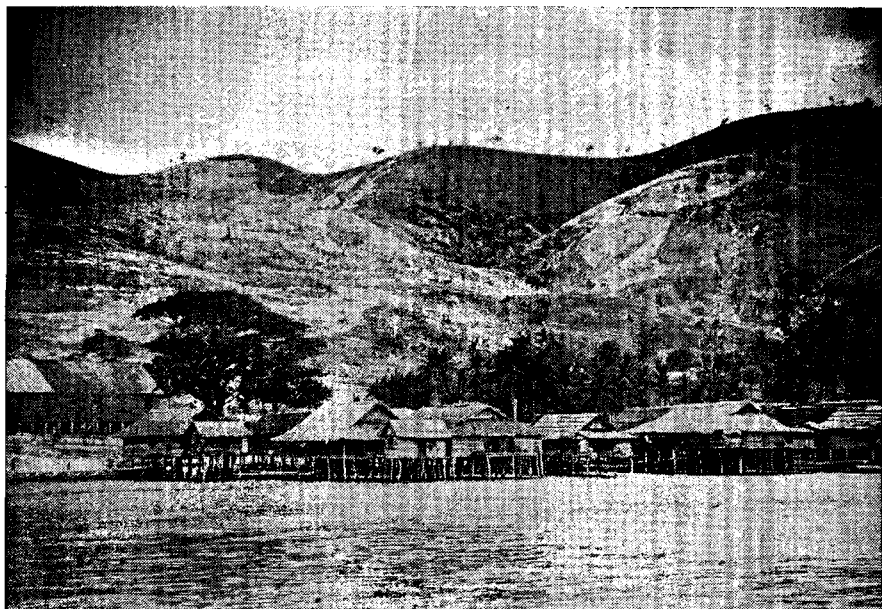


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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



A View of Hanuabada Village, Port Moresby

GIBSON PHOTO

A. R. P.

The war is a long, long way from here, and we do not expect it will ever come to Papua. But wise men get ready.

The war began in Europe; but it has spread to Africa, and now it has set foot in Asia. Who knows? It is just possible that some day it might come to Australia. That is why we

should get ready now to defend ourselves. Even if we feel sure the enemy will never reach our land, we must still be prepared for him.

The best way to defend ourselves in Australia or Papua is to go to fight the enemy before he can ever get here. That is why our young men, one after the other, sign on to be soldiers. They join the Army and go away to fight against Germans and Italians in far parts of the world.

But not everyone can go to be a soldier. The older men, and the women and children, must stay at home.

### Defending Ourselves at Home

Now these people who stay at home have to look out for themselves. For in these days men fight with aeroplanes; and aeroplanes can come and drop bombs on us even though we are not soldiers. In this way the Germans have killed many good people in London—not soldiers, but ordinary people who stay at home and do their ordinary work.

But the Germans can't beat the Londoners, for the Londoners know how to protect themselves. They do it by "A.R.P."—"Air Raid Precautions."

### High-Explosive Bombs

They know that aeroplanes can drop bombs. We sometimes laugh about bombs and call them "eggs," as if the aeroplane were a big bird and laid an egg as it was flying through the air. If a hornbill laid an egg while it was flying overhead and it happened to drop on you, it would not doubt burst when it hit you and give you a nasty surprise. But an egg can't burst like a bomb. Imagine an egg three times the size of a football and filled with dynamite; that is something like a bomb. And when it bursts it will knock a house over.

That is what we call a High-Explosive Bomb.

### Incendiary Bombs

There is another kind of bomb called an "Incendiary" Bomb—which simply means that it burns things up. This kind of bomb does not blow a house to pieces, but it may set it on fire.

In A.R.P. therefore we have to look out for two kinds of bombs—high-explosive and incendiary.

For the first kind we have to find a safe place, and the safest of all places is a hole in the ground. That is why people dig trenches, or sometimes make great big holes, like caves, where a lot of people can shelter together. If you are down in a hole you need not be afraid.

If there is no hole, then you should lie down in a ditch, or a hollow in the ground; and if there is no hollow in the ground, then you just lie flat on your stomach. You will be safe, for the bomb splinters will pass over your head.

