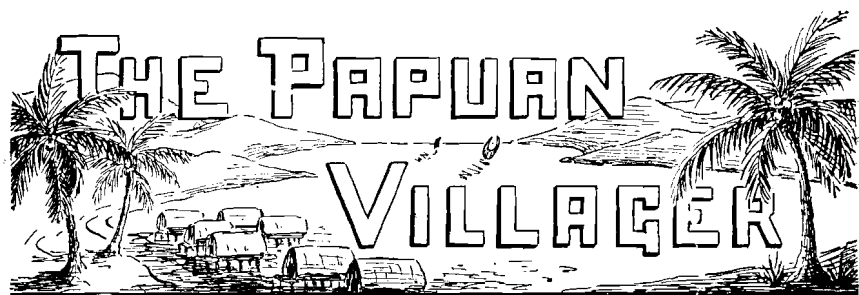


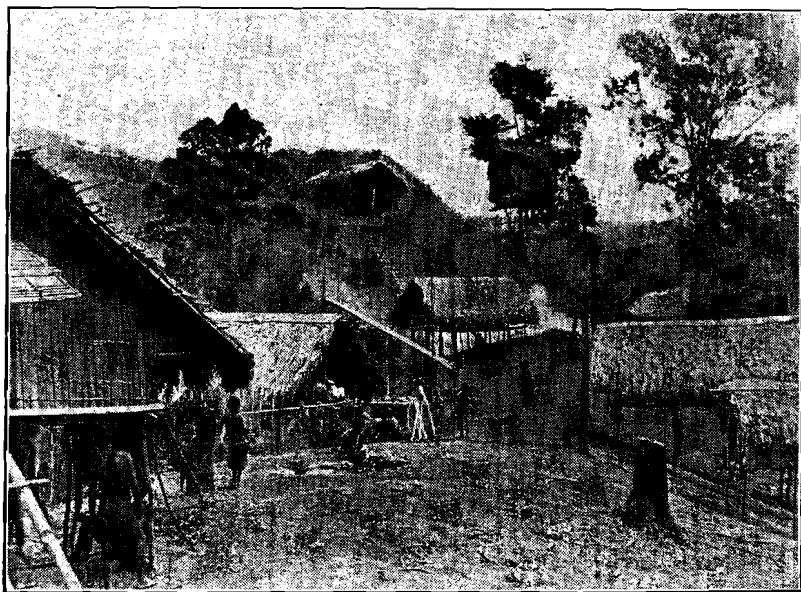
# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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A Koisari Village in the Early Days

## Our Fiftieth Anniversary

### A British Possession

On 4th September, in the year 1888, Great Britain took possession of this country.

Sir William MacGregor was our first Governor (and he was a great man, he could do nearly everything). He landed on that day and read the "Declaration" (that is to say he declared that this country belonged to Great Britain) and the flag was hoisted.

### Australian, but still British

Our country was then known as British New Guinea. Later on it was to be taken over by Australia and called Papua.

But Australia is as British as Great Britain itself; and this Territory is still British. It has remained so for 50 years, and that is why 4th September last was a big anniversary, or jubilee.

### Jubilee Stamps

There has been a new lot of stamps to mark the anniversary. They all have the same picture but the 2d. stamp will be red; the 3d. blue; the 5d. dark green; the 8d. brown; and the 1s. heliotrope, or purple.

The design is a picture of Port Moresby Harbour with a ship (the *Katoomba*) lying at the wharf. Several small ships are dotted about the harbour, and in the air overhead is one of the big Dragon planes that nowadays carry the mail. (A picture of the stamp was shown in the September issue.)

### How the Mails Have Got Faster

In one corner is a picture of our King George VI, and in another is

a little picture of a cutter with the date 1888. Fifty years ago it was a cutter that used to bring the mails across. Now it is a Dragon plane. This stamp shows how the mails have gone on during these 50 years.

## Rumours

### News About the Tauri Camp

Not long ago two men came to Kerema Station with bad news. They said they had heard that the Tauri Police Camp had been attacked; and that a Patrol Officer, Mr. Timperley, and all his police and carriers had been killed. They had not seen this happen, but had heard of it from some other natives up the Tauri River.

### Wireless

The magistrate sent the news by wireless to the Governor, who was at Kairuku on the *Laurabada*; and the Governor sent orders to Port Moresby to send a plane with police and ammunition to Kerema.

### The Seaplane

Early next morning the Stinson seaplane flew to Kerema, and there picked up two patrol officers and these flew on to the Tauri Camp. Of course the seaplane could not land there, but it flew close over the camp; and there the officers could see Mr. Timperley and his police safe and sound. They dropped his mail bag for him (and made such a good shot with it that they nearly hit him). And they dropped with it a letter asking him about the bad news.

