

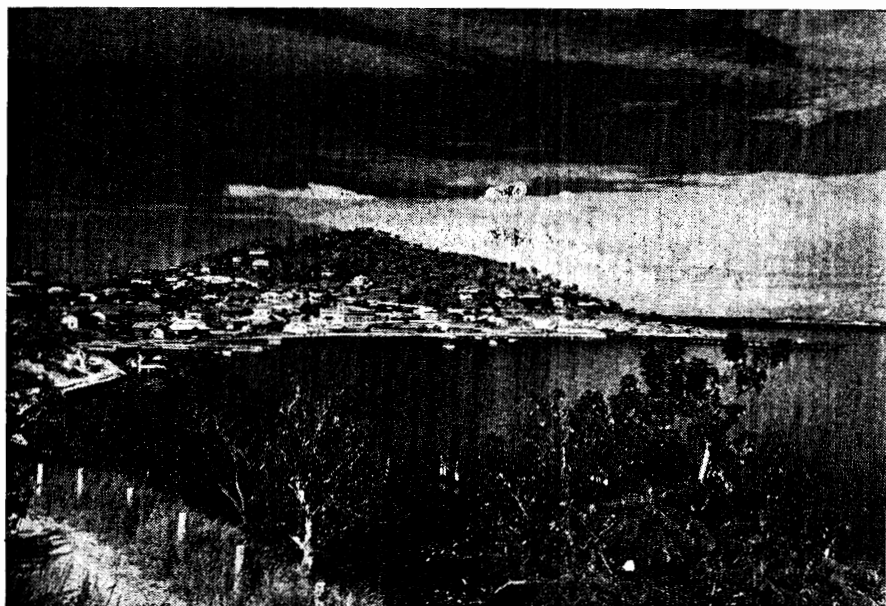
Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist, Port Moresby

A Common Language

When the Administrator was appointed he wrote a long letter saying what he hoped to do for this country. His letter was printed in the *Papuan Courier* and all the white people read it. One of the things he wrote was this: "I want to see the Papuan

(that is you) made a better and happier Papuan, and to increase the mutual understanding of European and native." This means that you and the white people must understand each other if you are going to work and get on together.

The most important way to do this



Pağa Hill, Port Moresby

GIBSON PHOTO

is to speak a "common" language. This means a language that belongs to both of you "in common," or one that both of you can speak and understand.

Motu

Now, as we know too well, Papua is full of different native languages. There are hundreds of them. The white man cannot learn all these—indeed some white men do not learn any of them. But many Europeans, and many natives from all parts of Papua, have learnt to speak Motu, so that it has now become a common language.

This Motu is not the true language of the Motu people but rather a broken-down sort of talk. We sometimes call it "Police-Motu" (because the police have helped to carry it round the Territory); and sometimes "pidgin-Motu" (though it has nothing to do with pigeons). Still it is a very useful language because it is so easy for all of us to learn, and by means of it we can understand each other pretty well.

English

But the best thing for you is to learn to speak English, the white man's own language.

The Government has tried to help you with English; the Mission schools all teach you English; and the taxes you pay help these schools in their work. You are therefore yourselves paying to learn English. So learn it well, or you will be throwing your money away.

We hope that many Europeans will learn pidgin-Motu. But that is no reason why you should not learn English. English is a far better language, and Papuans can speak it and write it very well if they try—as you can see if you look at the back

pages of the *Villager*. When you know it well enough to read books you will open a gate into a new world, a far bigger one than your fathers knew. So it is worth trying for more than one reason.

The War

Against the Italians in Africa

The last thing we told you about was the capture of Bardia in Africa. Since then the British have gone a long way further. They have chased the Italians out of Cyrene, Derna and Benghazi and captured many more prisoners. Altogether they have taken more than 100,000 Italians in Libya.

And in other parts of Africa our men are doing just as well. Italy had a big Italian Empire—Libya, Somaliland, Eritrea and Abyssinia. The British are attacking each of these countries, and they are winning all the way. The Italian Empire in Africa is cut off from Italy, and soon there will be none of it left.

The Patriot Army in Abyssinia

Abyssinia is a new Italian possession. It was only two or three years ago that it was conquered by Italy. Now the Abyssinian people are fighting to get their country back for themselves. Their king, Haile Selassie, has returned to the country, and the tribesmen are gathering round him in great force. They call themselves the "Patriot Army" which means they are fighting for their *patria*, or Fatherland, and men who are fighting for their Fatherland always fight very hard.

