

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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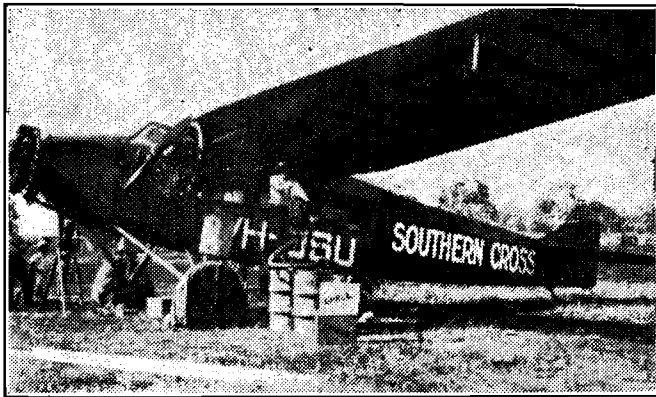
## Aeroplanes Again

### Loss of the World's Biggest Aeroplane

Last month we heard the news that  
the world's biggest aeroplane had

you will see how wide were the wings  
of the *Maxim Goriki*.)

This plane was going on a journey  
when it ran into a smaller plane in  
the air. The small one was "loop-  
ing the loop." That means that it



Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's Plane, *Southern Cross*

crashed. It was a Russian plane  
called the *Maxim Goriki* (after a great  
Russian man of that name). It  
weighed 42 tons; it had 8 engines,  
it travelled at 150 miles an hour;  
and it measured 210 feet across the  
wings. (If you take 70 long steps

was turning in a circle upside down.  
I suppose the pilot was just showing  
how clever he was. Anyhow, he ran  
into the big plane, and it burst into  
flames and crashed to the ground.  
There were 48 people on board and  
they were all killed.

Accidents happen with aeroplanes just as they happen with boats and motorcars. But the people who make them, and fly them, and ride in them, are not frightened by accidents. They go on and make them bigger and faster and safer every year.

### Crossing the Atlantic Ocean

Nowadays people cross the Atlantic Ocean on big steamers. Thousands of people come and go between America and England, and most of them are in a hurry. Before long the steamers (which take 5 days to cross) will be too slow for them. They will all have to travel in aeroplanes.

The English builders are making aeroplanes that will cross easily in less than a day. They will be able to carry 70 passengers with their luggage and with mail bags. Before very long I expect we shall have planes flying with passengers from Australia to Papua.

### An Adventure in the *Southern Cross*

Kingsford Smith, our great Australian pilot has had another adventure in the air. He set out with two other men to take the mail from Sydney to New Zealand; and he used his famous plane, the *Southern Cross*, again.

The journey is 1,500 miles over the sea. When they had gone 600 miles one of the three engines broke down. That left them with only two, so they turned back to Sydney. But before long one of these two engines began to give trouble. The oil was running out.

One of Kingsford Smith's companions named Taylor climbed out to get the spare oil from the first engine (the one that had broken down.) He had to crawl along the wing, and drain off the oil into a kit

bag. Then he had to crawl back and empty it into the second engine. He did all this in a very strong wind. It must have been very dangerous work, but he was not afraid, and he managed to keep the second engine going. Sometimes the plane sank down to within 50 feet of the sea. But when the oil was poured in, the second engine got going again, and at last the plane got safely back to Sydney.

When men can be as brave and skilful as this we may be sure that we shall hear still more wonderful things about travel in the air.

### The Crocodile and the Raft

Once there was a crocodile-man called Doa. He could put off his crocodile skin and walk about as a man; and then, whenever he wanted to, he could change into a crocodile again, and swim in the river. He used to meet women at the river bank when they went to draw water. He would talk to them as man; then suddenly change into a crocodile and eat them up.

One day two boys went to make sago near the home of the crocodile-man Doa. They told their sister to cook some taro at home and bring it down later.

### The Crocodile Eats a Girl

When the sister was going down to her brothers, Doa met her as a man. Down by the water's edge he became a crocodile and ate her. But he took a shell ornament from her neck and put it into his string bag. Then he turned into a man again and went to find the boys making sago.

"Hullo, Grandfather!" they said when he came up; and he sat down

to talk with them. They asked him for some betel nut; but he did not want to open his bag, for he thought they might see their sister's shell ornament inside it. Then the boys opened his bag themselves and saw the ornament. They did not say anything, but they wondered why it was there.

