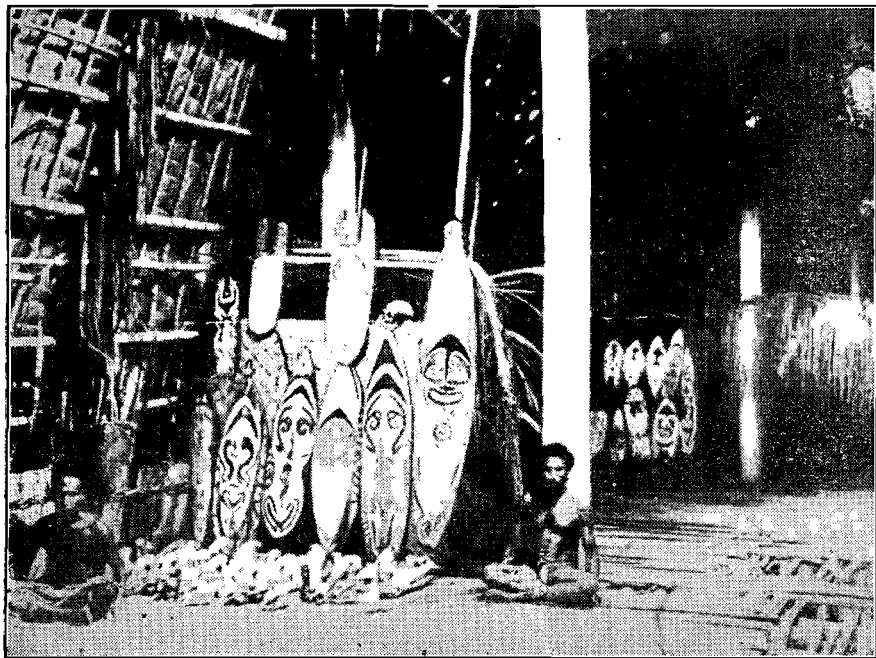


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Inside a "Ravi" or Men's House, Purari Delta

THE WAR

The war is still going on. We must expect it to go on for a long time yet before we win. For wars between European nations are not over in a day or two. They often keep going for years. The Great War took four years. This one may take still longer. First one side, then the other will have successes. But we are the stronger side; and in the end we shall be the winners.

Poland

We told you in the last *Villager* that we went to war because of Poland. It had been attacked by Germany, and we went to its help.

Poland is on the east side of Europe, far away from the British and the French. When Germany attacked her she put up a good fight, and no doubt she would have been fighting still. But then a very unexpected thing happened. The Russians came in and attacked Poland from behind. So that brave country was squashed between two great armies—the German and the Russian—and she was beaten.

But that makes no difference to the British and French. We have started to fight, and so we go on fighting by land, air and sea. The Germans began it; but we shall finish it.

The War by Land

France and Germany lie side by side, and the enormous armies face one another across the border. On one side are the Germans; on the other are the French, with the British helping them. Thousands and thousands of British soldiers have crossed the Channel from England to France and they are already fighting against the Germans.

Between the two armies lie two lines of "fortifications." The French have the Maginot Line, and the Germans have the Siegfried Line. They run side by side, and the strip of land between them is called "No Man's Land."

Each line has great guns and machine guns; it has concrete trenches for the soldiers to walk about in, so that they cannot be seen above the ground-level; and underneath the earth on either side are great "dug-outs," like underground caves, where the soldiers live, eating and sleeping, when they are not on duty. If either army attacked, the men would come swarming up like ants to beat them back.

Both these lines are very strong, and it seems that neither side could break through. The Germans, it is said, may attack the small countries of Holland and Belgium which lie on the west. But if they do, these countries will fight hard, and the British and French will go to their help. They have men and guns ready there also to beat the Germans.

War in the Air

Each nation has many flying machines. They number thousands on each side. There are "fighters," with machine guns, and even small cannon; and there are "bombers," bigger machines which carry bombs to drop on the enemy underneath.

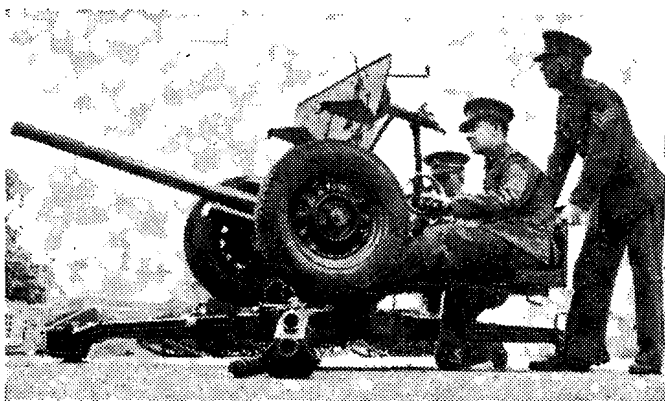
When the war began, British planes flew over Germany dropping millions of papers with messages to the German people. These messages said that the British did not want to begin fighting; it was very foolish of the Germans to begin the war, for it was far better to be friends and to settle the quarrels in a friendly way. But the Germans took no notice of

these messages. Later on they will no doubt be sorry that they did not.

