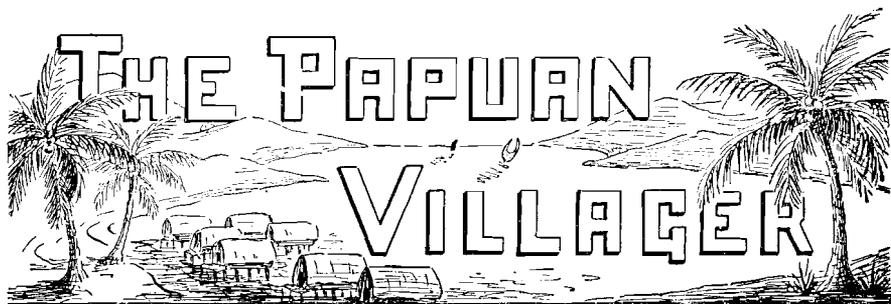


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 19, No. 5

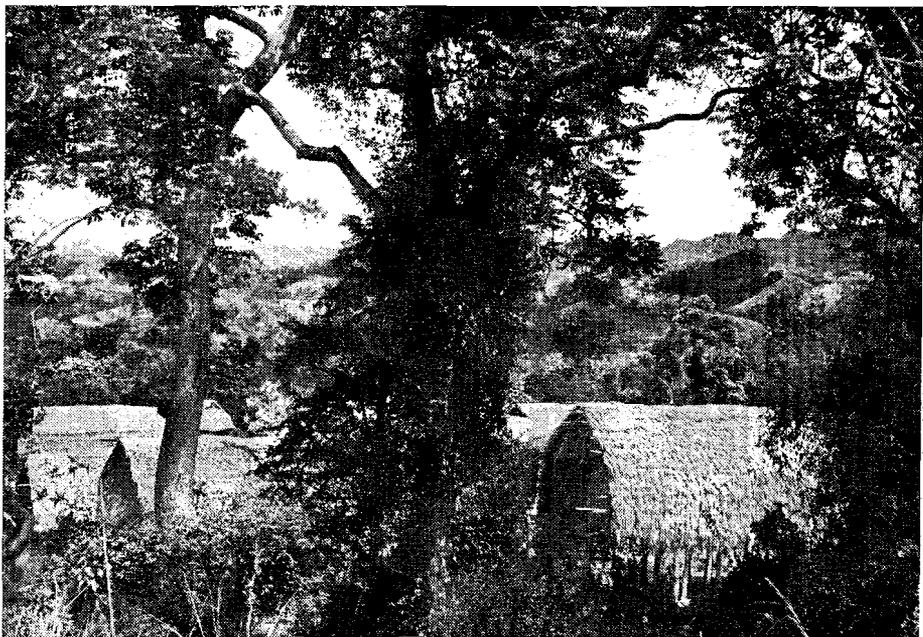
Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist

Price: Two Pence

May, 1940

Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

1s. per annum in Papua
2s. per annum, post free
elsewhere



A Hill Village

The Search for Oil

Different Kinds of Oil

There are many different kinds of oil. There is coconut oil, which you know about. You use it to rub on your bodies, and the white man uses it for all sorts of things—making soap is one of them.

And there is linseed oil (made from the seeds of a plant called flax). It is used for many things, e.g. for mixing paint, as the native carpenters know.

And there is cod-liver oil, made from the liver of a kind of fish. Many of you know the taste of it, though you may not like it much. It is good medicine.

Mineral Oils

We could go on for a long time giving the names of different oils made from animals and plants. But there are still many more. They are called "mineral" oils, because they are got from the earth by mining.

Kerosene is one of them, the oil that you burn in your lamps. And lubricating oil is another, the thick oil that you put on your engine to make it run smoothly. And benzine or petrol is another, the most important of all. It is marvellous stuff, like thin water; but if you put a match to it—pop!

Petrol

It is because petrol burns so quickly that it is useful for so many things. The house-boys use it for their irons and they know how hot it makes them. (Some boys have put it in their lamps in mistake for kerosene; but it is no good for that; the lamp may go off with a bang.)

The white men use petrol to make their engines go—in motor cars, launches, and aeroplanes. It is one of the most useful things in all the world nowadays, because everyone wants to go so fast.

Searching for Places

When we talk about oil search in Papua we mean the search for mineral oil, mostly petrol. It has to be brought up from under the ground, sometimes very deep.

But you can't expect to find oil anywhere, just by making a deep hole in the ground. You have to search and find a likely place or you will make the hole for nothing. The Oil Companies that have been working for years in Papua have been looking for good places.

