

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Pineapples and Bananas, Laloki River

What to Do With Your Money

When a Papuan native "signs-on" he gets so much money for each month that he works. But he does not get all his pay at the end of each month. Most of it is kept for him, and he gets it in a "lump sum" when he has finished his contract.

Pay in Advance

But he may want to spend some money to buy things while he is still working. So the Government allows him to draw one-third part of the money that is due to him at any time. If he has been working for three months at 10s. a month, he will have earned £1 10s. He can then get 10s., i.e. one-third, in advance. The remaining £1, i.e. two-thirds, is kept for him till he has finished his whole contract, perhaps a year, perhaps two years, perhaps three.

If he has not drawn much in advance, he will have a good sum of money when he finishes. What will he do with it?

Spending Money

The money is paid to the labourer by the Magistrate in his own Division, near his home village. The labourer, if he likes, can take it all at once. He probably spends some of it in a store nearby on calico, knives, axes, billy-cans, tobacco and other things. The rest of the money he takes home to his village. It will pay his taxes for some years to come.

Losing Your Money

But if he takes the pound notes to his village he has no safe place to keep them. He can lock them up in his trade box. But that is not a very

safe place; for a thief can smash a trade box, or pick it up and walk away with it.

The Bank

There is a much better way of keeping your money safe, and that is to put it in the "Bank."

You put it in the Commonwealth Savings Bank. Any Magistrate will do this for you. You get a little "bank-book," and the amount you have put in the Bank is written down in it. You can take some of your money out whenever you like; and the amount taken out is also written down in the book. By looking at the book you can see how much you have got left.

Interest

While you leave your money in the Bank you get "interest" on it. This means that the Bank adds a little bit every few months. If you leave £10 in the Bank for a whole year you can take out £10 4s. at the end of the year. This means that you have made 4s. for nothing. And all that time the Bank has held the money for you in safety.

A great many boys now have Savings Bank Accounts. It is a very wise thing to do.



Growing Gardens in War Time

If the war goes on it will mean hard times for all of us, not only those who are fighting the battles in Europe, but those who live on the opposite side of the world.

For the trade of the world cannot go on properly, and the prices of the things we eat will go up. This is true

of bread and butter and meat and many other things. Many people will go hungry during the next few years.

But if you cannot get food from other countries it will be wise to grow more food in your own. Papua imports, i.e. brings in from other countries, tons and tons of rice. The price of this food is already getting higher; and if the war goes on a long time it may be hard to get it at all.

What should we do, then? We should plant more and more of our own native food. Instead of rice, the labourers will eat sweet potato, yams, taro and sago.

So this is one way in which you can help the British Empire in the present war. Make bigger gardens than ever. You will have more to eat yourselves; and you will be making food for the Empire to fight on.

If you have too much you can try selling it to nearby plantations. We think that most plantation managers will be glad to buy your vegetables to help feed their labourers. And so you may make some money as well as help to win the war.



Gambling

What is it that makes some Papuans break the law by gambling with cards? I think it is because in every village there are some bad men, and they get the foolish ones to join them in playing "for fun."

But the bad men are not there to play "for fun." They are out to make the foolish ones lose their money, *gana*, sulus, tobacco and other things, and afterwards they laugh at the foolish ones who have lost. (I know

of a man who gambled his canoe, and lost it. My word, he was wild.)

Punishments

Perhaps then a fight starts and some men get broken heads. The Magistrate hears of it and the gamblers come before the Court. For the first time they can be fined up to £2 or be sent to gaol for four months. For the second time they can be fined up to £5 or be sent to gaol for six months. Maybe the Magistrate will not make any fine, only gaol.

Gambling Leads to Stealing and Fighting

Gambling is a bad business, because it often makes a man lose more than he is able to lose. Then with the fever (like a sickness) of gambling on him, and not liking to lose (who does?) he steals all sorts of things belonging to his *taubada*, or somebody else. This makes things worse, because he is then breaking *two* laws. If a fight starts, and it often does, and he gets mixed up in it, he is then breaking *three* laws. Think of it! All perhaps because he started playing "for fun." It isn't fun to go to gaol for three months, the foolish man with the bad man.

—R.A.V.



