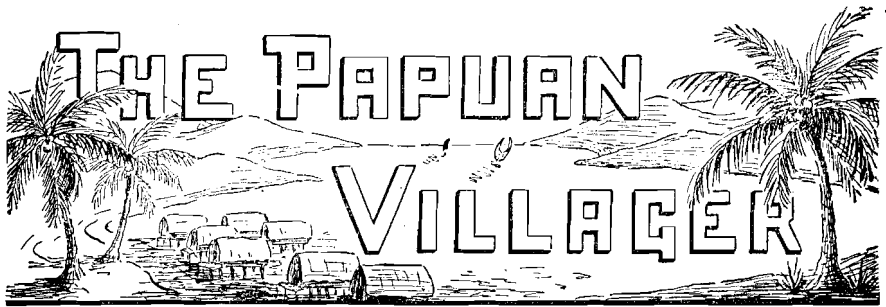


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 12, No. 6

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist

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Help to Win the War

Paying for the War

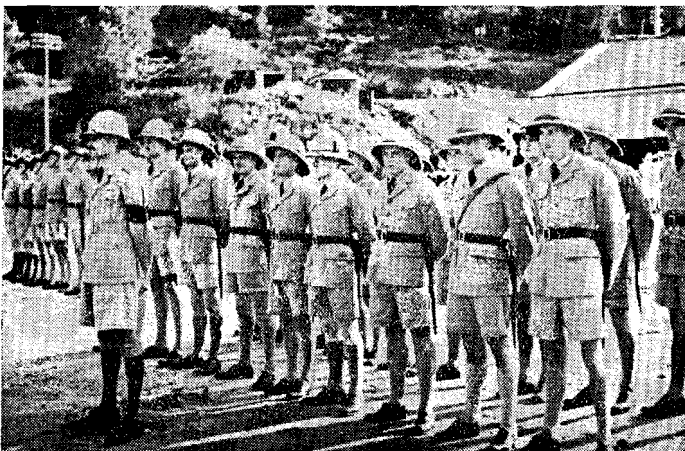
Our men are fighting on land and sea and in the air against our enemies. But they cannot fight with nothing. The Empire has to keep giving them things so that they can carry on the war.

We must keep building ships. A warship may be 200 times as big as

the *Laurabada*. It takes a lot of men and material and money to build even one of them.

And we must keep building aeroplanes—not one or two, but thousands of them. Aeroplanes in the war are like mosquitoes over a swamp.

And we must keep on making cannon, and rifles, and bombs, and shells, and bullets. These are counted, not in thousands, but in millions.



A Detachment of the Royal Australian Air Force at Sir Hubert Murray's Funeral

And we must have lorries and armoured cars and tanks (you will remember we told you about these in the March number).

And we must provide food and clothing for all the soldiers and sailors and airmen.

And we must have doctors and nurses and stretcher-bearers and ambulances and hospitals for the sick and wounded.

It is a big business, and it all costs money.

Taxes and Free Gifts

This money comes mostly from taxes. The white people all over the Empire are very heavily taxed. They pay money to the Government and the Government pays for the war.

But there is another way of raising money, and that is by free gifts. All over the Empire people are making gifts, over and above their taxes.

The Red Cross

One way to help is to give money to the Red Cross.

The Red Cross Society does many things to help the fighting men, but most of all the men who are sick and wounded.

Some men are shot with bullets, some are torn with splinters of steel from bursting shells, some are stuck with bayonets, and some have broken arms and legs. They must be taken to hospital and nursed and doctored till they are well again.

This Red Cross does a great work. It is all done by free gifts, of work and material and money.

The Cigarette Fund

Another way is to send "comforts" to the fighting men, warm clothes and nice things to eat.

Soldiers and sailors have a very hard time. When things are going badly they want something to cheer them up. If you can do something to cheer up a soldier on the battlefields or a sailor on the cold North Sea, then you are helping to win the war.

