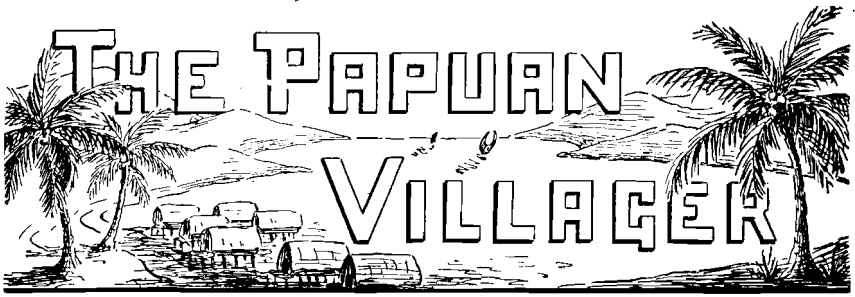


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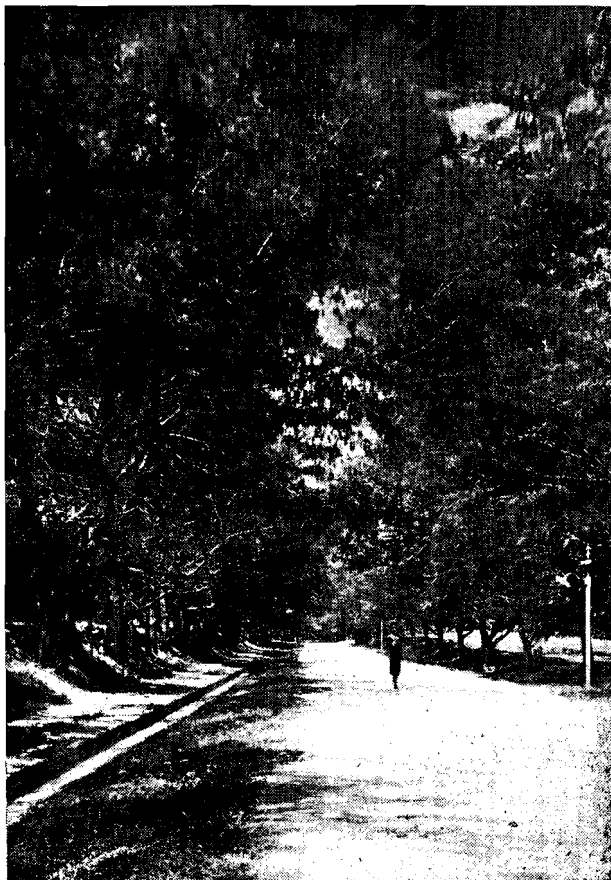
THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Ela Beach Road
A. & K. GIBSON. PHOTO

A League of Bird Lovers

We have many interesting Birds in Papua. Some of them are not known in other parts of the world (the Birds of Paradise, e.g. are found only in New Guinea).

Protecting Birds

The Government makes laws to protect our rarest and most beautiful birds. People like their feathers too much and so they want to kill them. If there were no laws the birds might all be shot.

In Australia also there are bird laws for the same reason. But if all people were kind to the birds it would not be necessary to make laws to guard them. It is said that kindness is a better protection than law. So in Victoria they have made a League of Bird Lovers. Many of its members are school children. And in some parts of the Australian states studying birds is part of the everyday schoolwork. The pupils have to write compositions about birds and draw pictures of them, and they imitate their voices.

Studying Birds

The world is full of trouble nowadays. It is true we have no war going on in Papua; but we are always hearing about war elsewhere. Studying birds would be a nice quiet change.

You do not need to be sent into the bush by your school-teacher. Papuans are always walking about the bush themselves. There you see your friends the birds, and it is a good idea to stand quietly and listen to them and see what they do.

Most white men don't know half as much about birds as you do. So you can turn round and teach your teacher for a change. But you want

to study hard about your birds before you start giving him lessons.

Kindness and Birds

Talking about birds, there is one thing Papuans are not very good at. They do not treat birds with kindness. If they catch a harmless little bird they are cruel to it. It seems they like to hear it squawk.

What would you do with a little bird caught in the nest? It is not worth eating. It would hardly make one mouthful. And its feathers are not worth anything. And yet most Papuans seem to think the proper thing is to kill it. If you belonged to the Bird Lovers League you would leave it where it was, in the nest with its brothers and sisters.

The Editor has received a letter from Mr. Arthur Mattingley. He tells about the Gould League of Bird Lovers. He was formerly President of that League. Besides that he has been in this country, and he and his wife send greetings to their old Papuan friends.

If anybody wants to join the League of Bird Lovers he can write to the Editor, and his letter will be sent on to Australia.

