever actually cannibals in the sense of man-eating for food is perhaps doubtful, but that they indulged in ceremonial man-eating is beyond question. For instance, after a fight when the

heads are brought home, the muscle behind the ear is given with sago to the small boys to eat in order to make them "strong," and small portions of certain other parts of the body are also eaten both by warriors and youths for the same and other purposes and for war charms.

Sumai has been the only village that has ever made any really serious attempt to challenge the power of the Government. A party from this village returning from a friendly visit to a neighbouring tribe lost one of their number through, 'twas said, the machinations of a sorcerer. All Sumai turned out to pay back and proceeded to the offending village. The Daumori people endeavoured to explain that they were friendly and were "Government people," to which a Sumai man replied, "Who cares," and fitting an arrow to his bow shot the speaker through the body. Sumai then slaughtered all they could lay hands on and brought the heads back in triumph. Then followed the boast that they would treat the magistrate and the police in the same way and that their heads would soon be rotting on the village house posts. The prospects of severe fighting looked promising, but the R.M. cut the boasters off from the neighbouring villages and secured their alliance and when it came to the point Sumai refused to take the field and surrendered among others Koresa, their leader, a truculent blackguard who, nevertheless, had a great reputation as a fighting chief. Apart from this and a little resistance at Wiorubi on one occasion I do not know of any other organised attempts at revolt on Kiwai. The Village Constable system has worked excellently among them, but there was a little difficulty at its first institution. Owing to the clan house system, the V.C. was inclined to promptly run in offenders of his own clan house, but his interference was resented by others of different clans and equally in other cases the V.C. was inclined to overlook offences by his own clan and make a great deal of those committed by outsiders.

These difficulties, however, soon resolved themselves. I firmly believe at the present time that if you gave a Kiwai man his own warrant of imprisonment and told him to report at Daru gaol to undergo his sentence, he would be found there at the proper time. I have never actually put the experiment to the test, but it has seldom been found necessary, except in very serious offences, to issue anything more formidable than a summons. The Kiwai quite understands the system of fines, and a sentence "without the option" is rather regarded with disgust.

Nothing very exciting seems to happen on one's trips round Kiwai. Usually it is a monotonous round of cases of adultery or wife beating or petty assaults or not cleaning villages and letting the houses get rackety. Still, after all, a bad road does not matter much because there is no land but swamp to make roads on and all travelling is done by canoe, and one cannot be too hard upon a dirty village when it is remembered that it is flooded at every high tide. There is often a great objection to cleaning up rubbish heaps, not on account of any unwillingness *per se*, but because each heap is supposed to be inhabited by a mischievous spirit who dislikes being disturbed. Apart from adultery the most typical troubles one meets are sexual ones, some of the most brutal type. I do not know why the Western man and the Kiwai in particular should be addicted so much to this class of crime. There is a sufficiency of women, and, although monogamy is slowly becoming fashionable, polygamy is the general rule. I can only advance the theory that there are times when the Kiwai becomes afflicted with a kind of sexual madness, when he appears absolutely indifferent to anything but his own desires. Among the people themselves this class of crime is but lightly regarded and no loss of status appears to attach to the women. Many of the adultery cases are due to an oldish man taking a young girl for a second or even third wife, or to a husband devoting more

attention to one wife than to another. The East End natives have got hold of rather an exaggerated idea of Kiwai customs, and I have often heard the expression "Kiwai fashion" used in disgust as implying the most loathsome and objectionable practices.

A common source of injury is the method throughout the Division that the people have of relieving their feelings. They all seem to be rather quick tempered and when a man is angered about anything he will seize his bow and start shooting arrows without much regard for anyone who may be in the way. He will stand in the middle of the Long House and shoot down the centre regardless of the fact that it may be full of people, and he will stand outside and send arrow after arrow up in the air. It is quite immaterial if anyone gets hit. One man, annoyed because the mosquitoes were troubling him, put an arrow through a friend's body without having the slightest animosity against him. Another split his mother's head with a bar of iron because the baby she was nursing started to cry and was absolutely aggrieved because he received six months' imprisonment. Another brought his little boy to me with a fractured arm that he had smashed in a fit of anger because the child had interfered with him while engaged in making a canoe. Another, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, was told by his father to fetch water and annoyed at this hurled a firestick into the thatch of the Long House, thus rendering a couple of hundred people homeless.

The worst about Kiwai is the travelling round it. In each season of the year the seas are often very heavy and there is no very good anchorage anywhere. Iasa in particular is a very nasty place. Within my own recollection there have been at least two or three vessels driven ashore there, one right up into the middle of the village. Perhaps worse than a mere bad anchorage and rolling gunwale under while at anchor is getting ashore, especially

if it happens to be low tide. There is usually a stretch of anything up to half a mile of soft mud to labour through and it is next door to impassable to anyone but a native. One often wonders why the Western man has such big splay feet until one sees Western mud. The reason is then obvious.

About twenty-five years ago the population was estimated to be about five thousand, but I should not be inclined to put it down as more than three thousand five hundred now. Assuming the original estimate to be correct, I am somewhat at a loss to account for such a heavy drop in a quarter of a century. The introduction of foreign diseases or epidemics of dysentery, beri-beri and whooping cough may partly account for loss of population. An occasional heavy death-rate among able-bodied labourers who have engaged for work either in other parts of the country or in Torres Straits is also a factor. There is, on the whole, I think, a growing tendency to monogamy; infant mortality is fairly high here as elsewhere. Undoubtedly artificial means are taken to limit the number of children, and the social customs generally may have a strong bearing on female fecundity. On the other hand, the Kiwais have greatly improved in physical type, and in spite of the comparatively insanitary conditions of their village life, they are not an unhealthy people. Whatever the cause or causes of decline in numbers, I think the fact has been well established.

Sago is the staple but not the sole food. The coconut is extensively planted, grows well and, as everywhere else throughout New Guinea, it provides the people with many commodities. Most of the Kiwai soil is mere mud, but the coconut seems to flourish in it. Where the land is suitable, bananas, yams and sweet potatoes are cultivated to some extent. There are many varieties both of yams and sweet potatoes known and a few of them are quite good, but personally I find the latter very stringy. In Kiwai

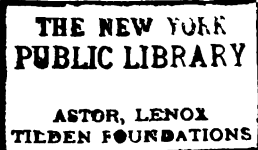


NORTH COAST WOMEN

On this coast the "tappa" skirt is universal as opposed to the grass petticoat.

FLY RIVER ARCHERS

Like most of the Western bows these are exceedingly powerful.



the sweet potato is always planted in bunches along rows of mounds, not on the flat as in some other parts of Papua. Planting of course takes place before the rainy season, but as might be expected there is usually someone who has left his garden until the last minute and has to suffer a bad crop in spite of charms and appeals to his fathers for a good harvest.

The sago palm, which both grows wild and is cultivated, is a lover of low wet ground, and the swampy country of the West is exactly suited to it. Much of Kiwai Island is covered with sago swamp, which provides an almost inexhaustible supply of food. The palm, which attains a height of from forty to sixty feet, is covered with long sharp thorns. It is an extremely slow grower, and a man, as a rule, seldom looks forward to eating any of the sago he has himself planted. Like the coconut, it is perhaps a provision for his children, but whereas the coconut will bear in, say, seven years, the sago palm may not reach full maturity for nearly twenty. It can be propagated either from seed or suckers ; after flowering it dies off. In the story the sago palm is referred to as the husband of the daughters of the mythical woman Abere, and the ceremonies for a good harvest of sago occupy an important place in Kiwai agriculture. When sago palm is planted a pig is killed and small pieces of its flesh are placed in the ground around it.

It is estimated that a full-grown palm ought to produce from two to three hundred pounds of wet sago, and, as that quantity would probably sustain a family of five for nearly a month, it can easily be realised what valuable property a sago tree is, especially as it requires no attention. The manufacture of sago is essentially the work of the women, just as felling the palm, stripping it and, when necessary, bringing it home is essentially the work of the men. The Western men are exceedingly particular on the point that it is shameful for men to do women's

work, and I have known this feeling carried to absurd lengths. When I was on the head waters of the Kiko River with a large body of Kiwai carriers, after having been several weeks out, provisions began to run short and it became necessary to make sago. Although it was a question of making sago and having sufficient to eat or not making it and starving, the Kiwais positively declined to set to work. Jeers, persuasion and threats were equally unavailing until a couple of days' hunger brought them to their senses. As they remarked, sago-making was women's work; they themselves had never made it and did not know how to do so properly.

After the bark is stripped, the hard stringy white pith is beaten with wooden beaters hardened in the fire, and a trough some six or seven feet long is made from a round of sago bark. This is fitted with a sieve made from the inside of the coconut leaf or some similar material and the lower end of the trough rests in a receptacle usually made from the hard inside sago spathe. The beaten or adzed-out pith is then placed in the upper trough, and the women pouring on plenty of water, work it with their hands and allow the fluid matter to filter through the sieve into the basin, where the sago starch is allowed to settle, and the water is then poured off and the process is repeated until all of the pith is treated. After a partial drying the manufactured product is put in parcels of sago leaves ranging from small rolls a couple of inches in diameter to large bundles twelve or eighteen inches round and three feet or more in length. The larger bundles are packed round with the midribs of the sago leaf, a method of packing peculiar to Kiwai and certain other parts of the Fly.

For special occasions, such as feasts, very large bundles are made up; I have seen them averaging one hundred and thirty pounds in weight. As a rule a great deal more sago than is actually required for home consumption is

made on Kiwai, and there is a considerable export to Mawatta and the coast villages and to certain of the Torres Straits Islands. Sago, it might be stated, is never boiled but always roasted on the fire in rolls in its own leaves and mixed with clams, fish, scraped coconuts, or bananas. It does not look particularly appetising and when roasted looks and tastes very much like hard dry flour, but that it must be a nourishing and sustaining food is evident from the fact that it forms the staple foodstuff of many thousands of the natives of the Territory. If well washed and boiled with milk and sugar, it makes, I believe, quite a palatable European dish.

Kiwai is seamed by innumerable tidal creeks, and most of the villages are split in sections by small streams. The bridges that were formerly used to cross these creeks were rather a noticeable feature. As all of these purely native affairs have, by, I surmise, what might be considered a sad act of vandalism, been replaced by bridges of more orthodox European type, and I do not suppose there will be any more of the old variety, they may be worth describing. A big log was laid across the mud at low water, alongside which ran a row of forked sticks rising gradually towards the centre in the form of a low arch. Small poles were laid on the forks and lashed to them were rows of bamboos or poles in X form, their bottom ends being well pushed into the mud. The "decking" was completed by more sticks laid along the forks, and occasionally the whole would be finished off by handrails lashed along the tops of the X. However graceful and simple these structures might be considered, they are trying to European nerves, and I for one have never crossed without an inward qualm at the thought of a possible slide into the peasoup mud below. A native method of crossing a narrow creek is to climb a suitable tree with branches overhanging the water, seize a branch from a tree on the other side, tie the two together and walk over comfortably. The first and only

time I tried this method some well-meaning person commenced testing the branches to see if they were strong enough with exceedingly disastrous results to myself.

Like the coast people, the Kiwais have changed into a race of thoroughgoing sailors. They always were good canoe men, but the use of the calico or canvas sail is a comparatively recent introduction and is now spreading to the lower Bamu. The rig is almost entirely European and the double outrigger is used, another late introduction. The oldest form of canoe was probably the solid log that floated with the tide, the remnants of which can still be seen if you happen to be at a village at dusk. The women float back with the tide from their crab hunting or fishing in the small single outrigger canoes with a large nipa or sago leaf held up as a sail. Steering in the old form of platformless canoe was done with a paddle, but with the modern use of large sails, a steering board is employed. Not more than thirty years ago it used to be remarked that there was never a sail to be seen from east of Kiwai to the Papuan Gulf. The lower Fly is now alive with sailing canoes. And not more than fifteen years ago a Resident Magistrate expressed his doubts whether the Kiwai would ever be much use as a seaman. At the present day he is eagerly sought after at high wages as among the best boat hands in New Guinea.

I do not know that Kiwai was ever much of a canoe-building district, but it acts as a middleman in the trade. The principal canoe villages in the Fly are Daumori, Pisarame, Baramura, Taitiarato and Wariabodoro, from which places the majority of the Kiwai canoes come. The famous Dibiri (Bamu) craft are obtained through Wabada. For a sixty-foot canoe three very large armshells and thirty large cowries might be paid; for a small canoe five large and a fathom of small cowries. European goods are now largely used in the purchase price. One large canoe would cost, for example, three axes, five half-axes, a dozen

tomahawks and one armshell; indeed, the latter is an essential to the bargain. I remember buying a partnership in a large Mawatta canoe to be used for fishing (I think I paid most of the price and received least of the catch), and while I provided most of the knives and axes my partners produced the necessary armshell. At Sumai a very large canoe was bought for a metal shoe horn by a youth of that village. He had stolen the article at Daru and returned to his village with the story that it was a most powerful "puri-puri." This was firmly believed even by the "big men," and one of them, anxious to possess such a charm, offered a large canoe for it, to the temptation of which the thief succumbed.

CHAPTER XIII
KIWAI ISLAND
(continued)

Food, meals and eating—Cooking utensils—Woman's dress—Shaving—
Nose piercing—Ear piercing—Head manipulation—Scarification: how
made—Object of scarification—Tobacco and smoking—Warfare—
Vendetta—The totem in war—Head hunting—War ceremony—Pipi
dance—Ghosts of the slain.

LIKE most natives, the Kiwais rise early in the morning and the women set about preparing a meal. Practically but two meals a day are eaten, one in the morning and the other, the principal one, at dusk, but it may happen that a man will only eat once in the day or equally he will eat whenever he feels hungry and there is food available. It is extraordinary how quickly natives, when working with Europeans, take to three meals a day and how loudly they complain if they do not get them.

Leaving sago aside, nine-tenths of the food of the Kiwai is vegetable ; very little of it will bear keeping, and almost all must be eaten when ripe. The labour spent on growing native food is greatly in excess of its actual value. Yams, for example, yield really poor crops, and then only after a great expenditure of time and trouble. Famine, of course, in the actual European sense is unknown, but in specially dry seasons I have known the people really hard pushed for food. In such times the seeds of the red mangrove are a great stand-by. Animal food scarcely forms a regular part of the dietary ; pigs are, of course, to be found in every village, but they are generally reserved for ceremonial or festive occasions. Fish of a kind, shellfish, crabs, grubs and such like form the usual accompaniments to a meal, and wild pig or wallaby at times when the hunters are lucky.

Food is invariably prepared by the women ; indeed, if a wife neglects or refuses to do the cooking in good time, there is trouble in store or the husband may suspect that there is some other man in the case. The sexes usually eat together, but the women may often cook a meal for themselves and the children as the fit strikes them.

All food is roasted except that the use of saucepans and iron pots is becoming very general, just as a good deal of flour made into very indigestible-looking doughboys is being used in addition to, or as a substitute for, the usual sago. Formerly the only domestic utensils the Kiwais possessed were buckets of sago bark and basins made from the melon shell, but of these a family only needed one or two at most. Possibly it would not be averse to accepting another as a present. Water is carried in coconut shells or lengths of bamboo, but the water round about the lower Fly is brackish and scarcely palatable. A good deal of coconut water is consequently used for drinking purposes.

Besides attending to a woman's usual duties, the Kiwai women make their own clothes. I am not, of course, referring to the print dresses of modern days worn over the native petticoat. This, by the way, is an indispensable garment, scanty as it is, no matter how many other articles may be worn over it. It consists of two long fringes of grasses or fibres woven on the same foundation and, leaving an overhanging fringe in front, plaited on to rows of solid cord which form a girdle. The fringes are very long, about three feet. The back one is carried tightly between the legs and passed under and over the front band, while the front fringe is just doubled over behind. To the uninitiated the whole thing appears most complicated, and from the length and amount of fringe one wonders where it is all going to be tucked away. When worn, one wonders equally what an infinitesimal covering it is. The legs and thighs are quite bare. These petti-

coats (?) are well dyed, generally in three colours, yellow, reddish brown and black. Yellow can be obtained by scraping turmeric root and mixing with water. Red is made either from a red clay obtained on the mainland or by dipping in a decoction of mangrove root. One method of obtaining black is by burying the fibres in the mud of a mangrove swamp for a few days. The same style of garment, more or less scanty according to district, is found for a certain distance up the Fly when the more generous knee garment is in evidence.

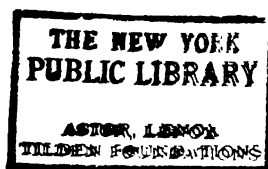
Until she marries a girl wears her hair long, but as soon as she becomes a wife it is shaved or cut short, a shell being used for the operation. Men shave by twisting a loop of thin fibre round each separate hair and pulling it out, a process which, while satisfactory, must be exceedingly tedious and painful. I should imagine, however, it is preferable to the use of the bamboo or shell razor. Most of the Western tribes are considerably more hairy than the average Papuans and the practice of wearing beards or whiskers is far more common. One of the principal signs of showing grief or mourning at a friend's or relative's death is by letting the face hair grow.

Both sexes pierce the septum of the nose, an operation which is carried out in childhood with the aid of a thorn, and at the time of the piercing a small family feast may be given. A roll of grass is placed in the hole to prevent its healing, and, as the child grows up, it is replaced in the case of girls by a small piece of bamboo, and in the case of boys by shell or wooden ornaments. Probably more important than the nose-piercing is the piercing of the lobes of the ears, also carried out in childhood, but later than the nose operation. The ear piercing is important, because without it I believe a child is not suitable for marriage. After the actual hole in the ear lobe has healed, an ear weight of some heavy wood in the form of two balls or drops is inserted in the hole, primarily for



PAINFUL SHAVING

By means of a loop of fibre twisted round each hair.



the purpose of distending the lobe. These ornaments are usually made by the child's father or uncle and will be worn for some years until the lobe is ready for further treatment which consists of a very tight binding round the front portion of the lobe. Naturally as the ligature is always kept very tight, the end of the lobe swells up, festers and is finally cut, leaving a pendant of flesh. This in course of time often gets torn away and nothing but a very mutilated ear is left. I doubt whether one could find any adult on Kiwai with two whole ears, and the mutilation is certainly no aid to beauty. I have frequently seen the ligature tied tightly round not the half section but the whole lobe, which is subsequently cut away after it has swollen up to a great size. The ear, however, is not finished with yet. Round the top a series of small holes are pierced, first one ear and then the other. These holes also in course of time become torn, leaving a series of notches round the rim of the ears. At the time of initiation long streamers of sago frond dyed red are passed through these holes in the ear rims; on the conclusion of the ceremonies the fringes are cut close to the lad's ears and the remaining portions are left until they drop off. Instead of dyed sago fronds, strips of turkey red twill now are used for the same purpose; the red is, I suppose, a better colour than that of native manufacture.

Taking it all round the Kiwai, or rather the Western child has some painful experiences to go through. In babyhood the shape of the head is sometimes manipulated by manual pressure by the mother to the required standard of beauty. This practice certainly obtained at Mawatta and Turituri, and I have been told it is sometimes customary at Kiwai, although by no means universal.

Tattooing is not a Western custom, but now and again one sees men who have spent years in other parts of New Guinea come back to their own parts with a series of tattoo marks. But, on the other hand, scarification is an

almost universal Western practice. Scarification as a mark of grief and of mourning is by no means uncommon throughout Papua. It is frequently seen on the Kumusi and Mamba, and in some cases along the north-east coast. I have seen instances of arm scarification where the marks were signs of success in love-making. Cutting and scarring the body where pain is felt or for the purpose of blood-letting is very common, but this type is hardly a variation of the peculiarly Western one. Generally speaking the reasons for these raised cicatrices and the meaning of their designs are far from being thoroughly known. The ordinary Western cicatrix consists of a raised pad of flesh in various shapes and patterns made on the shoulders, breasts, stomach, legs and back. I do not recollect ever having seen any on the face. They are usually made with a small clam shell, and coconut oil is applied to the wound in order that the resulting scar may be distinct. To produce the raised effect, fire may be used or various native juices.

However produced, the process must be pretty painful and it evidently extends over a considerable period. In the case of women the scarifications are usually made above and across the breasts. The process commences when the girls are young and is carried on until they reach marriageable age. At Sumari I was told that they were made for the purpose of "making flash," probably an indication of suitability for marriage. The commonest forms of cicatrices are two or three longitudinal bars, about three inches long, across the breasts or an inverted V. In the majority of cases of women's breast cicatrices the object is in order to prevent the breasts becoming pendulous. Whether this has any actual scientific grounds or not, I do not know, but as far as I can see the breasts of Kiwai women do not appear to be any less pendulous than those of other tribes. Among the fishing tribes a design very like a leaf is raised on the shoulder by girls when they

hear that their brothers have taken their first head or speared their first turtle or dugong. Some cicatrices undoubtedly represent clan totem marks, but I do not think these are general. One very common shoulder cicatrix for men is a series of what might be termed concentric half-circles. And, finally, distinct from any other purpose, a cicatrix may be purely ornamental.

A considerable amount of tobacco is grown locally, but the majority of it is imported from Daumori or the mainland. The ordinary bamboo pipe is used for smoking, but the method universal throughout the West and inland differs somewhat from the rest of Papua. Curiously enough it is almost identical with the method of smoking which I saw on the head of the Waria. The pipe is a long one, decorated with patterns intended sometimes to represent leaves or plants or sometimes just a series of zigzag scratched lines. One end is open, the other closed. Near the closed end a hole is made into which is fitted a small wooden tube. The tobacco rolled into a ball is put in the tube and the open end of the pipe being placed to the mouth the smoke is drawn in, or sometimes the smoker fills the pipe by simply blowing down the tube; on the Waria, where the tobacco is rolled in the form of a cigar, the smoker places the glowing tobacco in his mouth. When the pipe is full of smoke the tube is taken away and with one hand covering the open end of the bamboo, the smoke is inhaled through the hole. A man seldom takes more than one suck at a time and then he passes the pipe on to the next smoker. On Kiwai white man's "trade" tobacco is now highly esteemed, but there are many places both in the Fly and the Bamu where the indigenous article is used for choice.

Gamada is cultivated and used, although properly speaking it should only be drunk by initiated people at feast times. Unfortunately the natives have now taken to regular drinking bouts of the decoction, and

although Sir William MacGregor urged that gamada might be encouraged as a remedy against a possible desire for alcohol, it is beginning to look as if its abuse might be just as harmful.

As a fighting race the Kiwais were certainly among the most prominent of the Fly River tribes and they usually managed to hold their own. Their women, like those of Afghanistan, often followed their men to battle and finished off such wounded as there might be with wooden swords and looted and mutilated the slain. The fighting men were said to derive considerable encouragement from their female supporters. Regular warfare should be distinguished from what might be regarded as the personal vendetta, starting originally between two individuals and then taken up by the tribe. A life for a life is a custom recognised all over New Guinea, and it is easily seen that the business can go on indefinitely. About the only way a series of murders or massacres and counter-massacres can be avoided is by "paying" for the death and making the tally even on each side. Thus a man who has killed another may by making payment, that is, if it be accepted, avoid the consequences to himself and his clan. Unfortunately this, however, does not take the Law into consideration, and a man may have paid a good deal of New Guinea "somethings" and considered he was square, only to find he had still to reckon with the Government. If a man is killed in a private quarrel I believe it is the duty of his brother to kill the murderer, or failing a brother it is the duty of his nearest male relative. Should he be successful, the relatives of the other man step in and so the game goes merrily on.

In general battle it does not matter much who kills whom, but opposing members of the same totem, who would wear their totem crest painted on their bodies, always avoid each other in fight and will even disengage should they by any chance become involved.



OROKAIWA GIRLS SMOKING

Among the Papuans of the North the women's dress is made of tappa, worn in the form of a petticoat and held in position by a plaited fibre belt.

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Much of the warfare used to take place in canoes and was to a great extent an exchange of arrow fire ; but when land fighting took place, the various clans kept together in the attack. Dislike of killing a man of the same totem was only, I think, to be found when Kiwai villages were fighting among themselves or when fighting tribes to whom they were akin. I do not think a man would worry very much what happened to an utter foreigner even if he knew their totems were the same. At the same time visitors from strange and therefore hostile tribes would be safe among people of the same totem.

Distinct from fighting between individuals or tribes, often arising in the first instance from trifling causes, there is the purely head-hunting raid. The heads of relatives may be preserved from love and affection, but the taking of an enemy's head comes under a different category. For one thing the possession of a head is a sign of prowess and gains the favour of the women. Of course it is quite immaterial whether the head be that of a man, woman or child ; the glory is just the same. And it must be confessed that the Papuan warrior is not quite a chivalrous person, and he usually fights under rules that remind one rather of the White Knight of "Through the Looking-glass." Anyhow a head is a head, however obtained. I have even heard of skulls being bought with canoes.

Before starting on a raid certain ceremonies are gone through in which parts taken from the bodies of the slain in previous fights are used and all the proceedings are with the intention either of weakening the power of the enemy or of strengthening the warriors. Ginger is a good fighting charm. And a man should refrain from sexual intercourse prior to a fight.

After a successful fight or perhaps one might better call it massacre, the warriors smear their faces with black and paint red lines down their noses. They deck themselves with crotons and stick flowers of the red

hibiscus in their hair. As the canoes return to the village heralded by blasts of the shell trumpet, the women come out and dance a measure of triumph on the beach. The captured heads are first singed in the fires to clean the hair and then the heads themselves are placed close to the flame so that the flesh will swell up and may be removed with ease. I have already described the decoration of the skull at Mawatta and the Kiwai method does not differ materially.

The "Pipi" dance is the principal celebration of a fight in which men and women join, the latter being roused to a frenzy—often of sexual passion. At Mawatta the song of Kwoiam (the Torres Straits hero who is perfectly well known to these people) is incorporated in the Pipi.

The warrior who has killed is, as only might be expected, in continual danger from the ghosts of those he has slain. Consequently he must for a month refrain from intercourse with women and eat no crabs, crocodile, sago or pig. If he did, the ghost would enter into his blood and he would certainly die. As a further precaution against the power of the ghosts, food and a bowl of gamada are set aside and flung away with a warning to the dead to return to their own place.

In the old days a village must always have been more or less in a state of anticipation of an attack. The women and children were always prepared to race to the bush at an alarm. When a man went to his garden, he took his bow and arrows with him; when he went fishing his weapons lay ready in the canoe. It can scarcely be said there was any lack of excitement.

CHAPTER XIV

KIWAI ISLAND

(continued)

The Kiwai story of fire—Death and burial—Adiri, the place of the dead—Spirits appear to their friends—Grief tabus—Kiwai music—Drum-making—Modern dancing—Gaera festival—Kiwai totems and marriage—The Long House—Description—Furniture—Initiation—Agricultural charms—Stone axes.

THE Kiwai story of the origin of fire reads somewhat like one of the Just-So stories. There was, of course, a time when the people had no fire and were compelled to eat all things uncooked. Fire, however, was known at Dibiri (the mouth of the Bamu), and, aware of this, the animals endeavoured to steal it. The crocodile tried and was unsuccessful, the cassowary failed, and even the dog could not manage it. Then the birds made an attempt, and the black cockatoo succeeded in picking up some fire and flew to the west with it in his beak. When he came to Iasa, however, the fire burned his mouth and he dropped the firestick. Thus the Kiwais obtained fire while the black cockatoo carries the red blaze of the burn above his beak to this day. In some other parts of British New Guinea the majority of fire stories say that the dog was the first to bring fire to man, and in one case the dog stole it from the rat. In practice among the Kiwais fire is made by holding down the usual billet of dry wood with the foot and drawing a piece of split cane swiftly up and down beneath it. An alternative is the "fire plough" method.

Immediately a death occurs in the village the relatives and friends of the deceased break out into weird wailing, interrupted with crying and sobbing, which is kept up for some time. The first transports of grief are carried to extremes and the mourners often cut and tear their

bodies until blood comes. Apart from the immediate relatives much of the display of grief is conventional. I will not go so far as to say they are paid for their tears but at any rate friends who have come to cry are regaled with a feast, and I have known individuals suddenly break off in their tears to discuss the price of copra. Mourners smear themselves with whitish or yellow pigments—yellow is particularly a mourning colour—and assume a generally dishevelled appearance. On Kiwai the dead are always buried in a slightly recumbent posture in a grave in the gardens, usually surrounded by a fence. Sometimes the corpse is provided with a piece of broken canoe, a kind of soul boat for the journey after death. I recollect having seen a dead body being carried on a piece of canoe at Kaimare in the Purari Delta, but I am not aware whether a similar idea is held. Over the grave is built a small house of sago thatch, and for some days (the period seems to vary) a fire is kept burning on the grave so that the ghost may not feel cold, and every day small offerings of food are brought, sometimes with petitions of various kinds. Certain articles of personal property of the deceased are placed alongside the grave, such as his bow and arrows if a man or her petticoat if a woman.

The ghosts of the dead go to Adiri, a place vaguely indicated as somewhere in the Far West, following the road that was travelled by Sido, the mythical hero of the Fly, the man who first died or rather was murdered, a typically Papuan ending. Mankind has the privilege of owing death to Sido, for on account of his decease everyone else has to die. Adiri is a desolate spot on the very confines of the world (as known to the Kiwais), and was inhabited by some people who had neither fire nor houses nor gardens until Sido provided them on his arrival. There is rather a modern touch about the way he produced fire, for he removed his teeth and rubbed them on a piece of dry wood, to make the flame.



A FLY RIVER LONG HOUSE, KIWAI

This is a communal dwelling in which the clans of the village live. Each family has its separate compartment in the house, and the houses may be several hundred feet in length, according to the size of the community.

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The ghosts, however, do not immediately depart on the long trip to Adiri, but for some days at any rate they frequent the grave or the vicinity of the village. Nor do all the ghosts go to the place of the dead. Some appear to become malignant spirits and haunt the villages, and it is necessary to drive them off with blasts of the conch shell. The ghosts of women who have died in childbirth are admittedly evil—a belief not confined to New Guinea—and those of suicides. Suicide, by the way, while not common is not altogether rare. Love affairs are fruitful sources of disposing of oneself, and strangulation is one of the most frequent methods employed. Another way to ensure being killed is to depart alone for a hostile village, and this has the added advantage of causing trouble afterwards for those who are alive.