The incendiary bomb does not burst and kill people, but it burns anything it falls on. So we have to be ready to put out fires. That means we must have sand and water always ready; and we must have men trained to use them in the proper way. If we act quickly we can put the incendiary bomb out, and so we need not be afraid of it.

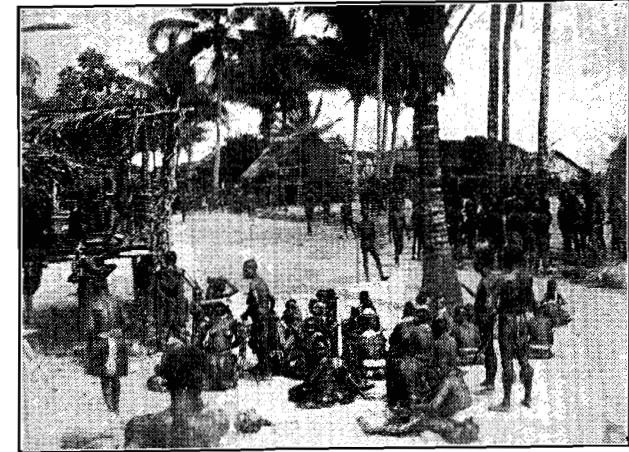
### The War is Against Europeans—Not Papuans

The native Papuans should not be alarmed by this talk about A.R.P. If an enemy ever came here in an aeroplane he is not likely to want to hurt the native villages. He is at war with the Europeans, and he would want to smash the things that belong

to Europeans, such as the big stores, in Port Moresby. He would have to carry his bombs a long way, and he would only have a few of them. He would not waste them on Poreporena. He would go for B.P.'s or the Post Office.

smelling out things. Here is a story of a clever dog that found his man.

A man had been working in the thick bush in Queensland. When night came he did not return home and his family were very worried. They sent for the Police.



A Feast at Orokolo

### What to Do in an Air Raid

So if ever the enemy came here the villagers should just stay where they are—in their gardens or their houses—and wait till the aeroplane has gone. Do not run about in the open looking up at the planes. If you are outside go to a hollow in the ground and lie down. If you stay quite still the airman will not see you.

### The Blackout

If he ever comes by night you must close your doors and cover your fires. No lamps, no torches, no light at all. This is called the "Blackout." If the enemy sees no lights he will not know where to drop his bombs.

### The Dog with a Good Nose

We all know that dogs have good noses. They have a good nose for

The Police got their dog, named Disraeli, and after giving him one of the man's shirts to sniff they started off to look for the lost man. He had been lost for twenty-four hours and the scent could not be very strong.

There were two heavy thunderstorms while they searched but the dog went on and wasted no time. He kept going for three miles and climbed two mountains and crossed a ravine. At last he stopped at the edge of a cliff and he turned and looked at the two Policemen as if to say, "That's all I can do. There he is." At the bottom of the cliff lay the man. He called feebly up to the Policemen for he had been badly hurt after the fall. He was soon back in safety, and it was a dog who had saved him.

## A. R. P. Parade

The A. R. P. workers have had some practice on the Cricket Ground. It began with the sounding of the Air Alarm (this is a lot of loud whistles, one after the other, each lasting 5 seconds). Then the "Ambulances" came on, and went to the First Aid Posts (the Aid Posts were canvas flies on the grounds). Then they went off to collect the wounded men in the town (these were not really wounded men, but just soldiers pretending). These men were bandaged at the Aid Posts.

After that the Fire Brigade gave a show, and put out some fires. And after that the Salvage Squad drove round the Cricket Ground, and the "bull-dozer" pushed away the rubbish of the fires.

Last of all there was the Bucket Brigade. These are the Royal Papuan Constabulary. They drove on in Mr. Field's lorries and jumped off and got their kerosene tins and jumped on again. Then they drove a bit further and jumped off a second time and ran down to the sea. They got their buckets full and formed a line and handed the buckets on from man to man. When they reached the big fire the water was thrown on, and the fire was out in quick time.

