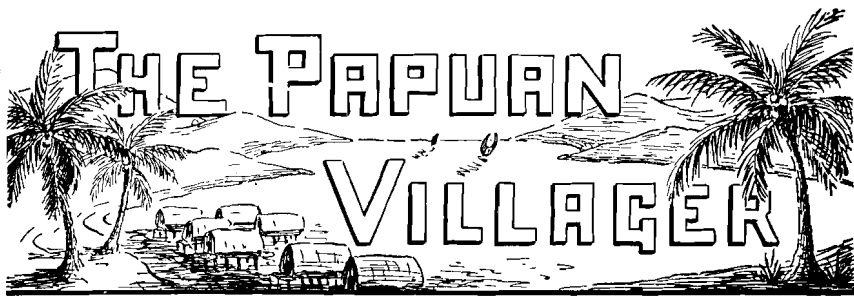


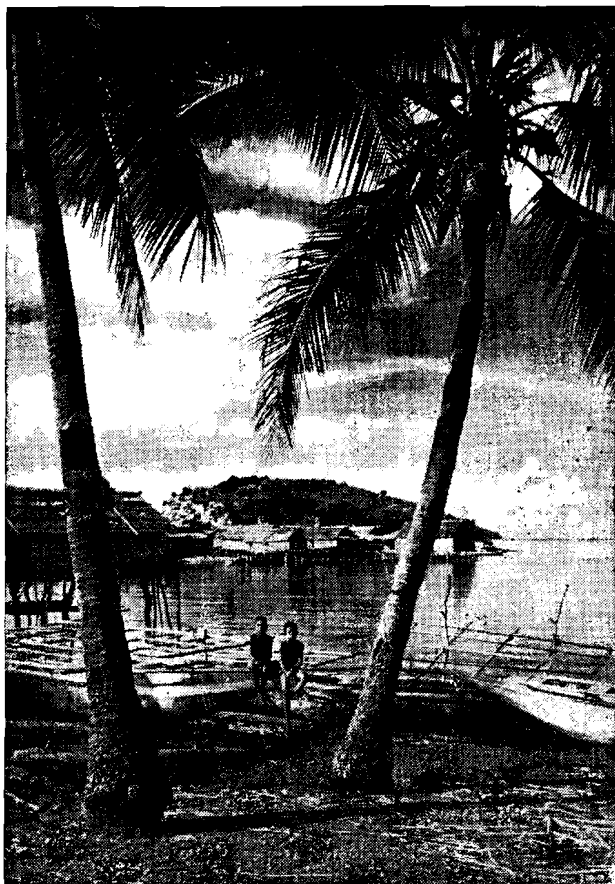
# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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## Writing Letters

Many people write letters only because they are told to do so to give news to one who is far away. But they do not know how to begin nor how to end. They begin as their hand leads them; they close their letters according to the desires of their pen. They do not think that people are known by their writing, that the habits of a person may be seen in his manner of writing. Writing shows whether a person is polite or not.

Writing should be beautiful. You should not write like a hen scratching in a rubbish pile. Remember that the one who receives the letter wishes to know quickly what is in it. But if he spends a lot of time finding out what you have written, the joy he might have had in reading your letter will pass. If the writing is especially bad he may even tear up the letter. If you did not learn to write well when you were a child, write carefully now.

Your words should be chosen. Some people write as if they were speaking with the one to whom they are writing. I say to you do not do so. Some words may cause you to laugh when you are talking together but these same words if written may cause anger. Thus write only those things that you know will not cause anger or grief.

Begin your letter with the message you have for your friend. The beginning of anything is hard, and many are troubled when they begin to write. They begin with the opposite of what they are intending to write. If the letter is to tell some sorrowful news, they begin, "I am happy to inform you that your father died." Or if they wish to make a request, they begin,

"I have not much about which to write you," and then they fill pages and pages. Begin your letter with the thing you wish to tell a person.

Tell what is in your heart. Tell it in an orderly manner. Do not repeat what you have already written. French people have a proverb: "Turn your tongue around seven times before you speak." Before you begin to write think. Do not put your hand to your paper before you have thought over the things you have in your heart about which you wish to write.

