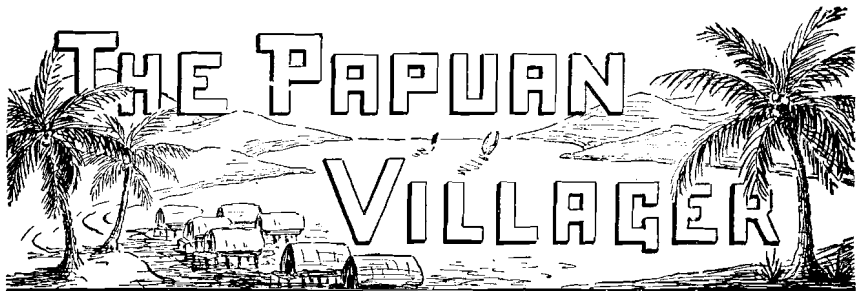


218

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

A black and white line drawing illustration of a Papuan village. In the foreground, there are several traditional houses with thatched roofs. The houses are situated on a slight rise. In the background, there are palm trees and a landscape with rolling hills or mountains under a sky with some clouds. The title 'THE PAPUAN VILLAGER' is superimposed over the illustration in a large, bold, outlined font.

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist, Port Moresby



Rouna Falls
GIBSON PHOTO

The Administrator Talks to the Natives of Papua

Soon after Mr. Murray was appointed Administrator, forty-six leading men of the Port Moresby district went to see him at Government House. Mr. Humphries, the Resident Magistrate, went with them and introduced them.

Mr. Murray then made a speech to the people. He spoke in English, and Rakatani interpreted. We give some of his words here.

He began by speaking of the late Governor and the sadness we had all felt when he died, for "his death was a great loss to all the people of Papua." Then he went on—

Now the big Australian Government has made me your Administrator. The name has been changed from Governor to Administrator.

I feel proud that the Australian Government has given me that high position, and I am happy to be the Administrator of Papua because I love this country, and have lived most of my life here. I know nearly all the white people, and many hundreds of the native people, and I have many friends among both.

I shall try to keep doing for all the people what the old Governor would have done if he had lived longer. I worked with him for so long, and he trusted me. I knew his ways and how he thought. Now I want you to think of me as your friend as you thought of him.

I want to help to make the Papuan native people a better, happier and healthier people; and to help white people and natives to understand each other better so that they will like and help each other.

In many of the big things in Papua white people and native people want much the same. Both want to win this war; both want the country to be healthy and their children to grow up into strong men and women; both want Papua to be a happy place for all. But sometimes, in the smaller things, white and native don't want the same, and often the Government has to decide fairly between the two. I will always try to be fair. I don't know whether you have a word the same as the English word "balance." But it means like a set of scales when neither end goes down.

You see these scales. Well, when the interests are different I will try to keep a fair balance.

I will not close my ears if you feel you have not had fair treatment from the Government or anyone else, or if you or your people have troubles that you think I can make easier for you. The old Governor was always ready to hear you, and I want to be the same. But it is better to go first to those other Government men whose duty it is to look after you. Come to me if they are unable to help you. Don't think of the Magistrates only as "men of punishment." Sometimes they have to punish natives if they do wrong, just as they have to punish white people. But they are your friends and want to help you.

Then Mr. Murray spoke again of the late Governor and said he hoped the people of Papua would be able to think in the same way of him, Mr. Murray.

This speech was made to the men of Hanuabada. But it is meant for all the natives of Papua, and that is why we put it in the *Villager*.

The Capture of Bardia

We have known for a long time that our Australian soldiers were in North Africa, but we did not know that they were in the fighting yet. But now we hear that Bardia has fallen, and our men were there in the front of the battle.

First went the British tanks, and behind them came the infantry, or foot-soldiers. Among these were the Australians. The Australians did very well in their first big fight in this war. They charged with their bayonets and the enemy surrendered in thousands.

The Italians had had enough of it, and they must have been badly frightened. One young Australian officer told more than 1,000 Italians to surrender (i.e. give up fighting) and

they obeyed him. Another officer and seven men found a cave in which the enemy were hiding. They called on them to surrender, and out came 2,000 officers and men and laid down their rifles.

In this battle of Bardia there were only 400 Australian "casualties" (men killed or wounded), though the enemy were five to one against them. All Australia will be proud of her soldiers.

the enemy. He had been a soldier for 44 years when he retired.

