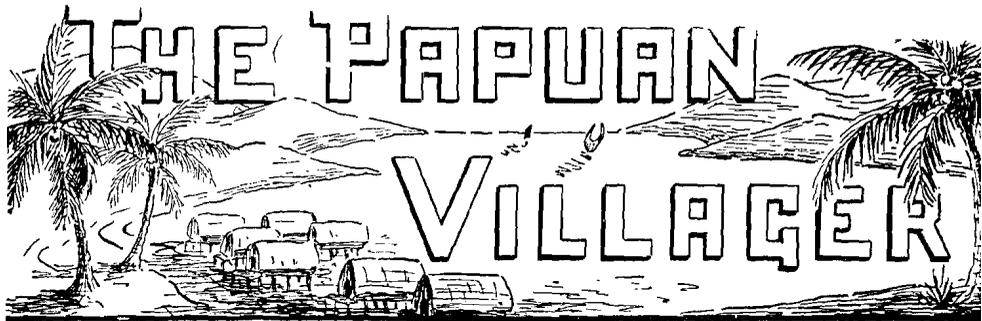
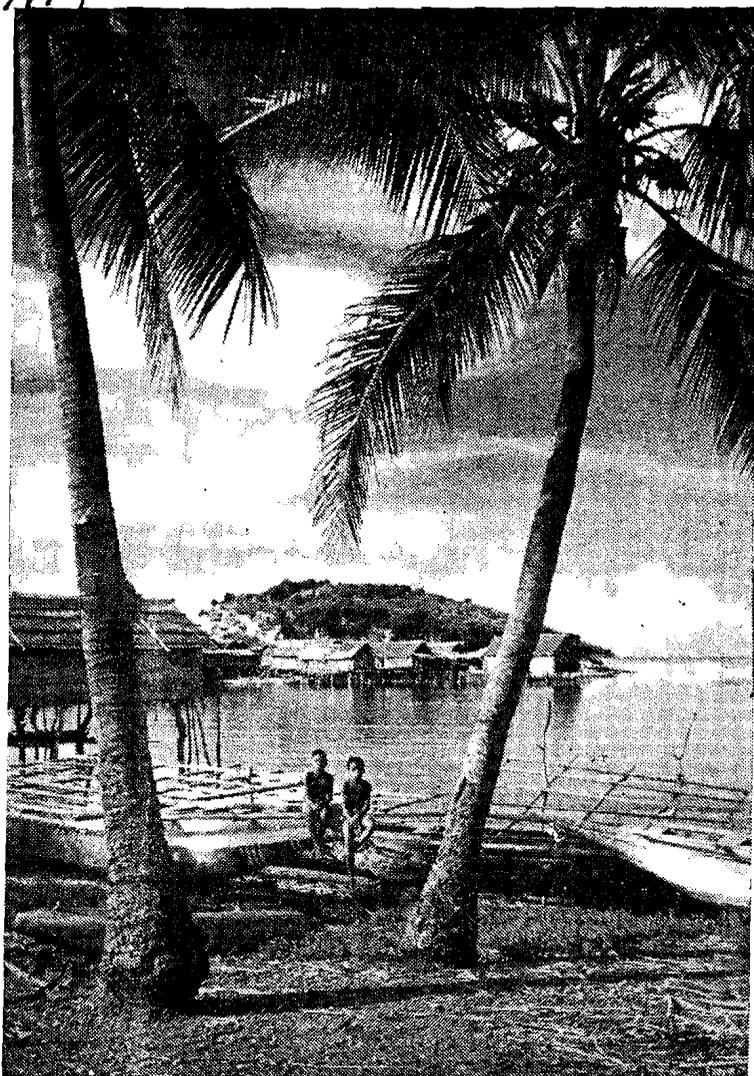


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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

(1941)



A Picture of El.
GIBSON PHOTO

The Japanese

On the West side of the Pacific Ocean are the Islands of Japan. They are not very big islands, but they are the home of a strong nation. Japan and the countries nearby that belong to her must have about 100 million people.

