

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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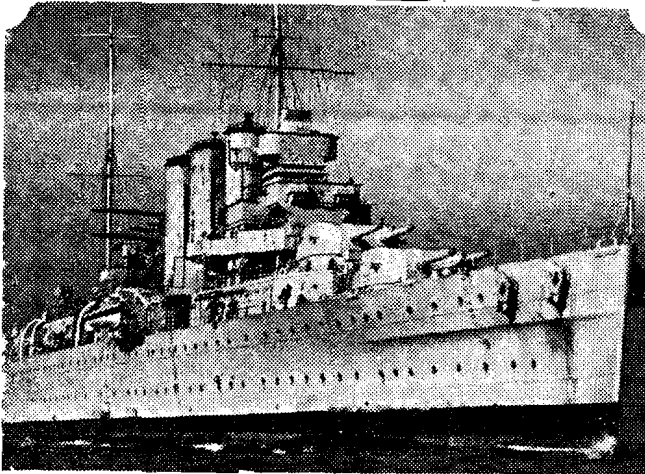
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WAR

We are sorry to have to say that the British Empire is at war. Some of you will remember the war that began 25 years ago. We called it the "Great War," and our side won. Perhaps this new war will be still greater. It will last a long time. But we feel quite sure that our side will win again.

The Sides

The big nations are taking "sides," just as you take sides for a game. Our enemy is Germany, and our friend is France. This means that Great Britain and France are together fighting Germany. Germany is a very strong nation. It has more soldiers than either Britain or France, so it is a pretty fair fight.



The Warship, H.M.A.S. "Australia"

But other nations may come in before long, and we hardly know yet what the sides will be. The other big nations are Russia, Italy, Japan and America; and there are many smaller ones besides these that may join the fight later on.

A Dog Fight

Have you ever noticed two dogs begin to fight when other dogs are standing round? The other dogs do not lie down and look on. They join in, and there is a fine mix, and you don't know which dog is biting which.

Now Germany is a very fierce dog. It has been for a long time growling and snapping at the smaller dogs of Europe. And it has done worse than this. It has in some cases jumped on them and eaten them right up. First it ate up Austria, and then it ate up Czechoslovakia—both smaller European nations. Then it began growling at Poland, a bigger dog and a very brave one, though not half as big as Germany.

The Start of the War

Great Britain and France are quiet dogs; they do not want to quarrel. But they also can be savage when the time comes, and they are very good fighters when they get into a fight.

For a long time they let Germany bark at Poland. But they warned Germany. They said that if it really attacked Poland they would come to that country's help and join in the fight.

Germany took no notice of this, for it is a very mad-headed, conceited dog, thinking it can do whatever it likes. After a while it did attack Poland and ate it up. Then Britain and France sprang up, as they had

said they would do, and the war began.

It began on 3rd September and no one knows when it will finish. Though we can say this, that it will not be finished until the German dog is beaten.

The German Leaders

We do not hate the German people. They are very good people. But they are led by some cruel and foolish leaders, the chief of whom is named Hitler.

We should like to have the German people for our friends; but this man Hitler says that they must be masters; and, since he is master of the Germans he thinks he should be master of all of us. But the other nations do not want him or his ruling (which makes him very wild), and so they are really fighting this war against him. He leads all his great nation out to fight; and thus one man can start a war in which hundreds of thousands will be killed.

It is a great pity that Hitler cannot be arrested and put in the *dibura*. But perhaps the Germans will someday themselves grow tired of their mad leader. When they do we may be able to settle our quarrels and have peace again. We hope it will be soon.

