



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

The War

Russia

The Russians are fighting hard against the Germans all along the line of 2,000 miles. The Russians have three armies under men with very terrible names—Marshal Vorshiloff, Marshal Timoshenko and Marshal Budeni. These are great soldiers. The first is defending Lenin-grad; the second is attacking at Smolensk; the third is fighting in the Ukraine.

Great Britain and America are sending help to the Russians—tanks and guns and planes.

Some British planes have already gone to Russia and they are shooting down German planes out of the sky.

Raid on Spitzbergen

The British have paid a visit to Spitzbergen. We do not know if they have stayed there. Perhaps they just went there to smash up things that might be useful to the Germans; perhaps they mean to hold it. There are many things that the fighting people do not tell us, because they do not want the enemy to know their secrets.



King George VI

Spitzbergen is away up north near the North Pole. It is a very cold place. In the winter it is nearly always night; in the summer nearly always day. They call it the Land of the Midnight Sun (you can get your geography teacher to explain this).

There are big coal mines in Spitzbergen. That is why the British went there. (Coal is black stuff, something like stone, that is dug up out of the ground. It is used for burning and is better than firewood.)

America and Germany

The Americans and the Germans have been getting very angry with each other. The other day the Germans tried to attack an American war boat. They fired a "torpedo" at it. They missed it. But they have attacked several American cargo boats and they did not miss these.

This has made the Americans so wild that they have decided to shoot at all German and Italian war boats on the Atlantic Ocean and on other seas. We are very glad to hear it.

Raid on Berlin

The other day the Air Force had an anniversary. A year earlier the German Air Force had begun their heavy attacks on London. These went on and on and did much damage; but our Air Force at last drove them off and beat them.

Just a year afterwards the R.A.F. (Royal Air Force) made a record raid on Berlin, the largest city of Germany. This was giving them a bigger dose of their own nasty medicine. We may be sure they did not like it. Mr. Churchill says we have many more doses for them.

L.M.S. Concert in Port Moresby

Natives of the Poreporena L.M.S. Mission (Poreporena) gave a Concert on Thursday, 11th September, in the Port Moresby Institute. The Hall was full of Europeans (more than 300) and they all enjoyed themselves.

There was very good singing by the Choir (with Mr. Spychiger as Choir Master); some funny plays (about dentists and beauty parlours); some reciting by Georgina Thorsby, a blind girl; a pretty action song about apple blossom by the girls; and a fine gymnastic display by the Rovers; all these and other things too.

It was a good concert and Metoreia made a lot of money, for the white people had to pay at the door. All this money was to be given to the Bombed Victims' Relief Fund as a war effort by the Missionaries on the Staff of the Mission. It was £25 15s.

New Capital for New Guinea

You will remember that the Commonwealth Government was talking about the capital of New Guinea. The capital is the biggest town and the "Seat of Government." Port Moresby is the capital of Papua, and Rabaul is the capital of New Guinea.

But now they are going to leave Rabaul and make the capital at Lae. The reason is that the big volcano at Rabaul has been working again, and the place is too full of smoke and dust.

Fruit

White people are very keen on fruit, and the natives of this country grow plenty of it.

You have bananas, mangoes, papaws, watermelons, oranges, and mandarines. You can always sell them—unless you ask too big a price for them.

Look after your fruit when you pack it. Do not let it fall to the ground. If you do it will be bruised and then it will not keep well, and you will not be able to sell it.



Some of the Poreporena Sewing Girls

Sewing for Bomb Raid Victims

For more than a year the girls of Poreporena have been working for the war. Every Tuesday afternoon at a quarter past four they go to the Mission for their sewing class.

This class was started by Mrs. F. E. Williams (the Editor's wife). Several white women have helped her (one of them was Mrs. Rentoul, wife of the R.M. at Misima). Now Mrs. Gildart and Mrs. F. J. Williams (the Doctor's wife) go every Tuesday.

At first the sewing class was a small one—only 12 girls. But it has grown and grown. Now there are 91 names on the list. They do not all come every Tuesday, but there are often 50 or 60. The big room at the Mission is full up, and they all sew their hardest for an hour or more.

They began by making things for the "Red Cross." They made tea-cloths, dusters, kettle-holders and beaded covers for trays and glasses, and they sewed red crosses on to sheets and other things.

