

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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## BETTER VILLAGES.

### *The Prize for the Best Village.*

**E**VERY year and in each Division the best-kept village wins a prize of £5. This money comes out of Native Taxation; so that the people who pay the tax really give the prize.

In the Central Division this year the best village was Baruni; and the prize was presented at Port Moresby by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor. Fifty-five Village Councillors had come to Port Moresby to see this prize-giving and also to talk about village things.

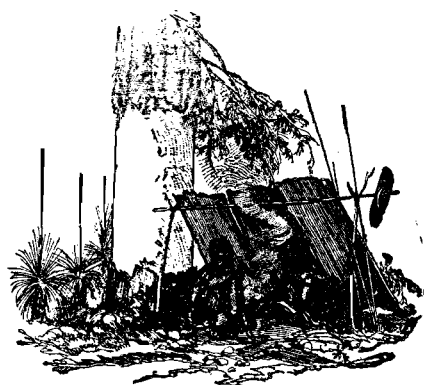
### *Councillors and the Village.*

Before the Governor handed the money to the Baruni people he talked to all these Councillors. He told them that the people should throw away their bad fashions but hold fast to those that were good. The Councillors could help the people; and when the people had any important thing to say, the Councillors should come and say it to the Magistrate; and the Magistrate could tell the Governor.

After making this speech to the Councillors the Governor gave out the prizes. These were for the best gardens as well as the best village. The names of the prize-winners are found on page 3. Then the people gave him three cheers, and he went away, leaving the Councillors to talk about village things with the Magistrate.

There are many ways in which the Councillors can do good; but perhaps

the first is to make the village better. All the people must help in this, not the Councillors only. We don't expect the Councillors to take brooms and sweep up the rubbish like old women; but they are the big men, and they should use their heads and think how to improve the place they live in.



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.  
[Block by courtesy of Government Printer, Sydney.]

### *Keeping the Village Clean.*

The most important thing is to keep your village clean. If the place is dirty, it is also unhealthy; for sickness lives in rubbish and filth. Therefore you should sweep up and clear away your rubbish. Don't just throw it into the bush near by. Burn it! If you burn the rubbish you burn the sickness.

Then there are your latrines or small-houses. On the coast the best way is to make the small-house over the water. But in the bush you must dig holes. If you are careless in this matter you may someday have dysentery. Dysentery is one of the worst

of all sicknesses. It can kill almost as quickly and surely as men did with spears or arrows in the fighting days.

Another thing is your water-supply. Your water—creek or well—should be sacred. Never let anything unclean go near it. A dead animal in a creek can turn the clear-looking water into poison, so that those who drink it will die.

Then again you must think of your burial grounds. In the old days Papuans often used to keep their dead relatives in the village. They did not like to let them go away. But that was a dangerous fashion; and now most people know that it is far better to put their dead in a proper burial ground; and it must not be near the village.

### *Prettier Villages.*

In these ways you can keep your village clean. Remember that this is the most important thing. But you can improve your villages in other ways. You can make them prettier to look at and more comfortable to live in.

Most Papuan villages are a prettier sight than European villages; though they are not often so comfortable or so tidy. You can make your homes look better by mending your houses, or by making new ones when they begin to fall over. And you can plant trees to give you shade, or crotons and flowers to make the village look bright. One of the best villages I have seen is Mabadauan away in the West, where many of the houses have real flower-gardens in front of them. But you need not try to make your

house like a European's house, or your village like Port Moresby. Don't change your fashion. Stick to it, but make it a little better.

### The *Albatross* and its Amphibians.

WHEN Lord and Lady Stonehaven came to Papua they travelled on the ship *Albatross*. The *Albatross* is a new kind of warboat, and her work is to carry aeroplanes.

There are many kinds of aeroplanes. The ordinary ones come down on the ground (i.e., when they want to). Others, called seaplanes, are built so as to be able to come down on the water instead of on the land. Papuans at Daru, Port Moresby, Abau, Samarai and other places have often seen seaplanes at work, so you ought to know all about them. But these aeroplanes on the *Albatross* are called "Amphibians." That means that they can come down on either the land or the water—whichever they want.