Every Papuan likes his cigarette and so does every soldier. But cigarettes are very hard to get in the fighting line. A big club called the Overseas League does a lot of things to help the soldiers and sailors, and one thing it does is to send them cigarettes. It is much more important than it sounds.

The War Fund

But the best way for you Papuans is to give money straight out to the War Fund. This money is collected in Papua and then sent to the big Government in Australia. They use it as they think proper—it may be to buy food, or bandages, or cigarettes, or guns, or aeroplanes. It goes to the general expenses of the war.

Our Government began this Papuan War Fund with a gift of £2,000, and many white people have given big sums.

Many Papuans (whose names are given in *The Papuan Courier* of 7th and 14th June) have already given to this Fund. Our readers of *The Papuan Villager* may like to do the same.

Readers of "The Papuan Villager" Can Help

The Papuan Villager therefore asks its readers to give money to the War Fund.

Every month we will publish a list of names of those who give.

We think that 1s. is enough at a time from a Papuan. If you have more (say 5s.) to give, share it out among your friends, and each man send in 1s. Then five names will go down on the list for 1s. each. Or if you like you can send 1s. every month and we will put your name on the list every month.

We hope that the Papuans who read the *Villager* will answer this call and try to do their bit.

.....

“Papuan Villager” War Gifts

Send your shilling to the Government Printer.

Read your name and address in next month's paper.

Ask your friends to help win the war.

.....

Court Cases

Many native cases are written about in *The Papuan Courier*. We do not often speak of them in the *Villager* (if we put in all of them our paper would be full up). But there are some that you should hear about.

Stealing

Stealing is common in nearly all countries, but that does not make it any better.

A man who steals is said to be “light-fingered.” His fingers move so quickly that he does not know how to look after them. He cannot keep them from clutching other people's property.

No one admires a man of this sort. Honest people turn up their noses at him.

But that is only one thing. Another thing worth thinking about is the punishment. The other day a boy stole two apples belonging to his master. We suppose it took about seven minutes to eat those two apples. But the thief had to work for seven days in gaol.

Receiving Stolen Property

You can go to gaol for receiving stolen property, even though you did not steal it yourself.

If a man offers to give you a fine leather suitcase with a white man's name written on it, you say to him, “Thank you, No.”

If a man wants to sell or give you a white man's something, it is possible that he may have stolen it. Make sure you know where he got it before you take it, or you may find yourself in gaol.

Firearms

A little time ago a man was found with a “revolver” (a small hand-gun). There is a law in this country that you may not have any kind of firearm unless you hold a permit. So that man had to pay a big fine—£5. Don't you try to keep firearms without permission.

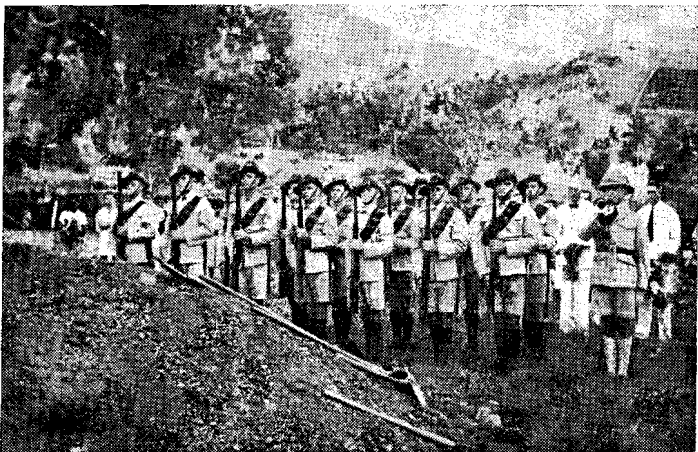
Forgery

A very serious kind of wrong is “forgery.” This means writing another man's name on a paper so as to get something for it.

A house-boy took down an order to the stores for a bottle of “Vix Vapour Rub.” He signed his *taubada's* name on the order, although his *taubada* knew nothing about it, and the boy meant to use the Vix himself. But the stores-man looked at the paper and saw it was not the *taubada's* real handwriting. So he

rang up the Police on the telephone, and now that boy is doing nine months in gaol.