Victoria Crosses

Decorations for Bravery

Soldiers, sailors and airmen who are very brave in fighting get medals. There are different kinds of medals: the D.S.O. (Distinguished Service Order); the M.C. (Military Cross); the D.C.M. (Distinguished Conduct Medal); the M.M. (Military Medal); the D.F.C. (Distinguished Flying Cross); the D.F.M. (Distinguished Flying Medal); and others.

These are all called "decorations." But the best decoration of all is the V.C. (Victoria Cross). It is named after Queen Victoria, and it is given only to the bravest of the brave. Several V.Cs. have been given already to British fighting men in this war. One to a sailor, two to flying men, and two to soldiers.

A Sailor V.C.

The sailor was Captain Warburton-Lee who led a number of destroyers to the attack in Norway. A shell burst on the bridge of his ship, and wounded him so that he soon had to die. But while he was waiting to die he kept at his job. His last order was to tell his ships to go on fighting.

Two Airmen V.Cs.

The two airmen were named Garland and Gray, pilot and observer in an aeroplane. There was a bridge in Belgium that had to be destroyed so that the enemy could not cross a river. It seemed impossible, because the enemy had so many guns and they shot down any plane that came near. But the bridge had to be broken up, so five planes went out to do or die. Garland and Gray led the five. They were both killed. Four of the planes were shot down and only one came back. But the bridge was broken.

Two Soldier V.Cs.

One of the soldier V.Cs. was Captain Irvine-Andrews. He called for men to help him fill a gap in the line. He himself crawled up on the roof of a little house and there he kept on shooting at the enemy. He shot at least 17 of them. Then he had to lead his men back; but after going a mile through shallow water, he lined them up again and still kept the enemy back.



Lord Gort, who Commanded the British Army in France. He won a V.C. in the last War

The other soldier was Lance-Corporal Nicholls of the Guards. He was a big strong man who used to be a heavy-weight boxer. He had to lead a few men (called a section) against the enemy. He fired a "Brenn gun" from his hip as he ran, and put three enemy machines out of action. He killed a lot of men and kept on firing till all his cartridges were finished and he was wounded in four places. He was later on killed himself.

Machine-Guns in Port Moresby

Many Europeans and Papuans went to see the machine-guns in action on Ela Beach Road, on Sunday, 4th August.

The soldiers and their officers were wearing their fighting clothes, with packs on their backs, round iron hats

on their heads, and gas-masks on their chests.

The machine-guns were lined up on the shore and they were firing at two casks anchored on the reef about a quarter of a mile away. They made a great rattling. The casks were soon shot through and through with bullets and sank in the water.

But the firing went on, for they were testing the guns, to see if they were in good order. The officer gave the orders and the gunners fired, sometimes at 400 yards, sometimes at 500 yards, sometimes at 800 yards, and so on.

If a Kapa Kapa man had come round the corner in his canoe he would have thought it was the end of the world.

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"P.V." War Fund

Subscribers this month

	£	s.	d.
Previous amount	...	0	17 0
Eileen and Tom, L.M.S., Raukele...	...	0	2 0
Walter G. Kekedo, Native Clerk,			
Abau	...	0	1 0
Tauming Auvita, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Meara Laho, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Toru Laho, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Kake Laho, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Kake Meara, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Pipi Auvita, Iokea	...	0	1 0
Kekebogi, L.M.S., Saroa	...	0	2 0
Araha Lanama, of Hula, Kwato...	...	0	1 0
Makeu-Tore, Iokea (2nd gift)	...	0	5 0
Avosa Eka, Iokea (2nd gift)	...	0	5 0
Pastor Posu Semesevita, L.M.S.,			
Lese	...	0	1 0
	£2	0	0

Many of those who send in money to the Fund send little letters. Here are some of the things they say.

"We try to win the war for our British side. God will help them in hours of day and night."

"My friends, we must not say that our gifts are not as big as the white people's money. . . . We can do the same as the poor widow and put our gifts before our God and King to be used."

"We each send shillings to join to help our British war."

One schoolboy, sending 1s. says, "I hope it is the right way to help our Mother Country." It is.

Other Papuan Gifts

Many more Papuans have been giving money to the Magistrates for the War Fund. They add up to a great deal. The names of the villages and districts are published in *The Papuan Courier*. That is a very big sum and Papuans can be proud of having done so well. This Fund will go on collecting so long as the war lasts.

In a letter to the *Villager* Walter Kekedo tells what the Abau District has done. See it on page 64.

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Native Records

The late Sir Hubert Murray started this scheme for Papuans.

We want you to write about Papuan things—what you do, what you believe, stories your people tell, and so on. In that way we shall collect "Native Records."

