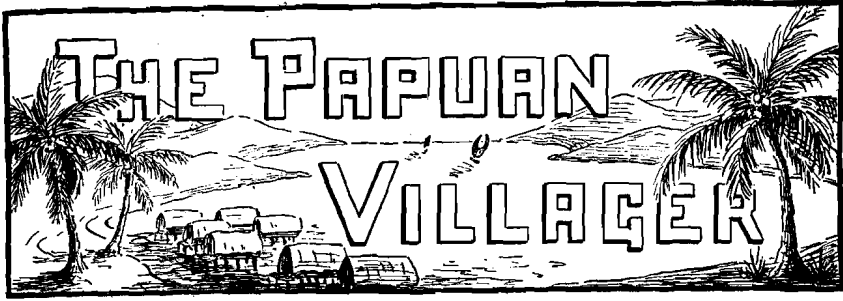


PART WEA THE LI



Vol. 7, No. 1 ]  
January, 1935 ]

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

Price: Two Pence  
1s. per annum in Papua  
2s. per annum, post free  
elsewhere

### The New "Papuan Villager"

The *Papuan Villager* has been going for six years. With this issue we begin our seventh, and we make a change. As you see, the paper is only half as big as it was, and there are not so many pictures in it.

The cost of the *Villager* is borne by Native Taxation; and in the past this cost has been very heavy. The work, and the paper, and the ink, and the pictures all cost money. And if we cut the newspaper in half, then we nearly cut the cost in half. So we have made this change to save money. But still we think the paper in its new form will be long enough for most readers.

#### The Reason for "The Papuan Villager"

The *Papuan Villager* is not published simply to teach you English. Some people seem to think it is, but this is a mistake. It is useful in the Mission schools in this way, that is, for helping you to learn English; and

this is a very good thing. But in the first place the *Villager* was meant specially for those boys and girls who had left school. It was meant for the young men and women who had already learnt English, and who wanted to go on reading it. They had no books or newspapers of their own, so we decided to give them *The Papuan Villager*. But though there are many who can read English, there are not many who want to. Perhaps they don't read well enough, and find it too much like hard work. But those who try their best and have practice at school will find that reading becomes easy in the long run; and then they will like it.

#### A Paper about Papua

We try to give you something to read which will be interesting and useful to you, and which you can understand. Since you are Papuans, the paper is mostly about Papuan things. It gives you news of what your own people are doing in their villages or gardens or on the sea; of their life on the Mission station or

in the town; of their work and play. And we tell you something about the white people of Papua as well—the Government officers, Missionaries, and others whom you know. And we put in a good deal about the outside world, about other native peoples, Indians and Africans, and about the marvellous things that the white men are doing.

#### Learning Useful Things from the White Men

And we try to make the paper useful by telling you about gardens, and carpentry, and keeping your village clean and your bodies healthy, and so on. There are a great many things that you can learn from the white man—things that will help you to live better and be more comfortable. And we want you to be able to "get on with" the white man, to understand him and be able to help him—just as we want him to understand and help you. So that there are many of the white man's ways that you can learn about, and some that you can copy; and you will be all the better for it.

#### But Remain True Papuans

But *The Papuan Villager*, as we said, is written for Papuans, and we want you always to remain Papuans. We like to see natives proud of their villages and of their pretty palm-leaf houses; proud of their taro gardens and their big sailing canoes; proud of their feathers and their drums; in short, proud of themselves. We do not like to see them walking about in long trousers and trying to be just like white men. We always think they look better if they dress like natives and act like natives. You can learn quite a lot from Europeans, then, and still be a true Papuan.

#### Subscribers

The new *Villager* will cost you half as much as the old one. Therefore we want twice as many subscribers. Any man with a job can pay 1s. a year; and you can get your friends to subscribe as well.

495 copies go each month to the Missions to be read in school. But, as we said, the *Villager* is really for the boys and girls who have left school—for the men and women who can read and want to read. Of these only 40 are subscribers. We want to double that number at once.

#### Loss of Mr. Ulm, the Airman

Some months ago Mr. Ulm flew from Australia to Papua in a big aeroplane. When he flew back he took with him a lot of letters. This was the first air mail from Papua to Australia. We hope that someday there will be an air mail going very often; but the famous airman will not be able to take it. He has been lost at sea.

