

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

Uses of the Coconut

The Villager's Friend

The Coconut is one of the Papuan's best friends. You can drink from it when you are thirsty; you can eat it when you are hungry; you can burn the husks to make a good hot fire; you can squeeze oil out of it to rub on your bodies; you can turn the hard shell into spoons and bowls and dishes; you can plait the leaves into baskets; and you can even twist the fibre of the husks into very strong rope. The dry leaves make a fine bright torch for burning; the flower spray makes a broom; and one of the branches, cut down a bit, will even make you a good cricket bat.

Useful to the White Man

The white man also has many uses for coconuts. Since they will not grow in his cold country he has to buy them from tropical places like Papua. That is why there is a big trade in copra.

Just at present the price of copra is very low. I suppose it is because the white man has more than enough. But by and by they will use it all up, and then they will want more, and



Coconut Palm

then the price of copra will rise again.

Here are some of the things the world does with copra. The big

factories, or workshops, first of all crush it and squeeze it. This is to separate the oil from the residue.

Soap

The oil is used largely for soap. You know how fond the white men are of washing themselves. It is a habit they have (and if you want to copy Europeans this is a good thing to copy). They use thousands and thousands of tons of soap every year.

Margarine

Another thing made largely from coconut oil is margarine. It is very much like butter (which is made from cow's milk). Margarine is not quite as good to eat as real butter, but in this time of war many people will have to eat it as the best thing they can get.

Hair Oil

And just as you use coconut oil for your bodies, so do the white men use it to put on their skin or on their hair. Bathers rub it on their backs to protect them from the sun (it turns their skin brown, and they like brown skins).

Engine Fuel

The latest thing we hear about coconut oil is that you can run an engine on it. It is said to be a good fuel for a diesel engine, so maybe the *Laurabada* will some day go speeding along our coasts with her tanks full up with coconut oil. (I don't think she really will, but it is said to be possible.)

Copra Cake

Then the residue (what remains when the oil is squeezed out) also has many uses. It is a food for white men (desiccated coconut); and in a coarser form it is used for cows and horses and pigs. There is very little wasted.

Coir

The fibre of the husk is made into coir in some countries, and this is used for coir rope and coir mats. You will see some coir mats on the floors in your *Sinabadas'* houses. You can tramp about on it for years without wearing holes in it.

Charcoal

The hard shells also are useful. White men sometimes make bowls from them just as you do (coconut shell is very beautiful wood when it is polished); and now we hear of quite a new use. The hard shell can be half burnt and turned into charcoal. It is said that the war authorities want plenty of this charcoal, they do not tell us exactly what for but it is something to do with munitions. So the old coconut may be helping us to win the war.

Walking Records

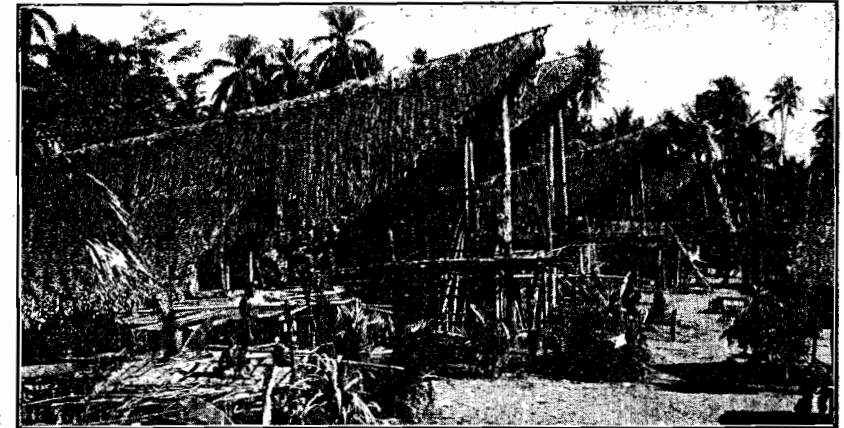
Many white men who travel in the Papuan bush like to think they have walked further and faster than any other white man. I do not know that the Papuans themselves are so keen to break walking records, but there is no doubt that they are very good walkers too; and when we think of the 40 lb. swag and the rough mountainous track, we must say they are marvellous carriers.