While the ghosts remain in the neighbourhood they can be frequently seen, for there are folk who have the faculty of being able to see them and converse with them, and in this way the dead can give advice or warnings. A sorcerer may often derive his knowledge and power from the dead. If it has been thought that a person has died through the machinations of a wizard, the grave is watched by some one gifted with the power of seeing spirits, and in due course the ghost of the dead man will invariably appear accompanied by that of his slayer, for even though the latter is still alive it is well known that his spirit can be influenced by that of his victim.

In accordance with a very old custom the skulls of the dead are sometimes disinterred and worn round the neck, and these may also be of use in a divinatory manner.

The usual special mourning dress is worn both by men and women. The widow or widows, of course, are bound to wail, and their position is that they go to their children if they are grown up and become very much like drudges. A widow, however, has this advantage that she may marry again if she can find anyone to take her or she can

profitably be disposed of. Besides other marks of grief, mourners will often "sabe" (i.e. tabu) themselves against eating bananas or coconuts, according to which, it is said, the deceased last asked for, and this prohibition may last for months according to the seasons. There was a well-known case at Mawatta where a chief on the death of a friend "sabad" himself against dugong fishing. Coconut trees are not "sabe" when a man dies, but one of the trees from which the deceased used to take fruit is cut down. Cutting down coconuts on a death is a very common custom all over New Guinea, but as far as Kiwai is concerned it has ceased since its prohibition by one of the Native Regulations. Sago palms are never "sabe" or cut down. Although a man's son may inherit his pigs or dogs, these items are almost invariably eaten during the various funeral festivities.

The Kiwais have good deep voices and their singing is excellent, if inclined to be monotonous. For musical instruments there are the one-stringed harp, the Jews' harp, the Pan's pipes, which curiously enough are usually made and used before harvest time, the flute, which is blown with the mouth not through a nostril, the shell trumpet and the drum. I do not know whether rattles of dried nutshells or cowries can be considered musical instruments. The trumpet and the drum are really the two most important items. The former has a deep reverberating note and can be heard over a considerable distance. It is always sounded when anything of importance is going on in the village, such as killing a pig: it denotes the finale of the death ceremony and announces the departure of a war party. The various calls are quite distinct and, as a rule, are on the long and short blast system. The Kiwai drum is a long, rather clumsy instrument, occasionally decorated with carvings. Sometimes it is almost of hour-glass shape, more often it is nearly straight. Kiwai is really not a good drum-manufacturing

centre and I fancy most of the best instruments are imported. The largest average about forty inches long by some sixteen inches at the end and send forth a deep booming throb. The usual method of making a drum is to take a log of a special wood and to roughly shape it before attempting to hollow it out. It is then stood on one end so that the maker can keep a hard-wood coal glowing by a blowpipe made of either reed or bamboo. When one end has been treated, the other is turned up and similarly dealt with. The quality of the instrument depends of course on the smoothness and proportioning of the interior, and it is surprising how the tone can be affected even by slight slips in the making. The drum is smoothed down both inside and outside with a rasper of shell or shark skin. When the frame is complete the tympanum of snake or lizard skin is attached by gums, and sometimes a band of cane and three or four dabs of gum are placed on top of the skin for the purpose of tightening or tuning it up. An empty kerosene tin beaten with a stick has now become a frequent substitute for the drum in dances, and many of them, and the songs also, quite meaningless to the people themselves, have been copied or adopted from Samoan mission teachers or from various South Sea men met in the Torres Straits pearling fleets. How quick these Kiwai-speaking tribes are at imitating or adopting foreign ideas may be grasped from such a dance as I once saw when about twenty young men moved round in a circle holding on to a rope and singing, the whole forming, I was told, the "merry-go-round" dance. The "cricket" song and dance explain themselves. A couple of years ago the Parama men introduced to us what they called the "compass" dance, each performer holding a model of what might pass for a ship's compass in his hand.

I do not know whether there is any special reason, but invariably I have noticed that there is a regular epidemic

of drum-making about May or June. Whether the wood is in any special condition at that time or whether it is that the drums are in preparation for the big festivals which usually commence about August I do not know, but everybody appears to stop their ordinary occupation in favour of drum-making.

The dances are almost innumerable in their variety, apart from those which are peculiar to definite ceremonies. For dancing the men paint themselves with black, red, and white, and adorn themselves with streamers of sago or coconut fronds, strips of cuscus fur and quaint but handsome head-dresses of the feathers of the cockatoo, bird of paradise, or white crane, built up on cane frameworks. Many of the dances take place inside the Darimus, and two by two in long lines the folks move up and down the house, each man with his drum and singing their songs while the old men sit smoking by the fires.

Probably the most important dance or festival in Kiwai is the Gaera or Harvest Dance, which takes place before the commencement of the planting season. It is connected with the initiation and Moguru ceremonies. The Gaera extends with numerous breaks over a period of several weeks, and the whole festival begins with a series of games which later on are followed by the principal act, the erection of a large pole or tree upon which various fruits and vegetables are hung. A display of food is a *sine qua non* at all festivals. I was present at one at Sumai when a large framework was built in the centre of the village filled with bundles of sago and bunches of bananas, strings of coconuts and numerous pigs. The display of food must have totalled ten or eleven tons, and every ounce of it was distributed among the visitors. Of course the same distribution occurs at every village, so I suppose the gifts of food even themselves out eventually.

There are thirteen totem clans among the people of Kiwai, and plant totems are the predominating feature, as

distinct from those of Mawatta or Parama or Wabada. In fact, only four, namely, the Crab, the Cassowary, the Catfish, and the Crocodile, are birds or fish.

As usual the totem descends through the father. The late Mr. Hely, R.M., stated that a woman must take the totem of her husband, and that this is the reason why a man must always give a female relative of his own in exchange for his own wife, in order that the relative strength of the clans may be maintained. People of the same totem must not intermarry, but this rule is breaking down, especially among the younger generation. Not very long ago at Ipisia two young people came to me with a complaint that their parents objected to their marriage. There seemed to be no reason why they should not marry, and I did not discover for some time that the old people's opposition was due to their being of the same totem. In cases of this kind I think it is generally unwise to give any direct decision, the matter being much better left to the good sense of the people themselves. There is no objection to persons of the same name marrying. The late Mr. Chalmers stated that a man may marry a step-daughter and even his own daughter. I have a recollection of an instance of this latter at Sumai, but I am at a loss to see how it fits in with the rule that all the children take the totem of the father. I was and am still under the impression that this was a very exceptional case, one of incest both from our and from a native point of view. Totemism is found among the people of the Mamba and Kumusi, although in no advanced stage as regards exogamy, or perhaps one might say in a degenerate stage, and I believe incest of this kind is not unknown. I have a personal knowledge of at least one case of recent date where a father married his daughter and had two children by her, both of which he killed. Brothers and sisters of course may not marry among the Kiwais, nor may cousins, although it is well known among certain native races,

notably the Fijians, that a first cousin marriage, but only between the children of a brother and a sister, is the best marriage.

Totems may not be either killed or eaten, and I think in the main this prohibition is pretty strictly observed, even if some of the rising generation do not object to eating a totem animal killed by somebody else. Plant totems having so strong a position in Kiwai, the application of this rule is extended much further. For instance, if a tree happens to be a clan totem, the members of that clan cannot eat its fruit or use it in any way. Thus the Soko (nipa palm) clan may not roof their houses with nipa leaf, but must use sago leaf instead. The Duboro (pandanus) clan must make their sleeping mats from banana leaf and similarly the Gagari (bamboo) and Buduru (fig tree) clans may not use their special totems.

This totem clan organisation is in reality almost a brotherhood in which members of a totem are bound by strong social ties, and are entitled to look for assistance and hospitality from each other on all occasions. If this assistance is withheld, the offender may be liable to a certain amount of social ostracism. The punishment for a breach of totem rule, such as killing a totem, recoils on the person's own head, or even the whole clan may suffer for the fault of one member.

I suppose the one feature that appeals most strongly to almost every traveller in the West is the long clan house, chiefly, I think, owing to its great size. The Long House is a form of communal dwelling in which a whole clan or, in cases where there is only one house in a village, a whole series of clans lives under one roof. In such case as Oromosapua on Kiwai or Kowabu on the mainland and numerous other instances where there is but one house, each clan has its own special section in it. On Kiwai, where as a rule the villages are large, each totem clan builds and occupies its own house, and there are or used to be objec-

tions to members of other totems eating or sleeping in it. Where, in addition to the ordinary Long House, a Darimu or a number of them (Man House) is found, it is occupied by the unmarried men and very often by those who are married, especially on ceremonial occasions and when a married man should refrain from living with his wife. It might be mentioned that there is no difference in appearance or construction between the Darimu and the ordinary Long House. The Darimu may be used by a single totem clan, but it is more common to find it in occupation of a group or associated group of them. When the whole community occupies a single house, there being no Darimu, a special portion of the house is set apart for the unmarried men, and in certain cases the end of it may be partitioned off or set apart for the men. Broadly speaking, from the Dutch border eastwards society as a whole in the West is based on an idea of a separation of the sexes, with special quarters for the bachelors and special meeting-places for the adult and initiated men, and brought to bed rock, the whole system is probably based on war and fighting.

The Long House varies in length and size according to its population. Consequently it averages from 250 to 450 feet in length, although many have been seen of still longer dimensions. As might be expected, the construction of a building of this size is not without its ceremonial importance. For instance, thorny bushes are placed under some of the hundreds of piles which support the building, which is usually about eight or nine feet from the ground. These thorns block the road to the Spirit Land, and in various parts of the house are inserted parts of such animals or insects as the flying fox or spider which are fabled to possess life-preserving attributes. A Long House is, of course, the work of the whole clan and may take months to complete, although I have known one to be finished off in a few weeks.

The architecture of these Long Houses, in fact of all the

tribes who build dwellings of this description, is decidedly ingenious. The whole of the roof, often many hundred feet in length, is supported by a single row of posts on each side and is apparently tied by the floor, or else the weight of the thatch keeps the ribs in touch with the sides. The roof is carried forward well over the end of the flooring with a slight dip and forms a verandah, while the eaves are continued below the head of the piles.

All the long house builders work on much the same principles. But the tribes inhabiting the country between the Fly and Bamu are the only ones that carve their king posts and certain floor plates. Some of the people in the lower estuaries of the Fly and Bamu carve the lateral posts in representations of a legendary hero, semi-human, semi-sea-spirit.

The floor is made of split "ti" palm, and when laid it is stamped down by the people of the clan to "see that it is good." The roof of sago or nipa leaf thatch is left until the very end.

Running down the centre of the house is a broad hall flanked on each side by rows of stalls and platforms. The latter, built up of two or three tiers, are used for storing firewood and articles of personal property. Underneath each platform is the earthen fireplace sunk a little into the floor and it might be said that the fires are never out. There is invariably some old dame doing a little cooking. Each family has its own stall, but there is no actual partition marking the apartment, if it can be so called. The fireplace is the distinguishing mark. Even at midday the interior is very dark, and it goes without saying that there are no windows: in fact, what light there is enters by the end doors or the numerous openings along the sides of the house, which serve as entrances to the stalls and are mainly used by the women. Only in two places in New Guinea have I seen anything that might pass for a window or ventilator. One is in the Long Houses of the Girara

between the Fly and the Bamu and the other in a rather more complete form is in the square houses to be found at the head of the Waria in what was German New Guinea. The two end doorways are the principal ones, leading on to a verandah and reached from the ground by a sloping stairway: round about this stair are often found poles surmounted with large shells. The life of a Long House is seldom more than ten years at the very outside, that of the sago roof very considerably less, but the continual fire smoke tends to preserve it. Small family houses—married men generally sleep with their families nowadays—are slowly replacing the Long Houses as they have already done at Mawatta and Parama, and I fancy that the eventual fate of the Long House is certain.

Apart from ordinary belongings and utensils, there is no furniture other than sleeping mats and wooden pillows, the latter usually attempts at carvings of some animal such as a pig or a crocodile. In the Aird Delta I saw a pillow made from a block of wood resting on two stumps and carved on each side of where the head would rest into a man's head. The two carvings were most lifelike, painted red and wearing the customary fillets and plumes of cassowary feathers.

Man Houses are usually associated with more or less secret ceremonies connected with the initiation and training of lads. In the Fly initiation appears closely connected with agriculture, and during the course of the proceedings in which the boys are segregated from their families and instructed in the practices of their tribe, their totems and all that should or should not be done, those about to be initiated are shown the Madubu or bull-roarers, and how the use of them increases the quality and strength of the crop of yams and bananas and sweet potatoes. The preliminary part of the initiation Moguru, which was taught to the Kiwais by the demi-god Marunogere, is held before the planting season and the lads are under certain restric-

tions as to their food ; they must not, for example, eat birds, fish or crabs. A second ceremony takes place at a later period within a fenced enclosure in the bush, when a small wooden carving of a naked woman is shown and stated to be particularly favourable to a good supply of sago. None of the initiatory agricultural charms should be seen by women or children, and special care is taken that they may not come into the view of unauthorised persons. The large bull-roarer called Burumamaramu (literally Buruma—a yam—mother) is as powerful as it is sacred. What would happen should a woman see one of these or other sacred objects I do not know, but it is to be assumed that such a thing has never happened. Initiation covers really a long period and can scarcely be said to be even tolerably complete until a youth marries (perhaps not even then), although it is to be noted that marriage invariably takes place very early. A bridegroom must yield a kind of “droit de seigneur” to his paternal uncle, and both the youths at the marriage state and the younger lads undergoing initiation pass through a species of ordeal by fire in which the elders solemnly sprinkle them with the sparks from flaming firesticks. Closely connected with agriculture as initiation is, it is as closely allied to fitting the lad to be a warrior. This is only to be expected in communities which depended in reality for their existence upon their fighting power. So the initiate must be rendered strong and active in battle and fear must be driven out of him. All the proceedings at initiation must be kept secret and initiates are bound to secrecy under horrible threats.

There is among the Girara during the course of initiation a ceremony in which, I think, a distinct idea of redemption can be discerned. That is to say, the lad is spirited from his family and concealed for a long period, finally to be produced during the rites—for a price of course—and I am inclined to the belief that he is believed

to be, so to say, reborn and enters upon a new life. I have heard of nothing of this kind on Kiwai or elsewhere in the West.

At the present day the large stone axes which may be occasionally seen in Kiwai or Fly River villages are supposed to be agricultural charms. The former use has been forgotten, and the only answer to be obtained, if you ask about them, is that "they are old-time things." That they were ever actually used is not admitted by the people, but for a very long time past Kiwai has obtained iron by trade and so the knowledge of their former use can easily have been lost. Stone tools have scarcely been used for generations, but there can be no doubt that they were once used and, indeed in the story of Sido, the hero is referred to as using a stone axe. Some of these axes are so large that I have been inclined to regard them as once of a ceremonial nature. However, I have seen some as large or even larger from the interior of south-western Dutch New Guinea fitted to their handles and I was told they were found in actual use. I do not think the Kiwais themselves ever manufactured stone tools, and of course there is no stone on the island and certainly there is none of suitable composition anywhere within many miles, unless in the vicinity of Mabudauan, and I am inclined to think stone axes must have reached Kiwai by some trade route down the Fly.

CHAPTER XV

THE GIRARA TRIBES

Gaima—Sosora's message—Mr. C. G. Murray's trip—Native objections to supplying information—Police station at Gaima—Visits to Iu and Adario—The Gaima swamp—Vendetta of the chief of Warigi—Planning of the murders of the Kotari men—The arrest of the Gaia murderers—Court held on the scene of the murders—A dramatic incident—The swamp country—Dr. Landtmann's journey to the Bamu—Girara villages inland from Taitiarato.

FOR about two hundred miles the banks of the Fly are low-lying and swampy, but on the eastern side about sixty miles from the mouth there is a more or less elevated tract. At one point called Gaima the bank, of a hard red clay, is several feet above high-water mark, and forms a striking contrast to the nipa and mud of the rest of the river. Just below Gaima is a reef of hard sand and mud with a considerable proportion of iron in its composition. Mixed with the sand are quantities of minute shells. This reef is the only one that I know of in the lower reaches with the exception of one on the opposite bank not far from the mouth of the estuary. The whole point upon which Gaima is situated is rather attractive and picturesque, and one lands there with a certain feeling of relief at not having to sink down in the usual slushy mud.

Gaima is the first outlet on the river bank of a people whom I call Girara, from the name of their language, and who inhabit the inland district lying between the Fly and Bamu Rivers.

I cannot find that any mention at all has been made of these people by the early explorers of the Fly. For one thing the eastern bank was left severely alone; in fact owing to the numerous islands it is doubtful whether anyone knew of the existence of the eastern channel.

Sir William MacGregor never met them, although he saw the high clay banks and refers to them, so I take it that at that time (twenty odd years ago) Gaima had not then come out to the river bank. He, however, makes a mention of a tribe called Madiorubi living inland but which he did not see, and I should say these almost certainly refer to some of the villages of the Girara. The people as a whole are certainly too distinctive to have been overlooked and too interesting to have been ignored.

The Gaima people have always been friendly with those of Daumori; in fact, the two peoples are closely related, although their languages differ in some degree, and it was originally through the good offices of the Daumori that Mr. C. G. Murray, then Resident Magistrate of the Division (1900), seems to have heard of many villages living inland from the Fly, and received through the medium of the Daumori chief a message from a powerful and renowned chief named Sosora that he had heard much of the Government and would like to receive a visit from it.

Mr. Murray determined to go inland, but to secure guides and interpreters appeared to have been a matter of great difficulty. After much discussion the Daumori agreed to go as carriers, and Sariki, the present chief of Gaima, acted as guide. Sariki is still alive, though now a very old man, and has been a loyal and devoted servant of the Crown. The old fellow was very broken up a couple of years ago when I had to bring him the news of the death of his two sons, who had gone to work on one of the Port Moresby plantations. He was a thorough old gentleman in his trouble and bore up without giving forth the death wail until I had left the village.

Murray's trip was a most successful one. He made friends with every village, although the people were in many cases naturally startled at the apparition of a white man and a uniformed escort. At Barimo, over twenty miles inland he met Sosora the chief who had sent him

the message, a fine, tall middle-aged man with a keen-looking face. Sosora, of course, received the party hospitably, but there was much excitement at the first. Murray was anxious to proceed still further inland, but everybody swore that this was the last village in the district and without a guide it was quite hopeless to try and find a path through the immense swamps. Murray, however, persisted in his enquiries, and at last Sosora taking pity on him remarked that he had just remembered there was one more village called Dogona, but that it was a very long distance away. A march of two hours brought the party to the place. The people were taken by surprise and at once prepared for fight. For a time the position looked doubtful. The Government party consisted of but seven or eight, two men having been left with the camp and carriers at Barimo, while the population of Dogona must have been six or seven hundred. Sosora, however, stalked up to the door of the great house, and striking on the post with a new tomahawk just given to him evidently harangued the people to some good purpose, for men, women and children came tumbling out in their eagerness to make friends with the police and to shake hands. Since then handshaking has become most fashionable, and when you go now to a Girara village, it is simply imperative that you solemnly shake hands with the whole male and female population as it files by. If the ceremony were omitted, it would be thought there was something wrong.

Mr. Murray, by the way, on this trip must have carried an umbrella as a protection in the hot plains. This seems to have impressed the natives very considerably, for some years later an officer when in the district was asked, "Where is your great black head," and was rather naturally somewhat puzzled by the question until it suddenly dawned on him what was wrong. It was evident that the people did not consider him quite complete without an umbrella.

No inducement whatever could produce a guide to take the party beyond Barimo, much to Murray's disappointment, as he reckoned he was within eight miles of the Bamu. This, however, has been shown to have been a mistake ; he was close to the Aramaia, a tributary of the Bamu, but that river is very far to the north.

There was no doubt about the good impression produced by the trip. All the people faithfully promised to refrain from fighting and to obey the Government. I have wherever I have gone found Mr. Murray remembered with affection and the promise to him was faithfully kept for many years, and was only broken in obedience to the Papuan custom of "paying back." I shall have something to say about these events later on.

After Mr. Murray's departure from the West, his work among the Girara was carried on by Mr. A. H. Jiear, who succeeded him in the charge of the Division. Owing to the district being so low and covered with swamp during the greater part of the year, it is only possible to go inland during the dry months of September, October and November. At most, therefore, the tribes can only be visited once a year ; but it was gradually found that the population was rather large, and it being desirable to keep in constant touch, it was decided to transfer the small police detachment from Buji in the West (where by this time the need for them had ceased) to Gaima. About sixteen acres of land were purchased from the Gaima people at a rather high price and the police built a very nice little station. There was a patch of sago trees on the land and they planted a couple of acres with coconuts and other fruit trees so that the place soon assumed a pretty aspect. Not only was it a useful station for keeping in touch with the Girara, but a constant eye could be kept on the tribes of the upper Fly, who were hardly yet in hand.

During several successive years Mr. Jiear extended the knowledge of the inland district, always working further



GAIMA MAN CHEWING BETEL-NUT

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to the north and north-east. He got in touch and made friends with the Adiba and Iu to the north-west and Adario, Burida and Kimamo on the north-east. Everyone who has travelled in this region knows the extreme difficulty in getting a village to give any information about tribes not hitherto known. Without a guide to locate villages, it is a hopeless task to try and find one's way through the great swamps or long grass plains. Every time enquiry would be made the same answer would be given, "No, this is the end of our people, there are no more," or, "Yes, there is another village, but it is so far, so far that your legs will be sick before you reach it." I think a good deal of this reluctance is due to the fact that the ground is very hard and dry at the season when travelling is possible, and it really hurt the feet of the natives who are accustomed to go about across country in canoes. At the same time it is most exasperating.

The pacification of both Iu and Adario was rather a ticklish job. Both villages were large, and neither was particularly well disposed to the tribes already known. At Iu the trouble had arisen over the usual woman. Some Iu men had stolen women belonging to the Barimo, but the police in the face of great odds succeeded in persuading the former to hand them back to their lawful owners and peace was made between the villages. When the police party was going to Adario, a great crowd of Barimo men followed it. Just as Mr. Jiear was getting along nicely with the chiefs, he happened to look back and was just in time to prevent Sosora from loosing an arrow over his shoulder at the chief of Adario. A fight was barely avoided, but all ended well.

After leaving Gaima on the river bank, the road runs parallel to the course of the Fly for a little through the village yam and banana gardens, and goes northerly for a couple of miles through light eucalyptus and acacia scrub. About an hour from Gaima there is an extensive

swamp four miles long by about a mile broad. In the wet season it is more than waist deep ; in the dry I have sunk down to my knees in mud trying to struggle across. There used to be an old broken canoe on the Gaima side which I have used to cross the swamp, and have always done after I learned that it is full of crocodiles. My guide gave me this information very casually one day when we were about in the middle of the crossing, and as I did not look very happy qualified it by saying that they did not eat men. However, as there are always tales coming in of Gaima women being taken by crocodiles while fishing in the swamp, I did not feel greatly relieved. After leaving the swamp, the track runs through alternate sago swamp, forest and grass plains, which are always knee-deep in the rains, until you reach the first Girara village, Kubu. Another half-day's march brings you to Baia, which is built on a series of low ridges, evidently forming the watershed between the tributaries of the Fly and those of the Bamu. Just after leaving Baia there is a small creek which I was first told was the Bamu, an obvious impossibility. I later on learned its real name, Kabiri, and found that it flows to the north and eventually joins a large river generally known as the Aramia, which is the biggest affluent of the Bamu.

About ten or twelve years ago the brother of the chief of Warigi, which is the next inland village to Baia, had been killed by some men belonging to Kotari, lying far to the north. Apparently there had been no paying back for this death and peace had prevailed for years. In the meantime the district had been opened up considerably, and in the year previous a number of the Kotari men had come down to the river bank and engaged for plantation work. Their time was now up and they were shortly expected home. Now the only route that they could travel by lay inland from Gaima through Baia and Warigi. The Warigi chief knew this and it struck him that the time

was favourable to avenge his brother's death. He accordingly travelled down through Baia and Kubu to Gaima, trying to find somebody willing to kill the Kotari men on their return. I do not know that these particular men had had anything to do with his brother's murder, but that of course is immaterial in Papua. The chief, Daregi, however, was unable to find any village anxious to undertake the commission, and his own people were evidently unwilling to take the matter up. The principal argument against complying with his wishes seems to have been very much to the effect. "Too many policemen and too much Government." Twice he made the journey through the villages and at last in desperation he called the collective inhabitants of Gaima, Kubu and Baia "women." This insult was too much and the murders were agreed upon; but Gaima resolutely declined to take active part in the affair, although of course they knew perfectly well what was going to happen. Some of the Kotari men had friends there and on their arrival they were detained on some pretext or other, but the rest passed on to their death. Towards sundown they arrived at Baia and, as they were about to enter the Long House, they were cut down and their heads taken, while the conch shell summoned all the people from their gardens to look upon the sight. That the killing was cold-blooded and the wretched victims had no chance was proved by the evidence given in court. Three or four men were told off to each Kotari man, whose arms were held while a Baia man struck him with an axe and another speared him from behind. As the bodies lay upon the ground many of the younger men came and fired arrows into them so that they also might partake of the glory of the deed.

As chance had it, I was at Gaima a day or so after the murders had taken place. Although the Gaima people knew all about it, they gave some guarded information to the effect that they had heard that the Baia-na were

the murderers, so I decided to make a quick march into Kubu and see if further news was to be obtained there. At Kubu the people were taken rather by surprise by this unlooked-for arrival of the police, but proved unexpectedly ready to supply information, and even suggested that they should supply a party to point out the murderers. It is seldom much good going to a village in the middle of the day; everybody is away in the gardens or hunting or fishing, and it seemed that the best plan would be to go on to Baia in the evening—for the moon rose early—and make the arrests then.

Just as the moon was rising I moved on towards Baia. The village lies at the top of a gentle rise, a broad open road lined with crotons leading right up to the principal door of the Long House which is surrounded by a wide courtyard. The whole body of police and carriers crept silently up this road and then divided off to surround the house and prevent anybody bolting through the side doors. Something, the bark of a dog, alarmed the people inside who were still talking, and a man stepped out on the verandah and waved a torch. For a few minutes the tension was great. Those of us in front flung ourselves to the ground behind such shrubs as there were and most of the others "froze" against the trees. The torch waver had a good look round and then went inside with a muttered "There's nobody there." After a decent interval to allow everything to settle down the police and myself with the Kubu informers walked up the stairway and jumped through the narrow main door into the darkness of the house, calling to the Baia men to surrender. Never have I seen such a sight or heard such a din. The inside of the hall was pitch dark but for the light of a few torches and fires and a solitary lamp which we had, and the yells of the Baia men, the shrieks of their women and the shouts of the police made a veritable pandemonium. Up and down the great hall and in and out the cubicles at the sides the struggle

raged in the dark, while a few of the old men of Baia sat placidly by their fires chewing betel nut, and one of them said to me, "I told them how it would be, the police would come and they would go to gaol, but they would not listen." A couple of the murderers broke out of the side door, but they were chased across the moonlit courtyard, pulled down and trussed up. With a couple of exceptions the whole batch of murderers was arrested, and as the chiefs and remainder of the people remained by the village I considered it advisable to hold court at once. As it chanced I was sitting not ten yards from the very spot where the unfortunate Kotari men had been cut down and this led to an incident which by its attendant circumstances certainly thrilled everybody listening, and was as dramatic as anything I have come across in Papua. Many of the Baia people gave evidence of what had happened, and then a Kotari man who had come from Baia with me stood up to talk. He detailed how his countrymen had gone on from Gaima and then suddenly pausing he burst out, "And it was on this spot that my brothers were killed," pointing a little distance away. A quick look showed just a few yards from my chair a great brownish stain on the hard ground and a trail of broken shrubs and crotons marked where the bodies had been dragged away.

The prisoners proved only too willing to tell of their share in the crime, but got very indignant at being arrested. "Why," said they, "have you made us fast and left the men of Kubu to walk about? They killed the Kotari men just as much as we did." A hasty search for the chief of Kubu and his supporters showed that they had departed unostentatiously very early in the morning.

After leaving the ridges and scrub round Baia the track descends down on to the Kabiri Creek, previously mentioned. It is, at the crossing, a mere trickle, but once in the height of the wet season I canoed almost up to the

source. On the last of the ridges there used to be a village called Sanabasi, which was a colony from Baia, but for some years it has been deserted, the people having returned to their old home.

From Sanabasi the country slopes down into a huge low-lying tract, which is a vast swamp under six or seven feet of water during nine months of the year and a dried-up plain without an atom of shade during the remainder. Once travelling this route we had to wade waist deep through the water until I came across a kindly party of natives who hired us their long swamp canoes. Having no outrigger and being exceedingly narrow in order to allow progress through the long swamp grass I flatly declined to try and wedge myself into a craft of some six inches beam and maintain a balance at the same time, so we had to spend half a day joining two canoes together. As I got used to the swamp country I found it advisable to get a small canoe such as could be carried by four or six men and take it round with a patrol, so that I could get through the swamps with some degree of ease. At Warigi, which is on the farther end of this particular swamp, on my last visit I found the Long House in a tumble-down state, the people preparing for the erection of a new one on a site not far away. Just across a deep depression which is usually a lake lies Barimo, standing on a sort of bluff. Four years ago the village was at a site near Warigi, and at the time the frame of the new house was under construction while the usual groves of coconuts and betel nuts were being planted. The usual course seems to be that a Long House is inhabited until it falls into disrepair when a new one is constructed at no great distance from the old site.

The Kabiri flows past Barimo on its tortuous course to the Aramia. On my last trip to the district it had been my intention to canoe down this creek to the river and thence to the Bamu, but owing to the exceptionally dry season there was hardly any water in the Kabiri and all the

decent sized canoes had been split by the heat. This trip had been just previously done by Dr. Landtmann and Mr. Butcher, but unfortunately the journey was so hurried that no notes of the country were taken and the geographical problem of the Aramia remained as it stood. The party, however, had an exceedingly narrow escape in their canoe from the bore which comes up the river from the Bamu.

Instead of going down the Kabiri I spent some days in travelling round the villages to the north, north-east and north-west. The country was all of the same type, great swamps now dried up with the great heat, only broken by hillocks and low ridges, nearly all running south-east and north-west.

