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Welcoming the Magistrate

In every Division the Magistrates and Patrol Officers of the Government have to go round and visit the villages. They have to inspect the houses and coconut plantations (which means that they have to look at them and see if they are clean and in good order); they take cases and settle the people's quarrels; and they collect the tax.

Sometimes, perhaps, the villagers are not very glad to hear the Magistrate is coming. They may think it means hard work cleaning up the place; and those who have made trouble in the village may say to themselves, "Now for gaol!"; and it is certainly true that some people don't like paying their tax.

But when the villagers have learnt that the Government is really their friend and wants to make things go well for them, then they are glad to see the Magistrate.

Gabuoni's Welcome

Here is the story of a village which took a lot of trouble to show that it

was glad. It is taken from a Patrol Report of Mr. Lambden, A.R.M. of the Abau District. He is writing about his visit to Gabuoni (his words have been made simpler in a few places so that you may understand them).

"The V.C.'s and Councillors and fifty elderly men of the village formed two lines from the water's edge to the rest-house gate, and as I passed along between them each saluted and murmured 'Good morning, *Taubada*.' All except the old Village Policeman who addressed me as 'my father.'

The Finest Rest-House in the District

Upon entering the rest-house—the finest in the district—I found the floors covered with bright new mats, a vase of flowers upon a table and spotless white curtains covering the windows and doorways. The old Village Constable artfully asked if other rest-houses were as good, and I could quite truthfully reply that they were not."

Gifts of Food

When Mr. Lambden had looked round the house and admired it, one of the Councillors gave a signal and "a line of about thirty young men, dressed in their 'Sunday best' marched down from the village, each carrying a yam, a taro, a large potato, some sugar-cane or a few bananas. These offerings were put down at the top of the rest-house steps, while the old Village Councillor stood beside me hoarsely whispering, 'You no pay, that present for you.'"

In the evening they brought more presents of food in the same way and Mr. Lambden thought he had better make a speech. So he said he was very pleased with the welcome given to the Government, and would tell the Governor about it. The people received this speech with cheers and went off quite as much pleased as the Magistrate.

Paying the Tax

Next morning Mr. Lambden was ready to collect the tax, but the people



A Papuan Dancer

had not come together. He asked the V.C. about it, and this is what happened.

"The V.C. replied, 'All ready, my father,' and blew his whistle. And at that moment two hundred men came marching down the hill, three abreast, each wearing a clean rami and a handkerchief round his neck; and marching beside the column two or three elderly men calling out, 'Left, right; left, right.' The Party made a fine sight, for the ramis and handkerchiefs were of many colours, and each man, carrying his head erect, took himself very seriously.

The column marched round the Court House and, taking up position on the sides, halted and turned inwards. As I appeared two hundred hands flew up to a smart salute, and two hundred voices said, 'Good morning, *Taubada*.'

That was how Gabuoni welcomed the Magistrate. As one of the Councillors said (at a big meeting of Councillors held later on at Wanigela) "We do that because the Government look out good for us."



The War

Russia and Finland

The war still goes on, and now there are still more countries in it.

Some time ago we told you Russia had attacked Finland—a nation of 170,000,000 against a nation of 3,500,000. The Finns put up a great fight, and they killed off thousands and thousands of Russians. But they could not expect to win, when their enemy was such a big one. Now peace has been made, and the Finns have had to give up some of their country. That war is finished now.

Invasion of Denmark and Norway

In our war with Germany there has been a new move. The Germans have invaded two other countries, Denmark and Norway. When you invade a country you send your armies of soldiers into it and try to take it from the people who own it. The Danish people did not resist but the Norwegians are putting up a fight to keep their country from the enemy.

A Big Sea Battle

In order to fight Norway the Germans have to send their soldiers,



Mussolini, the Leader of Italy

and stores and guns, by ships, and so the German Navy has been fighting the British Navy in the seas round Norway. And it seems that the British Navy has been giving it a fine hammering. (That means that they have been beating it. They have been smashing up the German ships, not really with hammers but with guns and torpedoes.)

It is said that 150 of our ships are fighting 90 of the German ships. We have a lot more to put into the battle, and in time we shall eat up the whole German Navy.

