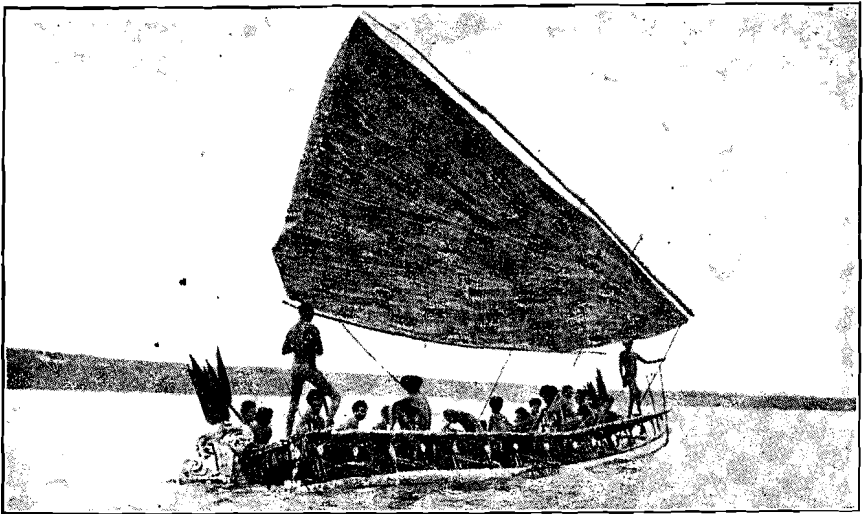


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 11, No. 11  
November, 1939

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

Price: Two Pence  
1s. per annum in Papua  
2s. per annum, post free  
elsewhere



A South-Eastern Division Canoe Under Sail

## The Cathedral at Dogura

Papuans have been builders for a long time, and their neatly built houses are proof that they are clever builders; and the huge men's houses of the west show that the Papuan mind is capable of visions, that it

reaches out to do things that seem just beyond reach; and the carvings and decorations show that the Papuan has an eye for what is beautiful.

Now the Eastern Papuans have made something wonderful and beautiful to think about. It is the

new Cathedral just opened by Dr. Wand, the Archbishop of Brisbane.

### Five Years to Build

Five years ago the work began, and for five years it has continued. Hundreds of tons of stone and sand and cement were used, and hundreds of Papuans worked day after day; and day by day the building grew. Every day was commenced by the workers meeting and praying for God's blessing on the day's work. In all the five years not one boy was hurt, not one accident happened.

### Opening the Cathedral

On 29th October this beautiful building was opened; it was "consecrated," which means it was set apart for the worship of God. Many Papuans from the Mamba to Taupota had come together for the Service. It was held on the ground where they used to come together to fight their battles and kill one another. Fifty years ago there was darkness and fear. Now they can meet without fear of one another, in the light of God's love, and worship him together.

### The Consecration

Hundreds and hundreds of Papuan men, women and children went into this new cathedral, for the first time, on the day of consecration and lifted up their voices in prayer and praise, while the Bishop and his clergy walked round on the outside till they came to the door. Here the Bishop knocked three times on the closed door, and after the third knock the doors were opened wide and all went into God's House.

Then the Archbishop carried on the service of consecration. He declared that the building was set apart as a House of God; and he said it would

bear the names of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

After him, four Papuan priests spoke one after another in the languages of Wedau, Mukawa, Ubir and Binandele, so that everyone present should know that the cathedral was opened as a House of God.

At intervals during the service there would be a complete silence for a moment or two, and a little bird—a Willy-Wagtail—who had built his nest high up in the roof, whistled out his shrill call of "sweet pretty creature," thus adding a little touch of nature to the solemn proceedings.

### Cathedral Stones

Set in the walls of this new cathedral there are stones from the old cathedrals of England; so in this new land the Church of England sets her mark and carries on her work of bringing the light of God into one of the far corners of the earth.

And the old stone called *Tourimariba* is set in the cathedral wall, where it is now at rest—a curious piece of ribbon-stone, with its red and white bands. It was once used by the natives in ceremonies of darkness; but now it is in the cathedral wall, and it is there as a sign that the people have given up their dark ways and their fears.

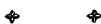
### The King's Representative

The Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, was at the service as a representative of King George the Sixth. The Archbishop asked the Governor to send a message to the King from the people of Papua.

This opening of the cathedral is an important mile-stone in the history of Papua. There are not many cathedrals in the Southern Hemisphere.