Now they are doing a different kind of work. It is for the Bomb Raid

Victims. You have heard about the bombing of London and other towns in England. When a bomb breaks it may smash up a whole house; or a fire may start and burn up the house and everything inside it. This is very hard on the owner and his wife and children. They have lost all their things, and all their clothes except the ones they stand up in. England is a mighty cold place, and it is a sad thing to be without clothes.

So the girls of Poreporena are helping. They are making warm clothes for these Bomb Raid Victims, most of all for the children. They make "pyjamas" and "nighties" and warm little coats and "bibs," and many other things. Some of the girls have learnt to knit and they are making woollen scarves. Papuan children do not need these clothes, but the English children do. When they are finished they are sent all the way from Port Moresby to London.

The people who help the Poreporena sewing girls, and some of their

friends, find the money to buy the materials and wool and the girls have helped too. Not long ago they made a number of coconut-leaf brooms and these were sold for the good cause. This raised about 35s.

Some girls are better at sewing than others. The best girls wear red ribbons in their hair; the second-class wear a white ribbon; and the third-class wear blue. But they are all trying, and the harder they try the better they sew.

How the King and Queen Help the War

During this war the King and Queen have done many useful and brave things. They have stayed among their people and have gone to see what damage the bombs have done to the houses of the poor, and the churches, and the big public buildings. Their own house, called Buckingham Palace, has been bombed and big holes



Queen Elizabeth

have been made in the walls. The bombers did not catch the King and Queen inside, though they would have liked to.

The King goes about looking at the "munitions" factories where they make the guns and shells; and he goes aboard his ships that have fought in the wars and are now in the ports having a rest. He speaks to the workers and cheers them on to work harder, and they cheer him loudly wherever he goes. He is very popular among the people of England, for they see he is with them, sharing all their risks, and keeping up a good heart till we shall win the war.

The Queen also goes with him. She too speaks to the women and men who have lost their homes and listens to tales of their bravery. One day Princess Margaret, the younger daughter of the Queen, was with her. They were watching a lot of Girl Guides and school children march past. As she went by, one little girl dropped her handbag—it was crushed under the wheels of a lorry. Princess Margaret pointed it out to her mother and the Queen found out the little girl's name. Later on a new handbag was sent to her from the King and Queen. That is one reason why the Royal Family is so well liked. They go among their people and they notice little things and try to help.

Driving Cattle Through New Guinea

Many cattle—cows and bulls and bullocks—are kept in the island of New Guinea, but it is really not a good country for them. They like wide open spaces like those of Australia, with plenty of short grass that

they can eat. New Guinea is a place of mountains, and deep valleys and forests; and the grass is often long grass, as tall as the cow itself, and not worth eating.

But Wau is rather a good place for cattle, and the other day three men drove a herd, or mob, of 214 in from the coast. They had 700 miles to travel over very hard country, mountains and swamps and rivers; and it took them three months.

The hardest thing was to get the cattle across the River Markham. It was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. The natives helped and swam alongside the cattle as they crossed the river. They kept them on a straight course by beating the water with bamboos, to frighten them when they turned the wrong way. Some of the cattle were carried downstream more than two miles by the current.

But the three white men brought their mob all the way through. In fact they finished with 217—three more than they began with—because three calves or baby cattle had been born on the way.

A Drowning Accident

We are sorry to tell of the death of Saravai, the Customs launch man. He had been in charge of the Customs launch for 13 years, and he was a good workman, always doing his duty.

One of his jobs was to look after the red beacons in Port Moresby. Every evening he had to go out in his dinghy to attend to them. On Monday, 15th September, he was on one of the beacons when his dinghy drifted away. He dived into the water and swam after it. People saw him do this. Then they saw him turn back and swim towards the beacon, and then he disappeared.

A launch went out and looked for him for a long time, but it could not find him. Perhaps a shark got him. But no one can say.

Bird Bombers

During this war you have heard a lot about bombs and "bombers." These bombers are aeroplanes. They fly over the enemy's town and drop their "eggs," and great explosions and fires take place.

But in the *Children's Newspaper* we read of a new kind of bomber and a new kind of bomb. At a place called Long Beach in America the birds have become the bombers and the bombs are clams. (Clams are sea-shells like small oysters; the Motu people call them *bisisi*.) The birds are big sea-gulls. They fly down and get their shell, and then fly up and drop it on the concrete sidewalks. The shell breaks and the birds fly down and get their food from the broken shell.