Aeroplanes in Battle

The aeroplanes are fighting too. We are told that the Germans have 1,000 planes in this battle and the Allies, i.e. the French and British, have 800. Both sides have many more thousands of aeroplanes ready for action, and it will be a big fight and a long one. But we can make planes faster than the Germans; and in the long run we shall beat them in the air in the same way as we beat them at sea.

Fighting in the Spring

It is now the Spring in Europe. The hard cold weather of winter is changing to fine weather; and then the armies will start moving about on land. We expect to hear of big battles.

The Italians

We are waiting to hear what the Italians will do. They seem to want to join in the war, just as a dog wants to join in when he sees other dogs fighting. If Italy does join in she will no doubt get some pretty bad bites. We show you a picture of Mussolini, the leading man of Italy (do not think that all Italians look like that).

A Letter from the Trobriands

The Editor,
Dear Sir,

This time last week the *Laurabada* left the Trobriand Islands.

There are twelve Fifth-class certificates (7 for 1938 and 5 for 1939) to be given in our school. We heard that Sir Hubert Murray was coming and we hoped that he would consent to give out the certificates and make a short speech to our 285 scholars and 12 assistant teachers. So we prepared

a short programme, consisting of songs from each class, a few short recitations and a little play by the junior school. One boy would give the words of welcome, and we looked forward to it.

Our new Missionary and his wife, Rev. H. K. and Mrs. Gordon, hoped to have the viceregal party for morning tea (meeting them for the first time)



A Little Half-Caste Girl of Port Moresby

after the presentation of the certificates, and seeing the Infant Welfare building, which has been built by one of our natives and is a great credit to him.

It is only a small building, for Miss B. Coulson, our Welfare Worker, visits the mothers and children in the villages of the Trobriand Islands regularly, and answers any appeal for help night or day. She has 815 infants on her books. Any woman may come to this building for attention, and it is

also very handy for any case needing special care should the woman or child's relatives be willing.

Our hearts were sad when we learned His Excellency was too sick to come ashore when the *Laurabada* reached our anchorage.

The Resident Magistrate, Mr. Hall, informed us on Monday that His Excellency was in Samarai Hospital, very low, and again on Wednesday that he had passed on. We were very sad.

We had school bells at 6 and 6.30 a.m. as usual on Thursday and the head teacher told the story of the late Lieutenant-Governor's thirty-four years of service in Papua. The school stood in silence for two minutes. After singing the National Anthem we thanked our Heavenly Father for such a Governor and his long years of devoted service to Papuans and Papua.

On Friday the school had a holiday.

We, with thousands of others, mourn the loss of a marvellous leader, who was also a friend, and we are indeed grateful for all Sir Hubert Murray was able to do and be in Papua.

Yours sincerely,

F. J. PEARCE,
M.M.S., Oiabia,
Trobriand Islands.

A Death Feast in Hanuabada

The Motu people of Hanuabada have held a feast in honour of the late Governor. They invited people from different villages, east and west, to be present; and they also invited the Acting Governor, Hon. H. W.

Champion, and some of the leading men of the Government.

Presents of food were made to these guests. There were a number of men and girls dancing and many people gathered round looking on.

Speeches were made by Ahuia Ova and Rakatani Keke; and His Excellency the Acting Governor replied. He said he would write to the late Governor's relatives and tell them of what the Motu people had done.

This is the speech of Ahuia as it is reported in *The Papuan Courier* of 12th April, 1940:

Governor Murray died on duty. He was Governor for more than thirty years. During that period we saw his work and his laws, and his good deeds we also saw. When the people were in trouble they went to him, and he did not turn them away. He gave us assistance and made us happy again. He stood alone in this way. Wherever he went in Papua his friendly greetings were the same; they never changed towards men, women and children. He brought happiness into their lives. Therefore he was good. But in February this year he died, and we people remember him and weep. He always treated us like cousins; his way towards us was the way of a cousin. We are thinking of him, and we shall always think of him because he guided us well. Because of these things we now make a feast for him in our true native custom, in remembrance of his death. His customs were different to ours, but he understood and loved us all. We too loved him very much and therefore we make his *Ariana*. But who is like unto him in Papua? There is not one man. He mixed with us, and sometimes he went fishing and hunting with us; he watched our ways. Sometimes when his work was done he would meet us on the road and greet us coming from the gardens. He and his ways are lost to us. We have not heard things about other (previous) Governors, our Fathers and Grandfathers have not told us. There has only been one Governor in our times; we saw and knew him as the best of all men. But we have lost him and we are distressed. He told us all, "I too do not want to leave you. I have

plenty of friends in Papua so I will not leave you. I will die in Papua." He fulfilled his promise to us completely, for his body now lies in our grave.

