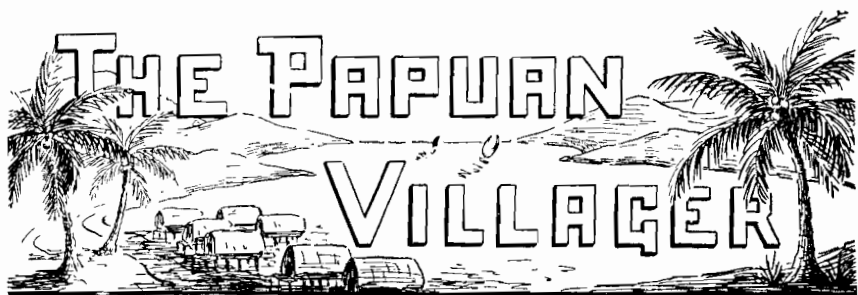


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

An illustration of a village scene. In the foreground, there are several traditional huts with thatched roofs. The middle ground shows a path leading through palm trees. In the background, there are mountains and a body of water. The title 'THE PAPUAN VILLAGER' is written in large, stylized, outlined letters across the top of the illustration.

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Road from
Port Moresby
to Poreporena

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

Cheques

White men are often writing "cheques." They write down the amount of money, perhaps ten pounds, on a piece of paper, and sign their names to it. It should be the proper sort of paper, with printing on it, given out by the bank. It is called a cheque.

That cheque is worth £10—but only if the man who writes it has got £10 in the bank. Suppose Mr. X had only £1 in the bank and wrote a cheque for £10 and gave it to you for your wages. You would go along to the bank and hand it over the counter and ask for your money. The banker would count up Mr. X's money, and say, "I cannot pay you." Then he would tell the policeman, and Mr. X. would get into a big row.

So the white men have to be very careful that they have money in the bank before they write cheques.

Forgery

If you sign a cheque for £10 with another man's name, the banker might give you the money; but then, again, he might not. He would look very closely at the name, and he would say, "This does not look like Mr. Y's writing." Then he would call in the policeman, and they would find out that you had copied Mr. Y's name, and then you would get into a big row.

This is called "forgery," and those who do it get sent to gaol for it. Some Papuans have tried it on the stores. They have signed their master's names to orders for meat or tobacco, which is very much like writing cheques. But they always get found out, because they cannot write in the same way as their

masters; and then they are sent to gaol for forgery.

Stealing Cheques

Some time ago a native washerwoman found two cheques in a white man's trouser-pocket. But the owner of the cheques, when he could not find them, told the bank about it. Then when the washerwoman's husband tried to get the money, the bank told the policeman and there was another big row.

The Savings Bank

There are two banks in Papua—the Bank of New South Wales, and the Savings Bank. Both have "branches," or offices, in different parts of the Territory.

A good many Papuans put their money in the Savings Bank. But this bank does not give out cheques.

No natives (as far as we know) put their money in the Bank of New South Wales (which does use cheques). Therefore natives at present have nothing to do with cheques. Do not be so silly as to try any tricks with cheques belonging to your masters.



Another Tall Man

Who is the tallest man in the world? In our September, 1938, paper, we talked about a "High Man" named Henry Hite who is 7 feet 9 inches tall. But there is another tall man in America. His name is Robert Wadley. He lives in Alton, and he is 9 inches taller than Henry Hite. When he enters the doorway of a big house he has to stoop and bend his legs to get through it. He is only 23 years old, and he is said to be still growing!

Mr. F. E. Williams

Our editor, Mr. F. E. Williams, has gone to Lake Kutubu. He will be away until May, or June, 1939.

While he is away Mr. L. P. B. Armit is looking after *The Papuan Villager*, so send your letters and articles to him, care of the Department of the Government Secretary, Port Moresby.

Death of Mr. E. G. Baker.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Edward George Baker, in Sydney, on the 16th November, 1938.

Mr. Baker was putting a spring in his motor car, when the car, which had been lifted on a hoist (a platform), fell and killed him.