A Brave Native and a Crocodile

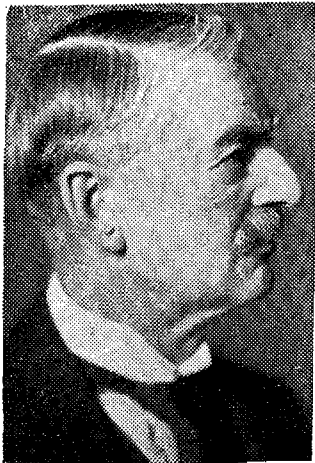
We read in *The Pacific Islands Monthly* of a house-boy of the Solomon Islands who saved his mate from a crocodile.

The boy, whose name was Matthews, worked on an island; and he went off one evening to visit his friends on the mainland. His mis-

tress told him he was to be back by "first fowl" in the morning (which means when the cocks were beginning to crow).

But Matthews did not turn up in the morning. He had been having a big fight with a crocodile in which he saved his mate named Vikaar.

The two boys were coming home in the very early hours. They paddled a small canoe. While it was still dark they were attacked by a crocodile. It hit the canoe again and



Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of England

again with its tail and smashed it up. The two boys found themselves in water up to their waists.

And then the crocodile seized Vikaar by the thigh and tried to drag him off to the deep water. But Matthews seized Vikaar and pulled the opposite way; and there was a great tug-of-war.

The crocodile took another bite at Vikaar and broke his leg. Then it lashed round with its tail and knocked

both the boys over. But it had lost its hold on Vikaar, and Matthews got him ashore.

Then he started off with his mate (who was badly hurt) on a long journey to hospital. He had to take him ten miles in a canoe.

Matthews might have run away and saved himself. But he thought it better to stick to his mate, which was very brave of him.



Herr Hitler, Chancellor of Germany

Searching for Sharks from Aeroplanes

On the famous bathing beaches near Sydney they sometimes use aeroplanes to look out for sharks. They fly overhead and search the waters. The aeroplanes put out different coloured flags; some colours show danger, and some show that it is safe to bathe.

Bombing Sharks

But a new way has been thought of in India. Off the coast of Madras the sharks were thick in the waters, and so they decided to "bomb" them from the air. A bomb is like a big bullet full of dynamite. It is dropped from an aeroplane, and when it hits the ground or the water it bursts. In this way many of the sharks were killed. Those that were not killed were stunned and floated on the surface. Then the fishermen caught them and killed them. And so the people ate the sharks instead of the sharks eating the people.



An Island Without a Car

Not many years ago there were no cars in Papua. Nowadays you see them zipping along the roads at a great rate, and many natives can drive them.

In the Atlantic there is a small island called Bermuda, and the people there have decided that they will never have any cars at all.

It was thought that the Governor might have one. But it was decided that the rule should not be broken even for him. So he has a coach and four horses instead.

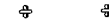
A coach and four horses cannot go as fast as a motor car, but they look very much finer. After all a motor car is only an ugly painted tin box on wheels. But think of four prancing horses!

Bermuda is a beautiful island, and many tourists go to see it. In these days of noise and hurry it seems to us that a holiday on Bermuda would be a very pleasant change.

Arrest of a Spider

In England there are no large spiders such as we have in the tropics. But sometimes they are carried there in the fruit that comes from tropical countries.

An English woman found one in a bunch of bananas from Africa. It was a "tarantula," with long hairy legs, and she got a bad fright. She could not think what to do, so she called in a policeman. We read that he "arrested" the spider, and suppose that he squashed it.



Native Contributions

Taurama and Kiaura

Dear Editor,

I have something wonderful to tell my readers. I can hardly believe it myself. All you Port Moresby boys listen.

You know Taurama Hill, near Pari, where there is a sand beach and a good boat passage outside. Well, a long time now Taurama had a young brother named Kiaura, inland from Taurama. Kiaura was a hill too.

The fashion of Taurama was to throw all his rubbish and banana stems and fish bones on to Kiaura. This made Kiaura very wild because it spoiled all his gardens and sago; and so he cried out to Taurama, "I am not a dog. Why do you do this?"

So one morning when Taurama wanted to throw some more rubbish on Kiaura he looked and he thought he was dreaming. Why, my dear readers? Because there was a swamp where Kiaura had been yesterday. Kiaura was gone and there was a hole in the ground and it was filled with water.

Now let me tell what Kiaura had done. After it got dark he lifted up the hill, the whole lot of it, gardens and sago and everything, and started along the coast.

All the time he was going along, little bits of the hill fell out of his hands into the sea. One little bit is now Manubada Island; and another little bit is now Taunagena Island.

The Vabukori people saw these islands next morning and they thought they were dreaming too. But Kiaura did not stop. He was in a hurry. Then another bit of hill fell out of his hands, and then another, and then another, dropping all the time because the farther he went into the night the heavier the hill seemed to grow.