When planes from one side come near, planes from the other side go up to fight them or to drive them away. There are battles in the sky. Machine-gun bullets kill the pilots or smash the engines, and then the planes go falling to the ground and are broken to pieces; or sometimes the bullets set them on fire, and then you see the plane flying for its life with a long tail of smoke and fire behind it; it is a terrible sight.

These ships go about on the seas, and if they meet enemy ships they fight them. They fire great shells at one another, and when a shell hits its mark it bursts and makes a big hole. So the fight goes on till one ship sends a message to say it has had enough, or till it sinks to the bottom.

But the warships have another work as well. They look for the trading ships of the enemy. If a British ship finds a German trading ship on



A Small Gun in Action

But our pilots are just as good as the Germans—probably better; and we can make more and better planes than they can; so we should win the war in the air.

War on the Sea

Then there is war on the sea. There are great battleships, and cruisers, and destroyers, and submarines. They are made of iron and called "Iron-clads." Each nation has a lot of them, and together they are called its fleet.

the seas, it will capture it. Perhaps the ship was carrying food to Germany. Then the Germans will have so much less food to eat. This is the great work of the British Navy. It has the greatest fleet in all the world, and in the end it will capture all the German trading ships; and then the Germans will get very hungry. When they are hungry enough they will stop fighting.

Submarines

There is also war under the sea.

The Germans have many submarines. These go sneaking about under the surface of the water looking for British trading ships. If they find one they fire a "torpedo" at it. A torpedo is like a very big bomb with a propeller. It goes under water like a fish in a straight line, and if it hits the boat it bursts and makes a big hole in it and it sinks.

But the British Navy knows how to catch the German submarines, and it is killing them off one by one.

So the war goes on, by land, by air, on the sea, and under the sea. It will go on for a long time yet, but as we have the better team we will win the match.

Preparing in Port Moresby

The war is in Europe, and Papua is on the other side of the world from Europe. So that it is not at all likely that the enemy should ever come here. But still, Papua belongs to the British Empire, so if the enemy ever got a chance they would come to attack this country.

It does not seem that they will get a chance. They have too much to do elsewhere. So we expect to be left in peace. But all the same we are getting ready for war.

Secrecy in War Time

Port Moresby is an important harbour, and Australia has therefore done certain things to make it safe against the enemy. We do not tell you exactly what these things are, because we must keep them secret from the enemy.

Papers are not allowed to print such things in war time. For the enemy might get hold of the paper

and read it, and then they would know what our soldiers and sailors were doing. Even our little *Papuan Villager* goes to far parts of the world. A German might get hold of it and show it to Hitler. If that ever happened we hope he would spend some time reading the Native Contributions. They would do him good. But he would probably be more interested in hearing about the soldiers, and that is why we do not say much about them.

Fighting Men in Port Moresby

But we have officers and men of the Navy here (the warship men); and we have officers and men of the Artillery (the big-gun soldiers); and we have officers and men of the Air Force (the aeroplane soldiers).

And many of the Europeans of Port Moresby have joined up and become soldiers themselves: some are artillery-men, and some are members of the European Company of the Royal Papuan Constabulary.

And there are always our own native A.Cs. of the Royal Papuan Constabulary. There are many of them about the town now. They stand guard with their rifles and bayonets. There are some places where ordinary people are not allowed to go in war time. The A.Cs. are sentries, keeping guard over these places.

The Camp

If Port Moresby were ever attacked the women and children might have to leave it. So a safe place has been made ready for them, with houses where they can live till the danger is past and they can go back home.

This place is somewhere up in the hills.

Be Prepared

None of these things need make you think that the war is coming here. But it is wise to be prepared.

In many parts of Papua the native people build high fences, or "palisades" round their villages. These are to protect them from the enemy who might come some day. They do not wait till the enemy are firing arrows at them before beginning to build the palisade. They make it ready beforehand.

This is what Port Moresby is doing. The Artillery and the Navy and the Air Force and the R.P.C. are just a sort of palisade.



A Path Through the Coconuts,
Trobriand Islands

Mr. Aumuller an M.L.C.

Natives of the Samarai end of the Territory will be pleased to hear that Mr. Aumuller has been made a Member of the Legislative Council.

Mr. Aumuller is manager of B.P.'s in Samarai, but is at present looking after B.P.'s in Port Moresby.

The "Papuan Chief"

The *Papuan Chief* is once more afloat, at anchor in Port Moresby Harbour. But she has been badly damaged, and the Steamships Company has not yet decided what to do with her. We do not know whether she will be mended and put on her old run again.