But he had not given up work. He had a great idea, and that was to train boys something like soldiers, but to teach them to work for peace. These were the Boy Scouts.

It was such a good idea that people all over the British Empire took it up. Even foreign countries have their Boy Scouts. And, as we all know, we have them here in Papua. They



March of Scouts in Sydney

Death of Lord Baden-Powell

Not only the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides but all the people in the British Empire will be sorry to hear of the death of Lord Baden-Powell.

He had been a great soldier in the Boer War, and was famous for holding a town called Mafeking against

have their good rules to follow, and they train themselves to be lively, useful and kind-hearted.

After them came Rovers and Cubs, Girl Guides and Rangers and Brownies—they all do the same sort of good work and they all began with the big

idea of Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout.

Years ago some Papuan Boy Scouts were in Sydney when the Chief Scout was there. One of them wrote to the *Villager* about it, and said that he was "a very old man but still going strong." Well, he has reached the end of his life at last. It was the sort of active, useful and helpful life that all true Scouts would like to live.

Mr. and Mrs.

Someone should whisper in the ears of those "boys" who address each other as "Mr." They may be store-boys, medical-boys, clerking-boys, etc.; and if they don't hear a whisper we should shout at them, for it is a very silly practice.

To address a letter to "Mr. Stick-in-the-Mud," or "Let-go-Anchor Esq." is silly, and it only makes Europeans laugh at those Papuans who are trying to be what they are not. And what Papuan likes to be laughed at?

Many boys have written to business houses or stores in Australia, and the reply comes addressed to them as "Mr." But they should not need to be told that this is a business fashion. If a pussy-cat wrote to Sydney these business firms would reply, and address their letter to "Miss Pussy-Cat, Port Moresby," simply because it was their "fashion."

Should some "boys" think that they must use titles between themselves, then let them use their own native words, equal in meaning to English. If writing to a man, address the letter to "Tau Wait-a-bit," and to a woman, "Hahine Never-mind," and to a girl, "Kekeni Don't-go-away." Letters between young boys should be to "Mero So-and-so," and

between youths, "Uau Such-and-such." This would be simple and properly Papuan. In this country, your own, the often pretty names of people do not want to have hats (*Mr.*) and trousers (*Esq.*) put on them. —R.A.V.

Caddies' Day

About forty Caddies took part in the Yearly Competition at the Port Moresby Golf Course.

Driving Competition

A Grade—1. Udu Gavera; 2. Rahe; 3. Doriga.
B Grade—1. Toua Gavera; 2. Karkara; 3. Arua.

Stroke Competition

A Grade—1. Udu Gavera (25); 2. Lahui Ako (26); 3. Bill (26).
B Grade—1. Boga (26); 2. Kea (29); 3. Toua Gavera (30).

Udu Gavera seems to be Champion of Caddies.

Prizes were given, and all Caddies had a feast of sweets and buns and ginger-beer.

Cost of an Aeroplane

There are many kinds of aeroplanes. The big ones are very expensive. So are the small ones.

A "Spitfire" (what a good name!) is a small fighter used by the British. The Germans also have all sorts of planes. A "Messerschmitt" is a small German fighter. But the Spitfires spit fire at the Messerschmitts and bring them down.

Here is a new multiplication table which we take from the *Papuan Courier*:—

12 pennies = 1 shilling.
20 shillings = 1 pound.
£5,000 = 1 Spitfire.
1 Spitfire = 30 Messerschmitts.



Scene at Andemba, N.D.

Waterfalls

We are very proud of our Rouna Falls. The Laloki River makes a big jump, or rather two jumps, and sometimes, when there is a lot of water in the river, it is a very fine sight. But it is not a big waterfall when we compare it with some in other parts of the world.

Rouna Falls are only 217 feet from top to bottom. The Ribbon Falls of California have a clear drop of 1,612 feet. The Sunderland Falls in New Zealand have a drop of 1,900 feet. The Kukuenaam Falls in British Guiana have a drop of 2,000 feet.

And there are others much higher than these. Not long ago an aeroplane flew over another waterfall in British Guiana, and the men in the plane reckoned that it had a drop of 3,000 feet.

The highest waterfall in the world is in Venezuela. It is thought to have a drop of 6,000 feet—more than a mile of falling water. They have not really measured this waterfall yet.

When they do, we may expect that it will be rather less than a mile.

