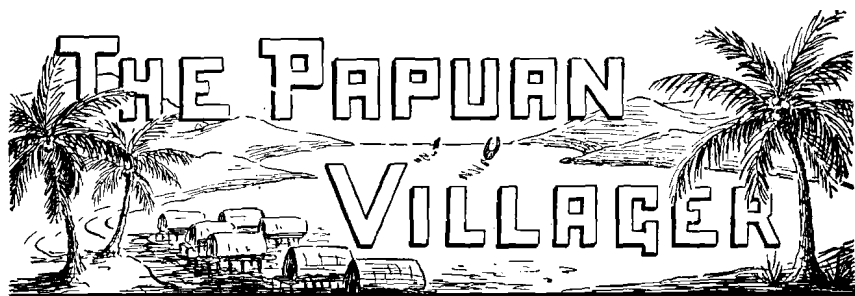


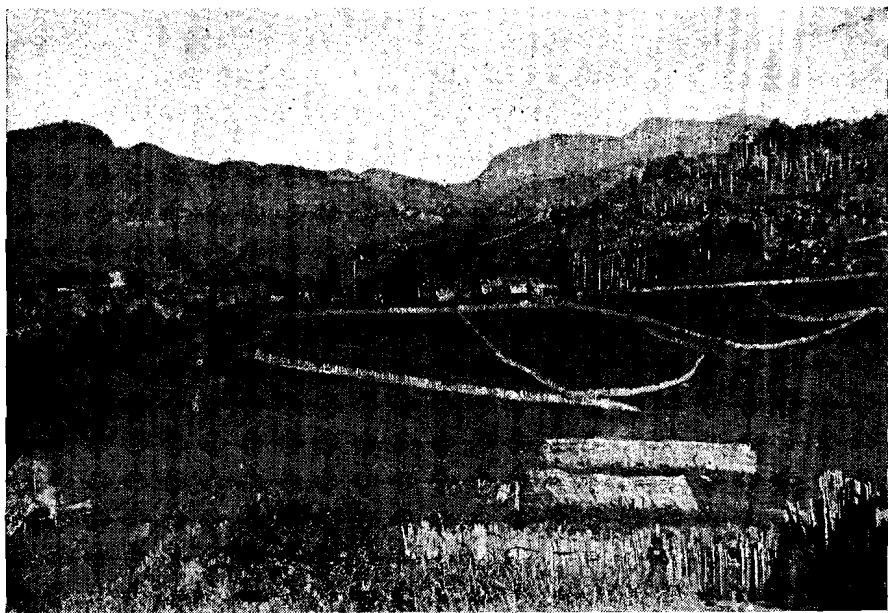
THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Native Gardens at Ononge, 6,000 feet Elevation

Mosquitoes and Malaria

In this letter I want to tell you something about Mosquitoes, and the way in which they do great harm to man. No doubt you have all seen people suffering from Malarial Fever and you perhaps have had this fever yourselves, so you know that it is not very pleasant to have this sickness.

Do you know that this fever is brought to you by such a small insect as the mosquito? It seems quite easy to say this, but it took clever men a long time to learn this fact. Truly the little mosquito might be compared to a horse with its Rider of Death, for a man may easily die of malarial fever which is brought to him by the mosquito. If we realize what great harm this mosquito pest brings with it we shall try to do our part in the work of destroying it in our school and later on in our village. It is for this reason that I wish to explain to you a little about mosquitoes.

The Work of Surgeon-Major Ronald Ross

For thousands of years people in many countries suffered from malarial fever, and although they tried hard they were not able to discover the cause of this sickness. Sixty years ago, however, in the year 1880, a clever man called Laveran found the germ of this fever in the blood of sick people, so people then knew that this dreaded fever was caused by a germ getting into the blood stream.

The big question that had to be then answered was, "How does this germ get into peoples' blood and bring about malarial fever? Is this germ taken into our bodies when we breathe or does it enter when we eat?"

It was a soldier doctor, Surgeon-Major Ronald Ross, who answered these difficult questions after much patient and tiring study on the plains of India. This Soldier-Doctor was able to tell us that it was a mosquito that was carrying the germ of malaria from one person to another, and he also told us that this malaria-carrying mosquito was the "*Anopheles* Mosquito" and no other kind.