Clever Men

The oil was made thousands of years ago under the earth, and it still lies there, covered with earth, rocks, stone, mud or whatever it is. The oil seekers have to study the country very carefully. They have a lot of "geologists," clever men who know all about rocks; and "paleontologists," who must be very clever indeed with a name like that; and "geophysicists," who must be cleverer still. And they have skilful "cartographers," who make maps (the Oil Companies have used aeroplanes to take pictures from the air to help in making these maps: they have mapped 28,000 square miles of this country in this way).

Drilling

All these people have to study the country. The results of their work are put together. Then the boss has to decide. He must say, "This is the place where we will dig the hole."

Then they have to dig it. They do so by means of "drilling." They send down hollow iron pipes. One after another the pipes are sent down through the earth and at last the hole may be thousands of feet deep, with each pipe fixed into the end of the next one. Then, if there is oil underneath, it comes up through the pipes. If there is no oil, then they pull out the pipes and start all over again in some other place.

Companies

You have heard of Oil Companies in Papua for a good many years. They have tried and failed. But others come and try again, because the men who know really think that there is oil in this country. At present there are two big companies, the Australasian Petroleum Company (A.P.C.) and the Islands Exploration Company (I.E.C.) working together; and another called the Apinaipi Company. The first are drilling at a place 75 miles up the Vailala River; the second near Oiyapu.

If They Strike Oil

The oil seekers have spent huge sums of money already, and they have plenty more to spend. If they "strike oil" (which simply means if they find it) it will make a big difference to this Territory, for they will need thousands of boys for labourers, and many more white people will come to live here. And it will make a difference to the whole British Empire if they find plenty of it, for we need a lot of oil to help us win this war.

♦ ♦

Native Medical Assistants

No doubt many Papuan boys, who are approaching the end of their

school days, are trying to make up their minds as to what kind of work they will do when the day comes for them to leave school, and begin their life's work. Perhaps some of you are thinking which is the best way for you to help your own Papuan people, so I write a few words to you about the good work done by many Papuan people. This choice of your life's work is a very important one, and one in which you should not make any mistake. Whatever choice you may make I hope that you will make no mistake, but will always be very happy in your work. Remember that all those who work to help others are really happy themselves, so all Native Medical Assistants must be very happy, because they indeed are working to help others.

You have perhaps seen in your village from time to time a Government Medical Boy with his box of medicines! Well, this boy made up his mind to help his own sick people, and to do this he became a "Travelling Native Medical Assistant." Now, what does a "Travelling Native Medical Assistant" mean? Let me explain.

"Travelling" means that the medical boy goes from village to village, or from district to district, looking for all the sick people who need medicine. Some people have big sores called "ulcers"; others have fever, and so on. Whatever medicine the sick person wants, the medical boy will give him. Of course the Chief Medical Officer in Port Moresby tells each medical boy where to go and gives him food and all that is needed for the journey. Sometimes the medical boy travels alone and sometimes he travels with a white medical man. This work of travelling

is hard at times, but the medical boy does not mind the difficulties because he knows that he is doing a lot of good for his own people.

The word "Medical" has to do with medicine or doctor's work, that is, the work of making sick people well again. When a boy wishes to become a Native Medical Assistant he applies to the Chief Medical Officer, Port Moresby, and if he is suited for this work is then sent to a

bad sore, and this would not help the sick man very much. When he shows that he knows his work he will be allowed to go travelling, and then his wish will be granted, for he will be doing a lot of good for his own sick people.

Some medical boys do not travel, but remain in the hospital helping the doctor in his work. While I am writing this letter to you there are more than three hundred sick people



A View of Port Moresby from the Wharf

place where he will learn all that he needs to know for his future work. It is necessary that such a boy should have already passed at least his fourth standard exam., and can be recommended to the Chief Medical Officer by his teacher. There is really no need for me to tell you that such a boy must want to help sick people and be willing to learn all about his work, and to do exactly what the doctor tells him. If he will not do this, he will not be allowed to travel round with medicines, because he will not know how to use them. The boy might put cough medicine on a very

in the Samarai Hospital, so you can guess that this means a lot of work.

We call those who help the doctor in his work "Assistants." This word means that the medical boys assist or help the doctor in his work of making the sick people well again. When the doctor has boys who will do exactly as he tells them, his hard work of looking after so many sick natives is made easier. This word "Assistant" can also mean that the medical boys help their own people. If you have been to a native hospital you know how good the medical boys are

to the sick people, and I am sure that you would say that these boys really do help to make sick people well again.

Now you know the meaning of Travelling Medical Assistant and it must please you to know that these boys are all Papuans, so they are called "natives," because they have been born in this country. The full title of these boys is "Travelling Native Medical Assistants."

