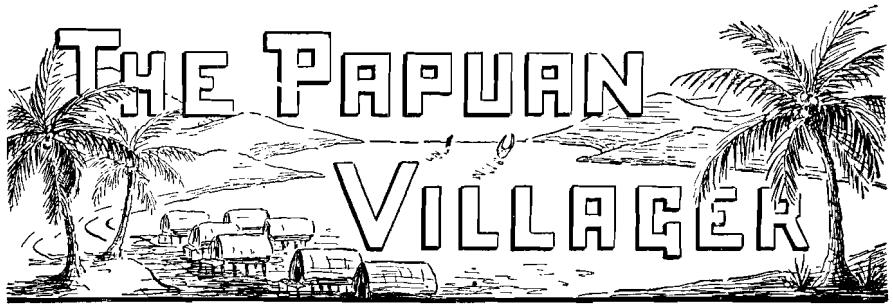


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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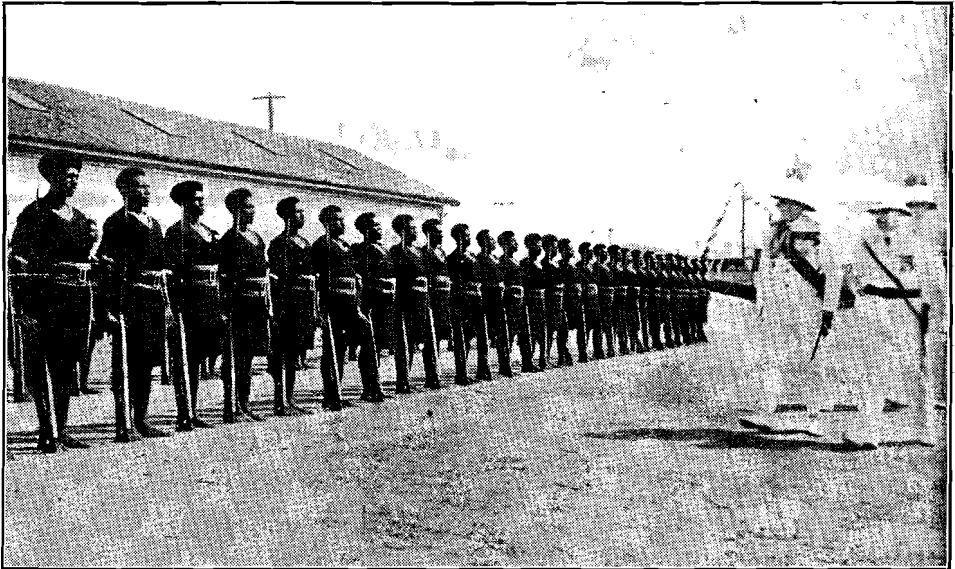
Price: Two Pence
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The Royal Papuan Constabulary

Honoured by the King

All Papuans will be glad to hear that His Most Gracious Majesty the King has been pleased to confer an honour on our Constabulary. It is

now to be called the Royal Papuan Constabulary, and this means that our police now belong to the King and will be known as his, and the King someday will present his royal colours to them, and when they get their new badge it will have a royal



The Papuan Police, now the Royal Papuan Constabulary, being inspected by Lord Gowrie, the Governor-General

A. & K. GIBSON. PHOTO

crown on top of it. This news was sent out by wireless, and white soldiers and sailors in all parts of our great Empire will hear of the honour done to our police.

Guard of Honour for the Admiral

On Friday last, when the big cruiser *Canberra* came in, the police formed the Guard of Honour at Government House for the Admiral. He inspected them and said that they were very smart indeed and that he was very pleased to be the first officer to inspect them since the King had given them the honour.

A Visit to the "Canberra"

On Sunday morning, as the Admiral could not go, the Captain and the Flag-Commander, together with the Admiral's Secretary, went to the Parade Ground and saw all the police doing physical drill. The Captain said he had never seen such a fine body of men. He talked to them all and invited them on board next day. On Monday morning they were shown round and saw all there was to see.