Here is the world's walking record. It was made (on a proper flat track) by a man called Richardson in England. He walked for twelve hours straight off, and in that time he covered 73 miles 1,576 yards. (The earlier record was 73 miles 145 yards.) Richardson's fastest mile on this walk was the 71st. He did it in 9 minutes and 7 seconds.

Moviave

Last December we wrote about the fine village of Iokea; but it is not the only fine village in the Gulf Division, not by a long way.

Since then the Editor has been in many others. He might write about a number of them, but he thinks something should be said about Moviave. It is a very big village and one of the prettiest in all Papua.



Moviave eighteen years ago

Old Eravo and Old Customs

The houses are well built, with walls of *selo*, or plaited sago-bark, and there are half a dozen fine *eravo* still standing. These are the old-fashioned men's houses, and they rise to a high point in front (some people say they look like crocodiles with their mouths wide open). Anyhow they are fine big buildings and they make Moviave look interesting. The Editor admired the *eravo* in Moviave eighteen years ago; and he hopes the people will never forget to build them.

Moviave is one of those villages that has not thrown away its old fashions. Many Gulf Division vil-

lages have done this, or think they ought to do it. In the eyes of *The Papuan Villager* it seems a very ridiculous thing. In the meantime you may still see *Sevese* in Moviave. We wonder if there will be any in another eighteen years time.

A Garden City

White people sometimes talk about "gardencities." Moviave is a Papuan garden city. It has more bright flowers and coloured bushes than any

the Editor has seen.

Moviave Jack

There are many good men in all villages; but there is one in Moviave who deserves to be named in *The Papuan Villager*. He is Mita Everave, or "Moviave Jack," the Village Constable. The Editor met him eighteen years ago. He was full of good humour and good works then, and he is just the same now. We do not think he has grown any older at all. He has been a great trader and copra-maker, and storekeeper, as well as a Village Policeman; and he is now, as

then, a good servant to both the Government and his own people.

Christmas at Kwato

The boys and girls of Kwato gave a Christmas show and the white people of Samarai were invited to go and see it.

There was singing of carols and hymns; the College girls came in procession as the Herald Angels, clad in white and silver and carrying lighted candles; there was an Old Testament reading from a scroll; the Angel appeared to the Shepherds; Joseph and Mary were seen at the manger; and the Three Wise Men of the East came with their gifts.

For each scene the choir sang, and the acting of the actors (they were all Papuans) was just right. Someone of Samarai wrote about it in the *Papuan Courier*. He said, "Kwato boys and girls, you did well, and we thank you for a delightful entertainment."

How to Distinguish the "Anopheles" Mosquito

By remembering the following points you will soon be able to distinguish the *Anopheles* Mosquito from the common mosquito.

1. A full-grown *Anopheles* when resting seems to stand on its head, and the line of its back is straight. The *Culex*, or common mosquito, rests with its body parallel to the surface and its back is humped. The *Anopheles* has spots on its wings.

2. In the larval, i.e. worm or wriggler, stage the *Anopheles* is easily known, because the little worms lie flat on the surface of the water. The common mosquito hangs down at an

angle, with a short breathing tube coming up to the surface of the water. The wrigglers may be found in almost any shaded, quiet pool of any size.

3. The eggs of the common mosquito are seen on the surface of the water as little boat-like rafts, about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, containing about 250 eggs. They are black in colour. The eggs of the malaria mosquito are laid singly or in little ribbon-like bands; and they are brownish in colour.

How to Fight the Mosquitoes in Papua

It is quite hopeless to think we can kill all the mosquitoes in Papua, but, if we were all to do our little bit, then many places would surely be freer from malaria.

The first thing is to destroy the breeding-places of the mosquitoes. The malaria-carrying mosquito nearly always chooses shallow clean water, which is exposed to the sun but sheltered from the wind, and in which grass and weeds are growing. There are several good ways of getting rid of this pest from a district.