Thus, very briefly, I have explained to you the meaning of "Travelling Native Medical Assistants." In another letter I shall tell you more about these medical boys and then perhaps some of you too may want to spend your lives in helping your own sick people of Papua.

—H. F. BITMEAD,
E.M.A., Samarai.



Growing New Things in New Guinea

Tea

The Agricultural Department (which has to do with gardens) in New Guinea is thinking about tea—not about drinking it, but about planting it.

Many of you like drinking tea and you know what it is like. It is made from the leaves (dried and broken up) of the tea plant.

This plant grows in many tropical countries—India, Ceylon, China, Java, and others. It is thought that it would grow well in New Guinea too.

The leader of the Agricultural Department in New Guinea is Mr. George Murray, who used to be an officer of this Territory. Long ago he got some seed of the tea plant, and

now he has many plants growing. He thinks that they will do well in the high valleys.

If it can grow well in the Mandated Territory no doubt it can grow in Papua. Perhaps some day our natives will grow and sell tea, just as they grow and sell coffee.

Coir

Another thing is coir. Coir is fibre from coconut-husks, and it is used for making ropes and mats. At a place called Pondo in the Mandated Territory they make coir from the coconuts and ship it to Australia. Now they think of making a big "factory" near Rabaul.

We have plenty of coconuts in Papua. Perhaps one day we too shall be making coir.



A Little Girl "Makes Court."

Not long ago a Magistrate had a strange case to deal with. A "bright little girl of about 9 years" made a case against another girl aged about 11 years.

It seems that 9-years had punched 11-years, and 11-years had slapped 9-year's face.

9-years said she would "Make Court," but 11-years replied, "Your father is not the King, and he can't make Court with me."

But 9-years went ahead and charged 11-years with "assault."

I expect the Magistrate succeeded in settling the quarrel. He writes that this shows how things are changing, for, not long ago children were afraid to go anywhere near a Court, even as witnesses.

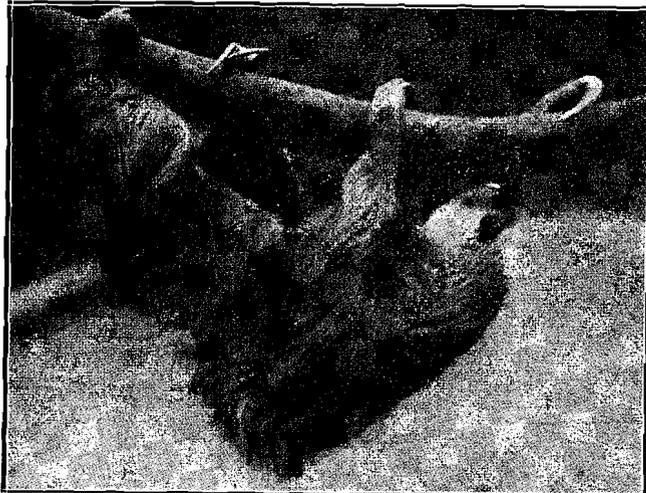
No doubt the Magistrates hope that children of 9 years will not make a habit of bringing their troubles to Court.

Sloth of the Sloth

Sloth is another word for laziness: it just means "going slow." It is also the name of a kind of animal. This name has been given to it because it is the slowest of all animals in the world.

The sloth belongs to South America. He lives in the branches of shady trees, hanging upside down by his long claws. We read that he will hang for weeks in the same position in the same tree (but they do not say what he eats, or whether he eats at all during that long time).

Men have watched the sloth moving from one place to another, and have timed him. It cannot be said that he whizzes past. An ordinary speed is one mile in four hours. But



The Sloth

a sloth with his temper up and his engine full out has been seen going as fast as a mile an hour.

Do not let us blame the sloth. If we had to hang by our toes in the branches of trees we should not move very fast.

The War

The war is burning more fiercely than ever. The Germans have now invaded Holland and Belgium and they are face to face with our armies.

Both the Dutch (i.e. the people of Holland) and the Belgians are fighting the Germans, and the French and British have gone to help. It is the biggest battle that has ever been fought since the world began.

We are afraid that the war may go on for a long time, perhaps for years. There will be hard times for everyone before it is finished.

