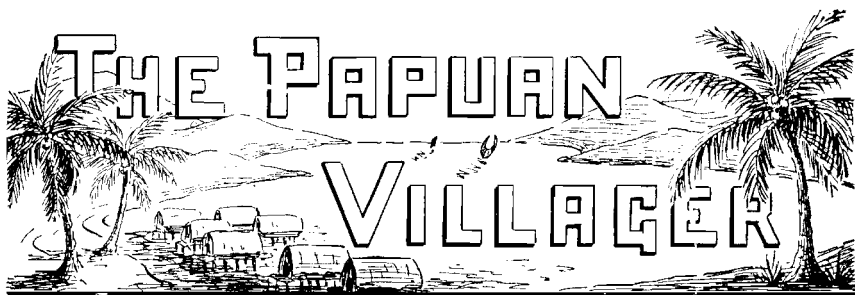


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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## Australian Aborigines

Your neighbours, the natives of Australia, are called "Aborigines." This only means that they were there

in the beginning, or before the white men came. We might call you by the same name (it is an honourable one); but we are glad to be able to use a shorter one. We speak of you



Motu Girls Tattooing

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

as "natives," which is just as honourable. It means that you and your ancestors were born here.

Australian aborigines are different from you. They have darker skins and are mostly taller, with long legs, and they have wavy hair, instead of woolly hair.

#### A Big Land With Few People

Australia is a very big country, many times bigger than Papua. But it has not got so many native people in it. They are now becoming fewer and fewer, but even in the ancient days, before the Europeans came, there were not very many. Then, perhaps, there were no more people in all Australia than in the little Territory of Papua.

#### They Do Not Make Gardens

What was the reason for this? It was because the aborigines had never learnt how to plant things and make gardens. They collected many things and they were skilful hunters with spears and throwing-sticks. But they could not settle down and grow a lot of food. This was their bad luck. They are just as good as any of us; but they came to Australia in the long-long ages when they had not found out the secret of gardening. So they never learnt.

#### Aborigines and White Men

The aborigines have been unlucky in another way, they have not been well treated by the white men. They lost their lands, and the Europeans treated them like enemies instead of friends. And so they have become fewer and fewer.

It is said that there were 300,000 pure aborigines when the white men first came. Now there are perhaps not 50,000.

#### Good Treatment for Papuans

The Papuans have been luckier. Your lands are still your own. You have had much better treatment, and there are all sorts of laws to protect you. The Government wants to see the Papuan natives contented and prosperous; and it wants them to grow in numbers. Keep your minds on the Baby Bonus.

#### An Expedition to Dutch New Guinea

Many Papuans saw the first big plane belonging to Dr. Archbold's Expedition. It was wrecked in Port Moresby harbour during a *guba*, or squall.

#### Across the Pacific in a Flying Boat

Now Dr. Archbold has come back from America with a much bigger plane. He calls it *Guba II*, and it is a flying boat. It cost £62,500.

He and five companions have flown it right across the Pacific Ocean from America to Hollandia, in Dutch New Guinea. They did the whole journey in 50 hours flying time.

#### Inside "Guba II"

The *Guba II* visited Port Moresby in July and took a number of people for rides. It has a telephone inside, so that the pilot can talk to the navigator or the wireless operator; it has electric fans to keep them cool; and folding table and chairs for the crew to sit at their dinner; and a fireproof compartment at the back which is used for a kitchen.

#### Collecting in Dutch New Guinea

The flying base is being used for a big party of men in Dutch New Guinea. They will do the same sort

of work as Dr. Archbold's party did in Papua, but on a larger scale.

It is said that there will be 194 men in the party. Their headquarters will be Lake Wilhelmina, which is 11,000 feet above the sea.

They are going to collect animals, birds and insects in the mountains, and see how these creatures live there.

#### Penguins

Penguins are the little men of the South Polar regions. They look like men, because they walk upright, with their heads in the air. When they walk they waddle.

Of course they are birds. But they are different from other birds. Like our own Cassowary they have very short wings, and the wings are no good for flying.



Penguins

A penguin's wings are his paddles. For he is a sea bird and a very good swimmer. He likes to play about in the cold water and enjoys himself floating on a block of ice.

Penguins live in great big tribes. As many as 50,000 come together in one place for the breeding season. They pair off, husbands and wives, and have their nests very close together. The wife lays one egg and she and her husband take turns in sitting on it. Rain and snow will not drive the penguin from its nest. Its one idea is "egg."