For over twenty years Mr. Baker



Cutting up Pigs for a Feast, Purari District

Death of Mr. B. W. Bramell.

His many old friends will be sorry to hear that Mr. Bramell died in Sydney on the 4th November, 1938.

Mr. Bramell lived in Papua for over thirty years. He was Commissioner for Native Affairs for a long time; before that he was Resident Magistrate, Central Division. He was for many years Assistant Resident Magistrate at Kulumadau, and also at Tamata and Kairuku. He was 71 years old when he died.

Mr. J. B. C. Bramell, Patrol Officer, now at Lake Kutubu, is a son of Mr. Bramell.

was our Government Printer. He came to Papua in 1909, and worked in the Government Printing Office with Mr. James Wood, then Government Printer. After a year or so Mr. Baker left the Government Service and started *The Papuan Times* (now *The Papuan Courier*). He became Government Printer when Mr. Wood left Papua.

**A Fijian Pays for a Church**

The Pacific Islands Monthly tells us how a Fijian native has given £200 to build a church. He is, so the article says, a middle-aged man,

and his name is Josateki. He had the idea of giving the church all by himself to the Methodist Mission.

He worked hard and saved money. Then he got a carpenter friend to help him. They decided on a plan together, and some village friends helped with the building.

The church is finished, 36 ft. by 18 ft. on concrete blocks. Josateki paid for it all. Bless his middle-aged heart!

◆ ◆

Old Bottles

Mr. Walshe of the Medical Department has sent us a picture of the Native Medical Assistants and the medicine bottles.

A glass medicine bottle is worth keeping. It can be sent back to the Department, washed, and filled up with new medicine.

But many people just throw them away. Then they get broken; and somebody treads on the broken glass and gets his foot cut.

The N.M.A.'s. went out and had the bottles collected in the villages round Port Moresby. In less than two weeks they had brought in £15 worth of bottles.

The picture in the last issue shows the first pile of them—more than 500.

N.M.A. Revo Peter did best. He collected more than 100 by himself the first afternoon.

◆ ◆

Land Speed Record

Motor cars go faster and faster. It is said that the new record is 350 miles an hour. It was made in America by an Australian named John Cobb.

This run was made on a proper course, with men standing by with watches in their hands to measure the time.

But other cars go very fast without anyone measuring their speed very carefully. Sometimes they try to break records on the roads. If nobody has ever broken Mr. Cobb's record in Port Moresby, many must have got within 300 miles of it.

◆ ◆

The Port Moresby Aquatic Club

Some years ago the white men of Port Moresby used to sail on the harbour in native canoes from Hanuabada and Elevala. Every Saturday in the south-east season there was a race; and the crews were natives.

That has been given up by the Europeans; though the natives use their outrigger canoes on Saturdays for races of their own.

Now the Aquatic Club is going in for sailing of another kind. They have bought a number of small 12-foot boats, rigged with a mast and canvas sail. The boats are very small, and the crew of each will be two white men. The boats are made so that they cannot sink; they are "water-tight." And if one capsizes, it is said that the two men of the crew turn it up the right way again.

The boats have been made at Kwato.

◆ ◆

Derris Root in Papua

Last month we wrote about "New Guinea Dynamite," or fish-poison. There are a number of kinds of fish-poison plant growing in this country;

but the best is a plant called *derris*. This plant grows wild in Papua; and it is also planted in many village because it is useful. You know all about it.

Dr. Strong, who is interested in gardening, has a plantation of *derris* at the Fifteen-Mile, on the Sapphire



Carving a Wooden Bowl, Trobriand Islands

Creek road near Port Moresby. It is growing very strongly there, and Dr. Strong says it can be sold for a good price in Australia.

The root of the plant is dried, and is worth nearly 9d. a pound, or £81 a ton. But he says it is only the good kind, called *imora*, which will fetch this price.

Derris is used for a number of things by Europeans. For one thing it kills the ticks on cattle.

Stealing Things

A Tin of Pork Sausages

Last month a native was up in Court before the Magistrate of the Central Division. He had stolen a tin of pork sausages worth ninepence.

