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## The World Scout Jamboree

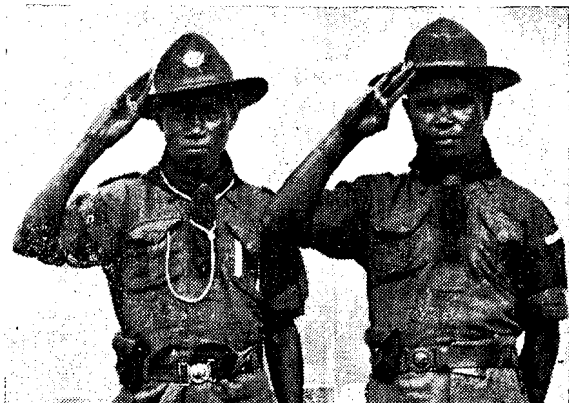
The other day in Melbourne ten thousand Scouts and Guides marched passed B.P.—and when I say B.P. I dont mean Burns, Philp. For there is an even more famous B.P. than our particular B.P.; and that is Baden Powell, the Chief Scout. He had come all the way from England to the big gathering of Scouts and

Guides, Rovers, Brownies and the rest of them at the Melbourne Centenary. With him was his wife, Lady Baden Powell, who is the Chief Guide.

### Scouts of the Torres Straits Islands

At many places they were met by Scouts of different nations and peoples. Lord Baden Powell said that he had met some of all colours—“white, black, yellow and pink.”

He came to Australia through Torres Straits and saw the Scouts at Thursday Island. He said it was a wonderful thing that there should be Scouts in those islands where not so many years ago the people knew nothing of the white man's ways. As it was, any nation might be proud of the Scouts of the Torres Straits Islands. He said that the boys of Darnley Island were the finest Sea Scouts he had seen: they were all six-footers.



Two Papuan Scouts, Lohia Udu and Arua Gavera

### Scouts with Beards

I don't know if any of the Daru Scouts were at Thursday Island. But if they were I am sure they would have done credit to Papua, especially if they were wearing their beards. The missionary at Daru told me that some of his Scouts were not shaving because one of their people had died, and when they wore their beards and their uniforms at the same time they looked very unusual. Perhaps they were the only bearded Boy-Scouts in the world.

### Scouts of Forty Nations

Lord and Lady Baden Powell went down to Melbourne for the International Jamboree. A Jamboree is a big meeting; and it is called international because many different nations were there. There were more than 11,000 Scouts and Guides, and they came from 40 different nations. When they marched past they carried the flags of all these nations. It must have been a very great sight.

### Baden Powell

The Chief Scout is now getting to be an old man, and before he started on the journey from England he was very ill. But by the time he reached Australia he was well again and ready for hard work. Several of our Poreporena Rovers went to the Jamboree at Brisbane some time ago and saw him. One of them wrote then that he was "an old man but still going strong." That was several years ago, so the boy was right.

Lord Baden Powell was a great soldier and he fought in many wars. He is called "the Hero of Mafeking" because he held that place against the people who were then our enemies.

For a long time he was surrounded. But he and the soldiers of Mafeking would not give in. They kept on fighting till at last help came to them, so that the enemy never took Mafeking.

Lord Baden Powell fought in other African wars and the people knew him for a great soldier. The Zulus called him, "The Man who lies down to Shoot." By that they meant that he was a man who makes his plans carefully. And the Matabele called him, "The Wolf that Never Sleeps," for they knew that, like a good soldier, he was always ready.

### Scouts all over the World

When B.P. was done with war he did not stop work. He thought a lot about boys and how to train them. He knew that scouting was useful for soldiers in war, and he thought that it would be useful for boys in peace. And so he got this great idea about Boy Scouts, about teaching boys to help themselves and to help one another. He started it in England not many years ago, and it has spread all round the world. Papua is really a small place, and it is on the outside edge of the world. But the Boy-Scouts and the Girl Guides are among us, and they have come to stay. While the Scouts turn into Rovers we may be sure there will be plenty of Cubs waiting to turn into Scouts.

### The Rock-Trees

If you sail along the coast of the Northern Division you will see two strange rocks not far from Caution Point. They stand at the edge of the sea. And the waves have cut out the rock underneath, so that they look like very big mushrooms.

### Golf Caddies' Beano at Port Moresby

At the end of the year the Port Moresby Golf Club gives its caddies a feast, or "beano." The caddies are boys from Poreporena. They do their work very well, carrying the white player's bag of clubs and looking for the ball. Sometimes—quite often in fact—the player makes a big hit and sends the ball where he does not want it to go. Then the caddy has to have sharp eyes to find where the little white ball is hiding. For an afternoon's work he gets 3d.

