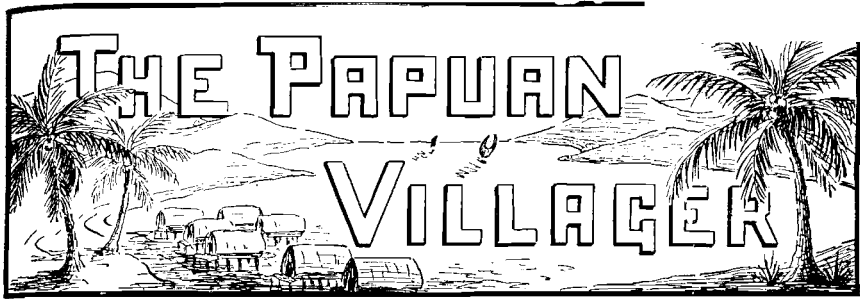


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist
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A Coconut Plantation

14,000 Bags of Copra a Year

One of the biggest of the coconut plantations in Papua is "Robinson

about 1,000 tons of copra every year. (As about 14 bags go to a ton this means something like 14,000 bags.)

The Labourers

Of course this means a lot of work,



The Native Labourers at Robinson River Plantation, with Messrs. McDonald, Brewster and Speedie

River," near Abau. More than 3,300 acres are planted, and there are more than 150,000 coconut trees. As you know, the coconuts are used to make copra; and Robinson River makes

both for the white men who look after the place, and for the native labourers. There are usually about 150 natives at work on Robinson River and they come from different parts of Papua.

Most of them are Goaribaris and Kiwais; but others are Kikoris, Orokolos, Gosiagos and boys from Gaile.

The Copra Gang

They are split up into gangs for different kinds of work. First of all there is the copra gang (42 boys). They have to collect the nuts, split them and get out the coconut. Each boy gets you something like 400 lb. a day.

Weeders

Then there are the weeders (25 to 30 boys). All the year this job goes on, for when the grass is cut at one end of the plantation it is growing again at the other.

Stock Attendants

There are the stock attendants (10 boys) who have to look after the stock, that is the cattle and horses. Robinson River has 400 cattle and 50 horses, so they have plenty of work to do.

Other Jobs

Other boys look after the factory engines; others cut firewood for the drying sheds; others look after the roads and railways; others are garden boys, growing food for the labourers; others are cook boys, who have to get the meals ready; and then there are the house servants also; and the "Pest" boys, who have to go along the lines looking for sick trees and collecting beetles. There are plenty of other jobs—digging drains, making fences and bridges and so on—to keep the boys busy.

A Railway

Robinson River has 20 miles of railway lines. These are iron bars laid along the tracks for the wheels of the trucks (as on the wharves at Port Moresby and Samarai). The

trucks, loaded with coconuts, are pulled along by tractors. I expect the copra gang also ride on the trucks. There are two launches, and the *Papuan Chief* comes right up the river to the wharf to pick up the copra.

Food, Tobacco and Cod-liver Oil

The labourers are well looked after. For food they get rice, wheatmeal, flour, peas, native vegetables, and as many coconuts as they want. (But any boy climbing a tree to get a green coconut gets into a big row.) They have plenty of meat, because the cattle and pigs are killed to feed them. They get their weekly tobacco and a weekly dose of cod-liver oil. They fall in for their cod-liver oil, and as each boy passes a spoonful is tipped into his open mouth.

In the pictures you see the boys of Robinson River on Saturday afternoon when the week's work is over.

The Luck of a Pilot

We read in a paper called the *Pacific Islands Monthly* about a pilot who had a lucky escape. His name is Mendham, and he was flying from Port Moresby to Wau. He started in the afternoon and the clouds came together over the mountains, and he could not see his way. After flying for a long time he found that his oil was nearly all gone, and still he could not see where he was. So he decided to come down among the trees on the mountain tops.

An Old Aerodrome

He came down slowly. He put a thick cushion in front of his chest so that when he hit the ground he would find the bump a little softer. Then he got ready for the crash. But

when he came down out of the clouds, he saw an old aerodrome right underneath him. So he was able to land, and he was mighty lucky.

But there were no white people near. Some natives were friendly and gave him food. But how was he to get away, for nearly all his petrol was finished?

Bush Fires

In Papua the villagers often set fire to the grass to hunt pigs and wallaby; and sometimes the grass or the forest catches fire by someone's mistake. It may do a lot of harm to houses and gardens; but Papuan fires mostly last only a few hours.



