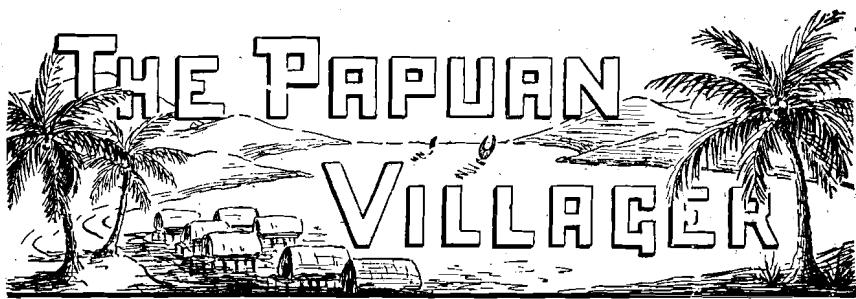


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Australia is 150 Years Old

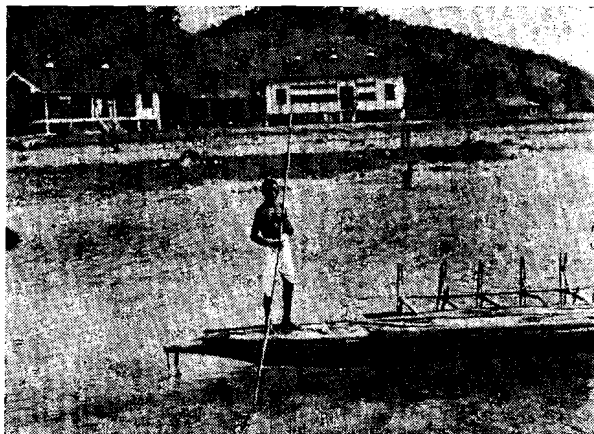
One hundred and fifty years ago (in 1788) the British flag was first flown in Sydney Harbour.

Captain Phillip came from England in a small ship (called a brig) named *Supply*. He anchored in Sydney Harbour. Then the sailors rowed him ashore in a boat and carried him over the shallow water, and they gathered round the flagstaff.

He first called on the other officers to toast the King. (This does not mean that they each had a piece of toast. It means that they each had a drink, and, as they drank, wished the King might have health and happiness.) Then he told the man to pull the rope, and up went the flag, and Australia became part of the British Empire.

The Growth of Australia

At that time a few people had



A View of Gemo. Vagi Egi, the Carpenter, in the Canoe

already settled in Australia. They were hardly more than 1,000 altogether. But now there are seven million of them.

The first settlers had brought with them about 50 animals—sheep and cattle—from England. Now there are so many sheep and cattle in Australia that nobody can count them.

And the first settlers had planted a few patches of wheat. Now Australia is one of the greatest wheat-growing countries in the whole world.

The Holiday in Sydney

There was a great holiday in Sydney for the 150th Anniversary. They had a play to show how the flag was first flown. One man was Captain Phillip, and others were the officers, sailors and soldiers; and they all wore the old-time uniforms.

As they were rowing ashore a lot of Australian natives did a "corroboree" (a sort of dance and play) to show how their forefathers felt when they first saw the white man coming to their country.

After that Captain Phillip and his officers drank the King's health and ran up the flag, just as these things had been done 150 years ago. And then the warship *Canberra* fired a salute, and the city bells began to ring, and everyone cheered, and every boat in the harbour blew its whistle.

Pride in Australia

There were more holidays after that; big processions, bright lights and fireworks; and everyone was very pleased.

They were all proud of Australia, and we can be proud of Australia too, since we are part of it.

A Syllabus for the L.M.S. Schools

The Papuan District Committee has written a little book for the teachers in the village schools.

In Two Languages

It is written in two languages, Motu and English—Motu on one page and English on the other. And at the back of the book are a number of blank pages for the teacher to use for his own notes or to write down things his missionary tells him about his school work.

