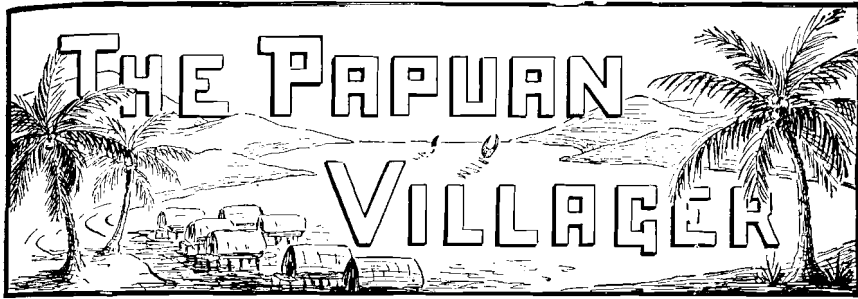


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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## English Again

The Mission Schools teach you to write English, to read English, and to speak English. Try hard to learn all three. It will be worth a lot to you.

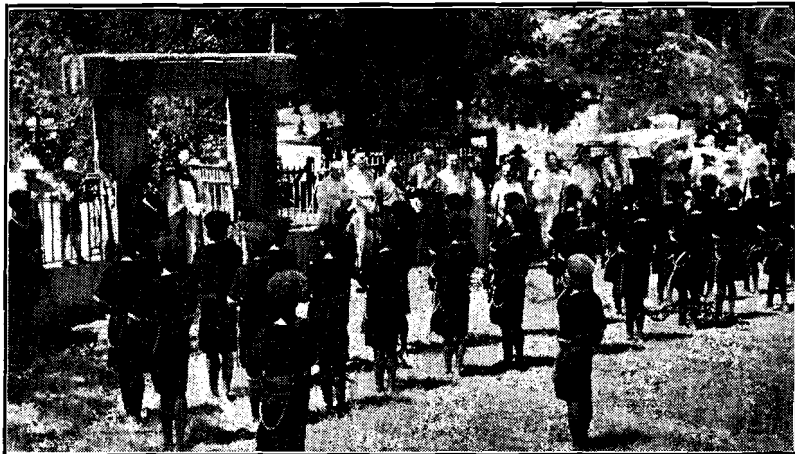
## Writing English

If you can write English then you can do useful work for the white man.

You can work together with him, and this will help you to get a good job.

## Reading English

If you can read English, this will also help you to get a good job. Then you can read the white man's letters and his orders, and so on. But there is a better reason for learning to read English. You can understand books



The Armed Constables at the Memorial Gates, Port Moresby

and newspapers. Think of all the interesting things you can read about! One of the best ways to become wise is to read. Every European child knows this. And reading, when you can do it easily, is great fun.

### Speaking English

And what about speaking English? You do not learn English so that you can talk to the people of your own village. You have your own language for that. You learn to speak English so that you can talk to the white man. This is very important. We want the white man and the native to be friendly towards each other, and to help each other. To do this you must be able to understand him, and he must be able to understand you.

### Getting on with the White Man

If you can talk to him he will know what you want, and you will know what he wants. You will not so often get wild with one another; and you will be able to help each other. In fact you will be better friends. You will "get on" together.

### English as the Second Language for All Papua

In Papua there are hundreds of different languages, and one tribe cannot speak to another. But if all the tribes knew one language, then they could all speak together from the Fly River to the Mambare. Now we do not want you to throw away your own language. Keep it by all means for talking to your father, and your mother, and your friends. But learn a second language, so that you can speak to all other Papuans.

If you all learn English you will be able to speak to other Papuans

and to the white men as well.

### English is the Language of the Whole World

English is spoken over the whole world. More and more, as the years go by, it is becoming the big language. Other nations—French, Germans, Japanese and so on, speak their own languages; but very many men among them speak English as well. It is becoming the language of the world.

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## Aiva of Bam

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### Fighting in the Old Days

In Papua many a good old man remembers the bad old days. In years gone by tribes and villages were very fond of fighting. The people of one village liked to come sneaking on another village at daybreak; and then before their enemies had time to rub their eyes they killed them, and ran home as fast as they could.

This seems rather a bad business to educated Papuans, though the old-time people enjoyed it very much—at least the people who did the killing enjoyed it. I don't suppose the people who had their heads cut off thought it a very nice game.