At 4 p.m. all police were on parade when the cruiser left and the Admiral saw them standing to attention. He sent a message to them by putting up coloured flags on the masts for a few minutes.

The History of the Force

Now I will tell you how your Constabulary first started. On 25th August, 1890, a Fijian whose name was Nailovolovo was the first person to join. He with 13 other Fijians started the Force on that date.

In 1891, the next year, 17 Papuans were signed on; and in 1892 another 44 joined; and on 26th August, 1893, the Fijians were paid off and sent home.

The Constabulary was then all Papuans; and from this small number, which started the Force, it has now grown to 420 N.C.Os. and men.

Their work is very, very, hard and only strong men who are loyal to the King are wanted in the Constabulary. They have to walk through very bad country and have 90,000 square miles of Territory to look after. They have done this all these years without any white officer getting killed. It has never been known that one of our policemen has run away when under fire, or deserted his white officer when in bad country with bad natives.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mr. Logan are both very proud of the Royal Papuan Constabulary.

—Contributed.



The Peoples of the Earth Papuan Tribes and Peoples

Our little country of Papua is full of different peoples and tribes. There are Kiwai, and Elema, and Mekeo, and Motu, and Snau, and Gosiago, and Orokaiva, and Koiari, and Kuku-kuku—and many more. (It would take several pages of the *Villager* to name them all.)

These peoples are often very different in their appearance, i.e. in their skin-colour, in their height, in the shape of their heads and noses, and so on. No one could ever mistake a Kiwai for a Gosiago!

And they have very different customs. Some wear long hair and some short hair; some live in long-houses all together, and some in little houses family by family; some eat sago, some sweet potatoes, and some yams; some wear one thing, some another thing,

and some nothing at all. They live very differently from each other.

And they speak different languages. There are hundreds of tongues in this Territory. If you go across the mountain to the tribe that lives nearest to you, you find you cannot understand them: you speak like men; they speak like birds (and remember that this is just what they think about you).



Some Papuan Weapons

So Papua is full of very different peoples, and each thinks it is better than all the others. This cannot be quite true; but there is no harm in being proud of your own people and tribe.

The Population of the World

Now think about the big world outside. Papua seems a big country to us. But it is really a very small one. It has only about 300,000 people altogether. In the whole world there are about two thousand million people (2,000,000,000: divide 300,000 into that!)

These two thousand million people are divided up just as you are, but into big peoples and big tribes. And these also are very different in their bodily appearance; they have strange customs of their own; and they speak different languages.

Peoples, Black, Brown, Yellow, Red, and White

There are the "black" or dark-skinned people, like yourselves. Most of them live in Africa, where there are about 130,000,000 of them.

There are the brown-skinned people of India and Arabia and other places, and a good many hundred millions of them.

There are the yellow people of China and Japan. (China alone has 400 million, the biggest, or most numerous, people on the earth.)

There are people whom we call the "Red-Skins" (though they are not really red) who were the first men of North America.

And there are the white people.

The White People Rule the World

Now the white people are the most powerful people in the world. They are strong and clever and hard-working; they can read and write; and they have found out how to make things like guns and steamers and motor cars and aeroplanes. And so they have come to rule most of the world. Except for the yellow men, nearly all the coloured people in the world are under their rule.

The Nations

But the white people are not all one. Like yourselves they are divided up into many peoples and tribes, large and small; and these are different in bodily appearance, in customs, and

in language. These groups are called "nations."

White men have travelled to all parts of the world and settled in them (particularly in America); but their real home is Europe. And Europe is divided up among a large number of nations.

There are the British, the French, the Germans, the Russians, and the Italians. These are the biggest and strongest of them. There are many smaller nations. And, like the tribes of Papua, each thinks it is better than all the others.

The British

Now we said that the white men ruled most of the earth. This means that the dark people are mostly ruled by one or other of these European nations. And you Papuans are ruled by the British nation.

We do not want to be conceited, but we think you are lucky to be ruled by the British. The British have hundreds of millions of dark-skinned people in their Empire; they have ruled them a hundred years and more; and they have always done their best to help them. No other nation has been so successful at ruling the dark-skinned peoples; and none has tried harder to be just and fair and kind.

