THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Hard Times in Papua.

JUST now many countries all over the world are having a bad time. We do not quite know why, but the fact is that a great number of people cannot get much money, and they have to do without a lot of things they would like. Many white men have their wages cut down, because their employers cannot afford to give them as much as before; and many white men lose their jobs and cannot earn any money at all. That is what we call being "unemployed"; it is a terrible thing for a white man to be unemployed, for how are he and his wife and children going to live?

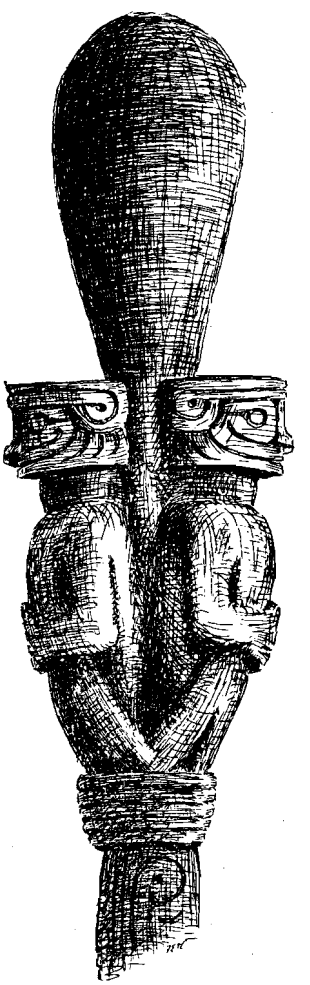
Many stores and businesses all over the world have closed down because of these hard times. They always have to pay a lot of money to keep their businesses going; and when they find that not enough money is coming in from outside, then they begin to lose, so they say, "We had better finish altogether."

Bad Times in Australia.

All Australia is very poor nowadays—more so than many other countries. Australia owes a lot of money to other people and it will have a hard job to pay its debts. People cannot make up their minds about what to do; some say one thing and some say another; and Australia keeps on changing its Village Councillors. But it will be a long time before things are straight again.

White Men's Business in Papua.

Papua also, like the other countries, is having a hard time; for if things are bad in Australia they will bad in Papua too, because Papua has to trade with Australia.



HANDLE OF A TROBRIAND ISLAND WALKING STICK.

You know that the white men in this country make their money chiefly out of copra and rubber. They sell these things to other countries, where they are put to use. The copra is turned into soap and margarine (a sort of butter) and cow-food and so on; and the rubber is turned into motor-tyres and garden hoses and soles for boots and a hundred other things.

These things are made in England and elsewhere. If the English people want a lot of copra and rubber they will pay a big price for it; if they do not want a lot, then they will only pay a small price. Just at present they do not want a lot, and so the price of copra and rubber has fallen very low.

Copra and Rubber.

A few years ago copra was £28 14s. a ton; now it is £14 5s. a ton. A few years ago rubber was 1s. 9d. a pound; now the price has gone down to 5d. If the price of rubber sank down any lower, the plantations would have to close altogether; for the money they got by selling their goods would not be enough to pay the labourers. You can see, therefore, that the white men in this country are not making much money.

The Natives and the Hard Times.

Now the hard times in Papua are felt also (though not so much) by the natives. There is no such thing as "unemployment" among you Papuans; or at any rate if there is, it does not hurt you. A good many Papuans, I think, rather like being unemployed. But you do not have to stay unemployed. You can go out to the garden or take your spear and go

hunting, and you do not have to go hungry because of the hard times (or the "financial depression") in Australia.

But sometimes nowadays when a boy wants to sign on he finds that he is not wanted. This is because the plantations have to "economize," i.e., save money, and they try to do with as few labourers as possible.

Selling Copra to the Traders.

Again, when you want to sell your copra or your trochus shell you don't get as much money as you used to. I have tried to explain this. It is because the world price has fallen. The trader who buys your copra gives you as much as he can for it. But then he has to pay for shipping it to a port, and pay for boys to carry it, and so on. The trader only gets a small price for it in port; he has to keep some money for himself to buy his food and clothing; and so he gives you rather less than the price he gets. But he treats you fairly. When the trader can get a good price, then he will give *you* a good price.