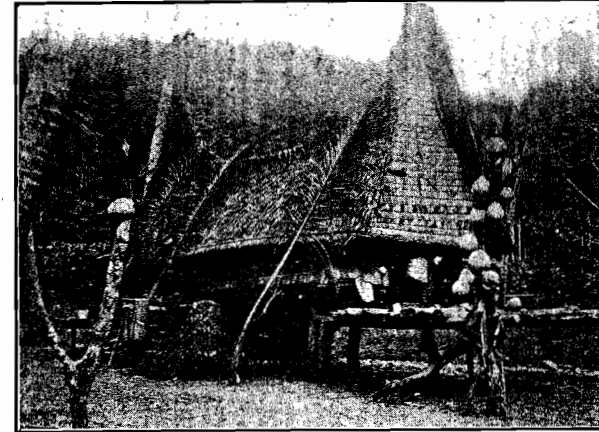
The first method is to destroy all breeding-places. No water should be allowed to remain in little pools, coconut husks, or empty tins around the school or village. This would allow the mosquitoes to breed in thousands. If possible all standing water should be made to flow by means of well-cut drains, or filled in with earth. Remember that anything that can hold water is a likely breeding-place for mosquitoes. So this will make us more careful to get rid of rubbish or dirty water.

If there is a fairly large body of water, say a small pond or lake, then the pond or lake may be stocked with

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small fish that will feed upon the larval mosquitoes. These small fish will work better if the banks are cut away close to the shore. Then the larvæ cannot escape the fish by going into the very shallow water.

them that they were wrong in thinking this. We have followed the life of the mosquito from the time the female lays her eggs on the water until the adult mosquito is ready for flight. We learnt too that it is the *Anopheles*



Men's House, Iniao

Very often when on medical patrol I have been near villages and I have noticed that the people keep smoking fires going nearly all night to drive away mosquitoes. This, too, is a good way of keeping malaria away from the village, for the *Anopheles* bites mostly at sundown and in the night. Another point is that mosquitoes tend to keep to the ground, and so houses built on piles are better than those built on the ground.

I have told you a few facts about *Anopheles* mosquitoes. Many years ago people thought they got malaria from drinking bad water and from living in damp swampy regions. Some other people thought they got this fever from the bad air over such places, so they called the fever "Malaria" or "Bad Air."

But the good work done by Doctors Laveran, Ross and Manson, showed

mosquito that is the carrier of malaria and I hope you have found out many things from reading these articles.

—H. F. BITMEAD.

Competition closes on 15th April, 1941

Clothes . .

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

Say what YOU think

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A Theft of School Books

Not long ago an Armed Constable was on guard in Port Moresby. He went into the European School and stole some school books, exercise books and pencils, worth 10s. 6d. When he was caught and came before the Magistrate he said he only wanted to read the books. But he was sent to gaol for six months with hard labour.

It is a very good thing for Armed Constables (as for anyone else) to read books. But this man was a fool to go and steal them. Why didn't he subscribe to *The Papuan Villager*? It would have cost 6d. for six months and no hard labour (except the reading of it).

The Soldier and the Canaries

In the early days of the present war the Belgian army laid down its weapons, and our British army had then to leave France for fear the Germans should surround it and cut it off.

When one of our soldiers was escaping, a Belgian man gave him a cage with three little yellow singing birds called "Canaries" in it. "Take care of my canaries," he said.

The soldier took them and waded out into the sea to get into the boat that was to take him to England. "Whatever have you got there?" asked the officer. The soldier answered, "I have brought some canaries." "Well, stick to them if you can," said the officer.

The man got aboard and went to sleep. Next thing, the ship was struck by a bomb, and the man and cage were again in the water. A British destroyer came along and picked him up. He was dragged aboard still holding

the cage. He had a steel helmet on, and his shirt was clinging to his wet body. The birds' feathers were all blackened by fumes from the bombs. But that man hung on to the cage.