A White Man's War

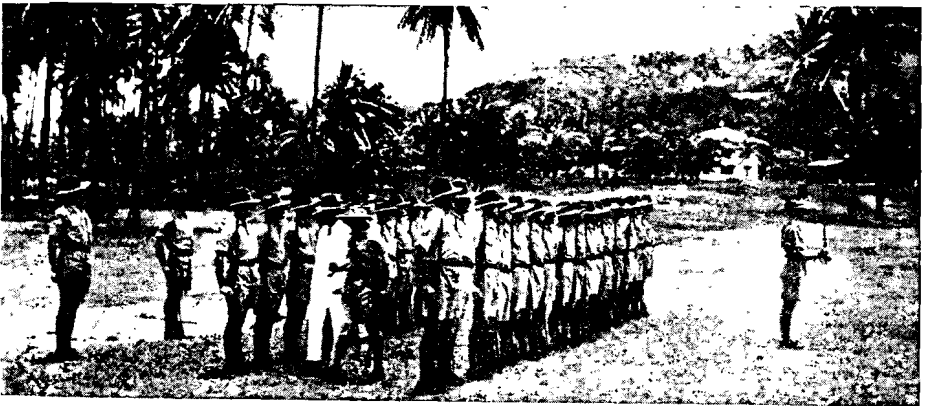
War among the white men is a terrible thing. They do not fight with bows and arrows and spears and clubs, but with warboats and flying-machines, and rifles and bombs and cannon. You could not count the men who will be wounded and killed before the fight is over.

We do not want the Papuans to be frightened by what they hear.

The war is going on in Europe now, thousands of miles away from here. It is true that we are part of the British Empire, and therefore an enemy might come to attack Papua. That is why we have some big guns and fighting aeroplanes and soldiers and sailors at Port Moresby. But it does not seem likely that the war will come here; we are so far away.

Still, every Papuan should remember that he belongs to the British Empire; and he should be ready to do anything he can to help his Empire win.

Above: Hon. H. W. Champion (Acting Lieutenant-Governor at the beginning of this year), Major Chalmers, Mr. Murray and Lieutenant Cape. Below: The soldiers being inspected by Mr. Champion. Blocks by courtesy *The Pacific Islands Monthly*



A Sale at Gemo

On Saturday, 13th September, the people of Gemo had a sale. Miss Fairhall thought it would be a good idea for two reasons; (1) it would give the patients something interesting to do; and (2) it would make some money to help pay for the new church. And it was a success in both ways.

There were a great many things to sell. Many people helped. Some white people from Port Moresby sent

cakes and clothes; people from Poreporena brought cooking-pots; and patients on the island itself did wood-carving and made baskets.

Stalls and Stall-Holders

The sale was held in one of the hospital buildings, and the things were arranged in "stalls," like little shops. The stalls were: cakes; clothes; school things (writing blocks, pencils, rubbers, etc.); bead necklaces; and "oddments" (toys,

dolls, rubber balls and all sorts of things for 1d., 2d. or 6d.).

The stall-holders were Miss Mac-Millan, Vaaiga, Hera, Reia Tamarua, Garia, Vagi Egi, Nanadai Tau and Huge Geita. Some of them sold everything they had.

Taunao Agaru was the "overseer," and he stood at the door and made everyone pay a penny to get in. (The Editor was there also and took on this job because it was an easy one). Miss Fairhall oversaw the Overseer and everyone else and counted up the money at the end.

Many canoes came over from the village. The visitors all brought something to spend, and I think they must have spent what they brought. They got something good for their money (because things were going cheap) and their money went to a good cause.

The profits were £12 for the afternoon.

The New Church

The new church is being built by Vagi the Gemo carpenter. It is very nearly finished. Vagi learnt his work first at Fife Bay and later when working for the Government Carpenter. Now he knows all about it. The church is a very good building. Any white carpenter would be pleased with it.

The "Papuan Chief"

Our old friend the *Papuan Chief* has been having a rough time.

Everyone on the coast from Samarai to Daru knows her. She has sailed on her way for many years among the reefs and the shoals, in good weather and in bad, and she has always come home to Port.

But early this month she ran on a reef on her journey from Samarai to Port Moresby. She was badly hurt. The Captain ran her on the beach at Gadaisu, and there they mended her.

Then she went on. But after she had passed Aroma the south-east wind got up. There were big seas, and the *Chief* began to leak. The Captain did not want her to sink in the deep sea, so he took her through Wolverine Passage and ran her up on the beach again.