Perhaps he did not think he was doing anything very bad. A bottle of Vix Vapour Rub is not a very big thing; it can be bought for 3s. 9d. But signing another man's name is a wrong thing in itself, and the law gives a very heavy punishment for it.



Soldiers of the 13th Heavy Battery presenting Arms at the Graveside. A Bugler is Sounding the "Last Post"

We do not suppose this man will commit forgery again. He has had his lesson. But don't you be so silly as to try it. His nine months is a lesson to you also. That is why we tell you about this case in *The Papuan Villager*.

Death of Mr. Stuart Lade

We are very sorry to tell you of the death of our good friend Mr. Stuart Lade, of the L.M.S. Mission.

He was still a young man, but he had travelled widely and done much work. His work was to educate or teach young people—and that is the most important work in all the world.

Mr. Lade had been himself taught at Universities in Australia and England. He had been in America, and he had taught at a school in Denmark.

He came to Papua only 18 months ago; but he and his wife had done great things at the Poreporena School during that short time. All his friends, European and Papuan, will miss him; but his good work remains.

Parachutes

We have told you a lot about the war and the way soldiers fight. Here is something new.

One army tries to advance into the country held by the other army, driving it back. In the old days of warfare the armies marched on their feet, or rode horses. But nowadays they have other ways of going forward. They ride in tanks or in "armoured cars" (cars covered with iron plates to protect them from bullets). They can go very fast by these methods.

But in this war a new way has been found to move soldiers. They

travel by aeroplanes and are dropped to the ground by "parachutes."

We spoke about parachutes a long time ago in the *Villager*. They were not used for dropping soldiers, but for dropping food to people in the Papuan bush.

A parachute is a big piece of calico with ropes tied to the edges. The other ends of the ropes are tied to the men or whatever is to be dropped from the aeroplane.

If you want to see how a parachute works, do this. Take a handkerchief (not one of your *taubada's*) and tie four strings to it, one to each corner. Bring the other ends of the four together and tie them round a small stone. Then roll the whole thing up in your hands and throw it into the air (or if you like, climb a coconut tree and let the stone drop). You will see the handkerchief open out like an umbrella. It is really a small parachute. It makes the stone fall slowly.

How would you like to jump out of an aeroplane thousands of feet up in the air? It would need some courage, and I expect your stomach would feel very empty. But you could do it safely if you were tied to a big parachute.

In this war many soldiers have landed in enemy country by this means.

A Nice Surprise for a Caddy

We read a good story about a golf course in Durban, South Africa. A man was playing golf and his caddy was carrying his clubs. He saw something drop from the sky; and then he saw his caddy drop his bag of clubs and dive into a "bunker."

The caddy did not find the golf ball; he found instead a real live fish. A hawk had been flying overhead with a fish in its claws, and let it fall. The caddy took the fish home for his dinner.

We do not think that this has ever happened on the Port Moresby Golf Course. But we hope it soon may. The small caddies should keep their eyes skinned.

Competitions

Writers of Articles

The following sent in articles about the late Sir Hubert Murray. We could not publish all those that came in.

Tua John, L.M.S. schoolboy, Euala, E.D.; Marehari Raepa, L.M.S. teacher, Moru, G.D.; Kalitoni S., M.M.S., Salamo; Kenneth Kaiu, Court Interpreter, Bwagaioia; Patten-son Farr, c/o. H.Q.O., Konedobu.

Send in Early

Some of these were too late. When you write for a Competition send in your article early.

A Compliment to a Contributor

The Papuan Courier of 24th May published part of the article written about the late Sir Hubert Murray by Alano Afaia Manuapa. It said that many things had been written about our late Governor but that this was one of the best. A friend of *The Papuan Villager* sent 2s. 6d. as a special prize to Alano.

