

Vol. 12, No. 3  
March, 1940

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

## The Late Sir Hubert Murray

Everyone in this country was sad to hear of the death of our Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. He had ruled Papua for so many years, and he was the friend of all of us, native and white man.

### "Judge Murray"

He was born in 1861. He first came to this country in 1904, as a Judge. A few years later he was made Lieutenant-Governor. When he died he had been Governor of Papua for 32 years—a longer time than any other man had been a Governor in the whole British Empire. But, even after he had been made a Governor, most native people used to speak of him simply as "Judge Murray." It was a good name.

### A Strong Man

All readers of *The Papuan Villager* must have seen him. For it was not his custom to sit at home in an

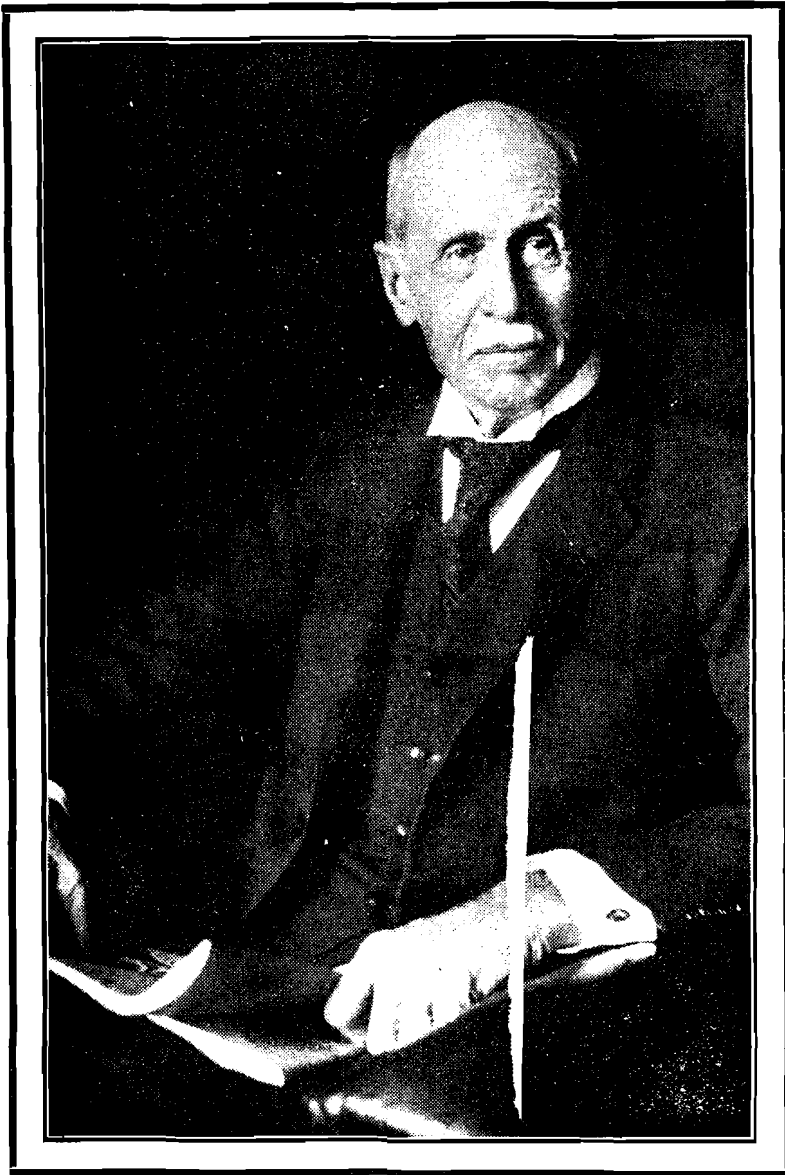
easy chair; he travelled and travelled about this great country to meet and make friends with his people.

You know what he looked like—a very tall man. In his young days he was a great athlete, which means that he was good at manly games. He was a very strong man, and never afraid of hardship.

He fought in the Boer War—40 years ago—and was a Colonel, a high officer. The soldiers he commanded were horsemen, and the Governor himself remained a horseman even in his old age. The villagers used to see him constantly riding his great horse in the rough hills behind Port Moresby. And he used to walk over the mountains to see his inland stations. At the age of 70 he walked from Buna to Kokoda.