Aeroplanes are nowadays used a great deal in war. They fly about on top and shoot at one another, or at the enemy who walk about on the ground. They also drop bombs on the enemy ships from overhead. If ever the Australian warboats have to go out to fight, the *Albatross* will go with them; and then the seaplanes will come out of her inside, fly up into the air, and drop bombs on the enemy ships. A bomb has a lot of explosive inside it, like dynamite. If one dropped on the *Morinda* you would see nothing but smoke and splinters.

The *Albatross* has seven Amphibians on board. Six of them are named "Seagulls," and one is called a "Widgeon." (Most of you know what a seagull is; a widgeon is a kind of duck and an albatross is something like a very big seagull.)

They are packed away inside the boat. When they are wanted they are hauled up by a crane, and this crane puts them in the water. The engines have been started before; and as soon as the aeroplane touches the water, off she goes and rises into the air.

When the *Albatross* was in Port Moresby five of these Amphibians came out and flew about together.

### Wreck of the *Nivani*.

IN the last paper we told you about the loss of the Samarai boat *Nivani*. One of the two white men on board was Mr. Young, and he has written a letter to Mr. Turner of Lawes College telling him about the wreck. Here is a part of Mr Young's letter:—

Leaving about 1 a.m., we found that the weather was a little better; but after a while, it got worse again, and during a heavy rain squall we ran on a reef opposite Bonarua almost without warning. I noticed a peculiar breaker, and a moment after a boy yelled out, and almost at the same time we struck a reef. This was about 3 a.m.

We had a very anxious time until daylight, as we were not able to see land until an hour or two had passed; and in the meantime the bottom had been holed, and water in up to the waist. We were continually swept by the waves also. After much trouble the dinghy was launched about 7 o'clock, swamped a time or two, but at last got away into calmer water and reached land about a mile away. We walked round to a village, and were then taken over to Delina, and stayed in a native house two days. Most of our goods were brought ashore later.

We put this in to show that Captain Sam and his crew did not forget their duty when the boat was wrecked. Boats often capsize or run on the reef in Papuan waters; and, when white men are on board, the Papuan crews always look after them. I believe this is usually the first thing they think of. And that is a good job; because a white man, with all his clothes on, is not so handy in the water as a Papuan.

### The Governor's Accident.

SIR Hubert Murray was out riding a horse in the hills behind Port Moresby. The horse's legs got tangled in some wire and the Governor got off to help him. But the horse was excited and frightened; he kicked his rider and then ran away. The Governor had to walk a long way. When he got home he found the horse had come home first. So

he told the boys to saddle him again, and then he rode into Port Moresby and went into hospital. After a few days he was up again and quite well.

### Peace-Making at Ononge.

ON page 5 you see two pictures of a feast given by the white men—Government and Mission—for the Papuans. This feast happened some years ago, in 1925. The place is Ononge in the mountains, and the white man in the picture is Father Cortebek of the Roman Catholic Mission.

Ononge is the furthest inland Station of the Catholic Mission. It is far up in the mountains and very cold. But the Government and the Missionaries have had good roads built; and Ononge is said to be a good place when you reach it. But you must have very good legs, like the mountaineers, or you will never get there.

### The Killing of a Bull and a Cow.

The people are ready to join in a big feast. You can see a number of pigs laid on the ground ready to be cut up and cooked; and besides these a couple of cows. When a cow (or, as most Papuans call it, a bullamacow) is cut up and cooked we call it "beef," and white people are mighty fond of eating beef; just as Papuans are mighty fond of eating "pork" (when your pig is cooked you call it pork). A cow is as big as three or four pigs; so you may be sure that, when all those people saw the two cows, their eyes were popping out of their heads. I know one Papuan (near Suau) who killed a cow not long ago and made a feast for his friends (it was his own cow). Someday you may have plenty of them, and then at a big *soi* we may see 100 dead cows in a row instead of 100 pigs. One of these two cows in the picture is a bull, i.e., a man-cow.

The people at Ononge were very curious to see the bull and the cow shot. The armed police were there, and they made two squads. One shot the bull and the other the cow. Some of the bullets went right through them and into a bank of earth; and afterwards the people dug them out of the earth.