Native Contributions

Fever

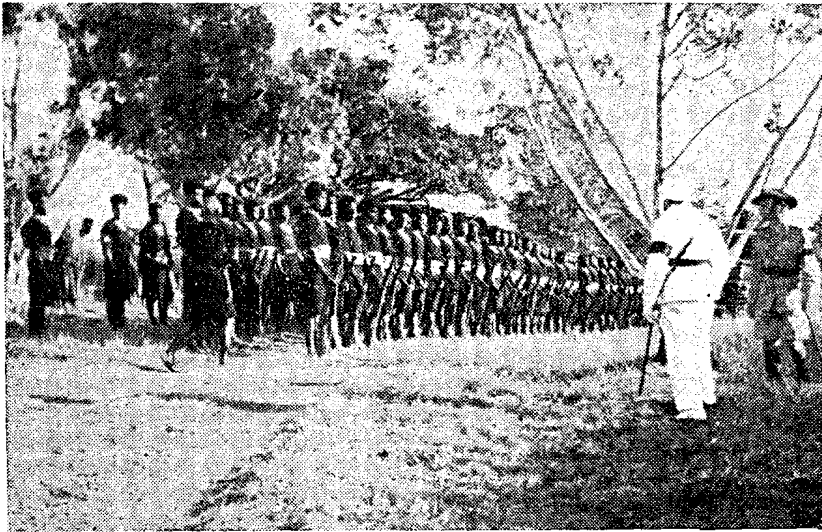
Dear Fellow Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,
I am going to scribble this rough article to

you now. The weather down here in the Delta Division from 1st April to the end of May, and sometimes until the beginning of June, is very, very bad. It is cold and makes the people have fever, etc. The north-west season ended a long time ago and the wind changed to the south-east and brought down cold and 'flu.

The silly rain does not stop but falls continually day and night and all the people of the Delta Division look tired. Everybody here, both white and native, hates the rain. Also

you come?" Then they answer saying, "Oh, please we want some quinine and cough mixture because we had big fever last night. We didn't sleep last night and we think we should have some medicine." So anyhow we tell them to sit down on the floor and wait awhile.

By the doorway is our medicine table. Then we take the clinical thermometer and take their temperature. If it is high like 101 or 102 we keep them in hospital for medical treatment. If a man has a normal tempera-



The Royal Papuan Constabulary at Sir Hubert Murray's Funeral

myself, I hate it too because it doesn't stop falling day and night and the tanks are full of water and the ground too is full of mud. All things planted inside the ground are growing happy and strong because they feel the rain is falling and they are good friends of the rain.

Fever Begins at Kikori Station

The fever began during the above-mentioned months. The station people started to have colds and fever. It started with the small boys and girls, the single men and women and also middle-aged men and women (this means old men and women).

Every morning about 8 a.m. the people from the station (I mean the Armed Constabulary, prisoners, Sergeant and Corporal, and also some villagers) crossed over to the Hospital for medicine.

Then we ask them like this, "Why did

we send him back to work like that. We do this continually every day and they can come for medicine any time or hour.

Sometimes the Native Medical Assistants themselves get fever and it knocks them down and they have to lie down on their beds for a week or a week and a-half. But they never forget their quinine and take it three times a day with hot lemon drinks. Also they wrap themselves up with two blankets on the bed. I can prove this fever is very bad for our people all over this country. Some of you know and feel this fever is no good and everybody hates it because it makes the people weak and weary. I believe fever in one way is like a dream.

Well, dear readers, concluding my writing, be content and happy all your life. Don't be double-minded and doubtful because of this narrative of fever. Plenty people know of this fever; boys who work for the white man

know, and some Medical Assistants know very well. When people pronounce you sick the meaning is fever. But European doctors call this by a different name. They call it "Malarial Fever." Why? Because the temperature goes to such high numbers as 100°2 degrees and 101°4 degrees.

I hope everyone will see this rough article. You should believe it is true and make it confirm other narratives of fever.

Dear readers, this story of fever is true. I want everyone to know I am one of the Native Medical Assistants working in the Delta Division.