We hope the League of Bird Lovers, that you heard about some time ago in the *Villager*, knows about this strange rescue; and we hope the Belgian canaries are now singing in England.

Gold in a Chicken

Perhaps you have heard the white man's story of the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs. Its owner foolishly killed it and no goose of the same kind has ever been found since.

But the other day a hen was killed and roasted and put on the table in Tasmania. When the cook was cleaning the bird she found in its gizzard twenty small pieces of gold.

It is thought that the hen must have picked them up in the bed of a creek and everyone is trying to find the place where she used to feed.

Native Contributions A Papuan Plumber

Dear Editor,

I am just going to write a short article to tell you how I got a job.

When I was still at school Mr. Chatterton one day said, "Who wants to work for the Public Works Department as a plumber?" We didn't answer his question then, so he went into the school office and rang the bell for the change of lessons. When we had changed he told the fifth class children to go to his office. When we were all in he stood up and told us again about this job and he talked to us. He told us this was a very good job and good wages too. Then he said, "Come on, answer my question." At once I put my hand up, and he said "That's good! But you

must see Mr. Ure first because he is the man in charge of you." Then he wrote a letter and sent me up to Mr. Ure with it.

When I saw Mr. Ure he said, "All right," and he wrote another letter to the Public Works Department and he sent me, with this, off to the P.W.D. Office. I went straight up to the office and gave the letter to Mr. Grant. He was the Accountant in the P.W.D. He said, "You are the schoolboy?" I replied, "Yes Sir."

After he had read the letter he told me to wait outside and again I answered, "Yes Sir." Then he wrote a letter and sent me with it down to the Native Hospital for the Doctor to examine me. He examined me first and afterwards sent me up to the P.W.D. Office again. Then I signed my name in a book and they sent me down to the Plumber's Shop to start my first work.

In the workshop I did not do anything for about two weeks because I didn't know how to work. After that, Mr. Dougherty gave me a very easy job to do. He told the boys who were working there to teach me to do things, and after six months Mr. Dougherty gave me a job that was a bit hard to do and he said, "You can do it yourself." After they had shown me how to do the things I could do them by myself.

We do tanks, buckets, rubbish tins, ventilation cappings and many other things. But we never do anything without an order. If any special order comes in we all hurry up and get it finished and then send it down to the Government Store to get packed up for the outstations. It may be for Samarai or any other place. We do some regular repairs in town too and even help with the water supply repairs that are necessary.

I had worked here about three years when I got very ill and they sent me down to the Native Hospital. The Doctor sent me over to Gemo Island and I have been at Gemo Hospital for nearly a year now.

Please don't laugh at my simple English. This is my first try. If you find any mistakes in it please burn it in the fire.

[By Mosisi Kiki, L.M.S. Gemo Hospital. This wins 5s.]

The Moviave Flower Garden

A Samoan pastor named Falemaa came to Moviave. He did not like the ground near the houses because weeds were growing everywhere. So all the boys and girls took their

knives and axes to clean the ground round the houses. It was hard work because the weeds were very strong. But now the ground is clean and Moviave Mission Station boarders have planted a lot of flowers and pretty leaves.

This is a good time for planting because rain is falling every night and it will help the new plants to grow. We hope that in a few months time Moviave gardens will be very pretty. We must not forget to kill the weeds, then our plants will grow well.

Fishermen

On Friday night I went to the beach and saw four men fishing. They took their traps. Then they got their coconut leaves and lit their torches. Afterwards they went down to the sea and fished. One man got five fishes, another man eight fishes, the third man got four fishes and the fourth took three fishes. Altogether twenty fishes.

So then they came back to the beach and said, "We are all very happy because we have caught many fishes." So another man said, "My four good friends. I saw a very big fish and I left my trap there. I took my spear and threw it but the fish saw that spear and swam away." The four men said, "Why did you not speak to us?"

Then they came back to their village. The Samoan pastor, named Falemaa, and his wife named Tarafo, and other boys and girls made a feast in the village. The boys and girls were very happy. They played ball and Erovo brought out his drum and we danced, and the people all wore their good ramis. Then Falemaa made good food and gave to all the boys and girls. Afterwards he thanked the boys and girls for the new garden. It is very beautiful and we were all very happy.

