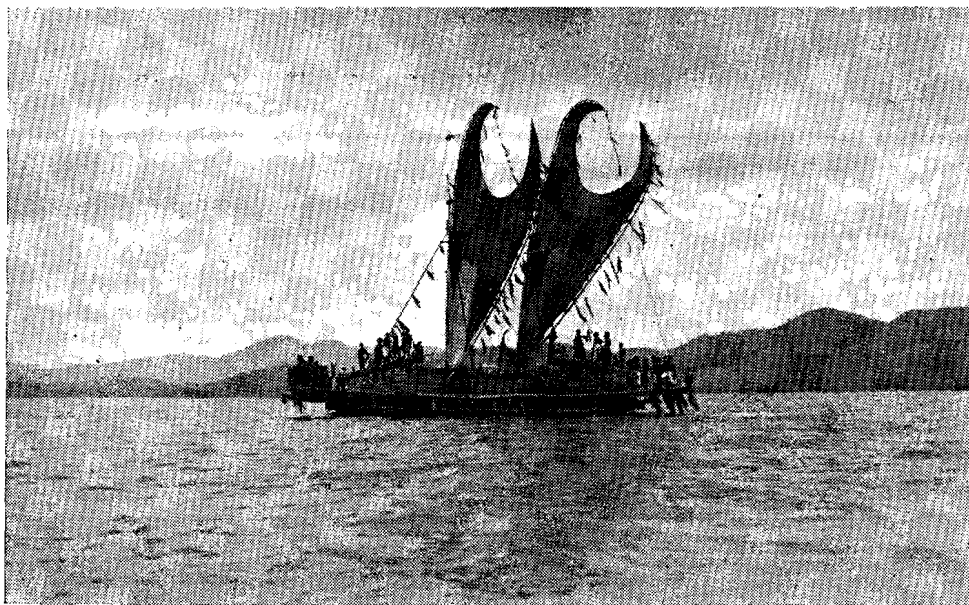


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 11, No. 3
March, 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



“Lakatoi”

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G. on Holiday in Australia

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., left Port Moresby, on 14th February, to spend three months' holiday in Australia.

We heard that His Excellency became ill a few days after he arrived in Sydney, and we are very glad to learn that he is now much better. We wish His Excellency a very happy holiday.

While Sir Hubert Murray is away, the Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E., is Acting Lieutenant-Governor.



Rabaul Police Band

We read in *The Pacific Islands Monthly* that the Rabaul Police Band gave a Concert on 3rd February. The money that was paid by the people who listened to the band was sent to Melbourne, to help pay for clothes and other things for the people who lost their homes in the bush fires.

Many Papuans do not know what a "band" is. But some of you have heard the bands play in Port Moresby when the Australian men-of-war have been here. A band makes music with drums, flutes and other instruments, and the people who play these instruments have to learn how to play them properly. The Rabaul Police Band is made up of New Guinea men who have been taught to play properly, and so they were able to give this Concert.

Some Papuans can play whistles and mouth-organs, so there is no reason why Papuans should not be able to do what the New Guinea men

have done. Perhaps, later on, we will hear our Papuan Police Band give a Concert in Port Moresby.

We wish the Rabaul Police Band the best of good luck.



Earthquake in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands

The earthquake we felt in Port Moresby on 31st January was not very strong, but it shook our houses a good deal and made small things fall off shelves.

In New Guinea and in the Solomon Islands it was much stronger. *The Pacific Islands Monthly* says that Faisi, in the Northern Solomons, was shaken very much, and a little damage was done to wharves and old houses. The natives of some of the villages were very frightened and ran into the bush.

Salamaua and Lae, in the Morobe District, were also shaken, but no damage was done.



Albert Namatjira

A long time ago we showed you some pictures in *The Papuan Villager* that had been drawn by William Tabua, of Daru. So far as we know, William is the only Papuan who knows how to draw good pictures.