And so grew the islands of Ladekoke, Kokemotumotu, and Gemo. Kokemotumotu is now next to Badili Gaol and Gemo is for sick people.

After a time some more pieces of hill fell into the sea and there grew Varivara and Kekene Islands. Then a great big piece fell off Kiaura, and this island we called Ravao (but the Catholic Mission call it Yule Island where there is a Government station called Kairuku).

Losing this big piece of hill made Kiaura go more quickly; and he had to go more quickly too because the night was nearly finished and Kiaura was getting tired.

Then my dear readers he got close to Elema and seeing a good place on the coast he put down the rest of the hill. It was a very big and very high piece too. This hill has kept its name, which is Kiaura; but the Government people call it Cupola, and the Elema peoples call it Maiatuba, with a lot of bamboo growing on top. It can be seen a long long way from the sea.

Now listen to this. When Taurama saw that his young brother Kiaura had gone away he was very sorry, and he got very hungry too because the best gardens were on Kiaura Hill. So he began to look round.

At Vabukori the people told him of their new islands, and this made Taurama think; and he thought a lot more when he found the new islands of Ladekoke, Kokemotumotu, Gemo, Varivara, Kekene, and Ravao.

Then one day he found Kiaura and was very glad and wanted Kiaura to go back to Taurama. But Kiaura said, "No, you must always come to Kiaura now if you want bananas and sago and all other kinds of food."

And so it is. My dear readers I have finished telling all this wonderful story—this big news.

I hope you are well. Good-bye.

[By Dago Morea, native clerk, Kerema. This story wins 5s. prize.]

Christmas at Delena

In this article I am just going to tell you about the Christmas at Delena. On Monday a.m. in the morning Mr. Chatterton rang the bell and all the Mission boys woke up and went to hear what the Master said.

He told the boys they had no work. They were to go and get the Christmas tree in the bush. Then we went and cut the tree and made it stand on the floor. And when we had finished we all went and had a bath.

Then he rang the bell about 7 o'clock and we all went to Church for prayers. And he spoke to us and said we could play by ourselves on Monday and Tuesday; but on Wednesday he wanted us to come to play early in the morning. After we had finished prayers we came out to walk on our places.

All the Mission boys and girls went to change their rams. Then he cut the Christmas things, or presents, to hang on that tree, and he put Mission peoples' names on each parcel. After his work he called the people into the Mission to come and take their Christmas things. We all sat on the floor by the tree and Mr. Chatterton took the bundles and gave them to his wife. She looked at the names and gave them all out.

After that the teacher gave out the food for the Christmas feast. The Master asked me to kill the three fowls, two for the boys and girls and one for himself. And some boys killed the goat. We finished that work. Then he gave a bag of wheatmeal to share between the villages of Poukama and Delena.

Then they cooked and served up our food, and asked the Mission people to come and eat it. In Delena some women, to help the Mission, brought a lot of food to give them.

On Tuesday midday Mr. Thompson and Mr. Healy and his brother and sister came to Delena to see Mr. Chatterton and his wife. They were very happy days. Mrs. Chatterton she cleaned her house well and made a decoration in the house.

On Wednesday early in the morning he rang the bell for play about 6 o'clock. We started to play. First, throw the ball. Second running race, sack race, swimming race, diving race and some more play.

Then ten men of Delena and Poukama sat in one canoe, and they all got poles. They were divided, five each side. Then they all

stood up and began to race (five men poling on each side in opposite directions). On one side all the poles were broken; on the other they were not. Then the men (on the losing side) became angry. They said, "Oh, you are all big men, not like us."

When there was dispute about their game they wanted to fight. Then Mr. Chatterton said, "Oh, stop disputing and finish the game," because he did not want them to fight.

Then they stopped the dispute. They went back to the house and he gave out bananas and tins of meat.

I have to stop here. Dear readers of *The Papuan Villager*, don't laugh at me when you see my simple English in this article. This is the end of my writing.

[By Aeava Aia, Lawes College, Fife Bay.]



Misima Christmas News

Dear Readers,

Here I am scribbling a few lines, about the Christmas news, out here in our small Island of Misima. I hope you all had a happy Christmas holiday and good sports at each of your Stations.