### Signals

If the camp had been attacked they told him to spread out a red calico on the ground, with a white calico for

each man killed or wounded. If it had not been attacked at all he was to wave a white calico.

While he was reading this letter the plane flew round and about, and presently they saw him waving a white calico, and they knew he was all right.

### A False Story Makes Trouble

The story about the camp being attacked and the Patrol Officer and his police being killed was all wrong.

No doubt the two natives who had brought the news to Kerema believed it; but someone or other had made a mistake, and that mistake cost the Government a great deal of money.

Stories that run round the country like this are called "rumours." They get bigger and bigger as they go, for many people with big mouths like to tell them, and many people with big ears are ready to believe them. If everyone stuck to the truth we should

have no foolish rumours and we should save ourselves a lot of trouble.

## Grey Owl

Grey Owl is the name of a famous North American Indian. He has made himself famous by his love of animals. For he and his wife (with the pretty name of Silver Moon) live quietly in the woods, and their animal friends come to their house. They call them the Little People of the Forests.

### A Friend of the Beavers

Grey Owl has been a friend of the beavers that live by the rivers of North America. The beavers are very shy animals, but they do not fear Grey Owl or Silver Moon. These animals are very clever, building themselves nests or homes in the banks of the rivers. Some of them were kept when very young in Grey



Two Animals in a Circus

Owl's house; and they grew so tame that they hardly wanted to go away. The door was open for them, so that they could go back to the forest; but they stayed and built their nest in their friend's house.

#### Grey Owl as a Lecturer

Grey Owl has watched the animals and birds around his home until he knows nearly everything about them. And he is a fine writer and speaker, and people like to hear him tell of them.

He has travelled about the world lecturing. And he has a message for his hearers. He does not ask them never to kill animals. Animals may be killed if you have a good reason for killing them. But he asks you never to kill anything just for the fun of doing so.

#### His Message

These are his own words: "This world is not altogether ours. It belongs to all who live in it, animals and people. Could you promise me never to take advantage of the weakness of another, human or animal, never to take the life of a poor defenceless animal just merely for amusement?"

There may be some Papuan Grey Owls for all the Editor knows. But there are certainly a great many here (as well as elsewhere) who would do well to listen to Grey Owl's teaching.

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#### Mosquitoes Again

We are always writing about Mosquitoes in *The Papuan Villager*. If they could read, they would be very angry, because we never say anything good about them.

Nobody wants them. In the first place they bite and sting. That is bad enough.

#### Mosquitoes and Sickness

But they can do worse than that. They can make us ill. In Africa there is a kind of mosquito that gives people Yellow Fever. It is a deadly sickness, and we are very lucky that this kind of mosquito is not found in Papua.

But our mosquitoes can give us Elephantiasis and Malaria. The kind of mosquito that gives us Elephantiasis (with swollen arms or legs) is called *Culex*.

#### Anopheles

The kind that gives us Malaria is called *Anopheles*. You can tell an *Anopheles* when you see it. An "acrobat" is a person who can stand on his head. The *Anopheles* is the best of all acrobats, because he always stands on his head.

#### How Mosquitoes Grow

As you know, baby mosquitoes grow up in water. The female lays her eggs on the water. After about 3 days these turn into little worm-like things called larvæ. Then after a while the larvæ roll themselves up into little balls called pupæ; and after a few more days the pupæ turn into real mosquitoes, to fly away and bite you.

#### Still Water

Now, like the Grumman flying boat or the Stinson seaplane, the mosquito likes quiet water to land on. If there are no swamps, or pools, or empty coconut shells, or old tins with water in them the *Anopheles* will not be able to lay her eggs; or at any rate the eggs will not hatch out. So the first thing for you to do

is to get rid of the standing water if you can.

#### Fish

Where there are big swamps and pools that cannot be drained, it is possible to put fish in them. If it is the right kind of fish, it eats the mosquito eggs. This has been done in many countries, and it is a good way of keeping the mosquitoes away.

#### Kerosene

When the eggs become larvæ they swim about. But they must come up to the top to breathe air now and again. And when the larvæ turn into pupæ, these pupæ float just under the surface, for they also need air. If you pour a little bit of kerosene on the water it spreads over the surface. The larvæ and pupæ cannot breathe through the kerosene and so they die. This is why the Europeans put one or two spoonfuls of kerosene on their tanks.

#### Fighting the Full-Grown Mosquito

If you can't destroy eggs and larvæ and pupæ, you have to fight against the full-grown mosquito.

You may notice how they like to live in the long grass, so, for one thing, you can clear away the long grass round your village.

But still they will come into your house and bite you by night. White people burn "Mosquito sticks" (with a strong smell) to drive them off; and sometimes they put some strong-scented oil (like "Citronella") on their arms and ankles and faces.