On the day of the "beano" the caddies have a competition of their own. They play the game just like white men (a good deal better than some white men), but they use clubs that they have made themselves. And they are very well made. There are "drivers" and "mid irons" and "mashies" and "putters" made out of native wood and iron piping.

When the competition is over the boys sit down to a feast of buns and lollies and gingerbeer. That is the "beano."

This year the winners of the competitions were:

Driving Longest Ball (Big Boys): Vai Eure; (Small Boys): Hedu Boge.  
6 Holes Stroke Competition (Big Boys): Gari Rakatani; (Small Boys): Ao Lou.

### School Children in East Africa

There are five Territories in East Africa. They are the Sudan, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda. In them there live about 16 million natives. Nearly half a million are children attending school.

There is a story about them. The people who live there say that they were once big trees. The *binei*, or "devil-devils" wanted to cut them down by night. They did not want to work by day, for *binei* must not let living people see them.

They wanted the night to be as long as possible, so as to give them plenty of time to work. So they spoke to all the birds and said, "Do not wake too early and sing out, for you will wake up the men and women, and they might see us. If you will promise not to sing in the morning we will give you all some pay."

The birds gave this promise and they got their pay. But the *binei* had forgotten to give any to the *Bovoru* bird; and that is why the trees were never cut down, as you shall hear.

Well, the *binei* came at night-fall and began to cut the trees. The old *binei* worked on one tree, and the young *binei* on the other. They were getting on very well, and the work was nearly done, when the light began to come in the sky. But still the birds did not sing, and the people kept on sleeping. The *binei* were thinking, "We shall finish in time and get away before anyone sees us." But then suddenly the little *Bovoru* bird, who had not got his pay, uttered his cry, *Bowowowowo!* and the *binei* were frightened out of their lives and fled away.

That is why those trees are still standing, though now they have turned into rocks. One of them is nearly cut through. That is the one the young men worked on. The other is not cut into nearly so deep. That is the one the old fellows were chopping. They stopped too often during the night to sit down and chew betel.

## Wonderful Wireless

My dear boy and girl Papuan readers of *The Papuan Villager*.

I expect that all of you at one time or other, in one place or other, have listened to the wireless. You have heard it perhaps, at a plantation, or in your master's or mistress' house, or on a mission station. Why, I think one of you, as a Boy-Scout, once sent a message to your friends

by the fire. We did not hear only the man speaking to us, but we could hear the cattle lowing all round him.

In all parts of the Empire there was a holiday that day, and not only did white men speak their message, but we heard the Maoris, who are the natives in New Zealand, sing one of their songs. And when it came to South Africa's turn we heard, first a white man telling us what the place looked like round him, and then, the



Some of the Caddies  
of the Port Moresby  
Golf Club

at Port Moresby when you were down at Brisbane.

On Christmas Day, this last Christmas, in a room in our home here in England, we heard by wireless what they called our Empire Broadcast. That means from most parts of the British Empire where they have a broadcasting station, a few men were asked to send a message of good-will and friendship to people and King in Great Britain.

You have heard of Townsville; well, we heard a man who looks after cattle send his message which we could hear distinctly as we sat in our chairs here

signed-on native Zulu boys who were working at a white man's place, sang and danced and we could hear their drums beating.

We heard a soldier send his message from the North-West of India, right among big mountains. From Canada too, came a message; and from Sydney Harbour Bridge, one of the men who collect the money paid by motor cars for crossing the bridge, told us just where he was standing and what he was doing.

After him we listened to a man who does the same kind of work in England, not on a bridge, but at one end

of a great tunnel roadway, the biggest in the world, which goes under the great River Mersey where the largest ships come to Liverpool from America and many others places. This tunnel goes from the Liverpool side of the water to the Birkenhead side. And there are so many electric lights in the tunnel it is like daylight. Well this man sent his message and told us about his work, and all the time while motor cars are going under the river, great ships are going up and down the river, quietly moving on the top of the water. Remember boys and girls, all these messages were sent in English from every part of the Empire. You are boys and girls of the same Empire, will you not speak English too?

After we had heard people from all parts of the Empire speak, King George sent his beautiful Christmas message to all his people from his country home at Sandringham. Perhaps some of you heard it, and heard him say how our Empire is like a great family. You Papuan boys and girls belong to that family, you must be loyal to your King and Empire and you cannot be that unless you are loyal to all that is good and right.

Next time I write I will tell you of two wonderful things that were done by wireless last year. Good-bye.

Your friend,

W. J. V. SAVILLE.

## The Australian Museum

The Australian Museum in Sydney has things in it from all parts of the world. There are animals and birds, fishes and insects, and all kinds of interesting creatures from Australia and other countries. They are not living though; they are stuffed and

put into glass cases, and people come to the Museum to look at them.