On the south-eastern side I later on made another inland trip, starting this time from Taitiarato, a few miles below Gaima. This track tapped another series of villages, all, however, belonging to the Girara, but many of them were quite unknown previously. The country is of the same low swamp nature, if not more so, and the people are exactly the same as the other Giraras in every respect. The population, like the other villages of the tribe, is all settled on the small tributaries of the Aramia, which to a great extent serves as a highway.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GIRARA TRIBES

(continued)

Sosora's journey to the north-east—The pygmy troglodytes—The story of the origin of the Girara-speaking people—Totems—People who wear hats—The veiled women—Descent of chieftainship—Description of the Long House—House courtyards—Blocking a road—Betel-chewing—Food, fishing, and cultivation—Carved and ceremonial canoes—Ceremonies and dances—Geography.

THIS district between the Fly and Bamu Rivers is still far from being known. I fancy, however, that I have a very complete list of the villages comprising the tribes who speak the Girara language. The total population of these villages I should estimate at between six and seven thousand, but they are spread over a very wide area. Swampy as the region is, the country must necessarily become higher further inland, and I am convinced that there is a considerable population to the north, but it would, I surmise, be of a different type. Once when I was at Barimo, old Sosora told me a very circumstantial story of a tribe that used to fight with the Girara. When he was a young man, he told me, he made a very long journey to the north-east, travelling first for many days in canoes and then walking until he and his men came to a region where there were hills, "not little hills like these, but big hills, proper ones." As they were looking round they heard the booming of the conch shell, and out of holes in the ground rushed numbers of little men who attacked them with such ferocity that they retreated very hastily and with several of their number wounded. Two or three of the men who had gone with Sosora also told me the same story, one of them pointing out his wounds. All the versions were agreed on the facts that the people were very small men, "like your cook boy," that they lived

underground and that the men wore "petticoats like women." I was naturally very much interested in these pygmy troglodytes, and on a later occasion I endeavoured to get some more information. This time, however, I was told that these fierce fighters were very light in colour, almost white, and not pygmies but giants. So that I am very much afraid that they will be found to be just ordinary New Guinea natives in the end. It is, however, noteworthy that there is a somewhat mysterious race of bushmen living between the Wawoi and Aworra tributaries of the Bamu who are accustomed to raid the Cagora tribe living on the former. These bushmen have been described to me by the Cagoras as very small in stature; apart from this they have never been seen.

I am not prepared to offer any theories as to the racial history of the Girara-speaking villages, but one thing is certain and that is that their language is a Papuan one. The following story of their origin was told me at Barimo by the people themselves. At a spot not far from Gaima (this was pointed out to me, when we came back there) a very long time ago a man married a dog. The offspring of this match consisted of three sons, the two elder of whom were the ancestors of Daumori and Pagona (on the Fly) and settled in these places. The youngest son quarrelled with his brothers and went inland. He saw that the country was good and decided to settle there, and it was he who became the ancestor of the Girara-speaking villages. In this connection it is interesting that according to Mr. Chalmers the Koita of Port Moresby and the Koiari also derived a common ancestry from the dog and the Trobriand Islanders have a similar story. As far as the Girara are concerned, however, I have not found that the Dog forms any of their totems. I was told that these were first allotted by a person named Ibare and are five in number—the Pig (Itira), the Pigeon (Boboa—I think this is the Goura pigeon), the Crocodile (Dupa), the Cassowary (Goragora) and the Snake (Amura). This seems to me to

be a very small number for such a large number of people, and very probably I have not been told the full list, or it is quite possible that these five form principal groups. The totems descend through the father, and the customs do not differ materially from those of the other Western tribes. A man must not marry in the totem nor is he allowed to kill or eat his totem. People of the same cognisance, though belonging to different villages, are always treated as friends and brothers. There appears to be some objection to a man allowing his totem animal to be killed in his presence. As we were travelling through a belt of scrub, a large cassowary stalked across the track. The native sergeant at once threw forward his carbine (he was a Parama Sting-Ray man); but one of the guides sprang in and knocked up the weapon, crying that the cassowary was his "father."

Everything about this district is novel and striking, the houses, the canoes, even the swamps themselves. But the people themselves are the most striking of all. Almost every man wears a tall conical hat, built up of rings of fibre, fixed to the head by a plaster of gum and clay. These hats are painted red and white and decorated at the peak with bunches of cockatoo or paradise feathers. The hair is shaved well back, showing a high narrow forehead, and the whole presents a most peculiar appearance. The hat seems to be first put on boys soon after initiation, and I think is essentially a ceremonial or fighting costume, although it is worn continuously. The older men dispense with the hat as a general rule, and in its stead wear a knitted skull cap. The younger men do not allow hair on the face, but the old men almost invariably wear a corkscrew goatee beard twisted into a rope four or five inches long. Except for armlets and leg bands of cane or root fibre all the men go naked.

Novel as this head-dress of the men is, the women's costume is even more so. They wear the usual Fly River petticoat, but of even a scantier make. When in mourning

they cover the head, face and bosom with a veil of coarse net. This is definitely stated to be a mourning costume but as nine-tenths of the female population are continually wearing the veil, it seems to me that either the death-rate must be tolerably heavy or that the veil must form a part of the ordinary costume under all circumstances. Breast scarification seems to be the usual form of ornamentation.

The people generally are of medium sturdy stature and are dark in colour. It is not surprising that they are bad walkers and splay-footed, seeing that the whole of their country is swampy and that much of their travelling is by canoe. I should put the average height of the men at about five feet four or five and that of the women two or three inches less.

The chiefs of a village appear to have a little authority. The late chief of Barimo, a man combining the dual functions of chief and sorcerer, was one of the few men I have seen implicitly obeyed by his people. A chief is succeeded, not by his son, but by his brother, and the son follows after the death of his uncle. Thus Sosora was succeeded by his brother Nenea, and after the latter's death, Sosora's son Charlie (I forget his New Guinea name) will assume the chieftainship. A somewhat similar rule is in existence among the Galoma tribes of Keakaro Bay, Central Division.

Polygamy is the general rule, and I have noted children by two or even three wives with the same husband. The chief of Kabani was or is, for I suppose he is still alive, a very much married man, his household closely approaching a baker's dozen. At the same time I believe divorce, although known, is very uncommon.

The villages consist of one large communal house with occasionally one or two very small sheds attached. The main Long House is sometimes of great size, varying of course with the size of the tribe, but I have seen no village containing more than one Long House. The biggest house I have seen throughout the district was at Dogona, about

168 yards long by 39 yards wide, with a height of about 70 feet at the end verandah ridge pole. Both height and width are considerably greater than in the case of the Kiwai or Fly River Long Houses. The eaves of the house reach right to the ground and the entrance for women and children is by small doors at the sides. The back and front of the house are closed by walls made of the sago palm laid transversely and there is a small door at each end, not flush with the verandah but raised a couple of feet. Down the centre of the house is a wide hall, and the walled-in space between the hall and the eaves forms the family apartments. These are closed cubicles two or three tiers in height and reached by ladders made of a single notched pole. I believe that the women are permitted in the centre hall, which is reserved to the men, on one occasion only, namely the ceremony attending the opening of a new house, and this occasion is also the one on which they use the main back and front doors. Projecting below the floor, the king post appears to be invariably carved into the representation of a bird, pig, or crocodile. The house is, of course, built on piles about six feet high, and is reached by a stair cut from a solid log and carved at times in the very undoubted figure of a naked woman.

Closely planted round the house is a row of betel nut palms and a row of coconuts. Outside of these rows there is a wide courtyard all round, kept scrupulously clean. Leading from the courtyard at each side of the square is a broad main road. The spaces adjoining the roads are laid out in beds with smaller paths between them and all the roads and paths are bordered with hedges of crotons, dracænas, and other bright shrubs, while the beds are thickly planted with coconuts, bananas, and native fruit trees. It is stated that these main roads in war time are lined with archers behind the hedges so that an approaching enemy is caught between two fires. As villages were visited for the first time it was often found

that the roads were "blocked" or "shut" by placing certain articles on the track to be passed, such as sprouting coconuts, croton leaves, or pigs' skulls. These "tabus" are invariably respected by natives, who are inclined to fear some disaster will fall upon them if broken, but although I always try to respect native ideas as far as possible, it would be of course absurd to allow one's party to be turned aside from its work for no reason at all. When I went to Baia after the Kotari murders I found stakes set up round the roads with pieces of human flesh and betel nuts on them which I was told were to act as charms to keep away the police. On one occasion Warigi for no known reason expressed the desire to hang the heads of the magistrate and his servant on the house posts, and also blocked all their roads. But as "tabus" on the track were not regarded, such expedients were discontinued.

All the Girara people are inveterate betel chewers, and a bag containing a lime pot and chewing gear is the invariable companion of every man wherever he goes. The betel is not the variety used in the East End, but a species which the Motuans call "viroro." As is well known, betel is eaten with lime and various peppers, the best kinds of which are grown as climbers. The Girara obtain lime by burning "epa" shell which they principally obtain from Pagona on the Fly. Betel chewing appears to be attended with rather more ceremony here than I have seen elsewhere. When about to indulge in an orgy of chewing, the Girara man seats himself cross-legged on the ground and spreads his chewing gear around. He peels four or five nuts and places them on his thigh. Then drawing a long thin bone needle or skewer from its case in the bag, he impales the nuts, one at a time, and starts to chew, adding lime and peppers until he has a suitable quid. The "quid," for I cannot describe it by any other name, is kept in the mouth day and night, and even when a man is talking to you, you can see the large red ball pro-

jecting from his lips. The lime sticks and betel needles are usually made of cassowary bone, but I do not think the Giraras have reached the high stage of the Trobriand Islander, who considers it a mark of esteem to manufacture pieces of his dead relatives' bones into lime sticks. Like most betel chewers, the rattle of the lime stick in the gourd is used to express the feeling of the user. He may sit stolidly enough, chewing, but you can tell by the way he rattles his stick whether he is pleased, angry, contemptuous or just merely "don't care." The continual chewing here among the Giraras, I think, renders them somewhat dazed and stupid-looking, and I am perfectly certain the betel used in the district is a very strong variety. Owing, however, to the universal use of betel nut, there is very little gamada drunk. I have lately noticed a little being grown in the gardens, but it is undoubtedly a recent introduction.

There are very extensive sago fields throughout the district, and indeed sago and coconuts form the principal foods. Wherever there is an inch of suitable ground above high swamp level, there is a coconut planted, and the innumerable low hillocks are just one mass of coconut groves. Sago is packed differently here to the way it is in the Fly, being put up in medium sized bags made of plaited grass. The women are very skilful fishers and use a large sized trap of black cane, looking very like a lobster pot. I believe these traps are similar to those used in certain districts of what was German New Guinea. None of the fish, however, is very palatable. Swamp fish never are. And when fish is slightly roasted in a sheath of cane or light bamboo and kept perhaps for a week, it is inclined to become a trifle high. The natives, however, seem to prefer it this way. The dry season seems to be the fishing season *par excellence*. The swamps are then dried up except for small puddles, and the women go round expecting to get good hauls in the mud. It is somewhat of a shock to one's belief, when you see the men firing the

dried grass of the swamps, to be told that they are "fishing." But it is quite correct. The tall grass is invariably burned off, in order to lay clear the wet mud and puddles where the little walking fish (*Periopthalmus*) are found.

The country is not very well suited for the cultivation of vegetables on a large scale, but the natives display a great deal of intelligence in their system of agriculture. All the young plants, yams, bananas, coconuts, are first planted out in beds and the soil is well trenched. To protect them from the hot sun, low shelter sheds are erected. I do not recall having seen this system anywhere else in Papua except in the Tabaram district, where it is in use for tobacco growing.

There are no novelties to be found in regard to their arms. They are the usual bow and arrows, the head knife and head carrier. I have seen three varieties of stone clubs, none of a very good type, but they make a rather good wooden club out of some hard heavy red wood. All these clubs were of the pineapple shape.

The artistic bent of the Giraras is distinctly shown in their decorations and carvings, which reach their highest point in the canoes. The usual canoe is a narrow dug-out, ranging up to sixty feet in length, and many of their prows are carved into most realistic representations of a pig's or crocodile's head, often holding a man's head in its jaws. These carvings are splendidly executed and painted in red and white. The body of the canoe is also painted in three colours showing whorls and circles. The paddles are very long and have a rounded end with one rib on the convex side. They are coloured in whorls and circles also. In fact, these designs are seen everywhere. I have seen them drawn on the ground near villages, and they are shown on dancing head-dresses and masks and drums. Some ceremonial paddles were once shown me with handles carved into a lifelike image of a naked woman. As a matter of fact figures of naked or pregnant women sometimes carved of wood and sometimes built of

mud form a centre piece at certain for instance, at the initiation ceremonies are shown how to prepare betel nut.

I was told once of an extraordinary stated to be part of the sago harvest a policeman stationed at Gaima but I must admit that there is no small boy, he said, is purchased pig and other items, and is sacrificed beheaded. During the course of this is produced and slices of sago are between the lips.

One or even two of the carved described previously, are used during initiation ceremonies. The affair usually court-yard facing the main door. Then the boys are shown how to paddle. A miniature canoe is placed on a staging and and fruits and decorated with croton such as I once saw at Warigi. At the same place may be briefly mentioned took place a few hundred yards from the main element produced by seventeen conch shell blown enormous drums used by these tribes, six small drums beaten by men. The women of their bodies painted a dull red colour round each eye and a series of white backs. The large drums mentioned are district. They are from seven to ten feet are held by one man and beaten by another mallet. Each drum is well but fantastically painted, and all the heads are made of wood.

Geographically, this interesting district Aramia and its affluents. The name Aramia direct one, but as it enters the Bamu River Island, it has popularly received the name

fusion is caused at first—I know I was extremely puzzled—by the constant habit the Girara have of referring to it as the Bamu, and this evidently led Mr. Murray to believe he was close to the “Bamu” when he was at Barimo, and Mr. Jiear to think he had crossed the Bamu or the Wawoi when he was apparently merely on the northern bank of the Aramia. Its actual course is still much of a mystery; but I am pretty confident it flows from the north-west, taking a course almost parallel with first the Wawoi and then the Bamu. It is fed from the thousands of acres of swamp by a network of creeks and streams on which most of the population is situated. The whole district was sketched for me one day on the sand by Nenea, the Barimo chief, and from all the evidence I have been able to gather his sketch is remarkably accurate in its way. The influence of the tide and even of the bore is felt a long way up the Aramia, and I was able to notice a slight rise and fall in Kabiri Creek not a great distance from its source.

The immense swamp plains, before they have dried up, present a most peculiar appearance, and my East End boys were not far wrong when they saw this region for the first time and described it as a “sea with many islands in it,” after all not an inaccurate description of the swamps with the thickly wooded and cultivated hillocks rising from their midst. These hillocks are, of course, the only places where it is possible to build villages and almost every one is occupied, if only by a garden house of some sort.

The swamp region is alive with water-fowl of every sort, divers, pelicans, grey cranes and ibis being very common. In the timbered country game is equally plentiful. There is one kind of timber, from which the natives make their torches, which is very plentiful and may possibly be of some value. It is a long, straight tree and splinters from it burn with a bright clear light. And just as there is plenty of bird life, so the low damp plains are alive with myriads of leeches, an unutterable nuisance to Europeans and natives alike.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BAMU

Dibiri—Bamu entrance—The route of the *Prince George*—Pigville—Description of the Bamu—Maipani and Wadoda—Fishing traps—Nomadic tribes of the Bamu—Description of Pigville—Dress—Heads and skulls—The Bamu weapons—The head knife and head carrier.

THE Bamu is generally known to the Fly River people as Dibiri. By them it was regarded as a somewhat mysterious region and full of "bad people." It was here that Sido, the great Kiwai hero, was killed, and somewhere in Dibiri is situated Siva, the mythical mountain—anything approaching a mountain in the Bamu must necessarily be mythical. Dibiri is also the place where the most famous drums and canoes are made and exported to the Fly and elsewhere. As a matter of fact Dibiri is the name of but a very small section of the Bamu district, being only correctly applied to that portion in the eastern estuary which is nearest the Fly. So, too, the name Bamu only is used over a small area, being applied to that part of the river flowing between the junction of the Bina and the Bebea and the spot where the two large tributaries Wawoi and Aworra are thrown off. Further up than that the name Bamu appears to be absolutely lost.

All along the mouths of the Bamu during the south-east season the sea breaks with tremendous violence. The coast is nothing but a mass of sand and mud banks with an average depth of under two fathoms even two or three miles to seaward, while the passages are intricate and dangerous. There is one fairly good channel leading direct into the Fly which is quite safe when you know it and which nearly everybody uses, but to enter the Bamu direct from the sea can only be done by roundabout routes. Having had occasion once to go to the southern

end of Umuda Island, I thought it would be quicker to get into the Bamu by going round the end of the island and making for the usual Dibiri entrance on the start of flood tide. A very heavy sea was rolling in, but the water was not yet deep enough, and just as the sun was setting, the ketch went up on a sand bank. I have seldom spent a more uncomfortable couple of hours. It was just a question which was going to happen first, whether the boat would be smashed up by the heavy seas which lifted her and then bumped her down on the bank or whether the tide would rise enough to float her off beforehand. It was a pitch dark night and if the boat broke up our chances did not look too rosy, for we had only a small dinghey aboard. Fortunately for us the tide won.

When you know the Bamu, it is easy enough to imagine the puzzlement of Captain Blackwood when the ship *Fly* was cruising off the Fly and Bamu estuaries. Apparently he first gathered the impression that the two really formed one river. After his return from the Papuan Gulf, Blackwood took his smaller ship, the *Prince George*, into a river at latitude 7°50'. This must have been the mouth of the Bebea branch of the Bamu, for Mr. Jukes' description of the coast tallies exactly. The choice must necessarily lie between the Bebea or the Bina, but putting all the facts together there seems little doubt but that it was the former. The *Prince George* seems to have gone quite a long way up the main river, and then retracing her course she cruised round the rivers of the estuary before returning to the sea. Mr. Jukes' famous village of Pigville corresponds, I think, with the present-day village of Buniki, which is situated where Sir William MacGregor placed a village which he called Bebea, and of which I have not been able to find any trace or record even among the natives themselves. It is possible, of course, that Pigville may have been one of the Bina villages, and there is no doubt in any case that the *Prince George* came into conflict with the Bina people, for they have a tradition to this day of how

a big "cutter" (all ships are cutters in the Bamu) fought them. In fact, many of the lower Bamu villages have stories to the same effect, such as Sisiamé, Oropai, and Miriwo.

Few of the western rivers are attractive, but to my mind the Bamu is the least attractive of them all. Whenever I go into the river I seem to catch the feeling of depression that hangs over the low, muddy mangrove swamps. The first time I went there I spent three weeks in the district and it rained for eighteen days, so that it was quite a relief to get back into the Fly and see the sun once more. In the lower reaches and in the estuary the streams are wide; the Bebea is about three miles across at the mouth and the Bina about the same. Above their junction the united river must be fully a mile and a half wide, and still further up when the Dibiri joins it, it is quite a mile. It is a melancholy and lifeless river, as lifeless as one could imagine no tropical river to be. The banks are thickly forested or lined with dreary stretches of nipa and sago palm, or worse still, tall and gnarled mangroves. At intervals there are collections of native hovels, and towards dusk one sees the canoes coming home from fishing or occasionally during the day the glint of paddles creeping along the banks. Sometimes you see a crocodile sleeping on the low mud and water birds flapping silently about. By day it has a dreary stillness, but at night when you are anchored a host of swampy sounds and the maddening drip, drip among the trees get on your nerves. And the people are about as depressing as the district. With the exception of four settled villages, almost every tribe is a wandering one, and their morals and general habits and conditions are about as unpleasant as could be desired.

Entering the river from the Fly there are within a small radius four large villages which are practically identical with those of the people of Wabada and the east bank of the Fly, who speak the same language. The village of Maipani contains some of the finest looking men to be seen in the West and some of the best physical

types. The village is awkwardly situated some distance up a small creek, and when the tide is out, there is but a tiny trickle in its bed—barely enough to float a canoe—with about fourteen feet of steep slippery mud to climb up to reach comparatively dry land. When they were visited for the first time the Maipani gave their visitors to understand that they were not wanted by tossing up the water with their canoe paddles. When the R.M. commenced actual administrative work in Maipani, his first greeting was a headless corpse floating down the creek, and his second was a shower of arrows when he landed in the village. When Maipani was once settled, its colony, Wadoda, suddenly took it into its head to break out and the village constable was shot in the nipa swamps while in the act of drawing an arrow on a party of police. Many of the Government orders were resisted passively more or less. For instance, one party in the tribe was prepared to fall in with the Law relating to the planting of coconut trees. A number of coconuts were planted out when one day the Maipani sorcerers stepped in and threw down their “puripuri” bags among the young trees, and of course work was at an end. Nowadays, however, Maipani and Wadoda go in for copra making, trading, and the sailing canoe, and are intensely “Government.” Not very long ago I had occasion to sentence a man here for some not very serious offence. A young but zealous policeman immediately whipped out his handcuffs and began to drag the prisoner off to the boat. Such a proceeding is hopelessly bad form in Maipani and nearly caused a riot, the prisoner protesting disgustedly that he was no bushman and that he knew enough about Government to go to prison respectably. The handcuffs were removed, but the prisoner walked with us to the boat still grumbling audibly at the insult cast on Maipani and himself.

They carve the great house posts here in the figure alternately of men and women just as is done at Gowa-

burai and Segera in the Fly and at a few other Bamu villages such as Damerokoromo and Oromokoromo, and you walk down the long houses between a row on each side of rudely designed, grinning faces. The two latter villages are, I think, the muddiest in a muddy district. They are both built two or three hundred yards in from the river, and when the tide is out there are two or three hundred yards of the thickest, stickiest mud it is possible to imagine. Being but a mere European, I always sit in a canoe and get dragged across. It is a great place for crabs, though, and the whole population turns out to the hunting. You can always buy large quantities here either packed in coconut leaf baskets or each crab separately with its claws neatly tied up. The natives prefer to sell singly, because you have to give a morsel of tobacco for each crab, while for a basket you would probably only pay half a stick ; consequently it is more profitable to sell separately. They have some very neat devices for catching fish. Coconut leaf baskets with very wide mouths are tied to stakes and left floating in the creeks ; as the tide ebbs, small fish get in the baskets and are hauled up. There is an ingenious fish trap made of a thorny cane in the form of a cone. The fish gets entangled or caught in the thorns which point inwards and upwards, and are held safely. All these ways of fishing are for a people with plenty of patience and plenty of time, but I don't know that they are any worse than fishing with a rod and line.

Near Damerokoromo is a spot called Ibu, which is a kind of neutral ground and a great sago making place. At certain times, you will find the whole half a dozen tribes living here and making sago. At one time a small police station of six men was placed at Ibu, and these men did some good work in keeping an eye on the turbulent Bamu tribes and gave them an object lesson in gardening, but the lessons were, I fear, wasted. There is about as much cultivation on the upper Bamu now as there was twenty years ago and that is none.

When Maipani and the neighbouring villages are passed, any pretence at civilisation is left behind. The rest of the Bamu tribes are semi-nomadic, rather unruly and head hunters and cannibals by choice. Not a single tribe cultivates the soil, although a few scattered patches of bananas or sweet potatoes may occasionally be seen. At such villages as Bina, Buniki, Sisiamé there are small groves of coconuts, but generally speaking the upper and eastern Bamu people live exclusively on sago, sago grubs and small fish. Even the Pride of Papua, the village pig, is not too plentiful. These sago grubs, by the way, are esteemed a great delicacy and are greedily devoured either raw or roasted. The natives bring them off to you in small sago leaf packets and you can buy one for half a stick of tobacco. I have been told they are very good, but have never been able to summon up enough courage to try them. Almost all the sago is wild and self-planted, and when a patch is eaten out, the tribe shifts its habitation on to another patch. Each tribe, however, has its own well-defined limits within which it moves, and similarly it has its own distinct fishing grounds. For instance, Sisiamé confines itself to the middle and southern end of Segama (or Aramia) Island, while Bimarami occupies the north-western corner together with part of the left bank of the Dibiri and a portion of the Aramia River. And so on. As long ago as 1848 Mr. Jukes of H.M.S. *Fly* remarked this nomadic trait, so that it is no development of recent years. Under these circumstances it can readily be imagined that the type of house is but a poor one. In fact, the houses are merely rough shelters built on piles and with an entrance door so tiny that one wonders how anyone could get inside. Sometimes, but not always, a Long House is built, but as far as I can see, it is never permanent. A new one is built—and it does not require much exertion, seeing the material and the style, to erect one even a couple of hundred feet long, such as I have seen at Sisiamé or Bina—when some initiation or Moguru cere-

mony is due. At Bina I saw almost exactly the same kind of sacred figures, used at Moguru, as are to be found at Kiwai or in the Fly.

Mr. Jukes, in his *Narrative of the Voyage of the Fly*, gives an excellent description of the Long House at Pigville, and according to his account the Long Houses appeared to have been very much more numerous in the river than they are now. "The roof," says Mr. Jukes, "was made of an arched framework of bamboo covered with an excellent thatch of the leaves of the sago palm. The end walls were upright, made of bamboo poles close together, and at each end were three doorways having the form of a Gothic arch, the centre being the largest. The inside of the house looked like a great tunnel. Down each side was a row of cabins; each of these was of a square form projecting about ten feet, having walls of bamboo. . . . Inside these cabins we found low frames covered with mats and apparently bedplaces and overhead were shelves and pegs on which were bows and arrows, baskets, stone axes, drums and other matters. . . . At each end of the house was a stage or balcony, being merely the open ends of the floor outside the walls on which the cross poles were bare or not covered by planks. The roof, however, projected over these stages both at the sides and much more overhead, protruding forward at the gable, something like the poke of a lady's bonnet, but more pointed. . . . Near the centre on one side was a pole reaching from the floor to the roof, on which was a kind of framework covered with skulls."

The nomadic habits of these tribes are not altogether due to the necessity of seeking fresh sago patches. Villages are frequently abandoned for other reasons, such as a death or a series of deaths occurring there either from disease or, I suppose I should say, sorcery, for I do not think that death from disease enters into the Bamu mind. If a person has been taken by a crocodile (the spirit of such a one is most malignant) or if anyone has been killed,



BAMU RIVER ARCHER IN FULL FIGHTING DRESS

The gauntlet is worn on the left arm to protect it from the bowstring. The bamboo beheading knife is carried slung around the neck and is occasionally rendered more potent by the addition of certain charms. The head-carrier is carried over the left shoulder.

WOMAN ROASTING FOOD, KIWAI

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the settlement will usually be shifted. From the point of view of the district officer, this continual shifting about is most annoying to say the least of it. You find a tribe living here to-day all comfortably and perhaps in a month's time when you are in the district again, you go to the old spot only to find a collection of deserted huts, and you have to wander half over the river to find where the new settlement is.

The further up the river one goes, the smaller in stature the general run of natives seems to become. Many of the large Bina or Sisiame tribes are well-made, powerful men, but the up-river folk are in the main very weedy, and were one inclined to be sensational, might be called pygmies. Many men cannot exceed five feet one or two in height and many are even less. Most of them are naked except for the shield-shaped groin shell, which really, however, should not be considered a form of clothing at all. Like the coloured fibre petticoat hanging down a few inches all round, the shell is a fighting or ceremonial costume. The taste for clothes, however, the "curse of rags" as it has been called, is rapidly spreading. A hat, by the way, a felt hat for preference and it is immaterial how battered it may be, has now become ultra fashionable. It has become the dress of ceremony, and no village policeman would, I feel sure, consider himself complete without one.

Head-hunting and the possession of skulls play an important part in Bamu life. The skulls are sometimes carved and bear their owner's private mark, and all those taken in fight (or by murder) are decorated in various ways, according to tribe. Recently the Bimarami raided an inland village and took eleven heads, which were later on found in their village. They were hung round with white feathers and seeds and had a large wooden snout, also feathered. In the eye sockets were inserted two long protruding pieces of wood tipped with large red seeds. Some of the old Bimarami men, who were in their village,

lingered lovingly over these heads, pointing out how So-and-so had taken one and another man's mark on another and calling the skulls by name. It was these same Bimarami who, long ago, had promised to give up raiding and head-hunting as a pastime. When their Long House full of skulls was pointed out to them as a proof of how the promise had been kept, they naïvely remarked, "Oh, yes, these are only the heads of bushmen. We never kill Government people, but bushmen don't count." I saw at Bimarami during one visit the nearest approach to a tree house that I have seen in Western New Guinea. It was really a watch-tower, built against a high tree to keep an eye on the Sisiamé, their next-door neighbours. These watch-towers are not uncommon in the Bamu, and they have been seen up the Aworra and down the Bebea.

I found many decorated and carved skulls in the bush shelters of the Sisiamé in the interior of Aramia Island, shortly after they had massacred a large number of Maipani people. Many of these skulls were obviously old ; others comparatively fresh. At one of the Moguru dances, called "Sawina," skulls are brought out and carried. When a man takes a head, he gives it to his wife's brother to carry at the dance. Skulls are also brought out at initiation, but women are not permitted to look on them.

The weapon of the Bamu is the bow, but here instead of bamboo being used, it is mostly made of black palm. These palm bows are very much smaller than the bamboo ones and not nearly so powerful. The string is as usual made of a flexible strip of bamboo, but whereas further west the string is knotted and the ends of the bow are pushed through the knots, on the upper Bamu the string is fastened to the bow by fibre very skilfully and neatly let into the bamboo strip. The arrows, which are carried in bundles slung under the left arm, are chiefly wooden tipped and of the beaded type. The plaited fibre gauntlet, the head carrier and the head knife, a plume of cassowary feathers and shell ornaments complete with the pubic

shell the full warrior's outfit. The head knife is made from a three-quarter section of bamboo about twelve inches long. A handle is made by lashing a piece of pith wood in the round of the weapon, and this string lashing is as a rule worked into a herring-bone pattern round the handle, thus serving the double purpose of ornamentation and giving a good grip. To prepare the knife for use, a notch is cut with a clam shell just below the handle and the bottom is slightly split. When an enemy falls, all that remains to be done is to tear off this strip and a sharp cutting edge is left. The edge is only sharp enough for use once, and in consequence a fresh notch is necessary for each head; thus a tally is so to say automatically kept on the weapon itself, which becomes a much-prized possession. When in use, the knife is carried round the neck by a string. An enemy is generally killed or disabled by arrow fire and then he is beheaded, but I do not think it matters very much whether he is actually dead so long as he is out of action. The skin of the neck is then cut, and taking the head with both hands, the warrior jerks it violently from side to side in order to dislocate the vertebrae. The head can then be completely severed. At Sisiamé I obtained a newly used knife which had been tossed away in terror by the owner at the approach of the police, which was fitted with several fighting charms, added, I was told, to ensure strength and good luck to the user. The charms were merely small pieces of bark or wood, but I was told they were very "strong." When the head is cut off it is carried over the shoulder on the head carrier, which consists of a loop of cane, the two ends of which are lashed to a crosspiece of palmwood. The loop is passed through the lower jaw until it is brought up against the crosspiece or toggle. I have seen one or two very rare forms of head carriers in the form of two wooden circles joined by a bar, the circles being carved and painted with that particular design of a man's head which is common all through the Bamu.