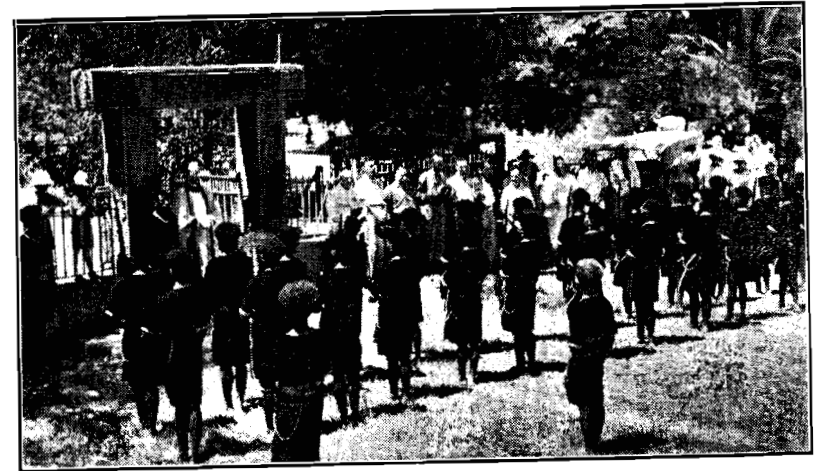
### He Cannot Hide His Teeth

Now Doa began to laugh and joke

kill them there).

The boys answered that they were willing to make the raft, and Doa said, "Let us make it of *Siva* and *Dopena* trees." (These are very heavy trees and no good for a raft). The boys said, "All right." But when the crocodile-man was not looking, they cut down some *Tonga* and *Binyo* trees which are light and make good rafts.

Then Doa said, "Bind them to-



The Armed Constables at the Memorial Gates, Port Moresby, on Anzac Day  
A. & R. GIBSON, PHOTO

with the boys. And whenever he laughed he put his hand up to hide his mouth. For although he could change from a crocodile to a man, he could never change his crocodile-teeth. So he tried to hide them from the boys. But they saw them, and looked at one another. They thought, "Perhaps this is the crocodile-man." But they did not say so aloud.

### The Raft

Then Doa said to the boys, "Let us make a raft of logs and float it on the river." (He wanted to take them to the deep water where he lived and

gether with grass. Don't use strong creeper, it is useless." The boys again said, "All right." But while he was not looking they bound the logs together with very strong creeper.

Then Doa said he himself would swim underneath to keep it up; the boys should bind it on his back with grass. The boys said, "That is very kind of you." And while Doa got underneath they bound the raft on his back. But they bound it fast with strips of cane, and when Doa cried out, "Hi! not too tight!" they answered, "It is only grass."

### The End of the Crocodile

Now everything was ready. Doa thought he would turn into a crocodile in the water. He would swing his tail about and wriggle his body, and the raft would fall into pieces. Then the boys would fall into the water and he would eat them both.

But of course the raft did not fall to pieces. It was too well tied up with creeper. And Doa could not break away because he was tied fast with cane. So while he struggled and kicked and lashed his tail, the boys only laughed. And they blew their trumpet, and the villagers came to help. And they pulled the crocodile-man ashore and killed him with their spears.

This story is told of a place called Doa Jimbari in the Northern Division. The name means, "Where Doa was Captured."

### Remember the Crocodile Competition

Write about what the Crocodile really does, what it looks like, where it lives, what it eats and so on

### Another Month to Write The Winner gets 5s.

Articles must reach the Editor by 20th July

### Empire Day at the Police Barracks

Monday, 27th May, was a holiday because of "Empire Day" (24th May). The Reverend Matthews, who does a great deal to help the Armed Con-



King George who was 70 years old on the 3rd June

stablers, drove out to the barracks to speak to them on that day. The Union Jack was flying on the flag-pole and all the police fell in under Sergeant Taro. This is what Mr. Matthews said:

"Empire Day is the Anniversary of the Birthday of Queen Victoria. She was a great and good queen, and after her death the British nation marked this day to remember.

While she was on the throne the nation grew very strong. Her son, King Edward VII and her grandson George V (our present King) have ruled in the same good way.

The British Navy and the Army honour the King and protect him and his people. The Armed Constables of Papua must do the same. They wear uniforms and they carry rifles like soldiers; and it is their duty to protect this far-away part of the Empire and to keep the law. The King expects them to do their duty."

### Mice in Australia

Sometimes farmers and gardeners have their plants spoiled by "plagues." You mission boys and girls should be able to remember the plagues in Egypt—the frogs, the lice, the flies, the locusts, and so on.

Sometime we get plagues of this sort in Papua. The Editor can remember a plague of caterpillars at Wedau, when you could hardly take a step without squashing one. But we do not often get bad plagues in Papua.

In Australia they sometimes get a plague of mice. Nobody knows why, but suddenly there are millions of mice all over the place. They eat the farmer's wheat and run all over his house. He sometimes shovels them up with a shovel, there are so many, and carries them away in buckets.

Then the mice come down to the wharves in the loads of wheat. They run about the wharf and fall into the sea. The dogs get tired of chasing them. The workmen tread on them; and when they have finished their work they take off their clothes and shake them to see there are none left in the pockets.

Let us hope we never have a plague of mice in Papua.