Three Classes

The book begins by telling how morning school work begins with hymns, prayer, and bible lesson. Then it tells how the classes should be divided into three—A, B and C. If there is more than one teacher, there can be more than three classes.

Teaching the Teacher

The teachers are told how to teach the small children in Number Work and in Reading and Writing. They must go very slowly with the small children in Class C. "A good way is to teach one new letter each week."

General Knowledge

The pupils in Class A have lessons in General Knowledge. *The Papuan Villager* is very glad to see this:—

"Tell the boys and girls stories about other parts of Papua, and the people who live in them, and, if you can, about other countries too. Also stories about things they buy at the store, such as rice, kerosene, etc.—where these things come from, and how they are made."

We were also glad to see that the time-table gives a place to "Handi-

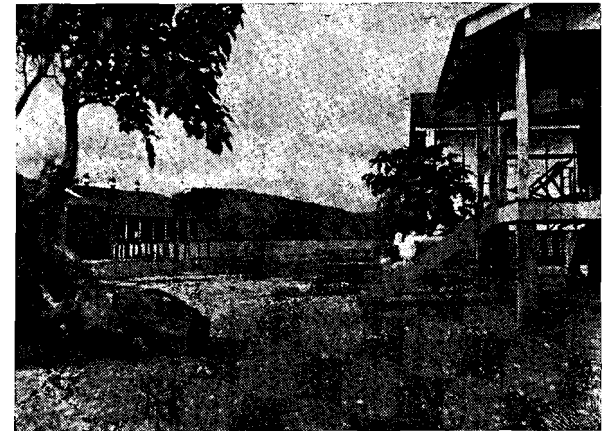
craft-work," i.e. teaching pupils to make things with their hands.

The Importance of the Teacher

Teachers are very important people. They must know their work, just like engineers and ship's captains. There is a proper way to teach children and they must learn this before they begin to teach. You may be grateful for many things to your good friend, the teacher.

Next month the first air mail of our new regular service flies to Australia. Soon we shall be having regular mails every week from Australia and sending our answers back when the air-boat returns. So we are beginning to see that Dr. Eckner was right.

We are not quite so sure that he is right about the passage-money. But perhaps that will come down by and by.



Another View of Gemo.

Flying Everywhere

This is about an old flier. He has been flying for many years and he has flown over the Atlantic Ocean fifty times. His name is Dr. Hugo Eckner and he has designed some very wonderful airships himself. Some years ago he said he was quite sure that aeroplanes would soon be flying everywhere all over the world carrying passengers. He said passage-money would not be any dearer and you would get there in a much shorter time.

April Fool's Day

The 1st April is a fine day for jokes among white people. It is called "April Fool's Day." There is no reason why the Papuans should not have their joke too.

You do it this way. On 1st April while your friend is working in the garden you come up to him and say, "My word, it was bad luck that your house got burnt down!" He will spring up and rush back to the village and, there! his house is not burnt

down at all. You have made an April Fool of him.

Or perhaps he is sitting quietly on a log. You point just behind him and look horrified and shout, "Look, a snake!" He will jump like a grasshopper. Of course there isn't any snake at all. He is another April Fool.

Or you can just say, "Who's that coming in the canoe?" And he will get up and look down the river—but there isn't any canoe.

There are thousands of ways of making April Fools. It is an old custom among European children. You should only do it on 1st April, and they say you must do it before 12 o'clock noon.

Adrift in a Boat

Many Papuans are good sailors and they know all about the dangers of the sea. A story comes from Fiji of a boy and girl who were at sea in a little dinghy for six days, without food or water.

They set out with their father as passengers on a cutter. The cutter capsized and the boy and girl were told by their father to stay on the dinghy and the men on the boat would swim ashore and get help for them. The girl was 15 and the boy 19 years old. She was not a strong swimmer.