End with greetings. This is enough. Then write your name. Write it clearly.

[By Augustin Mutymbbo in *Listen*.]



## Bush Fires in Australia

Last month there were many bush fires in Australia. The worst fires were in Victoria, where the great forests were burning for several weeks. A great number of houses, farms, horses, cattle and sheep were destroyed, and many sawmills and a great lot of timber were burnt. Sixty-nine people lost their lives; and a great many others just managed to escape the flames by sheltering in big holes that they dug in the hillsides. Some small towns were destroyed; and a lot more damage would have been done if the people had not worked night and day to put out the fires.

The fires near Sydney burnt many houses and large parts of the forests. Many bridges, miles of fences, and a lot of gardens were destroyed. While the fires were burning, the heat was so great that many people died. There are many fowl farms near Sydney, and it is said that the great heat killed about 300,000 fowls.

We are very lucky in Papua, for it is not often that our forests are on fire. When they do burn, little damage is done to the villages or the gardens.

### 100 Birthdays

*The Pacific Islands Monthly* mentions the 100th birthday of a Tongan. This very old man is named Pauli Taumoepeau, and he lives in Nukualofa, the capital of Tonga. He was for many years a Government school-teacher and a preacher of the Church of Tonga. He is still able to read the Bible. His many relations and friends gave him a birthday party, and a thousand people came to wish their very old friend many more happy birthdays.

### Big Flying-Boats

Three very large flying-boats will soon be carrying passengers and letters from Sydney to Auckland, New Zealand. It is 1,360 miles from Sydney to Auckland, most of the way being over the Tasman Sea. Each of the new flying-boats will have four engines, and will weigh 24 tons when it is fully loaded. The journey from Sydney to Auckland will take about nine hours.

### The Story of the Hoe

#### A Congo Fable

A Congo woman had a little girl whom she loved and for whom she worked, but one day she was taken very ill and then she began to wonder who would take care of her child when she died. This worried her a great deal, for she had no friends with whom she could leave her. She thought, and thought, and at last came to the

conclusion that the girl's great helper would be her hoe, so she decided that she would tell the child that she must make her hoe take the place of her mother.



Koiari Dancer

A. & K. GIBSON. PHOTO

One day she called her daughter to her and told her to bring her hoe. Then she said to her: "I am very ill, and before long I shall die, and you will be left alone. I want you to take your hoe and let it work for you as I, your mother, have done and it will be your greatest friend, and the Great Creator will help you, and you will never want."

The child took the hoe, but did not understand what the mother meant.

Not long after, the mother died and the child was left. At first, she did not know what to do, but after a time she remembered what her mother had said about her hoe, so she fetched it and said to it, "Work for me, so that I can have some food," but the hoe did nothing and the child left it lying on the ground. A day or two later she got the hoe again and this time she took it in her hand and started to clear a small piece of ground, and then she put in some groundnuts (peanuts) and planted some cassava. Another day she thought she would do a larger piece and so she went on day after day until she had cultivated quite a large garden, and had plenty of food. Then it was that she realized what her mother meant when she told her to let her hoe be as her mother, and it would be her great friend, for then she would never want.

[By Mrs. J. H. Starte, Lower Congo (Africa) in "Agricultural Missions Notes" from *Listen*.



## 2,000 Miles in a Canoe

We read in the last *Pacific Islands Monthly* of a long trip that three Americans are doing in an outrigger canoe. It is 100 years' old, and it was made in Samoa. The three men believe that they can sail it from Honolulu, Hawaii, to Pago Pago, American Samoa, 2,000 miles in 20 days. They left Honolulu at Christmas, so if they have had fair winds they should have reached Pago Pago about a month ago.

The sides of the canoe have been built up, and it has been made much stronger with ribs and rods of metal. A keel has been added. The outrigger is made of sheet iron, and it will carry a supply of fresh water.

All the food, clothes and other things are packed in iron tanks inside the hull to prevent the salt water from spoiling them. Some empty cans are inside the canoe to make it float if it should be filled with water, or upset.

