

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 8, No. 10
October, 1936

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

Helping Yourselves

The L.M.S. at Poreporena, near Port Moresby, have just had a "Hospital Week." They wanted two things, first to make the people more interested in their hospital, second to collect some money to pay off their debt. Sister Fairhall and Mr. Ure did not want to ask the Government for more money. They thought they would get the villagers to raise the money for themselves. This is what they did.

The Lucky Dip

First of all there was a "Lucky Dip." Some friends of the Mission gave a lot of little presents. Each one was wrapped up in a parcel, and all were put into a box. Then the people came to have a dip and try their luck. Rea Mea has written about it:—

Nearly all the children, men and women of Poreporena brought one penny each, and as they put their penny in the cash box they dip their hands into the box for the small parcels. Each of them took one parcel. These are beads, combs, fish-lines, dollies, pictures. The lucky ones took the best things.



A Merry Widow of the Abau District

Painting the Hospital

Next there was a clean-up of the hospital. The Scouts painted the building and the Girl Guides tidied up the ground nearby.

The Baby Show

Then there was a Baby Show. The mothers had their babies all clean and nice for the show, and some ladies came from Port Moresby to judge. The best babies got a small prize, and we have not heard that there were any rows among the mothers.

The Concert

On Saturday evening, 3rd October, there was a concert given by Sister Fairhall's Girl Guides and the Hospital Boys and others. Men and women had to pay threepence to go to the concert, and children one penny.

The Procession

On the following day, Sunday, there was a big procession through the village. The Scouts and Guides were in their uniforms, and the Hospital Boys led the way. These wore white *ramis* with a red cross and they carried red cross flags. In Rea Mea's words:—

They pretend to carry a sick man on a stretcher, and some pretend to walk with crock legs and broken arms. And there are two boys carrying the cards with the words written, "All come to church with your gifts to God."

The Gifts in Church

Then all went to church bringing their presents for the hospital. These are the things they brought: 3 dozen baskets and fans; 8 dozen medicine bottles (some empty, some full); 42 rolls of lint and wool; 115 lb. of yams; splints, slings, pillow-cases; packets of salts; one box of matches; one box of carbolie soap; one string of beads; and a carved piece of wood resembling a shark. Besides these things some brought money.

The money from the Lucky Dip, the Concert, and the Church Collection all came from the villagers. It

was £12 10s. Some European friends gave £10 10s. Altogether the hospital got £23, which was enough to clear off the debt.

Sister Fairhall was very pleased and "gave her great thanks to the people and to the helpers."

Don't Eat Other Peoples' Cats

Papuans often eat dogs, and I see no reason why they should not eat cats too, if they want to—though it is not very nice to eat an animal you are fond of. But if you do eat them they must at least be your own cats and dogs.

Some time ago a native stole a cat that belonged to a lady in Port Moresby. He killed it, and invited his friends to help him eat it. Perhaps they enjoyed the cat; but the man who stole it went to gaol for a month, and I don't suppose he is enjoying that. Everyone will say, serve him right.

A Papuan Cathedral

The Anglican Mission is building a big church at Dogura. It will be called the "Cathedral" because it is the chief of all the Anglican churches.

The cathedral will be 115 feet long; it will be 40 feet from the floor to the top of the roof; and it will have two towers, each of 56 feet. These two towers are to be called the Maclaren Tower and the King Tower, after the two men who started the Mission.

The cathedral is being built by the natives. They are giving their work free. Sixteen boys work for three months at a time. Then they go home and another sixteen boys take their places.

The "Moresby"

We have had a ship of the Australian Navy tied up to the Wharf at Port Moresby for nearly a week. She came here for supplies of food and oil.

She is not a fighting boat though she may have a gun hidden away somewhere. But she is sent out to chart the seas and is called a Surveying Ship. To chart the seas means to make a map of the floor of the sea. This is a very important job and last year there were 582,890 such maps made by different surveying ships. That looks like a big number but now so many have been made that they think the sea-bed is almost completely charted.

Sometimes there is a change in the sea-bed caused by an earthquake

under the sea, or a new reef made by the coral insect. The *Moresby* has been looking for a new coral reef that was reported to exist in the Indian Ocean but she could not find it.

Now she has gone to chart the coast of the South-Eastern Division and see the new light Mr. Harris placed there early this year. These lights must be in the right spot on the map or sailors will get out in their reckonings and their boat will be up on the reef.

She is called the *Moresby* after Admiral Moresby, I suppose, who gave his name to Port Moresby.