### Broadcasting in Papua

The Wireless Station in Port Moresby is going to give us a "Broadcasting Service." This means that they will send out news and music and songs and speeches to people who live in this country. Of course you must have a receiving set, if you want to hear. Perhaps in years to come

some Papuans will have "receiving sets" of their own. In the meantime there are some lucky cook-boys who can stand behind the door and listen to the wireless in their *taubadas* houses.

### DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

(PORT MORESBY)—Correspondent, Rea Mea

#### Feasts in Poreporena

There are two dancing feasts going on at Tanobada and one at Elevala.

Rakatani Keke is the owner of one of the Tanobada feasts, with Pipiki Naime as his second man. Heni Hekure is the owner of the other feast, with Mea Gabe as his second man.

These two feasts began through a quarrel between Rakatani and Heni Hekure. In their quarrelling they had boasted about gardens, *Lakator*, fishing, etc., and not only these two had words, but all the relations on either side. Then they decided to make a feast of the kind called *hekara*, one party against the other. But they have made peace now. They have given up the *hekara* and have changed the feasts into *turia*, mourning for their dead relatives.

These feasts will be held next year. This season they will be working very hard so that

### Get Two New Subscribers

#### Prize of a Pocket Knife

ASK two of your friends to take *The Papuan Villager*. Send in their names and addresses to the Government Printer. Don't forget to give your own name as well. For two new subscribers you will get a pocket knife. Get two more and we will send you another pocket knife to give to your brother

### More Subscribers to your Paper

next year they will have plenty of food for their feasts. Heni Hekure and his company have got 1,330 yams out of one garden.

Gari Gari is the owner of the Elevala dancing feast. It is *tuvia*, in mourning for his father, Gari Lohia. He is going to finish sometime this year. He and his company have got about 1,300 yams out of one garden.

#### Gardens

Most people think the yam harvest is less than last year. The yams are a bit smaller. However, the figures are the same as last year.



A Raft on the Kumusi River

The biggest figure I have heard so far is that of Arua Gari (brother of Gari Gari). He and his company got about 2,800 yams.

(MISIMA)—Correspondent, Barton Diritanumo

Two mules from Samarai are working for the Mount Sisa Gold Mines. They come down from Sisa to Bagaioia and take the cargo up from B.P.'s store.

Mr. Reid and his four Kwato boys have built a new house. And the two Wedau boys, Gideon and Malcolm, have been repairing Bunting's store. The Wedau boys have now left for Samarai by the *Nusa*. I was very sorry for them. We shook our hands and said good-bye and the *Nusa* has gone.

#### A Visit to the Old Gold Mines

On Sunday morning I walked down to the wharf at 7 a.m. Then I went to Harry's

house. "Good-morning Harry. How, are you to-day?" "Pretty well, thank you, Barton. What are you doing this morning?" "Nothing to do."

"I was going to Umuna to see Eddie and their children. Would you like to go?" "Oh yes, Harry, I should very much like to go. I wish to see the Gold Mines at Umuna." "Let us go."

We left Bwagaioia at 8 a.m. It was a very fine day, not a cloud was to be seen. Then we walked off. We came to the Gomanaina

Creek. Then by and by the sky got dark, and the rain came, so we became wet. It was a heavy rain commenced upon us.

Walked on through the rain all the way. Came to the first old hole. Here Harry said, "Let us stay in this hole for a while. I'll smoke before we go." "All right my friend, let us stay here. When you finish your smoke, we march on."

Harry lit his pipe, but it couldn't burn well on account of the rain. Because tobacco and matches wet. "Doesn't matter my friend, let us go and I'll smoke in the house while we dry."

Marched off in the rain with the roads under water.

However we reached Umuna Station. Climbed a little step up to Reuben's house, high on top. The step was too slippery.

However, we arrived at Kanbagia at 10.30 a.m. Changed clothes and then we had a drink of tea. Then by and by the rain finished.

About 3 p.m. we all walked from the house down to the Umuna Gold Mines. When I went close to Gold Mines I was very amazed, and very frightened too.

It is a wonderful job. Reuben showed us the graves of old Gold Mines. Some native labourers and their white employers were working inside this ground when it fell upon them and covered them, and they were dead.

After that we said good-bye and farewell. Harry and I walked on our way to Bwagaioia at 5 p.m.

## Native Contributions

### A Story of the Stars in the Sky

I have a star book in my home. I am always reading it and thinking. Sometimes on a clear night I am looking up to see those beautiful stars hanging on the blue-green sky. Then I open my book on the house front and put it on a little table. I want to understand about stars in the sky, but I am too old to learn. Then I saw a star (called *Lagani Hisinna* in Motu) in the sky, from Scorpio body.