[By D. Bon Tauna, N.M.A., Kikori. This article wins 5s.]

but it missed the place. Then it landed after a second try.

All of us from Moru and the whole of the Yokea people rushed down to the beach to see this wonderful thing. Some people got frightened and cried, because they never saw a thing like that before. It was a very big surprise to them. They said, "How wonderful are these white people to make these big things like birds that they can travel through the air." They were proud that they had seen it.

There was only one man in that plane and then he came out. The inside of it was very clean and shiny. A good number of chairs were in it. I did not count them. The man



Feast in Honour of Sir Hubert Murray

H.E. Hon. H. W. Champion coming away from the Feast with Mr. O'Malley and Hon. Leonard Murray

A Surprise Visit

Last December our master was in Port Moresby. We were with one of our native pastors on the station. Our master told us to have two weeks' holiday before he went. A few days after he left, a big aeroplane called here.

That huge aeroplane flew past our place and we were quite surprised about it. It flew on, then returned from Cape Possession and came back to Moru because it had not enough benzine. The aeroplane attempted to land,

then spoke to Marehari (the native pastor) for awhile. Marehari asked him where did he come from. The man told him he came from Guinea Airways, Ltd. He said that his benzine was not enough so he had to land here and get some benzine. Then he took four tins and filled his benzine tanks and our pastor helped him a lot. Afterwards he walked about on the beach a little time to wait for the tide so that he could have enough room to run his aeroplane.

He got in his plane again and made the engines go. The propellers turned round and

round. Then it went along the beach, and turned again and then went up in the air and flew to Port Moresby. I hope he reached Port Moresby safely.

That aeroplane had two big propellers and its front part was something like a shark's point. We spread the news to other people who did not see this, and how proud we were! The end.

[By John Fletcher, N.M.A., Muro L.M.S., G.D.]

Wyatt's New Store

Dear Village People,

On Monday, 1st July, 1940, I will be opening a new Store in Hunter Street, and it is here that I intend to look out to the needs of all the Village people, and to assist them with their shopping as much as I can.

Commencing on the morning of 1st July my Lorry will leave daily (except Sundays) from Hanuabada and Koki to pick up those Natives who have work to do in Port Moresby. If all the Village people take advantage of this bus service they will always be early for their work and will not be tired before they commence their work. The Natives can please themselves how they pay their fare, they can either buy a book of tickets that will allow them to ride every day for one month, or they can pay each time they take a trip in the bus.

I have also made arrangements to have ready at my Store every day from 12 o'clock onwards, cooked Kaikai, as well as hot Tea, Cocoa and Milk, also cold Ginger Beer and Milk. This arrangement will enable those Natives who are unable to get home during their lunch hour to enjoy a midday meal.

Now don't forget, you are all invited to come along and see my new Store and make yourself known to me.

(ADVT.)

W. E. WYATT

Come and See—

Mr. WYATT'S
new Hunter Street
STORE

It is here that the
Village People
can Buy Every-
thing they need

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

A Big Pig—for Father or Son?

It is only a short story for you dear readers of *The Papuan Villager* to read.

Nowadays people who have plenty of pigs can make a marriage feast for their son very quickly.

“Once upon a time”

A man named J. Earuku had a son named P. Gegevani who was to be married to a girl named B. Huatoatoa. Now J. Earuku had a very big pig in his mob. He told his son and some other people that this pig, named Ponori, was to be killed for the wedding feast.

Soon before the wedding day J. Earuku and his son P. Gegevani got sick and they became very ill. Then very shortly J. Earuku died. His death message was sent throughout the villages, and now J. Earuku's big brother told the people to bring the pig Ponori to be killed for the burial.

P. Gegevani was ill for a long time and when he got better he heard that the pig had been killed for his father's burial; and he was very sorry. The poor girl, B. Huatoatoa, was worried and felt very sorry also, for she had heard all about the trouble.

The end.

Kindly copy my short story in *The Papuan Villager*—lose or win, bad or good. Thanks for the best. O.K.

[By Paddy Ah Sarip, Suau District.]

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