The villager now gets about 6s. a bag for his copra; he used to get 10s. and more. Someday, we hope the world price will go up again, and then perhaps you will get your 10s. a bag once more.

Work and Thrift.

In the meantime you can think yourselves rather lucky. Financial depression does not hurt your gardens, and it does not make wallabies and mullet any scarcer in Papua. You do not have to worry much about money. But if you want to earn your tax money or to have something to buy billy-cans and calicos with, then there are two things you can bear in mind. They are known as Work and Thrift.

You all know what work means. It would not hurt most of us to work a bit harder then we do; and if all the time we spent in growling about hard times were spent in working, we should all be better off.

Thrift means saving money, or doing without things that are really unnecessary. When you come home from a year's work on a plantation, don't throw away your money by buying all sorts of things at once. Keep some of it. Put some of it in the Bank, Do not gamble. Do not spend half of it on tobacco and blow it away in smoke.

If you are thrifty, and above all, if you work harder, you will not suffer much from these hard times.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE children's friend, as he is sometimes called, is one of the largest animals in the Zoo; and because he is so popular he has the nick-name of "Jumbo." How he got this name I do not know, but "Here comes Jumbo!" the children cry, and run out to see this huge creature as he is led round the paths of the Zoo. He has a red saddle fastened on his back and many little children are seated up high on him having a ride. He is a tame Elephant now, but once he was the terror of the jungle; and when he trumpeted and pawed the ground with his great feet, he made all the other animals fly to safety.

There are two "species" or kinds of Elephants, the Indian and the African, and it is quite easy to tell which is which by the size of their ears! The African Elephant has ears of enormous size, and when annoyed and ready to attack, his ears stand out at the sides like two sails. Most animals when on the alert prick up their ears, but few can do this as well as the African Elephant.

All Elephants have another strange thing—their long nose, or "trunk" as it is usually called. Once when a Papuan boy saw a picture of an Elephant, he said, "I savvy this one, Taubada. He got two tails: one in front and one behind." But the long thing that hangs down in front of the Elephant is not a tail; it is a nose.

The male Elephant has two long tusks as well, and these are useful to him when fighting and also when searching for food; for he eats fruit and leaves and roots, and he digs up the roots with his long tusks. Men hunt Elephants for their tusks; for "Ivory" is a valuable thing in trade, and, when carved and polished, very beautiful things can be made of it.

The Elephant's skin is thick and tough and naked of hairs, except for a few coarse bristles on the tail. Though the countries where they are found are hot, they do not love the sun and are to be found in the cool shady forests, often near pools and rivers where they love to wade and roll in the muddy water. They fill their long trunks with water, then turn them and blow the water all over their backs, like a shower bath.

One of the greatest pleasures of the tamed Elephant is bathing. A number of these big sleepy-looking creatures wade into the river almost up to their eyes, but with the tip of their trunk held above the water so as to breathe. The tame Elephants allow themselves to be scrubbed with a brush like the one used to scrub floors with. They lie on their side while their boy cleans them, and at a word roll over and the other side is done.

As a rule the wild Elephants are peaceful (perhaps because of their size that prevents other animals attacking them); but when roused to anger they are savage and dangerous, and rush violently on their enemy often going as fast as twenty miles an hour—the speed of a motor on a good road. But the white man has found what useful and intelligent animals they are and he sets traps to catch them in the forest. First a big hole is dug very deep down and filled almost to the top with boughs and leaves. Then a bamboo cover is put over the top, and grass and leaves put to hide the hole—something like the way you catch your bush pigs, though you never caught anything like old Jumbo! The Elephant crosses the bamboo and falls down the hole unhurt, but cannot get out. Later, men come and throw a rope over his head, then fill in the hole with wooden blocks, and the Elephant climbs gradually out to find he is a captive; and soon he is marching between two tame Elephants to join the others of his tribe who are working for man.

What can he do? With big chains round him he pulls the huge logs from the rivers up the banks and lifts and drags big timbers with his tusks and trunk. Even when harnessed to the heavy guns he has served man faithfully and well, dragging the guns right up to the battle line amid the noise and shouts of war.