It looked as if she would stay there for ever. But the *Papuan Chief* has risen from the dead. The Napa Napa people sent out men and launches and they got her afloat. People in Port Moresby were surprised to see her coming round the corner. She had two small ships towing her, and a big square sail to help her along before the wind. Now she is on the slip at Napa Napa, and perhaps we shall see her on her old run again.



Death of Hon. Gus. Nelsson

"You will be sorry to hear that another of the "Old-Timers" of Papua has died—Mr. Gus. Nelsson.

Mr. Nelsson was an old man but a very strong one. He was born in Sweden 73 years ago. As a young man he sailed away from his country to see what things were like in the South Seas. First he went to New Zealand; then to Australia; then to Papua.

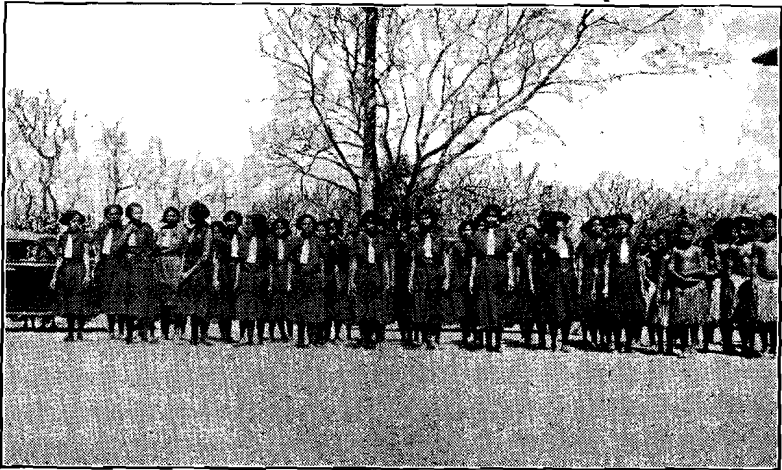
He came here in 1893, 46 years ago, and worked at mining for gold. He also kept stores for the miners, and later made a coconut plantation at Doini, near Samarai.

He was made a member of the Legislative Council because he was an important man in the Territory. That was 25 years ago, and he has been a member ever since. Last year the King gave him a medal and made him an M.B.E. because of his good work.

Mr. Nelsson died in Australia; but

he had wished to be buried in this country because he really belonged here. So his ashes were brought back and buried at Rogeia, near Samarai.

He was always a friend of Mr. Arthur Bunting, who died shortly before him; and they are now buried in the same place.



Some Poreporena Girl Guides

A. G. K. GIBSON PHOTO

Flight of the "Guba"

You remember the big flying-boat, *Guba*. It was used by Mr. Archbold's expedition in Dutch New Guinea, and was often in Port Moresby harbour. It has done many marvellous things. It flew right across the Pacific Ocean from America; and it came and went in this country, flying over the high mountains and resting on the lake where Mr. Archbold had his headquarters.

Then it went down to Australia and did another marvellous thing. It flew right across the Indian Ocean.

There are a number of islands on the way. After leaving Australia the *Guba* wanted to land first at the Cocos Islands. But the weather was bad and it had to turn off and go to Java. But from Java it went out again and found the Cocos Islands. From there it went to Diego Garcia; from there to the Seychelles Islands; and from there to Mombasa on the coast of Africa. The Captain of the *Guba* on this famous flight was named Taylor. He says it is a new way to carry mails from Australia to England. The islands have good harbours for the flying-boat; and he says they are very beautiful places which travel-

lers will want to see. See if you can find them on your school map.

Gun Licences

You should know that you cannot carry a gun unless you have a licence, or paper. You have to get the permission of the Magistrate before you can hold a licence. He will not give it to you unless he is sure you are a very careful, sensible man, and unless he thinks you deserve it. Also, you have to pay for it.

The other day the police met a man carrying a dead wallaby in one hand and a gun over his shoulder. They found that he had not got a licence for the gun; so he had to go into Court about it. He was fined £5 or two months in gaol.