There are also thousands of things, some of them strange and many of them beautiful, made by human hands. And among these are all sorts of things from Papua. If you carve your paddle well, or make pretty patterns on your bamboo pipe, then your work may someday be in the Australian Museum.

## The Museum Magazine

The Museum publishes a magazine, or paper, four times a year. The last number which has come to us has some things in it that would interest readers of *The Papuan Villager*. There is an article on Marsupial Gliders or "Flying Possuns." These little animals most of you know very well. They are something like tiny cuscus and live on the trees; and they can take long jumps, so long that they almost seem to be flying.

## Motuan Tattooing

Then there is an article on The Tattooing of the Motu Tribe by Mr. R. V. Oldham of Port Moresby. The white people who take *The Australian Museum Magazine* will read how the tattooing is done in this country, and they will see some very good pictures of the pretty designs.

## "Lakatoi" from the Gulf Division

The Gulf natives are fast turning into sailors. They are sending more and more *lakatoi* every year to the villages of the Central Division. These big double canoes are like *lakatoi*, but the Gulf people call them *bevaia*. They carry a cargo of sago and leave home in the North-West

season, in January or February. Then they come home when the first South-Easter begins to blow.

Long ago the Gulf people from Orokolo used to make trading voyages to Motumotu. In those days they had to paddle. Then came the mission; and the natives learnt to



Dr. LAWES MEMORIAL STONE  
A. & K. GIBSON, PHOTO

On this site stood the house of Rev. W. G. Lawes, of the L.M.S., the first white Missionary to settle in Papua. He landed on 21st November, 1874.

use oars. Then they learnt how to put up a mast and a sail. And at last they began to copy the Motu *lakatoi*. Nowadays at Vailala or Orokolo the *bevaia* are almost exactly like *lakatoi*, though they usually have only two dug-outs.

### "Bevaia" Magic

The Gulf people have lots of magic for their *bevaia*, more than the Motu

people. But it does not always make their ships sail very well. The fact is that they are new at the game, and do not know how to make their *bevaia* as well as the Motu make their *lakatoi*. And they often overload them with sago; and so many people want to go in to see the sights of Port Moresby, that they all get aboard and the *bevaia* sinks. I have seen as many as 56 get on to one *bevaia* at Vailala.

### Try, try again

But these Gulf people are always ready to try again. They bail out the canoe, and leave some of the cargo and some of the people behind, and off they go. Sometimes they sink, and sometimes they get wrecked. But every year there are more *bevaia*. In the last two months 10 of them have sailed from the Orokolo villages, as well as others from Vailala and Arihava. Two of the Orokolo *bevaia* came to grief, but 8 got away. They will sell their sago and come back with money and arm-shells.

## 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

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

## Native Contributions

### The Fourteen Papuan Students and their Two Cook-Boys

Dear readers I hope you are all well and that you will be pleased to see this article, because I am going to tell you a bit of our voyage from Port Moresby to Sydney.

Now I am going to start off now.

### From Port Moresby to Cairns

On Friday 28th September, we left Port Moresby about 11 o'clock a.m. Oh, many of our relatives, our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, came to say good-bye to us. While we were at the wharf they sang some very nice songs to us, and also we sang a nice farewell song to them.

After all this was done the captain blew the ship's whistle; that is to say good-bye to all those at wharf and at town. Oh, we were very sorry to leave our relatives and Port Moresby. But when we left the wharf and passed the light-house outside Port Moresby all our sadness was gone, because all our hearts are full of strength, and joy gets into our minds, because now we are going to see the beautiful country.

We sailed all day long, that is Friday 28th September, 1934, and at the evening we slept in our beds and the ship didn't make us sea-sick. It sailed very nicely and the wind blew very silently and also the sea was very calm. And also we sailed all day long on Saturday and in the morning about half-past four we reached Cairns passage. But we anchored outside because it was too dark to go through the passage to Cairns. So we slept outside passage till morning and in the morning about 6 o'clock we pulled the anchor up, and then we went to Cairns.

But we didn't land at Cairns because Doctor Strong didn't tell us to land. So we just stand together on the deck and look towards the town. Oh, it is a very good town at Cairns, where also we saw many bicycles come running on the wharf. And also we were very surprised to see the wharf because it was made up by cement (concrete); but the posts are wood, like our wharf at Port Moresby and Samarai. I mentioned that the wharf has two layers (timber and concrete), timber is at the bottom and the concrete is on the top. We also saw many things that I couldn't write down by name.

