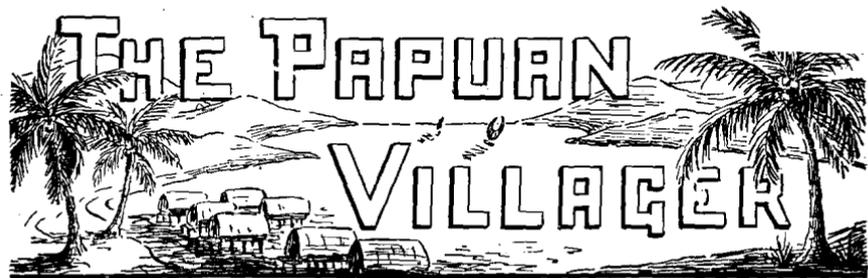


260

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 10, No. 1
January, 1938

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist
Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

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

Nine Years of "The Papuan Villager"

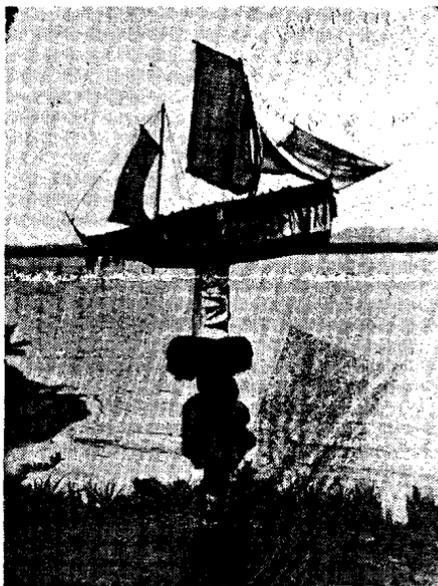
The Papuan Villager has now been going on for nine years. He is still only a little boy, and his father is not very pleased with the way he is growing; but he keeps pegging along. We shall tell you how he came into being and what he is trying to do.

Learning English

You know that the Government has always wanted the Papuan natives to learn to read, write, and speak English, and there are two good reasons.

First, it will help natives and white men to understand one another and to be friendly and helpful to each other. If they want this they must be able to speak the same language. The white men cannot learn all your languages—Kiwai, Motu, Suau, Wedau, Binandele and the rest of them. The best thing is for you all to learn English. You can keep your own language, but you will have English as a second string to your bow.

The other reason is this. English is a very great language, with all sorts of books written in it. If you can read those books you will be able to improve your mind. Instead of sitting down doing nothing, or just smoking



A Dance Mask at Mei, Kerema

a *baubau*, or chewing betel, you can sit down and read. Reading is very good fun, and you can smoke or chew betel while you do it.

A Paper for English Readers

But some of the Papuans who had learnt to read had no books. They had read their school-books and their hymn-books and their Bibles, but they certainly needed something else; so *The Papuan Villager* began in 1929. It was to be your own newspaper, and it was meant first of all for those Papuans who had left school.

Policy

Every newspaper is supposed to have a "Policy." That only means that it tries to do something, and always tries to do it in the same way. The policy of *The Papuan Villager* is as follows:—

It is written in very simple English so that Papuans can read it. It is not written in Standard I English. You would call that "baby-talk." But anyone who has reached Standard IV ought to be able to understand it.

The things you read about in it are mostly Papuan—Papuan natives, Papuan things, and Papuan happenings. But there is something about the Europeans in this country, and also a good deal about the outside world. For we know you are interested in these outside things and want to hear about them.

But the paper deals first of all with your own country, and in each monthly number there is something that you yourselves have written.

The Old Fashion and the New

The *Villager* often speaks in praise of the Papuan fashion. Some people have not liked this praise. Even some Papuan natives have objected

to it. They say the paper is standing still, or going backwards instead of forwards.

But if the Editor were never allowed to praise the old fashions, that would not be fair to the Papuans. There are plenty of people to tell you that your old way of life was a bad one. Some of your old ways were bad ones, just as some of the white men's ways are bad. But many of your old ways were very good. At any rate *The Papuan Villager* thinks so, and it says so. It is "putting the other side of the question."

You need never be ashamed of your forefathers. They were often quite as good as you, and sometimes a lot better. And you need not be ashamed of what they taught you, because they taught you so many good things.

There are old things and new things. You will have to make up your minds what to take from each side. Some of the old things are good, some are bad. Of the new things also, some are good, some bad. *The Papuan Villager* hopes you will make a good choice. It may even help you to make the choice, but it tries to be fair. It talks about the good old things as well as the good new things. It hopes you will take some of each. But it doesn't care how much of each. On that matter you must make up your own minds.

Subscribers

Last year the *Villager* went out to 788 people each month. 96 of these are Europeans, some of them living in far parts of the world. We are glad to have their help, but of course the paper is not really for them.