### A Strong Mind

And he was not only strong in body, but strong in mind, which is much more important. He was the Big Chief of this country. Everyone



The Late Sir Hubert Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua

knew he was master, and no one thought of disobeying him. He had his Council to help him, and he talked things over with them. But it was he who had to make the decisions, to say what would be done. That is hard work, making decisions; but he was never afraid of it.

### His Learning

And he was a very wise man. His head was full of knowledge. He was what is called a "scholar," and you may be sure he worked hard at school and at the sort of grown-up schools called universities.

Whenever he got a chance, he read a book. He read books in English and French and German, and in the old languages called Latin and Greek. When he went on his trips on the *Laurabada* you would see him sitting all day in his chair on deck, reading a book while the wind was blowing and the waves running and the boat tossing from side to side.

So he added to his learning. He read what great men did in the past, and what other men were trying to do in the present. And that all helped him in the hard task of governing a country.

### A Merciful Judge

The Governor was a good friend to all the natives of Papua, and they all trusted him. He sometimes had to try men in the Court, for he was a Judge as well as a Governor. But he was always a merciful or kind, Judge; and, when he had to send a man to gaol, he gave him just as many months or years as he deserved. Even when a prisoner was found guilty I don't suppose he was wild with the Judge, for he knew his punishment was a just one.

### Acts of Kindness

But in other ways the Governor was constantly doing acts of kindness to the natives. Important men have a lot of work to do; they are busy. But he always found time to help a native in trouble. You know that, if you had a grievance, you could always go straight to the Governor himself. He would listen to you and try to put things right. The humblest people, even prisoners in gaol, could bring their troubles to him.

Here is one small act of kindness that few people can have heard of.

The Editor once met an old man of a little hill village in the Abau district. His name was Aiva, and in his younger days he had been a famous killer. He had killed five people altogether, and he must have been tried by the Governor and sent to gaol for plenty of years. But he was a fine, friendly old fellow, and he owned a better umbrella than any other native in the Territory. This is how he got it.

When his days in gaol were all over and he had stopped killing people, he once went to Abau to visit the Station, just when, as it happened, the Governor was there on an inspection. It had been raining, and Aiva looked very wet and miserable.

When the Governor saw him he said, "Hullo, Aiva; you look very wet." "Yes," said Aiva, "because I've got no umbrella." "Here you are, then," said the Governor, "take mine." And that is how Aiva came to possess the best umbrella in the Territory. He was very proud of it; a proof of friendship from the man who had put him in gaol.

### The Reason for His Fame

Our late Governor was a very famous man. You should know what it was that made him so famous. It was this—that in governing the Territory of Papua his first thought was always for the native people—yourselves. In some other places like Papua the natives have not seemed so important.

But Sir Hubert Murray always thought the main part of his work was to help you—to give you health and peace and wealth and law and learning. The world admired him for this and talked about it; and so he became a famous man.

### Working to the End

One of the things that gave him most pride in his whole life was the Address given him by the natives when he had finished 30 years as Governor. This Address was signed by 2,438 people and was presented to him at Hanuabada when the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, was here. We give the words of it again.

Our Governor,

We people of Papua all know that in July, 1937, you complete thirty years as Governor of Papua. During all those years we have seen your good works, and all the helpful things you have done. When we have come to speak to you, you have not closed your ears, nor have you frowned on us, but have received us, and listened to us, and taken action for us. We have seen all the good things you have done, and our happiness is great because of you. Therefore we all beg of you not to leave us, but stay here as our Governor for years to come. For we know you and how you have led us into the ways of your laws, treating white people and ourselves just the same. We know that you love us well, and we are full of love for you, Our Governor.

Sir Hubert stood up and spoke to all the people that day and thanked them. And he said this: "You need not be afraid that I am going to leave you. I am going to die here."

Well, he has died in this, his own country, and in just the way he wished to—still working and doing his duty.

