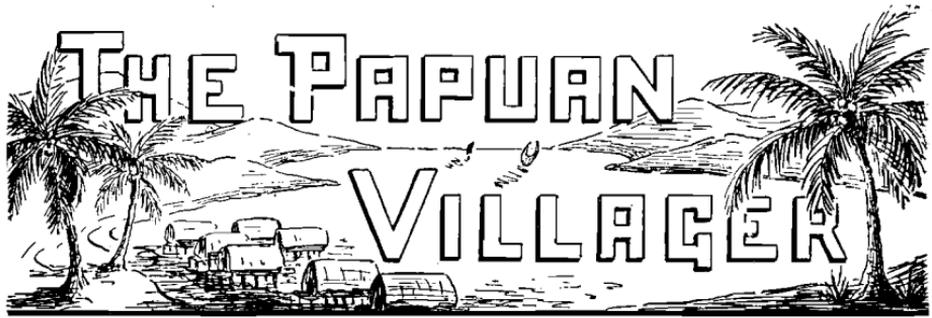


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Dr. W. G. Lawes

In Memory of Dr. Lawes

Every year, on 21st November, the L.M.S. at Metoreia hold a Service at dawn. It is in memory of Rev. W. G. Lawes who was the first L.M.S. Missionary in Papua. It is now 64 years since he held his first Service in this land; and the L.M.S. have made a stone monument to mark the spot.

Each year a Service is held beside that monument. It takes place at dawn. For, in the same way as the sun rises, so the light of Christianity dawned on Papua 64 years ago.

We give an article by Toka Gaudi. It was written for the first Service by the stone monument in 1934.

Dear brethren,

We are all assembled here to-day, to celebrate the anniversary of the introduction of Christianity to the Papuan people by the late Rev. Dr. W. G. Lawes of Sacred Memory.

Dr. W. G. Lawes, was a worthy representative to Papua of the London Missionary Society. He left all his welfare in his home city of England and brought here a goodness and lightness to make the Papua country good and light.

He first started here where we are standing this afternoon, and threw light all over Papua; he sent out a number of Students to be Teachers in the various villages in the vicinity of Port Moresby. So on account of him, we are all here this afternoon, like a one man's family.

He did a very great deal amongst the cannibals and savages about 60 years ago for our welfare, which we are receiving now. So we must bear this in our mind and imagine the semi-savage state of these districts during that time, the hardships, troubles and the most miraculous influence of Dr. Lawes, which converted the people to love our Saviour, to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to cease to do wrong wilfully.

He planted a good tree which grows with a great number of branches, and gives everybody a good shade and help.

This episode will be a red letter day for the present and coming generations of Papua. We are very proud of the works Dr. W. G. Lawes left to us. We hope to increase them in our life time.

Thanking for His Excellency's appearance at our feast this afternoon.

We Papuans say, *Namo, Namu Herea.*
[By Toka Gaudi, native clerk, G.S.D.]

Moving Pictures in Africa

In Africa, as in Papua, Government and Missionary are trying to "educate" the natives. They want to teach them all sorts of things that will be useful.

Education means far more than schoolwork—reading, writing, and arithmetic. It teaches you how to live well, to make things, and to behave properly towards one another.

In the schoolroom you may be taught to read. This is a very important part of education. But it is only important because of what you read. If reading can help you to live better, it is worth while. If you learn to read, and yet never read after you have learnt, then you have mostly wasted your time.

Anyhow, reading takes a long time to learn. And while the native people of Africa are learning how to do it, they are being taught useful things in another way. They are seeing them on the moving pictures.

A party of white men have been making moving pictures of African things. Then they have been travelling round from village to village giving the people picture-shows in the open air. We shall give you some of the stories of these pictures.

Post Office Saving Bank

Two labourers have been working

on a plantation. They go to their different homes, taking their wages with them.

The first labourer digs a hole in the ground under his house. He wants to hide his money there to keep it safe. But a visitor to the village, a bad man, sees him doing it and remembers the place. That night the labourer and his wife go to a dance. They think the money is quite safe. But while they are away the bad man comes, digs it up, and runs away with it.

Next morning the labourer goes quietly to see if his money is all right. But when he gets there he finds only a hole in the ground. He calls all his neighbours and makes a big fuss.