Members of the World's Greatest Empire

All Papuans should remember that they are part of the great British Empire. The British Empire is the biggest in the whole world. And no matter whether we who belong to it are white, brown or black, we are all subjects of one King, George VI. You can be proud of that just as you are proud of your own Papuan tribe.

The Empire will do its best for us; and we are expected to do our best for the Empire.



GOLD

If boys and girls were asked to name the most important mineral in the world many of them would quickly reply, "Gold." But, after some thought, they would see that compared with the many uses to which iron can be put, gold is of very little use in the world. Except for the manufacture of coins, jewellery, and other ornaments it is not used very much. At the present time it is not being much used for coinage. Gold is a very scarce metal, and to obtain it men have faced great dangers in all parts of the world.

For many years South Africa has been the greatest producer of gold. This country still produces about half of the total output of the world. The chief mines are situated at Johannesburg. The leading countries where gold is mined, besides South Africa, are Canada, United States, Soviet Russia, Australia, Mexico and Rhodesia. Find all these countries on your map.

Perhaps the most important recent field to be opened up was that in New Guinea. The gold is found in the high and difficult central ranges, and to overcome the difficulties of transport an aeroplane service has been established between the coast and the field. The journey which took days on foot may now be flown in one hour.

Chief gold producing countries, South Africa, Canada, United States, Soviet Russia and Australia.

Silver

Silver, the white metal, as it is often called, is second only to gold as a money metal. With us it is the chief metal used for our ordinary buying and selling of goods, while in nearly all the other nations it is used for the lesser coins. It is particularly important as the chief money in China, India and the United States.

For making rich articles of use and beauty, silver is highly prized. This is because, like gold it does not rust easily, and can be nicely polished. White men use a big number of things made of silver, such as spoons, forks, teapots, cake dishes and ornaments. I suppose that nearly all of you have seen a watch with a silver case, and also candle-sticks made of silver.

Look at the map and find America—both North and South. This country is the great source of the world's supply of silver. Your teacher will tell you how in the days of Spain's greatness the Spanish treasure ships used to cross the Atlantic with valuable cargoes of precious metals, chiefly silver, from the rich mines of South America.

Now, however, Mexico is by far the greatest producer, for nearly half the world's supply is mined from that country. Other important producers are the United States, Canada, Australia and Peru. Australia's silver production is not as great as it used to be, when the famous Broken Hill mines were at their best. Silver is also mined in Western Tasmania and in Queensland.

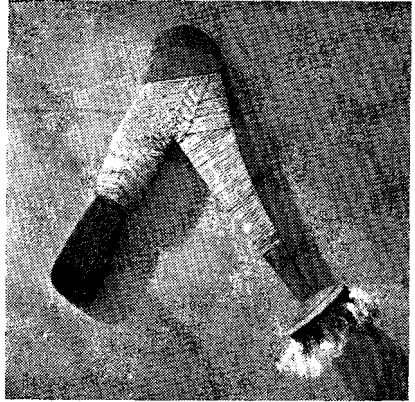
—H. Bitmead.



Papuan Things at the Sydney Exhibition

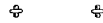
The axe shown on this page and the

weapons shown on page 59 were sent down to Sydney for the big exhibition we told you about before. They were sent to show the white people what you could do in the way of good workmanship.



Axe from the South-Eastern Division

The picture on page 59 shows you a fighting man's head-dress of cassowary feathers; two stone clubs; a "cuirass," or covering for the body made of cane; two daggers of cassowary-bone; and two carved shields used by bow-and-arrow men.



The Lions and the Bicycle Bell

We have just read of a man in Africa who, like many Papuans in Port Moresby, owned a bicycle. He used to ride here and there on his machine and often through country where there were many lions.

Someone once asked him if he was not afraid of them, and he replied that there was no need to be afraid. "They always went off when I rang my bell."

Bottle Post

You have heard before of "bottle post," i.e. posting letters in bottles and dropping them in the sea. You write a name and address on the letter, put it in a bottle and whoever finds the bottle will post the letter to that address. These bottles must, of course, be well corked; they must be "watertight."