Yellow-Brown Men

The Japanese are not white men. Their skins have a rather yellow colour, sometimes pale brown. They are often small men, but well-made and strong.

One strange thing about them is the way their eyes slant upwards at the outer corners. In this and other things they are much like the Chinese to look at. We have a few Chinese in Papua, and sometimes in the past Japanese sailors have been here in their steamers. So you should know what they are like to look at.

Farmers, Fishermen, Artists

For many hundreds of years the Japanese have been a big nation. The people are mostly farmers, growing rice. But they are also famous fishermen, and their boats go far and wide looking for fish and shell.

They are great makers of silk. And as they are "artistic" (knowing about pictures and patterns and colours) their silks are very beautiful.

They have many villages and big cities. They build mostly with wood, and sometimes—would you believe it?—they make their houses of paper.

Copying Europeans

For a long time the Japanese would not have anything to do with Europeans. But less than 100 years ago the Europeans began to trade with them, and ever since that time they have been copying European ways. This does not mean that they tried to be like the Europeans in everything. They are still Japanese in most of their ways, but they have been very clever at copying the things they wanted to copy. The result is that they now have big cities and factories and motor cars and engines and electric light and all sorts of other things that the Europeans have taught them.

Learning to Make War

Most of all they copied the Europeans in the way to make war. In early days the Japanese soldiers were bow-and-arrow men, like so many Papuans. But now they have warships and cannon and tanks and aeroplanes.

Perhaps this was a big mistake. I do not think their warships and other fighting things are really as good as those of the Europeans; and if ever they go to war against the Europeans they will soon find this out. Some day perhaps they will be sorry that they ever copied these things.

The War Against China

The Japanese are a very warlike people. They are brave men, but they make a lot of trouble. They have made a number of cruel wars against their neighbour, China.

China is a big country with 400 million people, and the latest war with Japan has been going on for more than four years. The Japanese thought that they would easily win because of their better guns and tanks and aeroplanes. But the Chinese hang on and won't be beaten. The Japanese must be getting sorer and sorer that they ever began this war. In the meantime the Chinese are building up their armaments and are learning about war. When they have learnt a bit more they will win and drive the Japanese out of their country.

More Wars?

The Japanese used to be friends of Great Britain. In the last war (1914-1918) they were our allies. But now they are not very friendly to us; and they are not very friendly to America or Russia either. They have turned instead to Germany and Italy.

So far the Japanese have not entered our war. They have done a lot of talking, but they have not begun to fight. We do not want them to fight; but, if they do, we shall be ready for them.

Japan is like a very snappy little dog, barking at three big dogs that just lie down and look at her. The three big dogs are Great Britain, America and Russia. If this little dog ever begins to bite, then the three big dogs will jump on her and tear her to pieces.

"V" for Victory

You know that many of the smaller nations of Europe have been beaten by Hitler. He and his German officers treat them very badly. But the down-trodden people are waiting for their chance. One day they will be able to rise again and help us win the war, and then they will be free.

All through Europe they are thinking of the letter "V." "V" stands for Victory, which means winning. When the Germans' backs are turned the people write "V" on the wall with chalk. The Germans don't know who did it, and they are very angry.

One day a German officer was in a crowd in the street, and a Frenchman pinned a paper "V" on the back of his coat. The German did not feel anything, and he walked on down the street. He thought he was looking very fine in front; but he did not know that everyone was laughing at his back.

Shooting of Frenchmen

The Germans have been very cruel to the French people. They have taken away much of their food, and they force them to work hard in the factories to make weapons for the Germans themselves to use in the war. The French people hate this, and they hate their German masters; and although they have nothing to fight with they still resist.

Not long ago some Frenchmen killed some German officers. The Germans gave them a terrible punishment. They stood up 50 men in a line and shot them dead. Later on they shot another 50. They have done the same sort of thing in other countries.