Somebody says that the visitor has left the village early in the morning; he was seen going to the town; perhaps it was he who stole the money. So off the people go to look for him at the stores.

On their way there they meet the second labourer, and tell him about the loss of the money. "Ah!" says he, "You should have done what I did. I put mine in the Savings Bank." "Too true," answers the first labourer.

Then they go on their way and come to the stores. There, sure enough, they see the thief buying a new shirt. As soon as he sees them he runs for his life, so they know then that he is really the thief.

Now there is a long chase. The thief nearly gets away; but at last they find him hiding in a tree. One man climbs up after him, but the thief goes higher and higher until he has reached the end of the highest branch. Then the branch breaks and

he falls into the arms of a village policeman.

They find the stolen money in the thief's pouch, and he is taken off to be put in gaol. Then the first labourer, like the first, goes and puts his money in the Savings Bank.

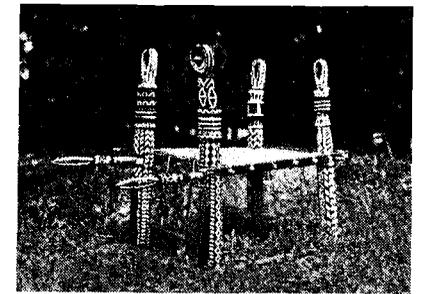
The "Guba"

The flying-boat *Guba*, which belongs to Mr. Archbold's Expedition, has been on a visit to Port Moresby.

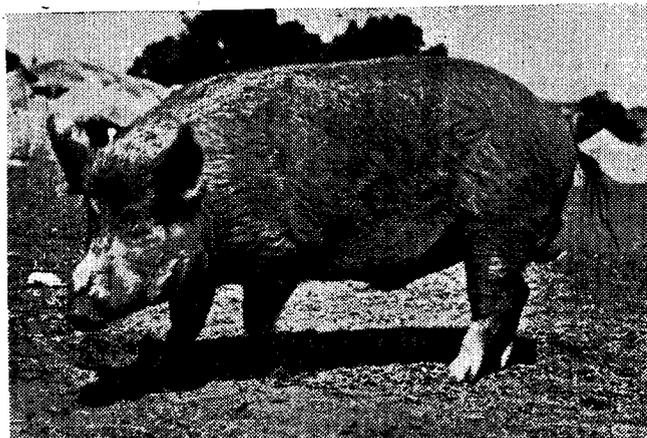
It is the biggest machine which has ever come down on the waters of the harbour. It has great broad wings painted yellow—so at one time we have flying machines on the harbour with yellow wings (the *Guba*), blue wings (the *Grumman*), and red wings (the *Stinson*).

The *Guba* has come from Dutch New Guinea. She carries the men of the Archbold Expedition from the coast to a big lake in the mountains. This lake is 11,000 feet up in the air.

The *Guba* also carries their food to them. It is dropped down in "parachutes" 70 lb. at a time.



Model "Dubu" for the Exhibition at Sydney



A Distinguished Pig

Pigs as Sea Travellers

Not long ago two very fine pigs were being taken from Canada to Sydney. They were pigs of very good family, as we say: that means that their parents and ancestors were very distinguished pigs. That is why they were going such a long journey. It was hoped that they would have plenty of children in Australia; and these of course will also be distinguished pigs.

Mohammedans and Pigs

But there was a lot of trouble about them. The crew were Mohammedans. (This is another kind of religion, something like Christianity). And Mohammedans can't stand pigs. So the crew refused to work unless the pigs were put off. So they were put off, and had to wait till the next ship.

We don't know what a Mohammedan would say if he were asked to spend the night in some Papuan houses. But we may be sure the pig would have to get out.

Malarai and Madness

Malarai does not often do us any good. But the doctors tell us that it is good for some kinds of madness. So in some big hospitals in Europe they give people malarai on purpose. They get the *anopheles* mosquito to bite them.

Perhaps some of us in Papua are helped in the same way. Maybe the mosquito bites save us from going quite mad.

Though, on the other hand, the mosquitoes in some places are enough to make you mad.

Quarantine

When the boat came from Australia last month it anchored in the harbour and ran up the yellow flag. This meant that it had an infectious disease on board. An "infectious" disease is one that passes from one man to another; and the disease in this case was measles.