The cause of the accident was that the "charts," or maps, of the coast near where she hit the reef were not just right. This means that her Master, Captain Andersen, was in no way to blame.

In a canoe you can go just about anywhere. But captains of big boats have to have good charts, to know where the reefs lie. If the charts are not right, then sooner or later she must hit the reef.



Bats and Mosquitoes

We have seen a new idea in *The Pacific Islands Monthly*. A doctor living in Texas, America, has found that bats are bad for mosquitoes.

(He was not thinking of cricket bats; though these also are bad for mosquitoes if you use them in the right way. Next time you see a mosquito settle on your uncle's cheek, give it a smack with a cricket bat, and you will probably kill it; but you will have to be careful you don't kill your uncle at the same time.)

The doctor was thinking of those little winged animals that fly about by night. And it seems that he was right.

The people of the town where he lived would not believe at first; but the doctor built bat-houses near one

of the worst mosquito swamps, and the bats went and lived there, and they did destroy the mosquitoes.

After that the people believed him. They built homes for the bats all over the place; and now, if anyone kills a bat, he has to pay a fine.

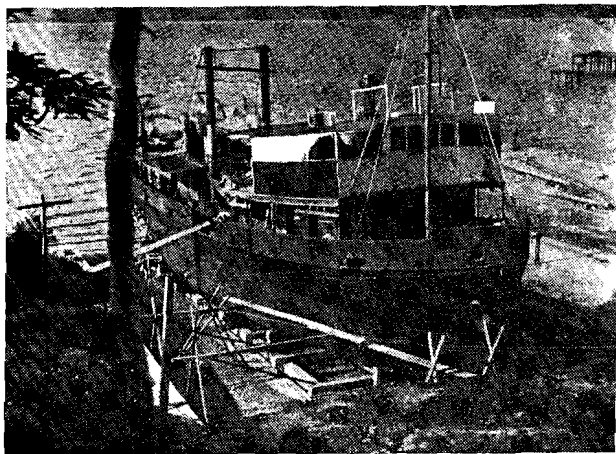
Now, it is said, this town in Texas has no malaria, because no mosquitoes.

fortable to work in. The architect was Mr. Shelton-O'Reilly of the Lands Department.



A Wreck at Sudest

A yacht called *Land's End* was wrecked near Sudest on 11th June. It had come all the way from South



The "Papuan Chief" on the Slip

New Office for the Lands Department

The Lands Department has a fine new office. It is the headquarters of Mr. Oldham (the Commissioner for Lands) and the staff. They have to look after the land, especially after the land which has been bought from the Papuan natives. They arrange for making maps of the country; for surveying, or measuring the land; for renting it to white people; for gold-mining and oil-search; and for many other things.

The new building is very nice to look at (with a green roof) and com-

Africa and besides the crew it had a white woman and her little daughter aboard.

The ship ran on a reef during the night and had a hole knocked in her side. The white crew made a raft of the main and mizzen booms and two oil drums, and covered it with light mattresses filled with kapok (kapok is the light white stuff, like cotton, that grows on some Papuan trees).

The passengers and crew got on the raft, and some in the little 8 ft. dinghy, and off they went, the dinghy towing the raft. In the morning they sighted land and found themselves at East Point, Sudest.

They stayed a week in a rest house and the native women looked after them.

Kind Treatment by Natives

The white woman says the village was "as clean as it could possibly be" and the natives were "the soul of kindness." She and her daughter had no proper clothes so the native women made them grass skirts.

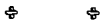
The white boys rowed 30 miles to get help, and by and by the *Guiana* came to East Point and took them away.



Aeroplane Accident in New Guinea

Last month a plane was lost between Salamaua and Wau. The pilot lost his way in the dark rain clouds. He had to "fly blind," which means that he could not see where he was going. At last he crashed into the side of a mountain.

When the plane hit the trees it caught fire. The pilot (who was named Bond) was thrown out of the plane. But he could not get away quickly, because he was hurt, and the flames of the burning petrol scorched him. He lay nearby for three days before he was found and saved.



Native Contributions

The Port Moresby Ball

My Dear Readers,

Here I am again in *The Papuan Villager*.

I hope you all had happy Easter Holidays at each of your places, going for picnics, swimming and playing on the beaches under the shade of your coconut-palm leaves. I wished to join you all at that sport but we had something else that amused us. It was

an Easter Ball given by the young half-caste girls of Hanuabada, and I am certain sure that it was a first class evening ball and the first ball ever given in Port Moresby among the natives of Papua, the Papuan half-castes.

A good number, a crowd, came out, and before they could walk in they had to buy their tickets just at the front door that was attended by Francis Gow. The cost of the tickets to the ladies is 2s. and gentlemen 2s. 6d. Friends who went to the ball would tell you that they enjoyed themselves while they were in there. And even the writer himself has enjoyed the fun.