#### Mosquito-Nets

But the best thing of all is a mosquito-net. No white man likes to sleep in this country without a mosquito-net. You should follow his example.

Mosquito-nets are quite cheap. If you can earn any money, a mosquito-net is the first thing you should buy.

The *Anopheles* likes to bite by night. So if you have a net, hang it up and sleep under it.

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#### Food in Africa

Africa is a country of dark-skinned people like Papuans; and they live in very much the same way as you do. But the Africans know more about gardening.

There is an article in the African paper *Listen* (July-August, 1937) from which we could learn a great deal. It tells about "famine" in Africa and how to fight against it, and it has four pictures.

A famine is a time when food is scarce and people die of hunger. In Papua we do not have big famines; but there are sometimes bad seasons in parts of our country, and then the people must go short of food.

#### Four Pictures

The first of the four pictures shows a map of Africa, and a fierce hungry-looking animal advancing on it. That ugly animal is meant for the famine.

In the second picture the animal has got right on to the map. He and his dark shadow nearly cover it. It is a time of hunger, sickness and death.

In the third picture, the animal lies dying. Its body has been pierced by 12 arrows. And in the fourth picture we see the map of Africa again, now covered with trees and growing plants. The famine has gone.

### The Meaning of the Pictures

These pictures were shown to the pupils of the school at Kambini, in Portugese East Africa. They had to decide what the pictures meant.

It was easy enough to know what the first and the second and the fourth meant. But the third picture, where the famine-animal was shot through with 12 arrows had them thinking.

### The Twelve Arrows

They had to name the 12 arrows. But at last they found answers, and they were very good answers.

This is what they wrote :—

Thus we will drive out Famine—

1. By planting rice.
2. By growing vegetable gardens.
3. By always having a field of cassava in reserve.
4. By using manure.
5. By feeding our children with eggs and milk.
6. By keeping good goats and milking them.
7. By selecting good seed.
8. By using cow peas.
9. By planting sweet potatoes with every rain.

10. By raising good pigs.
11. By planting bananas and papaws.
12. By always planting extra ground-nuts.

All of these arrows could be used in Papua. We hope that some day they will be. Even if we have no big famines, we need to know more about food-growing.

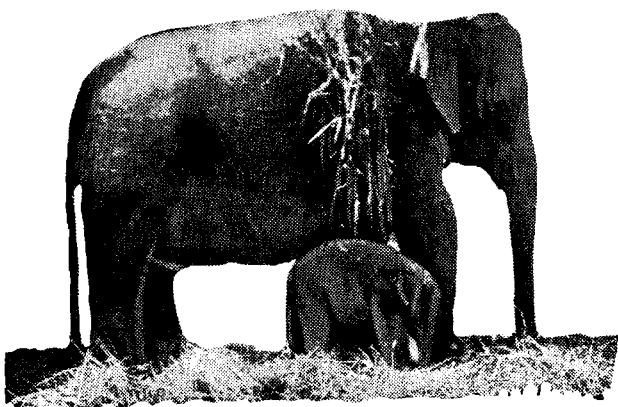
### The Elephant Never Forgets

#### The Elephant and the Tailor

There is an old story about a tailor (a clothes maker) who stuck his needle into an elephant's trunk as he passed by his shop. The elephant went on to the river and filled his trunk with water.

(The elephant does not carry a travelling trunk as the Europeans do, when they go south for a holiday. His trunk is attached to the front of his face, and it is like a great big pipe or hose.)

Well, this elephant filled his trunk with water at the river and on the way home he blew it all over the tailor.



Elephants, Mother and Young

### The Elephant Smashes a Shop

Now we hear another story about a shopkeeper in India who just shouted at a passing elephant. The elephant was very indignant and made a big fuss; but the man in charge of it managed to quieten it.

But in the evening, when the elephant was coming home, it ran at the shop and knocked the front wall down.

### The Elephant Rewards an Old Friend

Elephants can remember kindness as well as unkindness. Once a rich man travelling in Africa helped a baby elephant out of a trap. He went on and forgot all about it.

But that elephant did not forget. Later on it was really caught in another trap and put into a "circus" (a sort of travelling Zoo in which animals do all kinds of tricks).

This was years after, and in the meantime the rich man had lost all his money. He happened to go to the circus and sat in the 1s. seats.

When the circus elephant was walking round doing his tricks he suddenly stopped in front of the man. He looked at him very hard, then put out his long trunk, lifted him out of his place with it, and carried him off and put him down in the 10s. seats.

I don't know which (if any) of these stories is true. But if ever you meet an elephant you had better treat him well.

### Native Contributions

#### How Oroí People First Found Crayfish

Dear readers,

I wish to let you know how Oroí people first found crayfish. This story was told me by Oa-Siala: he was an old man.