A little while ago he was doing a long flight from America to Australia across the Pacific Ocean. He started from California to land at Honolulu. The distance is 2,420 miles. But he must have flown too far. He could not find the island he was making for and his petrol gave out. He and the two men with him had to come down on the sea. There they floated and sent out wireless messages for help. Other aeroplanes and many ships searched for them for a long time, but they could not be found. So it is supposed that Mr. Ulm and his companions have been lost.

## The Duke of Gloucester and Melbourne Centenary

Melbourne has been having its, "Centenary." This means that it is remembering the fact that it started 100 years ago. And it is now having feasts and dances and processions because it is a great "anniversary."

In 1834 a man named John Batman sailed from Tasmania in the schooner *Rebecca*. He came to the mainland of Australia and saw a place for a good "village." In 100 years that village has grown to be a city of a million people. It is Melbourne, the second city of Australia.

#### Prince Henry

Many thousands of visitors have come to Melbourne for the Centenary. The first among them is Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester. He is the King's third son, and he came all the way from England in the warship *Sussex* to open the Centenary. He reached Melbourne on the 18th October and was met by eight other warships. There was a Royal Salute of 21 guns when the Prince stepped ashore in Victoria.

#### The Procession

He got into a carriage drawn by six fine horses (That is something



Prince Henry, the Duke of Gloucester

better to look at than a motor car!). And then he drove in a procession through the streets. In this way the Prince drove to Parliament House. And there he read a message from the King to the people of Victoria, and said that the Centenary had begun.

## The New Papuan Stamps

In the November issue we told you about the hoisting of the flag at Port Moresby 50 years ago. You will remember how Commodore Erskine invited the chiefs to come aboard the *Nelson* and how they sat on the deck while he talked to them about the Queen and the Union Jack.

Papua has made some new stamps to make people remember this anniversary. One of the two designs is a picture of those chiefs on the *Nelson*. It is copied from an old photograph taken 50 years ago.

The other design is a picture of the flagstaff at Dr. Lawes' house, with the soldiers standing round as the Union Jack is hoisted. In one corner of the stamp is a small picture of Commodore Erskine; in the other, one of the chief, Boe Vagi.



Papuan Jubilee Stamp (3d.)



Papuan Jubilee Stamp (5d.) A. & K. GIBSON, PHOTOS

## Christmas on a Mission Station

All over Papua, Mission Stations and Government Stations have their Christmas feasts for the people. I am sure there was no better feast this Christmas than at Urika in the Purari Delta.

Visitors came in their long canoes from Maipua and Ikinu and Akoma and Kairu and Meiaravi—even from Uri, the bush village up the Purari. There were about 700 of them. Mr. Moir Smith gave them a bull and a cow and 4 pigs; and there was sago and rice and tobacco.

The people came in their paint and feathers, and danced their own dances and though they had their bows and arrows, spears, clubs and bone daggers, they were all in a very good humour. There was a short service in the church; and even if they looked fierce they sang well.

In the evening, when most of the village people had gone away, there was a picture show, and next day there were sports and games for the station people. There were races for boys and girls and men and women. (The older women beat the younger ones hollow.) Sack races, wheelbarrow races, three-legged races; and prizes for the winners—sticks of tobacco, pencils, bunches of fish-hooks and cakes of soap. Next there was cock-fighting in copra bags. Every boy jumping about in a bag and trying to knock the others over. The last man left standing on his feet was the winner.

And then some boy happened to pull a copra bag over his head, and that gave us a new idea. So we had cock-fighting with the bag on the other end of the man, and it was a great success, though it must have been pretty hot.

That evening a big casuarina tree was hung with lanterns and dozens and dozens of presents. It looked very pretty, just like a real Christmas Tree, though there wasn't any snow about! All the people were looking at it and chattering, when they saw an old man approaching among the trees. He was dressed from head to foot in red, he had a long white beard, and he carried a shining lantern. This was Santa Claus himself, or "Father Christmas," the old man from the North Pole who brings us presents on Christmas Eve. He did his work very well for the people of Urika. The presents were cut down from the casuarina tree and Father Christmas handed them out, and everybody there got one. The Editor got a red and blue trumpet.

