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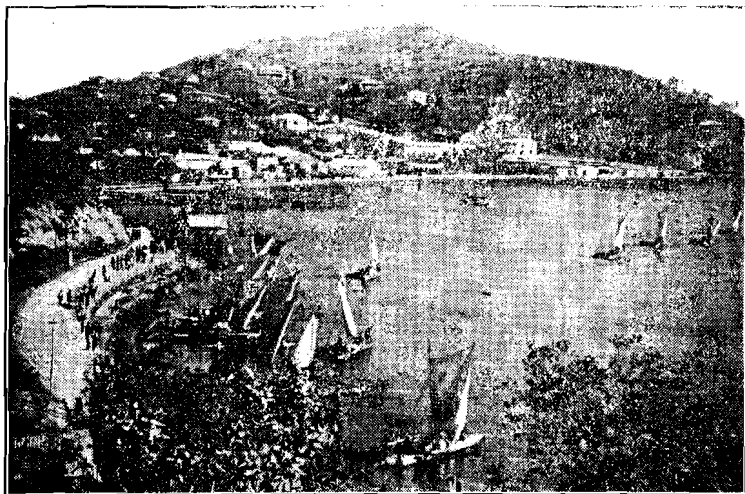
Bamu-Purari Patrol

Houses and Gardens

When the patrol came to the Wage Valley they found many good houses, gardens and dancing grounds. They were like those seen before by Mr. Hides.

These people do not make big villages. Their houses are scattered about, one by one, in the gardens—something like Europeans' houses.

The gardens are very well kept. They grow sweet potatoes; and the potatoes are planted in small "beds," with trenches between. They also



Start of the Canoe Race for the Visit of the Governor-General to Port Moresby

A. B. K. GIBSON PHOTO

have plenty of bananas and sugar-cane.

Dancing Grounds

And they have dancing grounds where they hold feasts. They are almost as well kept as the cricket grounds at Port Moresby and Samarai. Fine trees are planted round about and sometimes flowering bushes.

There are not many trees in the Wage Valley. The casuarina trees have been planted by the natives themselves, so the patrol could not cut them down for tent poles. But the natives were friendly and they found timber to put up the tents and brought it in. They have so little timber that they made their garden fences of cane.

Buying Food

Mr. Adamson was the food-buyer in the Wage Valley. The natives all wanted to get pearl-shell, and they brought sweet potatoes and sugar-cane to change for them. Mr. Adamson marked out a square on the ground. When the square was filled up with food, he gave one arm-shell. In that way they kept on filling up squares, till the patrol had bought plenty of food.

Mr. Adamson's assistant was a native who was guiding the patrol. Mr. Adamson called him Joe because he was like an old friend of his called Joe. He was a great help to the patrol.

The Price of Pigs

Some pigs were bought for one pearl-shell; a small one was bought for a tomahawk; one very big one was bought for three pearl-shells. Some of these pigs had five toes instead of two on each foot.

At one place a man brought along a small pig and asked for several pearl-shells and a tomahawk. Mr. Champion said that it was too big a price. The owner of the pig then made a long speech. It lasted half an hour. Mr. Champion said he was a very fine speaker, and wished he knew what he was talking about.

Pipes

As they went on they found some people smoking funny little pipes. These pipes are thin tubes of wood rather like a white man's cigarette holder. They are about 9 inches long and curved. Nobody knows how the people bore the hole down the middle of the thin, curved piece of wood.

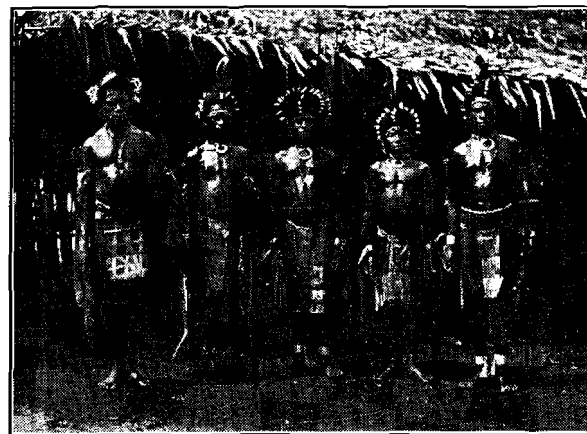
Pay Up

The other day a Papuan father brought his daughter, with the man she was going to marry, to the magistrate's office. The girl had only one arm, the other having been bitten off by a crocodile. The father asked the magistrate to tell the man she was going to marry not to beat her, because she would not be able to do everything a wife with two arms could do.

The young husband-to-be promised, and then said (meaning that he would have a wife with only one arm): "And have I now to keep on paying my tax, too?"

