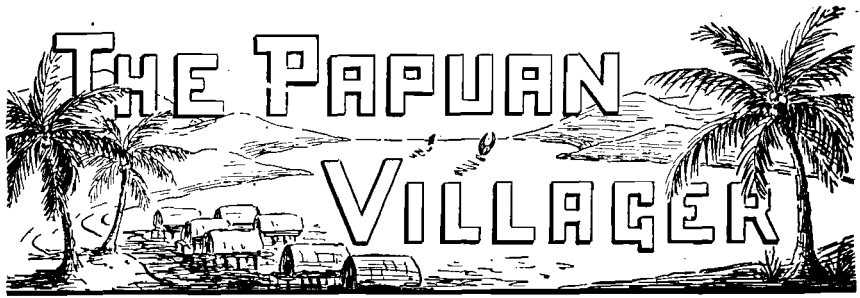


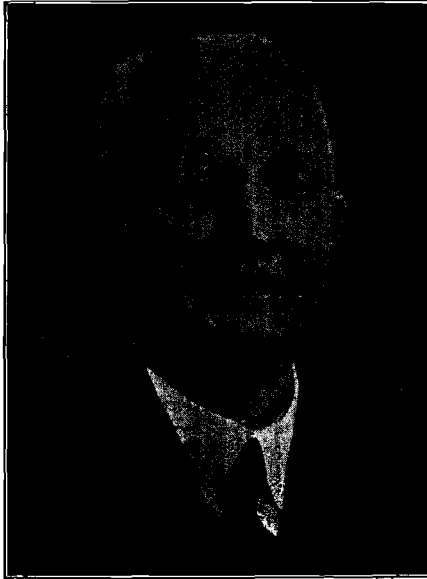
THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Colonel Hooper

Colonel Hooper

We give you a picture here of Colonel Hooper, who was for six years the Inspector of Schools in this Territory.

A Teacher

Colonel Hooper is now an old man of 84 years, and during his long life he has done a great deal of work. He began teaching in 1871—67 years ago—in England, and rose to be

Headmaster of various schools there.

In 1885 he came out to Australia to work for the Government. He again became Headmaster of some big schools in Australian towns, and then became School Inspector in Queensland. He retired in 1922.

But he did not want to stop work because he had retired. He made a "Correspondence School," i.e. a school for teaching people by letters, and organized the Field Work in teaching Agriculture, or Gardening. He also made a "Syllabus" and Reading Books for the native people of the Torres Straits.

In Papua

Then in 1930 he became School Inspector in Papua. All the school boys and girls know him, for he was our Inspector for 6 years.

He made the Syllabus for our schools, i.e. he made a list of all the lessons for the different Standards.

He also wrote our Reading Books. These books have been very useful to you all, and they have been used by schools in other islands of the Pacific.

A Soldier

Colonel Hooper first became a soldier in England in 1874, and he has been a soldier ever since. He rose to be a "Colonel," which is a very high officer (the only other Colonel in Papua is the Governor). He served for two years in the Great War, 1915-1917.

A Full Life

These are only some of the things that Colonel Hooper has done. In writing to the Editor he said, "You will notice that I have had a full life and it is that, I think, which has kept

me in good health and fairly active at the age of 84."

The Papuan schools must be thankful to Colonel Hooper for what he has done for them.

Visit of Mr. Hughes

Papua has had a visit from the Minister for Home and Territories, Mr. William Morris Hughes.

The Minister is the big man in Australia who looks after all the Territories oversea, and Mr. Hughes is a very famous man. He is so famous that he is known all over the world, and Australia is very proud of him. They know him well enough to speak of him as Billy Hughes.

Flew from Australia

Mr. Hughes flew from Australia to visit New Guinea and Papua. His first business was to choose a new capital for New Guinea; but on the way home he was able to stay for a little while in Port Moresby and meet the people. There was a meeting in the Institute and, as usual, various people made speeches.

The Governor Welcomes Mr. Hughes

The Governor said it was a lucky thing that Mr. Hughes should happen to visit us on 10th June, the day that we keep for King George's birthday. And it was a good thing that we had such important visitors once in a while, for it helped us to remember that we were part of the British Empire. Although we lived so far away, the big people did not forget all about us. He also said that Mr. Hughes was the man who had chosen him for Papua 34 years ago.