This is not a lawful punishment. It is the cruellest and wickedest thing that has happened since the beginning of the war. It shows what sort of people the Germans can be. It shows also that we must beat them. It would not be a good thing to have people like that ruling the world.

Fire-Walkers in Fiji

Every year the native people of Fiji hold a big ceremony in honour of their Goddess Maha Mari. Many people come together and there is a big feast; but the main thing is the Fire-walking.

A lot of stones are heated in the fire, as if they were going to roast pigs in the hot stone oven. Then these stones are spread out in a shallow pit, and one after another the fire-walkers walk over them. They go barefoot and they do not hurry; yet the soles of their feet are not hurt. Nobody seems to know why this should be. White men do not care to try it. Any Papuan can try if he likes, but we do not advise him to.

Page Seventy-five

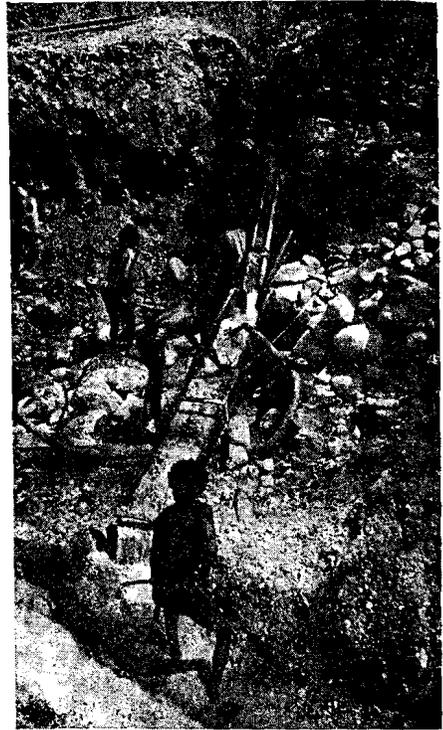
Coconut Oil in Engines

Coconut Oil can really be used as "fuel—" the sort of food that makes engines go. The Government in Fiji have been making some tests, or trials. Coconut Oil was first used in a ship's engine; then in a heavy lorry on a 100 miles run over hilly country. In both cases it did very well.

The world may some day be short of fuel oil, so everything helps. At any rate it is a good thing to find another use for our copra.

Bombs and Birds

We read that the seagulls on the River Thames near London are getting something good out of the war. When the Germans try to bomb London they often miss, and the bomb falls into the water. When it bursts the fish are killed and come floating to the top of the water. This is the same as killing fish with dynamite—which you know is against the law. When they hear a bomb burst in the River Thames they come flying down and gobble up all the dead fish.



Washing for Gold

Block by courtesy of *The Pacific Islands Monthly*

Manioc

Manioc, or Maniote, is being grown more and more by the natives of Papua in their gardens. It did not belong to Papua in the first place. It was brought to this country long ago by travellers. But it is now one of our plants.

Its real home in the first place was America; but it has spread to nearly all parts of the tropical world (i.e. the hotter parts round the equator).

It goes by many names in different places—manioc, cassava, Brazilian arrowroot, and yuca. It makes good food, which white people eat as well as natives. And it is used for starch too. The starch used by the laundry to make his *taubads's* trousers stiff is made from manioc.

In South America the native people know how to make a flour from manioc. It is called *manina*, and you can use it for bread and cakes. It will keep a long time. This would be a good thing for Papuans.

Oil Prospecting

Oil prospectors are men who go looking for oil. Gold prospectors look for places to dig out of the ground. Oil prospectors are men who look for places to get oil—benzine, petrol, kerosene.

You know that this oil is found far down under the ground. The first thing is to look for signs on the surface, or top of the ground. "Geologists" go up and down through the ground; they examine the different kinds of stone they look at the mountains and valleys. At they say, "This is a good place to look for oil. Let us dig down and see."