The biggest waterfall in the world is Niagara, between Canada and America. It has a fall of only 167 feet, but it is a very big river and an enormous lot of water is always tumbling over. Rouna is only "a drop in the bucket" compared with Niagara.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

to "The Papuan Villager" should be forwarded to the Government Printer and are as follows:—

Posted Within Papua . 1s. Year
Posted Beyond Papua . 2s. Year

"P.V." War Fund

Subscriptions this month

	£	s.	d.
Previous amount	...	8	19 6
Avosa Eka, Iokea (3rd gift)	...	1	0 0
		£9	19 6

Australian Soldiers in North Africa

In the last paper we told you about the war against Italy. It has been going very well for us. The British army has captured town after town—Capuzza, Sidi Barrani, Bardia and Tobruk. By this time we have taken about 80,000 prisoners, all sorts of guns and supplies, and many of the highest officers called Generals. (One of the Generals was captured in his "pyjamas," or sleeping clothes.)

America and the War

The United States are not at war with Germany and Italy, but they are giving us all the help they can.

This is what President Roosevelt says, "We shall send you an ever increasing number of ships, planes, tanks and guns."

This is just what we want. Our side can make "munitions" faster than the enemy, and that is one of the reasons why we shall win the war.

Native Contributions

The Fairy Lake at Bakumbari

Dear Readers,

I would like to tell you about a lake at Bakumbari, a village not far from Gona. The lake is called Suinabango. It has been there for many years but people did not know it was a fairy lake, or that people were living at the bottom of the water.

Long, long ago, there was a man named Simbureba who went near the lake to make sago. This sago was growing on the bank of the lake. When he came near it he tried to cut down the sago, but while he was cutting the tree he dropped his stone axe into the water. The lake was a very strange one; water was on top but at the bottom was a village.

How a Man Visited the Village Under the Water

The stone axe fell on the roof of a house and an old woman took it and put it on her

Page Six

house platform. The man slipped into the water and followed the axe till he came to the village. The man was not afraid because he had no road to go back. He wanted to know who the people were.

When he came near, the old woman saw him. She welcomed him and told him to sit on the platform. Then she cooked some food for him and she also gave him some ripe bananas too. While he was eating, the old woman got some things ready for the man. She took a long stick and tied some taro on one end and some coconuts and betel on the other. Then she gave him a stone axe and told him to go back to his own home. The man got off the platform and began to walk back. But just as he came out of the water all the food and betel-nuts that he brought from the bottom of the water turned into other things. He said to himself, "My word, why does this turn into rubbish?" and he took the things with him and went to his house for the night. When the morning came all the people gathered together at Simbureba's house.

The Dog Goes Down

He told them the story about the lake, and then the people, after talking together, decided to go and see the lake. They took a piece of the old broken canoe with them and a dog and they went near the lake. It was a mile from their village. When they arrived they put the dog on the piece of old broken canoe. One of them said, "If we let this dog go out into the middle of the lake, then we can see where the dog goes to." "All right, but we must not play around this lake-side."

They pushed the broken canoe out into the water and let the dog sit on it. All the people watched carefully to see the dog go slowly on. When it got right into the middle of the lake it slipped into the water. The people were afraid and immediately walked back to their village and told the story to the women and children of the village. That day everyone knew the story about the lake and how strange it was. They believed that when their friends died they went to live in the village at the bottom of the lake.

Crocodiles with Faces of Old Men

The water of this lake is quite warm and the same fish live here as live in the sea. When the people go to make sago the crocodiles always come out of the water to see who

is beating the sago. These crocodiles have faces like old men.

Dear friends, the people think these are not crocodiles but people living in the water, and that they want to come to see their friends, and sons, and grandsons. That is why the crocodiles come out of the water each time the people go to beat sago. When the beating is done they always leave some sago for the crocodiles and say good-bye to them before they return to the village. If anyone wants to see this lake they must not go alone. The people called Baradari are the masters of the lake. Baradari is not a village, but the name of the people who look after the lake.

Competition closes on 15th April, 1941

Clothes . . .

?

What do you think about
Clothes for Papuans?
Should they wear them or
not?
Are they good or bad?
Why?

Say what YOU think



Natives Playing Golf

A Visit to the Lake

One day I went to Bakumbari with Sister Mavis Eather and Nurse Hayman, to preach the gospel. We stayed there one week and one night. The old men of Bakumbari came to us to tell us stories. They told us many good stories but when Sister Eather heard this story she said, "We must go to-morrow morning and see if this is a real lake or not."