The Boy who Bowled Bradman

We read in *The Papuan Courier* that a boy of 16 bowled Bradman, middle stump. Bradman was practising with the other Australians and this boy was bowling. When he had got Bradman out he went back to his work, which was cleaning boots.

David and Goliath

You have heard of the boy David who threw a stone from a sling and hit the giant Goliath on the head and killed him. That must have been a very good shot. But it wasn't any better than the ball that bowled Bradman.

Gosiagos and Sling-stones

Gosiagos used to throw stones from slings; and I dare say that, in days gone by, more than one Gosiago boy has hit his enemy on the head with a sling-stone and killed him. Any boy who did such a thing must have been very proud of himself.

Nowadays Gosiagos play cricket, and some of them are no doubt good bowlers. Their enemy is the batsman. But they do not bowl at the batsman's head, and they don't want to kill him (at least we hope not). I dare say if Bradman ever practised at Salamo some Gosiago might bowl him out, if he kept going long enough.

A Thousand Miles on Ice

Some Russian explorers have been all the winter in the Arctic Ocean. This is the big cold sea round the North Pole at the top of the world.

Many of you have seen blocks of ice from the freezers at Port Moresby or Samarai. How would you like to live on ice for months? That is what

these explorers did. There is so much ice at the Pole that it seems like solid land underneath. But it is really floating on the sea.



A Papuan Ornament

Islands of Ice

The current carried the ice away from the North Pole while these men still lived on it. At last the ice began to break up under their feet. Instead of being like a great continent of ice, it turned into a number of floating islands.

But the explorers stuck to it all the time. They were able to send out wireless messages, and at last a ship came to take them home. They were found all safe and sound on a little island of ice. They had travelled a thousand miles.

A Spelling-Bee by Wireless

Honey Bees

There are several kinds of bees. One is the insect that makes honey. The Papuan bee of this kind is a

harmless little insect that doesn't mind human beings. (The Australian honey bee is a bigger insect that can give you a very bad sting.)

Working-Bees

But there is quite another kind of bee. When a number of people come together to help one another they say they are forming a "bee."

This is quite common in Papua. When you all come to plant the first yams or taro at one time in the gardens, it is a "working-bee." It is also a working-bee when you come to help a man build his house.

Spelling-Bees

When a number of people come together to see who is the best speller, they call it a "spelling-bee." This is a competition. When you make a mistake in spelling a word you drop out. At last there is only one man left. He has spelt all the words right, and so he is the winner.

A Spelling-Bee by Wireless

The other day they had some spelling-bees between two teams from England and America. They did not need to come together. They spelt the words by wireless across the Atlantic Ocean.

America won the first bee, and England the second, so they are all square.

Perhaps we shall some day be able to arrange a spelling-bee by wireless between Port Moresby and Rabaul; or between the L.M.S., the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans, the Methodists, and the Seventh Day Adventists. This would be a spelling-bee with five corners, and very interesting.

But some of the words in the English-American spelling-bee were

parallel, embarrassment, hæmorrhage and daguerreotype. These might be a bit too strong for Standard V.

Stealing

Some time ago we wrote something about stealing. Articles in papers don't stop people from stealing, but it will not matter if we write again. We only want to show again that if you get found out (and you very often do get found out) you will lose very badly by your theft.

Here are one or two cases from the Magistrate's Court at Port Moresby.

One man stole three tins of meat. They were worth three shillings. He went to gaol for one month.

Another man stole six sticks of tobacco (worth 1s. 6d.) and he also went to gaol for one month.

Two men stole one tin of meat between them (worth 1s.). One of them went to gaol for one month, the other for two weeks.

You get punished for stealing. It does not matter so much what you steal—three tins of meat or half a tin of meat. The Magistrate gives you the punishment he thinks you deserve.

Receiving Stolen Goods

A carpenter on a rubber plantation stole some tools and gave them to two friends of his who were visiting the plantation. The carpenter was fined £2 and the other men were fined £1 each.

You may say that these other men did not steal the tools, so why were they punished?