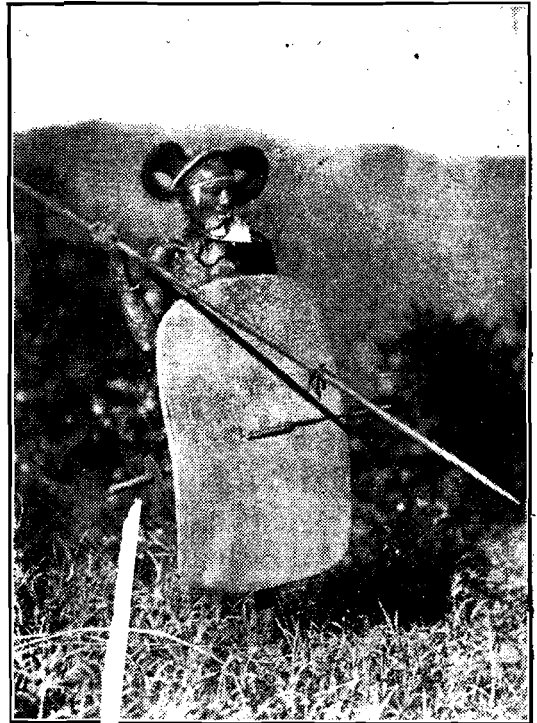
### Funeral of the Late Governor

The Governor died in Samarai Hospital on Tuesday, 27th February. His body was carried to Port Moresby by flying-boat, and reached there at about 4.15 on Wednesday.

There was a great crowd of people awaiting it. The coffin was carried

by a naval pinnace from the flying-boat to the wharf; and from there the procession went to the cemetery.

In the procession there were the priests, the Acting Governor (Mr. Champion), Mr. Leonard Murray (who is a nephew of Sir Hubert) and other members of the Government, as well as citizens and officers of the Forces.



Aivi: the Old Warrior of the Abau District

Members of all the fighting forces marched with it, the Armed Constables leading the way. The Navy, the 13th Heavy Battery, the Air Force, and Returned Soldiers from the last war all fell-in and marched.

At the cemetery the Armed Constables stood with reversed arms (holding their rifles pointing downwards). Lohia, the late Governor's own servant, was the "insignia bearer" (he carried the medals which His Ex-

cellency had won); and members of the Hanuabada Village Council were there too.

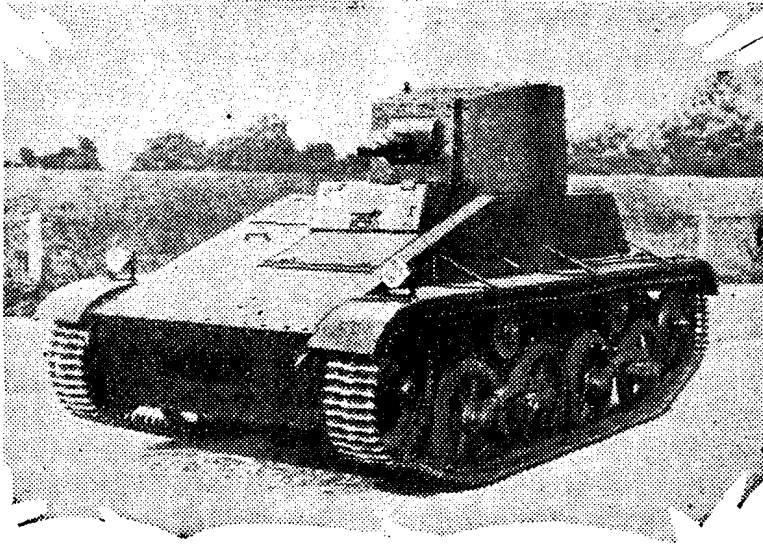
A great crowd of natives watched the procession pass.

At the graveside the soldiers fired together three times for a farewell, and the bugle sounded the Last Post.

they had left the mark behind.

Kari's *lakatoi* meant to go a lot further still. It was waiting for a good wind to take it to Mailu.

There were more than 30 people, men, women and children, on board, and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves.



A Fighting Tank

## Long Voyage of a Gulf Lakatoi

When the Editor was at Duramu on 5th March he met a *lakatoi* full of Gulf Division people. It had come all the way from Mei, the other side of Kerema.

The captain was Councillor Kari; and among his men was "Jimmy." Jimmy came to the Editor and asked him to write a letter to Kerema telling Dyamu the news about the voyage. It seems there had been a bet. The *lakatoi* had to pass the eastern mark of another Mei man on a previous voyage; and that day, 5th March,

## Tanks in War

We have told you about some of the things the white men use in their wars on land, on sea, and in the air, such as big guns and forts (like great houses made of concrete and steel), battleships and flying machines.