#### Paper From Trees

There are a great many newspapers in the world—in fact too many. They come out every day, not every month like the *Villager*; and some of them are quite ten times as big as the *Villager*.

The paper itself is made from trees. (They are crushed up and treated in some way and at last made into thousands of thin sheets.) And a big newspaper with a great number of subscribers needs a lot of trees.

One big daily paper in London has written: "A forest of about 1,250 trees, each 50 feet high and one foot thick, has gone to make 255 tons of paper in to-day's issue."

That is just for one day. In a year that newspaper would need a forest of nearly 400,000 trees.

#### Cutting Down Forests

People are getting worried because so many good forests are being cut down all over the world. New trees can hardly be planted fast enough to take their places. And they are wondering which is more useful—a forest or a newspaper.

Two Trees a Year for "The Papuan Villager."

In Papua we have plenty of forests and very few newspapers; so we need

not suppose that people are getting worried about us.

Anyhow two trees might be enough to give us all the paper we need for a year's issue. And that would not make a very big hole in a forest.

We should not need to worry even if the native subscribers made it four or five trees.

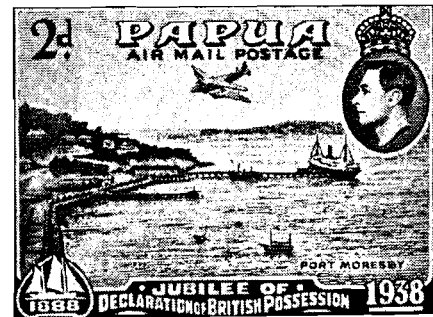
### Air Mails

White people are very keen about letters, and they are always waiting for the mail. The Europeans who live in this country have many friends in Australia and England; but in the old days they were cut off from them.

#### Mails in the Early Days

Ten years ago the mail boat used to come once a month, and it took eight or nine days to travel from Sydney to Papua. In the early days it was brought by cutter, and people never knew when it was coming.

But the mails have been getting faster and faster. The Burns Philp ships now come once every three weeks, and they travel faster; and sometimes other ships come as well, so that we do not have so long to wait.



A New Stamp for Papua

### A Weekly Mail

And now at last we have an Air Mail. The big planes come from Sydney in only two days; and they come once a week. It is possible to post a letter to Sydney on Friday and get an answer on the following Wednesday.

#### Air Mails Over the World

But the Air Mail from Australia to Papua and New Guinea is only a small thing. Aeroplanes now carry the mail to all parts of the world. If you like you can post by air to Venezuela.

And it is very cheap. You can send a half-ounce letter to England or almost any part of the British Empire for fivepence.

### Forgery

When you write out an order and sign another man's name to it you are guilty of "forging." It is a bad crime and gets a heavy punishment.

The other day a native of the Eastern Division appeared in the Central Court on this charge. He was working as a house servant and he wanted to go out for the evening. So he wrote himself a permit and signed it with his master's name. That does not seem a very bad thing, writing a permit for yourself to be out after 9 o'clock. But it is a bad thing to sign another man's name, and this boy got two months' in goal with hard labour.

Don't be such a fool as to try this trick, if you write another man's name anyone can tell it is in your writing, not in his.

### A School in Kenya

The *New Method Magazine* tells of a school for natives in Kenya at a place called Kapenguria.

The headmaster was told to study the people first, to find out what they needed, so that he could find them the right sort of education.

And the first thing he decided was that he must teach them more about food-growing, for they were often hungry.

They knew how to grow a grain called millet (which is more than Papuans can do). But sometimes in a dry season the millet crop failed, and then the people were in want. So the school at Kapenguria began to teach them how to grow other kinds of food plants.

We quote the rest of the article from the *New Method Magazine*:—

A chief gave them some land, and they made it into a farm, so that others could see how things ought to be done. On this farm they grew maize (Indian corn), bananas and ground-nuts (monkey-nuts) in the first year. They kept part of the things they grew for seed for the next year. The rest was given away to the people. The people soon found that the new kinds of food were very good to eat. Other chiefs came and asked for farms to be started near their homes.

A good farm must be looked after carefully. So eight boys at the school were trained for this work. The chiefs promised to find enough money to pay their wages, eight shillings a month. When these boys had learned their work seven more farms were started. A friend of the headmaster went round to each farm in turn to see that the boys were doing their work properly.