We have just read in *The Children's Newspaper* of two letters sent in this way. One took 10 days to be delivered, and the other 25 years. So you cannot be sure of bottle post, and we advise any Papuan who wants to send a letter to spend 2d. on a stamp and make sure of it.

Learning about Ocean Currents.

But these bottle posts are not for ordinary letters. They are used by clever men who are studying the tides and currents of the oceans. The waters of the sea do not stand still. They flow over the surface of the earth like enormous rivers or streams. But these streams have no banks, and it is not easy to tell where they go to.

So the man who studies currents drops his bottle into the water at a certain place. It contains a letter addressed to himself. The bottle is carried off by the stream; and by and by it is found by some other man. This second man takes out the letter and posts it to the first man, saying where he picked it up. Then the first man knows just where the bottle has travelled to; he learns something about the ocean stream that carried it. He does this again and again and writes down what he learns. In this way he is able to find out about ocean currents and to help the sailors to sail safely all over the world.

Aeroplane Accident in New Guinea

A very sad accident happened this month in the Mandated Territory. An aeroplane belonging to the Catholic Mission crashed to the ground on Sunday, 11th August. It nosedived into some coconuts near the aerodrome.

The pilot was killed; also three priests of the mission; and a native mission boy.

One of the priests was Father Kirschbaum, who was a famous man. He had spent many years in New Guinea working for the native people there; and he was a great student of native life. That means that he tried to find out about the lives of the natives of different tribes in the far parts of the country, and he wrote books about them.

Everyone in this country will be sorry to hear of the death of these mission people and their pilot.



Flying Without Engines

Those who live near Port Moresby see plenty of aeroplanes. They fly about the harbour and they come and go to Australia and the Territory of New Guinea.

But there is a thing you may not have heard of—a flying machine without an engine. It is called a glider. To glide is to go ahead without any effort on the part of the one who moves. Now we have heard of a man who has crossed the English Channel in a glider, an aeroplane without any engine. He is just taken by the winds, but he has to be clever enough to catch the winds and his steering has a lot to do with it.

Men have done a great deal of flying over land in this way but they do not often venture over the sea. It took this man three hours to cross the Channel, and his average speed was about 40 miles an hour. One thing, he would not have to endure the horrible noise of the engines, and he might have some idea of what it is to "fly like a bird."

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Native Contributions

About a Dream

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I am just going to tell you a very short story about my own dream. I had this dream when I was a small boy. I cannot tell you in what month I had this dream; I am not quite sure for I have forgotten about that. But you all know that we Papuans had no diaries in the olden days.

One day my mother and myself both went together to our garden. On our way my mother told me that the bandicoots got inside every night and spoil the yams. So we went on.

Then mother showed me the place where the bandicoots got in through the fence. So I knew what I would do and I told my mother about that: "Mother," I said, very loudly, "Better I will make a small trap and kill one of the bandicoots, as payment for our yams."

After I finished that trap, then my mother dug some yams and we went back home again.

That night I dreamt this interesting dream. When I slept I became like a flying-squirrel. From the house I flew down to the streets of the village. Then I woke up in the morning and went to see my small trap. There was a flying-squirrel caught by the trap, and it was dead inside it. So I knew it was the meaning of my dream. That is true, because I was flying like a bird in my dream that night.

This is another dream which I had on the second night. I went in the evening and put up my trap ready for the bandicoots.

The same night I had another interesting dream. When I went to sleep on my bed I bore a baby for myself. I was very surprised and felt very sad. I thought it was true, but it was only a dream.

In the morning I woke and was thinking of it. Again I said, "What will happen with me? I might get into trouble."

So I went to see my trap again and I walked very fast. Near the trap I lifted up my eyes and saw it had fallen down on the ground. "Good luck," I said, "There is something inside the trap!" I went on slowly.

Inside the trap I found one of the bandicoots. It was a very small mother bandicoot. The poor animal thought the trap was her passage to get inside the fence. She got inside it with her three babies inside her pouch. When she touched the lever of the trap it fell down and killed her. The trap was a bit heavy; it burst the poor animal and three babies came out of their mother's pouch.