So strong that one blow with his foot would kill an ox, so gentle that little children ride fearlessly on his back, the Elephant is, I think, of all wild creatures, most to be admired.

—"*C.W.*"

Caddie's Day on the Port Moresby Golf Course.

WE have written before about the game of golf, and how the boys of Poreporena help by being caddies. The caddie's work is to carry the golf clubs of the white men or women, and to find the little white ball when it is driven a long way. All the year the caddies have worked well and willingly; and at Christmas, the Secretary, Mr. Brossey, prepared a special treat for them.

The boys had competitions among themselves; and when they were finished they had a good feast of cakes and ginger beer in Jacky Lulu's house.

Prizes for the Best Home-made Clubs.

They had to make their own clubs and for weeks before the competition all were hard at work making "drivers" and "irons" and "mashies." Only village materials could be used. The prizes for the best clubs went to the following:—

(Wood Club), 1st, Daera Ganiga, 5s.; 2nd, Igo Arua, 2s. 6d. ("Iron"), 1st, Garia Hedu, 3s.

The Longest Drive.

The prize for driving the longest ball (that is for sending it furthest in one hit), was won by Vaika Nao. He sent it 140 yards, and won 2s. 6d.

The Stroke Competition.

The principal thing was a "stroke competition" over the first and the ninth holes. The players were divided into two lots; the bigger boys were in "A" Grade, the smaller boys in "B" Grade.

"A" GRADE.	"B" GRADE.
1. Avaka Ahuia ... 5s.	1. Eno Gamu ... 5s.
2. Igo Arua ... 3s.	2. Rei Vagi ... 3s.
3. Virobo Tamasi, 2s.	3. Vani Boio ... 2s.
4. Sarahu Vani ... 1s.	4. Ruma Vai ... 1s.
5. Tau Leke ... 6d.	5. Maraga Kahua, 6d.

Squaring with Bogey.

Avaka Ahuia did the two holes in 10 strokes, and "Squared with Bogey." You will notice that the language used by golfers is rather different from English. Of course the caddies know the golf language; but other Papuans will wonder what is meant by squaring with Bogey. Well, an old gentleman named Bogey used to be a good player of golf. And we think that if he played at Port Moresby, he would take 10 hits to knock the ball from the first "tee" (that is the place where you start) into the first hole and from the ninth tee into the ninth hole. If you are as good as Mr. Bogey you are a good player. Avaka is as good as Mr. Bogey; therefore Avaka is a good player.

STRONG MEN.

I saw in *The Papuan Villager* how the men of Hanuabada had built a new *dubu* and I could see from the pictures how well they had done it.

They are very strong men to have built such a fine piece of work; and every white man is glad when he sees the men of Papua doing a fine job like that.

And I have seen other strong men lately. I went a few days ago to Saroa, Central Division, and there I saw a wonderful piece of work, all done by Papuans.

These men want to have a new Mission Station at Saroa, and the London Missionary Society is going to build one there. But before any building could be done, the site, or place where the house will be, had to be got ready.

The site was on a hill, which rose quite to a point at the top. Now, the top of the hill had to be levelled, that is, cut off and made quite straight. And the men of Saroa and all the villages round Saroa set to work, and cut off the top of the whole hill!

They took turns in doing the work, and each village worked for two days, digging at the top of the hill, and making a fine flat place for the mission-house.

At first, it looked as though the work would be very quickly done, for they cut through earth and small stones. But after a while, they came upon solid rock, and they had to cut their way inch by inch through the stone. Sometimes they moved a large piece, and then they carried it down the hill a little way, and made stone walls along the sides of the hill. Behind this they put the earth they had dug out.

They made three of these walls of stone, all built up of the pieces they had dug out from the top with so much hard work. If you think for a minute, you will see how hard those men had to work to do such a splendid piece of work; and the best part of it all is this, that those men knew nothing at all about cutting stone and building with it, because Papuans mostly work with wood.

Don't you think these men are strong, too? I do, and I thought about it so hard that I have written to your newspaper to tell you about it. And while you are thinking over it, remember that men need to be strong in their minds as well as with their hands; then they come to be great men.

—"*A.W.*"

The West Indies Cricketers.