But there is one very important thing used in land-war that we have not spoken of yet. This is the tank. It is rather a new thing. Many tanks were used in the last war. But then they were just getting into practice. In this war there are thousands of them ready to go into action.

### The Water Tank

You have all seen tanks at Port Moresby and at Samarai and at every white man's house in the country. They are big round things made of crinkly iron and full of water (at least they are sometimes full of water).

That sort of tank would not be of much use in war. If you emptied out the water and got inside one you could roll it towards the enemy, and you might knock a few of them over. But you would not be able to see where you were going; it would be very hard to keep the tank rolling; and the enemy's bullets would go through it like a paper bag.

### The Fighting Tank

The war tank is a very different thing. It is like a great box made of hard, thick, heavy iron, with small holes in it to look through and shoot through. It carries a crew of soldiers inside it.

It is driven by a very strong motor; but it does not go on four wheels like a motor car. There are "belts" from the back wheels to the front wheels, like the belts of a "caterpillar tractor" (if you have never seen one of these it is your bad luck. We do not feel able to describe it to you). These belts make it possible for the tank to crawl along the ground. It can climb steep hills; it can get in and out of great holes; and if it comes to a fence or a wall it is so heavy and strong that it just knocks it over and goes on its way.

The tank is like a moving fort, or like a small battleship steaming along over the ground. The big armies in Europe have plenty of them. The nearest thing to a tank that we have in this country is the Public Works roller. But that has no machine

guns, and we hope it may never be used in war.

✦ ✦

### Death of Miss A. M. Cottingham

We are sorry to tell of the death of Miss A. M. Cottingham of Dogura.

She came to Papua 37 years ago, and during all that time she worked for the people of the North-East Coast. She was a great school teacher. During the later years of her life she was not strong and well. She had to sit in a chair on wheels, for she could not walk about. But in spite of her suffering she always kept on working, teaching the people.

You will see that a native writer of an article in this issue says that he thought a lot of his teacher, Miss Cottingham. She will be very much missed by the people of Dogura.

✦ ✦

### Native Contributions

#### Sorcery to be Used in War

English and Germans

Dear Readers,

I would like you all to read this letter, and I would be extremely grateful to see you explain it to your old men friends, telling them carefully that the war is on between our mother country England and our enemies the Germans. (We call England our mother country because we are well looked after, well treated, and well trained by them [the English, or British, people]; they never whip us about and they never try to upset us.)

I would also be proud to tell you that my schoolmistress is from England, and I'm educated by her. She is from Nottingham, and her name is Miss A. M. Cottingham. I think a lot of her and of her country.

By the way, my dear readers, I suppose you have all heard about our enemies the Germans, how they treated the natives while they were at Rabaul. They had hard minds, and they

were so cruel; they were really strict in all their ways; and if they come here we will be sorry.

### Puripuri as a Weapon

Now what I had in mind to tell you is about the energetic work to be done by us, the work that we Papuans believe in. Numbers of people in the whole of Papua have the same mind; they believe it as well. And that is *puripuri*.

I may add that *puripuri* is the first-class word in Papua. So if all we Papuans believe in that superstition (or whatever it may be to you), will you try to do anything to stop this great war, or will you do anything to stop them [the Germans] from coming here to Papua?

### European Sorcerers

We have all seen European sorcerers doing their magic work publicly. There are the doctors for a start. They could put anyone into a deep sleep and wake them up again; and they can even take their bellies out and put them in again.

And there is wireless—getting the word over the air. And there are aeroplanes flying like birds above. And submarines running under the sea. And there are a lot of other things that we have never seen; but we have heard of them. And I suppose the next thing that we will hear of or see will be a man with a wing flying, or a man walking above the sea.

### Let the Papuan Sorcerers Try

This is like *vada's* experience. And why shouldn't our Papuans do the same if we believe in our *vada* (sorcery). Can't you sorcerers do anything publicly and let us all believe you? It is not fair to rely upon our poor Europeans and let them die for our King and country. The Papuan sorcerers should not get busy to prepare their gear for use in war, or to stand by in case of emergency.

But, I am certain there is no such thing to protect us and our sweet Papuan home. If you think there is, believe it yourself.