Albert Namatjira, a native of the Arunta tribe of Central Australia, has just shown the people of Adelaide, South Australia, many pictures that he has painted. These pictures are said to be very good, for they show in proper colours the country, people and animals of Central Australia.

Very Heavy Rain

40 Inches in 24 Hours!

We often have very heavy rain in Papua, but we have not heard of any place here that has had so much rain in 24 hours as Nadarivatu, Fiji had in January last. A great storm brought the rain to this place, 40 inches falling in one day. Rain is measured in inches, so if all this rain had not run away into the rivers there would have been 40 inches of water all over the land.



A Very Big Shark

The biggest tiger shark ever caught in Australia, and probably in the world, was caught outside Sydney last month by Mr. Lionel Bagnard. The shark was 13 feet 10 inches in length and 7 feet 9 inches in girth. It weighed 1,382 pounds, and it took the fisherman four hours' hard work before he hauled it up to his boat.

Some months ago another large shark, weighing 1,291 pounds, was caught by Mr. Cowle off Dangerous Reefs, South Australia.



Shot by his Dog

We have often seen men take a dog with them when they went out to shoot wallaby or pig in the grass country. The dog helps his master to find the game, but when his master puts his gun down, he should make sure that he has not left a cartridge in it.

The Children's Newspaper has a story in it about a man who was shot by his dog. This man had walked a long way with his dog, and when he

sat down to rest he put his gun on the ground near him. The dog stepped on the trigger and the gun went off, badly wounding the man.

So be careful when you take your gun and dog with you. Never leave a cartridge in the gun when you are not using it, not only when you are out shooting but when you are at home.



Rev. R. L. and Mrs. Turner

The Honourable and Reverend Robert Lister Turner, M.L.C., M.A., F.R.G.S., left Port Moresby on the 4th March, with Mrs. Turner, on the Burns Philp m.v. *Bulolo*. They were going to Sydney on their way to London.

Mr. Turner came to Papua from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1902 and went to work with Dr. Lawes at the training College at Vatorata. He helped to train teachers and pastors for the L.M.S. and became Head of the College after Dr. Lawes left. Later Lawes College was moved to Fyfe Bay, and he left there for Delena in 1931 only because Fyfe Bay was such a wet place. Until the time he left he was in charge of the Delena Station of the L.M.S. and worked so well with the people that they were very sorry when he had to leave. He had then been working in the country for 37 years.

Mrs. Turner began her mission work by going to China in 1901. She met Mr. Turner when they were both having a holiday in England. There they were married and she came back with her husband to help him in his work. As she was a trained nurse and a very good teacher she helped Mr. Turner very much in his work. She

also made the people love her for the way she helped them, especially when they were sick.

Mr. Turner learned the *Motu* language very well and helped Papuans quite a lot by working with Mr. Clark to give them a *Motu New Testament* and a *Motu Grammar and Dictionary*, and by writing other books in *Motu*. He was chosen to be the Missions' representative on the Legislative Council in 1931 and so helped to govern Papua. Many other things he did, so that he was a real friend to Papua and now he has gone he and Mrs. Turner will still be very good friends away in their own home across the world.

—Contributed.



An Eskimo Boy's Brave Journey

The Eskimo are the people who live in the north of Canada and Alaska. In the cold parts of the world (where there is much snow) people cannot grow corn or other food plants. The Eskimos kill wild animals for food, or they cut holes in the ice and catch fish. Sometimes they cannot find food, and they die of hunger.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police tell many stories of the bravery of the people of the far north. They say that there has been no braver act than that of an Eskimo boy, who saved his mother from death about five years ago.

The name of the boy is not given in the story. He was only ten years old when his father died. There was now nobody to go hunting for the family. The food supply was nearly finished.