The boy began to use the oar to bring the boat inside the reef. Before he could do this it overturned. Darkness came quickly and a huge wave upset the boat. All night long they clung to the boat and in the morning they righted her. The oar was gone and for six days they drifted under the

hot sun and by night in the darkness without seeing any land.

On the sixth day they sighted land and the boy got over the side to try and drag the boat to the opening in the reef but he was too weak. Then he managed to loosen the seat and with this he paddled feebly to the gap in the reef.

Again the sea upset them. But this time they managed to get to the reef, and they walked round it to a point near the shore, and then swam to the beach. They found natives there who looked after them, and they found they were 75 miles from home.

When they were well again the boy, Varama, told them how they had kept alive by drinking only very small quantities of water.

A Government vessel took them home and there they found their father. He had not expected to see his two children alive after all this long wait.

The Dog and the Fighting Fishes

In a harbour of New Zealand there was once a great fight between a shark and a large blackfish. Hundreds of people were watching this fight from the shore.

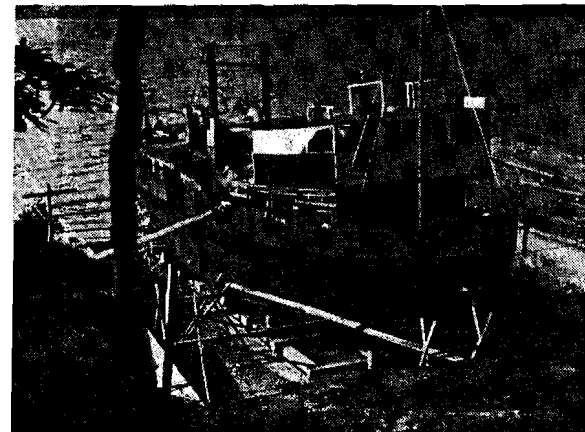
The fish were fighting in very deep water near the landing-place of one of the ferries. They had fought for an hour and the road was all red with their blood. The water too was all lashed about until it looked like the soapsuds on your washtubs.

Suddenly a small dog who had been watching from the wharf jumped into the water and made for the fight. The fish must have been frightened by this, for both these fierce fighters

made off. They disappeared down the harbour.

The little dog swam back to the wharf to his anxious master and the crowd of people gave him a good cheer.

sorts of damage. In Australia they give money to men who shoot or trap them and if these men send the ears to the Government they get so much money for them according to the number of ears. It is a pity the Australians cannot give some of their rabbits to the Russians.



The "Papuan Chief" on the Steamships Slip

Meat for the Russians

Kangaroos and Emus

Most white people do not eat kangaroos and emus as their favourite meats. They prefer beef and mutton, pork and fowl. But in Russia they have been short of meat, and they have eaten these animals. Also they have made a farm to rear emus, and they hope that they will become so much at home that they will run wild all over the nearby country.

Rabbits

They have also tried rabbits. You have heard that in Australia these animals run wild and that they have become a great nuisance to the farmers. They eat the crops and do all

Pigs

One story of the pig is very amusing. The Russian Government thought that perhaps they would try to raise pigs too to make still more meat for the people. So 1,000 fat pigs were put in a train, then the truck with the pigs in it was decorated with coloured cloths and wreaths of flowers and it steamed into the big city. A band played loudly to make the people turn and look at the fat pigs. This was to get the people interested in raising fine pigs. Perhaps it was a success, and now that city will have fine flourishing pigs like those in Papuan villages.

But one thing about our pigs. They don't need a brass band. They

can make enough music by themselves.

Australian Wool

In the first article in this issue we said that the cattle and sheep in Australia could not be counted. But we read in *The Papuan Courier* that there are more than 114 million sheep in Australia (16 times as many sheep as people).

The wool is cut off their backs each year. One year they gave more than 1,000 million lb. of it. This was quarter of all the wool in the whole world for a year.

Wool is made into clothes. They are nice and warm for cold countries.