Falling in for Tobacco on Saturday, Robinson River Plantation

Kerosene from the Natives' Lamps

He noticed that some of the natives had kerosene lamps; and he asked them for some kerosene. He mixed this with the little bit of petrol he had left and was able to fly to another drome.

This also was an old drome no longer used. But he found a lot of petrol tins lying about, and he looked through them. They seemed to be all empty, but, lucky again, he found that two had petrol in them. So he put this into his tank and flew off to Wau.

Mr. Mendham had lots of luck. But he also used his head.

In Australia and other dry countries they have big bush fires that may go on for days and weeks. They have been having very bad fires in Victoria. They began in the middle of March and went on till after the first week in April.

The fires destroy crops and houses and sheep and cattle. All the men and boys come out to help fight against the flames, for the wind carries them from one part of the country to another. These are the worst fires they have had in Victoria for 10 years.

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The Dog and the Eagle

A story comes from South Africa of a dog who went for an unexpected flying trip. He was asleep in the sunshine and perhaps thinking of his next bull-a-ma-cow dinner when suddenly a huge bird swooped down and seized him in her claws and flew off with him.

The farmer's wife to whom he belonged heard the noise made by the wings of the eagle and she ran out to see what was the matter. She saw her dog being carried up into the air by the huge bird and she was not able to do anything to stop the thief. He flew 10 feet in the air and then right over a field of corn. About 200 yards away he dropped the dog for he found him heavier than he had thought he would be. Before he could fly down to get a better hold on it a man working in the fields ran up and rescued the frightened dog.

I don't think that dog will sleep in the open any more without keeping one eye open for his enemy from the sky. He might not be so lucky next time!

A Shark and Three Boys

Not long ago three white boys who live in the Fiji Islands went fishing. They took a boat that belonged to the eldest boy's father and they went out to the reef.

They saw a shark swimming in circles round the boat and thought they would catch him. So they got out their strongest line and baited the hook. The shark snapped it up and raced out to sea. The boys had tied the line to the boat and now it was so tightly pulled by the shark that they could not untie it. The

shark swam out to sea for half an hour dragging the boat along with it. At last it got tired and the boys got out their paddles and pulled the boat to the shore. The shark measured 9 ft. long.

It is a pity Papuans cannot harness their big canoes and *lakatoi* to sharks when they go on their long trading expeditions and get pulled along for nothing.

Another Big Patrol.

The Government is sending another big patrol into the Western and Delta Divisions. Mr. Ivan Champion will be in charge, and he will have with him Mr. Adamson. Mr. Champion has done some very long patrols already. He went with Mr. Karius up to the top of the Fly River and from there down the Sepik, crossing New Guinea from south to north. Mr. Adamson has been in the Kambisi district, and he has done plenty of exploring and mountain climbing there.

The party has already left Port Moresby for Daru. They will collect some western men for carriers and they will also have some prisoners. They will go right up the Bamu River. Then they will go east to a big lake called Margarita; then they will go north-east to a mountain called Giluwer; and then down the Purari River homewards. Mr. Champion and Mr. Adamson will go over some of the country where Messrs. Hides and O'Malley did their patrol last year.

It is a very long walk for the white men and the police and the carriers. We hope to see them all back in Port Moresby in about nine months time.

The Plane and the Duck

Sometimes pilots of aeroplanes have seen birds trying to attack them, and there is one big bird called the eagle who is especially fearless. He is the strongest of all birds so he does not like to see anything bigger than himself in the sky perhaps.

server was all right but the pilot was badly hurt.

The Eagle and the Bank-notes

The eagle is a very strong bird and a big one. He lives mostly in the mountains and builds his nest of quite large sticks in a high place on the



Sergeant Geßera and three Constables at Kerema

But a very strange thing happened to one of the Canadian pilots while he was flying over the city of Vancouver in British Columbia. He flew among a large flock of ducks. One of the flying ducks struck him on the head and stunned him. When you are stunned you do not know what you are doing, and that is a bad way to be when you are in charge of an aeroplane in midair.

The pilot lost control of his machine and it plunged into the sea about 200 feet below. The observer who sat beside him was thrown out and the pilot was nearly drowned. They were both rescued. The ob-

mountain tops.