566 are used for reading in the schools. We are glad the paper is useful to the schools, but it was not

really meant for them either.

125 natives who have left school get the paper for themselves. And of these only 109 are subscribers.

This is not much to be proud of at the end of nine years. Some of our subscribers, we know, like their *Papuan Villager*. It costs 1s. a year for 12 monthly copies. We hope that they will try to get some of their reading friends to subscribe. If they will do so we shall be sure the paper is worth while.

The King's Birthday

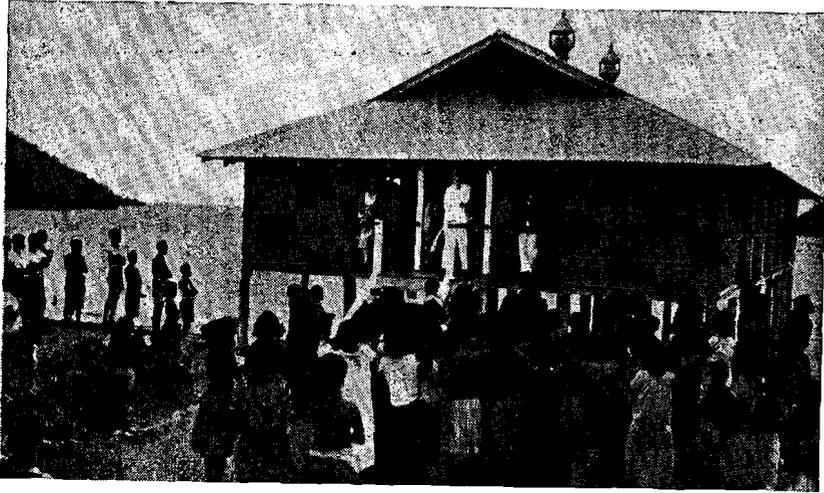
King George the Sixth was born on the 14th December, 1895. You can work out for yourselves how old he is.

The whole Empire should have a holiday on the King's Birthday. But in England the 14th December is in the middle of winter. It is then cold and cloudy, and the days are very short. (It is getting dark by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.) So they have changed the holiday to the 14th June,

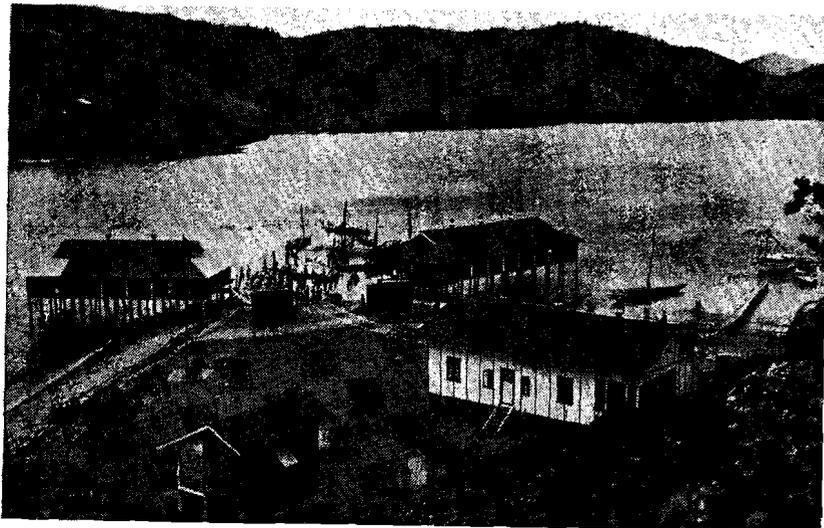


The King and Queen

just six months earlier. This is in the middle of summer, when the days are long and sunny. And the Empire has agreed to keep its King's Birthday on a nice day.



The Governor Opening Gemo Hospital



A view of the Hospital at Gemo Island

A. A. K. GIBSON PHOTOS

The Hospital at Gemo

In the November number of last year we told you about Miss Fairhall's Hospital at Gemo. It is a hospital for leprosy and tuberculosis and it has already begun to do its good work.

In this issue we show you some pictures of the place. In one of them you can see the Governor standing on the veranda and making a speech.

Caddies' Day

The small boys of Poreporena still do their job very well on the Port Moresby golf course. Every year some of the big ones go and some more small ones come. It is like going through *Kaiva Kuku* in the Gulf Division. In years to come, when all the boys of to-day are big men, one will say to another, "Were you ever a golf caddy?" And the other will answer, "Of course I was!" Or if he has to say "No," he will say it in a very small voice and hide his head for shame.

The caddies had their yearly beano, or feast, last month. The winners of the competitions were:—

Six Holes, Grade A.—Mase Karoho and Oda Morea tied with a score of 25. Mase won the play-off.