When the Oil Company begins to dig a hole, they do not do it with a pick and shovel. They use a "drilling," and they have very heavy machinery to drive a sort of cork-screw into the ground. As the earth is brought up they put on a sort of pipe or "casing." And they go deeper and deeper. Near the top they use heavy casing (about 18 inches); as they go deeper they use smaller casing (15 inch, then 12 inch); and later on smaller still.

Kariava on the Vailala they have already dug a hole more than 5,280 feet, i. e. more than one mile deep. Imagine a mile along the surface of the ground. It takes you twenty days to walk that distance. Then think of a hole a mile long straight down into the ground.

The Kariava machinery can make a hole about two miles deep, if need be. They can do this by the middle of next year. Perhaps they will "strike oil" before then. If they don't, I suppose they will go the full two miles and then start all over again in another place.

The Two Oldest Workmen in the World

The people of Russia are all fighting or working against the German enemy. No one rests. If they cannot bear arms, then they work in factories or in the gardens.

We read in the *Children's Newspaper* about two old Russian men named Abbas and Teymour. They have come out to help in gathering the crop. Teymour is 110 years old; Abbas, quite a young chap, is only 100. It is reported that Abbas said to Teymour, "While the enemy lives we must not die."

Fires in New Guinea

All this year has been a very rainless, dry one in Papua and the Mandated Territory. Even in Australia there has been a drought, or dry time.

During the later part of this month the air has been full of smoke. Every evening the sun has gone down like a red ball, as round as a plate. It does not dazzle the eyes, because you can look at it easily through the smoky air.

There was so much smoke about that it was hard for the aeroplanes to see the landing places. A plane went from Port Moresby to Goilala in the mountains, but it could not find Goilala in the smoke, and it had to come all the way back.

This smoke must be from bushfires in the inland country. If anyone drops a firestick in the dry grass there is sure to be a big fire. Several plantations have been damaged, and the natives must be very anxious about their gardens.

Papuans as Prisoners of War

Some of our European soldiers from Papua have been taken prisoners of war. Each side sometimes takes prisoners. They keep them till the war is over (we hope that will not be very long).

Men then went further up to the head of the river and explored Kariava, the present drilling area. They began to build rough houses for the start while other parties continued on to the borders of the uncivilized but much-explored interior. North of Kariava is a country that belongs to great Kukukuku tribes.

The Kariava Camp

During the year 1940 Kariava was built with good houses and also a road was constructed from the river camp to the proper drilling area. The distance between river and drilling area is about three miles; the general office, store and workshop, machinshop, European and labour quarters were all completed. Lorries, tractors and cars are now running on the road. The

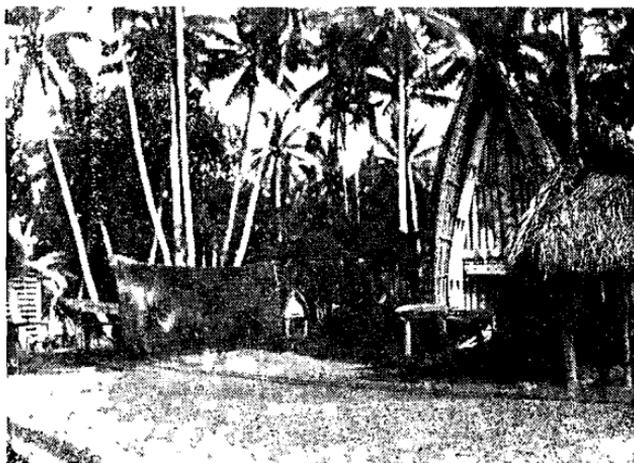
there were native vegetables too added to the diet.

Health and Medical Work

A nice hospital has been built for native labourers in case of sickness and a qualified doctor is in charge. He has one European assistant and six N.M.As. An isolation hospital was built in case of dysentery, measles, etc. The daily average of in-patients for February was about 19.29; out-patients 29.5.