Christmas Carols

On 23rd December, Saturday, after 12 o'clock, offices and store closed. Then we started our holiday, and on 24th December, Sunday night, we all knew that it was Christmas Eve. On that night, all Wedauan boys who work out here they sang carols. They went out to Methodist Mission Station, and they started there; and they came on to Bwagaoia Government Station and they sang in front of the Residence; and then they went up the hill to the B.P. Manager's house, they sang in front of his house; and then went to B.P. single-men's house where they sang again; and then back again to Bwagaoia Government Station. That was the end of the carol singing.

On Christmas Day with my wife and small daughter I went around to the Methodist Mission Church for service. The Church was decorated with flowers and palm trees, the service was taken by the Rev. H. K. Bartlett; the service was very nice.

On Tuesday, 26th December, there were Sports at the Methodist Mission Station. All people gathered together on Mission Station for the sports.

Sports

1st, 80 yards Men's Race. 2nd, 80 yards Men's Race. 3rd, 80 yards Men's Race. Small Girls' Race, Middle-Age Girls' Race, Small Boys' Race, Middle-Age Race, High Jump, Ball Throw, Wheelbarrow Race, Tug-of-War.

Tug-of-War and Dances

The tug-of-war was between Narian and Bwagaoia, 40 on each side. The Narian side won. The winners were given prizes by the Rev. H. K. Bartlett—calico, mirrors, tins of meat, knives, pencils, note-books, scissors, scent, powder, and some other things.

COMPETITION

Write an article about White Men's Wars. What do you think of them? Articles must reach the Editor by the 29th February, 1940

After all the sports were over, the Mission girls gave a dance—a Fijian dance. The Fijian teacher taught them. Then, after the girls' dance was finished, the Mission boys started their dance—a Torres Strait dance. The dance was over about 5.30 p.m. Then all the people went back to their village the same evening. They had a good time.

We didn't have any sports on Government Station. The Magistrate said, "We are not playing this year." So he did not buy any pigs or native food for Christmas. We all know about the war. Our friends they are fighting in other countries, that's why the R.M. did not give any sports on the Government Station.

New Year

On 31st December, about 12 o'clock midnight, Barton, the native clerk, with all the other boys and policemen came in front of the

R.M.'s office. Then Barton fired with his shot-gun; and after the shot-gun had gone off all the boys hit the drums and tins, and blew the *kibi* and sang and shouted.

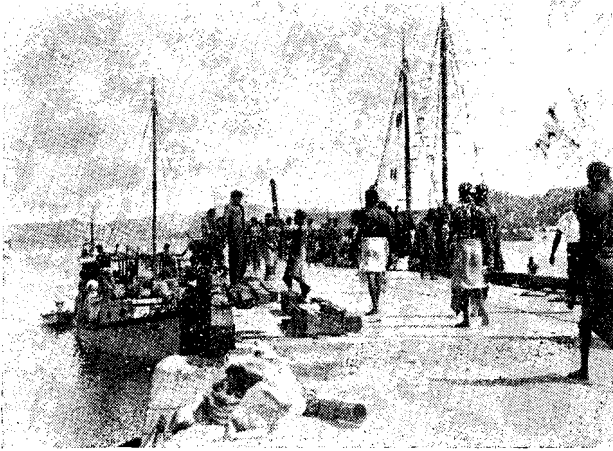
Still making this noise they went through the Bwagaioia Village and right through the native missionary's place and back to the wharf. It sounded like dogs crying. They were making a noise for about half an hour before they stopped.

[By Kenneth Kaiw, court interpreter, Bwagaioia, S.F.D.]

Mr. Dewdney said, "In the early morning we will go to Auma."

So the man slept at Orokolo and in the early morning they went to Auma and dragged the canoe down to the sea. Then he saw the rudder—"Oh, my rudder is broken! I came all the way from my country and my rudder did not break."

Then our father said, "I want you to come to Orokolo and mend the rudder. After that you can go."



A Wharf Scene, Port Moresby

Travelling Round the World in a Canoe

I write this composition about a German man who travelled round the world and came to Australia and New Guinea in a small canoe.

The canoe was made of canvas and had a paddle and a small sail. He was not afraid to come alone. He saw Europe, Asia, Africa, India and many islands in the Pacific, and so to Papua.

He slept at Auma and in the early morning came to Orokolo. Our father said, "Oh, you came in a boat?"

He said, "No, I have come in my small canoe. I put it at Auma."

So he spent one week at Orokolo. On Monday our father and the schoolboys, girls, women and children, all were sorry because he was going away and would be lonely. They came to say good-bye to him, and they said, "We are sorry for you because you come from far away. But our Father who stays in the heavens will look after you."

[By Miae Malaha, L.M.S., Orokolo.]

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