Four of the farms were low down on the plains; four others were high up in the hills. On the hill-farms they could grow things like those which grow in colder countries. The people had not seen them before. But they tried the new kinds of food, and decided which they liked best. The kinds which the people did not like were not grown again.

Bananas grew well in the lower farms. Before the banana tree dies young plants grow at the side. These young plants (suckers) were given to the people, and now there are hundreds of bananas growing by the river side. Other food plants (onions, carrots, tomatoes and cabbages) were grown. Every farm had fruit trees.

It is only five years since this work was begun. Now both the people and their animals have proper food; no one is hungry. The chiefs and the fathers and mothers of the boys all come to visit the school. They look at the school gardens and see the many new kinds of plants. They go back home and grow them for themselves. Now that they have enough food to eat they are going to try to grow other things which they can sell. Cotton is one of the new plants they are trying to grow.

The headmaster is very proud of his school. In Africa there are many places where the people are just as poor and hungry. Let us hope that these places will have schools which will help the people in the same way.

### Yaws

The *Pacific Islands Monthly* tells how a medical man named Tully cured a boy with yaws on the island of Paama.

The boy, named Apok, was 16 years old, and for two years he had not been able to walk, for yaws had eaten so badly into his legs.

When he first came for treatment he was carried on a stretcher. Mr. Tully gave him an injection and told his friends to bring him back in a week's time for another.

When he came the second time Apok was hobbling along on his legs, with crutches or long sticks to help him. He was told to come back after another week for his third injection. The third time Apok came without his crutches. Mr. Tully advised him to have a fourth injection before he began to play football. This was

only a joke. But in a few weeks Apok was in the football field.



A Piece of Orokolo Carving

### Snakes as Air Travellers

We read in *The Children's Newspaper* that two cobras have lately travelled from the Berlin Zoo to Brussels.

Cobras are Indian snakes, almost the most dangerous and poisonous of all. They were needed in Brussels for their poison. A doctor wanted to give a patient an injection (not to kill him). The poison was needed in a hurry, so they caught two snakes and put them in a box and put the box inside a plane.

We are glad to say that the snakes did not get out during the journey and bite the pilot.

### A Minister of Education in India

When the Minister of Education was going round the schools in the Central Provinces, the pupils followed him from one place to another. At last there was a crowd of many hundreds, all making a big noise. They were not trying to make the Minister wild; they were just pleased to see him, and they hung a big garland of flowers round his neck.

It's a good job the Papuan pupils don't do this to the School Inspector.

### Maori Food

The Maoris of New Zealand used to live on taro and yam and sweet potato, just like the people of Papua.

But they had another very important food which we have not tried in this country. They dug up the roots of the fern called bracken; dried them; and pounded or smashed them up to make flour.

You had better not try this. Our bracken might not be of the right kind and you might poison yourselves. If you want to try, let the other fellow eat a bit first.

### Flour from Taro

Doctors have been working on taro as a food in the Hawaiian Islands. For hundreds of years it has been the chief food of all Polynesia (in the Pacific); and these doctors all agree that it is a very good food.

The Polynesians eat their taro mainly as *poi*, which is very messy sort of food. But now it is found that the taro can be dried and turned into

flour; and this can be made into cakes, bread and puddings.

### Shooting Animals with Arrows

White men are fond of shooting animals as a sport. Nowadays they use rifles and shot-guns; but in the days of long ago, before firearms were thought of, they used spears and bows and arrows.

A hunter from Denmark has been using bows and arrows in Africa. He has gone back to the old way because, he says, it is better sport. He does not try to kill the very big and dangerous animals—elephants, buffaloes or lions—with arrows; but he has shot many antelopes. He says that with these animals the arrow kills quicker than a rifle-shot. He uses a strong man's bow, with a 90-lb. pull.

### A High Man

There is a very tall man by the name of Henry Hite (which seems a very good name for him). He is 7 feet 9 inches tall.

When he travelled on a steamer across the Atlantic they found that he was too long for the bunks, or beds. So they cut a hole in the wall between two cabins, and he slept on two bunks, end for end.

Henry Hite is 23 years old and weighs 20 stone (280 lb.). We hope he will not go on growing.

### Native Contributions

#### Children's Sunday in Iokea

On 26th June all the children in Iokea Village made their own Sunday. Last week

our master told us, he said, "I promised you that next week will be our Children's Sunday." He also told our parents.