One day, in a little village in Bavaria, a man thought he would hide his money in his woodpile. He thought it would be quite safe there for who would think of looking for money in a woodpile? But an eagle flew over and, seeing the wood, flew down to get sticks for her nest. She picked them up in her claws and with them she took up the notes and off she flew to her nest. The man watched which way she flew and then he started off to climb to the top of the mountain to find the nest. He reached the place and waited till the bird flew away and then searched for the money. He found nearly all

of it, but some had been destroyed by the bird in her efforts to line the walls of the nest.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, Rea Mea)

The Native Cricket Team from Port Moresby visited Hula on Good Friday. There are 15 members. The Hon. E. C. Harris, the captain of Port Moresby's white team, and one of its members, Mr. McLean, accompanied the team.

Leaving on Thursday night in lovely good moonlight, with good fair wind and gentle water, the whole way unroughly, we arrived at Hula in the morning of Good Friday at 9 a.m., just at the time when the people were leaving the morning service. They were all excited and turned out to welcome us with the other villagers.

Fortunately Hon. E. C. Harris and Mr. McLean were invited by the Rev. H. J. Short to stay in the Mission House, and the Samoan pastor, Talatoun, prepared his house for us.

Cricket commenced at 2 p.m. with Poreporena batting. It was simply an awful cement pitch. Cracks and holes made the ball fly up the sky, and there were dangerous "body-lines" too, making the players duck often. Several of us had finger injuries. Poreporena never thought they could last long on that pitch and the wickets fell very easily. A poor score; all out for 47 runs. Hula was quite used to the pitch and they easily stood our flying balls. They did very well on the dangerous pitch and made 168 runs. Poreporena had another try but again they failed to make any score; they only made 73 runs. So Hula, in great victory, won by an innings and 48 runs.

In the afternoon the villagers assembled on the cricket ground to present yams to the two umpires, Hon. E. C. Harris and Mr. McLean. Hon. E. C. Harris spoke to the Hula people about repairing the cement for he said a white team might come one day to play against them. He also gave a present of 10s. to help rebuild the pitch.

The mission girls gave us a splendid entertainment, clever dancing to the music of a record that Mrs. Short had taught them.

Then everyone of us went to see the Cricket Club and the village people put a huge heap of food for the Poreporena cricketers. Then some leading men spoke, and our leader, Heni Heni, spoke and we gave them our great thanks for their kindness and presents. And then the Rev. Short arranged a special cricketers' service on Easter Sunday afternoon.

I am quite sure both Europeans and natives had a jolly good time out there.

We left for home on Monday at 10 a.m. and arrived at Port about 9 p.m. We spent some hours at Kapa Kapa to go ashore and cook our lunch.

POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS).

Rea Mea, b. Piki Ravu	3
Baru Morea, b. Piki Ravu... ..	2
Rarua Tau, b. Piki Ravu	13
Hila Tutuhi, b. Piki Ravu... ..	6
Teima Boe, b. Piki Ravu	18
Agalu Tutuhi, b. Piki Ravu	0
Pipi Heni, c. Ware, b. Piki Ravu	0
Dai Hekure, c. Iga, b. Piki Ravu	3
Udu Dia, not out... ..	0
Mavara Hekure, c. Pipi, b. Vui	1
Heni Heni, run out	0
Sundries	1
Total	47

BOWLING: Piki Ravu, 8 for 9; Vui Vagi, 1 for 33.

HULA (1ST INNINGS).

Vui Vagi, c. Pipi, b. Raru Tau	29
Piki Ravu, h.o.w., b. Udu Dia	3
Iga Vagi, c. Mavara, b. Udu Dia	6
Kapulu, l.b.w., b. Hila Tutuhi	73
Ware Giro, b. Rarua Tau	10
La Itama, c. Hila, b. Rarua Tau	3
Api, not out	7
Kila Raimo, b. Hila Tutuhi	19
Paeva, b. Hila Tutuhi	8
Nuga, b. Rea Mea	0
Kapa, b. Hila Tutuhi	4
Sundries	6
Total	168

BOWLING: Pipi Heni, 0 for 6; Udu Dia, 2 for 15; Rea Mea, 1 for 53; Rarua Tau, 3 for 45; Heni Heni, 0 for 31; Hila Tutuhi, 4 for 10.

Poreporena 2nd Innings only added 73.

So far as I can see the Hula boys are very keen sportsmen. They never look tired; they always look strong and healthy in fielding. I am proud to say they are the best fieldsmen in the world.

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



Some Armed Constables at Headquarters

Wedding of Reuben and Idau Alice Pollard

A wonderful wedding took place at St. John's Church, Port Moresby, on 4th April. Reuben Masiareni of Wedau was married to Idau Alice Pollard of Poreporena. Reuben was educated by the Anglican Mission of Dogura and he is employed at the Government Printing Office. Idau was educated by the L.M.S. Mission at Metoreia and also at Delena.