Eskimos travel over the snow on little carts without wheels; they are called sledges. The boy tied six big Eskimo dogs to the sledge. He sat on the sledge and drove the dogs into the great forest near the Chesterfield Inlet. His little black eyes were always watching for wild animals. Sometimes the boy saw the marks of animals' feet in the snow. He stopped the dogs and went on foot to follow the marks. At last he shot a deer. He was the proudest boy in Canada when he pulled the body of the deer on to his sledge.

The boy was away hunting for a long time, Kudluk (his mother) had been left alone with her baby son. She was afraid that her elder son was lost. Her joy was great when the young hunter returned with enough food to keep the family from hunger for many days.

During two years the Eskimo boy took the place of his father and kept his mother supplied with food. Then Kudluk became very ill. To make matters worse, all of the dogs became ill, and four of them died. If the two remaining dogs should die, it would not be possible to bring heavy loads of food on the sledge from the forest, and Kudluk and her children would die of hunger.

After a time the boy had to leave his sick mother. There was no food left, and he had to go hunting. He tied the last two dogs to the sledge and drove once more into the great silent forest. He shot two deer and put them on to the sledge. But the weight of the load was too heavy for the dogs. They pulled with all their strength, but they could not make the sledge move. The boy then put some bands of skin round his shoulders. He tied himself with the dogs to the

sledge. All pulled together. The sledge began to move. After a hard journey the boy and the dogs reached the little Eskimo house.

Kudluk was too ill to eat the dinner which her son cooked for her. The poor woman had become much worse. The boy was afraid that she would die.

The nearest place (where the sick are cared for) was 160 miles away, on Wagner Inlet. The boy decided that he must take his mother on the long journey to Wagner Inlet. He helped the sick woman to get on to the sledge. Kudluk's three-year-old son sat beside her on a big load of food. Once more the boy tied himself with the two dogs to the sledge. The load was very heavy, but the boy and the dogs were able to make the sledge move slowly over the rough ground. Soon the little Eskimo house was left far behind.

Day after day the boy and the two dogs pulled the heavy sledge through the wild, almost unknown country of forests, lakes and mountains. It would not have been easy for a grown-up person to find the way. The little party passed no houses. They met no people. The travelling made them hungry. Soon they had eaten all the food. The boy had no strength left to go hunting. For three days they travelled without food. Still they went on, slowly, step by step. The dogs were very tired. The boy was always afraid that they would fall down dead.

At last the tired travellers came to Wagner Inlet. Their troubles were over. Some white people came to meet the Eskimos. They showed them much kindness and gave them food and warm beds. Poor Kudluk received the care which she so badly

needed, and she soon became well again. Although she said that she owed her life to her son, the Eskimo boy said, "We must thank the brave dogs. They made the journey when they were hardly well from their illness. Without the dogs we should all have died."

(From *New Method Magazine*, London).



Shark Kills a Boy

When the *Bulolo* was at the Port Moresby wharf on 24th March, some of the young boys from Poreporena were diving for pennies thrown into the water by the passengers.

Raho-Heni, son of Heni-Davai, of Elevala, had just dived after a coin, when a large shark rushed at him and bit off his right leg just below the hip. Poor Raho was very brave, for he swam about five yards before he was lifted from the water by some of the soldiers who were on the *Bulolo*. He was taken quickly to the hospital, but he died soon after he was admitted.

Sharks are often seen in and near Port Moresby, but this is, we understand, the first time that they have attacked anybody in the harbour.



Papua and New Guinea

You all know that there are two parts of the great island of New Guinea that are looked after by Australia. They are the Territory of Papua and the Territory of New Guinea. Each has its own Government.

Australia now thinks that it might be much better to have one Government for the Territory of New Guinea and the Territory of Papua. But be-

fore Australia makes this one Government, there are two things Australia wants to know:—

1. If it would be good for the two countries to have one Government?
2. And, if it is good to put them under one Government, what is the best way to do it?