Six Holes, Grade B.—Douna Manoka and Mauri Ovia tied with a score of 27. Douna won the play-off.

Driving, Grade A.—Won by Oda Morea.
Grade B.—Won by Baru Morea.

A Plane Wrecked at Kikori

Last month the Sikorsky plane of the Papuan Oil Development Company (P.O.D.) was wrecked at Kikori.

The Sikorsky plane is one of the kind that comes down on the water, and it was landing on the broad Kikori River near the Station. It had already touched the water once and was skipping along at 60 miles an hour. It was just about to come down on the water again when it hit something. This something (whatever it was) smashed the wing and the float on one side of the machine.

This was very serious; for if the pilot came down in the ordinary way the plane would turn over and sink, and the cargo would be lost and the people drowned.

So the pilot (his name is Mr. Davis) went straight on into the air again. He flew round for some minutes while the people on the shore got out a dinghy. Then he brought the plane down near the bank and finished on the mud. This was pretty clever, because by coming to rest on the mud he prevented the plane from sinking. The dinghy came across, and the cargo and passengers were taken off.

Nobody knows what it was that hit the plane. It was probably a log. Somebody suggested it was a crocodile, who lashed round and hit the wing with his tail. But I think a crocodile, if he saw a seaplane coming out of the sky towards him, would duck out of the way.

New Guinea Pennies

We read in *The Pacific Islands Monthly* that 359,000 pennies have disappeared in the Mandated Territory.

The Government at Rabaul has made some new coins for that Territory. In Papua we use Australian or English coins—shillings, sixpences,

and so on. But theirs are different. Many of you have seen Rabaul shillings; they have holes through the middle so that you can string them round your neck like beads.

When the Rabaul Government had the new coins made they gave out 2,552,000 shillings, 101,400 sixpences and 359,520 pennies. But all the pennies have disappeared.

The reason is that they had on them the name of Edward VIII. You remember how Edward VIII was our King for a short time before he gave up the throne to his younger brother. While he was King these pennies were made and collectors have got hold of them. If you get a 1936 New Guinea penny, don't spend it on anything. Put it in your box and keep it. Someone will want to buy it some day and he will give you more than a penny for it.

The Christmas Feeling

Scene: A Court for Native Matters.

Village Constable: The defendants are charged with stealing a pig from complainant.

Complainant: I do not want to charge the defendants, who have said they want to pay me a pig. I would not like to see them go to gaol at Christmas time.

Magistrate: Very good of you. There will be no case. (Turning to defendants)—So you are going to pay complainant a pig for the one which you stole?

Defendants: Yes we want to pay. But we did not kill or steal complainant's pig.

Magistrate: Then why pay?

Defendants: Because we have been

told that we must have stolen the pig.

Magistrate: I think we had all better speak about this matter, which seems to be mixed.

In the talk which took place it was shown that somebody had seen "someone's footmark" somewhere. Nobody had seen complainant's pig killed. One of the defendants had been seen walking about that night by others who were looking for eggs laid in the sand beach by turtles. As he wasn't looking for eggs people supposed he was looking to kill complainant's pig. The case, or claim, against the defendants was not worth one penny. If they were guilty, it could not be proved.

But don't you see how clever the complainant was trying to be? He thought he would get his pig, for the defendants had promised to give it (they were only frightened). But he knew that, in a Court he would lose his case. So he said, "I do not want to see them sent to gaol at Christmas time."

It all sounded awfully good, but to defendants it was, "Thank you, complainant, for nothing!"

It has not been heard whether the defendants gave the pig to the complainant as they promised. Papuans do so many things that puzzle Europeans.

—R.A.V.

Visit of Cricketers to Wau

For Christmas the Port Moresby Cricket, Tennis and Golf teams went over to Wau. They travelled by aeroplane and had a very good time there. But they did not win any of the matches.

"Eharo" in the Gulf Division

In many villages along the coast of the Gulf Division you may still see the *eharo*. When the *sevese* are in the *eravo* (or men's house) the *eharo* sometimes come into the village.

We cannot tell you what the *sevese* are like. It would take too long. And words are not enough. You have to see them. But our readers in the Gulf Division will know about them.

Masks

The *eharo* are something like *sevese*, but they are smaller, and they are of many different kinds. They have faces, with noses and staring eyes and open mouths. They are painted in white, red, black and yellow; and they have dresses of sago-leaf (the stuff that the Gulf Division women use for their skirts). These dresses are dyed red and grey and brown and yellow, and they are very beautiful.

Everyone knows that an *eharo* is worn by a man. It is what we call a "mask"; and underneath the sago-leaf dress you can see the man's legs skipping about.