The Editor's Visit

Early this year the Editor of our paper, with his wife, visited Kariava from Kerema. They stayed there for about three days and departed by the vessel *Veimann*. I suggest that this



A Trobriand Village

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Native Labourers

The compound quarters of the native labourers were well built. There is enough room for forty persons in one room with big open spaces for fresh air and they are all well equipped with sleeping materials and wire netted to prevent mosquitoes. These men were issued with the following rich rations weekly:—rice, wheatmeal, fish, meat, tobacco, matches, soap, sugar, salt, coconut, marmite, kerosene and

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I think I had better conclude my rough article here and some day perhaps the Editor or some reader who visits Kariava will explain what he has seen here.

[By Daba, N.M.A., c/o. A.P.C., Kariava. This story wins 5s.]

Brave Men

An Adventure with a Crocodile

Very often we hear or read in our friend the *Villager*, or in some other periodical, of brave deeds done by Papuan men and women. We can't help feeling proud of these deeds.

Messrs. Gossner, Bosgard and Cotman have been taken prisoner. Mr. Gossner wrote a letter to a friend in this country from a prison camp in Italy. It was published in the *Papuan Courier*. He said he and his friends were doing well. They were living in a valley in the mountains of Italy.

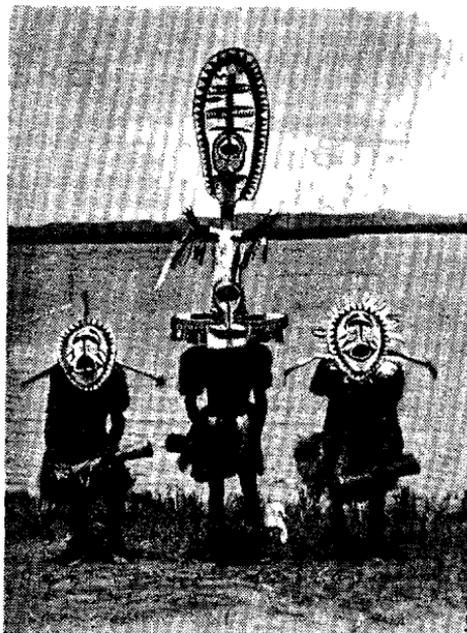
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Bombs and Birds Again

When a bomb bursts it makes a great blast of wind. If the bomb bursts in a street, you can understand it breaks the glass in windows, blows open the doors even though locked, and may even blow the whole building down.

out of fuel in mid-ocean is a serious thing. No land was in sight and no other boat was to be seen.

But this ship had a clever captain. He remembered that his cargo was made up mostly of coffee beans, and he decided to use these as fuel. So the firemen instead of shovelling in coal shovelled in coffee beans. They must have enjoyed this better than feeding the fires with coal, for you know what the smell of good coffee making is like and what a roast it would be with great fires burning up this cargo. We hope there was some left for the people who were waiting for it for breakfast in Cape Town.



Three "Ehara" at Kerema

A house in England was bombed, and some birds in their cage were blown right across the street with the bits of broken glass of the windows. A policeman picked up the cage which was bent and broken; but the birds were all alive and safe. The policeman handed them to their owner saying, "After all, birds are used to flying through the air."

✦

A New Use for Coffee

A ship travelling from America to Cape Town in South Africa ran out of fuel. To run

Circuses

A circus is a sort of travelling zoo, with all sorts of animals. There is a famous one in Australia called Wirth's Circus.

Horses

It has horses that do all sorts of tricks. They kneel down and lie down and even dance to music. A man stands in the middle of the ring and the horses run round and round; and when

he talks to them and cracks his whip they obey him and do their tricks.

And there are monkeys that do tricks also. They ride the horses like "jockeys," and they seem to enjoy it.

Goats

Wirth's Circus even trains goats to do tricks. (If you want to see how hard it is to train a goat to do anything you can try on one of the goats in Papua. You should keep some biscuits or lumps of sugar in your bag and give him one whenever he does his trick right; then he will want to do it again. But you will not find him very good at his lessons.)