The children in Iokea Village were plentiful. They heard Mr. Nixon's words, so they were all satisfied. Now the boys and girls began to get ready their Sunday things. Soon plenty of the daughters made their new grass *ramis* for the Sunday, and the boys went to the store to buy their new white *ramis* for their happy day.

They continued to get ready until the Saturday. Then Mr. Nixon and our teacher, whose name is Tauila, and the Moru boys decided to go to the village with the flags, banners, and bunting, and they hung them up aloft on the sides of the church wall. They had three long banners hung above each side, and the other small flags were woven on the strings and lifted up near the top of the roof in that house. There were very many pretty colours.

So, when that work was finished they returned to Moru. Then during the evening Mr. Nixon had prayer with Moru people, and he told a little boy, he said, "I will teach you the Bible Lesson, because to-morrow morning you will be reading by yourselves. And another boy will lead prayer; and one of the daughters will sing by herself."

#### Sunday

In the early morning all the children washed their bodies and made themselves very clean. Next they all returned to their houses and made everything ready and waited for the bell.

Soon Mr. Nixon and his wife and two children and all we Moru fellows made a single file and marched to the village. We stood up at the end of the village on the east side. Now, Mr. Nixon sent a boy to ring the bell, and all the children were collected at the end of the village; and we fell in in two double files in the midst of the village at the east end we formed long lines right away in the middle of the village.

There are very many children in this Iokea Village. It is one of the largest villages in the Gulf Division. Then our parents said thank-you to God, because he was always helping us, and they were very glad to see so many strong children. Some men talked; they said let us be contented with Jesus Christ; and those parents all watched at their own houses, while we marched round three times.

At last we all collected in the church. First we had singing and prayer; and then we read altogether and sang too. When that was finished one boy stood up and read by himself, and one girl also stood up and sang by herself. Next another boy led our prayer, and Mr. Nixon spoke about Jesus Christ and gave advice to the people. Our teacher whose name is Tauila stood up at the table and spoke to the children.

When our service was finished, about ten o'clock, the children collected in their own clans and had their meals altogether; their parents were very contented and trusted the children to have strong minds. They gave good advice and good ideas to the boys and girls at the same, and we were all very happy on that Children's Day in Iokea.

This is the end of my story.

[By Mirou Maituri, L.M.S., Moru. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

### How Eight Elevala Men Killed a Koiari Man

This is a true story told me by my father. It happened so many years ago, even before the Government came to this country. The Missionary Dr. Lawes was the white man here.

Roua Mudika was the name of the Koiari man, and his manner was no good towards the Motu men. They always lived uneasily, wondering what they could do to that cruel Koiari man. One day eight of the Elevala men talked together about trying to kill that man. So they all took their war gear and went off to search for that Koiari man. They knew that Roua Mudika usually came out from the place called Metago; so they planned how they could meet him there. They waited there until Mudika came their way. But when they saw him they felt frightened of him. Then they got bolder and thought, "We will trick him!"

One of them, a man called Maiago Maima, called his name and said, "Roua Mudika, come here. We have brought some sago for you."

Roua Mudika was very pleased to hear what Maiago said and he came near to them and welcomed them, and they all sat down and smoked together.

At last they all rose up and one of them caught hold of him. The youngest of them, whose name was Mavara Raho, first speared him through the chest. Then they killed him and buried him there.

When these eight young men came near to their village they shouted and danced around. All the villagers heard them and rushed at them to see what had happened. They shouted out to them, "Everyone be glad and stay in peace. For we have killed our enemy Roua Mudika."

All the villagers were full of joy and pleased to see those eight young men. Especially to see Mavara Raho, who first speared the Koiari man. He also had the honour of killing that man, so they put a mark on him, tattoo on his chest, so that everyone could see it and remember what a good strong man he was.

They all stayed in their houses for about ten days. Then they washed their hands, which means they washed off the blood of the killing of Roua Mudika. They painted their faces, put on their good ornaments and showed themselves off with long girdles as well. Besides this they had a big dance.

Whenever you see an old man with tattoo on his chest it must be some sign of this; either for killing or something like it. People in Papua never show these signs unless they have done something like this. Nowadays men have tattooing on their chests because of sickness. But they are always careful about putting this on.

Mavara Raho's son, Hekure Mavara, is still alive. His grandsons, Mavara Hekure and Hitolo Hekure, are working on the Telephone Exchange; and Heni Hekure is staying in the village and he was an owner of the Tanobada dancing feast.

[By Hitolo Gege, Poreporena Village Constable.]

## 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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