The Mediterranean

Italy is having a very bad time. The other day the British Fleet

"bombarde" a great Italian port in the Mediterranean Sea called Genoa. They came up close and fired hundreds of shells into the town. The guns from the shore replied. But they did not manage to hit a single one of the ships. The Italians thought that

Three Bears at Kwato

Kwato is always doing something new. This time it has given a big party to the children at Samarai in which the hosts were three bears and a little girl called Goldilocks.



Three Bears at Boianai

they ruled the Mediterranean Sea! But it seems that it is our sea. The Italian Fleet never comes out to fight.

American Help Against Germany

The German Army will probably come into action again very soon. It is thought that they will attack the small country of Greece, which is our friend and is fighting on our side. But we shall be ready for them. The Germans are very good fighters, but so are our soldiers; and we shall be able to make more aeroplanes and guns and warships than they can make, for in this we are being helped by America. America is sending us nearly 1,000 new aeroplanes every month.

The war may go on for a long time yet. But have no fear—we shall win.

There are no real bears in Papua. A bear is something like a great big cuscus. But it is not a harmless good-tempered animal like a cuscus. It has sharp teeth and claws, and it is big enough to eat you. The three bears at Kwato were only boys dressed up to look like bears.

The Story of the Three Bears

Once upon a time there were three bears, Father Bear, Mother Bear and Baby Bear.

Early one morning they went out for a walk leaving their hot rice in three bowls to get cool.

While they were away a little girl named Goldilocks came into the

house. She was hungry and tired. She went to the table and taking up a spoon she tried Father Bear's big bowl of rice, "That's too hot," she said. Then she tried Mother Bear's bowl, "That's too cold," she said. Then she tried Baby Bear's bowl, "That's just right," she said. So she ate it all up.

Warning to Canoes

The Government has closed the passage inside the reef between Taurama and Pari.

Canoes coming from the Tupusileia side must not go near or pass Taurama Point. They may go into Bootless Inlet and the people can walk from there to Port Moresby. But no canoe coming from the East is allowed to sail round Taurama.

In the same way no canoe coming from the West is allowed to sail past Pari.

All salt water inside the reef between Taurama and Pari has been taken over by the Navy. When the war is over you will be able to sail there again. But if you enter it now you will run into great danger—

THEREFORE KEEP OUT.

Next she tried Father Bear's chair, "That's too high," she said. Then she tried Mother Bear's chair, "That's too low," she said. Then she tried Baby Bear's chair, "That's just right," she said. But she sat down so heavily that the bottom of the chair fell out.

She was really very tired so she went into the bedroom. First she tried Father Bear's bed, "That's too hard," she said. Next she tried Mother Bear's bed, "That's too soft," she said. Last she tried Baby Bear's bed and she said, "Now that's just right." So she fell fast asleep.

When the three bears returned from their walk they were hungry. Father Bear went to his bowl and said, "Somebody's been eating *my* rice," and he gave a great growl. Then Mother Bear went to her bowl and she said, "Somebody's been eating *my* rice," and she also growled loudly. But Baby Bear cried out, "Somebody's been eating *my* rice, and it's all finished!" And Baby Bear cried until Father and Mother Bear each gave him some of their rice.



A Real Bear

Then Father Bear went to sit in his chair, "Somebody's been sitting in *my* chair," he said and he growled a big growl. Then Mother Bear went to sit in her chair, "Somebody's been sitting in my chair, she growled. But Baby Bear cried out, "Somebody's been sitting in my chair and it's all broken up!"

Then Father Bear was angry and he growled and growled, and so did Mother Bear, and Baby Bear growled his little growl also. So they went to look in the bedroom. "Somebody's been sleeping in *my* bed," growled Father Bear. And "Somebody's been sleeping in *my* bed," cried Mother Bear. But Baby Bear gave a shout, "Oh! Somebody's been sleeping in my bed and *Here She Is!*"

The noise of the shouts and growls made Goldilocks wake up and when she saw the three bears standing by her bed she gave a scream and jumped right through the window. She ran down the path into the wood and the three bears never saw her any more.

The Bears Decide to Help Other People

That is the old story of the three bears and the little girl. It is a fairy

Papuan War Fund Cost of the War

Great Britain is spending £12,000,000 every day on the war. We *Must* get the money. Do your bit to help. See if you can give 1s. a month.

story for white children who live in the cold countries where the bears live.