*Making Peace.*

There were hundreds and hundreds of people at this feast. They came from all the peoples round in order to see the peace-making between the Kambisi men and the men of Endeivi and Oroun. There had been fighting between these people, and a number of Kambisi men had been taken to Port Moresby as prisoners. But they were sent back to make peace with the Endeivi and Oroun people. The Government and the Catholic Mission joined in giving them a feast

When they made peace two Kambisi men came forward with a spear. The other Kambisi men hung presents on it, either dogs' teeth or birds' feathers. The Endeivi and Oroun people took these presents: they were pay for the people killed in the fighting. After that the spear was broken in two to show that fighting was finished. Next the Endeivi and Oroun peoples brought out another spear and put presents on it for the Kambisi people; and this spear was broken also as a sign. In that way these people made peace with one another.

*A Boy and a Cat.**Court Case at Port Moresby.*

IKUPU Neimi, of Hisiu, lives with his uncle Oa Ikupu who is a cook-boy in Port Moresby. Ikupu is about 7 years old.

The other day his uncle left some food—rice and meat—for him in a plate. But a cat got in first, and when Ikupu came to eat his dinner he found the best parts of it gone. This made him very angry.

Later on he went fishing on Ela Beach. He took a fish-spear and walked about in the water a long while; but he did not catch any fish. This also made him angry.

On the way home he saw the cat lying by a fence, so he drove his spear into it and killed it. Unluckily a policeman was passing and saw Ikupu kill the cat, so he arrested him at once. Ikupu resisted arrest and tried to run away. He did not look where he was going and ran into the fence, hitting himself on the chest. The policeman

caught him and, after a struggle, was able to drag him to the Court House.

Ikupu was tried by Mr. Baldie, the Magistrate. He spoke up very well and answered all the questions. Then because he was very young, and because nobody knew who the cat belonged to, they let him off. Mr. Grimshaw, of the Native Labour Office, was there. He wanted Ikupu to go and live with him for a while, so that he could spear the cats that come round his house at night. But Ikupu refused. He says he is not going to kill any more of them, as it might get him into further trouble. He returned home and gave the cat to some Kerema boys who cooked and ate it.

*Australian Aborigines.*

WHEN the white men came first to Australia they found the Aborigines there. This long word "Aborigines" simply means "people who were there in the beginning"; so in the same way, we might call the Papuan the Aborigines of Papua.

There are still many of these people left in Australia, though not so many as formerly. (For some reason they have been getting fewer and fewer. We hope that will never happen in Papua.)

*Dark-skinned Men.*

The aborigines are like the Papuans in having dark skins. We sometimes call them the "Blacks," because their skin is such a dark colour—darker than that of the Papuan. They also have hair different from yours: not woolly, but curly, like that of many Europeans. They are also taller than most Papuans. Altogether they are fine fellows, but often rather ugly ones. They are not so good-looking as some Papuans; but then, some people who know them well, say that they have more brains, so their looks don't matter.

Some parts of Australia are like Papua, but most of it is very dry; and in those parts the aborigines lead a very different life from yours. In the small picture on page 1, you can see one of their houses made of bark. This is something like the houses of

our Papuans who live away in the West on the Bensbach River.

*Australian Boomerangs.*

You can also see a "boomerang." This is a curved stick used for throwing at wallabies or birds, or at their enemies in fighting. Some boomerangs are of a different kind. When you throw them away they whirl round in circles and then come back and fall at your feet.

You can see the other weapons of the aborigines, their spears and their shields; also their *dogs*, called dingoes.

*Missions among the Aborigines.*

There are many Missions working among the aborigines, just as among the Papuans. In another picture you see some native children at Mitchell River. This photo was given to us by the Rev. Matthews of Port Moresby who was a Missionary at Mitchell River before he came to Papua. You can see that the boys and girls are having "fall-in" just as they do on our Mission Stations.

*Prizes for Best Villages & Gardens, Central Division.*

THE prize for the best-kept village (£5) went to Baruni. This means that it was the most improved village for the year.

The prize for the best native garden (£5) was divided between two men, because it was impossible to see which had a better garden than the other. The men were Puka Koriki, of Pari Village and Kauna Hure, of Porebada Village.