### Peace

When the Government came the people had to stop fighting, for the Government said that you must live at peace. The Missions also tell you that peace is the proper thing; and it is quite true, as we all know. We don't want any more killing. The men who go round killing people are a beastly nuisance, and we put them in gaol.

But the people of the old-time thought that fighting was the proper thing. And, although they were making a mistake, they were often very much better men than we, their grandchildren.

Since then he has lived quietly in his village (and I hope to goodness he won't want to go fighting again, because he is a very fiery old man). Everyone likes Aiva, and listens to him when he talks, for he can talk



Some Men and Boys from near Bam, Abau District

One of these old men is Aiva, of Bam, in the hills behind Abau. Aiva was a great fighter. He had already killed four people. And then he killed an Armed Constable, which made five altogether.

### Ten Years in Gaol

The Government tried to catch him. But he ran away into the mountains and hid. White men and constables chased him for 15 months, and Aiva fled from place to place. At last he was caught (as murderers are always caught in Papua) and sent to gaol for ten years.

When he came back to his little village he found his friends grey-haired, like himself; and little children had grown up into men and women.

very strong and loud.

### Aiva's Umbrella

Although Aiva has killed 5 men the Governor is not wild with him. Some time ago he was at Abau, and he saw Aiva standing in the rain, so he gave him his umbrella. Aiva has it at the men's house at Bam.

Aiva's son is a Corporal in the Armed Constabulary and he is very proud of him.

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## Flying Men Lost and Found in Australia

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Three men in a big plane went out flying in Australia. Their work was to make maps of the bush country. When they did not come back every-

one was very anxious. Other planes, cars, and Australian natives went out looking for them. At last one of the planes saw them. They had crashed in the bush. Food and water were dropped from the plane, and the men were seen to pick them up. Later they were brought safely home.

### Anzac Day

Last 25th April was "Anzac Day." This day is always kept as a holiday in Australia because on that day, twenty-two years ago, her men first went into the battle in the Great War.

Some were Australians and some were New Zealanders and they were called the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps." If you take the first capital letters of these words you find that they make A-N-Z-A-C; and so our first soldiers in this Great War were called Anzacs.

The Anzacs were fighting against the Turks, who were then our enemies. On 25th April they landed at Gallipoli and, as they did so, the Turks shot at them with cannons and rifles, so that many were killed. For that reason we keep Anzac Day in memory of our soldiers.

At Port Moresby the Armed Constables march from the Barracks to the Memorial Gate, and put up a wreath of flowers there. The white men who were at the war also go to the gate, and Rev. Matthews holds a Service. In the picture you can see the Armed Constables presenting arms.

### A Blackfoot Story

This is a story told by the Red Indians of North America. The

natives of that country are sometimes called Red because they have skin of a reddish-brown colour. They are divided into many tribes and peoples, with different names. The people who tell this story are called "Black-foot." I don't suppose they really have black feet. A man with a red body and black feet would be a funny object. Anyhow, these people are called Blackfoot, and it doesn't matter how they got their name. And this is the story.

#### Old Man and Old Woman

Once upon a time there were only two people in the whole world, an old man and an old woman. They talked together and Old Woman said, "Let us decide how people are to live in the world." Old Man said, "All right; but I am to have the first say in everything." "Very well," said Old Woman, "But I am to have the second say."

#### How they decided about the People

So Old Man began. "The people will have eyes and mouths in their faces," he said, "but they must be straight up and down." "No," said Old Woman, "We will not have them that way. True, they will have eyes and mouths, but they must be set across the face."

"Well," said Old Man, "The people shall have ten fingers on each hand." "Oh no," replied Old Woman, "That will be too many. They will get in the way. There will be four fingers and a thumb on each hand."

#### The Question of Life and Death

So they went on talking, and Old Woman won all the arguments. Then they came to talk about life and death. Old Woman asked, "Should the people live all the time, or should they

die?" They found it very hard to agree about this.

Then said Old Man, "I will tell you what we will do. I will throw a piece of wood into the water. If it

floats the people will die for four days and then come back to life; but if it sinks they will die forever." So they threw it in and it floated.

"No," said Old Woman, "We will not decide in that way. I will throw in this rock. If it floats the people will die for four days and then live again; if it sinks they will die forever. The Old Woman threw the rock into the water and it sank to the bottom. "There," said she, "You see it is better for the people to die forever. For if they did not, they would never feel sorry for each other and there would be no weeping at funerals." "Oh well," said the Old Man, "Let it be that way."