The man perhaps thought that he was doing something kind, and so he was. But this did not save him from paying his tax. Before being free of the tax he would have to wait until his wife gave him four children. We ought to wish both of them "good luck."

—R.A.V.



Five Young Men of the Bam District, Abau

A Private Aeroplane in Papua

Many of you have seen the aeroplanes that come to Port Moresby from Wau, and those that fly to and from Daru. These are owned by big companies. But now there is an aeroplane in this country belonging to one man by himself.

He is Mr. J. N. Walshe of the Medical Department. The plane is a "Moth." It can travel at 95 miles an hour; and can go out for a journey of 400 miles.

Mr. Walshe is his own pilot. He learnt to fly in Australia and has done more than 70 hours in the air.

He will use the plane partly in his work as Travelling Medical Assistant. He will be able to visit the Native Assistants without wasting time. Perhaps also he will be able to use it to carry help to people dangerously sick, or even to take them into hospital.

We congratulate Mr. Walshe. He can be proud of being the first resident

of Papua to own and fly his own plane.

A White Woman's Necklace

The other day a white woman had her necklace stolen. There was a big fuss about it, because the necklace was made of diamonds and was worth £1,500. It's a good job you don't have to pay that sort of price for a necklace of dog's teeth.

Wild Duck and Aeroplane

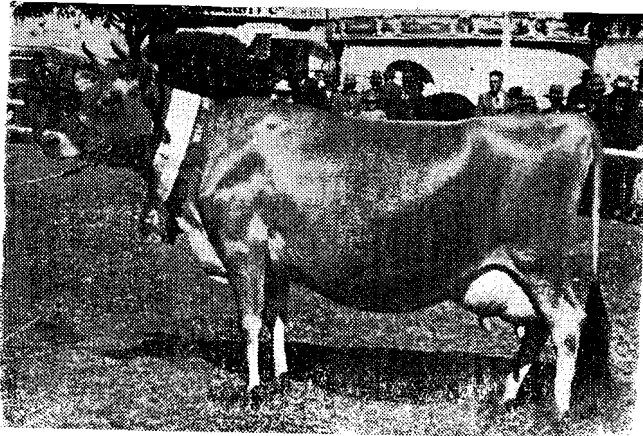
A Canadian airman was flying in a plane when he met a wild duck on the wing. It flew into his face. And as the duck and the aeroplane were both going very fast, it knocked him senseless.

His machine crashed and he was badly hurt. His companion was thrown into the water and later picked up by a fisherman. We don't know what happened to the duck, but we suppose that somebody ate it.

Cows

I don't suppose any Papuan reader of the *Villager* owns a cow. But perhaps some day many natives in this country will have them. They are certainly very useful things.

You know that they are good to eat, for sometimes they are killed for the boys on plantations; and a cow gives you a lot more meat than the biggest pig in Papua.



A Prize Cow

Milk, Cheese and Butter

But the best thing about a cow is that you can use her while she is still alive. She gives us our milk. White people drink a lot of milk; and they also make it into cheese and into butter.

Papuans don't seem to like milk or cheese (though some house-boys are very fond of butter!). But perhaps someday all the natives of the country will learn to drink milk.

African Natives Keep Cows

In East Africa and some other parts of the world the natives live mainly

by their "cattle" (which means cows and bulls and castrated bulls, or steers). They have great numbers of them. The main work of the people is not in their gardens, but in looking after these cattle. One who owns a lot of them is called rich; and when a man gets a wife he has to give so many cattle to her parents.

Cattle Pulling Ploughs

The natives of South Africa kill their cattle for food; but they also

milk the cows and use the milk for food; and they can also make them useful in pulling their ploughs. I hope that someday the Papuans will learn about them and keep them for themselves.

A Champion Cow at the Show

The picture is of a very beautiful cow which has won a prize at a Show in Sydney. She has a ribbon round her neck to show that she is the Champion. Her name is "Fancy Daisy."

Police Camp at Lake Kutubu

The *Laurabada* left Port Moresby on 11th October carrying Mr. Ivan Champion and Mr. Adamson to Kikori. They took with them 15 Armed Constables and 30 carriers.

At Kikori they will be picked up by a plane, and this will carry them over the mountains to Lake Kutubu. It will have to make a number of journeys between Kikori and the Lake, for it is to carry food for the whole party for 6 months, as well as other supplies for 12 months.

It takes weeks and weeks to walk to Lake Kutubu from Kikori, so the plane will save a lot of time. And flying is much easier than walking.

Appendicectomy!

We read in a paper that a native of the Transvaal, South Africa, performed an operation on his wife. The operation goes by the name which you see on top of this article. It means that he cut out his wife's "Appendix" which is right inside her belly.