## The Flight of Hess

### One of the "Big Bosses" Leaves Germany

When the war began the first man of all Germany was Hitler; the second man was Goering; and the third man was Hess. Hitler was the big boss and Goering was his right-hand man and Hess his left-hand man.

But now there are only two of them in Germany, for Hess has gone. One day in May Hess disappeared from

Germany in an aeroplane, flying by himself. Everyone was much surprised. It was thought that he must have gone mad and killed himself.

But then came a much bigger surprise. Hess turned up in Scotland. He had flown all the way by himself, and had jumped out of the plane and landed by a "parachute" (see your *Villager*, June, 1940).

All the world is talking about Hess. Why did he leave his own country and his best friend Hitler? And why did he look for a home among his enemies? We do not yet know. But we all think he showed his "good taste."

## The Fish and the Letter

A new way to carry a letter has been heard of and the "mail bag" was a fish.

This fish was caught by some fishermen in Russia. They were using their nets in a river, and when they saw a silver band attached to one of the fish they looked to see what it was. Under this band was a tin tube closed at both ends. On it were words in English and Norwegian "Letter inside."

These men were Russians and they had not been to school very much, for they were busy fishermen and had little time for books. But they sent the strange fish to the city where they have men who know many languages, and these men read the letter.

It asked that the man who found the letter should send it to a house in Norway. For it was a man living in this house who had posted the letter, and he wanted to know where the fish would carry it. The fish was a salmon and it had carried the mail from Norway to Russia.

## Quinine

Almost all Papuans know about "quin." None of them like it, but they know it is good for them. So, if they are wise, they swallow the bitter pill and go on smiling.

But not many natives know that it is an expensive medicine. It is given to them for nothing, so they never think about the cost of it. They just ask their *Taubada* for some "quin," and that is all.

Quinine is made from the bark of a tree called Cinchona. The best kind, Red Cinchona, has a lot more quinine in its bark than the others.

Most of our quinine used to come from Java. But the tree grows well in the island of New Guinea. When we grow more of it we shall get it more cheaply.

When the party got to the other side, the traveller asked why the old women had to come last. "Well, it's this way," explained a man, "A crocodile will not attack those who go first. The noise they make frightens it. So it waits for those who come slowly and weakly behind."

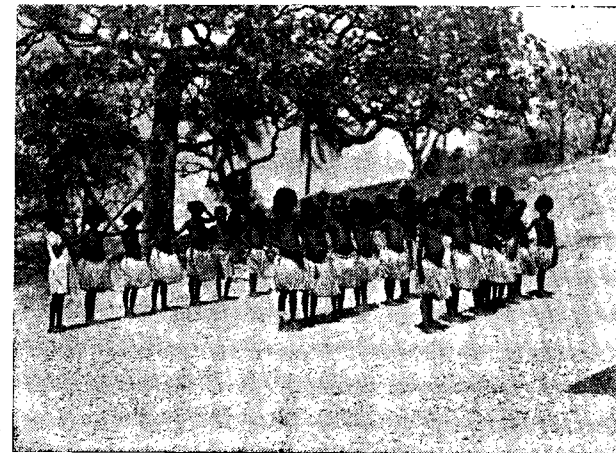
The white man would say that this was "bad manners." His rule is "Ladies first," and old ladies first of all.

—Contributed.

## Fishing to Win the War

Fish is good food and Papuans are good fishermen. These are two important things to remember. For by fishing you can help to win the war.

Food is just as important as guns. If the people are not fed they cannot



The Little Girls Fall in for School, Metoreia

## Old Women Last

There is a story told of a European traveller (not in Papua, I think) who was wading a river with a lot of natives. He noticed that the old women were told to follow last of all.

fight, they cannot make guns or aeroplanes, they cannot build. A thousand things have to be done "behind the lines" in a war, and here in Port

Moresby the white people are busy at war work.

If the Poreporena fishermen work hard and catch plenty of fish they will be helping.

At present they can sell it to the white men working on the big job at Konedobu. These will buy as much as the fishermen can sell. And always remember fresh fish is better than tinned fish.

## The Germans Must Have Oil

Germany cannot win the war unless she has more oil. She had large stores saved up for this war, but she now needs more.