Aeroplanes

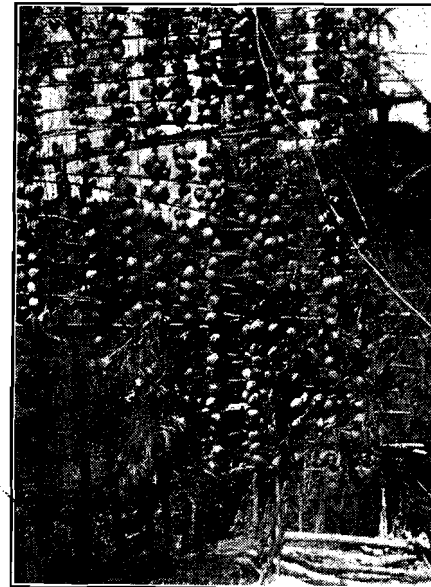
Miss Jean Batten

A young woman from New Zealand has become very famous at flying. She is Miss Jean Batten, and she has just flown alone from England to Australia. That is a very great thing in itself. But she has easily broken the record; she has done the long journey much faster than any one person before. She took 5 days and 21 hours.

She has since broken another record by flying from Sydney to her home in New Zealand in 9½ hours.

A Height Record

People keep trying to break records, and the fliers try to fly higher and higher. The height record has now been made by an Englishman called Swain. In a British plane he has reached a height of 49,967 feet. This beats a record made a little while before by a Frenchman, who reached 48,698 feet. You can work this out in miles for yourselves.



Coconuts Ready for a Feast at Bam, Abau District

"Eggs—With Care"

Some of you have seen the Museum in Port Moresby. Inside are all sorts of things belonging to the different parts of Papua. Some come from the Gulf Division and some from the North-East Division and so on. There are small *lakatoi*, *kaiva kuku* masks, good bits of carving, feather-head-dresses and many more things that are used and made by the Papuans.

In the Transvaal, a part of Africa, there is also a Museum. It is a very much larger one than we have in Port Moresby. One day there came a parcel for the caretaker. On the outside was written "Eggs—With Care." So it was opened and when the lid was taken off the box was found to be full of wriggling snakes about 2 ft. long.

The box was supposed to contain python eggs. The heat of the stuff packed round them must have hatched the eggs. It could not have been a very nice surprise for the man who opened them, even though the python is not a poisonous snake. I hope no one gives the caretaker of the Port Moresby Museum a surprise like that.

An Accident Caused by Snoring

The other day the Judge had to try a case from Rigo. Some men had put up a pig-net, and they were staying near it for the night. Perhaps they were going to hunt first thing next morning. An old man called Faula Umio lay down beside the net and slept.

Now some people make a noise in the back of their noses when they sleep. It is called snoring, and Faula

Umio was a snorer. He snored so loudly that a man, Faula's own nephew, thought it was a pig. He came creeping up in the darkness and threw his spear and killed the poor old man. He was tried for murder, but it was an accident so he was found not guilty.

Lord Semphill in Difficulty

We told you before how Lord Semphill flew over from Australia to visit Papua. He has been flying in many parts of the world since then.

A little while ago he was flying from Australia home to England. He and his companions had left Port Darwin to fly across the sea to Koepang. But he did not get there. They lost their way because some wireless went wrong, and had to land on a little reef in the middle of the sea. By good luck a native fishing boat found them or they would have died of hunger.

The King's Coronation

Our new king, Edward VIII, is a real proper king; but he has not yet been crowned.

It is the custom in England, when they have a new king, to wait for about a year before they put the golden crown on his head. They have fixed the day for King Edward: it is 12th May next year.

It will be a very big day. Thousands and thousands of people will travel to England from Australia and other places to see it. No doubt some of the white people in Papua will go to England then. Most of us will have to stay home. But I dare say they will make it a public holiday.

Harnessing Rouna Falls

When you want a horse to pull a cart you have to put "harness" on him. You have to put a big collar round his neck; and a belt round his middle; and so on. And the horse pulls the cart by strong "traces," like big heavy straps, which are made fast to his collar. All these things are made of leather and are called "harness." You harness your horse so that you can use him for work.

Now we are going to harness the waterfall at Rouna. Of course we don't put a collar and belt on a waterfall. We just say we are harnessing it because we are going to put up some machinery and make it work for us. The word "harness" is a sort of joke.

Above the top of the falls they will build a wall in the river. This wall is called a "weir." It will only go about half-way across; so that much of the water will go by and fall over the falls just as it does at present.