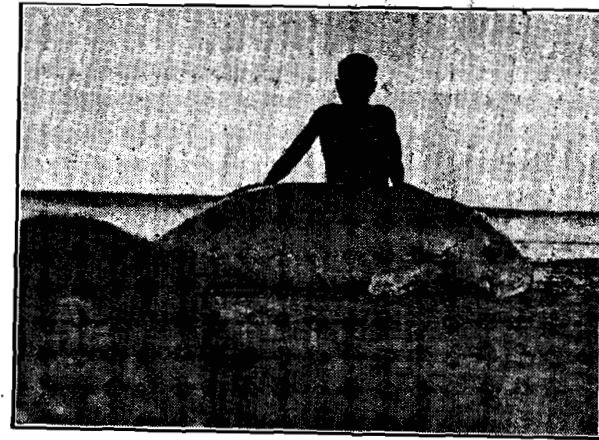
But it is wrong to "receive stolen goods," i.e. stolen things. If a man wants to give you a stick of tobacco

The New Singapore Dock

Some time ago we showed you a picture of the *Papuan Chief* on the new Steamships Slip at Port Moresby.

Ships sometimes have to be lifted out of the water to be mended. They can be pulled up a "slip," or slope, till they are above high-water. Then

which you know he has stolen, then say, "No, thank you." Tell him to smoke it himself; or better still, if he wants to be an honest man, to give it back. I don't suppose he will give it back. That is for him to decide. But don't you smoke it. You may get put in gaol.



A Dugong

<h2>Competition</h2>	
<h3>The Dugong</h3>	
<p>Write anything you know about the Dugong. What is it like—How does it live—How do you catch it?</p>	
<p>PRIZE 5s.</p>	<p>ARTICLES MUST REACH THE EDITOR BEFORE 15th AUGUST</p>

the workmen can get underneath them. The Steamships Slip is like this.

Another way is to bring them into a "dock." This is like a great big box. When the ship is inside they drain all the water away, and so it is high and dry.

At Singapore they have built a dock 1,000 feet long. This dock belongs to Great Britain, and it is meant for warships. It can take the biggest ships in the world. The *Strathnaver*, *Franconia* and others which you have seen in Papua are only small fish beside some that could go into the Singapore Dock.

Whistling in Morse

We read in *The Children's Newspaper* that the children of Pitcairn Island all know the Morse code. They send messages by dot and dash. But instead of sending the messages by waving flags they send them by whistling—long whistles and short whistles.

Perhaps the Papuan Scouts and Guides will try this new way.

Water in Big Cities

We read in *The Children's Newspaper* that Sydney uses a hundred million gallons of water a day—which means 70 gallons for each person.

In some big American cities they use more than 150 gallons a day for each person.

The water comes from rivers or reservoirs, and it is carried into the city by great big pipes. Smaller pipes lead to each part of the city, and smaller pipes still lead off to each house or store. Each householder can turn on the tap in his bathroom and get water whenever he wants it. You don't see women carrying water-pots.

Of course you don't get all this for nothing. You have got to pay for it.

A Marble in a Fish's Belly

Not long ago a man from Samarai brought a smooth round ball, like glass, to the Governor in Port Moresby. He had found it in the belly of a big fish which he had caught. He, himself, thought it was "the eye of a nautilus shell"; and he said that such things were often found in the bellies of fish.

The Governor told him to bring the ball to the Editor, and the Editor showed it to a "geologist" (that is a man who knows all about stones). The geologist said he thought it was really made of glass and that it was a "marble."

(Marbles is a great game with European boys. You shoot the round balls along the ground with your finger and thumb, aiming one at another.)

But if it was really a marble, how did that fish manage to find it?

The Editor is sorry that he has forgotten the boy's name, but he thinks it was Solomon. His marble has been sent back to him.

There are many stories of strange things found in the bellies of fish. If any other reader finds anything of the kind he can write and tell us about it.

A New Papuan Ship

The P.O.D., or Papuan Oil Development Company, have brought out a new boat from Holland. She is called the *Philis* and is the biggest of all our ships.

The *Philis* is of 363 tons; 146 ft. 11 ins. long; and 24 ft. 7 ins. broad.

She is a motor boat (not like the *Papuan Chief*, which is a steamboat). She will have a wireless set for sending and receiving messages; and she will have a "refrigerator," or freezing machine. This last means that she will be able to make ice on board to keep the food and drink cool.

The Banana Champion

We read in *The Papuan Courier* that Mr. Walmsley holds the record

for eating bananas in Australia. He works on a banana plantation in Queensland.

In one hour he ate 56 bananas, and finished very fresh. He even had a cup of tea and something to eat before he began on the bananas.