Lion Tamers

Then there is the Lion Tamer. At Wirth's Circus there is a great big cage, and the lion tamer goes in first. Then they bring up some big boxes on wheels close to the cage, and out jump the lions and lionesses into the cage with the lion tamer.

He talks to them and orders them about. They snarl at him and show their teeth, but they obey. They jump about in all directions at his order. Then they all sit on boxes in a half-circle with a big lion in the centre; and the lion tamer leans against the lion and takes his hat off and puts it on the lion's head. It is a dangerous job, for any one of the lions is big enough to eat him up.

Elephants

The same lion tamer puts the elephants through their tricks. They are very wise and obedient animals and do all sorts of funny things. One of them picks the lion tamer up in his trunk and carries him about, and one of them kneels on all fours on top of him (as it weighs about six tons it must be very careful not to squash him).

Princess Alice

The leader of all the elephants in Wirth's Circus was named "Princess Alice." She was indeed leader of all the animals, and when they came out in procession Princess Alice led the way. She died this month, after many years of faithful service. She not only did tricks for the people to see, but pulled the carts when the circus was moving. She was 157 years old.

Shortage of Petrol

Because of the war we have to be careful with petrol. The aeroplanes and tanks and army lorries and warboats use a great deal of it. We must not let them go short. So we must use less in our every day work.

Petrol is "rationed" in Australia. You know what your rations are in food—so much and no more for every week. Well, in Australia the car-owners have a ration of petrol—so many gallons every month. This means that people have to walk where they used to ride in a motor car. They do not get there quite so fast, but the walking no doubt does them good.

In Papua there is no rationing of petrol. Car-owners can buy as much as they like. This does not matter much, for we have no very long roads on which to go very long drives. But some day we may have to be rationed here also.

Education in India

India has 400 million native people. It is said that only one in ten of them can read. The Government and the Missions are going to make this better. Every year there are more schools and more school children. But it will be a long time before every native is a reader.

You readers of *The Papuan Villager*, do not laugh at the Indians. In our country we have only about one-quarter of one million people. Compared with the Indians you are just a drop of water in the bucket.

And not one man in ten Papuans can read yet; and none of them can read like a well-educated Indian. Some Indians are great scholars, like the best-educated white men. So far we have no Papuans like them.

By the way, there is no reason why we should not, so keep on trying.

Native Contributions

Oil Expedition in Papua

I expect our readers will be pleased to hear a little about the oil explorations in Papua. My article will necessarily include much of Kariava (drilling area).

Before the camp was established at Kariava men were making many expeditions through miles of bush taking photographs, mapping, surveying, etc., and later they entered by the bar of the Vailala River and sighted the old drill derrick used for oil drilling once upon a time, but useless now. But they only recleared the ground and built some houses near the bank. They keep this place as a base for boats to unload and return instead of coming right upstream, and colliding (touching bottom) when it is low water.

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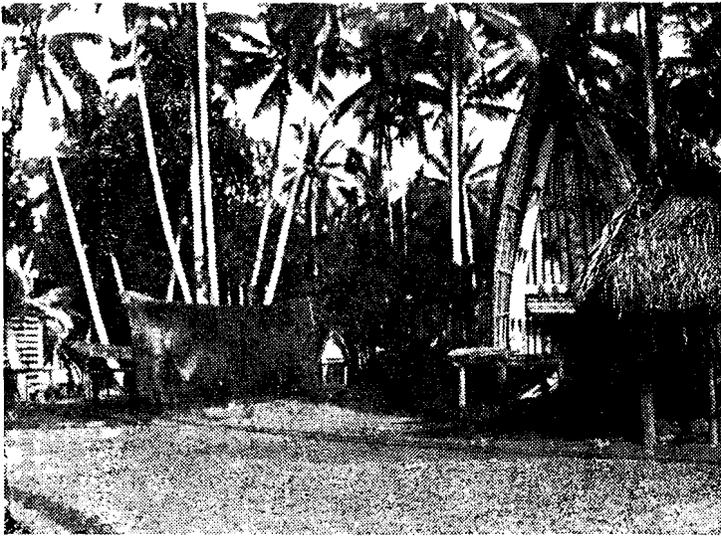
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Unless I am in error the average Papuan is somewhat noted for being kind, self-sacrificing and brave. Now if you care to read along I may proceed with a couple of testimonials.