He had not enough money to pay the doctor's bill and his wife was ill, so he decided to cut her appendix out himself. (The paper doesn't say whether he asked his wife first, but it says that he bound her down so that she could not kick and struggle.)

Then he cut her open with a pocket knife, found her appendix, and removed it, and sewed up the wound with hair from a horse's tail.

When a doctor saw the wound later on he said it was quite healthy. The woman spent a week in bed and then returned to work.

You can believe this story or not. The Editor doesn't.

Anyway, for goodness sake don't try to do this operation on your own wife.

Nearly Half a Mile Under the Sea

An American called Dr. Beebe has been down 2,500 feet into the sea. He and another man got into a hollow ball of steel and were let down near the island of Bermuda.

The steel ball had very thick windows of quartz, a kind of stone like glass. Real glass windows could not be used; for there is a danger that the water might smash them inwards.

COMPETITION

ADVENTURES

What is the biggest adventure you have ever had in your life? Write and tell about it. A prize of 5s. for the best article.

COMPETITION CLOSING ON THE 1st DECEMBER, 1937

Dr. Beebe and his companion saw many strange things through the window, and every few minutes they sent messages by a telephone wire to their ship above them telling of what they saw.

It is black as night as 2,500 feet under the sea. Some of the fish were "phosphorescent," which means that they shone by themselves in the darkness. But we suppose Dr. Beebe must have had a searchlight to see the other things.

An Honour for an African

Not long ago the King gave an O.B.E. to an African of Nigeria. (The O.B.E. means Order of the British Empire and it is a very great honour.) The African was Dendeson Crowther; who is an Archdeacon of the Church. He is 90 years old, and has been an Archdeacon (which means a very high officer) for the last 60 years.

His father was a Bishop. He had been saved from the slave traders as a child and lived to be the first black Bishop in Africa.

The son has travelled far and wide and has suffered many hardships. But he is still going strong although such an old man. He has 55 Churches to look after.

Books

We read in *Listen*, the African newspaper for natives, about books. In Africa it is the same as in Papua. Many people learn to read at school, but when they leave they forget all about it because they have no books.

Libraries

So they are going to give the Africans some "libraries." A library is a place where many books are kept together. The people can come and read them there, or they can take them away and read them at home. Then, when they have finished them, they bring the books back and get some more.

Some of you have seen the libraries at Port Moresby and Samarai. White children all learn to read, and they are very glad of it when they grow up. For reading is a good thing and it is also great fun. Libraries are very useful to white people.

A Library for Yourself

The Editor does not know of any library for natives in Papua, though some of the Missions may have them. But if you wanted one you could club together and buy some books for yourselves.

If 20 people put in a shilling each they might be able to buy 10 little books. Each of the 20 could read them in turn, and so you would be able to read 10 books for a shilling.

In the meantime you have got your old school-books and *The Papuan Villager* to read; and the natives of Hula have the work of their own printery.

Not enough people read *The Papuan Villager*. Try to get some of your friends to subscribe to it.

Tiger Mosquitoes

In our last issue we told you something about tigers in India. Now we read that in Bengal (a place in India) they have had a plague of "tiger mosquitoes." They are very big ones, though they cannot be as big as tigers. They are given that name only because they are striped like tigers.

We wonder which are the worst, theirs or ours.

Television

Most of you know what the telephone is and what the telegraph is. They are marvellous things, for they made it possible to hear sounds at a very great distance. You can send messages by telegraph to the farthest part of the world, and you can even hear a man's voice in England over the telephone.

But now there is something even more marvellous. It is called Television, and means "seeing at a distance."

You can see things with your eyes a very long way off. But some things are too far away; and at any rate you cannot see them if houses, trees, and mountains stand in the way. But by Television you can really see round corners. The houses, trees and mountains do not matter.

It is a new invention. They send pictures instead of noises; and they appear on a screen as at the moving pictures. These pictures are not very good yet. But the people who know all about them are working hard at the invention, and it soon will be good.

If you have a television set you will be able to turn the handle and see a football match in Australia, or watch a man's mouth opening and shutting while he talks to you from London.

Native Contributions

Buna Cricket and Football Teams at Ioma

We Ioma cricket residents have not been eating pineapples for the last six months (due to the season) or we should have had more strength than we have now. But our cricket pitch of concrete is being built, so cricket is being played very desirously, and we are now playing much better than ever. Since all residents have been learning how to bat and bowl on the pitch and field on the well-settled ground our enemies from other districts are really very hopeless to beat us.

On the 16th August the Resident Magistrate (Mr. O. J. Atkinson) of Buna, arrived here to make some native Court matters and inspection; and he brought with him the Buna cricket and football teams to play matches against our Ioma team. The matches were

played on the third, fourth and fifth days of his visit, as he had to make his Court matters previously.