How can she get this? She makes oil out of coal, but that is very expensive and she cannot make enough for all her great machines. Hitler will have a hard time to find enough food for his men, and harder still to find enough food for his machines.

The British have plenty of oil, and so has our friend, America. But by and by Hitler's machines will begin to get hungry and thirsty. Where will he find the oil to feed them with?

"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER"

## ● War Gifts

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

## Taurama to Pari

In March, we told you that the water inside the reef from Taurama to Pari was closed.

These waters are open again for the time being. This means that you can sail your canoes there without danger.

But later on they may be closed again. If you get another warning you must keep out.

Page Thirty-eight

## Native Contributions A Wonderful Operation

I want to tell you about an operation at Kwato Hospital. In September, 1936, I left my relations and friends at Raukele and went to Kwato in a launch.

A few days before I left I had dreadful trouble. My mother, whom I loved, died. I was so sad when I thought of my sister and my two brothers at home without a mother. We were fatherless children.

I was sent by my master, Rev. H. J. E. Short, because all my life I used to walk on my ankle. My foot was twisted but I did not really believe when my master sent me that Dr. H. Vaughan might be able to operate and make me better. But I was willing to obey my master's voice.

I arrived at Kwato Hospital and Dr. Vaughan came to me and saw my foot and asked me all about it. Then I told him all. He said that he would be able to do it and I was very pleased to hear his words. Later on Dr. Vaughan said that I must train in Kwato Printing Office while I was getting strength for the operation.

After three months in the office I was got ready for the operation and won the struggle to get free from fear. One day Dr. Vaughan began to operate on my foot. He and the native helpers spent about half a day operating. It is hard to explain to you what it is like because it is marvellous. And I will tell you what I was like when I awakened from my sleep. I felt very different and my mind was just half awake. My strength was all gone. Many good things were ready for me, but in a little while my foot began to hurt. It seemed to get bigger and bigger and felt like a fire burning in my body day and night.

The three native nurses helped me very much by night and day. They thought of good things to do for me and used their minds to help me to feel comfortable.

I lay in bed about two months and after that I used to try and walk along with two sticks. I was very glad when my pain was gone and I was very grateful too to Dr. Vaughan for his wonderful help to me, and to all Papuans. I lived in the hospital about one year and three months.

When he saw my foot was quite better he thought that I should go back to my home. Then I went back with joy by the same boat

The Papuan Villager

May, 1941

in which I came. But I cannot forget Dr. Vaughan even now because he was so kind to me always and showed me how to keep smiling when I met him.

When I arrived at Hula the people in the village wondered about my foot. They gave

One day an old man went to the small creek which was named Kawakio, and he saw many fishes and eels in the water. One eel was very big. He called all the village people together to tell them what he had seen. They all listened to what he said.



The Little Boys Fall in (not so well)

me a glad welcome home to Raukele and now I walk on the sole of my foot.

There is an important thing here at our Mission in Raukele. One of my friends is Tamate Jim and two other boys and I are working in the Hula Printing Press house. Sometimes Areni Teina comes up to teach us how to do the work in the right way.

It is an interesting thing to help our country become wise. We Papuan boys should all do something to help our villages.

[By Kamona Walo, L.M.S. schoolboy, Hula. This wins 5s.]

## The Story of the Eel

Dear Editor,

This is my first story for *The Papuan Villager*. I wanted to write before but I never found anything to write about.

In the olden days there was a village named Imara at Wamira, near Wedau. This village was near a small creek.

There was a giant eel living in the creek and all the people at Wamira wanted to kill it. But they were never able to catch it.

Page Thirty-nine

The Papuan Villager

May, 1941

He told them that to-morrow morning all the people would go to the gardens and find some food, and next day they would all go to the creek and kill that big eel.

On the day all the people followed the old man to the creek. They caught many eels and fishes and they said to the old man, "We have killed all the eels." But the old man said, "No, we have not yet caught the giant eel." So all the people sought again for the giant eel that the old man had seen before.