This is the newest of them. It is the work of Papuans. It is something to be proud of; and it marks a wonderful change in the lives of the people.

—H.M.



## The War

We cannot tell you very much about the war, because we do not get much news. Fighting is still going on, but just at present no big things are happening.

The enemy still try to sink our ships, and we still try to stop them. The British and French have trading ships going everywhere, while the enemy are afraid to put out with their trading ships. We would catch them straight away if they did. So we have the best of it. But still some of our ships go to the bottom.

## Mines

You have heard about gold mines and copper mines and so on. They are holes in the ground from which

men dig up gold and copper and other metals.

But there is quite another sort of mine used in war. It is like a great big bomb that floats in the water. It may be anchored. When a ship comes along it may not see the mine. If it runs into it the mine goes off, or explodes. There is a big splash and a bang, and the ship finds that it has a hole in its side.

The enemy get some of our ships in this way, and we get some of theirs. They put out as many mines as they can, and our men have to look for them and pick them up, so that our trading ships may have a safe road to travel.

War, as you see, is a bad business. They do not let you go sailing along in peace. You suddenly run into a mine and get blown sky-high.

But you need not worry about the enemy at sea. We are the ones with the big strong fleet, and we have the enemy just where we want them.



A View of the Hospital, Gemo

## L.M.S. Committee

The L.M.S. Mission have been having their yearly meeting, or Committee, at Metoreaia, Port Moresby. All the missionaries come in from the outside stations to talk about the past year's work and to make up their minds what to do next year.

The President is Mr. Rankin. He has had to visit all the stations during the year. It must be pretty hard work for that missionary, and we expect that each President is glad that someone else has to do it next year.

### The Deputation

This is a specially important Committee because it has a "deputation" of two men, one from England and one from Australia.

The man from Australia is Mr. Hurst, whom all L.M.S. people will know. He was here some time ago, travelling round, and he wrote a book about this country called *Papuan Journey*.

The man from England is Mr. Goodall. He has been travelling round the Pacific seeing the L.M.S. Stations there—for the L.M.S. have Missions all over the world, not only in Papua. He still has a lot of places to see before he goes back to England.

### The Lawes Monument

On 21st November every year there is a Service at the Lawes Monument. This monument marks the place where Dr. Lawes, the first white missionary of the L.M.S., held the first Christian Service in this country.

That was 65 years ago. The L.M.S. has done a lot of work since then.



Lawes Monument, Hanuabada  
On this spot Dr. Lawes held his first Service in 1874

## West Indies Cricketers

This year another team of cricketers from the West Indies has been playing in England. They are nearly all dark-skinned men, some much darker than any Papuans.

They are very good cricketers, and played test matches against England, just as the Australians do.

They did not win the "rubber" against England. But they made the good English teams play very hard.

They have a great batsman called George Headley, who scored a century in each test innings. (Sutcliffe and Hammond of England have done this, and Bardsley of Australia—very few!) He has been called the "Coloured Bradman," which is high praise.

## Marsupials

Before the white men came all the land animals of Papua (except pigs, dogs and rats) were marsupials.

Marsupials are those animals that carry their young in pouches. A wallaby is a marsupial. You have all seen a baby wallaby jump into its mother's pouch and poke its head out while its mother hops about.

But you have never seen a cow carrying its baby in a pouch (and for that matter you have never seen one hop). A cow is not a marsupial.

### Meat-eating Marsupials

There are many different kinds of marsupials in this country. Some live on the ground; some in the tree-tops; some in holes in the rocks. Most of them are small and harmless; and most of them live on grass or leaves. But some are quite fierce and live on flesh of other animals.

Marsupials belong to Australia and Tasmania as well as to Papua. The fiercest of them live in Tasmania away to the south.

One is called the "Tasmanian Devil" because he is so nasty-tempered. He is about the size of a cat, very savage, and lives by killing other animals. He kills small wallabies, rats, and ground birds, and is very fond of chickens.

Another is the Marsupial Wolf (also of Tasmania). He is much bigger, like a strong dog. He can put up a good fight against a dog and sometimes win. Like the Tasmanian Devil he lives on other animals.

If you know of any fierce, meat-eating marsupials in this country, write and tell *The Papuan Villager* about them.

## A Fire in Port Moresby

On 10th November there was a big fire in Port Moresby, the biggest we have ever had. B.P.'s copra store caught light and burned right up. There were a great many tons of copra in it, all bagged and ready to send away on the next boat. There is none of it left now. And the store itself, which was built of iron, has been destroyed. The sheets of iron have been bent and twisted by the heat. They are no good for anything now, not even a fowl-house.