After a time Old Woman, had a daughter who died. She was very sorry then that it had been fixed for the people to die forever. So she said to Old Man, "Let us have our say over again."

"No," he said, "we fixed it once."

[Adapted from Wissler and Duvall.]

### Competition

Our last Competition was for a "Letter to an African." Only one man sent in a letter to the Editor. He was George Scott of the Technical School, Yule Island.

This letter will not be sent to the African Paper "Listen" because the writer is not a full Papuan. But the 5s. prize will be given to him.

We are not very proud of the results of the competition.

### Papuans in Russia

A man called S.E.J.H. has written a letter to the *Papuan Courier*. He has read about some "Papuans in Russia." They were supposed to be performing in a circus. (That means that they were travelling about, doing tricks for people to see.)

But they were growling about something or other. And since they could not speak anything but their own language; nobody could understand them.

Then a man called Williams (not the Editor) who knew a lot of languages was called in to talk to them. It seems that he knew their language.



Aiva of Bam, Abau District

floats the people will die for four days and then come back to life; but if it sinks they will die forever." So they threw it in and it floated.

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At any rate he says that he found out what they were growling about. They wanted to see some Papuan girls and to eat some Papuan fruit.

Does any reader know about two Papuans who found their way to Russia? If so please write to the Editor and he will tell S.F.J.H.

### The New . . . Competition

Write about Gardening. Tell how you make your own gardens; what you plant in them; how you look after them, and so on. Prize of 5s. for the best article.

THIS COMPETITION  
ENDS ON 15th SEP-  
TEMBER, 1936



### Big Cricket Scores.

Bradman made 369 in 253 minutes when he was playing for South Australia against Tasmania.

Baddock, another South Australian player, made 325 against Victoria. South Australia is the best of the States at cricket now.

### DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

#### DARU

(Correspondent, William Tabua)

The Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Schlencker have arrived to-day from Thursday Island by the *Goodwill*. The people in the mission were very glad to welcome their new *sinabada*.

Last week a boy had been driven away in a canoe by a storm, blowing from the North-West. He was away from land for two days

and two nights. On the third day a good South-East wind took him back to the land. He was very weak when he reached home.

An A.R.M. and a big band of armed police and the carriers have gone up the Fly River. They had to go with the men from America who are looking for animals and birds.

Last month the pilot in the American aeroplane gave us all a big surprise. He had been dropping several bags of earth from a great height, each of them tied to a parachute. Only one parachute opened after it left the machine, but the others didn't, they came falling down and struck the earth with terrible thuds.

### PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, Rea Mea)

During this month the people of Poreporena have had bad fever and there has been a lot of coughing. The worst part is that the children are ill with whooping-cough and two of the small babies have died just before I write this. I am hoping this thing is soon going. Sister Fairball and her assistants are busy taking medicines to the villagers three times a day.

### Yam Harvesting

Poreporena people are now digging up the yams from their gardens. It is said to be another good year because they have got plenty of yams. I understand there will be three dancing feasts this year.

### "Lakatoi"

Many of the *lakatoi* came from the Western Division last North-West season bringing with them sago, betel-nut, mats, etc. They sell to the villagers up this end for money.

While they were here one of their men died and the Poreporena men have been kind enough to bury the body in our cemetery and one day the western men gave our people a dance and the village people cooked the food.

As soon as the South-East season began they returned to their home, taking back armshells, and money, rice, flour, etc. Also some goods they bought in Port Moresby stores.

### Native Contributions

#### The Native Armed Constabulary

I have never been a member of *The Papuan*

*Villager* and this is the first time for me to write.

I have been reading through it, and I found that it was quite interesting for every Papuan scholar. It teaches us to learn and how to read and write English.

Many of you I know have been in school for several years, and it is not very hard for you to learn English, others can speak pretty well, and they also can read and write letters in English.

But what I'm going to talk about is those that have never been in school. Now they are being trained to speak in English, so that they can understand what their bosses want them to do.

Corporal Gordon wrote and told you all about the Armed Constabulary work. It is true—it is hard work; but it cannot be hard if you would put all your mind and thought to the one whom you are working for. Armed Constabulary men should think that this work is not made up by the Governor of

Papua, or by R.Ms. or by any firms.

It was by the name of King George V, and now his Royal Son, H.M. King Edward VIII in every Record of Service which the Armed Constabulary men signed their names. They promised to do most solemnly and sincerely that they would be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VIII, his heirs and successors, as a member of Armed Constabulary for as many years as the A.Cs. like to sign for; and they will obey all orders of His Majesty and of the officers placed over them, and all the regulations.