Test Cricket

Bradman's Australian team arrives in England this month. Their first match is against the county of Worcester. Everyone is wondering who will win the Ashes. We will tell you about each match as it is played.

Snow Mountains in Dutch New Guinea

Last year a party of Dutchmen climbed to the top of the Carstensz Mountains. These are the highest mountains in the whole island of New Guinea. They are in the Dutch Territory.

The leader of the party was Dr. Colijn. He is the son of the "Prime Minister" of Holland (that means the big boss of the Government of Holland).

Highest Mountains in New Guinea

The Carstensz Mountains are more than 16,000 feet high (3,000 feet higher than Mount Victoria in Papua).

The party first made a camp about 4,500 feet above the sea. Their supplies were carried there in aeroplanes. Then, when they were all ready they started to climb. It took them ten days to get to the top; and they camped there for 20 days.

Hail

It was very very cold. Nearly every night there was hail and snow. I don't think many readers of *The Papuan Villager* have seen hail. It is like rain, but the raindrops are "frozen." Each one of them is like a hard little glass bead, and they sting your face. In some places the hailstones are as big as marbles, and they can smash glass windows; and I have heard of them as big as hen's eggs. If you got hit on the head by one of these you would be knocked senseless or killed. But we do not hear that the people on the Carstensz Mountains saw any big hailstones like these.

Snow

I am sure that none of our readers have seen snow. Snow is also a sort of frozen rain. But it is not hard. It is soft and white and very light. If you tore some paper into little bits and threw them up in the air, they would scatter and fall like "snow-flakes."

Where snow falls for a long time, with thousands and thousands of snowflakes, it may lie deep on the ground. In some cold countries it can nearly cover up the houses. But Mount Carstensz is not as cold as that.

Melting Snows

The snow melts when the sun comes out and the weather grows warm. Then it is very soft to walk on.

Each night on Mount Carstensz it was so cold that the snow got frozen hard on the ground. But each day it melted, and then the party found it too soft and too deep to walk on, so that they had to do their walking about in the night or the very early morning, and sleep in their tents by day.

Native Contributions

A New Hospital at Gemo Island

I will explain to you readers how Sister Fairhall looks after all patients in Gemo Hospital.

Every morning at 7 o'clock she rings the bell for all the patients to gather together where the flagpole stands. Then they have short prayers. Then after prayer they all drink cocoa, one cup each, and also medicine. Then they have one hour of work to make their bodies strong. When they finish their work they all have a bathe in the sea; then they come up to their room and change their wet ramis. She gives them a drink again; tea, or cocoa, or marmite. Then they all have a rest in their room (or go fishing) till 4 o'clock. Then she rings a bell for their medicine.

How the Patients Live

The patients live with happiness because she gives them kindness every day. But we all know a good place. They get fresh air every day and she gave them some playing things; 1 pair cricket bats and 1 football and some other things. She likes very much to make patients happy every day in this hospital. She tells us that if any boy or girl has leisure without happiness their bodies will be weak. So we know these are the true words. *She tells us.*

What the Government Has Done

The Government is a great help in Papua. The Government is very good. They gave

us three hospitals free to keep our infections in. They like very much to see our Papuan families well and healthy. They don't want you to keep infections in your own house. If you keep any infections you will spoil yourself and also your family. So do not keep any bad sickness in your village; send them to Gemo Island. Sister Fairhall will give you good help and you will get new fresh air every day.

How White People are Helping

The white people are thinking very hard to help Sister Fairhall in Gemo Island. They have their short meeting; they collected some money to buy a wireless and a gramophone and also some money to give her to buy presents and to help. But some people are always sending something for helping.

Visitors Come Over

Four ladies came over on 19th March. Sister Fairhall showed them all round the three hospitals and then she told them all about the patients. They were very glad, and they told Sister Fairhall, "Sometimes we will send bandages for helping these patients."

We will say thank you very much for those helping things.