CHAPTER XVIII

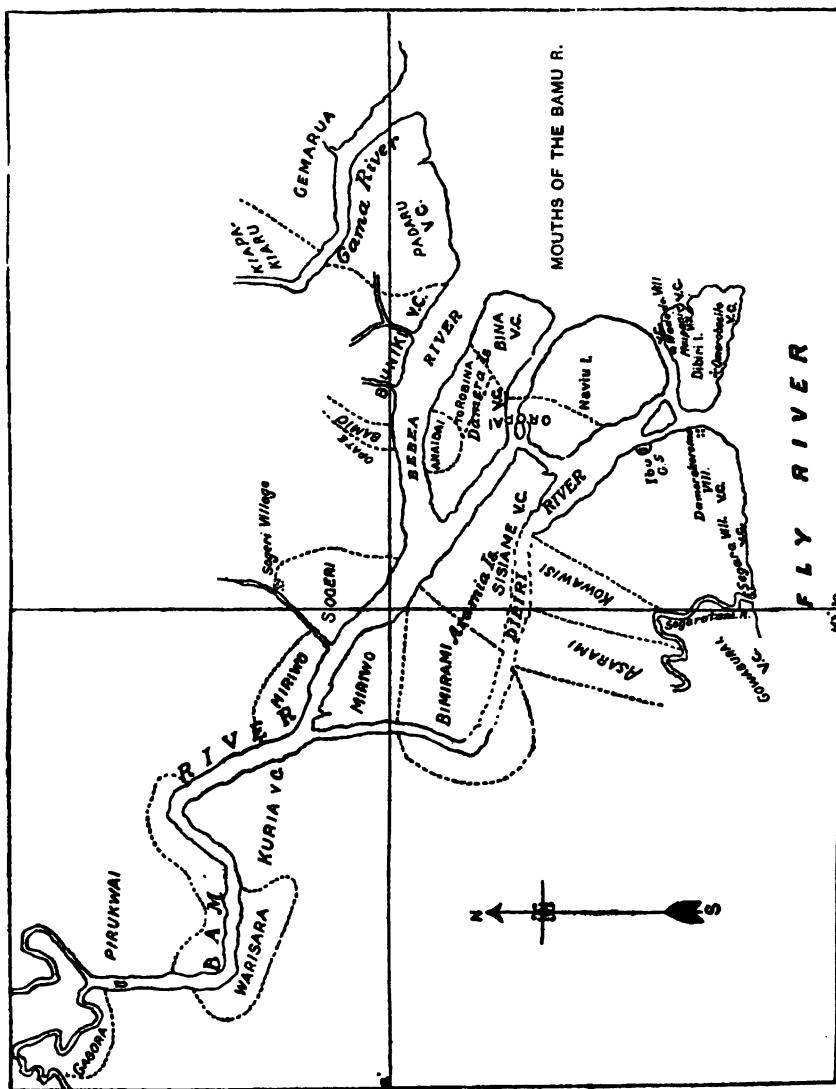
THE BAMU

(continued)

Mutilation—An expedition against the Sisiamé—Pacification of the tribe—Bina—Takes heads, arms and legs—Bamu politics—The Maipani raid on Bina—Cannibalism—The groups of Bamu tribes—Canoes—Buniki—Kuria and the Kauwai mask—Drums and canoe trading—The Bamu bore.

ALL the Bamu tribes mutilate the slain, both men and women, the parts being eaten ceremonially as war medicine and used as charms preparatory to fighting. In addition to this form of mutilation, the arms and in some cases the legs are cut off for cannibal purposes. I happen to have seen the full treatment of a dead enemy, but I cannot say that it is a very edifying spectacle; in fact I felt exceedingly ill.

It was among the Sisiamé tribe that I had my first view of "heads." Head-hunting had previously been a mere name to me, but on this occasion I had its full force brought very much under notice. The Sisiamé tribe had, a day or so previously, slaughtered under peculiarly treacherous circumstances a large number of Maipani folk returning from a peaceable canoe-buying trip at Bimarami. The actual start of the affair is not quite clear, but both tribes had been at enmity on and off for generations. The immediate cause was the murder of some Maipani people, who promptly retaliated by taking the head of a solitary Sisiamé fisherman who unluckily for himself happened to be near Maipani. Sisiamé kept the ball rolling by a general murder of all the canoe-buying party as it was returning down-river and which was unaware of the previous trouble. I happened to be in the Bamu at the time and we straightway went up to Sisiamé. The whole



TRIBES ON THE BAMU RIVER

tribe had packed up and departed for the thick swamps in the centre of Aramia Island. In the meantime I sent some men out to try and find traces of where they had gone to. The police sergeant returned to me a little later carelessly swinging a bundle of heads from their carriers, which he casually remarked he had picked up on the road. Horrible as the fresh heads looked, they reminded me irresistibly of a string of onions. The subsequent journey into the heart of the island has always seemed like some nightmare. The track lay first on sticks through the swamps; then the pretence of a road vanished utterly and we floundered through unadulterated sago swamp, waist deep. I remember I had almost all my clothes torn from my back by the sago thorns and the uniforms of the police were simply dragged into ribbons. I think all of us spent the evening picking sago spikes out of each other. A few days later I tried to reach the centre of the island by canoeing up one of the small creeks. The Sisiamé had felled trees across it and the police had to drag the canoe across these obstacles while I tried to maintain a precarious balance and forget that the Sisiamé, were they so minded, could line the narrow creek and pick us off like so many crows.

I was lucky enough to capture the principal fighting chief who was alleged to have taken a principal share in the murders, and we held court on board the *Toawara* in the river surrounded by a regular fleet of canoes watching the proceedings most intently. Later on he and I became great friends, and his son was appointed village constable of the tribe. The latter was a good lad, but had a remarkable command of foul language which he used on every conceivable opportunity, not knowing of course its meaning, although I doubt whether it would have made much difference even if he had.

This was the last occasion on which Sisiamé broke out. It was a powerful and numerous tribe, and for years

proved a terror of the upper Bamu just as Bina dominated the lower estuary. On one occasion as the police were pulling in the whaler by night to make some arrests, a whispering from the bank gave them sufficient warning to fling themselves to one side, the boat receiving the shower of arrows in her planks. Nearly thirty arrows were found imbedded in them. Time after time the Sisiamé promised to become the "Government's women." Time after time the pledge was broken. A ceremonial peace-making took place, in which a small dog and a pile of sago were presented to the Government. Things went on tolerably smoothly until a section of the tribe raided and ate some of the neighbouring Asarami tribe, and there was a desperate running fight between a canoe full of murderers and the police whaler under full sail along the waters of the main Bamu.

Bina was and is probably the most powerful fighting tribe of the whole district. Their propensities were distinctly cannibal, and the story runs that they always took two heads and two sets of arms and legs for every man of their own that happened to get killed. A few years ago the trader and recruiter could never feel quite sure when at anchor near Bina that he was not going to find some headless body grating against his anchor chains. The particular victims of the Bina are a smaller tribe called Oropai, who had also to keep a careful eye on the Sisiamé. Oropai took heads when it could from Bina, and frequently boasted of more heads than it actually took, and in the intervals raided Miriwo and other tribes as opportunity offered. To unravel the tangle of Bamu politics would be a difficult task; but it is tolerably safe to say that with occasional intervals of peace every tribe was willing to take stray heads anywhere it could get them. I dare say a good deal of this desultory fighting was due to the state of having nothing to do that is characteristic of most sago-eating tribes who do not cultivate the soil. A whole tribe

goes off in canoes ostensibly on a fishing trip (but well provided with fighting gear), and quite prepared to seize the chance of a little raiding if any stray fishermen happens to be met.

Bina and Maipani were always on bad terms, but as is usually the case even among the bitterest enemies, there are always one or two persons in each tribe who have the mutual right of hospitality for the purpose of trading or the like. Thus Maipani can supply Bina with certain shells and shell ornaments, and there are two Bina men who are always free to come to Maipani.

Not very long ago a score of young bloods from Maipani did a thing that they would never have dreamed of ten or even five years ago, that is, they raided Bina. From whatever point of view you look at it, their impudence was colossal, for Bina in the old days before the Government could and would have eaten Maipani, literally. The party was organised and led by a clever Wadoda scamp who had engineered himself into the position of village policeman, and he had an able lieutenant who, about a month previously, had just completed a five years' sentence for a most cold-blooded murder. Some up-river people were trading tobacco down at Maipani. This man offered a small knife, and as the seller was not willing to let him have as many leaves as he thought he ought to get, he took an axe without any further remark and literally chopped the other into small pieces. The whole of the bright band set off for Bina, and, taking them rather unawares, commenced by seizing the local village policeman and tearing his uniform off and then began to loot. By this time the indignant Binas had had time to collect, and the raiding party beat a very hasty retreat. These Maipani and Wadoda firebrands received a sentence of eighteen months apiece amid a chorus of "I told you so" from their countrymen.

On the same island as Bina are two small but very con-



A BAMU RIVER "KAUWAI"

This represents a mythical hero, and the costume is worn by certain men at specific dances and at the initiation ceremonies.



CAT'S CRADLE AT KIWAI

The Kiwai children are very keen on cat's cradles, and have a great number of varieties of the game, many of them exceedingly complicated.

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servative and truculent tribes who only come out from their almost impregnable swamps at odd times to seek heads. A couple of men were once arrested from one of these tribes for some murder. One of them, a man of fairly good physique, soon after he entered Daru gaol began to pine away; there was nothing ostensibly wrong with him—he was simply dying. One day, however, he told me that he had managed to offend a sorcerer in his village over some woman and in revenge a spell had been cast over him. It was no use telling him a New Guinea spell could not possibly work in a Government gaol; he remarked that the only thing that could save him was to get the sorcerer to remove the enchantment. He died a few days later.

Nearly all these tribes are frankly cannibal. The arms, legs and the breasts of women are esteemed the best portions, but the whole body is eaten roasted with sago. There do not appear to be any restrictions as to the eating of human flesh, even women are permitted to partake of it. The bones, the Bina people told me, are not thrown away but kept, probably for some ritual purpose. A man is permitted to eat of a body he himself has killed, although this is prohibited in some parts of New Guinea, notably in the Purari Delta and in the Yodda Valley. It is not quite clear whether the heads of relatives are always preserved. I know I had occasion once to exhume a body of a woman at Bimarami. She was buried in a shallow grave in the bush and I found the skeleton quite complete except where it had been disturbed by wild pigs.

There are, I think, three well-defined groups of tribes in the district. The first comprises the four villages which cultivate the soil and speak the same language as Wabada and some other Fly tribes. The second group embraces the up-river peoples, a very much smaller and lower race with a different language, while the third group, which is a

large one and might almost be subdivided into two sections, covers the middle and eastern districts and is continued on through the Gama and gradually merges into the Aird. At Buniki on the Bebea branch, I think, you find the half-way house between the tribes of the Fly and those of Goaribari.

In the western Bamu the outrigger canoe is used throughout, and the same type, though smaller, is found up the Wawoi and Aworra for some distance when the only river craft seen are rafts. At Buniki on the eastern Bamu and even at Bina you see canoes both with and without the outrigger. The use of the latter form may be dictated by the fact that it would be quite impossible to use an outrigger canoe up many of the small creeks that seam the district. The observant Mr. Jukes also drew attention to the dug-out, and in addition to the practice of placing a man or small boy with his back to the sea in the low open end of the canoe in order to act as a stopwater, a custom seen at its best in the Purari Delta, far to the eastward. The Buniki canoes are painted inside in the same manner and with the same designs as those of the Aird. In the western and upper Bamu the men paddle sitting down, while at Buniki they almost invariably stand up.

On one occasion at least it is known that certain Omati and Turama tribes came round to Buniki trading for shells, giving arrows and other goods in exchange. All round this village appears to be a kind of meeting-place between east and west, and there seems to have been some traditional friendship with Kiwai. Many years ago at a time of great famine at the latter place, the Agabara people got supplies of sago from Buniki, and I believe a small boy was given in exchange. He grew up among the Buniki and later on became their village policeman. In the end he died from an arrow wound received in some raid against the Gama people, protesting all the while to the visiting R.M. that the Buniki people never indulged in

such amusements—and with a great gaping arrow hole in his side. If my memory serves right, a Kiwai boy was also given to the Bina in much the same way, and I fancy the coastal Parama tribe have a tradition of old friendships with “Dibiri,” for they may be heard occasionally to refer to certain Bamu villages as their “brothers.”

Well up the Bamu, I suppose, the principal tribe is that of Kuria, still very shy and far from being even partially civilised. At the suggestion of one of the Kuria chiefs I once took his son, a lad about fifteen, to Daru for a proposed visit of a few months in order to let him see the world. He was supposed to be a very raw savage indeed, but he had hardly been in the place a month when the sergeant of police in whose quarters he was living wrathfully complained that he had been robbed of two sovereigns, with which the young man had endeavoured to purchase clothes at one of the local stores. “Civilisation” is evidently easily acquired. They use at Kuria a quaint mask made of cane and sago fibre and having the appearance of a long snouted man. This mask is called Kauwai, and is the representation of some old-time personage about whom I am not quite clear. I believe it is used at the initiation ceremony, and is very similar to the masks known as Awoto in the Aird Delta. The population just near the junction of the Wawoi and Aworra does not appear to be extensive. There are only a couple of villages on the banks and they appear to be in constant dread of some hitherto unknown bushmen.

It is only when you get up as high as these tributaries that you lose the muddy water and it now becomes clear enough to drink with appreciation. Elsewhere the river is about half mud held in solution and one always has to sail by the lead. When cruising in the West, the problem of fresh water is a very serious and ever present one. There is practically no decent drinking water whatever to be obtained on the coast between the Dutch boundary and

the Purari Delta, and one can only get it by going some distance up the various rivers. You have to go nearly sixty miles up the Bamu before it is possible to get any that is quite above suspicion.

While certainly very little of the country seems suitable for agriculture in spite of assertions to the contrary, it is remarkable that after you leave the mouth of the estuary there is scarcely a single patch of native cultivation to be seen. With a population living in a semi-nomadic state and under pretty wretched housing conditions, one hardly looks to find any artistic traits, but it is a fact that the upper Bamu is celebrated for its fine drums and canoes. The drums are carved and painted in red, black and white. They are about two and a half feet long with slightly diverging jaws reminding one of a crescent, but they are undoubtedly intended to represent the jaws of the crocodile, just as the carving and ornamentation on them represent its head and snout. It might be mentioned that the Goaribari drums, made of a black wood, are similar in shape and design to these Bamu ones. Some rather good carving in relief is done on tobacco pipes, representing Toto-opu, a man's head design, which is found on all sorts of ornamentation in the Bamu, notably on the skull stands, and reappears in the Agibas of Goaribari.

The most famous canoes in the West are stated to be built by the canoe-making tribes of Bimarami and Miriwo, and they have been exported to such far distant places as Torres Straits. The export trade is almost entirely in the hands of the Wabada people, who make periodical trips for the purpose, principally during the north-west season, but occasionally at other times. On two or three occasions I have met the Wabada fleets in the Bamu on these trips and the men are always accompanied by their women, for the wives of the parties are always exchanged during the trading. The payment is invariably made upon delivery, and the trade consists chiefly of armshells,

cowries, pearlshell crescents and dogs' teeth. It used to be always a source of wonder to me where all the dogs' teeth used in the Pacific came from until the other day I happened to read of an action between two London firms for payment of a shipment of dogs' teeth made to the South Seas.

The Bamu customs with regard to their womenfolk are to say the least of it peculiar, but the customs are universal and the women themselves seem to regard the position with equanimity. I hardly know whether one could call them immoral. I should rather say they are non-moral. Custom is custom, and that is about all one can say.

Of all the tidal rivers I suppose the tides are the strongest in the Bamu. I do not know what is the particular reason. And equally of course the bores are the most dangerous, especially in certain reaches of the river. I had often heard of the bore before I went to the Bamu, but, when I did go, I never gave it a thought. On my first trip we had been sailing gaily down from the Wawoi with the ebb tide. As it happened the moon was approaching its full and bringing with it the spring tides. One morning about seven o'clock, after we had been under way for some hours, I heard the coxswain suddenly give the order to let go, and I heard the anchor rattle down. I was a bit annoyed as the tide was still on the ebb, but nobody paid much attention to what I had to say and all hands were far too busy lowering sail and making all fast to do more than throw me a mere "Ibua, Ibua" (the bore, the bore). In the far distance I heard a dull roar, and it suddenly dawned upon me what was the matter. As it happened we were right in one of the worst spots in the river, just above the top of Aramia Island. The roar grew louder, and rounding a bend a couple of miles further down I saw a great wall of water extending across the river from bank to bank and racing up-stream at an extraordinary rate. Had I been safely ashore, I am sure I should have regarded

it as a fine sight. The wave looked formidable and, the tide still being on the ebb, we were lying stern on. Fortunately the flood comes on a little in advance of the wave and the ship swung round and met the bore with her bows. As the waves reached us, it seemed to tower well above them, but the ship rose to it and jerked at her anchor violently from side to side until she dipped her rails under. Contrary to expectation, as the wave struck, there was no violent concussion. The first wall of water, fully nine feet high, was followed by two smaller ones, and where we had been riding in a little over a fathom, there were now nearly three after the bore had passed. Even with a heavy anchor and over twenty fathoms of chain out, the ship was dragged hundreds of yards up-stream. I do not know what would happen if you were caught while under way—turned over and smashed up, I suppose.

In the Bamu the bore comes up the river at each flood tide for five days during spring tides, that is, at new and full moon, but they are naturally very much higher and stronger at the equinoxes, i.e. about March and September. The bore is, of course, caused by the strong flood tide meeting the ebb and river current which it backs up and drives up-stream in a great water wall.

The natives are very frightened of the bores and know exactly when they are due, hauling their canoes well above high-water mark. They say if anyone should get caught in the bore, he never comes to the surface again.

There are a good many well-known spots behind islands and sandbanks, where you are well protected from the full force of the bore. The Dibiri channel is one of the • worst places in the river, owing to its shallowness. You are extremely likely to be caught on a bank at the ebb and the position then becomes not a little dangerous when the bore is due, especially as at one place in this channel you get a double bore. You are safe enough in a whale-boat if you can manage to get into one of the numerous small

creeks in time. I remember once having to pull desperately along the bank to find one for the bore was due any moment, and, as there was hardly any water left, the ebb being at about its last gasp, we had to haul the boat by hand, standing waist deep in the thick mud to get her into safety.

More trying to the nerves than all is being caught at night when there is no moon. You can see nothing and you have to wait in the darkness and listen to the roar, which under the circumstances is bound to sound more terrific, wondering when it is going to strike you and what is going to happen.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GAMA AND THE TURAMA

The coast between the Bebea and the Gama—A trader looted there—The Gemarua natives—The missing front teeth—Houses on stilts—Sleeping in a whaleboat—Race with a canoe to arrest the raiders—The Sogeri tribe—The Turama river—Caught in a "Guba"—Getting in touch with the natives—Installing a chief—Morigio Island—Daria Hills—Turama bore.

FROM the mouth of the Bebea the coast slopes away in a gentle curve to the eastward in an almost unbroken line of nipa and mangrove. At its extreme mouth there is a small stretch of what might by courtesy be termed a beach of black sand. At any rate it is not mud, and the natives take a good deal of advantage of this "beach" for fishing. When I speak of fishing, I am referring to the hunt for small fish and fry such as may be caught by cone traps or by blocking the mouths of small tidal watercourses with brushwood weirs. I cannot recall having ever seen a real fishing-net in the Bamu.

The beach soon merges into mangrove and the whole foreshore consists of just a mixture of liquid mud through which the gnarled and distorted mangrove roots thrust themselves. There is a good depth of water in the actual channel from the Bebea, which runs out south-easterly and gradually becomes shallower and shallower until it spreads out into one great series of sand-banks with a uniform depth of a trifle under a fathom at low water. These banks extend for many miles to seaward and as far east as Bell Point, effectually covering the mouth of the Gama and making both it and the coast almost impossible in the south-east season. It is usually easy enough to get *into* one of these bank-protected rivers with a sailing boat not drawing too much water, providing you go in on a

rising tide, but the difficulty lies in getting *out*. In a sailing craft you must beat out on the ebb tide, so that everything is against you, with the added prospect of hitting a bank and being smashed up if the weather is at all heavy.

The Gama still is one of the least known of the western rivers. Really, however, there is very little to induce anyone to visit it. As far as I have been able to ascertain the population is only a temporary one and the country itself is quite unsuited for any European settlement. Sir William MacGregor explored the river in 1892, and some twelve years later Mr. C. S. Robinson paid a visit to the district, but no administrative work had been done there at all. The coast is bad and whatever was known of the temper of the inhabitants was not particularly in their favour, and the Gama was left very much to itself until a couple of years ago when an adventurous but foolhardy trader wandered there in a seven-ton cutter and a crew consisting of a single Fly River boy. What followed was not altogether unexpected, and he was glad to get away with a couple of severe wounds after having had his boat looted. Some years previously another trader, cruising round the Bebea Delta in what was little better than a decked-in whale-boat, was savagely attacked near Buniki by, it is stated, some Gama people who had travelled across. Buniki and the Gama, it might be stated, alternate between friendly trading visits and seeking each others' heads.

It was in the height of the south-east season and I was not anxious to risk taking a big boat like the *Toawara* along a practically uncharted coast, so I left her in the Bamu and went round to the Gama in the whale-boat, seizing the opportunity at the same time to see if there was a decent ship passage. The Gama is fully a mile wide across the mouth, and a short distance up on the eastern bank I found a series of small villages stretching up the

river for some distance. These villages were obviously occupied only for temporary purposes and the surrounding scrub had only just been felled. Our arrival created no little commotion at first. Half a dozen long canoes pushed into the bank, the men tossing up the water towards us with their paddles in defiance and everyone stood to his bow. Soon, however, they started to wave green boughs, and the women and children, who had bolted to the bush, began to trickle back and were quite prepared to receive morsels of tobacco. The bows here are of palm wood and the arrows have a bone barb on a wooden tip; some of them are quite well carved and painted in red and white. Almost every man had his face painted with streaks of red, and I noticed numbers of them were without either one or two of the front teeth. Now Papuans have splendid teeth as a rule, and although I was repeatedly told that there was no special reason for the missing teeth, with all respect to my informants, I am very much inclined to believe there was. A few cases might be understood, but when the instances ran into dozens I cannot believe that everyone had had toothache. I do not know that knocking out a front tooth is a New Guinea custom, although it is not uncommon elsewhere. All the men were very black in colour with small heads and sloping foreheads, but the characteristic arched nose of the Fly is not very noticeable. They were all naked except for an occasional pubic shell or streamers of red fibre hanging from the ears. They became so friendly that soon they thrust their bow gauntlets into my hands as a sign of extreme trust. When we started to continue the journey up the river, two or three canoes full of men, standing erect to paddle, acted as guides. The canoes of course had no outrigger and balance maintained, as usual, was wonderful.

These people told me the name of their tribe was Gema-rua, and that they come round from the Turama to the

east bank of the Gama for some months of the year to make sago, hunt cassowary and to fish, but that their real homes are on the former river. The houses I had seen on the Gama were just the ordinary dog-kennel ones that are usual in the Bamu. I gathered that they are a totemic people, numbering the Crocodile, the Snake and the Cassowary among the totems. It is remarkable how widespread this Cassowary cult is throughout the West, and that almost invariably it occupies a leading position among the clans.

Further up the river were the villages of some of the people who had attacked the trader. At one place the houses were all built on stilts, I cannot call them anything else, at a most extraordinary height from the ground. Some of the piles were certainly not thicker than a good sized walking stick, and the houses themselves were approached by a crazy ladder of sticks. One man was arrested here. He raced up into one of these houses and, finding he was followed, crashed through the walls of the house like so much brown paper and was finally caught below. Immediately he commenced to howl to his friends to come and kill the white "devils" (several of the police were a shade or two lighter than himself), an invitation to which no one responded, so he contented himself with demanding a smoke.

About fifteen miles up-stream the Gama changes its name to Wiboda, and it was along the eastern banks that I found the settlement of the Kiapa-Kiaru. This tribe, also, is really a Turama one and crosses to and from by following a route across country. There is a creek flowing into the Gama up which the people travel until it ends in mud, then they walk a few miles and reach a second creek, which they follow down until the Turama is reached. I saw no Long Houses in this river-side settlement, but the usual separation of the unmarried men from the women and children seems to be the rule. Otherwise the houses

seemed to be family ones. In the main villages, however, on the Turama they had in some instances the ordinary type of Long House.

I found that most of the men concerned in the attack on the trader were away down river crab fishing, but it was too late to return that night. I made up a bed in the whaler—the ground was too sloppy to sleep ashore. If you lay out the oars close enough together along the seats of the boat, you can make a fairly comfortable bed, though it is hard enough, and it is not so bad provided the weather is fine. I once slept in a small gig with two companions anchored out off a point in Era Bay. It was an awful night, raining heavily and a big roll tossing the little boat about. Two of us slept on oars and I had a bed in the well, but I do not know who was the worst off, and I think we were all equally drenched.

It was full moon that night in the Gama and I was not sure whether a bore would run up the river or not. The tide turned with a perceptible "slap," but there were no signs of anything else. Next day we started down for the spot where the fishing camp was supposed to be. It was not far from the river mouth, and as we approached I saw a solitary canoe with two paddlers making for the same place. As soon as they sighted the whale-boat, they started to paddle for dear life, and we had a really sporting and exciting race for the entrance. The canoe was a little nearer, but the whaler had the tide and a fair breeze. The canoe shot into the creek, a narrow gut in the mangrove, with the whale-boat almost bumping its stern, and both craft crashed through the bushes and up on to the mud at about the same moment. The mud was hopeless. I happened to be wearing a pair of rubber thigh boots and I literally stuck fast and had to be lugged out by main force. The natives, of course, raced through the mud as only natives can. The camp consisted of twenty or thirty rough shelters made of a few nipa leaves, just about

enough to keep the rain off. As I toiled up to it I saw a policeman and another man struggling down in the mud, it was hard to tell which was which, while another excited native was dancing round the two yelling in a frenzy of excitement, "Hold him. Hold him," but of course doing absolutely nothing to help; the funny side of it was irresistible.

I found quite a number of skulls in the camp, neatly packed up in coconut-leaf baskets. As the women were carrying and looking after them, they were probably the heads of relatives. It is at times rather comical to see the women racing for the bush with all the family heads tucked under their arms.

Some months later than this trip, I managed to get the ship into the river, although we had some difficulty in finding the right channel at first. We went a good distance up but found hardly any sign of population at all. The people whom I had previously met had evidently all gone back to the Turama. As a matter of fact I do not believe there is any permanent population on the Gama at all. The eastern bank belongs to the Turama tribes. The western side belongs to certain Bamu ones. The country between these two rivers is inhabited by a couple of tribes who sometimes come out on the Bamu and sometimes on the Gama. Sir William MacGregor mentions one tribe whom he calls Dabura. Now there is no tribe on either river known to me by that name, but the name of the creek upon which Buniki and some smaller tribes live is called Dabura. It is tolerably evident, I think, that these people, who correspond in appearance, were one of the Padaru tribes.

Only one other tribe was encountered by MacGregor's party, at a distance of about forty miles from the mouth of the river. This tribe, the Sogeri, attacked him on sight. They travel between the main Bamu and the Gama, but for years they have been settled on the Bamu side, keeping

very much to themselves and giving little trouble, although they are regarded as very powerful sorcerers by a majority of the Bamu people. Sir William describes their numbers as considerable, but I doubt whether they are more than a couple of hundred strong all told.

The estuary of the Turama is some thirty miles wide, and the coast between its westernmost extremity (Bell Point) and the mouth of the Gama has a very bad reputation indeed from a sailing point of view. The coast is all mangrove and cut by numerous small creeks, up two or three of which are tucked away some small tribes, whose presence was quite unsuspected until I happened one day to notice a canoe cautiously moving through the mangrove. Reasonably speaking, these villages are all but unapproachable except you crawl through a tangle of muddy water and twisted mangrove roots.

The Turama by Bell Point is called Gawai, but, except for this, the river keeps the name of Turama throughout its whole course, and it is still known by that name even in the interior.

About three years ago I sailed into the Turama during the north-west season on my way from Goaribari. At the time the coast was regarded as quite impossible in the south-east. However, at the present time it is quite possible to sail from Daru through the Gulf except in the very worst of south-east weather, and, as power boats are now much more common in Papua, many of the difficulties of the old sailing days have disappeared.

What little wind we had got coming out of the Goaribari passage dropped altogether towards evening, so that the *Toawara* just drifted with the tide. Shortly after dark a strong north-west "guba" came up with particular suddenness and it blew hard straight down-stream with heavy rain. There are two large islands, Morigio and Neabo, well in the centre of the river, and we were blowing about in the pitch dark somewhere off the former. It is

not the most comfortable thing in the world to be sailing in the dark on an uncharted river in the middle of a gale, with the lead showing only about a fathom and the ship continually bumping on banks. For a very anxious hour or so we groped round until a patch was found giving two fathoms, and with a sigh of relief I was glad to anchor.