I lifted the trap and threw the baby bandicoots away into the grass. Then I took the mother bandicoot home for my morning meat.

I was very surprised and thought about my dream. I said to myself, "This is the true meaning of my own dream, which I had second."

Dear readers of *The Papuan Villager* don't laugh at me when you see my simple English in this story.

This is the end.

[By Tore Opa, Yokea, c/o P.A.P. Company, Oiapu. This story wins half the prize 2s. 6d.]

◆ ◆

My Dream

Dear Readers,

The thing which I want to tell you about here is "The most interesting dream which I have had and also its meaning."

One night when I was lying in my bed I was thinking about all sorts of things and suddenly I got fast asleep and began to dream. Now I did not know where I was, but I dreamt about a man and his wife and their children. So the object of my dream is a man and his wife and their children.

One day a man and his wife were going to their garden a few miles away from their village. On the way there were some coconut palms, so, instead of the man climbing up a palm to get the nuts, he told his wife to climb. So his wife did, and when she was about half-way up she suddenly slipped and fell to the

ground and she died. When the husband saw this he went forth quickly and picked her up, mourned for a while and then buried her.

Now this woman had two daughters and one boy. So next day, in the morning, these three children went to the same garden to which their father and mother were going yesterday. When they arrived there, they walked about together and suddenly they saw their mother standing among the sugar-canes; and they all began to weep as they ran to hold her. But she told them not to touch her because her body was not strong and if they touched her she would fall to pieces. So the children obeyed her and she talked with them till evening, and then she remained in her own place while the children went home. When the children arrived they did not tell their father about their mother or that they had seen her.

Then from that time the two girls always went to the garden and talked to their mother; and she would dress them up with flowers and put red paint on their bodies (which the natives use). After that they always went home happy, and when their father saw them in that manner he asked them who dressed them, and they answered that they had dressed themselves.

This continued for many days. Now one day the little boy wanted to go with the little girls to the garden, but they refused to let him go, and left him crying while they went off. As soon as they were away the boy got very angry and went to tell his father about it and also that his mother was in the garden.

Now when the father heard his son say that his mother was in the garden he was very surprised and could not believe him. He thought he was telling a lie! So the boy told him to go with him one day to the garden and see her. Now his father believed and was very anxious to see her.

Early next morning the man called his children and went with them to the garden and asked where their mother was. The boy showed him and when he saw her he said, "Ah, my wife," and ran to kiss her. But the woman said, "Don't touch me because my bones and flesh are soft and if you dare touch me I will all fall to pieces."

In spite of all the woman said the man went forth and touched her, and suddenly all her body went to dust. Then just at that moment a voice was heard saying to the man,

"If you had done what I told you, then when you die, you would come alive again. But as you disobeyed, when you die you shall not rise again."

Then I got a sudden fright which woke me and I was very sorry to leave my good dream. So that was the end of the most interesting I ever had.

COMPETITION

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.

Now I want to tell you about what I think the meaning of my dream was. One day after my dream I went home with some of my mates to spear fish in the Laloki River. When we returned from our fishing we came to some coconut palms. Now we were all very hungry, so one of the boys climbed up one palm; and when he wanted to kick down one nut, the leaf on which he was holding broke and he fell to the ground. We ran to pick him up but he got up himself and was not hurt. So we were all very happy and did not attempt to climb any more but went home.

That is the end of the most interesting dream I have ever had and also its meaning.

[By Aloysius Epi, St. Paul's College, Bomana. This story wins the other half of the prize—2s. 6d.]

[Others who sent in articles for the Dream Competition were Michael Arua, Leo Ogao, Augustine Urc, Peter Ifogamo (all of St Paul's College, Bomana); Taumata (L.M.S., Kalo); Avosa Eka (P.A.P. Co., Oiapu, or L.M.S., Meru); and Geo. Scott (Catholic Mission, Yule Island). The articles were all good, the Editor will use them by and by.]

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