The Americans complain of this and say it is dangerous. But it seems to us that they are luckier than many people in Europe. There it is not just clam-shells that rain down on the people. Let us hope the Americans never have anything worse than clam-bombs.

Beer

Drink as much ginger beer as you like, but don't go drinking proper beer. This is forbidden. You cannot buy it. Do not steal it. Never drink it.

The other day a native was up before the R.M. for stealing beer. He was fined £10.

Taking Turns

In England where they do not have all the different kinds of food that they had before the war there is very little chocolate. You cannot just ask for it and get it; you can only get it when you are lucky.

In one small town a shopkeeper put a notice in his window one afternoon, "Chocolates on sale to-morrow." Next morning before the shop opened there was a long line of people waiting to buy. They made a line and the last man to come was on the end of the line. They waited some time and then a man was seen pushing through this line. The people were



A Sale to Help the Red Cross on Tonga.
Mats, Coconut Brooms and Yams

Block by courtesy of *The Pacific Islands Monthly*

angry at this and they tossed him out of the line. "Take your turn," they said.

"All right," he shouted, "I'll not open the shop at all." It was the shopkeeper himself they had treated so roughly. That settled it, and they let him through to open his shop.

Education

What do they teach you in school? Do you think it is the right kind of schooling? What do you want to learn? Is there anything you want to know that is not taught in school? Do not ask your teacher. Say what you think yourself. And talk straight!

Competition closes 15th December

5s. for the best answer

The Talking Bird

All Papuans know that birds can talk and many have parrots that can do this.

In England people too keep talking birds and lately one of these birds was being taught to say some words by his master. The words the man tried to teach the bird were, "Hitler is bad." But the bird refused to learn them.

One day there was an air raid. The man carried his bird to the basement (a room half under the ground) for safety. As they went down the steps the bird suddenly said "Bad Hitler." That bird was just waiting to say the right word at the right moment.

The Papuan Villager

September, 1941

Native Contributions

Mr. Beach's House Burnt

Mr. H. P. Beach of Daru had a great loss on 9th September. A fire burnt the whole of his house. He had bought it from the Oil Company (P.O.D.).

The fire started in the dry grass not far from the house. A little native girl was playing with a box of matches. The wind blew the flames over the house very fast as the grass about the house was very dry.

Mr. H. O. Norris with his two youngsters were the occupants of the house. Rev. Mr. H. L. Schlencker and I with our Mission boys rushed quickly to quench it. When we got there Mr. Norris had taken his two children out of the house and down the road. So we rushed inside and took out some of his suit-cases, blankets, chairs, etc. I tried the other room, but the smoke nearly choked me and the flames were all over the house.

Mr. Schlencker shouted out to try our best but we could not help much. We yelled out for help, so the Resident Magistrate and the other Government officers, Mr. Wyborn (B.N.G.), the policemen and prisoners, and some of the people of Daru came up. Only the kitchen was left.

This is a very big loss to Mr. and Mrs. Beach, for not only the house, but all tools, furniture, tables, etc., were burnt, and the total cost was over £200. It's bad luck for both of them in this time of war when it is hard to get money.

But we do praise God for the good luck and safety of Mr. Norris and his two youngsters, though he lost over £10 in money and clothing, etc., which the great heat and smoke prevented us from collecting.

[By O. Aketi Ieremia, L.M.S., Daru. This article wins 5s.]

Pigs

Wild pigs live in the bush and in the low lands near the banks of rivers. Village pigs live outside our village and they eat many kinds of foods. In the village we give them many kinds of food about two or three times a day. After we have given them this they go every where to find more food for themselves too. The wild pigs get food in the night because they are afraid in the day time to come out. People would kill them and eat them.

The wild pigs make their nests with grass. Sometimes they make these nests to have

their babies in and sometimes they make their nests in the big rains. After these rainfalls the pigs are very glad because the rain makes the ground wet and pigs get some of their food from digging in the ground.

When the rain does not fall for about one month the bush pigs go down near the river because they like the soft wet ground best. Sometimes they sleep on the ground; they dig it like a well and if the rain falls, water stays there. Wild pigs do not mix with village pigs because if they mix they will fight. Wild pigs are always with their family and sometimes the village pigs join with these families.