By itself this does not seem to deserve a very heavy punishment. But he had gone to gaol before for "breaking, entering and stealing." That time he got two years in gaol; for it is a very bad offence to break into a store. And so now the Magistrate knew he was an old offender. For stealing the tin of pork sausages worth ninepence he went to gaol for four months.

Two Pairs of Golf Stockings

A week later another native was up before the same Magistrate. He had stolen some plates and cups, and two pairs of golf stockings. He was fined £4 19s. (or three months in gaol).

It is very sensible for a Papuan to like pork sausages; and a native may like to eat his food off a china plate. But why on earth should he want a pair of golf stockings?

The man came from the Delta Division, and he was living at Koki. He was not a Boy Scout, and he did not play golf. Why did he want to cover his legs?



Floating Aerodromes

Some engineers are thinking of making floating aerodromes in the Atlantic Ocean. They will be fixed to great floating buoys filled with air. The aerodrome would have a runway, or landing-stage, 2,000 feet long.

Mosquitoes in Other Countries In England

Mosquitoes do not live only in the hot countries like Papua. There are 20 kinds of them in England. There they usually call them "gnats." (You can leave out the "G" when you say this word.)

But in England people look after themselves. They drain away the swamps and pour kerosene on useless standing water. In that way they keep the mosquitoes down.

Mosquitoes and Water

We have often told you about fever and mosquitoes and still water. You know how the white people in the towns make you put kerosene on the tanks. They do this to kill the mosquito *larvae*. For the *larvae* that swim about in the water must come up to breathe. And if there is kerosene on top of the water they cannot breathe through it, and so they die and never become real mosquitoes.

Fighting Fever in Russia

In Russia they have been killing the mosquitoes in some big swamps in this way. 50,000 farmers have helped in the work. And there were also a number of aeroplanes sprinkling oil from the skies.

A Plane Without a Pilot

Some time ago a young pilot in France was having a trial flight. Something went wrong so he decided to leave his plane in a "parachute." (A parachute is like a great big umbrella made of cloth. It fills with wind and floats slowly down to earth.)

But when he had jumped off in his parachute, the pilot saw his plane

going on nicely. While he went down the plane went on. It went on for 75 miles before it came down at last in the trees.

African Boys Build their Own School

A number of Missions in Papua have built churches of stone, and the work has been done by the Papuans themselves. African natives have often done as much.

We read in *The Children's Newspaper* of some schoolboys on the Gold Coast who are building a new school. It will have an assembly hall, chapel, library, classrooms, and three houses to live in.

The work will take 15 years. So the boys who are building now will be long past school when it is finished.

Native Contributions

Why is Cricket a Good Game?

The Winning Letter

Each subscriber of this paper is glad to give a hand to this competition. Everyone knows that cricket was born in England, so it is a British game. It has spread all over the world.

I should say it is a "body drill" for our bodies to be strong when we play it with wicket, bat and ball. When you bowl hard to your friend who has the bat, you try every way to knock one of his stumps down. You can run as fast as you can to stop or catch the ball when he hits it in every over; then the nerves of your hands and legs will get strong. At the same time the body, too, gets strength by bowling, standing and batting. Another thing is the good exercise for the mind to make a friendship in a team, because each side must try to win when it plays cricket.

In the old days people were in a team to fight the other team, but now that has been

changed, for you join the other people in a team to be friendly. If a country, or a village sends its team to play against a team in another place or country, the visitors will have an interesting time seeing the strange country and its people. How they live, and their customs. And if they win the game, that village and its team will be happy; also, the visitors will get lots of nice presents and a feast from their kind friends who like cricket.

The team that loses the game will have heavy minds, but will try hard to win when it plays that team again.

So we know that is why cricket is a good game. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

[By Marchai Reapa, Mission Teacher, L.M.S., Moru. This prize of five shillings goes to Marchai Reapa for this fine letter.]