In the morning I found we were off the southern end of Morigio, and drifting along towards the western bank I could see many canoes putting off from the shores. They paddled up to within a couple of hundred yards of the ship, fine long canoes having no outrigger and holding from fifteen to twenty men each. For a long time no persuasion could bring them alongside. At length succumbing to the influence and blandishments of a knife and some turkey red held up enticingly, a few men, including the chief, transhipped to a small canoe and came close but remained ready to bolt at the first alarm, while the men in the big canoes had every bow strung and ready for use at a moment's notice. Later on I worked the ship in as close to the villages as possible, although there is a good half-mile of stinking mud between deep water and the shore. The river banks are almost a trifle above high-water mark and the villages have some groves of coconuts, a welcome sight after the bare forests of the Bamu. The men were well made and dark in colour, but their countenances are infinitely more villainous than anything to be seen to the westward. The peculiarly diabolical-looking appearance is accentuated by shaving the hair far back on the forehead and adding streaks of red and black paint. Many wore the pubic shell, others a carved bark belt, painted red and white, from which hung a sporran of native cloth. There is one symbol of authority and acceptance of the Government which is now regarded as such throughout New Guinea, and that is an ordinary cotton shirt. How it came to be so looked upon, I have not the faintest idea; but it has almost become a hard

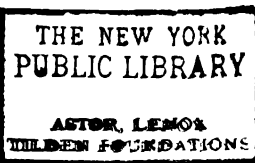
and fast rule that when you are getting into touch with a new tribe, the head man is solemnly invested with a shirt and *ipso facto* becomes a "Government man." So I followed the usual course, but the old gentleman, who claimed to be head man, insisted upon wearing it back to front, which he maintained was more suitable. We did not quarrel on the point. Many of the men carried heavy wooden clubs with a sharp edge and the arrows had loose barbed points so designed that they should break off or remain in the body.

On the extreme southern end of Morigio Island lives a tribe called Harago. I was unable to get within shouting distance of them. They once sent me a message that we should come and fight them, but when I next went to the Turama they would neither make friends nor fight, but took to the swamps with an energy worthy of better things. This reminds me of another message that I once received from one of the strong tribes in the old Northern Division. They said they were tired of peace and invited me to come to their villages and see them "eat cartridges like taro." At a convenient opportunity we went along, and pointing out the bandoliers full of "taro" asked if they were ready for the feast. The upshot was that we had a splendid reception and the whole party was escorted in triumph through the whole series of villages, the natives explaining that they were not really serious about fighting.

A couple of years ago I went up the Turama for about sixty miles in the district boat *Nivani*, which had an engine of sorts. There were a good many villages on the upper reaches, but all on the western bank. The eastern side seemed singularly devoid of population. Parts of the Turama are among the very few places where the actual numbers of the natives seem to correspond with those reported or observed by previous parties ten or twenty years ago. It is always extremely difficult to estimate the numbers of natives even approximately and especially so



KAIVA-KUKU FROM THE PAPUAN GULF



at first sight, and with a tolerably intimate acquaintance of most of the West I am unable to find any trace of the sometimes immense numbers mentioned by Sir William MacGregor, for instance, in the Bamu. I know popular opinion has generally credited the west of Papua with an extremely large population, but the idea is quite a mistaken one, and with the exception of a few districts, such as the Aird Delta, for example, the numbers are far from large.

As far as I have been in the Turama, I have seen no country fit for settlement. The lower portions of the river are nothing but swamps, and in the upper reaches where the banks are high, the soil does not appear rich. Some fifty miles up the river for the first time there is rising ground, the Darai Hills, forming a rough serrated range, running down almost to the water's edge. From this point upwards the watershed of the Turama is very rough and rugged, consisting for the most part of lime and sandstone hills.

Vigorous district work is only now commencing in the Turama and consequently knowledge of its inhabitants is scanty enough; but this much is known, that is, they are cannibals, head-hunters, and possess a social organisation midway between that of the Bamu and that of the Aird, but with a closer approach to that of the former.

The Turama is the third and last of the western rivers which are affected by a bore. It commences between the mainland on the eastern side of Morigio Island, and for some miles is barely perceptible. As the river narrows and becomes shallow, the bore increases in height and strength. I have only had one experience of it, and knowing the Bamu bore and having read of the Turama one, I was certainly prepared for a much worse experience than actually happened. We were coming down the river with the ebb. The bore, I know, was due and I was anxious to get out of its region. As the tide flowed out, the river

became shallower and shallower until we were caught fast on a bank in something under five feet of water, and all our efforts to get off only resulted in pulling the ship broadside on, making the position even worse than before. However, the ship was fast and we had to stop. It was the night before full moon when the spring tides are at their highest and, if the bore due about midnight was going to be anything like what it had been reported, our position was not a happy one. We could hear its roar for fully twenty minutes before it appeared round a point in the river. The long line of white-tipped wave approached rapidly, but I could see that there was no danger for the top was broken in foam and the wave itself was only a couple of feet in height. I am now quite convinced that the Bamu bore is far the worst of the three, an opinion which will, I think, be shared by those who have had experience of it.

CHAPTER XX

GOARIBARI

Discovery of the Aird delta—Description—Network of channels and waterways—Wrecks in the delta—Houses—Man House, Youth House, and Woman House—Agibas—House dedication—Canoes—Goaribari women—Cannibalism—Burial of the dead—Cassowary daggers—First visit to the delta—Goaribaris as thieves—Goaribaris as labourers—Establishment of a Government Station.

ONE hundred and twenty years ago Captains Bampton and Alt of the East India Company's Service were cruising round the head of the Papuan Gulf, and this is the first record of anyone having been in the vicinity of Goaribari. Fifty years later after leaving the shoals off the mouth of the Fly River, Captain Blackwood, R.N., worked his way past Bramble Cay and anchored off what he named Aird Hill, bearing north by east. Near by is the long promontory, called Cape Blackwood, which presents rather a curious appearance from the sea, appearing to be at first sight a piece of high ground. As Mr. Jukes, the chronicler of the voyage, describes it, "What we had first taken for moderately high land was, in fact, a wood of very lofty trees growing on a dead flat scarcely above high-water mark." However, both Cape Blackwood and the conspicuous Aird Hill are good marks for navigators along this coast. A party from the *Fly* and her consort the *Prince George* left in the gig and proceeded to explore the river, or rather the great delta now known as the Aird, but it does not appear that the main river, the Kiko, was actually reached. The channels of the delta are so multitudinous that it is wellnigh impossible to follow Blackwood's course with any degree of certainty, and it is equally impossible to try and identify the villages he saw. The natives, however, appeared very terrified at

the white faces, and when one of the gig's crew stripping off his shirt showed that his body as well as his face was white, the natives fled in terror to the bush. Mr. Jukes describes them as "tall muscular fellows with white nose ornaments, a round piece of shell hanging on their breast and a shield-shaped piece hanging over the groin and a waist belt of string adorned with shells or tassels; their hair was tied back behind their head and they had a very wild and ferocious aspect"—a very accurate description. One of the crew said that he saw people puffing smoke from the balcony of one of the Long Houses as they passed, and, as they waved their arms, a jet of smoke proceeded from them. Mr. Jukes adds that Captain Cook observed the same phenomenon when he landed on the New Guinea coast away to the west. Cook seemed to have suspected some form of firearm, but of course there can be little doubt that the natives were simply smoking.

The next traveller in this region was Mr. Theodore Bevan, who was the real discoverer of the main Kiko and explored much of the delta lying between Risk Point and the Purari. The full record of his work is set out in his *Toil, Travel and Discovery in British New Guinea*, and as far as his work in the Papuan Gulf is concerned, Bevan has scarcely received all the credit he deserved. His work was wonderfully accurate, and his dealings with the natives laid up no store of trouble for those who followed him.

Like the whole of the Gulf of Papua the coast round about the Aird Delta and thence to the Purari is a particularly dangerous one in the south-east season. For many years it was only regarded as accessible during the calm months of the year, but that idea has recently been exploded. Of course I do not mean to say that there is no risk sailing through this part during the south-east. Far from it. Owing to the bad navigation and the very correct ideas held as to the intractable temper of the

native population, this district has for many years been a sealed book and most people gave it a wide berth, especially so after the murders of the Revs. Chalmers and Tompkins, a tragedy so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat the history of it. Even after this affair and the expedition led by Mr. le Hunte to punish the Goaribari natives, intercourse between the Aird and the outside world was confined to an annual visit by the Government steamer to the one village of Dopima.

Between Aird Hill and the sea the country is nothing but one vast network of channels and waterways spreading in all directions and it is the same right through to the delta of the Purari. It is all semi-liquid and consists of nipa swamp and thick swamp forest, little, if any, of the land being habitable and none of it being really dry. To find one's way through this maze of channels is next door to impossible. One turns from waterway to waterway through the eternal nipa fringe, only to find that one ends in a blind mud alley or after travelling perhaps for hours to discover that he is back again in the very channel he started from. I write feelingly on the subject from some personal experience. It is only by sheer luck that you perhaps stumble into some broad stream and can locate where you are. The work of charting the passage through the delta has not been an easy one, but the routes are now tolerably well known. Indeed it is possible to enter the easternmost mouth of the Purari and never to have any necessity to come outside into the open sea until you descend through the channel at Risk Point behind Goaribari Island. This route is quite possible to steamers of some size, certainly to most of those which run on the Papuan coast. In fact, it is even unnecessary to come out there, for I believe there is a passage suitable for a whale-boat at any rate from the Kiko into the Turama, and from the western side of that river you can cross to the Gama with only a short walk. To the best of my knowledge there is no direct water connection

between the Gama and the Bamu ; but there is an overland track, and from the Bamu it is easy enough to reach the Fly. In actual practice the inside route from the Purari to the Aird is frequently used, and it has robbed the coast of nearly all its danger in the south-east.

A big series of sea currents seems to converge in the Papuan Gulf, and no doubt there have been many unrecorded wrecks. It is not difficult to imagine the fate of any of the unfortunate crews who happened to have been cast away here. The Goaribari natives, long before they could have possibly come in possession of iron by any other means, had obtained a good deal of this almost priceless commodity from wrecks and turned it into adzes and axes, a job that must have required no little patience and ingenuity. A few years ago I saw at one of the Goaribari villages part of the stock and flukes of an anchor of a very old pattern. At the same time I fancy these natives have been better off for stone weapons and tools than the majority of Western tribes, for there is stone not a great distance up the Kiko. I have seen quite a number of stone adzes round about the delta ; the handle being fitted direct into a hole in the haft, not bound with cane lashing.

The population in the delta is very extensive, how extensive it is difficult at present to estimate even approximately. A large population is found through the maze of waterways until the rivers of the delta converge into the main Kiko River, where the communities are a little more scattered. The principal centre of the population, however, is round about the mouth of the Aird, the island of Goaribari and the entrances of the main streams leading up into the Kiko. Of the Goaribari villages proper the village of Kerewa was the original one, throwing out colonies for various reasons, notably overcrowding and quarrels among themselves. While, therefore, a large number of villages belong to one tribe, there are other distinct tribes in the vicinity, but all to a very great extent speak

the same language and have the same customs. The whole population is popularly termed "Goaribari," and for convenience that term will be retained.

The Long Houses of Goaribari are among the longest in the country, some being larger than the largest recorded in the Fly, but none of them are as well built or designed and are narrower and lower than the best type of Kiwai Darimu. There are three distinct forms of house in the Goaribari village. First, the Dubu Daima, or Man House, which corresponds to a great extent in its ceremonial nature to the Fly River Darimu (the latter is essentially and primarily a ceremonial structure, even though the Long House is occupied by families); secondly, the Ohiabai Daima, or Youth House, and finally the Moto, or Woman House. The Dubu Daima is at times of very great length, but the Woman House is small and does not differ much from the ordinary women's houses such as are to be seen at Pisarame in the Fly. The Ohiabai Daima is of medium size and is somewhat differently arranged and decorated to that occupied by the married men. The Man House is divided into partitions or cubicles, many of them screened off from each other, and the whole interior is adorned with many painted and carved boards, the significance of which is not clear, although it is highly probable they may be some form of totem cognisance. The most noticeable objects in the house, however, are the carved boards representing the head of a man and part of his body, called Agiba, to which are attached by cords great numbers of skulls resting on a platform. The Agiba, as I have already remarked, corresponds in design almost exactly with the Toto-opu of the Bamu and in a less degree with similar boards in the east Fly. This same head design appears too on many of the decorated bark body belts peculiar to this Goaribari district, and traces of it may be occasionally found on decorated arrows. There are some restrictions on the use of the Man House

by the women, but they are decidedly not forbidden, as I have frequently seen them inside.

There seem to be at least two chiefs in each village and the number even rises to four, but it seems probable that they are to be regarded more in the nature of headmen of clans than actual chiefs.

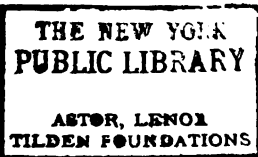
The building of such immense structures as these, like those of the Fly, is naturally attended by some ceremony or use of some charms. In fact, throughout New Guinea I do not think any house of importance or size is dedicated without some form of charm or ritual. In the north of British New Guinea a new house must be charmed to keep away devils by roasting a pig alive (in the old days probably it would have been a man), and smearing the house posts with blood and charcoal to the accompaniment of incantations.

At Goaribari, it appears that human blood is demanded. I was once visiting the village of Ubua, a village which, indeed, has proved one of the most intractable in the delta, and although it struck me afterwards, I did not notice at the time that the Dubu Daima was almost brand new. I had left the whale-boat on the beach with a few men and walked to the big house, which was at the other end of the village. I walked through it and was quietly chatting with some of the old men near the chief's stall, when a number of men returned from the bush and a sudden commotion arose. It did not require the rattle of breech-blocks or shouts from the three or four police with me that "they are getting their bows out and the women are running to the bush" to tell me something was wrong. Looking through one of the small side doors I saw a great mass of men between the whale-boat and ourselves all terribly excited, yelling and racing about the village. The position for a few moments was not of the pleasantest, and it took quite a while before the village resumed its normal attitude. I was told afterwards that we were, as the first convenient strangers, to be the chosen victims



GIRARA WOMAN WITH FISHING POT

These traps are made of black cane, and are about five feet high. They are laid down in the swamps and secure a plentiful supply of small swamp fish.



to "christen" the new house. We may have been intended for this purpose or we may have been intended for use in the same way for new canoes, which must be painted with human blood before being put into commission. A somewhat similar custom is known in the Purari, and the Fly River tribes require heads to hang on new canoes. But however interesting a custom of this description may be, one hardly feels any great inclination to be the victim of it in practice.

Many hundreds of skulls are to be seen in the Dubu Daima. They are frequently painted and usually fitted with artificial noses and eyes. All of these are the heads of slain enemies or strangers. I will not write slain in battle because one can hardly call slaughtering a casual bushman come upon while fishing or hunting "fighting." Chivalry is no part of Papuan warfare. Seeing the great number of skulls it is difficult to guess who provides them all. The Goaribari people fight principally with the villages on the Turama and those on the upper Kiko, but I do not think that the slaughter is one-sided. The Delta people are openly cannibal, and although ritual cannibalism does occur for certain specific reasons human flesh is eaten, when it can be obtained, to put it frankly, because it is highly appreciated. It must not be supposed, however, that the inhabitants of Papua are daily engaged in eating each other, in which case I suppose the population would eventually be reduced to small proportions; man-eating or man-hunting is far too strenuous an occupation. There are one or two known cases where a strong tribe has been gradually eating up a smaller one. The Ukiaravi people in the Purari Delta used literally to regard the Morohai as a kind of larder from which supplies of fresh meat could be obtained together with a little excitement in the way of hunting their victims down. But I do not know that there was anything so pronounced as this in the Aird Delta. The usual food hereabouts is sago, which, like all other food, is roasted. Pots are unknown, although I

believe one or two of Port Moresby manufacture have at odd times been seen, evidently traded from villages in the Purari. Where the soil permits there are small gardens of sweet potatoes, bananas and yams. A good deal of tobacco is bought from villages on the Kiko in exchange for crabs. A favourite food in the season is a fruit, both red and white, which grows on a small very light green tree. The pulp is refreshing enough but rather insipid. It is largely used for stringing together to make chaplets and wreaths.

All these natives are expert at building and handling canoes, which are cut from the solid log, and obtained principally from the upper Kiko, but the manufacture is carried on in the villages themselves. When drawn up and not in use they are raised on rollers from the ground and carefully shaded from the sun. The after part of the canoe is open, cut square across and dammed with mud. The prow tapers to a blunt point turned downwards towards the water and is very little above it. Running along the gunwale are designs carved in herring-bone patterns, while the inside is painted in concentric circles in red and white. The craft vary in size from a tiny cockle-shell, almost a board lying flat on the water, to a big twenty- or thirty-men canoe, and the natives perform the most amazing feats of dexterity in managing these apparently crazy outriggerless canoes. The men paddle in unison, standing up, and keep excellent time, but I have never anywhere in Papua seen better paddling than during a trip I once made on the south coast near Vilirupu in a sixty-foot double canoe with twenty-five paddlers on each side. They drove the canoe forward with a short nervous stroke, pausing at every third dip to beat their paddles as one man against the sides of the canoe.

The Goaribari women would not be uncomely were it not for the thick layers of grease and grime, but they appear to deteriorate in appearance even more rapidly than the average native woman after a few years of married

life. None of them tattoo, but in almost all cases longitudinal breast cicatrices are to be seen, which, I think, have some connection with suitability for marriage. At Mubagoa I saw a large pile of billets of wood decked out with sago, coconuts and bananas, which I was told was in preparation for some festival at a time when the scarifications were to be cut, probably when the girls were of a nubile age.

It seems that the dead are wrapped in mats and exposed on platforms at a little distance from the village. Later on the bones are buried and the heads are removed and stored away. I saw such a platform once at Kerewa, and there is no doubt that the bones of Messrs. Chalmers and Tompkins had been buried, for they were recovered from a grave.

The black palm bow is the usual fighting weapon and the arrows are well carved and painted. Some are fitted with a loose bone tip, fantastically barbed, which is so loose that it cannot but remain in the body when an attempt is made to withdraw it. Arrows are usually carried in bundles tied with string, but here at Goaribari one frequently sees a dozen or so carried in a large reed tube, the nearest approach in New Guinea to the use of a quiver. Coming eastwards one sees here for the first time the cassowary bone dagger, which is plunged downward into an enemy's gullet before beheading him. The Goaribaris have an extremely nasty habit of continually fingering and handling these weapons as if they were simply longing to have a chance of using them.

It was my good fortune to be a member of the first party that undertook any systematic attempt to get in touch with the district since the punitive expedition of Mr. le Hunte after the murder of Mr. Chalmers and his party in 1900. Dopima, the one village that had been visited, was, of course, on rather more than speaking terms, but the kind of reception to be expected from the rest of the delta was doubtful. The excitement at village after village as

we approached was terrific. Every fighting man in the place had turned out fully accoutred, and all in their frenzy raced up and down the beach and jumped about waving screens of coconut leaves and the large painted wooden slabs which are seen in the Dubu Daimas. I have often seen a village panoplied for war, but I had never seen such numbers of warriors under such interesting circumstances. Old women danced frantically on the beach can-cans and *pas seuls* that would have been ludicrous had the position not been so serious and every village was at the utmost tension of excitement. Our interpreters flung themselves out on the bows of the launch and shouted themselves hoarse in explaining our peaceful intentions, and at the first moment of landing we were surrounded by hundreds of excited savages hardly yet sure whether to be friends or enemies until gradually the women and children were coaxed back and the crisis was over.

Somehow it has always been a grey day when I have been in the Aird Delta and the dull skies combine with the natives to produce a curious effect. Pulling in my whale-boat from village to village I have usually been accompanied by a great escort of canoes which kept pace with the boat by the easiest of paddling. The large dug-outs filled with diabolically visaged, armed savages (no man ever moves without his bow), their shaved foreheads covered with a plaster of red clay, with their flowing capes of native cloth, croton or cassowary feather tails, breast and pubic shells, gauntlets and leglets, all against a background of dull green mangrove, made a sight not easily forgotten.

In their lust for iron, the Goaribaris were among the most impudent thieves I have ever met, nor were their thievish propensities confined to iron alone. Anything, as long as it belongs to someone else, was welcome. Once they stole my coxswain's uniform when it was hanging out on the ship's rail. Another time when I was seated in the whale-boat anchored off a village and preparing to

have some lunch, they came and stole a mug from practically out of the cook's hands. This thieving in the early stages of our acquaintance might easily have fired a spark which would have set off a whole tribe, for one could not allow oneself to be robbed with impunity, and later on, whenever I went to Goaribari, I always took the precaution of having everything, movable stowed away below, and strictly prohibited any native from coming aboard. This, of course, was all very well on a Government ship, but traders and others did not fare so well. I can well understand the indignation of one recruiter who told me how while anchored in his ketch off some village, the natives had come by night and cut off his chain plates for the sake of the iron.

Although the natives were still as wild as hawks, soon after my first district visit round the Delta, the recruiters succeeded in obtaining a fair number of labourers for the plantations. They were brought into Daru to be signed on and were as wild a lot of savages as could well be imagined. I did not envy their future employers. Their notions of work were of the crudest, and their idea of amusement was to run out into the sea up to their waists and pelt their overseers with stones. And yet in the short space of a couple of years many now swear by Goaribaris as the best labour in the Territory. Undoubtedly they are quick, intelligent and imitative just as they are among the best physically.

A couple of years ago Goaribari was about the last uncontrolled district on the Papuan coastline, and the only way to remedy this was to establish a Station somewhere in the vicinity, for the delta is too distant from Daru to be effectively policed from there. For some time a suitable site was despaired of, but eventually one was discovered on the Kiko at Attack Bend, where years before Sir William MacGregor was attacked by the natives in canoes. It is only a few miles distant from Aird Hill, a curious formation of high ground rising up some 800 feet

and surrounded on all sides by arms of the Kiko River so that it forms an island. Government has a habit of saying "Here are twenty police and six months' stores. Go and open a Station." And pretty much the usual routine was followed in opening the new district. The staff landed in the dead of night and made their first camp on the Station site in pouring rain and inky darkness. It was all virgin forest, and a clearing had to be made and buildings erected. Goaribari district was at the time still in the Western Division, and I spent the first month or so on the new Station. Every foot of timber for the buildings was cut from the forest and adzed out by hand, and in the meantime, of course, we lived under canvas. Even under the most favourable circumstances the work would have been hard, but to add to the difficulties dysentery broke out and caused a lot of worry. I can well remember with what anxiety we used to line up all the men each morning and examine their tongues and ask how they felt for fear of any fresh cases. All the cases were isolated away from the main camp; one policeman who had a very severe bout and it was a toss-up whether he recovered or not, complained bitterly of the devils which used to come and worry him. The poor chap was terribly weak and I did not know how to pacify him until it struck me to tell him I would put up a "tabu" to keep them away. He was quite satisfied with this, and after a few sticks and leaves had been tied up in the approved manner, he was not troubled any more, and, I am glad to say, eventually pulled round.

Curiously enough throughout the Aird Delta and quite contrary to what might be expected, there are hardly any mosquitoes, at least as far as my experience goes, but at first the Station was plagued with swarms of flies by day. They gradually diminished, but their place was taken by hordes of crickets, who devoured clothes and papers with avidity.

CHAPTER XXI

THE KIKORI HINTERLAND

Exploration of the interior—The Kiko River—Scrub hens' nests—Kaiai village—People who wear dried hands—Ascent of Mt. Murray—Robberies by natives—Gambrigi mountaineers—Houses—Costume—System of drains and fish weirs—Weapons and fire-making—Tabu-ed roads—The Mobi River—The descent of the Mobi—Trying to get through the rapids—Getting the canoes through—The place of skulls—A new bird of paradise—Description of the hinterland—Resemblance between the natives of the interior and those of the upper Waria River.

KNOWLEDGE of Western Papua has for the most part been confined to the coastline, the large rivers and their immediate neighbourhood, and with the exception of short journeys made by myself and others across country between the Fly and the sea and between the Fly and the Bamu rivers, until the last three years, the whole hinterland has been practically unknown. Of the vast area lying to the eastward of the Fly and Strickland rivers nothing whatever was known, but there were vague suppositions that the interior was all flat like the coast, and I do not think that anyone dreamed of the huge mountain ranges since discovered. One range only was shown on the charts, first noted, I think, by the Rev. Chalmers, who called it the Sir Arthur Gordon Range; but as a matter of fact I feel sure that this range does not exist as a range, but simply as a series of them, which of course would appear as one when faintly seen from the sea at a great distance. About five years ago a party, under Mr. Donald MacKay, travelled from the head of navigation on the Purari River some distance westerly, passing over rough limestone country full of huge caves. Natives were numerous and in the main hostile. In 1911, a party under Mr. W. Little, who had been a member

of the MacKay expedition, travelled from a point on the Sirebi, a tributary of the Kiko, towards the Purari for the purpose of investigating some coal deposits discovered by the earlier party, and in the following year the same route was followed by a Government party under Mr. Massy Baker to test these deposits and to map the country. Such is the exploration of the hinterland between the Kiko and the Purari.

In the other direction, that is, towards the west, there has been the well-known expedition of the Hon. Staniforth Smith, at the time administering the Government, and a party of which I was a member followed his route. The last work in this direction has been an expedition from the Kiko across country, descending the Aworra tributary of the Bamu.

It is not my intention to describe the Kikori expeditions, which are well known, except in so far as they touch upon a general description of the country and the natives. The adventures of Mr. Smith's party and the events leading up to the despatch of mine have been described so fully that it is unnecessary to repeat them.

Above the site of the present Kikori Station, the Kiko River is a fine broad stream with high forested banks. After some miles it throws off two large branches, the eastern one being the Sirebi and the western the one followed on the Kikori expeditions. Both of these streams were first explored many years ago by Mr. Theodore Bevan. Some distance up this tributary the current runs very swiftly and in three places narrows into rapids. These are not bad in themselves, but when you have only a rather tiny launch which is towing four whale-boats one after the other loaded down with stores and over a hundred police and carriers so that there is just about two inches of freeboard, you begin to wonder whether anything will break at a critical moment and what will happen if it does.

Mr. Smith had made his start from a point about seventy

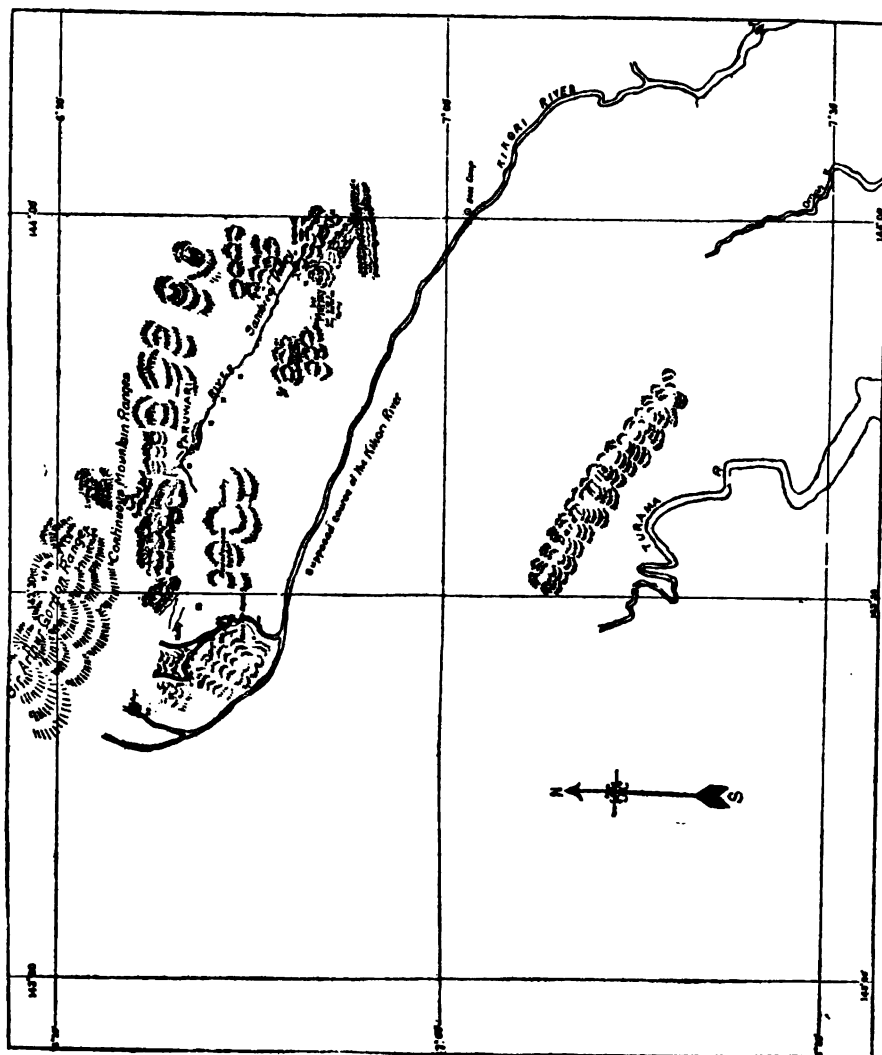
miles up the river and I made our base camp at the same place. Apparently there are natives living not far off, as after our start inland we met a considerable number of "bushmen," sturdy, light-skinned and hairy men, and very similar in appearance to those of the upper Vailala. Near the camp I found a large mound of the scrub turkey, which was surrounded by a low fence. It seems that it is the custom to build these fences in order that the chicks can be caught when the eggs are hatched out. I have discovered that this is a common method, but this was the first time I had seen it and I was at first somewhat puzzled. Round the base of many trees of a species of fig were also small fences which I was told were used to imprison piglets or cassowary chicks.

From various points on the up-river journey we had caught glimpses of great mountain ranges. One with many serrated peaks lay well to the north-east, another right ahead proved to be the one which we had later to cross. As we travelled inland we met a good many natives of the same type as those first encountered. They came freely to our camp accompanied by their pigs, which followed them about like dogs : some which had been blinded were led on leashes. There is little doubt that the natives of Goaribari or the lower Kiko raid these inlanders, for while we were in the bush at least one large war party went upstream, driving their canoes through the heavy rapids just opposite the camp with the greatest ease.