A long time ago Oroí people made two villages. These two villages are Miakeini and Uboolana.

One day these two villages made a feast and all the village people sat together and talked about their travels to the west. After their feast these two villages made two *lakatoi* and then went off on their journey. They stayed in the west for about two months to make sago and then they turned back and anchored at Cape Possession. They slept there that night.

In the morning they wished to pull up their anchors, but the Uboolana people were not able to pull theirs up. It was fast to a rock. So only Miakeini people pulled up their anchor and sailed away.

Uboolana people stayed at Cape Possession for about 2 days. Then one of the *lakatoi* men said, "I must try to dive down and see what is the matter with our anchor." Then he dived to the anchor but a devil caught this man. His name was Neme Alua Kele. Then the devil took that man under a big stone, and the devil taught him the native medicine and how to catch the crayfish.

The *lakatoi* people still waited for Neme Alua Kele. They said that man was drowned. "We had better sail to our home." But some of them said, "No, we cannot sail home. We must wait here until we find his body."

While they were talking, Neme Alua Kele came up from the sea. The *lakatoi* people talked to him, but he didn't talk to them. But Neme Alua Kele got sick; water and blood came from his mouth and nose. The *lakatoi* people pulled up their anchor and sailed for their home.

When they reached their village, poor Neme Alua Kele got a bad sickness for about two or three months. Then he got better again.

When he got better he did what the devil had told him to do. He got native medicines and put them in a big stone near Namoa Creek. So he waited a few months and then went to see that stone. When he got near he saw many crayfish in that stone; but that silly man got frightened and went back to the village. He didn't tell people. At night time he made torches and went to see that stone again. When he burned the torchlight he saw lots and lots of crayfish, but he caught only two. He said, "I better try and eat this first, before I tell everyone."

Then he cooked those two crayfish and ate by himself. Then he said, "Oh, this is my beautiful meat!"

After that he caught lots of crayfish and he made a feast. He told the village people to eat crayfish, but at first they were all frightened. The village people said, "We must die if we eat that." Neme Alua Kele said, "You cannot die." So the village people said, "You better eat first, then afterwards we will eat crayfish."

Then Neme Alua Kele ate one of the crayfish first before the village people. After that they all said, "This is a very good meat for us." They were all very pleased with Neme Alua Kele. Also they said, "He is now our chief man."

### Why the "Lakatoi" Stopped Sailing

These two villages long ago used to make *lakatoi*. These *lakatoi* went to the west. While they were away some of the Miakeini women married with Uboolana young men who stayed in the village.

When the *lakatoi* came back from their trip the Miakeini people fought with the Uboolana people. They got their axes and out the *lakatoi* in many pieces.

So that is why the Nara people stopped sending *lakatoi*.

That is all I can say.

[By J. Boe Naime, L.M.S., Oro, via Delena. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

## A Coconut Tells His Story

I am a nice dried piece of coconut, and I am called copra. A few years ago I lived along the coast of Papua where the soil is rich and sandy.

My home was on a very fine coconut palm, reaching about 50 feet in height. High up there I used to enjoy all the fresh breezes from every direction. Never did I complain to "mother" (the palm) of getting sunburnt, because her wonderful leaves always made a fine umbrella. As for the rain it was always a fresh bath to me.

I had also a lot of brothers and sisters up there with me. How glad we were altogether up there. But one day when we were all enjoying the strong south-east wind, I missed my hold and down I went with a bump to the ground. My mother being a fairly tall palm

made my bump a bit too hard. (I hope that none of you dear readers may be exposed to such a fall.)

I now lay there for some time until one day a boy came and picked me up and threw me into a cart. I was nearly out of breath when we were thrown out of the cart once more. Like all the rest I was split in halves with one cut from the boy's axe.

Immediately my white flesh was removed with coconut knives and put into bags. The bags were then emptied on trays and left all day in the sun to dry. At nights the trays were all pushed in the shed. This was repeated every day for a week, I was dry enough then. Again I was put into a bag, but this time I was knocked in, to get the right weight my master wanted. Before I go any further I must tell you that my body was scattered in different bags.

Then I was brought to the steamer. After lying in the wharf shed for a time I was taken to Sydney by the big steamer. Other bags were shipped to Europe. There we were made into many useful things. Our oil was pressed out and made into soap, candles, food for cattle and many other useful things that I can't count.

[By George Scott, Technical School, Yule Island.]

## "The Papuan Villager"

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# Competition

WHY IS CRICKET A GOOD GAME? WRITE AN ARTICLE IN ANSWER TO THIS. . . . Articles must this time be sent to the Government Printer, and must reach him by 31st December, 1938. . . .

Prize of 5s. for the winner

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