A small benzine engine (one of those that are fastened to the stern of small boats) will be used when there is no wind. When there is a good wind the canoe will use a jib and a mainsail.

Instead of a paddle a rudder will be used to steer the canoe. This rudder can be folded up when the canoe is hauled up on a beach.

We hope these three brave sailors have had a good trip.



## About Dugong

I will tell you about the first dugong that we saw in our village. A long time ago a big one landed on the shore near our village. One morning a man was walking on the beach. He came close to it, but at first he thought it was a big log, so he went on. Then he saw its broad tail, and he thought it was a big fish. Then he looked at it and saw that it was a big dugong. He sent word to the village, and the people came to see it.

The people saw that it was a nice fish, so they cut it into pieces which they took home and cooked. They ate this meat, and they liked it very much.

That was the first dugong that we had seen. But the old people had seen dugong before that one came to our beach.

### How we Catch Duḡonḡ

The western people catch them with spears, and some harpoon them. Sometimes they build platforms in the bows of the canoes, and sometimes they build platforms in the shallow water. When they go to look for dugong a man stands on

The nets are about 20 feet long and 9 feet wide. When the people go fishing they tie their nets together. They fish for dugong at night.

### How the Duḡonḡ Feeds

The dugongs come to the shallow water and eat the grass which grows there. They feed at night.



Orokolo "Dubu"

the platform. He is the spearman. When the people see a dugong they keep still until the man throws his spear at it. The end of the harpoon has a rope tied to it, the other end of the rope is tied to the canoe. When the dugong is speared by the man in the canoe, the dugong pulls the canoe along until it becomes weak. Then the people haul the dugong up to the canoe.

In the eastern part of Papua the people catch the dugong with nets.

The male dugong have tusks in their top jaw. They have a large body. Some of them are over twelve feet long, and a large one is nine or ten feet round the thickest part of its body. They have flippers instead of arms. The female dugong have breasts under their flippers. When they feed their baby they lie on the ground. They have only one baby, not like pigs and dogs which have many babies.

Dugongs have very thick skin,

about one inch thick and very hard. Their bones are heavier than those of other animals.

### Some Dugong Fishing Laws

1. The men must not sleep in their own houses while they are fishing for dugong;

2. Women and children must not stay in the village when the canoes have gone to fish for dugong;

3. Children must not play in the village while the men are away fishing for dugong;

4. Bones of fish must not be thrown into the sea, because the sharks might come and fight the fishermen.

This is all that I can tell you about dugong.

[By Tuamingi Auvita, Iokea, G.D. This story wins the 6s prize.]



### Death of the Hon. A. H. Bunting

His many old friends will be very sorry to hear that the Hon. A. H. Bunting died in Sydney on the 15th January.

Mr. Bunting came to Papua over forty years ago. He was a member of the Legislative Council for over fourteen years.



### A Tall Tree

We have some tall trees in Papua, but none as tall as a tree which has been found in California. *The Children's Newspaper* tells us that this great tree is 364 feet high. It is said to be the tallest tree in the world.



### Native Contributions

#### The Cassowary

The cassowary is the largest bird in Papua. It does not fly because its wings are too small. It has a very long neck and long legs, so it can run very fast. It is one of the runners in our country.

I think most of us have seen this bird. It generally lives in the bush. The mother

cassowary always lays her eggs two or three at a time. When she wants to lay her eggs, first of all she will make a nest in the thick grass; after that she lays her eggs in the nest. Then she will sit on the eggs for a month, till the egg-shell breaks and two or three young cassowaries come out. The mother cassowary always feeds her little ones until they grow strong and big. Then they leave their mother and go to find food for themselves.

#### Catching the Cassowary

In our district we can catch them with our bows and arrows. We shoot some of them in the bush when we go hunting for pig and wallaby. We have not a real way to catch the cassowary, but cassowary is a good food to eat.

#### The Cassowary's Food

Cassowary eat fruits that hang from trees, and also small fishes from the lake when the water is nearly finished.

Once upon a time a hunter named Miro Sepoe went hunting in the bush with his dogs. He met a young cassowary and caught it alive. Now it is still in the village, and it is growing rapidly. It can eat all kinds of food, and it is very tame.