This is the end of my story. Good-bye.

[By Uiva Molala, Kerema office boy.]

The Life of a Coconut

I am a nice dried piece of coconut, called copra. A few years ago I lived along the coast of Papua where the soil is rich and sandy.

My home was on a very fine coconut palm, reaching about 50 feet in height. High up there I used to enjoy all the fresh breeze of every direction. Never did I complain to "mother" (the palm) of being sunburnt 'cause

her wonderful leaves always made a fine sunshade. As for the rain it was always a fresh bath to me.

I had also a lot of brothers and sisters up there with me. How happy we were up there together. But one day while enjoying the strong south-east, I missed my hold, and down I went with a bump to the ground. My mother being a fairly tall tree made my bump a bit too hard. I hope that none of you dear readers may be exposed to such a fall.

I now lay there for some time until a boy came, picked me up and threw me in a cart. I was nearly out of breath when we were thrown out of the cart once more. Like all the rest I was split in halves with one cut from the boy's axe.

Immediately my white flesh was removed with coconut knives, and put into bags. The bags were then brought to the shed and then emptied on to trays, and then left all day in the sun to dry. At night the trays were pushed in the shed. With this repetition for a little more than a week I was dry enough then.

Again I was put into bags, but this time I was knocked in with a pole to get the right weight my master wanted.

Then I was brought within the steamer's reach. After lying in the shed for some time, I was then taken to Sydney by the big steamer. Other bags were shipped to Europe.

Then I and my relations were made into many useful things. Our oil was pressed out and made into soap, candles, food for cattle and many other things that I cannot count.

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

An Old Papuan Tale

Many years ago, a dog lived with his friends, the other animals, on a small island in the Delta Division. This dog was not savage and he was pleased with the other animals. They built their houses with leaves and grass. The sun and the rain did not spoil them. They took their food from their gardens and caught the fish from the creek. They always lived on this island and their tribe was very strong. They were a very happy family, and they all spoke one language.

One fine day some people from another village decided to kill them. But the dog was walking about nearby and he heard their talk and ran home to tell his friends. They were very afraid. They suddenly swam off with their nostrils raised above the water till they

came to a small island. Then because the wallaby could not swim in the water he was drowned and swept away. They did not see him again and they were very sad. They cried and cried till the sunset. But their enemies could not catch them.

People were very surprised to see tracks of these animals in every direction but the men could not find the animals. After some days the animals returned to their own village and they lived there many months. Then one day the dog spoke to five friends; their names were pig, lizard, cuscus, and two mice. He said, "We will go for a canoe voyage to the East." Then a mouse said, "Where is a canoe?" and the dog said, "I will find it."

The next day the dog and pig went to the village in the day time. They waited for the sun to set and they watched for a canoe all the time. Just then a man and his wife returned from the sago swamp. They left their canoe on the shore and the animals were very glad. These creatures stole the canoe and brought it from that place. They paddled towards their village. Their friends saw them and pulled the canoe up on the beach. They gave them good food and water.

After some days they found long poles and hard strings. One fine day they tied the canoe with the long poles and made their work ready. They collected all their food—sago, bananas, and so on; and next day they pulled the canoe down to the water. They cooked their sago dumplings, and in the afternoon they went to where the coconuts grow to take all the nuts. They returned from there and they loaded their ornaments on the canoe and sailed away. None of the animals remained there and they came up the Lakekamu River. There was a very great wave and the pig was afraid and jumped in the water. He swam off to the beach and ran away.

When they got near Cape Suckling strong winds came and their canoe was capsized. They swam off to the beach and a small camp stood there. They made a good fire and all sat down around it. The dog slept on the ground and the other animals played about near him. Then he woke up and was angry and killed them all. This is why some dogs are savage until this day when other animals or children make a noise near them.

[By Malaifepe Semese, L.M.S. Moru School, Iokea.]

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