Other prizes were given for the best-planted blocks in the Nisimana and Hoholo Reserves, i.e., the new gardens which have been made by the Poreporena villages this year:—

Nisimana:	Hitolo Gege	} all equal ;
	Gari Doura	
	Rakatani John	
Hoholo:	Ahuia Ova ...	First prize, £1.
	Manoka Douna	} equal ;
	Dou Kevau	

## Law and the Councillors.

(This continues what was written by "Lagani-Namo" in the paper for July)

### Why People go to Jail.

YOU already know about the law which puts people in jail, or fines them, for doing anything wrong. The Councillors make all this law too. They do not like to have to put one in jail; but they know that unless people doing bad or wrong things are punished, there would be very much more trouble for everybody. The first time anyone does something wrong, the Court makes a light fine, or gives the wrongdoer a short "sentence," or time in jail.

The Court does this because it hopes that he may learn a lesson. If he is put in jail even for a short time he will learn to be ashamed for doing wrong; and he will think how nasty and foolish it was. Then when he is let out of jail he will behave better afterwards. But if he does wrong again, the Court feels annoyed and fines him much higher, or sends him to jail for a much longer time.

### The Work of the Councillors.

The real business of native Councillors in Papua is to help the government amongst their villagers. They do this by talking to their people and by showing them how they are being foolish or doing wrong. Then also if they are able to think of any way in which their people can be helped, they can speak for their people to the Government. If after hearing what Councillors have to talk about, the Government thinks that the Councillors have thought of something which will be good or useful, the Government would quickly do this thing the Councillors have spoken about.

### Good and Bad Councillors.

You should not vote for men to be Councillors just because they are your brothers or cousins or just because they are your friends. But you should vote for men who have good (wise) heads, and who talk true and who do not humbug. If you find that your Councillors do not try to do good or are lazy, or who think that a Councillor's only business is to wear the Councillor's medal on his chest then

you must see that next time you vote you pick out a better man and so you can chuck out those who are no good and try to find better ones. If you see that a Councillor is using his job to do wrong things some of the people should go to the Government and show how the Councillor is doing injury.

—"Lagani-Namo."

## An Orokaiva Armshell.

THE Orokaiva use a kind of armshell called *Samemi*, which is made from the trochus shell. It is not white like the ordinary broad armshell used in nearly every part of the Territory. It is a narrow band made of pearl-shell.

On page 4 is a picture of an Orokaiva sitting down at work on his *Samemi*. To cut a band off the trochus he first makes a mark round it with a fire-stick; then he chips it with a pointed shell until it breaks off. Then he polishes it and smooths it on a rough stone, as you see in the picture.

## Fire-Making.

IN our first issue we gave a picture of one way of making fire: a man was rubbing a stick up and down a groove in a bigger stick.

On page 5 of this paper is a picture of the other common way of making fire in Papua.

This second method we call the "saw-method," because you use a piece of cane, pulling it backwards and forwards like a saw. You split a piece of wood some distance down; you put in a pebble to keep the split open; and you put some dry coconut husk (or anything else that will catch fire easily) in the crack. Then you saw across it with the cane, as the man is doing in the picture. I think that most of the mountain people in Papua use this method. The picture was taken years ago by the late Mr. Beaver among the Managalasi, N.E.D.

Sometimes I have got two men to try the two ways side by side, to see which is quicker; and whenever I have done this the "saw" man has won.

## A Day's Travelling up the Taure River, G.D.

IT was a beautiful Saturday morning, the sun had just risen.

The canoe was ready for us, to paddle up on a level against the current of the river.

About an hour or two higher the was a furious rush of the river. I had some strong boys in my canoe. And soon they began yelling as if they were mad. It was hard to paddle against the current, but the boys gave strokes of their paddles, sent the canoe flying like a shot to the bank of the river, close under a big shady tree. There we stayed for a minute or two, to have a little refreshment, and a good cigarette, before starting for the bush. After all was over, Ume Biro and I limped up to the bank of the river, but left few words to the boys before leaving for the bush.