When the thunder rolls it runs about as fast as it can. Sometimes it falls down when the thunder rolls. I think they are afraid of thunder.

[By Forova Hui, native schoolteacher, Moru, G.D.]



### The Leech

Dear readers,

I want to tell you about leeches and the harm they can do. One day during a Medical Patrol we went from one village to another, I mean from Akoura to Peawora, inland of Vailala. In between these two villages there were a great number of leeches. While we were going through the bush it was raining, and that is the time for them to be sticking up and ready to get on our legs. They break the skin and suck the blood out of very tiny blood-vessels called *capillaries*. They have to bore about a quarter of an inch through the skin and it takes them about 5 minutes to suck, and then they drop off.

I remember a boy who suffered from a sore due to a leech bite for two years because he had removed the leech ungently from his

skin. In this way its teeth were broken off and left inside, and a few days later the bite had increased in size and become a sore.

When he came under medical treatment at the native hospital at Kerema it took him three months to get better.

and his wife did not agree. Her name was Eroi. She made up her mind to leave her husband and go away from the village. Early one morning she took a water jar and went to the river and filled it. Then she put the pot under a large tree, climbed the tree



Native Flute Player

I have been reading through a medical book, and written there is the following: "Occasionally a leech may get in the nose or down the throat and cause serious trouble. A leech remained up the nose for a fortnight—at first with symptoms resembling a cold in the head, and with symptoms resembling hayfever afterwards—finally it was sneezed out of the nose, before which event its presence was not suspected."

[By Gavera Baru, N.M.A., Kerema, G.D.]

### The First Cuscus

A very long time ago a man named Hiova-keapo lived with his wife and his brothers and sisters in a village called Heavara. He

and sat on one of the centre branches.

When the village women came to the river for water, they saw a water pot under a large tree, and when they looked up they saw Eroi on the branch. They told her to come down and go back to the village. Eroi did not answer. They asked her again to come down and return to the village. But she did not reply.

The women then sent a message to the village. All the people came to the river, and the men took their stone axes to cut down the tree. All the women took their nets to catch the women in them.

When the men cut the tree, Eroi changed her body into the body of a cuscus. When

the people saw this happen they cried out very loudly. Then the cuscus jumped into another tree, and went from tree to tree until it was across the river.

The people took a canoe to cross the river. The cuscus sat on the bank and looked at them. When the canoe came close to the bank, the cuscus climbed a sago palm. For three days the people looked for the cuscus but could not find it.

Cuscus came from this woman, because every cuscus has hair on its body, and women have *rami* (skirt) on their bodies. If cuscus came from men they would have no hair on their bodies. Cuscus hair is soft and pretty like a women's *rami*.

The woman who turned herself into a cuscus was very tricky. This story was told me by my grandfather.

The end of my story.

[By Opa Semese, L.M.S., Iokea, G.D.]

### New School at Waime

On Sunday, the 18th December, the children of the Catholic Mission School at Waime had a very pleasant day. It was the opening and blessing of their new school; and for the occasion the Missionaries arranged a sports day and feast for the children. On Saturday the village children helped the Sisters to decorate the school and grounds with flags and palms. It was gay and festive looking when finished.

The children from the Mission Schools of Bereina, Kivori and Tou Ovia had been invited, so by 8 a.m. on Sunday morning a large number of people were at the station. All assisted at Mass in the Church. Then the people went to the new school, which was then blessed by Rev. Father A. Sorin, V.G.

After the blessing of the school, the children who were successful in the last examination were delighted to receive the premiums.

About half-an-hour later a loud whistle sounded, and hundreds of children assembled for the Sports. There were class races, bag race, jumping, skipping, hopping and many other kinds of races. The children and their parents were happy, and laughed and shouted with joy. After each race the winner received a prize.

At midday the teachers were called by Rev. Father Lang to distribute the food for the *tatsu*, which was enjoyed by all.

During the afternoon the children played a cricket match, and at 5.30 p.m. we had Benediction. Thus ended one of the happiest days we have ever spent at our school.

[By John Naime, Waime.]

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