The people of Urika and the Delta villages can thank Mr. and Mrs. Moir Smith and Santa Claus for A Very Merry Christmas.

## Funny Names from the Torres Straits

A writer in the *Carpentarian* talks about the funny names of natives in the Torres Straits.

Many of the islanders have their own native names. But many have chosen to give their children English names—Samuel, Thomas, Edward, etc. They seem to like Sam, Tom and Ned better. (These are short names for Samuel, Thomas and Edward). And they like Johnny better than John (though it is longer).

But they also give their children some English names of another kind. The writer in the *Carpentarian* says there are many natives called "Capstan" (because their parents like

Capstan tobacco). There are others called "Sailor," "Captain," and "Whaleboat" (because their parents know all about sailing and whaleboats). And then someone is called "Charcoal." (Perhaps he was a very black baby). Someone else is called "Cockatoo." (Perhaps he was a very talkative one).

And someone else is called "Cockroach." I don't know why anyone should have the name "Cockroach." I have known one or two men in Papua called "Cockroach," but it wasn't a real name, it was only a nickname. You may be certain of one thing. No white woman would ever call her baby "Cockroach." If she ever hears you call it "Cockroach," look out!

## Patrol from Strickland to Purari

### Carriers from Orokolo

Mr. Jack Hides and Mr. Leslie O'Malley have started out for a long patrol in the Western Division. They set out on the *Vailala* in December, and called at Auna to pick up some carriers. Mr. Hides chose 15 big strong fellows from the villages round Orokolo.

Some people think that the Gulf boys do not know how to work well for the white men. But that must be a mistake, for when Mr. Hides wanted some specially good boys he decided that Orokolo was the place to look for them.

Fifteen more were chosen from the Sirebi villages on the Kikori river.

All the carriers were volunteers. This means that they all came forward and offered themselves for the

work. Thirty or forty natives volunteered at Auna, and it was hard work picking the best of them. They will have a long carry. The Patrol will probably take 6 months, and it is in new country.

## DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

(BANIARA)—Correspondent, M. D. Barton

### Building a Cathedral at Dogura

One of the biggest and longest jobs has started at Dogura. The foundation stone for a Cathedral has been laid. Mr. Jones is the builder. First of all on Monday, 10th September, the very old St. Peter's and St. Paul's Church was broken down. They finished this in a week. For the Cathedral they have already erected four strong stone pillars made of cement.

### Meeting the Rev. J. D. Bodger

On Tuesday, 2nd October, there were thousands of people congregated on the coast of Wedau for meeting the Reverend J. D. Bodger. All the far mountain people came to meet him. The *McLaren King* reached here at 4 p.m., and just as she passed the jetty all the crowds called loudly, *Egualau!* which means, "Welcome." Father Bodger went ashore in the midst of the crowds of people and shook their hands.

With Mr. Bodger came the new priest, the Reverend C. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

## Competition

There will be a prize of 5s. for the best article written by a native about

### The Cuscus

We do not want an old-time story about the Cuscus. Write what you yourself know about it; what you have seen it do; where it lives; what it eats; how it looks after its children, and so on

Send your articles to the Editor before the end of March. The winning article will be published in April

## Native Contributions

### How Hula Found the Coconut

A widow named Rigo Avala, with her only daughter, Avugrigo, lived alone in a little village.

One day they went out in the garden, and came back very hungry in the evening. They came to the house but there was no fire, and no water was left. Then Rigo Avala spoke

She went down in, put her right leg to reach the string in the water. The eel at once got its tail up and got Avugrigo by the waist and pulled her in the well. She was very frightened and cried for help. But the eel said to her, "Don't be afraid; I am your husband."

The mother waited till morning, but no sign of her daughter. She went down to the well, and saw her daughter with the eel, and



Refueling the big aeroplane, "Faith in Australia," after her flight from Australia, at the landing-ground near Kilakila Village, Port Moresby

A. & K. GIBSON, PHOTO

to Avugrigo, saying, "Dear daughter, go and get us some water to cook our food. I'll make the fire ready."