The country between the Kiko and the big range ahead (Mt. Murray) rose gradually, culminating in ranges of coral limestone formation, and became rougher and rougher. So far we had only passed through one village which appeared to be called Kaiiai. It consisted of one Long House of no very great size with a four-feet passage running down its length, and divided on each side into compartments with an entrance from the passage into each. Each man wore a cloak of "tappa" cloth and a small apron of

the same material. The women were decked with a great deal of native jewellery and spent most of their time sitting on a log high above our camp apparently jeering at us. Most of the men carried stone clubs of the disc pattern, but very poor and puny and almost contemptible as weapons, but in striking contrast their stone axes were of the finest workmanship that I think I have seen. The stone was a milky opaque colour and looked suspiciously like jade. The cutting edge and bevel were as even as if they had been measured out with a pair of callipers. But what immediately struck the eye was the habit of wearing round the neck a dried human hand with the flesh and nails adhering and complete. To the touch the hand was quite pliable and it had evidently been smoke-dried in much the same manner as the Tugeri prepare heads. From the various signs made both here and elsewhere it appeared fairly obvious that these hands were those of enemies. At the same time I noticed many men wearing necklaces of human bones and jaws, which I gathered were those of relatives. This latter custom is quite common in the West. All through the hinterland from the signs made I gathered the impression that hands are collected instead of heads in battle. When making signs of hostility instead of following the orthodox practice of drawing a hand across the throat, the men here invariably did the same to the wrist.

From this village the track led up the bed of a creek which was at first small, then widened and finally vanished altogether. Further on it reappeared and attained some size. Leaving the creek we ascended Mt. Murray by a series of broad spurs, but without being able to catch a glimpse of what was ahead. As we ascended it became bitterly cold when we were over 8000 feet and the cold was increased by driving rain and bleak winds. The ground was carpeted inches deep in moss and all the trees and fallen timber were sodden with damp, so that some nights it took hours to make a fire. On the top of the mountain



THE KIKORI RIVER

and during its descent we caught occasional glimpses of a great valley running from west to east and as far as we could see through the dense fog it was cultivated and inhabited far away to the eastward. This valley seems to have been the one, the eastern end of which Messrs. MacKay and Little had reached in 1909. The track, or what passed for one, took us down into the valley and from the slopes of the mountain a magnificent view was obtained. Right ahead a low range covered with cultivated ground and topped with villages closed the northern side. Beyond it rose tier upon tier of great ranges, each apparently broken by valleys which were probably thickly populated. To the northward towered a great mountain perhaps forty miles away and to the left of that another. The valley itself, which was apparently called Sambrigi, is five or six thousand feet above the sea. Some surprise has been expressed at natives living at such high altitudes ; but natives are known to live much higher on the spurs on Mt. Scratchley and Mt. Albert Edward along the German boundary.

These Sambrigi natives proved audacious and impudent thieves. To them, of course, steel knives and tomahawks proved an irresistible bait, and during the descent of Mt. Murray our long line of carriers, slipping desperately down the precipitous apology of a track, was simply ambushed and robbed time after time. One can hardly expect a man staggering under a heavy load and with both hands occupied in trying to keep himself on his feet to be able to defend himself with any success against natives who were quite content to hurl themselves headlong down the steep inclines once their robbery was accomplished. And the track was so narrow and so overgrown that the police were unable to defend the carriers ; indeed, one never knew there was a native about until he sprang from the bush and flung himself on some carrier. At first I had hoped to make friends with these people and gave one

man a knife, a present which nearly proved his undoing for his friends flung themselves upon him and half killed him in trying to wrest it away.

They were of the regular mountain type. Sturdy limbed and bearded, they were rather small in stature. In many cases they were dark brown in colour with an arched nose, but, on the other hand, there were almost as many light-skinned people as dark, a not unusual combination in the mountain districts. At least I have often seen it. As far as one could judge from very slight evidence I should say they were Papuans in the strict sense of the term and that the language was also Papuan.

The villages were numerous, and we passed through five or six that contained from seventeen to twenty small houses, while on the northern wall I counted one with over twenty. There did not seem to be any regularity about the type of housing. In the hinterland we found at some places a single Long House, at others a Long House with small houses surrounding it, at others again small houses only. They were built on numerous piles with a low pitched roof of sago thatch, sewn in the usual way. The interiors were, however, very different to the Fly and coast houses, being divided by high partitions sometimes running lengthways, sometimes running across, with raised sleeping platforms. In every case, however, there appeared to be a more or less distinct separation of sexes. Some of the houses reminded me very much of those I had seen years ago in German New Guinea on the head waters of the Waria, and resemble very much those described by Mr. Monckton still further in the interior in the same district. With certain natural differences they were not unlike the houses described on the head waters of the Fly.

The women's costume consisted of a tappa cloth petticoat, similar to that worn on the north-east coast, except that it was not decorated, and a cloak of the same material,

and both sexes apparently use a tappa blanket at night. There was nothing special about the cloth, which was made both with the wooden and the stone beater. All of us remarked on the amount of jewellery worn by the women, and in fact everywhere we went shell ornaments were very numerous, considering the distance from the sea. The men wore the usual tappa apron in front and a bark or plaited belt into which were stuck grasses and coloured leaves. The hair was cut back from the forehead and hung in tags behind.

The principal, almost the only, cultivation in the valley was that of the sweet potato. Practically every available acre was under this crop, although near the villages there were a few gardens of bananas, sugar cane and tobacco. They had no pottery and all food was roasted. There was one particularly noticeable point about their garden work and that was the excellent and extensive drainage system which was carried out with due regard to levels, the whole of the water emptying into the Sambrigi Creek which flowed down the centre of the valley. The only other place where I have seen such intelligent drainage carried out is among the banana-growing tribes of the Fly, but here the system is altogether on different lines. Another noticeable feature was an equally fine system of stone weirs and channels made in the Sambrigi Creek for fishing purposes.

The bow was the principal weapon and the arrows were bone and claw-tipped; in one instance I saw a stone point. Flint-pointed arrows have been found in the Kukukuku country further to the east, but so far had not been known west of the Vailala. The stone clubs, as pointed out previously, were poor, but the stone axes were wonderfully good. In addition to these weapons a light lance tipped with bone or cassowary claw was used, but apparently not for throwing purposes. The bowmen carried a wooden shield fitting under the left arm, almost identical in pattern with those I saw on the Waria. The

wearer was left free to use both arms for his bow and arrows, while his body was protected by the hanging shield. One young ruffian, fully armed in this manner, hung round our camp one evening, lurking behind a garden fence with the only too obvious intention of trying to pick one of us off. He made no secret of his intention and every now and again would draw his arrow to the ear, but for some reason did not fire.

They made fire here in much the same manner as the coastal people, that is, by running a strip of cane quickly beneath a piece of soft dry wood, using as tinder a piece of "tappa." The Fly people, of course, do not use tappa, and this constituted about the only difference in method that I could see.

As we travelled through the valley, large bodies of natives dogged us all the while, and as the tracks sometimes led us near or through villages, we found the roads frequently blocked by placing a small screen of boughs or row of sticks across them. We were continually annoyed by the following parties, who sometimes fired arrows and sometimes rolled stones down on us, so I thought I would try and see whether it would have any effect if we blocked the road "New Guinea fashion." A native as a rule respects a "tabu" road, for fear of some misfortune that might overtake him, just as he will respect a tabu coconut tree. However, our "tabu" was respected, that is, in a way, for the natives, while they did not break it down, simply made a detour round it. At one village we found a considerable number of men standing behind a screen of boughs headed by an old man. He harangued us for several minutes, and then picking up two stones he placed them on his head and dashed them violently to the ground. Of course we had no possible means of speaking with these people, and I would have given almost any sum to have been able to understand what the old man was saying, whether he was cursing us root and branch or whether he

was trying to give us some news of the party we were in search of.

As we travelled west, there did not appear to be much change in the native type. Although I later on discovered that they were on friendly terms with each other, we found the next people we met called Paruwari receiving us very differently to the way the Sambrigi had done. As some of the police put it, "These people smell good : they have good skins, not like those others." One kindly savage in an excess of friendship insisted on thrusting a couple of clammy frogs into my hands with a sign that they were very good eating. After many days' travel to the westward across very rough limestone country we came down into another valley through which ran a fine stream called Mobi by the natives. On its western bank was quite a large and well-built village of one Long House and eleven small dwellings. This village possessed a good many canoes, all without the outrigger and similar to the canoes of the Turama or Kiko except that the ends were not dammed with mud. Many were painted inside with Turama designs. The natives possessed many pearlshell crescents and other marine products, so there must evidently be a good deal of communication or a trade route with the coast. Even so far inland as Sambrigi we saw occasional bits of brass and iron so that there is no possible doubt as to trade with the tribes lower down. The Mobi people knew the names of the Turama and Kiko quite well, but not that of the Bamu, which after all is not surprising as the river is only known by this name for a comparatively short distance. There were large sago fields along the Mobi, and sago appeared to be the staple food of the district, roasted either in canes or in leaves of the palm itself. We only saw one more village, many days to the north-west, and that consisted of a single house perched on the top of a steep limestone crag and approached by a ladder, a site most admirably selected for defensive purposes.

On the return journey an attempt was made to descend the Mobi, which we took to be a tributary of the Turama in spite of the fact that the natives in the light of after knowledge unmistakably tried to tell us it flowed into the Kiko. It seemed to be a placid river, but high mountains shut in the valley and I was suspicious that the placidity would not last long. The natives were mad for knives—they of course had nothing but stone tools—and sold us a number of canoes for a knife apiece and the paddles we manufactured ourselves. At this time the food supply was pretty low, and we were making sago to preserve what rice was left for emergencies. Among our carriers was a Kiwai boy who simply declined to eat sago, the food of his tribe. I thought at first this was just humbug, and told him if he would not eat sago, he could go without. It was only when I discovered that he went for two days without any food at all that I could see he was genuine, and he told me he had never eaten sago before and that if he did he would die. What the reason for this prohibition was I could not discover.

During the voyage down the Mobi we passed several villages. At one an old man came off in a canoe and showed by unmistakable signs that we were going to come to grief in some rapids ahead, an opinion which I shared as I noticed the mountains closing in, but the natives further up had also by signs given us to understand that the river was navigable. These people, by the way, had a very good idea of the geography of the country, and although of course we could not understand one word of their language the meaning was quite unmistakable. Taking a palm branch in his hand a man pointed to the main stem and said Kiko: the various offshoots he pointed to in turn, giving each its name and tracing its course into the stem. At the time we did not either quite grasp or believe him, but after events proved the absolute accuracy of his description. Near an old village site we

passed two coconut trees, one fruiting, the other barren, a sight which cheered up our travel-worn carriers considerably. It was like a whiff of the sea. Some gamada plants were seen but the natives did not know the use of this plant. They grow good tobacco.

The old fellow who had endeavoured to warn us of the dangers ahead proved quite correct. The river, which had hitherto had but slight current and flowed between forest-clad banks and on which there was duck and other game, suddenly increased its swiftness and a great gorge loomed up. It would, of course, have been sheer folly to have attempted the passage in our canoe fleet, not knowing what was ahead. We landed and soon found a series of dangerous rapids. All the baggage was portaged round, not without some loss, however, of the precious store of rice, and the eight double canoes were man-handled down the rapids into calm water with only a little damage. The Mobi natives anticipated disaster, for they gathered in some force near the spot, I suppose with the intention of looting the remains. Below, the river again ran smoothly for a few miles, but narrowed into a low gorge with a good three hundred yards of foaming rapids. The experiment of getting the canoes through by hand failed and the only thing to be done was to try and run them, using the most skilled canoe men among the carriers and police, the baggage of course being portaged round. At the end of the gorge the river bellied out in a small bay, round which a strong current ran forming many whirlpools. There was quite a lot of debris thrown up along the shores of this bay, broken canoes and the like. Our first double canoe shot through like an arrow, the second followed safely, but just at the end struck some stone and pitched the steersman, who was standing up, right into the river, where he was caught and spun round by a whirlpool. The poor chap was within an ace of being drowned when the third canoe came down and by shouting we managed to

attract their attention, and by skilful management its crew shot it round the pool and dragged the drowning man on board. I was beginning to think we were going to get all through safely, when I saw the last large canoe smash on a rock, turn over and five heads go racing downstream. The crew clung for dear life to the fragments of the canoe, an eddy took them into the bank, and all got ashore safely after their dangerous experience. It seems when the canoe struck, one half was completely smashed, but the crew had sufficient presence of mind to cling to what was left, and although it was rolled over and over in the turmoil, they still hung on, a course which probably saved their lives. However, with one large double canoe gone and another badly cracked the remainder of the fleet was badly overcrowded with our party of sixty, and to make matters worse the Mobi flowed through a huge limestone gorge whose walls towered up perpendicularly for many hundreds of feet and then flung itself over a waterfall round or through which it was impossible to go. The only thing left was to go back, cutting a track through the bush and abandoning the canoes altogether.

Climbing through one of the gorges we came upon a regular "place of skulls." Stacked away in shelves in the limestone rock were literally hundreds of skulls and bones, many evidently of great age, others quite new. This place must be a cemetery of the Mobi people. Whether these people, and indeed the whole of the inland tribes, are cannibals or not it is difficult to say. The coastal and middle Kiko are, and there is no reason why the "bushmen" should not be also. Along the Mobi I saw small houses near the villages resembling dovecotes, in which were placed a skull or two. Just before we descended into the Mobi valley on the outward journey, we passed a great boulder under the lee of which were two skulls surrounded by a bark belt. It is probable that the people first bury

their dead and then exhume the skeletons for preservation. Were the corpses exposed on platforms, as is customary among many mountain tribes, I think we must necessarily have seen some signs of such a practice. On the upper Waria corpses are exposed on a grating placed at the top of a funnel-shaped structure, and in due course the bones fall down and can be collected. Round each of these structures was built a low fence, and inside the fence were planted in each instance that I saw, a croton, a tobacco plant, and a species of bean. Whether these particular plants had any significance I am unable to say. In the same district I also found skulls and bones hung out on trees, in much the same manner as the skulls were stacked away in the Mobi gorge.

While we were halted at a creek on the return some bushmen came along to us with a little food, which we paid for in wax matches. These were a source of continual amazement and caused them to click their thumb-nails against their teeth in the utmost astonishment. From these people one of my companions for a trifle bought two feathers which had delicate blue shell-like tips running along their whole length. They were quite unknown to us, but they were afterwards identified as the head feathers of the Duke of Saxony's bird of paradise, a species hitherto unknown in Papua.

I have seldom come across anything in the nature of a belief in omens among the Western Papuans, but I noticed something very like it on this return journey. A party was to come to meet us from the base camp with fresh supplies, and I had arranged a date and a meeting-place. We were very many days overdue and there was a little anxiety as to our non-arrival. Near where this party was camped was a tree on which as it happened a couple of small birds came and roosted for seven or eight days. The police sergeant had quickly noticed them, and one day when they failed to appear, he at once passed the

word round that we would return that day. As it happened we did arrive that afternoon, and he told me next day that he was quite certain about it because of the birds.

The far interior of Western Papua between the Kiko and the Purari is now known to be an upraised plateau, consisting of coral limestone ranges with a general north-west and south-east trend and broken into alternate valleys and ranges. On the western side these limestone ranges run towards the head of the Strickland ; but between the head of the Kiko and that river due west it seems probable that there is some extent of flat country. On the eastern side the limestone belt is known to extend across the Purari to the head of the Tauri River. Geologically speaking, I believe, it is quite recent. It is all horribly rough country and bad travelling, and the whole plateau is covered with masses of coral and limestone boulders. The most bewildering thing about the whole district is the huge underground river system, the country being of course quite porous. Frequently we saw creek water disappearing into the ground before our eyes. The Sambrigi creek, down which we had great difficulty in travelling, suddenly vanished, leaving a dry bed, only to reappear a mile or so further on. Then again it vanished into the heart of a mountain and was seen again a day or so later pouring out in great volume on the other side. The surface generally of the country held no water, and at times we experienced great difficulty in obtaining sufficient for camp and cooking purposes. It is not often that one has this trouble in New Guinea. One night we descended into a small valley absolutely choked with masses of limestone rock so that it was hardly possible to find a place to pitch camp. No water could be discovered, and as darkness came on I thought that we were going to have a hungry night. A couple of men were still out searching with the help of tiny pieces of candle and they discovered a trickle

that gave just enough water to cook a meal. The rough country and other reasons made it extremely difficult to follow Mr. Smith's tracks. On one occasion we lost them altogether for two days, and then by an extraordinarily lucky chance we blundered on to a potato garden, in which was found a label from a patent medicine. As the local natives could not possibly have gone in for concentrated drugs, we knew we were on the right track.

Taking them all round, I was greatly struck by many points of resemblance between these people of the interior and those of the Upper Waria. Both use the bow and, what is more important, the same type of wooden shield. Both live at high elevations and eat sago. Both show signs of the Jewish arched nose and have many similarities of physical appearance. Mr. C. A. W. Monckton, who followed me on the Upper Waria and penetrated much further to the west and north-west, drew attention to this Jewish type in that district, and as he penetrated further west suggested at one point an appearance of fusion of races between the lighter-skinned mountaineers and the darker people of Jewish type. Of course this is all the merest theory, but it may possibly be found that the mountaineers of the western hinterland connect with the tribes of the Upper Purari and Vailala and through them with the Waria. The actual geographical distance is not great and the theory may not be so very fantastic when it is remembered that there is now, I think, held to be a possible connection between the Ravis (Man Houses) of the Papuan Gulf and the warrior-faced houses of the Sepik or Kaiserin Augusta River.

CHAPTER XXII

PROPERTY AND INHERITANCE

Ownership of land generally—Tribal boundaries—Individual property in land—Held by right of occupation and cultivation—Common land—Trees and crops on private lands—Descent of property—Women's rights—Hunting and fishing rights—Private agricultural magic—House sites—Purely personal property.

IT seems to me to be more convenient to set out the various questions of the holding and transmission of real and personal property among the Western Papuans in one separate chapter instead of treating them district by district. The general trend of custom is so similar that it is sufficient to state only the broad rule, noting only particular cases where a deviation from it occurs. A set of questions on Papuan land tenure was laid down many years ago, and the results relating to two or three western tribes have been published in various Government Annual Reports. Having been interested in the subject I have during the past few years continued gathering information on the subject until my collection embraces examples from as far west as the Morehead River, as far up the Fly as Pisarame, as far east as the Bamu, and from the Girara district, while a recent addition from the Aird Delta has been made by Mr. H. Ryan of the Papuan Service, so that the total data on the system as it exists, at any rate in the West, is fairly complete.

The question of native land holding is important both from the native point of view and from that of the Government and through the Government of the public generally. The Proclamation of Commodore Erskine, which is taken as a recognition of native rights in the soil and a confirmation of them, was of course communicated at the

time to but a very small proportion of the inhabitants of the country, but that has made no difference in the accepted policy of the administration. But the recognition of native rights to the soil does not necessarily postulate that the whole of New Guinea is actually claimed by native owners. Such is far from being the case. There are many large areas which are either unclaimed by any tribe at all or whose original owners have died or been killed out, and such tracts may after due enquiry be declared the property of the Crown. Among such for example is Bristow Island, near Daru, whose shores are fished by at least three tribes in the neighbourhood, but which is not claimed by any of them, and there are many large areas on the Morehead and between that river and the Mai Kussa whose owners have been exterminated by the Tugeri pirates. Apart from lands which are waste and vacant, all other land which is required by the Crown in Papua is acquired by purchase by the officers of the Government and the acquisition of land by any member of the public direct from the native owners is not permitted. The settler deals solely with the Crown.

Broadly speaking, every tribe in Papua has well-defined tribal lands with definite boundaries such as certain trees, or natural features such as rivers or small creeks. I have known conspicuous rocks to form a boundary point and a clump of bamboo or coconuts may be planted to define tribal limits. I know of no definite instances where stones have been deliberately set up for this purpose ; but on the elevated grass plains on the Waria River I saw small cairns which were obviously tribal boundaries and which looked suspiciously as if they had been carried there, although they may have been natural. On the mainland between the lower parts of the Fly and the sea there are small packs of people who roam over many miles of country and by no stretch of imagination can they be said to have tribal lands or perhaps even lands at all. The district is



GIRARA CEREMONIAL HEAD DRESS

The Girara are amongst the most artistic people in New Guinea, although their ceremonial is sometimes fantastic and grotesque.

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very sparsely populated and the season's gardens are made at whatever spot happens to be fertile or convenient.

It is, however, the tenure of land within the tribe that is important. Almost every tribe, whether correctly or no, of course makes it a point of honour to claim to be the aboriginal owners of its present holdings. Should you be trusting and unsuspecting you will probably be told that "our fathers lived here and their fathers before them," but as a matter of fact there are several well-known instances of either invasion or occupation of vacant sites. The Turituri and the amalgamated villages of Mawatta and Kadawa emigrated westward to their present sites. Sumai after its split from Iasa on Kiwai Island is said to have absorbed or killed out the Wimaridai, the original owners of the lands now occupied. I have several times come across distinct attempts at "jumping" lands to which there was really no shadow of a claim.

The whole tribe holds its unoccupied land in common subject to the condition that anyone may take up a patch for cultivation. Among the small Aipra bush tribe, on the other hand, there appears to be no common land left, even hunting grounds being held privately and descending under the ordinary customs of the tribe in the male line. Among the Wabada people and among the villages of the eastern bank of the Fly and lower Bamu estuary, all country available for hunting, even gardens, when so used, are regarded as common to all, but game caught in a garden is shared between the hunter and the owner.

Land can be held everywhere as private property, but the underlying basis of all tenure is that of occupation and cultivation. Indeed for a people among whom communal ideas even still are in many respects strongly in evidence it is perhaps a trifle surprising to find such definite expressions of private rights as are found in matters of property. Any unoccupied tribal land can be selected and held individually by virtue of occupation and

cultivation. I have, however, frequently been puzzled when buying land on behalf of the Crown from native owners to find very large areas owned by a single person and much too large to conform to this rule ; but I have come to the conclusion that in such cases an owner, when there is no special reason such as his tenure by virtue of being a chief, holds possession by inheritance from various members of the family, and the tenure is supported by the fact that it has been at one time cultivated. At the present time a very large portion of Strachan Island is owned by one man only. He permits several of the Buji people, with whom he lives, to make their gardens on it, but they would make no claim if it came to the question of a sale. At Mawatta and Turituri the land is held solely by the descendants of the two original chiefs. In the former case the land was given to the chief by the Masingara people. The villagers may plant and cultivate where they please, but the final ownership remains as stated. This rule in recent years is being resented by some of the more advanced tribesmen, and in one specific case where a small quarter acre block was required by the Crown, the so-called owner strongly urged that he had a perfect right to dispose of it without reference to the chief, Gamea. Gamea, on the other hand, just as strongly combated this view. He had no objection to the sale, but maintained that it was his right to be consulted. When I purchased the Mabudauan lands, mentioned in a previous chapter, the only persons paid were Gamea and his brother, and no one raised any objection or made any demand for a share in the payment. Among the semi-nomadic Bamu tribes who do not cultivate but depend principally upon supplies of wild sago, each man has his sago patch, but I am not clear how he originally acquired it. In the main, however, he holds his sago by right of making it. Planted sago palms are, of course, easily accounted for.

I do not think that planting is ever carried on com-

munally in the West. For the sake of convenience a number of people may decide to plant together in one spot, but each man's garden is worked and tended quite distinctly.

Among the big banana-growing tribes of the Fly there appears to be some tribal arrangement whereby all the people or a number of clans plant in one spot or in a number of spots. This arrangement is dictated by the convenience, and in fact the necessity, of a common irrigation and drainage system, which is very extensive. This work is carried on communally. When forest land has to be cleared it will often be found that a number join together to do this work and then all plant in the area thus cleared. Individuality in regard to the gardens is, however, always maintained, and it is obvious that one man may be more industrious in his planting than another and devote more attention to his garden. Sago-making is carried on individually, although a number of women may decide to work together in the same place for the sake of the company. Fencing is usually carried out by parties who have a number of garden plots together, and repairs to fences are equally communal. The individual garden plots are always clearly defined by certain marks.

While I wish strongly to emphasise the absolute right of private property in land and its underlying basis of occupation and cultivation I do not wish to convey the impression that, wherever you see a garden, it belongs to one particular person, land and crop, or that each person whose individual plot forms a part of the whole garden is the actual owner of it. The whole area may be the property of one man and the ground may be planted by the others with his permission. They have, however, only a right in the crop, not the land. On the other hand, of course, both land and garden may belong to the same person, but the point is that it need not necessarily be so. A man often allows a friend or a num-

ber of his fellow-tribesmen to plant a very common form of mutual obligation of any instances personally whereof a rent is paid, but Mr. Ryan says a certain portion of the produce must be paid to the owner of the ground. I believe that the land has little actual value in the eyes of the natives, but is regarded as valuable as a source of food. In planting, the crop is or may be the property of the planter, while the land remains the property of the owner, who, as I have pointed out, need not be the same person. And this brings us to a very striking feature of Papuan property, which differs most widely from our own. In our country that a temporary crop may be planted on another man's land. But with us, if a man plants a permanent crop on another man's land, he is regarded as the owner of them. In Papua, on the other hand, the land is at times wrongfully planted with coconut trees on another's ground, but that does not mean that the planter has his rights in them. The trees are the property of the owner, and by virtue of owning the trees the planter has a right of way to them. In fact the land is of higher value than the land itself. In our country ordinary garden crops, permission is given to plant on another's land, but the custom is often in after years the cause of discord. A few years ago there was a dispute between the coastal villages of Katatai, where the land in question was planted with coconuts to the other side of the village, and the coconuts to the other side of the village centred round the possession of a young man who was the son of a mixed marriage between Katatai and another tribe, and was not a little complicated. The dispute was settled by the outright purchase of the trees. At Turituri the tribe gave land to the other side of the village upon which were many coconuts, but

rights in them, although I am given to understand that the Kunini may use the fruit. The latter, however, have a couple of immense coconut groves of their own in the bush and are in no actual need of the nuts. Among the Kiwais, where sago is planted and cultivated, all sago and coconut palms are privately owned, quite apart from the ownership of the land, and the same rule applies to all fruit-bearing trees and to palm used for building. I have had several times to settle the ownership of sago palms, a matter which is invariably complicated by intermarriages and by the fact that the original planter is dead. At Masingara the right of using fruit and sago trees descends strictly in the various families and each holder has his own private mark, quite distinct from the ordinary "sabe" or tabu. Among the Girara the thick groves of fruit trees and betel palms round the Long Houses are all individually owned, although I suppose anyone but a Papuan would have some difficulty in being able to point out who owns each tree.

The balance of custom inclines to the rule that real property descends in the direct male line in equal shares, although this sharing out I have generally found to be a matter of arrangement between the heirs. Among some tribes all the children irrespective of sex take a share. Failing children, a man's brothers inherit his property, but curiously enough the widow seems to be excluded from any participation in the estate. It is the duty of her children to support her or her relatives. On the other hand, among the Masingara where the property would descend in the collateral line, the heir allots the widow a portion of land until her remarriage. At Turituri and Mawatta it must be remembered that all inheritance of land is subject to the rights of the chiefs, but it must equally be remembered that sago, coconut and other economic trees are divided according to ordinary rules, as they do not of a necessity accompany the ground

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rights. In all cases they should be regarded as personal not real property.

Among the Kiwais an unmarried woman may take up and hold a patch of garden land by right of cultivation and on her marriage she retains her rights in it. At Masingara she may hold land either by inheritance or cultivation, but if she marries it goes to her father or brother, and similarly, if she marries out of the tribe, it reverts to the family, for the husband does not acquire any rights by marriage, and the children are in a similar position, belonging to the father's tribe. In the Bamu estuary a single woman may acquire land in the usual manner, but it becomes her husband's property on marriage. In the Upper Bamu, where there is no cultivation, obviously this rule lapses and indeed I am very doubtful whether it descends in the female line at all. On the Morehead a woman may hold land by inheritance and by cultivation, but the latter is very infrequent. Among the Girara I have not found any female rights at all. In the cases of Mawatta and Turituri, if the present chiefs die without male issue or heirs, I suppose their rights would descend in the female line. All round it will be seen, therefore, that with a few exceptions the Papuans are a trifle behind the times in regard to Married Women's Property.

A stranger settling in the tribe, usually at the invitation of some leading man, may be given a plot of land sufficient for his support, but in all cases it reverts to the original owners should the visitor leave the community.

When a woman marries outside her tribe, her family takes all her landed property, but if her husband settles in the tribe the case is different. On the east bank of the Fly the woman seems to be allowed to retain possession, however, even if she lives in her husband's village. Among the bushmen, to retain any rights, the husband, if he be a stranger marrying into the tribe, must remain in it, but

there have been few instances of strangers marrying and remaining in the wife's tribe.

With few exceptions there is no private property in hunting or fishing country, but the exceptions are interesting. In regard to hunting the only district I know of where there is a private right in hunting lands occurs among some of the small Dudi bushmen; but the rule among them, while acknowledged, is far from being rigidly observed. Strictly speaking, however, a man should not hunt on another's land without permission, and a portion of the kill—usually kangaroo, cassowary or lizards—should be given to the owner. Elsewhere a man may hunt where he pleases. Fishing rights are more complicated. Among the villages on the eastern bank of the Fly, waterholes and creeks on individual property are regarded as privately owned and also the fish in them. The same custom is found among some of the Dudi tribes and in the country towards the Morehead. One can quite appreciate the necessity for this custom in certain districts where waterholes are scarce and become dried up at certain times of the year and where fish is by no means plentiful. The case is, however, different in respect of the coast and river peoples. Crab and fishing country generally is free to all, but it should not be forgotten that every tribe has jealously defined fishing limits.

No Bamu man would dream of fishing outside his tribal area—except, of course, at his own risk. He runs far too big a chance of losing his head, should he happen to be caught. The people of Parama appear to claim the sole right of fishing on the reefs off Bampton Island. The Mawatta and other coast people fish on the reefs adjacent to New Guinea, which, by the way, belong to Queensland, and the former claim fishing rights along the coast for some twenty miles, but I have some suspicion that the majority of this is “jumped.” As far as Mawatta is concerned, the Masingara tribe has free rights of fishing

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wherever it pleases, owing to the ancient friendship between the two peoples, but as a matter of fact the right is a harmless one, as Masingara has no skill in fishing. A peculiar feature in regard to dugong is that certain patches of dugong grass along the reefs where the animals feed are regarded as strictly private possessions by at least three of the coast tribes, and these patches descend according to the ordinary rules of inheritance. I am not aware what happens when a dugong is caught on one of these patches by a person not the owner of it, but I expect a proportion of the catch would be paid by the fisherman. In the Fly River certain islands are regarded as strictly tribal property as against the rest of the district for fishing purposes, and, curiously enough, even in travelling on ordinary journeys particular routes are followed by different villages, avoiding these islands.