### Sorcery is Superstition

My dear readers, our sorcery and sorcerers are only superstition. They cannot be used in any cases at all. But all we Papuans, from the first generation to the last generation, believe the word "Sorcery." We had power in our minds to believe such a superstition, and by that means we always get sick and die.

Now we young fellows of Papua after having our education in various schools should not believe the sorcerers. You must weigh in your mind that the sorcerers will not do anything good for us during the war.

### King and Country

I'm proudly admitting that a number of you were well educated by your Mission. You can read and write and even speak in English. You should try and help, and obey if ever you are needed to join the army. There is nothing like fighting for our King and country; and there is nothing like obeying and helping our King and country. We must strongly and bravely put our minds to show others that we love our King and country.

Trust no sorcerers, but with faith in God trust your rifle and bayonet, your doctors and nurses in this wide wicked world war.

## COMPETITION

Write an article about the late Sir Hubert Murray. Did you ever meet him face to face? What did he say or do? Tell us your own story about him. Winning article receives prize of 5s. Articles must reach the Editor by 15th May, 1940.

Don't forget to whisper these words to the next door where your old man friend lives, and see what he has got to say about it. Tell him that a bullet is a bullet, and a bomb is a bomb. When a bomb falls and hits the ground, it explodes and kills everything.

Well, my dear readers, I'm your fellow writer "P." I suppose some of you know me; but at present I will call myself "Son of a Gun," and when the time comes I got to put myself somewhere, and I wish to see a few of my school pals join me in it.

Cheerio, every one of you.

[By "Son of a Gun"—Patteson Farr. This story wins 2s. 6d., half the first prize for last Competition.]

## War

The north-west wind has been blowing hard in these couple of days, so the seas are very rough for the ships or canoes to sail here and there. But this evening was coloured with beauty by the setting of the golden evening sun, and its glorious rays spread all over the palm trees and the little sand-coated paths with their red-leaved shrubs lining both sides.

When the moon started to throw her cool light on us and the light breeze buzzed slowly on its southward journey, it gave me a sorrowful and lonely feeling. So I walked up slowly to my house and entered into my writing room. I picked up the last month's *Papuan Villager* and read the Editor's notice for Competitions.

I wondered how I could write the article about the white men's war. For we are not white men, and have never even seen it. Therefore I am dropping a few lines in a rough way. I am afraid that this will not give you much that is interesting; but still as the words go, "There's nothing like try."

Now the war. And what are all of you thinking of it? In my own thoughts it is a feverish and dreadful thing; also ill-feeling condition. I say it is blood-shedding for no reason; only dropping the people's life.

The white brothers are brave and proud to fight in their great wars, with guns of several kinds, and bombs, and other kinds of weapons that are used in wars. And besides all there is "gas," which I think the most dangerous of all.

How powerful they are to fight in every way, by land, sea and air, and under the surface of the water. So which is the one to watch? It is too much. We can keep our eye on the thing that comes before us. But the others from other directions would come and kill us.

It is not like our native fights—to throw a spear or arrow, one at a time, and so on. This is dreadful; and it's most dangerous, killing the people like throwing a plug of dynamite to the fishes.

I think if not more than two or three planes were to fly over us for dropping bombs, we should shake to death for fear before the attack happened; because we are not brave, neither wise at all to hear it any longer.

Now, my friends, the departing of the soldiers for the overseas services, I think it's a sorrowful thing. One is broken-hearted in one's mind, as we feel it ourselves in other conditions. For it is unknown what the fortune will be at the outbreak of war. The thoughts are of the family (if married), love affairs, and home.

On the other hand, think of how you'll be praised and known by all, appointed to higher rank, or get honours.

But above all that, I think the men who fight in battles are thinking of their King and country and how to gain the victory.

Down the dark future, through long generations

The echoing sounds of war grow fainter  
and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,

We hear once more the voice of Christ say  
"Peace."

Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the  
skies,

But, beautiful as song of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

So it's very good to stay in "peace."

Well, my dear friends, I have to come to an end. So good-bye to you all and good luck. And may God bless you all.

[By Walter G. Kekedo, c/o. A.R.M., Abau. This story wins 2s. 6d., half the first prize for last Competition.]

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

### "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 WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—9806/4.40.