### Pinkenba

So then we sailed again on Sunday about 11.30 a.m. for Brisbane. We travelled about four days from Cairns to Brisbane, we reach Brisbane on Wednesday about 9.30 a.m. We went right through the river and we called at a little city called Pinkenba. This is only a little city, and Brisbane is about 8 or 9 miles away. I am not sure about it; one of the white men told me when I asked him how far from Pinkenba to Brisbane; he told me 8 or 9 miles. At this place Doctor allowed us to go ashore. So we were quite pleased to land at this nice little city, and also he told us to dress nice and neatly. After we have dressed Doctor called us and then we all went to him, and he saw our clothes. But we had dressed up neatly, so all of us went with him to the shore. We walked along first to a little shop near the wharf. There we all went in, then Doctor asked us what we wanted and we told him that we were wanting cigarettes. So he bought a tin for all of us and also he got half packet of minties for them. After that we all went out of that shop. We all went for a walk for about one hour on the streets. But we didn't go any further, we just returned to the ship again.

### Rough Weather

We stayed there for couple of hours for unloading a few boxes. After all this was finished we sailed again on the same day (Wednesday) about half-past two for Sydney. We travelled from Pinkenba to Sydney about three days. On the night before we reached Sydney we met a very big wind and the sea was too rough and the ship didn't go very fast. The wind started to blow very hard in the night from about 11 o'clock until morning. We thought this wind was going to cease before daybreak, but it did not cease till we reached Sydney Harbour. Oh, we were very fearful and also we didn't sleep well because the waves made the ship roll about; but she didn't make us sea-sick.

### Sydney

Oh, dear friends I have nothing to say when I saw Sydney! We were very surprised and we were also quite pleased to see this beautiful city and we were very proud of this big bridge across the harbour. It was so high that ships can go underneath it, I should say that you have seen its picture in the *Villager* and also in newspapers; and very few Papuans have seen it. And also we were very surprised

about these big buildings, and also trams and motor cars and trains, etc. And also we were very surprised to see these hundreds and hundreds of people wandering about, going to and fro in the streets. And also I am going to tell you about Ferries. These ferries are boats for taking people across the the harbour. They travel all day long. Oh, ferries, we enjoyed ourselves being out in them.

### About our School

We started our school on Monday, 8th of October.

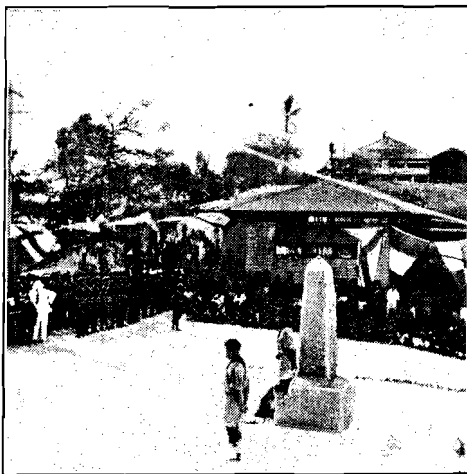
We were a bit anxious, but after a few days were past we knew Doctor Clement and his teaching. Then we were very pleased because his teachings are very good indeed. The lessons are rather

difficult to us, but we ought to try very hard to understand, because we came to study and to learn, not to play about. Now we are just getting on well, and Doctor Clement is getting very busy, but he's not getting tired of us. He is very kind to us, and also he doesn't often get angry. He is a very good man.

### A man knocked over by a Motor Car

One day we were coming back from University. We reached the Manly wharf about 5.5 p.m. so we were hurried by our master to our place (Quarantine Station) where we are living. As we are on the way along a Manly street, I and two of my friends, Gevo and John, met a man and his wife. We were behind them about 12 yards distant. These two persons wanted to go to the other side of the way, but two motor cars met in the middle of the road. One of the cars went the right way, but the other one didn't. She missed her way and rushed to the footpath

and the car was smashed because the path was a bit high, about 1ft. 4in. high. And the poor man was knocked over. The car didn't run over him, but the unlucky man was badly hurt, his back-bone was broken and his head, and the poor man fainted for two or three minutes. After a few minutes an Ambulance came and took him to Manly Hospital. (Ambulance is a car that carries sick people to Hospital.) Oh, dear reader, we were very sorry for the man and also we were sorry for ourselves too.



Scene at the Unveiling Ceremony to Dr. Lawes  
A. & K. GIBSON. PHOTO

### About our first Cricket

Dear friends, I am going to tell you bit about cricket; but I am not going to make a drawing for you as in a scoring book,

because I have not enough time. Sorry I am not going to tell you exactly the scoring book, but I'm going to tell you roughly. This is Killara cricket team. They batted first and played about 1 hour 15 minutes, all out for 68 (11 wickets, 12 on each side.) Then two of our boys went to bat, Ova and Arua. These two boys made the high score. Our score is 4 wickets for 138. Some of us didn't bat because of the rain.

Now reader I am going to say good-bye.

[By Don Nouairi, c/o. School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine, University, Sydney, N.S.W. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

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