But some of it will be stopped by the weir and this will be carried off in a "race." The water runs down the race to the lower ground beneath the falls; and it runs very fast and makes a lot of force.

Somehow or other the engineers know how to turn this force into electric power. (The Editor hasn't the least idea how they do it, so he won't try to tell you.)

The power will be used to drive machinery on the new gold mine near Sapphire Creek. This mine is called Mandated Alluvials.

Native Golfers

The caddies of the Port Moresby Golf Club now have their own match

each week. They start early on Friday morning and play a game. Then later on they hand in their cards, and the boy with the best card gets a small prize. As you know, they have to play with clubs they have made themselves. The balls are old ones that their white masters have given them.

Golf in Fiji

In the island of Kadavu, Fiji, there is a club made up of Fijians, all except one member who is the European schoolmaster. They play very well and have had matches with the Europeans in Suva (the capital town of Fiji).

Always Try to Hole Out in One

The other day one of these Fijians "holed out in one." That means that he hit the ball into the hole with



Bark-Cloth Painting, Berepa, Gulf Division

one bang. A famous newspaper in England heard of this wonderful thing and wrote and asked him to send his photo and write an article.

Well, the Editor promises that if any caddy holes out in one on the Port Moresby course he will put his photo in *The Papuan Villager*. And any caddy can send in an article. If it is good enough the Editor will put it in the paper even if you can't hole out in one.

A Record in Sweet Potatoes

At Bulolo, in the Mandated Territory, a native found a sweet potato growing among some stones and earth near the mining dredge. It was not a proper garden but it was certainly a proper sweet potato. It was two feet long and weighed 45 pounds. Can any Papuan gardener beat that?

A Printing House at Hula

There is a new printing house at Hula now. It has been built by Akaru and Iga and other Mission boys and is of wood, iron and cement, on a high coral base.

It was opened on 9th September. Mr. Short sent out a letter to tell the teachers to come in. They made a feast and had prayers in front of the printing house.

Raula has written to tell us about it all. He says that Mr. Short (Velepara) made a speech. He said, "First we will print a hymn book, and then the Lord knows what!"

Native Contributions

Rev. H. L. Hurst's Visit to Lawes College

Dear Readers,

I want to tell you about one of the L.M.S. masters who came from Australia to see the work of the L.M.S. in Papua. He is the L.M.S. Secretary of Australia and New Zealand. On 20th September our master, Rev. F. J. Searle, went by the *Oinania*, one of our launches, to Samarai to meet him. They both went to Milne Bay to see that place and then returned to Samarai again. They arrived at Lawes College about 8.30 a.m. on Friday. Saturday morning he and Mr. Searle and Mr. Fisher went to the waterfall and up the creek to get a better view. At 2.30 p.m. we played a football match against Isuleilei. Mr. Hurst was with us and Mr. Fisher with Isuleilei. They made two goals and we also made two goals. It was a beautiful game.

On Sunday we had our Communion Service together with him, and he talked to us. In the afternoon Isuleilei people came over to us and we all sang together with him.

The Play Night

The women had their play first. It was about the story of Snow White. One of the women was the king; she wore trousers and shirt, and some other things too; she looked like a white man. Another woman was her wife, and she also wore a long dress. Another woman was their daughter. Seven women were seven brothers. Their play was very good and it looked very nice. One of our *Sinabadas* taught them; she was a Samoan woman called Initia. Her husband died on 16th July this year. Some of you know this story. The Lawes College girls made their drill; they also looked very nice. After that the Isuleilei girls with their Samoan woman, Esther, made their dance.

The Men's Play

We students acted one of the Bible stories. It was in Old Testament history. The story of Jacob and his sons. We did not have it all but only their journey. First we went to Egypt. When we returned from Egypt, on the way we found the money in our bags. (Egypt was the end part of our schoolroom.) The Governor of Egypt was one of the students, and another student was the king of

Port Moresby Telephone

Dear Readers,

I want to tell you how the white people talk to one another over the telephone in Port Moresby. I am a telephone boy and I sit in the operator's chair at a switchboard and I help the white men to talk to one another over the telephone wires.

One day I was sitting in my chair when Mr. Yates rang me and asked to talk to Sogeri Plantation 37 miles away. I rang Mr. Godson and he immediately answered the call and the two *taubadas* talked to one another and heard perfectly. I simply say both telephone and radio are the quickest messengers. They can so quickly go a day's journey and we Papuans can only walk these long distances and take many hours.