They had several arguments about which Church they would be married in but finally they all agreed to have the wedding at the man's church. So Rev. H. T. Matthews was asked to perform the ceremony. Reuben hired a lorry for the wedding party and they went in and out by lorry, a distance of 2 miles.

Jeffery Bunori of Wedau was the best man and Ranu Oala of Poreporena was the bridesmaid. A number of friends from Poreporena and some Wedau boys who were working in town attended the wedding.

The relations and the friends of the bride in the village had prepared a feast and in the afternoon everyone went to this. At 7 p.m. the young friends of Poreporena had a sing-

song and dance and also gave presents to the wedding couple. After this at a late hour the wedding couple went to the woman's home for their honeymoon. Let us hope they may have a happy long life and God bless them during their new life.

I hope you all know Reuben, because he is one of the members of *The Papuan Villager*. For many times he has sent in articles and last issue he won the 5s. prize. He is also a member of the Poreporena L.M.S. Scouts. His wife is also a member of the Girl Guides.

Native Contributions

The Armed Native Constabulary

All my kind people in the North-Eastern Division and the Northern Division, please see this story of the Armed Native Constabulary. It is very hard work because we keep our work going all the time.

Hard Work

We start at 6 a.m. and go on till 6 p.m. I write this letter about the policemen's work so that everybody shall read and see that our work is good. Afterward some boys will want

to be policemen and they will come. I must tell all my friends that it is very hard work.

Begin Work at 6 o'clock

Policemen begin work at 6 a.m. We fall in, in fatigue dress, at 6.30 a.m. for physical drill. At 7 a.m. bathing parade in the sea. At 7.30 a.m. breakfast at the table. At 8 a.m. we fall in, in fatigue dress, for the town guard and orderlies to Port Moresby.

At 8.15 a.m. there is squad drill on the parade grounds and at 9.15 a.m. cleaning the barracks and grounds. At 10.15 a.m. arming instructions or rifle practice on the rifle range. At 11.15 a.m. tent pitching instructions or lessons in English with a blackboard. Squad drill is at 12.15 p.m. on the parade grounds and at 1 p.m. we have dinner.

We start again at 2.15 p.m. for instruction in use of the rifle, cleanliness of kit, etc., or fatigues. Then about 3.15 p.m. we are taught the time with a clock face. We have finished by 4 p.m. At 4.30 p.m. full-dress parade on the parade ground and we have finished by 6 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. the town night guard goes to Port Moresby.

Singing Lessons

Every Wednesday Rev. H. Matthews comes to teach us to sing the marching song. He is the Church of England clergyman and a very good father to us.

At 9 o'clock we have roll-call and after that nobody can go out and everyone must go to bed. If a man or any of the N.C.Os. go out after 9 o'clock they get into trouble with the Government.

This is the Government law.

Be a Policeman

On Sundays we keep going at this job though it is a holiday time. The policemen work everywhere, in the bush, on the station, anywhere. If any man wants to be a policeman let him listen to this about the work. He must work hard and understand well and if he does this he can stay with the Government all his life.

I have written this story of the Armed Native Constabulary of Papua about the work of the Police and what they can do. I like the North-Eastern Division people. They should come to train as policemen because they can speak and read and write good English. They stop in their villages doing nothing. My own district people they know everything, reading and writing and speaking

English well and they stay there doing nothing.

I will say to all my best friends, "Where do all you people get your money from to pay the tax? Where does it come from? Does it come by itself or not?"

No, it comes because the men work hard on the Government stations or outside on the plantations. Sometimes a man gets lots of money and by and by when his time expires he goes to his village and pays up his tax.

This is the true story of the Armed Constabulary. It was so long that I had to write a lot of it again, making it shorter.

[By Lance-Corporal Gordon, Police Barracks, Port Moresby. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Daily Fishing

Men who go out fishing pole their canoes side by side. Then some one will call out, "Ready for the casting of the net" and all the canoes must pole strongly until they have cast round the fish.

Two men cast the net together and hold in their right hands the fish-catcher. They wait until the mullet come into their net and they cast them around with the net and watch out for the jumping up of the mullet for many people stand about the net and say, "Oh come to me!"

But the mullet is a very difficult fish (it is like the human being) because it does not want to come to the man, and this is what it has to do when it is caught in the net. A man who is in good luck, or good smelling, finds the mullet jumping at him every time and that man will get about ten or twenty in one *turu*, or sometime he will get thirty if he is in very good luck.

[By Raka Ipi, Hanuabada, Poreporena schoolboy.]

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