It is, of course, well known that most tribes carry out certain ceremonies at stated times for the purpose of ensuring a general good crop to the community, whether it be sago, taro or bananas. But individuals have also their personal agricultural charms which are applied to their own particular garden plots and have no effect upon other people's and similarly there are private charms which are used to produce a bad effect on a neighbour's crops. I have in my possession two very ordinary looking pieces of wood, one of which is stated to be a very powerful producer of taro and the other is believed to exercise a baneful influence. The owner of the former used to hire out his charm—for a suitable consideration of course.

In districts where the Long House is found, the actual site of the house may be the sole property of an individual although the community of the clan occupying the house may have a kind of interest in it. On the other hand, the site of the Long House may be the general property of the clan. Where a village consists of a number of family

houses, as for instance at Tabaram, the house sites may be either the property of the individual householder or of one man. In fact, the custom is identical with that of the ownership of trees. Among the Girara I found in several villages that the Long House was built on land which was the property of the chief. When the house is shifted (the life of a house is about eight years) in one particular case I found that the new site was also the property of a chief, the same individual as owned the previous one.

Personal property, including dogs, pigs and canoes as well as weapons and other belongings, is naturally individually owned. The very large drums used on ceremonial occasions in the Girara district appear to be exceptions. On death the property is shared out in the family, the eldest son allotting the gear, but more often than not he reserves the lion's share for himself, especially such articles of value as dugong spears, ornaments and canoes. In fact, canoes are almost invariably taken by him as well as the largest pig or pigs. I cannot recollect ever having come across any disputes about the disposal of purely personal belongings.

CHAPTER XXIII

DEVELOPMENT AND POSSIBILITIES OF THE WEST

Disadvantages of the West—Early attempts at settlement—Pearl shelling—Bêche-de-mer—Agricultural development—Lack of suitable lands—Coconuts and copra—Banana cultivation—Nipa products—Mangrove and sago—Tobacco—Timbers—Mineral discoveries—Native labour.

DEVELOPMENT must, I suppose, be necessarily preceded by exploration, and the exploration of the immense area of Western Papua has been so slow that it is not surprising that, handicapped by its many natural disadvantages, it has hitherto been amongst the most backward parts of the Territory. Add to these the evil reputation that New Guinea as a whole possessed as to its climate and the fact that even at the present day many of those who know Papua well still look upon the West as the death-trap of the country and you will not wonder that it has been given rather a wide berth. As a matter of fact Western Papua can by no means compare with the rest of the Territory in fertility nor perhaps in the variety of its natural resources. At the same time we do not know a great deal about them, for, as I have remarked, the district is still barely known. Ignorance of what is well known, however, has been the chief drawback and the more attractive East end has drawn attention away from the West, which is mostly regarded as merely a place from which an unlimited supply of labour may be obtained.

It is not my intention to write of the land and labour laws of Papua or the attractions of the country to the settler or to eulogise the "boundless possibilities of the West." The two former have received their full share of attention; the latter, I am afraid, only the most optimis-

tic can perceive, but, nevertheless, there are many sources of development which offer themselves were they known to more than the score or so of people who are acquainted with the district. Any important mineral discovery would unquestionably alter its destinies and that lies quite within the bounds of possibility, if not probability, as the far interior becomes explored.

Years before the proclamation of the Protectorate there were traders on the coast of the West, and that capitalists or, if you prefer, adventurers were ready enough to try their luck in any new distant green fields is evident from the fact that as soon as reports began to reach Australia and England of the travels of D'Albertis, MacFarlane, and Everill, applications for land began to pour in on anyone who could possibly have anything to do with New Guinea. Sir Peter Scratchley on his arrival found several demands for leases based on the grounds of original discovery from persons, some of whom were already in occupation, among which were applications for D'Arrow (Daru ?) Island, held, I fancy, by cedar cutters for Deliverance Island, which, by the way, is included within the boundaries of Queensland, for Bramwell Island opposite the Fly River, and for a large tract of land on the Chester River. A syndicate calling itself the New Guinea Company had also applied for a lease of a large area on the coast up to the southern bank of the Fly and including either Bampton or Mibu Islands, upon which it was proposed to erect stores, schools and workshops and also a large area on the Baxter River (Strachan Island district), including Talbot Island, to be used for the same purposes as Bampton or Mibu were required. All these applications died a natural death. In various articles in the press and numerous lectures were glowing accounts of the future commercial prosperity of the West, to which attention at the time was directed. One of the members of the "Bonito" expedition despatched by the Royal Geographical Society of Australia

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expressed hopes of a somewhat ambitious colonising scheme, but more cautious persons urged that it was premature.

Actual settlement in the West has proceeded slowly. I have pointed out that the district has many natural disadvantages. The coastal portions are swampy and low-lying and agricultural land of good quality is difficult to find, and the settlers themselves have in many cases been hampered by want of capital. A few coconut plantations are under way, but hitherto the principal form of development has been trading with the natives, that is, selling European goods to them for cash and buying copra or other produce.

While the numerous navigable rivers are sources of potential trading possibilities, owing to the immense volume of dirty water poured out, they are equally bars to any extensive sea industries. Papua generally and the west end in particular has suffered severely owing to the conditions of the boundary line between the colony and Queensland. The boundary excludes from Papua almost every island (certainly few are of any value) with the exception of Daru, and deprives the West of its natural fishing grounds. Were the boundary a more equitable one it would have given to Papua a share at any rate of the valuable pearl-shelling industry and employment to large numbers of the population. As it is, the only spot where M.O.P. shell can be obtained at all lies in the channel between Daru and the mainland, and then only during the clear-water north-west season. A small amount of bêche-de-mer (*Holothuridae*) can be obtained on the Parama reefs, but it is not of the best quality, and while the first-class varieties of "fish" for the China market fetch a high price, such as comes from Papua brings in a comparatively low figure—not more than £40 a ton—in Australia. Towards the western extremity where a certain amount of shell, bêche-de-mer and turtle shell might have

been reasonably expected, the water is so muddy that these marine products are entirely absent except of course in Queensland waters.

Shut off from practically all participation in industries of the sea, it is to agricultural development that future attention must be directed. And there are many difficulties in the road. As far as I have seen there are no large areas of first-class planting land. There may be patches up the rivers of the extreme west, but were I a selector this would be the very last district I should desire to settle in. On the mainland at the heads of the Oriomo and Bina Rivers and in the back country behind Mawatta there is a certain amount of decent country, and on the Bina there is a good coconut country, but unfortunately not too much of it. The late Mr. B. A. Hely, R.M., was very enthusiastic about the Kuru Downs. He refers to the district as "the finest known to me in the Possession, all rolling ridges perhaps 500 feet above-sea level, lightly timbered, red loam, covered with sweet grey grass quite unlike the sour grasses common to most parts of New Guinea. I should think that 20,000 acres could be easily acquired about Kuru alone on which the plough could be put without having to use an axe. Some of the gullies between Jibu and Itia are heavily scrubbed, well watered and have splendid soil." Similar good country is reported by the same officer inland from the Fly in the same direction. I can only say that in my opinion the superlative soil is patchy, and one planter has proved by experience that the Kuru land is not as good as supposed. Sir William MacGregor was equally enthusiastic about the possibilities of the Upper Bamu and Wawoi for settlement. He described the banks as "ten or twelve feet high and the soil undoubtedly rich alluvial and easy to work."

Coconuts thrive wonderfully well on the mud shores and islands of the Fly. Indeed, were the country not so unsuitable for European habitation I should say that this

district would be the best coconut district of all. The possibilities and profits of coconuts are now well recognised and their cultivation forms a tolerably safe and secure investment. The great drawback in the Fly is the fact that the river is continually eroding its banks and washing away the islands. One planter made an endeavour to settle on the western mouth of the estuary, but when he found the tide taking his seed nuts and his water tanks into the bush and a couple of feet of water under his house at high tide he thought it time to give up. Such drawbacks are not so much in evidence higher up the river.

The number of native-owned and planted trees, however, is very considerable. A very large proportion is consumed for food, but nevertheless the trade in purely native copra is assuming fair proportions. The average amount shipped a year during the past two or three years has been in the neighbourhood of a hundred tons, and this trade is likely to increase. The price has risen within a few years from 6s. to 11s. a bag, and the price, due to the increasing value on the market, is at the present time probably even higher. I look on a trade of this kind, where the article is produced by the natives themselves, as a most valuable and true development of the country.

It has been recently discovered that there are on the Upper Kiko quite large tracts of good planting country whose existence was previously unsuspected. As this land is situated on a good navigable river and in the heart of an excellent labour district, it is by no means improbable that some planting developments will take place there.

Whether the upper regions of the Fly and Strickland contain good land or not they are too far distant from civilised centres to be regarded seriously at any rate for the present. Their immediate future to my mind depends chiefly on whether payable minerals are found.

In order to induce development the Royal Commission

on Papua in 1906 recommended that special concessions be offered to large syndicates, regarding the West as only to be properly worked on a large scale. I cannot think that such recommendation need apply to coconut planting, but there are one or two products which appear to me to be eminently suited to the district and would prove highly payable if worked on the proper lines. Of these the principal is the banana. This fruit is largely planted on the Fly and flourishes abundantly, and I can see no reason why, given the proper shipping facilities, varieties suited to the Australian market could not successfully compete with the Fijian product. The Fly is navigable right into the heart of the banana country : there is ample land suitable for its cultivation, if one is to judge by the native plantations, and the fruit could reach Sydney in the same time as it takes from Fiji.

Other products that of course can only be worked on a large scale are rice and sugar, and I am informed that there is no reason why sugar could not be successfully grown.

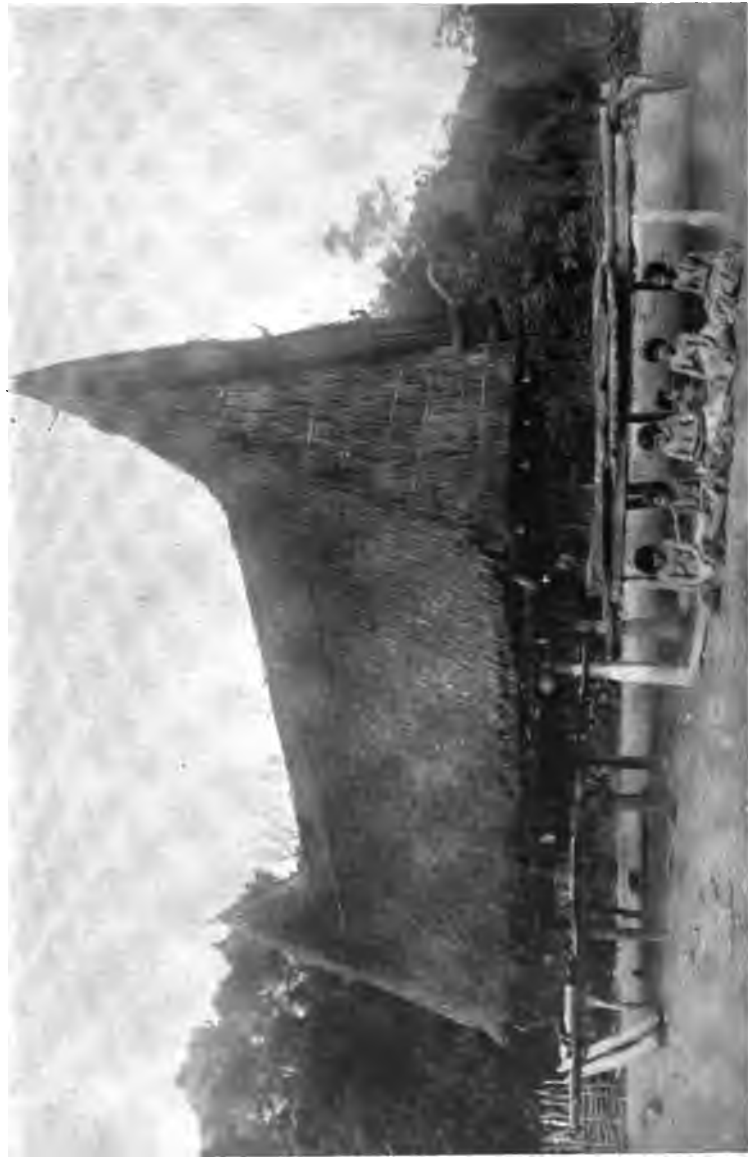
Whether it could be turned into a commercial product or not is perhaps uncertain at present, but there is one natural product of which the supply is unlimited. I refer to the nipa palm (*Nipa fruticans*). I understand that a low grade sugar known as jaggry can be obtained from the sap, which does not require an expensive machinery outfit and for which a market exists in the East. A crude spirit can be obtained from the by-products, and the nipa pulp and leaves can be used for manufacture into paper pulp.

Besides nipa there are two other natural products which might be turned to commercial advantage, the supply of both of which is more or less unlimited. I suppose mangrove is as plentiful as nipa, and, as the bark contains a fairly high proportion of agents suitable for tanning purposes, I believe there is a considerable market for this

product. The world's supply of wattle bark, which is principally used in the trade, is far from adequate. The West contains immense areas of little else but red mangrove and the product could be cut and marketed with a minimum of expense owing to the fact that the supply is almost entirely situated on navigable waterways. In addition to the bark, I do not know if it is generally realised that red mangrove forms a splendid timber for many kinds of building purposes and could even be utilised for railway sleepers, for which there is an almost unlimited demand. I do not know of any part of Papua where red mangrove exists in such quantities and in such straight and fine lengths. I have frequently cut sticks twelve or eighteen inches through and ranging up to sixty feet in length.

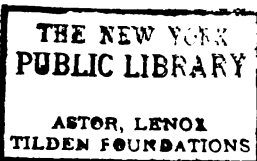
In addition to mangrove the supply of wild and cultivated sago, while perhaps not so large as that in the Purari Delta, extends over a much wider area, and although a great deal is required for local consumption there is a considerable annual surplus which I suppose could be put to some commercial use, provided the cost of production were not too high. The whole of the sago consumed in Australia, for example, cannot be entirely composed of tapioca or other adulterants, and the supply must be drawn from somewhere, so it is reasonable to imagine that Papua should be able to compete in the market.

Whether the cultivation of the smaller varieties of jungle produce such as ginger, turmeric and various fibres which the natives manufacture from various sources, such as banana fibre and pandanus fibre (this latter is of excellent quality), would prove profitable, depends chiefly on the quantities available, and I am therefore not greatly inclined to put much faith on any great industry in each; but there is one native-grown article which seems eminently suited to the district for cultivation on scientific lines and which is one of the most profit-



A HOUSE OF THE EASTERN DIVISION

This type is the residence of a single family and is in contrast to the long houses of the West, which are inhabited by many families.



able of tropical industries, and that is tobacco. This is largely grown by the natives in certain districts, and even as prepared by them in a very rough and ready way is of high quality. It is well known that certain tobacco was found in the gardens by Sir William MacGregor some hundreds of miles up the Fly and was valued in London at an extraordinary price as cigar wrapper. Extensive native cultivation of any product should be a fair criterion of the suitability of the soil, and in that case certain of the western districts should be among the best tobacco lands.

I am afraid I cannot write in glowing terms of the western timbers. Were the forests sufficiently large the numerous navigable rivers would make the timber industry an easy one, but with the exception of mangrove and the paper bark ti tree (*Melaleuca leucadendron*) I have not seen any extensive forested tracts. This ti tree, however, is found in considerable quantities along the Morehead and other rivers and is a really fine timber and has the added advantage of being able to resist to a great extent the ravages of the white ant and the *Teredo navalis*. As far as the Fly is concerned I have seen nothing to wax enthusiastic over during the first couple of hundred miles from its mouth. Beyond that point I have no personal experience, nor has anyone penetrated sufficiently far from the river banks beyond that distance to be able to give a reliable opinion. It is all very well to be jubilant over a couple of good trees on the banks of a river, but that hardly justifies a belief that the interior is sufficiently forested with valuable timbers. On the upper Kiko I saw considerable quantities of a light timber known, I fancy, as crowsfoot palm, and when we were clearing for the Station site on this river there was a good deal of heavy hardwood on the land. I daresay the Kiko offers good timber possibilities.

One thing needed to give a fillip to the advancement of any country is the discovery of payable gold or, in fact,

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any mineral. Colours of gold have been found some five hundred miles up the Fly, and in 1911 Mr. Massy Baker found faint indications in the Strickland, but so far there has been no discovery of the precious metal in any payable quantity. I have already referred to the discovery of the Rev. S. MacFarlane of what he took to be gold in the Mai Kussa River, but from the nature of the country it is very reasonable to suppose that the reverend gentleman was mistaken. That payable gold will be discovered in the mountains of the interior may not be improbable, but as far as it has been examined the country apparently consists of limestone formation which is not one in which this mineral occurs.

Coal has been found in the far interior in the region between the Purari and Aworra Rivers, but none of it is of commercial value, being too recent and too full of moisture.

The recent discoveries of petroleum indications in the adjoining Gulf Division give birth to the thought that the oil belt may extend across the Western Division also. Should this prove to be the case the value of any discovery will be greatly enhanced by the existence of navigable waterways running far into the hinterlands and the close proximity of a suitable port. One of the chief difficulties anticipated in connection with the finds on the Bailala is the bar-bound river, rendering shipping a matter of extreme trouble. The oil-fields of the East Indies lie between ten degrees north and ten degrees south of the line and it is now a matter of fact that oil exists, whether commercially or no, along that line in the Gulf, and it has been suggested that indications of oil might be looked for on a line running through Kiwai Island, the head of the Oriomo and across the flat interior between the southern side of the Fly and the sea.

So far then the possibilities of the West are for the future. With the exception of a few coconut plantations

and a small export of copra, the principal production has so far been labour, for which there is a keen demand. It is not so very many years ago that a Resident Magistrate lamented the lack of openings and employment for the Western population, but there can be no complaints on this head within recent years. With the opening up of other parts of Papua there arose a cry for labour, and the West has been freely drawn upon to supply the demand. The number of men who signed on yearly for some years past has been considerably over a thousand—I have not the exact figures by me—and these men have been almost entirely drawn from the comparatively small district that is known and effectively controlled. But valuable as this supply of labour is to the colony at large, the recruiting and export of labourers solely is a poor sort of development of a district, if indeed it can be considered a development at all. To be sure, the labour, less a proportion which has died, returns and spends its wages, but even that fact does not increase or make for permanent prosperity. Those who have the best interests of the district at heart will be anxious to see local industries absorbing a fair proportion of the labour which is at present employed in other parts of the Territory.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NATIVE, THE ADM AND CIVILISA7

AMONG primitive races custom in its relations with the native concerned the Government has not intervened where it is not repugnant to morality, and in some particular cases has sanctioned native custom by legislative enactment. In a country with a homogeneous population the inhabitants consist of many widely scattered from each other almost as much in custom as in language, and to lay down a written sanction on custom would be an impossible task. The beak of a hornbill in one district signifies taken a life ; in another the same deed has a different meaning. The Native Regulations now in force were in the first instance based on the customs of the natives and as time went on have been added to or altered according to circumstances ; but in general the natives have been let severely alone and the Regulations have been confined to providing for the common offences of natives and dealing with the sanitary condition of the country, the building of roads and the like. Various native customs such as polygamy are more or less tacitly recognised. In the case of serious offences the higher courts have been obliged to admit custom as a plea for mitigation. For instance, in a case where it was proved that a man had killed a paria relative if she married without his consent, the custom was taken into account when passing sentence. At the same time I do not wish to imply that the

sheds any halo of romance over homicide or man-eating (however interesting both these subjects may be), even though the former may be, as it often is, a sacred or social duty and even though the latter may be equally demanded by custom. The homicide is charged with murder, and the cannibal, if he cannot be brought in as an accessory, is indicted as "having indecently interfered with a corpse."

The Papuan has his own ideas of justice and naturally he persists in measuring things by his own standard of what is fitting or unfitting. And just as much as it is only very slowly dawning on him, if indeed it has dawned at all, that there is another point of view, so in turn it must be realised by the European that to understand things Papuan in a true perspective he must endeavour to consider matters from the standpoint of how the native thinks.

Collective responsibility was, and still is, to a very large extent the key-note of native life. Where an offence was committed, the family or clan or tribe assumed equal responsibility, and it was one of the first efforts of the Administration to teach individual responsibility for individual crime. The lesson is not fully grasped even to-day among more civilised tribes ; among the wilder ones it naturally has not been. I have frequently known a village constable or even a regular constable, who should have known better, arrest a father or brother if he has been unable to catch the real culprit, thus exemplifying the statement that it is pure Papuan to punish a murderer by hanging his cousin. It has always been the fixed policy of the Government that the actual offender or offenders must be arrested and punished, no matter how long the task takes. In the case of wild tribes when a crime was for the first time brought under notice, the community probably took up arms when it was sought to arrest the offender or else took to the bush, acting very

much, I suppose, on the principle that he who does not fight but runs away may live to run away on some future occasion. Now the natural government of tribes in New Guinea generally is not carried on by any definite executive, but in the West at any rate the peculiar social system of clan houses and leading men of clan houses, while it offered some difficulty in another direction, brought into prominence a number of men whose opinions were listened to with respect and carried weight. When this gerontocracy has been won over, as far as crime is concerned, dealing with it from the individual point of view is a fairly easy matter.

Still, even in the most civilised villages there is a strong communal feeling. The Papuan has a very different view of personal property to the European; he is ready to share his possessions with another and it is the most natural thing either to give or to receive. When a village sends a body of young men to work, it is mainly for the community, not for the individual, and a large proportion of their wages may be taken over by the clan or family. The people of Mawatta wished to purchase a cutter which they proposed to have built to their own order. Sufficient funds were not available at the time so a batch of young men engaged themselves for work and the whole of their wages went to the boat fund. The older men remained at home, but the vessel belonged to the whole community. It may be well asked what effect has civilisation upon the native race, a question that I suppose it is really impossible to attempt to answer fully as yet. Beyond a substitution of individual for communal responsibility, there has really been so far no general breaking down of custom, although it is impossible to blend the principles and refinements of modern civilisation with native customs, and some of them have to go, leaving the question whether we are destroying too many or not enough.

One effect, perhaps an unavoidable one, of civilisation

has been the development of a criminal class distinct from the ordinary native offender. To this class belongs the man who commits burglary and offences of what might be termed an imported or exotic nature and which were practically unknown in the old days. Such people can only be dealt with by the methods usually employed against dangerous criminals, namely, the certainty and severity of punishment. As a set off, civilisation can point to a general condition of peace and to the ending of continual and sanguinary warfare.

An important factor in the Europeanisation of the Fly and coast men has been their work in the Torres Straits pearling fleets. For many years every young man has been in the habit of signing on at Daru for his nine months' term with the utmost regularity, and considered it as much a part of his education as his initiation in the Darimu. In fact his age was often reckoned as so many "times along diver boat." The civilising effect of this employment has been very great—although the same might be said of any regular employment with Europeans—and the work has turned the coast and Fly River men into a body of skilful sailors. It has introduced new wants and ideas and produced a distinct change in physical type. It may be accepted that any regular work improves physical condition, but the change in this particular district is most marked and, what is more, it appears permanent. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the moral tone has been improved.

Among all the native races of Papua I have met none that assimilate European ideas with greater facility. The Papuan does not stop to argue or seek for the reason of things; he simply takes things for granted. This may account for his unreasoning adoption of novelties and the graft of "foreign" on purely native reasoning shows itself sometimes in ludicrous forms. However, the West is not yet an Arcadia of semi-civilisation, and one must not be surprised when a Fly River village bolts to the bush and

waits to be coaxed back with a cool head. It is exaggerated in a school for young ladies, and with three-quarters of its men just as it is. The plantation breaks out into some of the horrors.

Civilisation is rather strong meat if given in too large doses, and one of its effects is the degeneration of the native race. Speaking generally, there is any rapid or visible decline in the native population in specific instances have been known where it is not necessarily to be attributed to civilisation. Abortion is much too common and infanticide is so than is usually supposed, and other causes, natural and artificial, may be detected, but none of them are the consequences of civilisation. On the contrary, abortion and infanticide have been checked. But it is true that civilisation has introduced many diseases into the country, measles, whooping cough, and pneumonia, to mention only a few. The Administration does its best to cope with any form of disease, and to prevent its introduction. Not long ago a doctor was sent to vaccinate the natives against small-pox, and he was doubtful how inoculation would be regarded. He was inclined to anticipate a little difficulty. To his surprise after I had explained matters, the natives in the districts where vaccination was to be carried out were free to do so freely. In fact, not to be vaccinated was as rather unfashionable, and I fancy the Government was looked upon as some wholesale Government against disease of all kind. The enthusiasm was pronounced about four days after inoculation, and I think we were regarded as such public benefactors.

Education has so far been in the hands of the teachers of the London Missionary Society, who are located at several villages in the Fly River. In 1870, years ago an amusing incident occurred at Tappan. The people were willing enough to send their children

but the Samoan teacher insisted that they should wear clothes. "Very well," said the natives. "You provide the clothes." This the teacher refused to do and then followed a deadlock, the teacher declining to teach any but children clad in the orthodox manner, and the parents just as steadfastly declining to see why clothes were a necessity to education. I should not think that what might be termed a classical education would be altogether the best for the native, and I think it is recognised nowadays by those best qualified to judge that the general education of the Papuan native should be on such lines as will assist him to raise himself above the Stone Age and as will help to create a good type of landed peasant proprietor.

Deputations from the villages of Parama and Mawatta once waited on me and subsequently on the Lieutenant-Governor with requests for European schools. It would be nice to think that here was an earnest desire for knowledge, but I fear the real reason was the fact that all the Torres Straits islands have European school teachers, and a Mawatta or Parama man reckons he is just as good any day as a mere Islander. If Saibai, for instance, has a teacher, why should not Parama?

There are a great many people who accuse the Papuan of being a lazy loafer round his village. "The natives," they say, "are reluctant to work and in particular to work regularly." It is to be presumed that they are to work for the planters and others. It might be said that so far as the employer of labour is concerned the accusation is not justified, and up to the present the supply of labour has met the demand. But even if it were true that the Papuan is indolent, why should he work for others? Nature provides for his ordinary requirements, and he can go about his business while civilisation gives him justice and opens up the country and protects him from his enemies. Well, even granting that the Papuan nonchalance or improvidence, if you like to call it that, is a result of

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environment and that European hurry to make preparation for the future is *per se* a moral virtue, it is not a good thing to be idle and each man is bound to take up his own, if humble, share of the world's work. It is undoubted that life was infinitely more strenuous in every way for the Papuan in the old days, but even so the Western native is not now really an idle person; naturally, as among Europeans, you will find a percentage of loafers. And he has now so many acquired wants that can only be gratified by the possession of money, and to obtain money he must perforce work in some form or other. Thus the average amount of cash paid over in wages at Daru has been between four and five thousand pounds per annum, and this takes no account of money earned casually such as by the sale of native copra or other industry. That the Western man is intelligent and can be capable of sustained effort is clear from the fact that the people of Turituri took up as a village contract from a planter the clearing of one hundred acres of land on very remunerative terms. The job was properly carried out although they lagged at the last acre or two. On the other hand, the natural apathy and lack of energy of the native mind must be recognised. On one occasion the Parama natives bought a cutter and commenced with great talk and much enthusiasm to dive for pearlshell in Daru Roads. The enthusiasm lasted about a week and the actual work about the same time.

It has been pointed out that the Kiwai-speaking peoples in particular are keen traders both among themselves and among Europeans. A good deal of copra is made from native-owned trees, and there has seldom been difficulty in enforcing the Native Regulation as to the planting of coconuts. The Mawatta men frequently go to Kiwai to buy nuts, which they turn into copra themselves for the market, and the craze for copra-making has extended even to the Bamu. On the other hand, the small Kunini bush tribe at one time adopted an attitude that almost

makes one despair. It neither made copra nor would it sell the nuts even though the crop could not possibly be consumed, and as a consequence thousands of nuts were left rotting on the ground.

The coconut offers the native the easiest opportunity of becoming a worker and producer on his own account, of supplying his own wants and at the same time increasing the wealth of the country. The economic value of the native is probably very high if allowed or forced to till his own lands with commercial products. There is no native taxation in Papua, but it must not be forgotten that every native who works or sells some product for money, since money is only of value to him for what it can buy, pays taxation indirectly in customs duty. The drawback to this form of indirect taxation is that it touches not the loafer but the industrious man.

There are people who accuse the Government in its dealings with the natives of being not only a paternal Government but grandmotherly as well, and there have been and still are people who, on the other hand, regard most of the vital problems of Papua—and they are inextricably involved with the native question—from one point of view only, namely, that of the native. There have been people who have considered that Papua should have been preserved solely for the native race, but, whether their views were correct or not, they have passed out of the realm of practical politics. Civilisation and development must remain in Papua, and, while both civilisation and the Stone Age have their rights and demands, often perhaps opposing, it is the function of the Administration to hold the balance between the two, giving justice to both. A keen regard for native welfare is justified, leaving all other considerations aside, by the purely utilitarian view that the future development of the colony is dependent on the physical and mental health of the native, and that very little economic life can exist and certainly no economic enterprise can succeed without him.

CHAPTER XXV

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES OF THE KÍWAI-SPEAKING PAPUANS

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THE Kíwai people inhabit Kíwai and some other islands in the delta of the Fly River, a few villages on both banks of the river, near its mouth, and the coast westward, including Máludaváne village. These Papuans have a wonderful power of imagination, which particularly appears in their ideas regarding the supernatural world. It is perhaps in their magic that we meet with the richest and most fertile manifestations of native thought, defining magic as the employment of supernatural mechanical power without appeal to any supernatural being. But the same imaginative mind also makes itself felt in their religion, i.e. their relation to the spiritual and mysterious beings by which they think themselves surrounded. Their beliefs and practices connected with these beings will be dealt with in the present paper.