Avugrigo got the water-pot and the water-puller and went to the water-well.

Well, in this water-well there was an eel, like a snake. He felt somebody coming. He was ready for anything.

Avugrigo got the water-puller, a dipper with a string 8 feet long. She slacked the dipper down in the well for water. At once the eel got it by the tail and broke the string of the dipper. Avugrigo got excited. She took the empty pot.

When going back on her way on the road, she thought to herself, "If I go back without water, Mother will be angry all night." Then she walked back to get the dipper in the well. She looked in the well and saw the string.

said, "Ha, ha!" with surprise, "What are you up to?"

Avugrigo cried out saying, "The eel got me as his wife, and I am married to it."

"No," said the mother, "It's better to marry a man than that eel. A man can help you better than that eel."

After six years Avugrigo went to her mother. Her mother told her again, "It's better to marry a man than that eel." Avugrigo told her mother to try and kill the eel.

The mother then called two boys to cut up some bamboo for a knife. One day she called Avugrigo for a feast. Avugrigo came up with the eel. When they were passing she took the bamboo knife and killed the eel and cut it in pieces.

That night Avugrigo dreamt that she was to take a bone of the eel and bury it by the

step of the house, and when it grows up she may think of her husband.

In the morning she took the eel's head and buried it near the step. After a short time the eel's head grew up into a coconut tree.

After all Avurigo married a man. Coming home from the garden, they were very thirsty for water. When they took a coconut to drink they saw the shell as an eel's head with two eyes and mouth. Avurigo then was thinking of her first husband whom her mother killed with the help of the two boys; and she was very sorry that the eel had told her in her dream.

[By Sam Kolu, of Hula, c/o. Burns, Philp & Co., Ltd., Port Moresby. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

### How the Mosquitoes Entered the Village

A long, long time ago, an old man and his wife lived in a village with their people. They had ten sons. Five of them were boys and five were girls. They did not know about mosquitoes, and they had never felt sick or been bitten in all their lives.

On the first day of the week, these village people made a great feast. They killed many wild pigs, and wallabies for their feast. On the second day, in the morning, the chief man in that village stood up and told all his village people to give much food to their guests, or staunchest and loyalest friends. On the third day there were many people who came from each village to that feast. After, they stayed there more than two days until the feast was over.

When the feast was finished all the guests returned from the feast to their own homes. They were very happy and glad because they had some good things from the feast. But only a poor lonely man did not bring any good things from the feast. So he was very sorry because his friend did not give him any piece of meat to bring back to his house and eat with his wife and children.

This is another idea. We will all know about that. Not to leave anything for your kind friends, when they come to your village or house, is very bad manners.

Then not many days after the poor man became more angry and often wanted to hurt his friend. So he had that dreadful idea about two days until he went into the bush.

Another day in the early morning the man and his elder son went into the bush near that village where their friend was living. They took very rough basket in their hand to put mosquitoes in. Then after they reached the lake they sat down near it, and waited for the sun to go down.

When the sun set, just about half-past six, they opened the basket and all the mosquitoes and many flies flew into it. When it was full of mosquitoes they sewed up the edge of the basket with a string cord. Then after that, they carried it. That time they left the lake and went to see the man who lived in his village.

When it was still dark; no wind and no rain at all, the man and his wife and their ten children were still sleeping in their house. But while they were asleep, the man and his son took the basket and opened it, then poured out all the mosquitoes from the basket, then after that, they jumped down under the house and hid there. Soon the man and his wife and all their ten children were crying aloud, because their bodies were very painful. Then the house was full of mosquitoes too, and also the village.

This is how the mosquitoes come into the village, because this man was angry about the feast and because his friend did not give him any meat at all.

The end of my story.

[By I. Tiana, London Missionary Society, Raukele, C.D.]

**J. R. CLAY & Co., Ltd.**

BUYERS of TROCHUS & BECHE-DE-MER

Standard Pocket Dictionary, 25,000 words  
One Shilling Each

STORIES, Etc., ONLY TO BE SENT TO THE  
EDITOR. ALL OTHER COMMUNICATIONS TO  
THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER, PORT MORESBY