The Hon. H. L. Murray

Australia has asked a "Committee" to answer these questions. The Committee consists of three gentlemen who know a lot about the two countries. One of these gentlemen will be the Chairman, or Head, of the Committee; he is the Hon. F. W. Eggleston, of Melbourne, Victoria. The other two gentlemen are the Hon. H. L. Murray, C.B.E., of Port Moresby, and the Hon. H. O. Townsend, O.B.E., of Rabaul.

When this Committee has finished its work, we will know whether Aus-

tralia will make one Government for the two Territories, or whether each country will continue to have its own Government.



Native Contributions

A Snake Bite

On Thursday 21st May, in the afternoon about 5 p.m. we went to play football near the cricket pitch. There were plenty of boys playing with the football. We divided into two sides, one on the left and one on the right side for our play. During our games little bits of rain were falling but we boys didn't listen when the rain was falling. In our game we boys just say go ahead and we never notice the rain. We just try to put our ball in the other side's goal.

But in our games the right side boys put 5 goals into our goal. Then the left side boys made 3 goals. The games were still going on but it got too dark; so we finished the games and after that all boys went to their houses.

After going home I and two of my friends, whose names are Geita Gaigo (who was a carpenter with Mr. McDonald at Misima) and Steven Oala (who works with Mr. Pollick at Geragera), went under the Bwagoia house. We stood there about 5 minutes to drink the waters because we had a very bad thirst for water.

After we finished drinking Steven Oala turned round and said, "Well boys, I must start to walk home because soon it will be dark." So he started. He had no lamp in his hand. So we both turned to answer him "Good-night." Then Steven Oala went up the road and passed a small creek. A snake bit him on his left foot. Then he started to run to his father and mother to tell his story about the snake biting him on his left foot. Then his father and mother spoke loudly to him saying, "You are telling a lie?" But he talk hard saying, "True, I am not telling you a lie." Then his father asked him again, "Is it true my son?" Oala said, "True, God." After this his father and mother believed him and they sent a boy named Dagora Reva of Hanuabada, who works at Geragera, to call me to go and see Steven Oala.

When we are in the hospital we have our supper about 6.30 p.m. Just then Dagora

Reva ran up the steps and came through the inside door, saying, "Can you come with your medicine?" I asked him why. Then he told me the story about Steven Oala. Then I asked him, "Is it true?" Then he told me it was really true, "I can't tell you a lie."

After this we all felt very helpless because



Orokaio Men

Steven Oala was a very good friend of ours and of all the people on the island of Misima.

So then I took all my medicines and packed them nicely and because it was so dark we took a lamp. Listen my friends, for I want you to know all the things I took that night. This I took in my hand, kidney dish, lint, wool, pot-permanganate and instrument box (because of my knife and forceps).

Treatment of the Snake Bite

When I visited Steven Oala's house I saw poor Steven lying in his bed and his mother and father watching by him. But listen to what I tell you all, you people in Papua. It is something you must know about snake bite. His father and mother felt sorry because their loved son was bitten by a snake.

Then I stand near Steven Oala and call out his name and say, "What has happened to you Steven?" Then he sat up and spoke slowly and said, "A snake bit me in a small creek." Then I asked him, "Which side did the snake bite you?" And he spoke loudly and said, "In my left side, my left foot." Then I said, "Oh, right!" After that I took my knife and cut the skin off where the snake bit and blood came out in the cutting. This was because I took off the first arterial ligature.

Next I put the pot-permanganate solution in the wound to kill the poison. After this I put on a pad soaked with pot-permanganate.

In a quarter of an hour I took off the pad and the ligature. The blood oozed from the wound again. Then I put the ligature and another pad on again. And in a quarter of an hour I took off the ligature again and re-applied it when the blood started to ooze out.

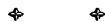
After this work was finished I packed my medicines, then I turned and told his father and mother to watch him and take off the ligature every 20 minutes. I told him not to forget to take off the ligature. I told them if they forgot to take off the ligature they might lose their son.

Then I take my things, and I stand up and I turn back my face to Steven Oala to say, "Good-night, and God Bless you this night and help you to be strong in health. By to-morrow morning you will be all right."