The Fathers and Sisters of the Catholic Mission allowed the girls to use the school-house for their ball and it was kind of them to do so. For this we should be thankful to them.

By the way I'm so overjoyed that I can hardly tell you the whole story. But I will just tell you a little for a start, and if you meet a fellow who came in and saw the party he may kindly explain the rest to you.

It was hard work for our poor busy girls. They first started their work by collecting a few shillings from the ones who were willing to help. The Secretary, Emily Boga, asked us to stay and attend their party. We boys had made up our minds to make up a cricket match and go to Yule Island. But because she begged us to, we stayed. And I suppose I can say we are lucky to have seen all the jokes and enjoyment.

The weeks and the days were coming near to Good Friday and as usual all the stores have to be closed till Tuesday. So our girls have again to be very busy walking in and out to do their shopping, buying their dresses and some other things they could think of for their party.

They came home tired, but they have tried their best. They have forced their minds to do a decent party; to be successful and to show us what they could do. How would people feel in their hearts when they came to this party and saw all the good tasteful food that they have cooked for them; the delicious cakes set out for them and to see the well-decorated house that they showed us that night?

A wonderful work they did. Very wonderful work they showed and it was praised by all that were present. These girls meant to do a very decent job with their long walking

in and out to town shopping, busy cooking, etc. Still they have earned praise, not only for the sum of money they made for the Mission, but also we are proud of the result of their work; proud of them in our hearts. They were so busy that they could hardly do their jobs at the school-house, so Francis and I went to help them and to cut the grass around the school-house for them. Very good work was done by Mr. Ritchie, Francis and others and it was very neat work.

The floor had been polished so that you could slip right out through the door and the decorations were well done by the Secretary and members. Looking frontwards they put a box with words written "Papua's Social Evening" which you could see when coming up the steps. It looks as if it is made of glass, but it isn't! It was a cardboard cut-out, and then they put the decorated papers at the back of it in colours so people would think it was written in glass. It looked different with the light at the back of it—you could even think it was written down South.

Everything looked so lovely with the decorations that it could make your body and heart feel happy and lively. It was the first glorious night the Papuan half-castes had. They enjoyed themselves in both feeding and dancing. The dance went well right through to the end; Fox-trot, the Waltz, Charleston, Hula-hula, Schottische, and the Lambeth Walk. The girls, the owners of the ball, had their own dance and it looked very nice to see them dressed with coloured papers dancing. Anyway it was a very successful evening ball which everyone of us enjoyed.

Francis and I were the leaders of the Lambeth Walk, followed by Emily Boga and Rosie Silva and others, all in partners and in a long line. After the dance a European came and asked me if he had seen Francis and me in an American show, but I don't think so. I think he has seen us in Port Moresby home town. Do you think so?

The girls made very delicious cakes which I think would be worth 10s. or 14s. in the markets. They were shared by all who were in the ballroom and the rest of the cakes that were left over were put aside to be auctioned. By the way I am not going to tell you much about the cakes. I will leave that to the ones who are fond of cakes.

The girls looked so lovely in their evening frocks which have been sewn by the good

dressmaker, Emily Boga. They looked so nice and bright. It was a pink colour that was used. I am sorry to say they cared for none of the whispers in their ears while at the dance. They had not a care for the poor friends who went home disappointed. The dance lasted till 12 p.m. The crowd sang "God Save Our Gracious King," and after that we all departed.

That was the last evening ball given by the Hanuabada half-caste girls. We may not see it for a long time while we are still alive. But we must keep the memory of the heavenly night we spent in there with happy hearts.

I, the writer, myself will still remember the heavenly night I have spent with them. I may leave the country and the pals that I know, but I will never forget them all and the night of our Glorious Ball and the happy young days of life.

It was all very wonderful, the work that the girls did and showed us what they could do. We enjoyed it and are thankful. I wish to introduce them by name to you. Their names are, Secretary, Emily Boga; Treasurer, Lizzie Evans; Members, Josephine Gow, Alice Boga, Laura Priest, Rosie Silva, Mary Boga, Mary Evans and Eileen Boga.

I'm also think of Mr. Ritchie and his kind help and Father Lyons who has done his best to help, as well as others. Father Lyons brought out his loud-speaker and I suppose that made the party lively in dancing. Also to thank Mr. Gibson the photographer for his kindness. He came out and snapped the group and the decoration of the school-house.

Bamahutu to all readers of *The Papuan Villager*. Wishing you all the best of luck throughout the year.

[By J. Patteson Farr, clerk, Headquarters, Konedobu. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

A BRAVE DEED

What is the bravest deed you have ever heard of — some brave thing done by a Papuan man or woman? Five Shillings for the best article.

Articles must reach Editor by 15th Dec.

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