Native Contributions

The late Sir Hubert Murray

(We print parts of the articles that were sent in for the Competition)

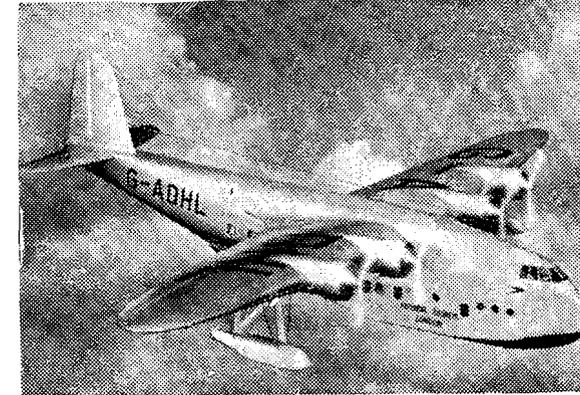
Here is a story told by our friends at Mafulu. They have a coffee plantation there, and one day some girls were going along the road when they met a white man sitting under a tree. He looked as if he was in need of something. He seemed very thirsty and tired, and the girls thought that he would die. They ran and told their teacher that there was a white man on the road and that he was

A Present for the Governor

One day, in Port Moresby, some little children went to give the Governor a present at Christmas time.

They came and knocked at his door. His faithful servant Lobia went to the door to see who was there. He unlocked the door and saw plenty of little children there. He asked them to wait at the door and he went and told the Governor about the children.

The Governor came to the door himself and brought them up into a very beautiful room where there were plenty of chairs. He



A Big Bomber

going to die. One of the girls said that she would take something to him. One girl asked for a nice cup, another girl took good coffee and another took a jug of milk and the last girl had cake which had just been made.

Then they ran as fast as they could to save the man's life. They saw him still sitting under the tree and he was pleased to have the cup of coffee. The girls then took him to the station. He said to the teacher, "These girls have brought me drink to save my life."

Do you know who it was? Our own Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. He had been travelling up the mountains to see his people. Whenever he returned to Mafulu he always asked about the girls who had "saved his life."

[From an article by Josephine Aoae, St. Patrick's School, Yule Island. This wins the 5s. prize.]

told them to sit down and gave them ginger beer to drink. Then he went and brought a very big cake which someone had sent him. He cut it up and gave it to the children.

Now don't you think it very kind of him to do this? He was like our father.

My village people loved him, and my grandfather knew him very well. My grandfather was the chief of the village and the Governor always went to talk to the old people and sat down with them.

Years ago when there were few white people and very few houses he used to walk about all day in the rain and mud. Often at night he sat down near the fire to get dry. My

people saw him. He was not proud and he went into our houses and sat down and talked. My people saw him many times. They said he never cheated. He was just. Now we are all sad because he is dead.

[By Alano Afaia Manuapa, St. Joseph's School, Inawaia.]

Meeting the Governor

One day, as we were walking on the road, my friend told me about the Governor and said that we might meet him. He often used to walk on this road, but sometimes he came on a horse.

That afternoon he came along the road and he saluted us and we saluted him at once also. We were walking through a place called Konedobu, where the coconuts are growing, when my friend saw him coming towards us on a horse.

"Oh, my friend, the Governor is coming now," he said. "We had better stay here until he has passed us." We waited there until he came near us and he lifted up his right hand and made it salute us. Then we also put up our hands and made a salute to him.

Afterwards he opened his mouth and these words came from his tongue and said to us, "Umui namo?" Then we said to him, "Namo, Taubada." When he was talking to us his face was full of smiles.

After a while he went away from us and I asked my friend, "Is that the Governor?" and he replied, "Yes, that is the Governor. He is looking after all this Papua."

[By M. Asope Koavea, Yokea, G.D.]

How We Welcomed the Governor at Hula

When I left Metoreia and went back home, I didn't see him for two years.

Then one day in the year 1937 we heard that he was coming to Hula in the *Laurabada*. He was bringing some certificates for the boys and girls who had passed the fifth standard class.

When he came ashore he was welcomed by the village people on the beach. Then when he came to the road he was again welcomed by the Rangers, Guides and Brownies all in

their uniforms and standing in two lines. The Governor walked between the lines, and when he was in the middle we all gave him a full salute. There were six flags carried by some Girl Guides, the Union Jack and two L.M.S. flags and some others.

After that the school children followed the Governor to the school building. There the school certificates were given out. He called each one by name and read their marks out. Then the boy or girl would go up to him and get the certificate. After he had given out all the certificates he stood up and spoke to us. He talked very nicely and in such simple English that we understood him very well. We listened to him with all our ears wide open and when he had finished speaking we all clapped our hands.

When I heard about his death at the end of February I could remember him very well for I saw him many times. And I expect that every school child who received a certificate from him will remember him always. Some other readers might know a lot about him which they would like to tell us. The end.

[By Eileen Tom, L.M.S., Hula.]

Competition . .

"MY JOB"

Write about the work you are paid to do—as a Clerk, Sewing Girl, Storeman, Telephone Boy, Carpenter, or whatever it is . .

The school boys and girls will not be able to enter for the competition this time. They can have a rest and let the big ones do the work

Competition closes on 15th
August, 1940

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

Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—9892/5.40.