CRICKET was born in England, but now it is played in many parts of the world, wherever Englishmen have gone to live. The white men in Australia and South Africa play the game as well as the white men at home in England. You all know that Australia and England pick their very best teams to play against one another. They play big matches called "Tests," to see who is better at the game, and just now it seems to be Australia. The South Africans also play Tests against England and Australia.

But now another team has come into Test Cricket. It comes from the West Indies, and most of the players are dark-skinned men like you. Their long-ago fathers came from Africa, in the days of the Slave Trade. Then ships used to carry off the dark men from Africa to work as slaves in the plantations in the West Indies; and on the plantations the slaves got plenty of hard knocks but no pay. Many years ago the Slave Trade came to an end, but the grandchildren of these dark Africans have stayed in the West Indies as free men.

[*Continued on Page 14.*]

The West Indies men have played in England before. Now they have been visiting Australia; they have played the State teams and they have played Test Matches against all Australia. They have not won any of the Tests, but unless they were very good cricketers the Australian Test Team would not trouble to play them at all. Perhaps in a few years the West Indies will be strong enough to beat Australia.

I do not expect Papua will ever send a Test Team of Papuans to Australia, though even that is not impossible in years to come. In the meantime you can go on playing cricket, and it will be enough for the present if you can get together a Test Team from Poreporena or elsewhere to beat Kwato.

Mr. Blyth, Ipai, and "Eulalie."

A white man and a Papuan boy have just had a very wonderful adventure at sea. Many of you will know Mr. Blyth who was Magistrate at Kikori for many years. He left the Government some time ago and went with some other white men to manufacture sago on the Paibuna River for selling in other countries.

Mr. Blyth had to go to Thursday Island on business. He set out to come back to Daru on 21st January with two boys, Ipai and Anai. But the weather was very bad and the engine broke down. Mr. Blyth kept working at it, but often the boat rolled too badly for him to do anything, and the engine would not go. The wind blew out the rigging at the mast-head and the *Eulalie* was drifting. They lost sight of land till, on the 25th they came near a small island. There were people living on it, but Mr. Blyth could not attract their notice. Here one of the boys Anai jumped over. Mr. Blyth could not see what became of him, the weather was too bad; but we have heard that Anai did manage to swim ashore to the island.

Mr. Blyth and Ipai went on. They managed to fix up the sail again. But the boat was leaking and they had to keep pumping by turns; they did not know where they were; and they were "very cold and wet any thirsty."

On the 27th they reached a little island. There were no people on it and no water; but it was raining hard, so they put up a fly and caught some water. Then they boiled some tea and had a drink.

Mr. Blyth could not get the engine to go, so he set off again under sail 30th January. But the weather got worse now. He could not see any land, but headed North, for he knew that Papua must be somewhere there. They had collected some rain water, but by bad luck it capsized in the boat. Then they made holes in some tinned vegetables and got a little to drink that way. But at last they had no water, no food, not even a match to light a cigarette with.

The leaks became worse and they could hardly keep the water below the floor. It was a long time before they sighted land again.

At last on 6th February, when the water was up to the seats, and when both Mr. Blyth and Ipai were nearly dead with tiredness and with nothing to eat and drink, they saw land and were sighted outside Port Moresby and were towed into safety. This was a great adventure at sea and it is marvellous that Mr. Blyth and his boy Ipai are alive to tell the story. Next morning the boat was under water on Ela Beach.

Tilling the Ground.

WE have spoken before in *The Papuan Villager* about tilling the ground, i.e., breaking up the earth so that your plants will grow better. On page 13 we show how the white men sometimes do it in Australia. You cannot use a 12-disc plough with a team of horses in your gardens, but you will not do them any harm by giving the ground an occasional poke with a digging-stick.

A Trobriand Walking Stick.

ON the front page you see the handle of a Trobriand walking stick from the Trobriand Islands. There are many other places in this country where natives can do good carving. They can make money by it too. If you know how to make things that the white man wants, like this walking stick, there are plenty of people who would like to buy them.

KINGSFORD SMITH.