"Boys," I said, "if time, and I meet no luck, we will return to the canoe, and then take some miles up the river." "Yes Manue," answer the boys, before one second Ume Biro and I started for the bush, he was going ahead, and I at the left.

Travelling an hour and a-half in the swampy bush I met no pigs, no cassowarys. At last, I sat down on a log to have a cigarette. All suddenly, I heard the report of Ume's gun some miles away from me. "Halloh! I told to myself, Ume is getting his luck altogether.

As I was going along with my two companions, one looking up the tree, saw a possum, and told me in broken English "Manue, look big fala, be stop on the tree." Looking up I saw the timid animal getting across the branches. "Aiming," I send a bullet through his head, and one of my companions standing by me told me this. "Manue, this fala he many good for kaikai, be gadim plenty grease." "This fala suppose I go lon tree he catch me," I said. "Oh yes," answer the boy, "han belong him too strong," smiling the boy to himself. It has a beautiful yellowish colour and the natives of the Gulf Division sometimes use the hide for making little bags. But as I know it is more used in the Central districts, and it is very pretty to see, but stinks when not completely dried. We took a long tramp, along the bank of the river, and worked back to our canoe, but no sign of pigs and cassowarys. Paddling up, couple of miles, we got Ume on board the canoe, another mile ahead. There we stopped. The boys made the cooking. How pleased they were to have fresh meat for their mid-day meal! After dinner we spent couple of hours, and the boys we playing at the banks of the river, and enjoyed themselves very much, but they did not go far for fear of the alligator.

The Sun growing dark, in haste, the boys carried everything in the canoe, and full speed

we paddled down the river for home. It was late in the evening when we reached safely our Mission Station, Terapo. Landing on the bank of the river, the Revd. Father came to meet us, and all the boys shouted in one voice "Good evening Father Rossier." "Good evening my boys," said the Father.

"Well, what did you shoot, Manue?" said the Father smiling to me. "Oh, Father," I answer, "I didn't meet any pigs, any cassowaries to-day, only just those few birds. The possum I gave to the boys for a roast." We came up to the house, and after a little supper we all went to bed. After couple of miles paddling up, and down, the river we got tired.

This is my trip up the Taure River. Now I conclude by saying goodbye and good luck to you all readers.

(Written by a boy of St. Patrick's School, Emmanuel, T. O. This article wins the 5s. prize this month.)

## The Visit of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven to Kwato.

THE Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven arrived at Samarai on Sunday afternoon, on the 28th July.

On Sunday night we gathered lots of torches, and lined them up into heaps all along the beach.

At nine o'clock, the bonfires were lighted up directly all along the beach of Kwato and Logea. It was very pretty sight because the night was calm and the bonfires burned with a clear bright light. This was our first welcome.

And on the morrow, everybody was busy in preparing place, and decorating the house. It was very wonderful day, because the seaplanes came flying over Kwato which made us to jump and shout for joy.

On Tuesday, the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven came over to visit us, and to see all the industries that have been made here in Kwato. We all have been very busy on that day. The bell rang at nine o'clock, that means everybody must be ready at the village. Everybody was ready and happy to welcome them. After awhile their launch was approaching the wharf. We gave many loud cheers, until they were put ashore. We also sang God Save the King, and gave them our welcome too. The Governor-General also thanks us for the welcome and the bonfires that we have made.

The Logeians made a little village for show. It looks just like the old Papuans did, and some of the old customs, the carvings and also how sago is made. They also saw two boys climbing coconut trees for a race.

When they had seen all these things, they came up home for lunch. After lunch, they went back to the Man O War. They had a very short time with us. We also have a very short time to enjoy them.

What a joy we have with our new friends. But in a moment our joys have disappeared.

[By Elsie Orioma, Kwato.]