In this number of *The Papuan Villager* we give you two subjects. You can write about either one of them, or about both.

Pay

Send your article to the Government Anthropologist, and mark it, on the paper inside, and on the envelope outside, "Native Records."

If it is very good, it will be paid for at 1s. per 450 words. If it is good, at 6d. per 450 words. If it is not good enough for the Records it will not be paid for at all (unless perhaps we put it in the *Villager* sometime. Then you will get 1s. for it).

Ask the Older Men

Do not write and send in your article too quickly. Think a long time about it, four or five months if you like. Talk to the older men in your village and ask them questions. They will know more about the subject than you do.

Show your Article to the Missionary

Then take the article to the European Missionary. Ask him to read it. If it has mistakes in it, he may help you

to put them right. If your Missionary cannot understand it, then it is certain that the Government Anthropologist will not be able to understand it. And if he cannot understand it, he will not give you any pay.

We want only good scholars to write the Native Records. But there are plenty of good Papuan scholars. Have a try.

The Native Records Scheme does not belong to *The Papuan Villager*. You can keep on sending articles to the Editor for the *Villager*.

Subjects for Native Records

(1) The Moon—What stories do your people tell about the moon?

(2) Sorcery—What different ways did your people use to kill people by sorcery?

Send articles to the Government Anthropologist and mark them "Native Records."



Orakolo Feast

War in the Air

Can England be Invaded?

The Germans say that the Battle of France is over and that the Battle of Britain will now begin. They think they are going to put an army in England and take the place.

But the Englishmen, Scotchmen and Welshmen, are waiting for them to try. They have millions of soldiers ready (some of them are from Australia and Canada); and they have the best airmen and the best aeroplanes in the world; and they have the Navy sailing round and round the island.

When Hitler sends his army he will have to take it across the Channel. What will the Navy do to it with their big guns; and what will the Air Force do to it, with their bombs; and what will the British Army do to it, if ever it gets there? We feel sure they will smash it in small pieces.

Air Attacks on Britain

At present Hitler is making air attacks on Great Britain and on the ships that come to her ports. He sends over hundreds of aeroplanes which try to drop bombs. But the British fighter planes go up after them like wasps (you know what wasps do when you go near their nest). They shoot them down by hundreds. On one day this month they brought down 99. Another day they brought down 66, another 80, and so on.

The British are Masters of the Air

The planes fly round each other in the air and shoot with their machine-guns. Sometimes our planes are shot down too. But the British planes must fly more cleverly and shoot straighter; for every British plane

lost we bring down at least three or four German planes. As the Editor is writing, the news comes over the wireless that the Germans have lost 144 planes in the last 24 hours. The British lost only 18.

And every day and night our planes go over to Germany, and they drop bombs on camps and aerodromes and machine-shops. There is no doubt that the British pilots are the best men in the air. They are the hawks and the Germans are the crows.

A Dose of Medicine for Italy

And we have been giving the Italians some hurry-up in the air too. The other night two flights of British bombers flew off to Italy. They went 1,600 miles, crossing the great mountains called the Alps; and they came by night to two Italian cities called Milan and Torino. There they dropped their bombs on the "factories" (workshops) where the Italians make their aeroplanes. And all the British pilots got back home. Tons of bombs were dropped and fires were seen to break out. That must have been a nasty dose of medicine for the Italians, like quinine or cod-liver oil. We hope it will do them a lot of good.

Native Contributions

Prize Essay—My Job

Dear Readers,

I am a teacher. I finished school, and was sent to my village for a time. I found life in my village not the same as it was before I went to stay in school, and I knew I could not stay there long.

Some time before we finished school we were told to think what we would like to do when our school time was finished. We could go to the technical school to learn a trade, or to the teacher's school, or go back to the village.

But for a long time I was thinking I would like to be a teacher. I thought it would be nice. Now I know it is very hard work, but I like it. At school I learnt many things about God, my country, and many things my people do not know. So I thought that if I became a teacher, then I could help my people a little bit. So I came back and asked to be a teacher.

Now I have a class of my own. I have to prepare my work every week-end. I did not think that would give me very much trouble. Now I know I must prepare my lessons very well. At first I wanted to do my work very quickly, but now I see the children do not know the work as I do, so I am careful not to do the work quickly.

Sometimes the children stay away for weeks and weeks. When they come back, the work is very hard to teach them, because they stay away so long from school. Sometimes they come in late and upset the work and the other children.

I find the work of teaching not so nice as I thought. I get tired of going over and over the same things every day. And then it is very hard for me when I ask questions about the work I have been teaching over and over, and the answers are wrong. Or there is no answer at all, and I must go over it all again. I am told to be patient, that I was just as hard to teach; so I try again.