◆ ◆
A Papuan Life-Saver

It is the duty of members of the Medical Department to save life whenever possible. One of the Papuan members, N.M.A. Dagalisi, did this in a very fine way recently.

A party of Papuans had been working on a native hospital at Ikinu in the Delta Division. At the end of the day they were in a hurry to return to their village and twenty-three crowded on to a canoe that was too small for them.

The canoe capsized and the people were thrown into the fast-moving current.

N.M.A. Dagalisi was close to the shore in another canoe full of passengers. When he saw what had happened he quickly emptied out his passengers, keeping on board only paddlers, and hurried to the scene of the accident, and picked up most of the people. But the current was so swift that five Papuans were swept out to sea and not seen again.

The canoe capsized a good distance from the shore and it was only by the prompt action of Dagalisi and his helpers that so many were saved.

—F.J.W.

◆ ◆
No More Special Arms Permits

Some months ago we wrote about Gun Licences, or Arms Permits. We said that the Magistrate would only

give them to sensible, careful men, and that they had to be paid for.

But this, we are afraid, will give you a wrong idea. The fact is that the Government has told the Magistrates that they must not give out any more.

It may be possible for those who already have their Special Arms Permits to get them renewed, i.e. carried on from this year to next year. But it is no good asking for a new one.

Special Arms Permits and Employer's Arms Permits

You should know the difference between a Special Arms Permit and an Employer's Arms Permit.

A Special Arms Permit allows you to buy a gun and cartridges and to use them.

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.

An Employer's Arms Permit allows your employer to send you shooting for him with *his* gun and *his* cartridges, if his name is on his Permit paper. You cannot shoot for any other person. You must carry a copy of your Employer's Arms Permit with you while you are holding the gun, and you must not take or buy cartridges from any other person.

Native Contributions

Some Papuan Animals

Dear Readers,

I would like to tell you about the animals in our little island of Papua.

Kangaroos and Bandicoots

There are kangaroos found in the large forest or bush. They always look after their young in pouches.

The bandicoot has the same pouch on it as the kangaroo. It hops along with its new baby in that pouch until the baby gets strong enough. Then it gets out by itself and walks on with the mother, and sometimes later on she leaves it alone.

The Cuscus

The cuscus lives up in the tall trees and hides there. She has a pouch in front of her belly, underneath, and her hind legs are covered with soft fur. Her young one rests in its mother's belly-bag and its mother keeps it warm there all the time. The young ones enjoy themselves when they get daily milk from the breast in that warm place.

Dogs and Cats.

Dogs do harm to these animals that I have told you about, and they eat their bodies; and sometimes they give their flesh to the people when they go into the bush at hunting time with the hunters.

Another animal with a bad temper is the cat. They kill most of the small animals, the rats and the mice. Cats like them very much and eat the flesh of them. Sometimes we can see many pieces of dead flesh near by our houses or in the street or on the garden tracks; then we can say that it is a cat's mark.

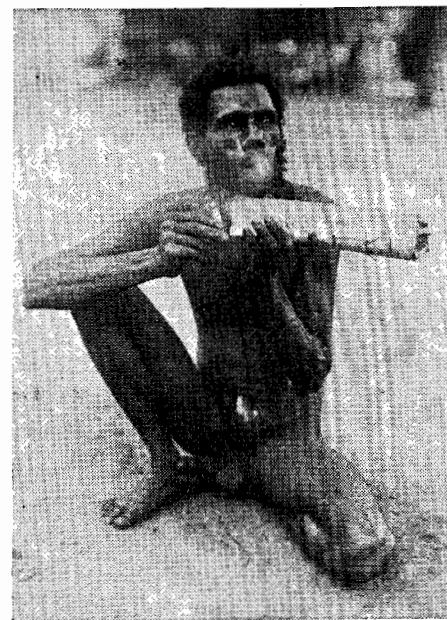
Sometimes we are pleased with the cats because these little animals (the rats and mice) always spoil our home roof-thatch, and take it away to another part of the roof, to make a heap there for their nest. If it is a rainy time, we get much wet through those holes on our bodies or on the furniture in the house.