The System at Work

I think the Port Moresby telephone was first established in 1912. It was only for the Government officers then, but later it was extended to several stores and private houses. Then it was decided to establish a modern system under the direction of an officer from the Postmaster-General's Department of the Commonwealth.

We have a switchboard in the telephone office connected with 160 direct lines, 49 private lines, and 1 Trunk Line that connects Sogeri, Eilogo, Rouna Falls, Bootless, Meri-

Egypt; all the rest were their servants. On the second journey we took our young brother with us because the Governor wanted to see him, and he told his servants to put the cup in our little brother's bag. We returned from Egypt again; as we were going along, the Governor's servants come to find the cup. They found it in our little brother's bag and we all went back to Egypt.

At that time the Governor showed himself to us that he was our own brother. Then he told us to bring our old father to Egypt. So we went back to Caanan and brought our father back to Egypt. Joseph and our old father went to the King's Palace to meet him. That was the end.

After that the Samoans made their dance.

The Presents

On Saturday the Isuleilei gave their presents to Mr. Hurst. On Thursday morning we gave ours to him and he enjoyed them all very much. He had never seen such things before. Also they were different from white men's things.

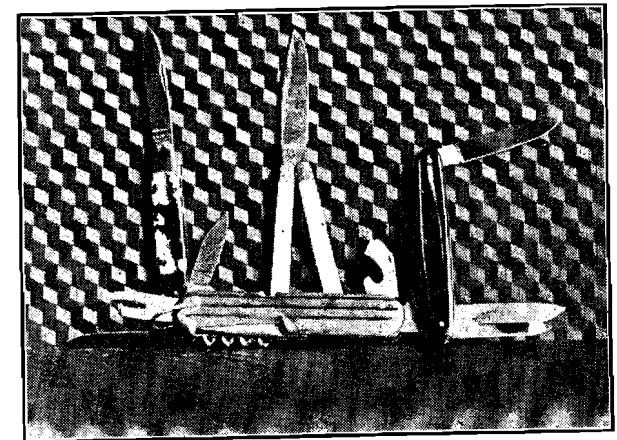
He told us he would take them to Australia and put them in a house to keep them. Also he said he was very happy when he received those things.

He left us on Saturday morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Parry, for Mailu.

[By Jack Rabu of Lawes College. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

KNIVES FOR GETTING NEW SUBSCRIBERS @

(Any subscriber who sends in the names of two new subscribers, together with two shillings, will get a Pocket Knife)



geda, Goal Gardens and Mr. Lampo at the 3 miles. In addition there is the line to Napa-Napa that runs right round the harbour.

Just lately we have had a new switchboard put in and there are 200 lines on this one. The old switchboard is worn out and it had to be removed and the new one is called a Magneto Switchboard.

The Calls we Answer

Native operators answer about 250 calls an hour, or a call every 15 seconds. The average call per subscriber, per day, is 9: and during the year the calls answered amount to about 460,000.

On behalf of Native Operators I wish to express to all readers of *The Papuan Villager* our sincerest good wishes.

[By Lohia T. Hitolo, Telephone Exchange, Port Moresby.]

Dew

The dew has fallen over beyond the mountain called Mount Albert Edward. It is cold and bright, but we could see the dew from our station. Something like a thin cold vapour.

In the early morning the birds whistled to see such a fine morning and they were joyful because of the fine water on the leaves from the dew or misty rain. The cuscus walking from branch to branch were happy to see the young leaves for their breakfast.

At night, when we were asleep, it was still cold and the dew commenced falling above us about 4 a.m. When we woke in the early morning we could see the flowers and trees had green leaves. And we saw the sand beach glistening under the hot sun up the coast near Mamba.

Have you looked at your garden this morning? Oh, it's beautiful and the vegetables are growing well and all the leaves so green. This is because the dew has fallen this morning.

[By Asagi Awaga, native clerk. Ioma.]

New Axes and Knives

Our Papuan people are no longer making axes and knives. The white men brought them to Papua when they came. The Papuan people saw them and took them and were very glad.

Some of their own axes and knives were made of bamboo and some of sago-skin (bark). We use sago-skin because it is very strong and sharp. Some other people made axes of stone. Now people do not make these axes. They go to the white people for their axes and knives. Papuan people say that these knives are very good and very sharp and they say, "Thank you very much white people" for now we can make our gardens and roads all very clean.

This is the end of my story. Good-hye.

[By Uiva Molola, a boy of Savaivili, G.D.]

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Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—8100/11.26.