ON page 13 we give you a picture of Kingsford Smith, who is perhaps the greatest of all airmen. He is the only man who has flown right round the World. He was the first man to fly across the Pacific Ocean. Starting from America he flew over the biggest of all oceans, the Pacific, and landed in Sydney. Then later on he flew from Sydney to England. And again he flew from England across the Atlantic Ocean to America. Then all he had to do was to fly across America, to the west coast and he was where he started from. He had flown right round the World.

These journeys took him a long time but he did them all in one aeroplane, the "Southern Cross." Kingsford Smith is an Australian and all Australians are very proud of him (We have had a lot of great airmen in Australia, like the late Sir Ross Smith, Keith Smith and Bert Hinkler). He called his plane the "Southern Cross" because the real Southern Cross—those four stars that are seen in the southern sky—are Australia's mark. They are shown on the flag of Australia which you see in your *Papuan School Reader*. It was very fitting, therefore, for a great Australian airman to give this name to his aeroplane.

But Kingsford Smith was not content with just flying round the World. He came back again to Australia from England. This time he flew all alone. He used a smaller plane, which he called the "Southern Cross Junior," or the younger Southern Cross, and he flew so fast that he broke the record.

Bert Hinkler was the first man to fly alone from England to Australia. He took 16 days to do it. Now Kingsford Smith has done this long journey in less than 10 days.

He has been made an Air Commodore, which is the highest honour the Australian Air Force can give him.

Kingsford Smith has also flown from Australia to New Zealand. He had to cross the Tasman Sea, which is a wide stretch of water. More than one airman has lost his life in trying to cross this dangerous sea, but I suppose Kingsford Smith thought the flight was a small matter.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent — Leo Aitsi Parau.)

General.

DECEMBER was dreadfully hot, till the last few days, when it rained a little. Here is the amount of the rain.

Rain Points.

26th, 20; 28th, 133; 29th, 70; 30th, 148. Total, 371 points of rain.

Every one is planting and gardening in the district. The villagers are still continuing with their feasting and dancing.

Station.

During the last few days of the month the *Laurabada* came here and His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor gave a nice little "run about" to the Sacred Heart Mission school children in the *Laurabada*, sailing to and from Pinupaka right out near the beacon, about two or three times.

Our new garden is now planted with coconuts, and rice seed. We got the rice seed from the Mission.

During the month, Mr. S. E. Smith Patrol Officer came down from the camp (Mondo) and spent Xmas with our Taubada (Mr. W. H. H. Thompson), he brought with him 20 Mountaineers to see the station. When they left they carried many coconuts away for consumption to their villages.

KEREMA.

(Correspondent — Nansen Kaiser.)

Raid on the Mining Camp by "Kukukuku" Men.

ON the 29th of April, 1930, the *Kukukuku* men raided the camp of Mr. A. E. Bethune, a Mining Prospector, at Twisty Creek, Lakekamu Goldfield.

This happened during his absence at the coast. The raiders broke into all the boxes and cases and stole a quantity of tools and goods.

Investigating the Raid and Apprehending the Offenders.

During July and August last, Mr. Hides Patrol Officer accompanied by Sergeant Gegera and seven Police, under instructions visited the Goldfield and the *Kukukuku* country. There they discovered many of the stolen articles in the garden villages, and arrested five prisoners.

A. C. Kokori—Wounded.

A.C's. Kokori and Ulubo were in charge of the prisoners while passing along a narrow part of a thickly timbered ridge. Kokori who was in the lead, fell shot with a broad-bladed bamboo arrow in his left side about 6 inches from his armpit; so the prisoners got the necessary start to escape. The party were ambushed in the narrowest part of the ridge.

Shots were fired by Mr. Hides and Sergeant Gegera and it is thought that two natives were hit.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent — Igo Erua.)

Poreporena Boys Improving in Cricket.

WE are all very pleased with Mr. Furler for his great help to the Poreporena boys in cricket. He showed them all kinds of strokes, bowling, fielding, etc., and in the near future all the young boys will be very good cricketers on account of Mr. Furler's great assistance. He has came over to the Poreporena cricket grounds every Wednesday afternoon to teach the boys at practice.

Cutter Hiring.