### The Cause

The fire began at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At first many people were guessing what the cause could be. They said some of the boys must have been smoking. Smoking near copra is a very bad thing, as you know; for copra is full of oil and burns very easily. If some red ash fell from your cigarette it might easily cause a big fire.

But the cause was not smoking this time. A white man was at work with an "oxy-acetylene torch." This is a torch with a very fierce, hot flame. If you hold it against steel it cuts right through it; and that is the work that this man was doing, cutting through a piece of steel, a part of the store building. Other men stood round him, holding up wet bags to stop the sparks from flying. But the sparks flew all the same, and one of them landed on a dry copra bag. While the men were busy at their work the fire got going. Soon it was a big one and spread all over the copra in the shed.

### Saving the Other Buildings

Everyone knew that B.P.'s store could not be saved. The danger was that the fire would spread to the

buildings on right and left, to B.N.G. store (also full of copra) on the right, and to Steamships Motor Shop on the left. The wind was from the right side, blowing the flames away from B.N.G. towards Steamships. So the great danger was there.

Many men worked very hard against the fire. There were white men of Port Moresby, and soldiers and sailors; and many of the Royal Papuan Constabulary, and many natives of all sorts.

In most towns there is a water-supply and a fire-brigade. When a building catches fire the fire-brigade comes out quick time, and they bring pumps and big hoses. The taps are turned on, and they pour streams of water onto the fire until it goes out.

In Port Moresby there is only a very small water supply, and there is no fire-brigade at all. But many came forward to help. A pump was got going down by the water-front, and it pumped sea water up to be poured on the fire. And there were long hoses bringing water from the town supply.

### The Bucket Brigade

If we have not got a proper fire-brigade, there was soon a ready-made "bucket-brigade." A long line of men formed up from the sea-front to the Steamships Motor Shop, and they had scores of buckets. The buckets were filled with water and passed on from hand to hand for hours on end. Inside the motor shop men climbed up and threw the water over the wall into the fire.

It was terribly hot work. The iron walls of the shop were so near the flames that they sometimes glowed red. But still the bucket brigade kept going.

Other men were at work carrying all the valuable things out of the shop on to the road. Everyone thought the place must catch fire and be burnt out.

### The Men on the Roof

And there were a number of very brave natives at work on the roof of Steamships Motor Shop. The great flames were licking right across; clouds of black smoke were pouring over; and big sparks were flying. But these men kept running back and forth along the roof. They pulled up buckets of water with ropes, then ran along the roof and tossed the water on it. It was so hot that the water just went up in steam, but they were helping to save the building. When the buckets were empty they would send them flying down to the ground to be filled and pulled up again. They must have got some bad burns on their naked bodies, but they were singing and shouting as if they enjoyed it. We are sure those men would make good soldiers.

### The End of the Fire

So the fight against the fire went on. If there had been a big wind the fire would have won. But there was luckily only a little breeze. The men with the buckets and the hoses won, though some of them had to keep working all night.

The fire did about £4,000 worth of damage. But it might have been much worse.



### Pedestrians

Pedestrians are people who walk. In the old days pedestrians could walk wherever they pleased. But now they have to be careful because there are so many motor cars.

Roads are made for cars and trucks and lorries—for things on wheels. If there were no cars, etc., there would be no need for roads. So the roads belong to the cars.

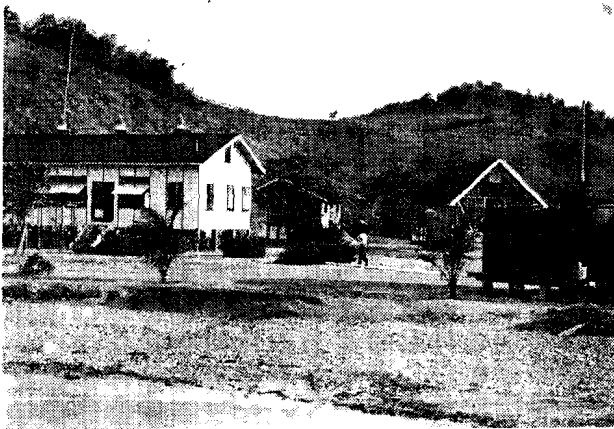
But the path along the side of the road belongs to the pedestrians. Cars must not drive on the footpath; that is not their place. And pedestrians must not walk in the middle of the road; that is not their place.