Cricket Competitions

Mr. Lewis Lett has given the *Villager* some information about the cricket teams and their competitions.

Mr. Lett has had a great deal to do with the competitions, and Papuan cricketers should be grateful to him.

There are two trophies fought for by teams in the Central Division.

Papua Cup

The teams in this are divided into two lots. I.—Taora, Gabi, Gidare and Kavari (all of Poreporena), Association (half-castes), Kilakila, Pari, Tupuselei and Vabukori.

II.—Hula, Kapakapa, Kerepunu, Kalo, Alagune, Makirobu and Babaga (all of the Hula district).

The winners of the first lot were Taora; of the second lot, Hula.

These two teams had then to play off for the Cup. The match was played at Port Moresby. But, writes Mr. Lett, "The regular Hula team failed to turn up on time as most of its members were in gaol for non-payment of taxes. Taora won very easily against a scratch team."

Papua Shield

The teams in this are Taora, Gabi, Gidare and Kavari (of Poreporena), Association, Kilakila, Tupuselei, Hula.

Hula had bad luck because the team had to come such a long way to play matches.

Each team played every other team in a two-day match, and points were given as follows:

Draw or tie, 1 point; 1st Innings win, 3 points; Outright win, 5 points; Forfeit, 3 points.

Gabi won the Shield (with 20 points) against Taora (19).

Best Averages

The leading averages in the Shield Competition are given below:

	Batting			
	Inn.	n.o.	runs	av.
Pipi Heni (Gabi) ...	6	0	285	47.5
Udu Dia (Taora) ...	7	1	257	43
Vaburi Gavera (Kavari) ...	5	2	129	43
Eno Gamu (Gidare) ...	7	1	249	41.5
Iga Vagi (Hula) ...	7	1	219	36.5
Kenii Heni (Gabi) ...	6	1	179	35.8

Bowling

	Bowling		
	wkts.	runs	av.
Arua Morea (Taora) ...	43	221	5.1
Vui Vagi (Hula) ...	28	167	6
Gomara Geita (Kilakila) ...	41	319	7.8
Tom Taru (Gabi) ...	11	91	8.3
Piki Ravu (Hula) ...	13	111	8.5
Willie Tamarua (Kilakila) ...	10	109	10.9

Best bowling performances were Arua Morea, 7 for 26; Vui Vagi, 8 for 22; Gomara Geita, 9 for 66; Tom Taru, 4 for 8; Piki Ravu, 7 for 7; Willie Tamarua, 4 for 30.

Native Contributions

Seized by a Crocodile

On Saturday, 5th August, we went hunting near Billy Priest's on the Laloki River. First we went to Vaigana and we stayed there about 5 minutes and talked. We were thinking which way we should go to hunt. Harry English came up, and he said it would be no good to go to the Laloki, because there was a big flood. But some boys thought it would be a good thing to go to the Laloki because there were plenty of ducks.

So we started to walk there from Vaigana, and we reached the Laloki about 5 p.m. We all stood there beside the river; and Harry English said we had better go back; the river was too big, and we might get into trouble. So he and his three carriers went back.

We were employers' shooting-boys: Boa Tau for Dr. Jenkins; Mea Lahui for Mr. G. Warner; Vio Tau for Mr. Jack Frame; Guba Hila for Mr. W. D. Brown. And we had 7 carrier boys with us.

A boy named Goata said, "I will try to cross by myself first; then I will swim back, and we will all cross the river together."

So Goata went first, and myself behind Goata, and Vio behind me. When I was swimming with Goata near the other side, a crocodile bit my right leg. I had something in my hand, my gun and a sling-bag. And I threw them away. Goata got my gun. But the crocodile pulled me down in the water. I had no road to come up on top. I got short of wind. Then I tried. I took the crocodile's mouth in my hand. I pushed very hard. Then the crocodile opened its mouth, and then I came up on top of the water.

I said, "Goata, get me quickly, I am very bad." Then Goata caught me and brought me quickly to the side of the river.

Then, seeing Vio Tau coming behind, Goata said, "Vio, you go back quickly." But Vio was thinking, "I've got no time to go back again." So he swam quickly and came to Goata and me.