## Wakeke and his Brother.

LONG, long, ago, there lived a man called Wakeke. He set out one day with his brother to look for the wood-grubs. Wakeke was the oldest, so he carried the tomahawk. When they had found the wood-grubs, Wakeke told his little brother to carry them as they went along. When they had finished cutting one tree, they went along cutting from tree to tree. And as they went along they caught a big hush rat in the hollow of a tree; and instead of killing it straight away they only broke its legs, and wrapped it up together with the wood-grubs; and Wakeke's little brother carried it. They went along for the wood-grubs and wrapping them up together with the rest. And Wakeke's little brother carried them. As they go along Wakeke and his little brother forgot about a hush rat in the parcel, and they thought that they had killed it. Now, as they were going along their way, the hush rat got very angry inside the parcel and he ate up all the wood-grubs that was wrapped up with him. Now Wakeke and his brother thought that the wood-grubs were quite safe inside the parcel.

When they finished cutting all that they want, Wakeke told his brother to fetech firewood to cook the wood-grubs. They made up the fire ready to be burned. Wakeke took the parcel and untied it. When he had opened it, to his surprise he found the wood-grubs all gone; only the hush rat was in the parcel. So Wakeke got very angry and he scolded his brother and he said, "What have you done to all our wood-grubs? Did you eat them?" And his brother answered and said, "I didn't eat them up, brother." So Wakeke took the bush rat and hanged it up on a branch of a tree. Then Wakeke took his little brother up to a mountain. They climb up the range called Ragiwa, and they came to a village called Wimadima. And he gave his little brother to Wimadima people and he told them that he had brought them some meat. So his little brother was left behind to be killed as meat for the Wimadima people. And Wakeke returned home.

So he took his bush rat which he hanged it up on a branch of a tree. He made up the fire and burned the hair of the bush rat. When he had finished burning the hair off him, he cut his belly open. When he had opened it he found all the wood-grubs scattered out from the bush rat's guts. Now Wakeke felt very sorry for putting the blame on his little brother for eating the wood-grubs. He hanged up the bush rat and went up again the same mountain in search of his brother. He got up to the top of the mountain, but the Wimadima people had already killed his little brother, and they were cooking it. And some of the people were dressed up dancing for Wakeke's little brother. And when Wakeke got up there, and asked for his brother they answered him and said, "We have killed him already and are cooking it." And Wakeke answered to them, "Where is the pot where my brother's head is cooking?" And they answered him and said, "Look over there,

standing in the middle of the other pots." And straight away Wakeke ran and carried the pot where his brother's head was cooking, and ran off with it. And after that the Wimadima people chased Wakeke, but they couldn't spear him or kill him. Wakeke was too fast for them. Wakeke was still running with the pot of his brother's head. He got to the beach and threw the pot into the sea. The pot sank right down to the bottom of the sea. The pot was still boiling hot when Wakeke threw it in the sea, so if you go to a place called Baiwapa at the mouth of Modidi you can still see the bubbles coming up out of the bottom of the sea this very day, never mind if it is very rough and stormy, you can still see the bubbles, clearly bubbling up on the surface of the sea. You can see it about an half a mile from the seashore. Baiwapa is not very far away from Boianai. The name of that bubbling water is called Matawaira and Widiwaira.

[By Gideon Waikaidi, of Wedau.]

## The Story of Suau.

I did not know Suau. Working boys told me they were big villages, but when I went with Mr. Hall to all the villages to give the people injection I was surprised to see Suau, because it was not like a village it was like a lot of Garden houses. Not only that, they don't build houses together, they build far from each other. That is why it does not look like a village. Another thing they are very frighten of the medicine, and as soon as they hear the Doctor is coming they go and hide in under rocks and bushes. Sometime we hospital boys have hard work working for them. But we find some and some hide themselves very well until they hear the Doctor is gone. Then they come out.

[By Ralewa Vali, of Hula, hospital boy with Mr. Hall.]

## The Dog and the Fishes.

ON Friday, the 30th of August, 1929, a man and his child they both went out to the reef. While they were going, father told to his child, "You will take long vine string with us and hand-scoop-net too. Then we will go out to the reef." When they found a pool there was a lot of fishes. He gave to the little boy, and he put together on the long vine string: then he place them on the coral.

Afterwards a dog came near to the little child. He knew not the dog was there. And dog hit the fishes. Father cried a loud voice, "Oh, Cliff, that silly dog takin' our fishes!" They both drove dog away. And the dog dropped the fishes. The dog ran very fast, because the little boy, Cliff, took a stone, threw at the dog, and hit it. The little boy called Cliff, he had eight years old.