How nice pig's flesh is! I think their flesh is nicer than any other animal's flesh. We like their flesh very much. Male pigs have tusks in their top jaws. The tusks they use to cut the banana tree or other soft trees. The mother pigs are fond of their babies like our mothers are fond of us. The pigs have their babies seven or eight at a time. We catch wild pigs with our strong rope nets. The pigs are very fierce before we throw the spears and arrows in their bodies.

I am very happy to tell this story because pigs are so helpful at our feasts. Pigs belonging to white people are very big and their bodies are very fat and their faces are very short. The wild pigs are always breaking our fences and they get into gardens and spoil all our food.

[By Tuāmingi Auvita, L.M.S. schoolboy, Moru.]

A Story About a Snake

A few years ago we went to sleep in our room. In the night my wife woke me up and called to me, "Ivaraoa! Ivaraoa! Wake up. I will tell you my dream. A snake came into our house."

After that we went to sleep again.

Three days later the snake did come up into our room. It slept on my wife's hands. She woke up and shouted to me, "Ivaraoa, Ivaraoa! Wake up. Do not forget my dream. A snake has been sleeping on my hands. You get the children put outside." Then we lit our lamp and we saw the snake. The snake was a big one. I took a big piece of wood and killed it and after we made a big fire and burnt the snake. It was 14½ feet long.

[Ivaraoa Mariosu, L.M.S., Moru.]

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The Lost Baby

The Village of Gunugau is near the Government Station of Rigo.

A woman of this village went to her garden, taking her little baby with her. When she came to the garden the woman very carefully laid her baby under the shade of the banana leaves while she went to the top of the gardens to dig yams.

In a few minutes many devils came from the bush and they stole that little baby and took her up to the very top of a large tree where they praised her and played well with her.

By and by the woman remembered the baby and thought she must return to it for she wanted to give milk to her baby. But when she came to the place where the baby had been laid she could not find it. She began to be in great trouble and to look in every direction. But she could not see her. Then she went home making a mournful sound.

When the woman arrived home she told all the people about how her baby got lost and how she had so carefully laid her baby under the bananas and gone to work in the upper end of the garden digging yams. She told them how she came back to find the baby gone.

The village people felt very sorry for her and her husband and soon everybody set off to look for the baby. They searched for her for about one and a-half weeks. Then they heard a very small cry from the high top of the large tree. The crying was just like a cat's miaow. Then some of the people came together and began praying to the devils in the tree. The devils then took her down and put her by one of the banana stems where she began to cry again. For a moment they all listened and then they ran towards her where she was crying, and they picked her up and kissed her. But her eyes were very deep and her body was so thin and weak. She did not even want a drink of milk.

They picked her up and took her to the village. Now she is a girl of ten years old and her name is Varitau.

This story was told me by the widow of Genokei, who was the preacher there.

[By Kekebogo Mareva, L.M.S., Saroa.]

“THE PAPUAN
VILLAGER”

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The Wrecked Launch

It capsized at the mouth of the Mairu River. It belonged to the Papuan Oil Company of Apinaipi. When the white people named their boat they called her the *Apinaipi*.

In this place they were looking for oil and this boat took cargo to and from Port Moresby in the calm season. It was coming from Port Moresby to Apinaipi that day and the wind was blowing very hard and the waves were also very big. There were three natives and two Europeans in this launch. Mr. Rowe was the engineer and Mr. D. G. Tynan was having a holiday before beginning his work again.

They visited the mouth of the Mairu River and then they saw that great waves were in front of them and that the boat began to sway about. Everyone wondered what to do about going through into the river. The crew said, "What shall we do?" The Captain said, "We will go through it," and they all believed him. Then they were going right into the river. But the foolish captain missed the passage and ran right on to the sand bar and landed there. They were trying to hack out again but the propeller was broken and the boat could not move.

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"

After a little while the water ran up in the pump and the tide took the boat into the deep water. The men swam to the beach and got out alive but the boat was sinking into the river with all the goods on her. So Mr. Rowe sent a messenger to Apinaipi to tell Mrs. Hinds, and that night she came bringing some employees with her on the canoe. They hoped to find all the goods. But it was too rough and they could not work for the water was deep and the people were afraid of the dangerous river.

The white people were very mournful about their cargo. We were very sorry because she was beautiful and strong too. People in our village wanted to go to Port Moresby often and they were sorry when this boat was wrecked.

This is the end of my article.

[By Malaifepe Somese, Moru schoolboy at Iokea.]

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