In speaking of religion among the Kíwais we must, however, bear in mind that they represent a very early and primitive form of belief and cult, in fact conditions in many respects characteristic of the very beginnings of religious life, and that consequently we have to eliminate many factors from the idea of religion in a higher sense in order to understand this early stage. The Kíwai Papuans have no systematised belief in gods and no organised worship, no public offerings are made and no public prayers said. They have no temples and no priests. Every grown-up man performs for himself the various

rites for ensuring success in garden work and other matters, sometimes under the guidance of some old practitioner of his group, and the methods used vary to a great extent with different groups and even among individuals.

Dr. A. C. Haddon states that the Torres Straits Islanders had no conception of a Supreme God (*Reports, Cambr. Antrop. Exp.*, Vol. V, 378), and this also holds good as regards their neighbours on the mainland of New Guinea. In studying the beliefs of the Kíwai Papuans we hardly even find any scope for the idea of a Supreme Ruler, as the following instances will show. No reward or punishment is allotted to good or bad people after death, although, as we shall see, they believe in the continued existence of the soul after death. In their legends the natives tell how various things in nature have originated, but in none of these can we trace the personality of a divine creator. For instance, the rivers to the west of the Fly have been made by a mythical crocodile which cut its way through the country. The creeks characteristic of one of the islands in the delta are produced by a legendary woman who fought the people with a paddle from her canoe. Wherever the paddle fell a creek was made. Certain rocks and reefs in the sea are the skulls of slain enemies thrown overboard by certain heroes when they returned from war with a booty of captured heads, and certain sandbanks are the flesh and skin of such heads. Nor do the legends of the origin of the people themselves suggest the idea of a creator. The Mawáta tribe of the Kíwai people, according to one of their secret folk-tales, lived at the beginning in the stem of a creeper, until a man came and split the creeper; that is why even now they consider themselves of the same family as certain sylvan beings of their myths. The Másingára tribe has developed out of the worms forming in the body of a dead kangaroo.

But although, among the Kíwai people, we look in vain for the idea of a Supreme God and other attributes of a

higher religion, yet there are a great number of supernatural beings providing us with material for a study of beliefs. One group of these comprises the spirits of the dead.

Formerly the people used to dispose of their deceased friends by putting them on open platforms erected on posts where the body was left to decay until only the bones remained. Afterwards the bones were buried in a garden. This custom has been abandoned in Kíwai within the memory of people still living, but prevails among the tribes on the east bank of the Fly and further east along the coast. Nowadays the dead are invariably buried in the ground, and over the grave a small hut is erected. Some weapons and implements belonging to the dead person are hung up on a stick on the grave together with presents of food, and a fire is kept burning for some time at the foot-end of the grave. The body is often carried to the burial ground on a piece of a broken canoe, which is afterwards left on the west side of the grave, representing the canoe in which the spirit may go to Adíri, the land of the dead. The situation of Adíri is taken quite geographically, it lies far away in the west, where the sun and moon go down. All the dead people follow the route of a mythical hero, Sido, who was killed by another man. That was the first death ever to occur and, as we see, was also a murder, "and," my informant added, "the two men fought over a woman."

In Adíri there is a Long House, several miles long, in which people from the same villages live in groups together just as in real life. They occupy themselves much in the same way as living people, but life there is much easier. The language spoken by the spirits is the same as that of the living.

The natives stand in great dread of the ghosts of the departed, and for a few nights after a death has occurred in one's own or a neighbouring village all the doors of the

houses are kept carefully closed, and nobody cares to go out in the dark. The spirits are supposed to remain for some days in the neighbourhood of their homes, as if uncertain about the right road to Adfri; once they have found the way they do not come back any more. During my stay in those parts I heard of many instances in which the spirits of newly departed persons had been seen, causing great terror among the people; there were also cases of people having had a narrow escape from being caught by ghosts.

New-born children and sick people are in particular danger of being abducted by spirits of the dead. The dead fathers are "sorry" for their young children, wondering, "Who will take care of them?" so they carry them off, taking away the soul and only leaving the body behind. For this reason mothers will often hide their little children at nightfall. One child in a village where I was staying died because its soul had been carried away by the spirit of its grandfather. The baby had been left out of doors in the dark, and after the soul had been taken away, life lingered on for a few days in the body, until death came. A dead father is also often supposed to be longing for his son to join him. At times he purposely allows his son to live on for a while in order that he may get some work done before he is taken: "I leave him boy little time. Who look out coconut? Let him make plenty pickaninny first time. By and by I take him," that is sometimes supposed to be the thought of the father. In a similar way the souls of sick people may be carried off by spirits, and it happens in some cases of serious illness that the friends of the sick person watch outside his house in order to frighten away any spirit which may come near the house, for some men are able to see spirits.

Presents are sometimes given to the spirits, and here we have a beginning of the very simple form of offering met

with among the Kíwai people. Sometimes after a death the people in a house may hear at night a low whistling outside or a tapping or scratching at the wall, and they conclude, "Oh, ghost he outside," and begin to wail. The dead person has come to see his children and friends, and also to find some present. The people put some food outside the door, saying, "You go back, you no come, you dead man, no good you come." The spirit takes the present of food, but if they do not give it anything, it will not go away but walks round and round the house all night until daybreak, when it disappears.

A hunter once killed three pigs in the bush, after which he lost his life somehow without ever being found. The people carried away two pigs but left one for the dead hunter, thinking among themselves, "Ghost belong him, you me (we) no savy, him he kaikai (eat); poor fellow he hard work, no good people take him pig altogether. Ghost belong him he look round, by and by get nothing, by and by hard up." Out on the reefs, too, when the people are spearing fish, a man will sometimes throw away a piece for a dead relative, irrespective of where the death has taken place. The people think, "No good I kaikai good kaikai (food), I no savy, poor mother, father he alongside that time I spear."

That the spirits of the dead are fond of food is also seen from a method used to find out whether people who have been missing for a few days, out in their canoes, really have perished or whether they have been only temporarily prevented from coming home. Their friends tie some food at the end of a string, the other end of which they fasten to a long stick. After sunset a man goes a few steps out into the sea and holds out the stick over the water, like an angling rod, with the food hanging a little above the surface. He calls out the name of the missing man, saying, "Suppose you proper lose, you take that kaikai, suppose you no lose you no take kaikai." If the man

is drowned, he will extend his arms out of the water and take the food. The man with the rod carefully notes the aspect of the arm ; if it is covered with seaweed like a log of wood which has been a long time in the water, the arm belongs to the spirit of somebody drowned long ago ; if it is free from weed he concludes, " Oh, that man, true he been lose." If even after long waiting no hand comes up from the water and takes the food, this is a proof that the man is not dead, but that they can expect him to return.

One of the great ceremonies of the Mawáta tribe has reference to turtle spearing, and at the time of this ceremony the people carefully clear the burial-place of their departed fathers, put presents of food on the graves, and pour out the contents of two coconuts over them, asking the dead persons to help them to spear many turtle. On one occasion the grave of one man only, named Bídja, was neglected. When afterwards the villagers went out to the reefs in their canoes, everybody speared many turtle except Bídja's people. In the night his spirit appeared and spoke to them, and they heard a voice without knowing whether it came from the canoe or from under the water, it said, " Oh, my friend, no fault belong me ; you no been make my burial ground good, you fellow no can find him turtle, you fellow nothing go back. Next time you fellow look out my burial ground good, next time you see." The people returned to the village and did as they had been told. When they went out again they speared a great number of turtle, and afterwards were careful not to neglect the graves of their dead parents.

Various offerings of this kind are common, but hardly ever seem to have been carried on regularly for a long time. They represent, so to say, an experimental appeal to a supernatural being ; the people do not believe in them for certain, but think it worth while to try their effect ; and when no longer thought useful such appeals are abandoned for something else.

Useful knowledge of various things is often imparted by dead persons to their living friends, and this generally takes place in dreams. Here is one reason why the ideas of different people regarding many matters vary to such a great extent. Particularly in the case of departed parents a man may sometimes compel the spirits to appear to him in a dream so as to get their advice. Many Papuan folk-tales tell us how a man will dig up the skulls of his dead parents from the grave and sleep close to them in order that the parents may come to him in a dream when their warning or instruction is required, and not infrequently when doing so the man will provide himself with a stick, threatening to break the skulls if the parents do not put in their appearance promptly.

Spirits of the dead are sometimes appealed to through the medium of a certain beverage called *gámōda*. It is apparently the *Piper methysticum*, the *kava* of the Polynesians. The root and stem are chewed and then strained through a coconut leaf into a small bowl. This liquor produces a narcotic effect. When the natives want to invoke the help of a spirit for instance for their garden work, they dip a twig of the plant into the bowl and sprinkle a little of the contents in the direction of the garden, calling out the name of the dead man and saying some such words as these, "What place I go make garden, before you been make garden that place. All same you been plant him before I make him all same; old mother, father, you help me fellow." The practice of sprinkling *gámōda* and invoking a supernatural being is called *karéa*, and is also resorted to for hunting, fishing and many other purposes.

In the great *táera* or *hóribmu* ceremony, one of the most important of the ceremonies of the Kíwais, spirits of the dead are supposed to play a prominent part. The ceremony can best be compared to a pantomimic performance in which the men representing the spirits of the dead dance

before the women. There is a kind of stage arrangement consisting of two screens with the ends towards the middle overlapping, so one cannot see into the shrine, and through this opening the performers go in and out. The women's place is on the one side of the screen at some distance from it, and groups of men come out in turn through the opening and dance, after which they again retire behind the screens. The men represent different kinds of spirits, there are about a dozen different groups of *dramatis personæ*, and the women cannot recognise their features because of the masks or leaves with which their faces are covered. The women believe that the performers really are spirits of the dead and weep when they think they recognise some departed friend or another among the dancers, they also give them presents of food. The ceremony lasts for a few weeks, and during that time a great variety of dances and pantomimes take place. Even to the men the ceremony is by no means a mere play, on the contrary, they always regard it with great veneration, and real spirits are thought to take part although invisible. The ceremony also has reference to the garden work and dugong fishing of the people. There are many devices by which the men contrive to keep the women in ignorance that they themselves act as the spirits. For instance, on the last day the spirits, in full view of the people, leave the place on their way back to Adíri, while at the same time all the men of the tribe dressed in ordinary attire join the women. This is achieved through the help of a large number of men from some neighbouring village, who are summoned in secret to represent the spirits on that particular occasion.

There are certain classes of dead people who become malignant beings and consequently are much feared among the people. A man who has been killed in a fight and whose head has been cut off becomes an *útumu*, a highly malevolent ghost. The blood which has spurted out from

the gash in his neck shines like fire at night, and people are known to have become the prey of the *útumu* through mistaking this light for an ordinary fire. The *útumu* devours the bodies of its victims except the heads, hands and feet, which it leaves untouched together with the bones. A bow-shot cannot hurt the *útumu*, but some people believe they can frighten it away by rattling with their bundle of arrows when walking in the bush after sunset. The cry of the *útumu* is a roar from its gaping throat. Some people believe that the *útumu* is continually seen to fall down and rise up again like a man who is being killed in a fight ; they also think that the light does not always emanate from its neck, but when seen it is an omen that somebody will be killed.

Another group of evil beings is constituted by people who have been killed by a crocodile or snake and also those who have hanged themselves ; these beings try to lure friends into a death similar to their own, and the same is true, although in a less degree, of other people who have suffered a violent death. In the same group may also be reckoned women who have died in childbed ; like the ghosts just mentioned they cause great dread among the people. Some women in childbed are believed to run away into the bush and become evil beings even while alive. In order to lay the ghost, for instance, of a man taken by a crocodile the people will sometimes make a small hut at the place where the accident has happened, similar to the hut erected over a grave, and inside they put a little food. Their object is to keep the spirit confined to that spot, and they address it, saying, " You no come where people he stop, you devil (ghost) now. House belong you here, you stop here."

On turning our attention from the spirits of the dead to other mythical beings, we shall find that practically all of them are of a more or less malevolent character, although some may prove useful to the people, and may even help

them by giving them advice on various matters if properly approached. On asking one of my informants whether he could not remember any good being, I was answered, "He no good thing no plenty (there are only few good beings)—too much trouble all time."

In large hollow trees, in wells or swamps, or in the ground there lives a kind of spiritual being called in Mawáta *étengena*. In the daytime they appear in the shape of snakes, pigs or birds, but at night they are men. There is also a very similar group of beings, the *sáme*, who in fact are identified by some people with the *étengena*, although some keep them distinct. The *sáme* in their human shape are very small men with short legs and grey hair, they seem to live by preference in the water, while the real *étengena* inhabit trees and holes in the ground; I was given a description of the *sáme* when I asked my informants whether they had heard of manikins and dwarfs.

When clearing the ground for a new garden the natives are afraid to cut down any big tree in case it should be the dwelling-place of an *étengena*. A large tree growing near a garden, which one's parents have made, will never be touched. "You cut him down," said one of my informants, "that's body belong you you cut him. That tree he dry, you dead too." Sometimes a man, who wants to cut down a tree, first asks the *étengena* to leave it and go and live somewhere else. When doing so the man fills his mouth with water and squirts it out over the tree, this practice is also called *karéa*, like the sprinkling of the *gámóda*. He says to the *étengena*, "Me fellow make friend now, you no kill me. I make garden, you leave that tree; you go stop along ground, look out garden." If the *étengena* has been disturbed it becomes angry and brings harm upon the man, who will be bitten by a snake or meet with some other disaster. It bears ill-will particularly to strangers, and that is one reason why people do not like to go alone to each other's gardens. A father will from time to time

bring his son with him to his garden and take him near the tree of the *étengena* so that the spirit may learn to know the boy and become kindly disposed to him, it will understand, "That ground belong that boy, when father he finish, that boy he look out ground."

As in the case of the spirits of the dead the natives also sprinkle *gámōda* when invoking the help of the *étengena*, they say, for instance, "I plant him garden first time, you fellow go put 'medicine' behind (afterwards), make plenty *kaikai* (food). Next time I *kaikai* plenty, plenty garden by and by; you fellow sorry me, you cut him plenty head," which last expression means, "you cause plenty taro to grow." Sometimes they put their garden tools together with a heap of food close by, and sprinkling *gámōda* over the tools ask the *étengena*, "You no break tomahawk, you no break knife, you no make him tomahawk go cut me fellow; me make him big garden." The food put out represents a fictitious present to the *étengena*, calculated to dispose him favourably, but the food is afterwards taken away by the owners. The first fruit of any kind is put as a present near the tree where the *étengena* lives. Sometimes the *étengena* may gradually become quite attached to the owner of the ground, and when the man dies, the people can sometimes hear the *étengena* crying in the night near his garden.

Many folk-tales tell us how the *étengena* appear to people at night and impart to them in dreams useful advice regarding their garden work and other pursuits. Sometimes in the daytime too, when they are in the shape of snakes or other animals, they make signs which the people try to interpret. One of my informants had once been asked by an *étengena* in a dream to go the next day to a certain place where he would find the *étengena* in the shape of a snake. He was requested to put the snake round his head; then the *étengena* would assume its human form. The man went to the place indicated, where he found a

snake. Time after time the poor fellow tried to force himself to take hold of the reptile and put it round his head, but always shrank back for fear, until the snake disappeared in the bush. But ever since he regretted his cowardice, thinking of all the desirable gifts he expected from the *étengena*. Sometimes the *étengena* or other beings when giving advice to people in dreams will hand them some object representing a medicine in the magical sense, which the men may find on waking. More than one quarrel has been caused in a house by somebody being wakened a little too early when a spirit was just in the act of giving him beautiful things, for which he looks in vain afterwards round his bed.

There are some other classes of mythical beings, which will be mentioned here in a few words.

Órigorúso, or *óriogorúho*, is an evil character, the name of which has reference to its custom of eating everything raw. It has a figure like a man, but the legs are very short. It is provided with long claws and protruding tusks, and devours people. The ears are enormous, and when it sleeps it uses the one as a mat to lie on and the other as a cover. The favourite story about *órigorúso* tells us how all the inhabitants of a village once ran away from such a beast which had killed many of them. Only one man and his wife for some reason stayed behind and were found by the creature. They succeeded in appeasing it by giving it many pigs to eat. It ate and ate and drank, until at last it fell asleep, and they could escape.

Óbouíbi are mysterious beings who live in the water and cause people to get drowned. They are the guardians of all water animals, and when for instance a crocodile has been speared they will appear in a dream to the man who performed the act, asking him why he has killed their child.

Híwai-dbére are female beings who live in the bush ; they kill people and otherwise cause them harm. Sometimes

they appear as real women, and in the folk-tales it often happens that a *hiwai-ábère* at a marriage or some other occasion takes the place of the bride or another woman without being detected for some time. Other female beings are the *bestre-bestre*, or *behère-behère*, unmarried girls who haunt the bush and are ready to marry any man whom they may come across.

Máigidúbu is a male being which generally appears as an enormous serpent, but at times has the shape of a man. It comes into the houses at night attracted by some woman it has seen during the day, and may even carry her away into the bush. Although it kills people it is sometimes quite friendly, particularly to women, and helps them when they are in distress.

There are no giants in the Kíwai folklore, only a man who could extend his arm many miles and at night used to send out his hand in that way to steal from other people's gardens and houses. Earthquakes are caused by one kind of beings, lightning and rain by another. On the whole many aspects of nature are in some way or another connected with mysterious beings. There are mythical animals living in the bush and in the sea, not as mere fabulous monsters but with existence in the flesh as witnessed by many people who have seen them. And above all there are local spirits and creatures which inhabit certain reefs, rocks, capes and rivers. We hardly find any conspicuous point in a New Guinea landscape which is not represented as the abode of some local being. None of all these mythical characters are made the object of any form of actual worship, some of them, however, particularly the local spirits, appear to men in dreams and tell them of useful things in return for occasional presents of food or other things. In this respect there is some degree of specialisation; one spirit will only appear to a certain man or his kin, not to everybody, and people can generally tell the special dream-apparition of some man or another

The following story gives an instance of the belief in guardian or tutelary spirits among the Kíwais. A bush boy and girl from the coast were both adopted by a bushman, and for some reason the boy shot the girl and killed her. At night her ghost appeared screaming and falling down just as she did when murdered. The next night the adopted father put the boy to sleep on that same spot in order that the ghost might enter his body, and so it happened. Afterwards the ghost passed out of the boy and appeared as a woman in the flesh. Many people have seen her although only at night. The man could send her away to perform anything he wanted. He summoned her by burning a part of her grass-skirt in the fire, and the people could hear her whistle outside the house when she arrived. The man was told by her of anything he wanted to know. He had two similar spirits at his disposal. Such spirits are said to be common among the bush-tribes, who are distinct from the people on the coast, and those few Kíwai men who had a spirit attached to themselves had come into possession of it by being taught by bushmen.

Dr. Haddon, writing on the religion of the Torres Straits Islanders, includes the "hero cults" of the people (*Reports, Cambr. Anthropol. Exp.*, Vol. V, 367). Some of the heroes mentioned by him from Torres Straits are also known to the Kíwai natives, for instance, Kwóiam (Kúiamo), the hero of Mábuaiag, who is, however, represented by the Kíwai people as rather a wicked character from his early boyhood. But none of these heroes of many folk-tales are connected among the Kíwai people with any form of worship. A few of them, who are still believed to exist in some particular locality, may appear in dreams to certain people, giving them advice. Otherwise these so-called heroes and heroines approximate very closely to any other personages mentioned in folklore with little or no relation to cult.

It remains to say a few words of the use of human effigies

in the rites of the Kíwai Papuans. Human figures or parts of them, particularly faces, are a very common motive in the decoration of many of their implements, ornaments, and weapons, and in two cases effigies play a part in actual rites.

In addition to their dwelling-houses, of the Long House type, the Kíwai natives have or had men's houses of a similar construction—there are only one or two left now in the district—in these the men lived, although the married men could also stay and sleep in the dwelling-houses whenever they liked. These men's houses were the scenes of practically all the indoor dances and ceremonies of the natives, and had particular reference to their warfare. The rows of perpendicular posts supporting the roof of a men's house were carved to represent human figures, male and female. The place in front of the central carved post was reserved for the performance of the most important part of their ceremonies. Close to that post they kept their weapons and other things connected with war, skulls of slain enemies were hung up there, and no young man might touch the post. The building of a men's house was occupied by a continued series of magical rites, some of which had particular reference to the posts. At several stages during the building the men went to kill some enemies and bring home some blood in bamboo tubes with which to smear the posts. Under the eyes on the posts, made of pieces of shell, they put parts of the eyes of slain enemies, they also cut from their enemies the eyebrows and upper lips with the moustache on and pasted them in their respective places on the figure. Human hair covered the head of the effigy, and the rib of a pig was used for a nose-stick. When the men returned from a fight they used to knock the heads they had taken against the posts.

The natives could give no information as to what these posts really represented, one man would mention the name of one mythical hero, another man would give another

name, and it was evident that they did not know themselves. Nor had these effigies any name in general use other than *sáro*, or *háro*—which only means post; most of the names used were kept secret from the women. It seems certain that the effigies did not represent any particular being or person, no actual worship was offered them, but they acted through their own power and that of the “medicines” applied to them.

The other kind of effigies are named *mimía*, or *mimía ábère*, and the ceremony in which they are used is also called *mimía*, or *mimía mogúru*. The central part of that great ceremony is as follows: The *mimía* figures are set up in a row along one of the side walls in the men’s house, sometimes along both side walls. A great number of torches are prepared with “medicine” by the oldest people. The fire burning on the fireplace in front of the central carved post is considered to be particularly “hot” on account of the many “medicines” which during various ceremonies have been put into it, and no young man may take fire from there. The ceremony constitutes one of the many initiatory rites which the young men have to undergo. They are brought into the men’s house and while the ceremony is in progress some old man lights his torch at the central fireplace and puts the burning torch down for a moment on some of the *mimía* figures. All the men then light their torches from that of the first man, or at any of the fireplaces except the central one, and begin to fight each other with their burning torches. The novices have the worst of the fight and sometimes get badly burnt, but the grown-up men also take an active part in the affray. This ceremony purports to make the young men “warm,” as the natives say, strong for fight and for withstanding sickness; they must never again be afraid of anything.

On the coast west of the Fly River the natives instead of wooden figures used natural or worked stones, crudely representing the upper part of a body. In that district the ceremony was performed in a slightly different way.

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It is to be admitted that the true character of the effigies in the Kíwai men's house and the carved wooden or stone figures still remains somewhat obscure and is so to the natives themselves. I am, however, of opinion that in the first place the natives make use of them in a magical sense. At the same time one cannot help noticing a certain tendency to regard them as animated, and thus the posts and figures give us another interesting instance of the first development of religious ideas among these Papuans.

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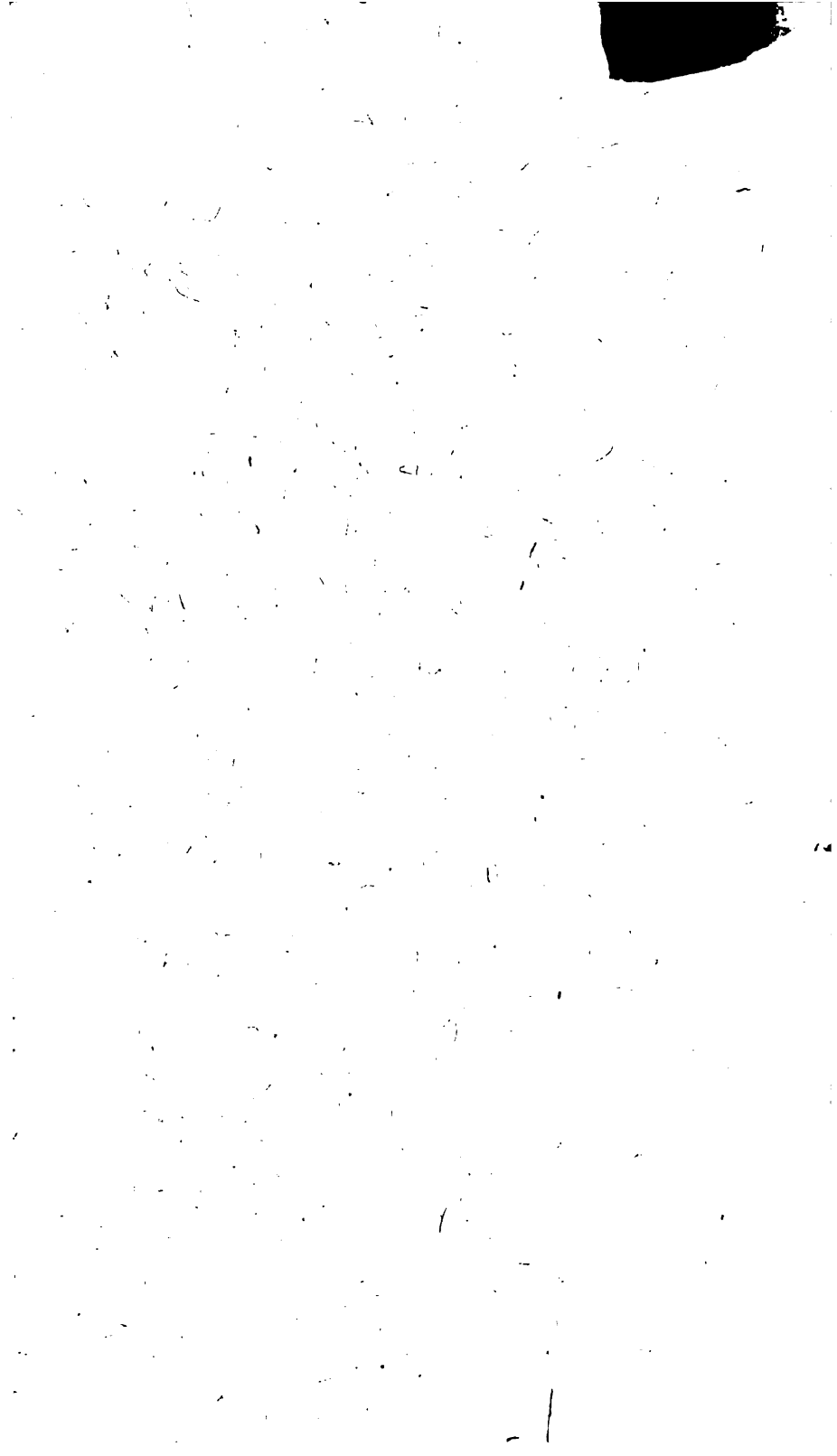
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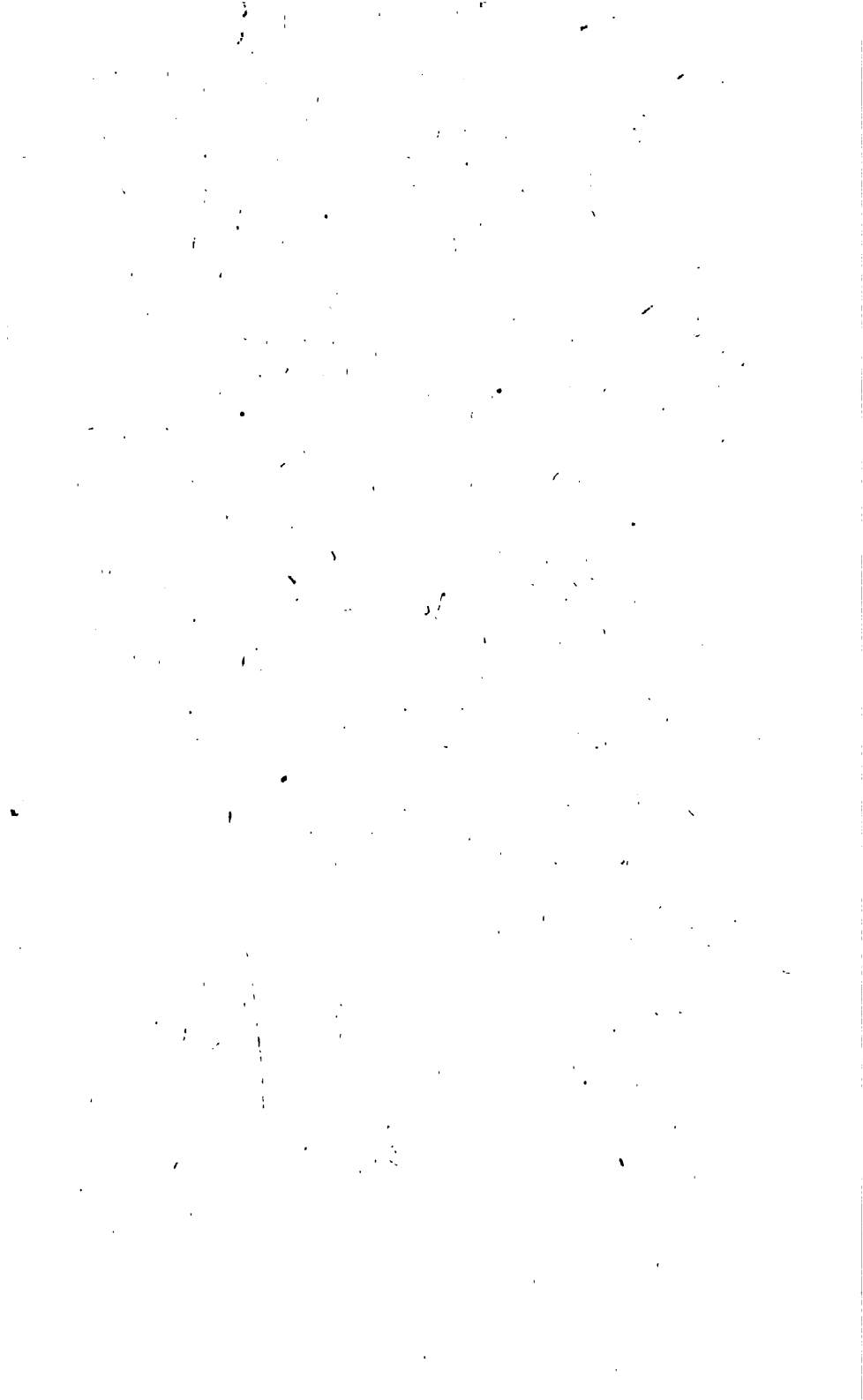
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