[By Leonard, schoolboy, Mailu Island.]

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Address to the Governor-  
 General.

**WE** print the address which was presented to the Governor-General by the Councillors and people of Poreporena; and following it, Lord Stonehaven's reply:—

To Your Exoellencies,  
 Lord and Lady Stonehaven.

May it please Your Excellencies,

We, the natives of Port Moresby, welcome you to our Island of Papua, and we are all exceedingly honoured, and feel very grateful, for your visit, and we are very pleased to see you. We will always remember this day; all of us who were fortunate to be in town on your arrival.

We wish you to take this little model racing canoe with outrigger on it and a native bamboo pipe with our Good Wishes for your welfare; and our prayers for a pleasant and

safe voyage on your return home, which humble offering please accept.

Your loyal and obedient subjects of Poreporena.

**IGO EMA,** **NAO RAHO RAKATANI,**  
 Secretary. Chairman.

Port Moresby, Papua, **AHUIA OVA,**  
 1st August, 1929. First Chairman of  
 Village Council.

◆ ◆ ◆

Port Moresby,  
 2nd August, 1929.

To the Native Population of Port Moresby.

I thank you very much for the Address of Welcome which you have presented to Lady Stonehaven and me and for the beautiful presents which you have given us. We shall always remember our welcome in Papua and the happy days we have spent here, and we wish all the inhabitants of the Territory peace and happiness and good health and prosperity.

**STONEHAVEN,**

Governor-General of the Commonwealth  
 of Australia.

Contributors to *The Papuan  
 Villager.*

**THE** following have sent in articles this month and last month:—

Bira, S., Eunice, Gae, and another (no name), of Lawes College, Fife Bay.  
 Lupa, Tavara and Noga Koi, of Mailu.  
 Huri, of Borebo (Mailu).  
 Leo Parau, of Kairuku.  
 Emmanuel, T. O., of St. Patrick's School.  
 Henry Timothy, of Kwalimurupu.  
 Jim Guava Oa, of Kikori.  
 Taunao Agarua, Poreporena teacher.  
 Clement Wadiaika, of Wamira.  
 Samuel, of Vilirupu.  
 Peter John, native clerk, Misima.  
 Dago Morea, of Hanuabada (medical boy).  
 Ralewa Vali, of Hula (hospital boy).  
 Rosa, of Bulidobu.  
 Vagi Udu, teacher at Kaparoko.  
 Reia Tamarua, of Metoreia, Girl Guide.  
 Randolph Namuri, mission teacher, Kewanasasaf.  
 O'oru Hau, of Geabada.

Ome Ravao, teacher at Geabada.  
 Igo Erua, Native Affairs Department.  
 Mirisa, R., of Iokea.  
 Charlie Esau, of Saroa.  
 Humeu Maraga, of Boku.  
 Noka Koi, Mailu Island.  
 Vagi Puro, of Maopa.  
 Loa Kanau, of Maopa.  
 Benoma Dagoela, Fife Bay.  
 Elsie Orioma, Kwato.  
 Ianamu, teacher at Mailu Island.  
 Dauge, schoolboy, Mailu.  
 Bua Iari, Mailu.  
 Nole, schoolboy, Mailu.  
 Lupa, schoolboy, Mailu.  
 Libai, schoolboy, Mailu.  
 Leonard, schoolboy, Mailu.  
 Aravi, mission teacher, Lapuopo, Mailu Island.  
 Douvere Nou, Lawes College.  
 And another (no name), of Jokea.

The Biggest Aeroplane in  
 Papua.

**M**ANY big aeroplanes have come to Papua, but none so big as the one that flew to Salamoa about two weeks ago. This was one of the Imperial Airways machines. Formerly it used to travel from England to Switzerland and back carrying passengers. It has comfortable chairs for fourteen passengers; and besides these there are a pilot, or driver; a mechanic, to look after the engines; and a steward to look after the passengers.

Now it has come here to the Gold-fields in the Mandated Territory; and, instead of carrying white men in Europe, it will carry miners and their boys from Salamoa to Wau.

The picture on page 5 is not this aeroplane that came to Papua, but one very much like it.

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