Afterwards I went to the hospital to my bed.

Dear friends, this story of the snake bite I want you to know. I am one of your friends a Medical Assistant working at Misima in the South-Eastern Division.

[By Bou Rauna, Misima. This story wins the 5s. prize.]



The Banyan Tree

Papua is more beautiful than other countries of the world, because it has a richer soil or a wider variety of soil. Every kind of climate can be found, from the heat and humidity of the coastal belt to the comparatively temperate conditions of the high inland plateau. It is a country of abundant rainfall, richly watered, and its coast is broken everywhere by deep harbours. It is a country of tall, huge

and large trees. Very few trees can't grow on its lands.

The people of Papua are fortunate to have been born in this beautiful country which has been blessed by God with such fertile soil that almost any kind of tree and plant will grow, so that the people of Papua can become very prosperous if they make good use of that soil and properly cultivate it.

One of the largest trees in Papua is called "Banyan Tree," which only grows in good soil. (I saw trees of this kind near the Fly River). This kind of tree comes from Ceylon where there is one of these trees a thousand years old, and it is so large that nearly all the people in Daru District could take shelter under it.

When you pass a banyan tree I hope you will look at it carefully and look at its many branches which have come out from the principal or main stem a few feet above the ground. These branches have made roots for themselves and grown right up the trunk forming a number of trees bound together. By binding themselves together in this way the tree grows big and very strong and can never be blown down by the wind. The tree grows to a great height and its beautiful branches afford shade for animals and refuge for birds.

This great tree made up of many parts can be likened to the British Empire which consists of many countries of the world bound together around the main stem of England and which all united make the biggest and strongest Empire in the world.

Papua is now one of the stems of this great British Banyan Tree. By uniting with all the other stems it is protected from the storms and dangers that would come to it if it stood alone. Therefore we learn a lesson from this tree that Unity is Strength; a lesson which Papuans should apply to themselves, and unite in all things for the Glory of God and the good of their country and fellowmen.

[By O. Areti Jeremia, L.M.S. near Daru.]



Soap Making in Papua

In a letter from a Papuan from Daru I read all about how to make soap. I have not tried this myself but you can see if it is a good

receipt and send a piece in to the *Villager* and I will tell all the readers what it is like.

Perfume for the soap making you can buy at the stores. These are citronella oil, oil of cassis, oil of mirbane. Use half a teaspoon of each.

Dyes for the soap can be made from the barks of trees such as the mangrove trees, and also from the soil or ground. To prepare these dyes, boil the water and afterwards put in the colour you want and add some soda.

To measure. Judge for yourselves how much you will need for a month. If you only want a little: One cigarette tin or caustic soda, 4 cigarette tins of water, 8 cigarette tins of coconut milk, and two tins of oil from the skin of dugongs or the oil from the fat of other animals.

To make. One tin of caustic soda, four tins of water mixed in a tin about the size of a kerosene tin. Heat this and keep it hot for a little time then add the coconut milk and the perfume required and the dyes too. Immediately stir it until it is like a starch such as you use for soft collars. Take it off the fire and cover it with a clean blanket until next day. Then you take it out and cut it into long slices like the soap you see in the stores. These are ready to be used in about two or three months time.

[By O. Areti Jeremia, Katatai, W.D.]

STORIES, Etc., ONLY TO BE SENT TO THE EDITOR. ALL OTHER COMMUNICATIONS TO THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER, PORT MORESBY

"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER" BOUND VOLUME 1938 Obtainable from the Government Printer. 2s.

"The Papuan Villager"

SUBSCRIPTIONS should be forwarded to the Government Printer and are as follows:—

POSTED WITHIN TERRITORY : 1s. A YEAR
POSTED BEYOND TERRITORY : 2s. A YEAR

Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by ALFRED GIBSON, Acting Government Printer, Port Moresby.—9288/4.39.