Then Goata was talking. He said, "Guba is very bad. One boy bring an axe. I want to cut some wood to carry him up." But nobody answered; everybody was afraid to come over because of the crocodile.

But one boy named Taha Vagi (who works for Billy Priest) brought a double wood (two logs tied together) across the river and took me and Goata and Vio and brought us over.

Then everybody was talking—which way to carry me down to the village. Some wanted to carry me up to the eight-mile, but some thought it was too far; and some wanted to carry me to Vaigana. But I said, "It is better for two boys to run up to the Gaol Garden and ask Mr. Gough to ring up Mr. Brown."

So two boys ran to Mr. Gough and told him all about it. He sent some boys to help carry me to the eight-mile. I lay down at Mr. Billy Priest's place, and there Mr. Brown picked me up with a lorry and brought me to the hospital.

Mr. Brown said, "You stay at the hospital. I will go down to Hanuabada and bring your wife."

But I said, "No, Mr. Brown, please take me to Hanuabada. I want to lie by the fire-place, because I've got fever. To-morrow you get me up to the hospital."

[By Guba Hila, native clerk, Government Stores. This story wins half the prize 2s. 6d].



The Story Told by Another Man

Dear Fellow Readers,

This story is about a crocodile. Some weeks ago we shooting-boys went to the Laloki River. We wanted to shoot on the other side of the river. We arrived there about 5.30 p.m. and wanted to pass over to the other side.

Then a man named Goata spoke to all the boys. Said he, "I will swim first time. Then I will come back, and we will all go to the other side."

But the man named Guba Hila did not listen to what Goata said; neither did I.

Then Goata swam first; the second was Guba Hila and the third was me. My name is Vio Tau. Goata and Guba were going the same way together. I was swimming behind these two men. The other people did not want to swim. They were frightened about the crocodiles. So only three of us were swimming, Goata and Guba Hila very close together.

Then Guba said to Goata, said he, "Oh, Goata!" But he did not speak any more because a crocodile had got him in the water.

Then Goata was diving down in the river. He went straight down to get Guba's hand to pull him up. But the crocodile was pulling him down. Then Goata got hold of Guba's gun and knocked the crocodile's head, and then it went away, and Goata got Guba to the other side of the river.

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.

Articles must reach the Editor by 15th December

So I was in the middle of the river. Then Goata turned round to see me and said, "Go back, Vio; go back!" Then I said to Goata, "Why?" And Goata said, "Oh, a crocodile has bitten Guba."

Then I was very very frightened. I could not go back because our side was very very far from me. So I swam along to Goata and Guba's side. Then, Goata and I, we took Guba to sit down in a good place.

Then I called to the other people to bring two big logs. We wanted to put Guba on the big logs, or something like wood. But nobody was coming.

Then at about fifteen minutes to six the boy Taha Vagi, who was staying on the Laloki, cut two big logs and tied them together and brought them over himself. No one came with that boy.

Then we put Guba on the two big logs and all of us passed back again to Billy Priest's place.

Then we sent two boys to the Gaol Garden because we wanted to speak on the telephone to Mr. W. D. Brown at the Government Stores or at his house.

Mr. Brown and Archie McIntyre went down to the Government Stores to get the truck. Then they came to the Laloki. They arrived at about 1.5 a.m. at night. Then Mr. Brown washed Guba's leg well and put the new bandages on. Then we carried him to the truck, and came straight to Mr. Willis at the Native Hospital at about 3 o'clock at night.

But by that time Guba was getting very cold. He wanted to sleep at his house, because he wanted to get hot. So that night he came to his house for sleeping there. Next day he came to the hospital.

After two or three weeks Guba was looking better.

[By Vio Tau, Government Printing Office, Port Moresby. This article wins half the prize, 2s 6d. We are glad to say that Guba Hila is back at work in the Government Stores. *The Papuan Villager* offers its congratulations to Goata and the others who helped to save his life.—Ed.]

"The Papuan Villager"

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