Cricket

The cricket match was commenced on the afternoon of the 19th at 4 p.m. with the residents' team batting first on the request of Mr. O. J. Atkinson, the captain. Our batting, however, was not a very successful one and lasted about three-quarters of an hour, with a poor score of 85. Our team consisted of three white men, 1 Hanuabada N.M.A., myself, and the rest are A.Cs. and a few Mambares; while the Buna team consisted of 2 white men, 1 Hanuabada N.M.A., and the rest are Buna villagers. The later-mentioned seemed to be fielding very well, but their batting was too bad, since our bowlers were bowling very fast and were very dangerous to hit the batsmen. Their first innings was stopped owing to the dark clouded eve with a funny score of 5 wickets for 10.

The game continued on the following day at 4 p.m. after the football match. And their batting was not so good, and the duration was about half an hour. In their first innings they made half as much as the score of our Ioma first innings.

Then Ioma took its second innings and made a higher score than in the first. All wickets were down just before 6 o'clock bell goes and of course the game was stopped for that day.

Next day, at 4 p.m. again, Buna team took its second innings. Now this time Buna players must have been rebuked to play for their station. They began to show Ioma players what kind of cricketers they were. They never seemed to worry about the score but were blocking every ball as carefully, as steady, and as hard as they possibly can. In spite of their stone-wall playings their opener, Naime Rahe (N.M.A.) made a very wonderful battings in this match, with not out after his name though his score was 46. Three cheers for him, Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! (In spite of mentioning the Buna opener, the Ioma opener, Willie Gavera (N.M.A.) made 62 in the second innings.)

The results were: Ioma, 1st Innings, 85; 2nd Innings, 108. Buna, 1st Innings, 45; 2nd Innings, 113. Ioma won by 35 runs.

Football

Football match was played on the 20th as

mentioned above, in the afternoon from 3 p.m. to 3.45 p.m. You will all know that in the football match Mr. S. G. Middleton decided to let Mambare villagers learn to play for Ioma, in case all the Ioma residents should be at work. Well, I've never dreamt that Mambare team were going to beat Buna team, since I've never seen Mambares playing football much. Matter of fact, the Mambares were playing very hopelessly, and Buna kicked 6 goals very easily in three quarters of an hour. Therefore Buna won by 6 goals to nil.

Bambuio (Bamakuta).

[By Asagi G. Awaga, native clerk, Ioma. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

A Pat on the Back for "The Papuan Villager"

(This is a very old article by Mazzeppa Bacca which we have never published before. He has written since for *The Papuan Villager*.)

Dear fellow readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

This is my first correspondence to our paper, which I presume has been now going on for four years.

It is a great blessing to us, not only to our brown friends in Papua, but especially to those who do not belong to our country, for they can see and tell for themselves how we have become civilized, and understand how to read and write in our own tongue, most especially in the English language nearly as much as they do.

The paper has surely by this time circulated throughout the Territory and perhaps over Australia, where a good many white men would surely be pleased to learn of the position we are in to-day, comparing with our forefathers centuries ago.

First, before I go any further, I would like to express my deepest sympathy to those who have gone before us. If they were like the men of the white race in those ancient days, Papua perhaps would have been in a different position to-day. But in the modern, these white men that are with us now have certainly made a vast difference in our wild country.

We ought to be more than thankful for what they have done for us. We can now read and write, and apart from all that, we have been taught the different trades and works to enable us to earn our own living. Therefore we should not forget to try and help the white man (our master) in the same way that he has helped and taught us.

I hope that everyone will realize what education is, and what it has done for us. What a great blessing it is to us, that we are able to read and write!

We sincerely hope that this paper will have a long life, and with the help of us all, will prove of great importance in the years to come.

Agutoi.

[By Mazzeppa Bacca, Samarai.]

The Story of our Village

The Fighting Days

Long ago our villages were dark places. Some of the people always carried their fighting things with them all the time and sometimes they went to other villages to fight these people. This was very bad because they killed people with their spears, bows and arrows, and stone clubs. Then the other village in time paid them back when they had a chance; and so the fighting kept on and on.

The Coming of the White Men

Then came the white men. Because their bodies were very white the Papuan people thought they must have a very strong *puripuri* (magic). These white people talked very kindly to our Papuan people and helped them when they could. They looked after their sicknesses and by and by the Papuan people began to know more. They saw that it was far nicer to live in peace with everybody than to go fighting all the time. So some broke their fighting things in pieces and threw them into the sea; then others followed; and now all Papuan people who hear the missionaries do not want to fight any more. Now they are no longer like animals that kill and eat one another.

[By Mai Morarave, L.M.S. Moru.]

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