Playthings

The *eharo* are gay, and they are funny. The people call them their "playthings," and they laugh and are glad when they see them. Many of them have models of birds, fishes, and animals on top of them—hornbills, sharks, dogs, even jelly-fish. The one in the picture has a cutter. It was made by a man called Dyamu of Mei, near Kerema. He is very clever with his hands.

An *eharo* takes a long time to make, and it is a very skilful piece of work when it is done. We hope the people

of the Gulf Division will not forget this kind of skill or this way of amusing themselves.

Death of Miss Riley

We are very sorry to tell of the death of Miss E. W. Riley who was the teacher of the Girls' School at Poreporena.

Miss Riley had been in Papua since 1931. When she first came she looked after the "Kindergarten," or school for very small children. She was interested in the Girl Guides, and two years ago formed the Brownie Pack of little girls.

She worked very hard for the Poreporena school children. It was because she worked so hard that she lost her health. So we may say that she gave her life for the school.

Native Contributions

Wireless Messages

In one of the *Villagers* I have been reading an article about the wireless messages which was written by one of the readers. I wish to tell you a little bit about my biggest adventure. It is about the wireless message.

In Papua we can only talk with the nearest people. We cannot talk with farthest people, but the European can talk both with far and near. In this year Mr. M. Nixon bought a wireless. Every Sunday evening Moru boys and girls go up to the Mission house to hear the wireless message. When the wireless is open, we can hear some messages from Brisbane, Sydney, China, England and all over the world. How can we hear those messages from far countries? When we hear the messages it is the same as people talking with you.

When I am hearing those messages I am greatly surprised because these messages come from many many miles, and we also hear the

many many different languages. But we don't know what is the meaning. That is the end of my biggest adventure.

[By Forova Hui, c/o. L.M.S., Moru, Gulf Division. This article wins the 5s. prize. This article by Forova Hui of L.M.S. was the only one received in the Adventures Competition. We hope that more than one subscriber will take the trouble to enter for the Cassowary Competition now running.]

The Rain and the Sun

Sun Gets a Wife

A long time ago two men lived near a river. Their names were Sun and Rain. They lived very happily and were good brothers. One

caught there. Then Sun ran away to his home, very happy, because he wants Rain's wife.

But Rain's wife said, "Where is my husband?" Sun said, "I don't know." Rain's wife waited about an hour; then she went to the garden. When she got near she called out, "Rain, Rain," where are you?" "I am here," said Rain. Afterwards Rain told his wife how Sun had said, "You take up this piece of wood from the tree," and he had taken it and got his hand broken and caught by the tree. Rain that time was angry because his hand was broken.

Sun and Rain Show their Power

They went back to their house and he said

COMPETITION

Write what you know about the Cassowary—Where does it live, what does it eat, what does it do? How do you hunt for it? What do you do with it when you have caught it? Five Shillings for the Best Article @ ANSWERS MUST REACH EDITOR BY 15th MARCH, 1938

day Sun said to his brother, "I want to go fishing." Rain said, "Yes, go brother." Then Sun took a fishing line. He threw his fishing line in and not many minutes after he found a blind woman was pulling on the end of it. The woman said to Sun, "You had better be my husband," and Sun said, "Yes." His wife's name was Vavine Oru.

Rain Gets a Wife

Sometime later Rain said to his brother, "Sun, don't you bring your wife fishing to-day, I want to go alone." His brother said, "Yes you go." So Rain took his line, threw it out and in an hour's time he pulled a good woman out. She said, "You shall be my husband," and they went to Rain's house. This woman's name was Vavine Nama. Then Sun was very angry because Rain's wife was better than his.

Sun Plays a Trick on Rain

One day Sun said to his brother, "Rain, you and I will go to-morrow to make new gardens," and Rain said, "Yes." So on the morrow they went to garden. Sun said, "To-day we will cut down this big tree," and they cut it down. Then Sun called to his brother, "Rain, come and take up this piece of wood from the tree." And Rain went to take it up but he broke his hand in the tree and was

to Sun, "To-morrow you show your power to me." Sun said, "I am not afraid, I will show you first." He told Rain to go and sit on his veranda. While he sat there the Sun became very hot, and Rain's skin was black. Sun said, "This is my power." The Rain said, "Now you see my power." He pulled down the sky clouds, and rain fell heavily. Sun was afraid because he felt cold and his house was like a place in the sea. And Rain said, "Now you see, Rain is the biggest power."

[By V. Kila, London Missionary Society, technical schoolboy, Isuleilei, Fife Bay, E.D.]

"The Papuan Villager"

SUBSCRIPTIONS should be forwarded to the Government Printer and are as follows:—

POSTED WITHIN TERRITORY : 1s. A YEAR
POSTED BEYOND TERRITORY : 2s. A YEAR