You might think his employer would be very angry at this man eating all his bananas. But no, he was pleased. He said that if he broke the record he could have a spell for the rest of the day (I should think he would need it!) His employer hopes that when he tries again he will be able to eat 60 bananas (each 7 inches long) in the hour. We all hope that Mr. Walmsley will succeed, and that he won't do himself any harm.

Native Contributions

Motor Car

The motor car came last week.

We waited a long time for it. We wanted to see it. When we saw the motor car come we were very glad.

On Tuesday morning the girls pumped its wheels. Then in the afternoon Miss Pearce and Mr. Shotton tried it. First we pushed it out from under the house. Then Mr. Shotton put on the engine.

On that day many people near our village came to Oiabia to see it. We saw how it runs. It has dark blue paint. The motor car has nice soft seats to sit on.

There are four lamps in the front. We asked Miss Pearce how it gets light, and how to ring its bell and many other things. She showed us. She opened the engine room, and we can look at it. There are many wires in it. The motor car does not run by itself; the engine makes it run.

People from inland wanted to see it, because they have not seen a motor car before.

[By Koresi Nakaibeku, M.M.S., Oiabia, Trobriand Islands. This article wins the 5s. prize.]



Women Cooking at Orokolo

The Story of the Dugong

Long ago the people who lived in the Eastern Division didn't know the dugong at all.

One woman who lived in the Eastern Division had a daughter. Her daughter was married and had a baby. One day the daughter went to the garden and her mother asked her, "When you come back, please will you bring a soft sugar-cane for me." She came back to the village but she forgot what her mother had said, and she brought another kind of sugar-cane. Every day the daughter did the same thing.

One day the old woman baked her own food, ate it all up, and took an old rami and went out to sea and swam away and lived under the water. She slept in a big coral room. A kingfish looked after her door, and the old woman had a baby. The kingfish saw them and said, "This is a dugong."

That is why when the dugong has a baby she never forgets her baby, because women never forget their babies. The dugong has a great love for her little one. If the little one

is caught the mother dugong does not swim away to save herself, but stays at that place to wait and see if her baby will come back again to her.

That is all. The end of my story.

[By Raula, L.M.S. schoolboy at Hula Mission, staying at Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

The Story of the First Dog

Years and years ago there lived a widow named Apura. Nobody was there with her. She was shrunken on her legs and she had a little old house to live in. She was very tired at that time for both cold and rain hurt her very much. Then one day Apura went creeping to her small-house.

There was a Big Pit Beside the Road

That time she missed her way to the small-house and fell down in that pit. In that pit there lived an Iguana. She saw it and was afraid of him. "After a little while the Iguana asked this poor widow, "What are you afraid of? I am your good friend. Don't be afraid, this is my home. Now we will live together here for ever." She was very glad about what the Iguana had said. So she lived without cold and rain again.

After many days had passed this poor widow got one son. Then this boy grew up big and strong enough to do work, as his mother wanted him to do. One day this boy came out of that pit and saw all round the ground. He said to himself, "This is a better place than that pit. I had better build a house for my mother and me." Then he started to build a house and after the house was finished he made a ladder. Because he wanted to take up his mother, Apura, out of that pit.

Then he went down to the mouth of the pit and saw that a little dog sat down at his mother's side. So this poor boy asked, "Where did you get that little dog from, mother?" His mother answered, "This is your small sister (because it was a female dog). Then he went down quickly and led them up and went straight away to their house. That time the Iguana ran away from them to the bush and lived there a long time.

The Iguana is Killed

This boy was a hunter. One day he and his sister, the dog, went out from their home

to the bush looking for wild pigs and wallabies. The dog found an Iguana and they killed it and took it with them to their house. Their mother was very angry when she saw the Iguana was killed. She told them with hard words, "This is not an Iguana but your father."

Then the dog shouted and said, "It is not our father! It is but a creeping animal."

So Apura took a big stick and beat the dog very badly. And the dog cried and ran away into the bush. There she stayed something like a week. Afterwards she came back to the house and mother Apura saw her and said, "Where have you come from?" But the dog did not answer back because her tongue was very hard. So the poor dog was very sulky. Then the mother told her to come near, but she only barked as loudly as she could at her. All of you know the custom of dogs. When we want to go to the bush to hunt they must go with us. They are very clever but one thing is that their brains are too hard.

This is the end of my story.

[By Tore Opa, L.M.S. schoolboy, Isuleilei, Fife Bay, E.D.]



A Man of Soğeri