At last they caught that eel and the old man said to his people, "We have now finished. We will go to our village and cook the eel and make a feast." They went home to make the feast and when evening came a little boy went near the cooking-pot and the eel spoke to the little boy. "What is the time now?" The little boy ran and told the village people that the eel was not cooked and that he had asked him the time. All the people replied and said, "You are mad. That is only a fish and cannot talk." One old man then went to the cooking-pot and he saw that the eel was still alive.

When night came there was heavy lighting and thunder and all the people were very frightened. So they carried the cooking-pot back to the creek where they had caught the el and threw it back again. Then the rain and thunder and lightning stopped and the people lived.

[By Nicodemus Aigoma, N.M.A., Kokoda, N.D.]

## How to Make Tapa Cloth

Tapa Cloth is the name given to the cloth that Papuan men and women make. It is their only cloth and they had it before the white people came here. It is made from paper mulberry. This plant grows about ten or twelve feet high with a few leaves at the top.

The tree is cut down, the bark split off and left to dry in the sun. Then the outside skin is scraped off and the bark is dried again. After it is dry it is then placed in water to soften so that it can be hammered out. It is then put on the trunk of a tree that has been made flat and smooth for the purpose and where it is hammered with a mallet or a piece of heavy hardwood. It takes a great deal of practice to hammer this till it is both thin as paper and even in thickness.

It takes an hour to hammer out one strip. The strip is two inches wide at the beginning but it is eighteen inches wide when it is finished. This strip is then hung up to dry and the women put them under their beds to keep them flat. When they have enough they paste the strips together with a paste like starch. This is made from the *haboa'a* plant. The cloth is painted with stain made from the bark of the *kojona* tree. The patterns are put on with a kind of stencil and every family has its own stencil. Some of them are hundreds of years old. Painting these patterns is a favourite work of native women and girls.

The tapa cloth is now finished. It has been altogether about six months to make. The best tapa cloth that is made in Papua is made in the Central Division and the Northern Division people in my opinion.

By Toua Kapena, N.M.S., c/o. R.M., Buna Bay.]

## Wyatt's Sports Competition

On Easter Monday, the day was so bright, and the south-east wind blew silently. It was a very fine day to have sports.

Forty

The white tape was pulled straight according to the yards to be run, and round the oval for round running.

At 10 a.m. sharp, the crowd rounded Port Moresby Oval. Then trial games commenced, and finished up at 11.10 a.m. Mr. Wyatt then informed the crowd that the Shield Competition would commence at 2 p.m. sharp.

# MONEY!

What do you  
do with your  
Money? Do you spend  
it all?

What are the best things to  
buy with it? Do you save  
any of your money? Do you  
hide it in a pot or put it in  
the Bank?

Send your answers  
to the Editor before

25th JULY, 1941

At 2 p.m. sharp, before the sports started, Mr. Wyatt handed three flags to each team—Hula (Orange), Hanuabada (Red), Kilakila (Green).

High Jump, Hula 1, Hanuabada 2, Hanuabada 3.  
Broad Jump, Hula 1, Hanuabada 2, Hanuabada 3.  
Hop, Step and Jump, Hula 1, Hula 2, Hanuabada 3.  
Potato Race, Kilakila 1.  
100 Yards Final, Hula 1, Hanuabada 2, Hanuabada 3.  
200 Yards Final, Hula 1, Hanuabada 2, Hanuabada 3.  
400 Yards Final, Dead Heat Hanuabada and Hula 1, Hanuabada 3.  
880 Yards Final, Hanuabada 1, Hula 2, Hanuabada 3.

100 Yards Relay, Kilakila 1, Hanuabada and Hula disqualified for dropping flags.

Tug of War, Hula 1.

220 Yards Relay, Hanuabada 1, Hula 2, Kilakila 3.

The Sports ended with Hula 53 points, Hanuabada 51 and Kilakila 12. Therefore Mr. Wyatt's Shield goes to Hula for year 1941.

I hope Hanuabada, Kilakila and others will have plenty of practices and take the Shield back in next year.

[By Toka Gaudi, native clerk, c/o. G.S.D., Port Moresby.]

Printed and published for the Dept. of the Government Secretary and Native Affairs by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—10388/6.41.