[By Vagi Egi, Gemo Island. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

The Cassowary

Dear Readers,

You have seen the cassowary many times. It is our biggest land bird in Papua. Sometimes it lives in high mountains where some big trees grow nearby. You cannot find any ostriches or emus in our country, but there are cassowaries.

They find food in the daytime and when it is dark they go to sleep under the trees. They find some kinds of berries in the bush to eat. They find some wild fruits like betelnut on bushes to eat. They cannot chew; they swallow it down quickly.

The cassowary does not fly like other birds: this bird runs very fast and can jump as well. It looks like a bird, but its wings and feathers are not like other birds, so a cassowary cannot fly. It always walks on the ground and jumps over the small streams. It can climb up hills and down gullies.

In this country men catch cassowaries with their hard string traps or spears or anything they can find to use. Sometimes they fight against the dogs and tear the dog's skin. Some people when they go to hunt take the little ones and mind them. The little cassowaries cannot run fast and men catch them with their hands. The people try to catch the little ones when the mother is away from them. When people make a big noise in the bush they are afraid.

The mother bird lays her eggs under the trees and leaves them till the babies come out. When she has the babies she and the father bird mind them by day and night. He gives them good food till they grow big and fat.

This is the end of my composition.

[By Vernon Ksiogiogi, Anglican Mission boy, Dogura.]

Cricket at Cape Nelson

Dear Readers,

Just a few words about our travel to Cape Nelson in Mr. H. Spiller's launch for cricket matches.

On our arrival the tourists were welcomed by Mr. Cridland and Mr. McKenna and a large assembly of Tufi residents. Our trip had been delightful and everybody enjoyed themselves. We arrived at Tufi on Friday, 28th January, at 5.30 p.m. Then Mr. Cridland told our master, Mr. C. F. Cowley, to send the Baniara medical boys to his medical boys' house and he sent all A.Cs. to the barracks and all the village boys to the witness house.

Then next morning, Saturday, rain fell all day but it finished about noon. Then we commenced the cricket match about 2 p.m. Baniara won the toss and fielded. The Tufi batting was very good. When the Baniara bowlers were bowling it was very slippery. Tufi were all out for 61. That afternoon Baniara had its first innings. Very good too; but all were out for 90.

Then the next morning, Sunday, Tufi made their second innings and they commenced about 8 a.m. Tufi were all out for 93. In our second innings we were all out for 98. The game was won by Baniara by 34 runs.

We had another game in the afternoon at 2 p.m. Just the same; we won the toss and

fielded. First Tufi made 95 all out in their first innings. Baniara first innings was opened by Mr. C. F. Cowley. He was caught backwards off square leg by Kora Lohia off the bowling of Daube Doriga. His score was 44. Our score was then 1 wicket down for 87. Dou Hou came and joined with me for about two overs. He was caught by Gevo from Kora Lohia's bowling. The Baniara was two wickets down for 95. I was not out 33. We beat Tufi score and declared the draw. The Tufi team was very good and we hope by and by they will come to Baniara and make a good game with us. We will work hard to try and beat them because they are very good.

On Sunday night the Tufi team made a big farewell for us and gave us plenty of presents. Sinabada, Mrs. Cridland, gave our *Taubada* one little cup we called The Ashes. We hope Tufi boys will have a happy time when they come to Baniara.

That's all I can say.

Good-bye and God bless you all.

[By Iduu D. Maiva, Baniara team boy, N.E.D.]

Misima News

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I am just going to put down a few lines about our new cricket pitch.

A concrete wicket has now been put down on the Recreation Grounds at Bwagaia. The wicket was marked out by the local white men and all the cement work done by natives.

The measurements were 22 yards long by 6 ft. wide. The cost of putting down the wicket was borne by the Mining Companies, Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co. and local residents of Bwagaia.

The Resident Magistrate gave permission for the wicket to be put down on the Recreation Grounds.

[By M. D. Barton, Native Clerk, Misima.]

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