But at Kwato the bears behaved better than they did in the story. They used to be very selfish, thinking only of themselves. But Baby Bear at Kwato said they were wrong; they should stop grumbling and do something to help other people. And they all began to do what the Baby Bear said.

There was a good lesson for everyone who saw the play. And the whole party at Kwato was meant to help other people—namely those children who have had to leave their homes in London because of the German bombs.

Many things were sold at the party and they brought in £6.10s. This money will be sent to England to help these London children who have lost their homes.

(We publish an old picture of the Three Bears when they turned up at Boianai, years ago.)

Growth of Port Moresby

There are some "old-timers" who have known Port Moresby for forty or fifty years. Some of them are Europeans (we believe Mr. English of Rigo has been here longer than any other white man), and some of them are natives. There are men and women in the Motu Villages who knew Port Moresby even before Mr. English did—when there were no homes in it at all.

These old-timers have seen very big changes. For many years Port Moresby grew rather slowly. It had no fine roads and no nice trees; no wireless station; no ice works; no electric light; no picture show; no motor cars; and no aeroplanes. It was just a place to live in and not a very comfortable one.

But more and more people came to live there and the place went on growing slowly. Now, in the last few years, it has begun to grow very quickly.

Roads and Buildings

It has more roads than it used to, and a big steam roller rolls back and forth trying to keep them flat. And motor cars and trucks and lorries go rushing about as fast as they can.

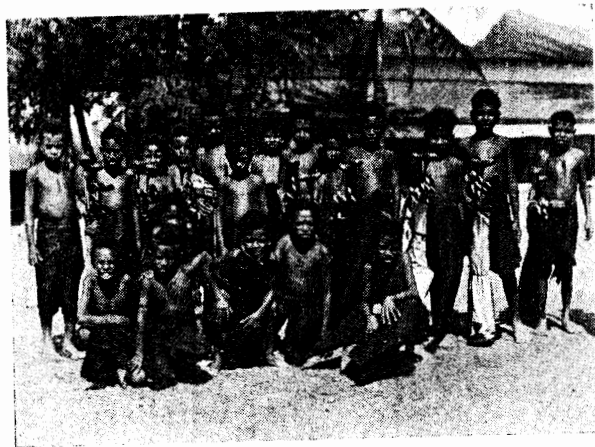
New buildings have been springing up, houses and offices and workshops. The foreshore used to have no buildings at all. Now it is full up from Steamships's Slip to the Power Station.

New Hotels

Old-timers remember the Top Hotel and the Bottom Hotel. The Bottom Hotel is now a fine building called the Hotel Moresby, better than we once thought we should ever see. And

now there is to be still another hotel. It will stand on Whitten's corner and will be a very big building, big enough for forty people to have beds in it. And in the eating room one hundred people will be able to sit down and have dinner at the same time.

At the same time the Moving Picture building will be made larger. It will become a Picture Palace.



A Group of Caddies from Poreporena

A Water Scheme

But the biggest improvement going on in Port Moresby is the new water scheme. The water will come from the Laloki River about 12 miles away. Big pipes will carry it from the river to the reservoir (the big tank on the hill). From here smaller pipes will carry it all over the town, and people will be able to have taps in their kitchens and bedrooms and bathrooms. And they will have taps in their gardens too. Then we hope we shall see the flowers growing all through the south-east season. Of course the people of Port Moresby have to pay for it. But it will be well worth the money.

The Sleeping Alligator

South America has plenty of crocodiles. They are not just the same as ours, and we call them "alligators." But they are just as nasty. They live in the rivers and they eat all the South American pigs and dogs and people.

Like our crocodiles they go to sleep under the mud for part of the year.

Then, when the floods come to make the mud soft, they break out and swim down to the river again.

One day a surveyor (a man who measures the land and puts it on the map) made camp and put up his tent on a river-bank. During the night there was heavy rain, and suddenly he felt his bed heaving about underneath him. He thought it was an earthquake. But it was only an alligator waking up.

"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER" ©

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

Native Affairs Department

The old Native Affairs Department had to deal with natives who were signed-on.

It has now been decided to join the Department to the Government Secretary's. The signed-on boys need not be afraid that they will have no one to look after them. This work will still be done by the Magistrates; and the boss will be Mr. Champion. He is now Commissioner for Native Affairs as well as Government Secretary.