Measles gives you a fever and spots on the body. It is not a very bad disease among Europeans; but natives are not used to it, and when they get it they may get in rather badly. So the Government was very careful to keep the passengers from the boat in a place by themselves. The danger was that they might pass on the disease to some of you.

So they had to live at the Four-mile (Mrs. Vieusseux's house). And there they stayed by themselves until the danger was passed.

Dynamiting Fish

"New Guinea Dynamite"

Nearly every native in Papua knows how to catch fish with "New Guinea Dynamite," or fish poison. It is a plant which you grow in your villages. You squash it or bruise it in the water, and the white sap kills the fish or makes them senseless. Then they float on top of the water and you just pick them up.

Real Dynamite

But there is another kind of dynamite—real dynamite—which can be used for catching fish. This is an "explosive," which means that it can go off with a big bang. The bang is big enough to kill anything near it, and it is used for blowing

rocks to pieces. The boys of the Public Works use it in making roads; and the mines use it for blasting away the stones.

Against the Law

For killing fish the dynamite is thrown into the water. But this is against the law; and any white man caught using it in this way is punished.

The other day two natives working on a mine thought they would catch some fish in the Laloki River. They stole some dynamite from the mine, and they caught the fish all right. But they were fined £10 each (or three months in gaol); and the boy who took the dynamite was given another month for stealing. So it was a very bad day's work for them. We don't suppose they caught £20 worth of fish.

Dangerous Stuff

Dynamite is very dangerous stuff. It sometimes goes bang sooner than you expect, and then you find that one of your arms is blown off, or perhaps you have only one eye instead of two. Unless you know very well how to handle it, it is good stuff to leave alone.

A Crocodile at the 14-Mile

A white man was riding across the River Laloki at the 14-mile in July. His two dogs were swimming behind him. The water was only about 2 feet deep, suddenly he heard a voice behind him and saw a 10 foot Crocodile biting one of his dogs.

He fired three shots at it from his revolver, but the crocodile swam off with his dog and disappeared.



Some Police at Ioma

Coffee and Rice

Sangara Native Plantations

The Native Plantations of coffee at Sangara in the Northern Division have been doing very well.

In that district the natives can work on the plantations instead of paying tax. They have to plant the trees, keep the plantations in order, gather the berries, wash them, dry them, husk them, and do any other work that may be necessary.

Then the coffee berries are sold by the Government. Half the money goes back straight to the natives of Sangara, and half goes into the Taxation Fund, which belongs to all the natives of Papua.

Every year the plantations have been making more coffee. There are now 18 of them, and they cover 242 acres. These numbers will show you how the Sangara natives have been doing.

Year	Pounds of Coffee	Share of Money for the Natives.
1932	22,652	£426
1933	67,470	£828
1934	80,645	£558
1935	61,425	£642
1936	123,817	£1,260
1237	143,000	£1,425

Rice in the Mekeo District

There are plantations of the same sort in the Mekeo District, but they are growing rice instead of coffee.

In 1932 the natives sent in 90 tons of "paddy" to Port Moresby. This went through the Government Mill and made 57 tons of rice.

But since then they have grown much more. In 1937 they sold 110 tons to the Catholic Mission. Besides that they have eaten a great deal of their own rice themselves, and they have carried some to the coast to trade with other natives.

A Big Family

We read in *The Papuan Courier* of an American woman named Masse who is the mother of 21 living children. She has been married 28 years, and her oldest son is 23 years old, her youngest 12 months.

The family lives in a six-roomed house and each week eats 42 large loaves of bread.

If Mrs. Masse had been a Papuan she would be able to draw about 16s. a year Baby Bonus.

The Capital of New Guinea

Some time ago we told you that the big Government in Australia had made up their minds about the new Capital in New Guinea. But they have unmade their minds again. They are still wondering which is the best place. When they have decided, we will tell you.

Native Contributions

A Visit to the Eye-Doctor

Dear readers,

Here I am going to explain to you about our journey from Moru to Port Moresby.

On Friday, 17th November (1937), we left Moru L.M.S. Station about 10 a.m. We went to Delena in the Steamships boat called *Chinchuna*, and we went by way of Cape Possession. But the sea was very rough. I was very interested and surprised, because this boat was a very much stronger ship than others. "Never mind if the sea was bad; she is going!"