Story About a Kevere Boy

One of the Kevere boys came to Abau hospital. I was in the hospital, and the boy, whose name is Ravi, came straight to me, and I saw him then. He saluted. And I said to him, "Where do you come from?" Then Ravi answered and said, in English, "Oh! I come from Kevere." Then I said, "What do you want?" The boy replied to me and said, "Oh! my belly gone to another side."

Then I scratched my head because I did not understand what he said. So then I asked him again, "What?" Then he answered me again, "Oh! my belly gone to another side." So I asked him again, "What do you mean?" Then Ravi answered me and said, "*Lau hutolo*." So I said in our Motu language, "*Oi hutolo*," and he answered me "Yes." I asked him if he meant he was hungry when he said "belly gone to another side." He said it meant "I am very hungry." But I told him it did not mean he was hungry if he said "belly gone to another side."

But, dear reader, that time we were very sorry for that boy because he was hungry, and we also laughed about his "belly gone to another side." So we went to the house, and I gave him some food for the day, and we stayed there an hour. We did not go back to the hospital until 5 o'clock.

The Boy Wants to be a Policeman

We went to Ieke Koae's house. He is a N.M.A. and when I arrived there I found the

boy standing inside the kitchen. So I went near him and the boy heard my footsteps. He stood quietly and saluted me, then saluted again. Then I said, "What do you want, Ravi?" And he answered me and said, "I go barrack."

I said to him, "Oh! you go barrack. Why you go barrack?"

Then he said, "I go cloth."

So I said, "What kind cloth?" and he



Mother and Child, Orpoko District

answered "prisoner cloth." So I told him to go to Koki (*dibura* or gaol place.)

But he answered me in English, "I go barrack." So I said, "What are you going to do at barrack?" And he answered me, "Oh! I am going Government Police." Then I said to him "Well, get out of here. I am not a Magistrate."

Then the boy laughed and said in Motu, "Oh! *oi badu* (you are angry)?" Then I said, "No, my friend. You just make me laugh and you make me like a Magistrate. You salute me and I am not a Magistrate."

[By N.M.A. Ova Boge. C/o. A.R.M., Abau, E.D.]

A Merry Christmas

Dear fellow readers :

I will tell you about Christmas on the Purari River, Delta Division. On Saturday morning our master gave us a few jobs to do. After midday we went and rested in our houses. About 4 p.m. we were called to stand in a line in front of the store, and the manager and the storekeeper gave Christmas presents to all of us. Each man was given one rami, one tin of fish, four sticks of tobacco and one bottle of ginger beer. Good presents which made us all very glad.

On Sunday (Christmas Day) we Gulf men had Divine Service. We then prepared our very fine feathers and all the other things for a dance. We went to the bank of the river and had two dances there. One dance was a Western one, the other was a Gulf dance. Our dance was nice and pretty, because some of the men wore women's skirts and some men's clothes. We danced until sunset. About 4 p.m. our masters came and looked at us and took pictures of the dances. In the evening, after we had finished dancing we went back to our houses, took supper and went to bed. That is all I can write about our short and very happy Christmas.

[By Forova Karashure, of Iokea, L.M.S., Moru.]



Moviave Flower Garden

When Pastor Falemaa came to Moviave he did not like the ground near the houses because weeds were growing everywhere. So all the boys and girls took their knives to clean the garden round the house; it was hard work because the weeds were very strong. But now the ground is clean and Moviave Mission boarders have planted a lot of flowers and pretty leaves.

This is a good time for planting because rain is falling every night and it will help the new plants to grow. We hope that in a few months time the Moviave garden will be pretty, and we must not forget to kill the weeds. Then our plants will grow well.

[By Ivarava Mariosu, L.M.S. Moviave, G.D.]



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Two Dancing Men

Another Competition

◆ ◆
WHY IS FOOTBALL A GOOD GAME ?

◆ ◆
WRITE AND TELL US WHY YOU
LIKE TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

Letters must be sent to Mr. L. P. B. Armit,
Port Moresby, and must reach him by
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Prize of 5s. for the best letter

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