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

The Flying Crocodile

Some time ago there was an exhibition of Northern Territory things in Melbourne. The Northern Territory is a hot tropical place like Papua and the people of Melbourne wanted to see what it was like without going there.

Among the things taken down to Melbourne was a live crocodile. It was caught and put in an aeroplane, and it was flown right across Australia to Adelaide; and then it went by railway train to Melbourne.

We are sure the Northern Territory will not want them to send it back.

Native Contributions

A Story of Sorcery

The Woman at Oro

Dear Readers,

I am writing a little story about a woman in my village. Her name is Umate Oa. She was always looking after the sick people in three villages Oro, Ala-ala and Diimana.

When people get sick their relatives usually look after them, but they do not know how to make them better. Sometimes sick people faint and die.

The relations of this sick man thought he would die. So they collected the ornaments, arm-shells, feathers, some other things and some money and took them to Umate Oa's house and hung them up in her house. Then that woman knew they were calling her to see the sick man. So she opened her box and took out the things of sorcery. There was ginger, bark of trees and some other things; and with them she went off to the sick man's house. All the children were chased away but the women stayed in the house.

When she arrived at the sick man's house she did not at once sit down. She took something in her hand and rubbed it very small, then she rubbed her eyes and looked at the sick man's eye for some minutes and after that she sat down near the man. She smelt him to find where the pain was, if it was inside the body, and then she broke off a bit of ginger. She put it in her mouth and whispered a few minutes and then masticated it and spat it on to the sick man's body. This she rubbed into the flesh and kept doing this till the ginger was finished.

The Search for the Man's Spirit

When she had finished that she told the people who were in the house to go outside. Only two or three men were to stay in the house to look after the man. No one must make a noise either under or inside the house.

Then she lay down to sleep so as to find out where the sick man's spirit was. Whether it was drowned in a river or hiding in a cave with some other spirit. She found the spirit and woke up the relatives to tell them the man was all right now. If she had not found the spirit that man would have died in a few minutes.

The Man Gets Better

After his illness the man could not eat fish and wild animal meat like pig, wallaby or cassowary. There were many other kinds of food he could not eat but he ate many bananas of a kind Motu people call *Varubi*. When he was better the woman prepared food for him. After he was well he ate all kinds of food.

The Sorceress Dreams

Not many years ago, in 1930, this woman dreamt about a new native dance and she learnt the songs from a devil. His name was Urauka. She stayed in her house for about two weeks and after they were over she told the people to make a big feast. They killed two pigs for her to make the man Urauka happy. Then one afternoon she told the people to get ready for the new dance. At 6 p.m. she started the dance and all the population gathered in the street to see the new dance. When they saw the dance they were surprised because it was a very different dance.

She told the people to stand in two rows (lines) and then she took a drum to lead the singing. They began to dance. In the first song she called on Urauka and on her pig whose name is Lauria and on her dog whose name is Vei. These devils gave her some stones, round and smooth. These stones had ghostly power to kill anyone who made a mistake with her. If anyone steals something from her house and if they came to kill her pig, she can throw these stones.

But now she does not make trouble in our village. This is because of the Government's law, and also the Village Constable in our village is a very ferocious man.

The devils still stay in a hill (Manavuro) behind our village. There are two, Urauka and his eldest brother Verauka. Both of them teach this woman.

[By E. Arua Oini, medical boy, Port Moresby. This wins 5s.]

[The Editor hopes you will not believe that the Woman of Oroi can do all these things. But it is a good story.]

Germs

A germ looks like a little snake but it is not big like this. It is very, very small. These germs like to get into our bodies and stop there. If they do this they make us

sick. Plenty of different sicknesses start because these germs get into our bodies.

Germs are afraid of clean bodies so we should bathe every day and keep ourselves clean.

Sometimes germs get into our bodies because we eat dirty food or drink dirty water. We must be careful that our food and water are always clean.

"PAPUAN VILLAGER"

War Gifts

Send your shilling to Government Printer
• Ask your friends to Help Win the War
• Read your name and address in "Villager"

Germs like weak bodies so we should see that we make and keep ourselves strong. That is why we should all drink cod-liver oil. Cod-liver oil is made from fish and it makes us strong. When the germs come our bodies will say, "No, thank you. We don't want you." And then the germs will go away because our bodies are so strong they can resist them.

• We will drink cod-liver oil every morning.

Three cheers for cod-liver oil. Hip! hip!! hurrah!!!

[By R. H. Kevau, Metoreia schoolboy.]

"P.V." War Fund

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