On the bank of a river where crocodiles are known to be numerous stands a village of some three hundred inhabitants. Women from this village go out daily to fetch water from the river for cooking and other uses.

On one occasion they went to fetch water from this fast-flowing river and they went knee-deep into the water. Suddenly one of them was seized by an unseen crocodile. So great was the fright of the others that they threw down their pots and ran home to tell what had happened.

A man who was crossing at this time saw what had happened and ran to the rescue of the woman. With some effort he managed to scramble on to the animal's back which was now hurrying away. He began to pick at its eyes with his little knife. This was his only weapon. This of course annoyed the beast and finally made it blind. At intervals the beast would dive under the water but still the man clung on. This combat lasted for some time but finally the beast was compelled to let go his hold.

The villagers had by this time come to their aid. Without a moments hesitation in they went with their nets. They rescued both the man and the woman. But the crocodile—he soon met a fatal end.

A Brave Man and a Boar

This is a somewhat similar story to the above but it is about a wild boar.

Two friends set out together in search of some game. They wandered all through the long day but not one living creature did they see save themselves. About dusk they sat down at the entrance to a thick wood. They had not long been there when they heard the grunt of an approaching pig. They stood awaiting its advent. As soon as it was in view one of them fired but without much effect. The pig now made a rush at them. One of them hurriedly scrambled up a tree but in doing so got his gun entangled in a twig. The other man tried to follow his example but the pig was too quick for him. Then there was a terrible struggle between these two. It would have been the end of the man had it not been for his companion. He quickly but carefully reached over and got his gun. One or two good shots made an end of the pig.

Other hunters who were out in the same district heard the gun go off. Curiosity brought

them to the place and they soon saw and heard what had taken place. The injured man was carried home and put to bed.

Other brave deeds I have heard of but these two have caused me some extra interest.

[By George Scott, Catholic Mission, Yule Island.]

An Old Story

Long ago a man lived with his wife and children and friends in the village of Iokea. His name was Forova Kaea.

In Papua there are Samoan people who have come to work here for the L.M.S. One day the Samoan teacher told Forova Kaea to bring some sago and bananas from the garden for me and my family because we were hungry, and Forova did as he asked. That day there were many clouds covering the sky and Forova was afraid of the rain, so he went very slowly through the village while his enemies watched him all the time.

So he went straight along on his way but he did not know how to fight. And the people asked him, "Forova Kaea, where have you come from?" Then he told them, "I have come from the Teacher's house." "That is true," they said, and they took their sharp spears and threw them at his back right into his flesh. Forova made a very big noise and he ran to reach the house and sat down on his own steps. He called to his wife and his friends and they obeyed his order, but they could not see him. "Where are you?" they said. "I want you to come and take out the spear from my back," he said. They took it away and then he said to his wife, "Will you give me my spears that are by my sleeping place." But his wife replied, "No, I will not give them to you because I do not want you to go and fight. You will be killed."

Then the husband took his spears and then he went with his family and there was a fight between the villagers. When they had finished the fight he was all covered with blood and he looked just like a pig that has been hunted. It was wonderful that he did not die after losing all that blood. His people took him when he fell down and pulled him into his house. They kept him there a long time. At last he grew well again and lived among the villagers and his friends with his wife and children until he died.

This is an old story of my tribe. It was told to me by my grandfather.

[By Forova Kalahure, L.M.S., Moru.]