We are seven passengers: Mr. and Mrs. Nixon and their two daughters, also two house-girls and myself. I was very busy at the boat, because it was rough, with heavy seas, and I had to look after his things well. I did not sleep well on the boat, and I was exceedingly glad that one of the Europeans, Mr. Brown, was on that boat. He was helpful to me a few times.

So we arrived at 4.15 p.m. Our master had a cup of tea before leaving by the ship for Delena, and Oh, what a rough dreadful trip we had by it! Then Mr. and Mrs. Nixon went as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Turner, so we stayed there for the night and rested our busy feet for a moment.

Journey to Port Moresby

The next morning, on Saturday, we left Delena at 8 a.m. by the ship, and we got very soon to Port Moresby at the B.P. wharf. With Mr. and Mrs. Turner and their two house-girls we were 11 passengers on that boat. It was a good job we got to Port very soon, before the south-eastern wind blew stronger. So we landed in good time and brought our luggage up on the lorry. Then we move on and reached Poreporena 3.5 p.m. and had our meal.

At Metoreia we met our old friends who had come from different L.M.S. Stations for the Papuan District Committee.

Journey to Koki

On Sunday, 19th November, Mr. Ure sent me to the gaol house, and I held Service there. In the gaol I told them Joseph's story, that Old Testament history. He was a prosperous man, and goodly person, and well-favoured, and this gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the master of the gaol committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners who were in the gaol; and whatsoever they did there, he was the door of it. And the keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand. And that which he did he made it to prosper (it means

to be successful). It is a long story, but I make it short. Although it is very hard work, you must take care in your work-time, that you may become a success, like Joseph in the gaol.

Journey to Native Hospital

On Thursday, 26th November, Mr. Nixon took me by L.M.S. truck, and we both went to Native Hospital for my eyes. I saw Dr. Williams in the hospital and asked him about the eyes.

He enquired, "What troubles your eyes?"

I replied to him, "My eyes are misty sometimes; also I cannot see well at reading-time; it is very dim."

Then the Doctor stood, and he pacified my eyes. And he said, "All right, this afternoon you will eat the food; but to morrow morning you have no food. I will fix your eyes better for you."

"Thank you very much, doctor."

Well next morning, on 27th November, I was counting the hours, because the time is coming when I will leave the place where I am staying. At quarter to twelve I was on the bed. Doctor told me to breathe the medicine and to gulp. The smelling is like a strong iodine. So I heard about two times. Third time I do not think anything about it, but fast asleep.

And I cannot think of any things in the world, not even of my wife and daughters; but I was there, very interesting, asleep on the bed.

So Dr. Williams and Mr. Wills both make my eyes better in 10 minutes. After one hour I woke up. But now it is very good, not dimly.

Well, dear fellows, what do you think of these? How much greater wisdom the white people have than we the Papuan natives! They make plenty of things, some crawling along the ground, and others sailing along the sea, and some under the sea, and several flying like birds, great and small of many kinds.

What they did was very helpful to me. On Saturday, 28th November, I went myself to L.M.S. Station at Metoreia.

But Doctor! I thought those two men were full of works and alms deeds which they did.

[By Posu Semesevita, L.M.S. teacher, Lese, G.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

A Sad Story

Dear readers of *The Papuan Villager*. I am very sorry to tell you of the death of Maku Posa, who fell from a coconut palm. And I am very sorry because he was one of the readers of *The Papuan Villager*; and he had not finished being at school. He had just passed from the fourth grade, and he was about 16 years old.

How He Fell

On Tuesday he was returning from school. He put his goods in the house and then went to get some young nuts. He climbed one of the palms. When he reached to the top he put his hand on one of the dead midribs, and at the same time he fell down to the ground.

When he fell one of the boys who had gone with him ran off. He sent Posa Hakari to his brother to help him. Then the story caused an alarm in the village.

His brother and other villagers went to the place where he lay. The boy was ill, and the villagers carried him to the village.

Word was sent to the mission doctor at Moru, but it was too late to make him better again. Some of his bones were broken; and two days later he was dead.

When he was dead Pita and I led the school pupils to the place where he lay. The pupils had flowers in their bands to give as gifts to the dead boy.

[By Forova Hui, native school teacher, L.M.S., Moru.]

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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