When we went there, and just as we came near it a crocodile came up to see us, and we were afraid. But a Baradari boy talked to the crocodile, and the crocodile slipped back into the water. We saw the very strange face and marvelled. Afterwards we came back to the rest-house and next morning the Sisters and I returned to our Mission Station.

Dear readers, this is a true New Guinea story.

[By Ambrose Burugo, teacher, All Soul's School, Gona, N.D. This wins 5s.]

Page Seven

Mitre Rock

People who sail along the coast of the Northern Division have seen a strange rock not far from the mainland. But I was very surprised to see the rooms under the rock, so that it looked like a very big house. The waves had cut the rock underneath.

There is a story about this rock. Now I wish to acquaint you a little about it.

Once upon a time people were living at Iauga in Douglas Harbour. Day by day and night by night they were working to make their gardens. The Binei, or Devil, didn't want to work by day time, he wanted to make his garden at night time.

The Papuan Villager

January, 1941

After a short time the Binei had a baby son called Young Binei. One night young and old Binei were cutting trees and they both heard a bird's whistle. They thought some people were coming to kill them and they both ran away leaving their things in the garden. That is their big strong axe that has turned into the standing rock. The village people call it Duie (Mitre Rock). The rock is about 9 feet high.

Now I am going to say we had a very good journey. Good-bye all of you who read *The Papuan Villager*.

[By Asagi Awaga, native clerk, Ioma, N.D.]

Death by Drowning

A man named Ila and his wife named Mea Hau lived in Keapara, but their tribes were different. They had two sons; the name of the elder was Ela Vagi and the second boy was Vagi Vagi. The elder was five years old and the second was two years old.

One day the woman went to their garden while the two boys stayed with their father (he was expecting a visit from their mother's father). The father cooked their food and they ate it. Then the elder brother went off to play with his mates on the beach. The second brother stayed with the father in the house.

In the afternoon there was very high water on the beach and Ela Vagi floated away and was drowning. But one of his mates went to help him. He was not strong enough to haul him to the beach. This little boy helped the boy who was drowning in the water. He was very afraid because he was nearly dead. But nobody saw them.

About 5 p.m. the mother came back from the garden and looked for her sons. She could only find one, for the other was lost. The village people were very surprised. They got old coconut leaves and made torches to find him in the hidden places; but they did not find him.

The other little boys who had been on the beach told the people what had happened. The people asked what they had been doing on the beach and they told them all about it. Then the village community really knew that he must be dead.

[By Vele Raou, L.M.S. schoolboy, Hula.]

Page Eight

The Feast of Ukaukana Village

I am a teacher of the L.M.S. I saw something the Gabadi people did. I lived at Ukaukana for four years and five months.

Cutting down the Sago Palms

On 12th September, 1936, two old men in Ukaukana Village cut down some sago palms. Their names were Vagi Karai and his brother Apero Vagi. They wanted to make a feast because their daughter died two years ago. They cut down the palms, then they came back to the village and started to dance.

Making the Sago

They divided the sago palms among the men. Each got 3 feet long and they made sago from this. Then they put it in little baskets till the day of the feast. They were making sago for about three weeks and also they got everything ready for the feast.

The Feast Day

On Wednesday, 12th September, 1936, during the morning they put up a long pole and put all the bananas on that long pole. All the bananas meant 273 bunches. Then the women cooked the sago like big loaves of bread. One big loaf of sago weighed 14 lb. In the afternoon about 2 p.m. they divided the bananas and gave them out to all the people. The loaves, the big loaves of sago number 71. This night the people of Koupana, Ukaukana, Keveo and Madabaira danced. They started at sunset and went on until morning.

Taking the Roof Off the Grave

When they took off the cemetery house they made another small feast. This was again in the night time. They cut armlet rings and they put on new black ramis called *imo*.

When, after four days, this feast was finished the men of the village killed pigs. Two pigs they killed on the 15th, and five they killed on 17th, one on 18th, three on 22nd; and on the 27th they killed one more pig. Then they had finished all their work for the feast.

[By Ome Ravao, L.M.S. teacher, Ukaukana.]

"THE PAPUAN
VILLAGER" ②

BOUND VOLUME
1940 ② Obtainable from
the Government Printer, 2s.

Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—10249/2.41.