Keep your eyes and your ears open, and when you hear or see a car coming get out of the way.

called the Yokohama Cock and it has a tail seven feet long.

It is a Japanese bird and there are very few such birds outside Japan. His mate is not at all a remarkable bird but very ordinary and homely-looking.

But the cock's wonderful tail is not always to be seen. It is so long that it is a nuisance to him, and he cannot move about easily. So in Japan they wrap it up and put rubber bands round it and then he can move freely about playing and eating just as he pleases.



Gemo. The New Church, Unfinished, Seen on the Right

But, better still, keep in your proper place even if there is no car coming. Then you will never get knocked over. If you want to keep a whole skin, walk on the side of the road.



### A Seven-Foot Tail

In the Sydney Zoo is a very strange bird. Visitors can hardly believe their eyes when they see it. It is

## Native Contributions

### Help at Gemo Island

On Monday morning, 12th June, Mr. and Mrs. Lade collected scouts and guides and station girls and boys in Poreporena Village. Then they came over to Gemo Island. There were 90 of them.

When they all arrived with songs and happiness, then Sister Fairhall gave a hot drink to everybody, and they rested a few minutes.

After that their masters blew the whistle and the boys and girls all stood up in rows. Then the master divided them into five squads.

#### Five Classes at Work

The first class got small stones from across the water. The second class measured sand for cement. The third class dug a big hole ready for the burnt coral—for we wanted a lime floor in our new church building. The fourth class dug foundations for the cement. And the fifth went to find wood.

So everybody was working very hard till 1 o'clock. Then they all finished. The bell rang for their resting, and while the boys and girls rested Sister gave them food for their dinner—ten loaves of bread and half a bag of rice, two small kids, and some hard biscuits (one for each boy and girl) and a few tins of meat. They were very glad and they all said thank you.

#### The Afternoon Work

At half-past two they got our big double canoe and they went off again diving for more coral. All were very glad because some European people were leading these scout boys and girls—Mr. Stewart from Napa Napa and two ladies from the Mission Station.

Well, dear readers, I just think that is all. But we would like to say a very big thank you to all the boys and girls and Europeans who came to help and to work hard on their holiday.

[By Vagi Egi, carpenter at Gemo Island.]

#### The Dedication of the New Church at Gemo

We held a service in our new church on Saturday afternoon, 25th November, at 2 o'clock.

Sister Fairhall told us to get ready for the Committee people who were coming over to the island. She said to us, "When those two launches arrive here we will give a cheer for them."

At half-past three two launches, the *Oliver Tompkins* and the *Tamate*, arrived at Gemo from Fairfax Harbour, and the patients gave their cheer and sang a Samoan song, and also the Samoan lady danced.

Then the white people were all very pleased and also happy. They rested a few minutes, and after that Sister rang a bell for service in

the church. Then everybody went into the church.

The church has walls of plaited sago bark, a roof of iron, and a floor of coral lime. There are pictures on the walls and a little table with books and flowers in the corner for the children.

Mr. Goodall from London and Mrs. Rankin took the service. They read Solomon's Prayer (1st Kings, viii, 27-30), and the Gemo people sang a hymn.

Afterwards the lepers had their service. And then everyone had food and some of the white people went home. But some stayed, and Mr. Searle showed moving pictures to the Gemo people in the church.

We were all very happy that day.

[By Vagi Egi, carpenter at Gemo Island. For these two articles Vagi gets 5s.]



#### Dreams

In this article I am going to tell you about dreaming.

Sometimes in our village people die and their friends do not hear about this. These friends are at Port Moresby working, or in other places, and they do not hear what has happened in their villages. They cannot read any news about their brother at home. Now I am going to tell you about this.

One of our good players died in the month of February. His young brother lived at Port Moresby with us. This is how the young brother dreamt.

On Friday morning we were going to do a few jobs. In the evening we went back and took supper and went to bed. About midnight the young brother began to dream. He stood up and cried and cried for many hours. When I said, "What are you crying for?" he answered me, "I think my villagers have been in trouble. I have had a bad dream." Next week we got news when the *Papuan Chief* came in that his brother had died in his village. All his friends signed off and went home.

That is all I can tell you about dreams.

[By Forova Karahure, L.M.S., Iokea. By writing this article Forova Karahure gave us the idea for a Dream Competition.—Ed.]