But how can you do it, if you cannot obey, or you do not want others to teach you? Or how can you do it, if you don't know whom you are serving? No man can learn by hitting a drum, dancing, or chattering, you cannot use your brain, because you have no spare time to think.

Others said that they were working for money. And others said that uniform looks very pretty when they put it on, so that some people will be falling in love with them.

You and I should remember that there's a lot of European soldiers died; they fought so bravely and they lost their lives.

Now we Papuans, what can we do, to straighten up ourselves, we must try with all our might till we succeed to win.

At Headquarters, Konedobu, Port Moresby, I'm teaching the Armed Constabulary how to speak in English. These people were hush people, they do not understand what is Yes, and what is No. Now little by little they are learning, till they will be all right to speak a little in English.

They can also count figures up to 50 to 100, and the alphabet from A to Z. Some of you police boys can read and write, please kindly read this in front of your mates.

*Bamahuta* to all the Readers.

[By J. Patteson Farr, Clerk, Headquarters Office, Police Barracks, Port Moresby.]



An Orokaiva Playing a Tune

## A Day Out in the Christmas Holidays

We, the Technical Schoolboys of Yule Island, every year get a good three weeks' holiday; one week before New Year and two after. During that time we are pleased to move off from the island to some other place on the mainland. I mean to tell you how I spent a day out during my Christmas holidays. It was a lovely little trip up the Ethel River.

Just a few days after New Year I was left almost alone in the house. My mates had already gone; some to Port Moresby, some to Waima or Mekeo and others elsewhere. I myself was waiting for a good launch trip that would take me to my desired direction.

After waiting a few days I was lucky to learn that a launch was just ready to go where I wished to go, and I prepared my small gear and went down to the wharf. The cargo was already stowed away and in a few minutes we were off. We headed for Arapokina and had a smooth passage through the bay.

In an hour's time we were at the mouth of the river that leads to the station. As the tide was low we lowered our speed. The water here is very shallow at low tide. Even with much carefulness we ran on a sandbank which almost stopped her at once. Had she been less heavily loaded she might have gone safely across. After much struggling and clutching here and there we were once more free and in deeper water.

Most of the way it was fairly deep but sometimes we were forced to run at a low speed owing to the narrow passages and sharp turns. One would have some fine targets with all the crocodiles we saw. The tide was against us and it took us three hours. We amused ourselves during these long hours with looking at the pleasant things we saw on either side. A ruined native village was seen on one of the banks, and we met canoes coming and going.

When we arrived at the station, Rev. Fr. Guilbeaud and others gave us a very warm welcome and after dinner we had some amusements, and the rest of the long day went very quickly.

Our trip back was rather a dark one and there was no chance to see the scenery. The rough sea in the bay did not disturb us much. The launch seemed to like the dancing and the splashing of the waves. When we reached home we found that our little boat had gained 30 minutes.

[By George Scott, Yule Island.]

## A Maopa Story

There was a man who went with his dogs to hunt. He heard a snake whistle (in Motu we call it *lavara*) and there he saw a bird of paradise dance on a tree. He stopped and watched the bird dance while the snake whistled.

After having a good look he went home and called his friends and relations to come. Then he told them all about what he saw and then he taught them to dance.

But his wife was jealous of him. He was very angry and killed her and made a fence to bury her. He did not want to bury her body so he cut her head off and buried it inside the fence.

Then he went away.

### How the Coconut was Found

After a time he saw a coconut grow from where he had buried the head and the worms were turned into pigs. Then he took the coconut and planted it near his house.

The tree grew and bore fruit. One day when he was in the house he heard something fall to the ground, and he went and found the ripe nut on the ground. Then he husked it and he saw it was just like the face of his wife. He broke it. There he saw the meat and the milk inside. He drank the milk. Then he scraped it and rubbed himself with the coconut oil.

### How he made the "Tovi" Feast

He made up his mind to prepare a feast because he had found the coconut. So he build a *Tovi*. Then he killed all his pigs and gathered all his native food in front of the *tovi*. Afterwards he beat the drum and all the people came and were decorated with beautiful feathers. Then all the young girls and boys went up on the *dubu* to dance like the bird of paradise.

[By Kedeia Tom, L.M.S., Pelagai, near Hula.]

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