Sometimes we do not like the cats because they also "humbag" our smoked fish which we wanted for the next feast.

Wild Pigs

Now I can tell you that the wild pigs are a bit savage. They can kill hunters when they go off into the bush for hunting. They have sharp tusks on them, two each on the mouth. When they fight a man it looks like a long scratching mark all over the man's body. Some of our friends in the village have got pig's fighting marks on them; others were at once dead in the pig's mouth.

But the pigs do not kill men to eat the food from their backs. They only eat dead bodies. Or tame pigs might kill baby dogs and chickens because of the new meat which is good



A Morehead Man Smoking. His *baubau* is made of bark

for them. Have you seen it happen in your village like this? I know; I saw it in my village one day. These animals are not so fierce as the lion and the tiger in your countries.

The Flying-Fox

The flying-fox is a different kind of animal. It is a bird but it has no feathers and no eggs. When the season for their young comes, a great number of them fly all together to the river-side. The trees or sago-

palm are pressed right down to the ground with the heavy weight of the flying-foxes and their mothers. All round the place they make the very greatest noise—no time to stop—until all the young have grown strong enough and can fly well alone. If a man tries to reach them to kill he has no trouble to find them; he just follows towards the place where he has heard the great noise. The hunters rush at them and kill hundreds of them.

The Flying-Squirrel

The flying-squirrel is a different animal. It is always in a tree trunk or a hollow palm. The new babies come out in the pouch, and they are kept away in the rotten pith of the palm or other hollow tree. They have skin wings, 1½ inches wide, on each side, from the front legs down to the hind legs; and they have a bushy long tail. If anyone drives them from their nest they can fly down to the bottom of the trunk at once; but then they hop up the trunk into the leaves or the fibrous cloth. If you want to catch one for your brethren's plaything you never can catch him. They are strange hidden things.

This article is my first try. If I make any mistake in it you can burn it on fire.

[By Lari Ovasuru, N.M.A., Bwagaia, S.E.D. This story wins 5s. prize.]



A Letter from Kwato

The Editor, c/o. Kwato Extension,
Dear Sir, 9th September, 1939.

Just a few lines to let you know how things are going on. I would like to let you know about our school at Kwato.

First of all, about 5.30 a.m., the Monitor rings the bell, and everyone of us must be awake and up from our beds as quickly as possible. No one can remain in his bed. In the same moment we have to stand in the lines and wait for roll-call.

After roll-call is finished we all march out to the cricket ground. Then we have our exercises, and also they teach us different kinds of physical games. After that, about 6 a.m., our drill is finished and we all go up to our homes.

Probably a few minutes will pass, and the Monitor will ring the bell for duties such as sweeping leaves and making the place nice

and clean. When we have finished sweeping the leaves we go to have a bath.

Then a few more minutes pass and the Monitor rings the bell for Quiet Time. That is, each one of us asks God's help for the day and to give us strength to do his will in everything.

May I speak to the Papuan boys and girls? My friends, I want to pass on to you what I have found, that, if we want to make our bodies strong and clean, we must first of all awake up early in the morning and exercise our bodies. Then we can do our work better during the day. And because we are happy ourselves we can make others happy too. Then we are not living selfishly.

If you and I live right and show other boys and girls what it means to us, it will help such a lot to make Papua a better country. The people who visit us from other countries will see how happy we are helping and serving one another.

God has guided us through many happy years. In a few more months he will lead us into another bright New Year.

[Let's hope so.—Ed.]

Well, good-bye, all my friends.

[By Dirona Abe, L.M.S., Hula, Raukele school-boy.]



Moviave Flower Garden

When Pastor Falemaa came to Moviave he did not like the ground near the houses because weeds were growing everywhere. So all the boys and girls took their knives to clean the garden round the house. It was hard work because the weeds were very strong. But now the ground is clean and Moviave Mission boarders have planted a lot of flowers and pretty leaves. This is a good time for planting because rain is falling every night and it will help the new plants to grow. We hope that in a few months time the Moviave garden will be pretty and we must not forget to kill the weeds. Then our plants will grow well.

[By Ivarava Mariosu, L.M.S., Moviave, G.D.]

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