### How we Know About the Year's Stars.

Once upon a time a man and his wife lived with their two children together in a certain village. They looked after their babies properly in their house till the first child became bigger. She can look after her brother, therefore their father and mother used to go to garden early in the morning, about 5 o'clock a.m. to come back before dark every day.

### Two Children Angry

Those two children talk to one another. The sister says, "Why do our father and mother leave us early in the morning and go to garden and wait till dark before they come home to us?" The small brother does not know how to answer his big sister. He just laughs. But the big sister is very, very angry with sadness.

The first day they began bad thinking. The girl said to her little brother, "More better we get out from this village and go to another village." Her brother just laughed; he cannot talk, he is very small. Big girl says, "Oh,

I am too tired to look after my brother every day, 6 o'clock a.m. to 6 o'clock p.m. All the other village children, their fathers and mothers leave them and go to their gardens but they come back as quickly as they can to make their children happy. What are we, stone or wood?"

### How they Leave the Village

She put down her brother on the floor. She arose and took a cooking-pot. Then she poured water into the pot and put it on the fire. She cooked some yams for them as quickly as she could, with crying. When she had finished cooking she and her brother ate them all up.

Then she took her brother on her arm, she put him up on her back and she carried him. Then they leave their father's and mother's house as soon as they can, to go out on the beach.

After they had got out, their father and mother came out from the garden. They sat on the verandah. Then they called their children to bring some water, "We want to drink." Nobody answered at all. They call louder. Nobody answered. Father went through the house. No baby, and nobody at all!



The late Igo Erua They ask someone in the village, "Where are our children gone?" One of the women says, "Just a little while ago she carried her brother on her arm and went out coast way. Might have gone to look for some shell-fish."

Then the father and mother go after them. They went out to the beach and saw their children, the big girl carrying her brother on her back, standing in the sea on a rock. Then they call loudly to come back to them. The big girl doesn't want to hear their father's and mother's voice at all. She looked back to the father and mother and explained to them what they had done.

### The Children's Words

"You go back to your home, and cook your food and eat. I and my brother are not your children. All our village people look after their children properly every day, except you two. You always leave us from early in the morning till before dark. I and my brother are always feeling hungry during the day, and month, and year. I don't want to come back to you with my brother at all. It is the best way for you both to go back to your village. I and my brother go to the sky. We are lost children. Call us by our name, "The Year's Star." Next month we will come up on the mountain in a blue and green sky.

### The Lost Children

Their father and mother went after them to the same place as their children and dived down into the sea and swam after them; till they went up to the sky.

The month they went is called *Manumauva* in our Motu language (in the calendar, November.) That time there was thunder and rain and the wind blew hard. After two weeks father and mother went down. There was lightning and thunder, also rain and a hard strong wind blew. Next month which we call, *Biriakei* (in the calendar, December) those four stars came up the mountain again. You can see those four stars in Scorpio. Father and mother stand on Scorpio's tail, they are big stars; the two children stand on the neck.

When Motuan *lakatoi* go to the Gulf Division and wait for the sago, and bind their *lakatoi* quickly they want to come home before those four stars fall into the sea.

You can ask some Motu man to show you the stars I have talked about. Big men know, but some young people do not know. You can read and go out and look above your house roof at 8 or 7 o'clock to see those stars hanging on. You cannot see them until December, when at 7 or 8 o'clock they come up on the mountain.

[By Pastor T. Agarua, Poreporena Teacher, London Missionary Society. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

### The Coconut Bird brings the Coconut

The bird Kakua went to Murua and there

he stayed. And afterwards he wanted to go away.

And first he found the green coconut, and he carried it; and he rose up and came to Misima; and all night there he slept.

In the early morning he opened his eyes and he saw the land, and he looked round and he wanted to go on. And he rose up, and the coconut he carried on his shoulder; and he flew and he flew; and to this land, Taupota, he came. And coconut be put on the ground.

It stays till its time comes to grow. And its leaves it puts them out, and afterwards it grows high and the flowers and nuts begin.

And Kakua he sees it and he is glad. He climbs, and he drinks the young coconut. And the coconut flowers fall down and the young coconuts begin.

And when they are big and they are old and dry, they fall on the ground. And men take them and they plant again; and they grow; and red coconuts and green coconuts come out.

And all the people they came, and nuts they scraped with the shell. And other nuts they sold, and all the land has the coconut.

This is how the coconut came to our land.

[By Cyril Arerendai, c/o. Anglican Mission, Taupota.]

### A Cat that Buys its Own Meat

In a certain street in a certain town a shoemaker lives opposite a butcher. The shoemaker has a cat, and every day he gives it a penny. The cat runs across the street with the penny in its mouth. She goes to the butcher's shop and drops the penny on the floor. Then the butcher cuts off a piece of meat and gives it to her. The cat does not take the meat back to her master. She eats it. Teach your cat this trick, or try it on the dog. Send him to the Port Moresby Freezer every day with a penny.

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