In December last year eleven Elevala boys put in one pound (£1) each, and they were also assisted by the people with 1s. to 3s. per man, making up £25 in all. They sent these pounds over to Mr. G. A. Stewart of Napa-Napa for one of his cutters. And Mr. Stewart accepted their money, and he sent the cutter *Ina* to Elevala to be loaded up with pots, and whatever trade they had. When the boat was finished with her loading, all the women brought the provisions for the crew, and she then sailed away to the Delta Division. She was captained by Raho-Doura, and had ten crew boys. They were away for only three weeks, and arrived here on 29th January, with 1,300 bundles of sago, and number of coconuts, betel-nuts, etc.

This sago has been shared out amongst the people. Each man and woman got 10 bundles of sago, and the rest of the sago was for the Club. They say half of this sago will be sold out, to try to get some more money for their next Christmas Day's Feast. And they say, in future, they will hire another cutter, and everybody will help themselves, and they can load as much trade as they want.

And now the Poreporena villages are full of sago, and nobody will be hungry this year. Everyone of them will be living happy.

RIGO.

(Correspondent — Lohia Toua.)

Native Medical Assistant.

MOREA Toua, native travelling medical assistant, arrived at the station on the 9th January, 1931 and made inspection of the station police and prisoners. He gave a few boys an injection. After that he left the station with his carriers for the bush villages of Rigo District.

The Assistant Resident Magistrate.

The A.R.M., C.D., wanted to go on patrol and he left the station at 2.30 p.m. on 15th January, with his carriers for the east of Rigo. They walked to Ginigolo and to another village the same day. The Magistrate of Port Moresby arrived at the station at 3.30 p.m. on business, and he said to me, "Where is Mr. Chance?" He had gone on patrol about one hour before. So I sent A.C. Akoba to bring back Mr. Chance, and the Resident Magistrate waited for him at the station. Mr. Chance, the Assistant Resident Magistrate returned from Ginigolo and Gahone to station, before 6 p.m. The next day the R.M., C.D., inspected the station and prisoners and left for Port Moresby at 4.30 p.m. Mr. Chance also went on patrol east.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner Leave Lawes College.

IN the end of this year, 1930, our College faithful Principal, the Reverend R. L. Turner, has left his loving work of teaching Students for the reason of fever; because this side is so much rain when the south-east wind comes, and that makes him fever all the time. Most of you have known him very well. We are very sorry that he and Mrs. Turner are going away. He can teach us "A Great Man" of long ago, and many things from the Old and New Testament and diverse societies and their religions in this world. And he can teach us all sort of games: cricket, football, etc., and also how to use them well, and also many other different things too. There are now great many native teachers who have learnt from him, and are now going on with their work of teaching. We all like him because he can teach, and tells the story very softly in *Motu*.

Mrs. Turner is a great woman of teaching and taking care of patients. If a person gets very ill she will watch over him day and night; some night she will not sleep when the person is getting worse. We like this kind of men and women who can look after the College.

I will tell you few words which he spoke to us on his last Sunday at Lawes College:—

"March, 1902, I came to Papua to help Dr. W. G. Lawes, and take his place. I lived at Vatorata. Then I went to Hanuabada and lived there two years, taking the place of a man who went home for illness. I came to Vatorata, 1906-1924, I married in 1909. The work of Sinabada was looking after the sick people; there are so many adults who are now living for her work's sake. From 1906-1930 all my Students are 170. For the reason of much rain at this side, we will go to Delena. We will not forget our College work. We hope you will do your work best here at Lawes College, and each of you must make the name of Lawes College clean."

On that same Sunday some of our scholars who have finished their training here went to Port Moresby by the *Papuan Chief* and some have gone for holiday. We were very sorry for those who will not come back again.

On the 2nd December, at 7 p.m., we had some gramaphone records, and sing-song, and some games. After that we got a tin of lolly and a tin of biscuits. It means that they both have said good-bye to us.

On the 6th December we went picnic to waterfall. It means that we will say good-bye to them both. First of all our Guides sung a guide-song, with hands holding one another and singing round them. That made them tears from their eyes. After that we sung an English Hymn, "Blest he the tie that binds." Then we had prayer. After, some few more words from ourselves and Mr. Turner himself; then we made three cheers. After that we had food, tin of lolly and biscuits. Then we came back home afternoon, and shot a young bull. That was a great present for us all.