I know my children better now. They are all different. Some are good at sums, some at mental arithmetic, some at spelling. Also I find they are different in themselves. Some are easy to correct and some are very hard; and I try to find out the best way with them. I find it hard to make them understand that it is wrong to copy or cheat, for they think that, as long as they have the right answer, it does not matter. That is because the people in the village are like that.

I wonder sometimes if I shall ever succeed in making them understand anything at all. But it is nice to see after a time that I am doing something and that they are learning little by little.

And I am learning too. I am learning that I must teach not only by word but by example. For I see that the children copy me. If I make bad figures or write badly on the board, they do the same. I could not understand when I was told that what I was, my children would be. Now I see how they

copy me in everything. And not only in the school must I remember this but everywhere. I am a teacher and must show the people better ways. It will not be so easy as it is now when I go back to teach in my own village; but I will try it.

These are a few things I think as a young teacher.

[By Bona Aiaia, St. Joseph's School, Inawaia. This wins the prize of 5s.]

My Work for which I Receive Wages

I am employed by the Steamships Trading Co. of Port Moresby. I am a storeman attached to the Hardware Department, having been in their employ for the past twenty-one months.

I walk to work each morning, leaving my home about 7.30 a.m., and arrive at my work at 8 a.m., and I knock off at 4.30 p.m.

My Duties in the Store

I wrap any waiting orders and put them in their proper places for despatch. After cleaning up waiting orders I continue the usual store work, attending to stock and seeing that goods are in the proper places. I am sure you all know the meaning of orders and further explanation is not needed.

Every day (except Sunday) orders come from the white population of the town, brought by their native boys, and these are given to the white man on the counter who calls out the order required. These I prepare, wrap up, and pass to the white man for charging to the accounts of the different white people.

Country orders are received from the outside white population. These first go to the store manager to check, then they are passed to his typist for typing on to the proper country order form; and then they are sent out to departments to be carried out. Country orders of the Hardware Department are received by me and put up and lie ready for packing and sending later by the first possible transport.

Wishing you the best of luck and every success.

[By Paul Tona, c/o Steamships Trading Co., Port Moresby.]

War Fund

Dear Readers,

I am afraid that this article will not give you much that is interesting but still I am writing it.

Now the war is still going on between our rulers and the Germans. So how are we going to help? The only way is to give money and one way we can do this is to give to the War Fund. This will help us to buy more equipment and weapons, also to build more tanks, warships and aeroplanes, also food and clothes for the soldiers and sailors, and so on.

Come and See—

Mr. WYATT'S
new Hunter Street
STORE

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

When we received the notice of the Papuan War Fund, our R.M. (Mr. Lambden) put it up at the office for everyone to see and read. So one day the visiting Village Constables and Councillors came, and they were surprised when they saw the big notice attached to the doorway. They didn't say anything until the R.M. finished all the odds and ends. Then they walked up and asked the R.M. about it. He told me to explain it to them. So I did, and after that they asked many questions saying, "Is there to be another tax? What's the money for? What will they do with this money?" And one man said, "If we give all this money and the German people see it, they will say Papua has got plenty of money, we had better go there. And what shall we do then?" So I answered him with a smile and said, "How will the Germans get this money? It is not going to them. It's going to the British Government and they will buy things for war, and food and clothes for soldiers and sailors."

For not only Papuans but all over the world there are many subjects of the British Empire. It is not pulling the people's leg to ask them to give money. There is a good reason for this. So anyone who has even a small amount can help, some more, some less, to help win the war. So then we all, like the poor bloke who asked the question, understood what the War Fund was for.

"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.

Abau is a small island. There is only a small band of Government Staff workers, just 12 of us, but our contributions totalled £3. Also our district villages helped a lot too; and here is the list of villages and what they gave.

List of Abau District villages contributions.

	£	s.	d.
Wanigela	21	12	6
Waiori	16	8	0
Gabuoni	18	1	6
Kelelakwa	10	16	8
Boru	4	4	0
Imila	4	8	8
Magaubo	4	0	0
Abau	1	11	0
Gorume	0	17	0
Domara	0	15	0
Merani	0	11	0

£77 19 6

So that all the contributions totalled £77 19s. 6d. It's not bad. "Good work Abau." And now above all things we must pray hard for the Army, Navy, and Air Force, so that Our Lord will help them in great and small battles, and that they may fight with one mind and one heart until they win to victory.

So my friends the best thing for us is to help! Wishing you all good luck.

[By Walter G. Kekedo, native clerk, R.M.'s Office, Abau, E.D.]

COMPETITION Healthy Villages What should Papuans do to have good health?

Send your answers to the Editor. They must be in by 15th November, 1940

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