You may well ask at this point, "How did Doctor Ross happen to find out about this?" The answer is that he allowed infected mosquitoes to bite the bodies of healthy birds, and then he would watch very carefully to see what happened to the birds. In this way he discovered that the germ of malarial fever was passed on through the bite of the *Anopheles* mosquito.

At last, when he considered that he was right in what he thought, he made experiments on man. In the year 1900 Doctor Patrick Manson, who was working on this big question with Doctor Ross, had a lot of *Anopheles* mosquitoes sent to England. There they were allowed to bite his own son, Doctor Thurburn Manson, who before this had never had malaria. This doctor soon had malaria and the germs were shown to be in his blood. These clever men and others have shown us a lot about mosquitoes, so I shall now try to tell you very simply some of the things they have told us.

How the Mosquito Gives you Fever

When the *Anopheles* mosquito bites a person suffering from malaria she sucks up some of his bad blood, and with it some of the malaria germs (I call the mosquito "she" because only the female *Anopheles* can carry the germs).

Inside the mosquito's body the little germs unite with each other and so a family is brought about and the germs grow in number. After a while they all collect near the mosquito's mouth, where they live for two or three weeks. If the mosquito bites anyone during these two or three weeks she will put some of the germs into his body, and in this way she will give him fever. Thus we see how the germ of malarial fever gets into the blood of people who have never had this fever before.

—H. F. BITMEAD.

[Mr. Bitmead has kindly written for us a number of articles about Malaria and the Mosquito. The first is published here.—Ed.]



The Lepers at Gemo

The War

The Attack on England Fails

It seems that Hitler has given up the idea of invading England for the time being. He had told his people that he would enter London on 16th August. No doubt they thought he would keep his promise. But he has

failed to do so. He is more than two months late already. We think it will be a very long time before he gets there. We will walk into Berlin before he walks into London.

The War Moves to the Mediterranean

Now the war is moving another way. The Germans are pushing down towards the Mediterranean Sea. Italy has now attacked Greece and before long they may want to invade Turkey.

What they really want is to be able to attack Egypt and the Suez Canal. We have a very big army there

waiting to defend the Canal, and soon we shall be fighting the Italians there. They will come from the west side.

The Germans would like to come in from the other side to help them. But it will not be easy. They will have to fight our friends the Turks or they will have to cross the Mediterranean.

Successes Against the Italian Fleet

The British Fleet has been giving the Italian Navy a hot time already. On 16th October our cruiser *Ajax* sank two destroyers and smashed up a third. Next morning this third one was sunk by gunfire.

This is a good record for the *Ajax*. She was in the battle when the *Graf Spee* was beaten; and now she has sent down three destroyers. All the other ships in the British Navy must be very envious.

Girl Guides and Crocodiles

Eight Crocodiles have been sent from the London Zoo to Chester Zoo in England. They have been sent away for safety; for one of Hitler's bombs might fall on them.

The Shamrock Patrol of Girl Guides have "adopted" them. That means that they have taken the crocodiles for their children. They are working and making money to help pay for their food.

Kubuna Mission Station Burnt

The Catholic Mission had a great loss on 9th October. A bush-fire burnt out the whole of the Kubuna Mission Station.

The fire started miles away; but there was a strong wind and it blew the flames over the country very fast. They were on top of the Station before the people there could do anything. First the Father's house was swallowed up. Then the fire went on to the Bishop's and the Brothers'

houses; next it took the new church; and at last the Carmelite Convent.

Eight Carmelite Sisters were in the Convent and they were very nearly caught by the flames.

This is a very great loss to the Mission, for not only the two houses, but all the clothes and chairs and boxes in them were burnt up.

Kubuna Mission had taken six years of work to build, and it cost about £4,000. It is bad luck for the Catholic Mission, for in this time of war it is hard to get money. But we expect they will not lose heart but start building again.

A Maharajah

Maharajahs are Indian princes, rulers of many people and much country. They are often very rich men.

They have been very good friends of Great Britain, and have given freely to help us win the war. One of them is the Maharajah of Gondal. The other day he gave £75,000 for the Empire.

This Maharajah is a very rich and generous man. When he was having a big festival (his "jubilee") he wanted to make a present to his people, so he gave them "his weight in gold." He sat on one side of the scales and his men put real gold on the other side until the scales were equal. If gold is worth £10 an ounce and the Maharajah weighed 10 stone, how much money did he give away?

This Indian prince is a very well-educated man. He is a doctor and he has made and published a dictionary of his language. The dictionary took him ten years to finish.

A Papuan in the War

Daniel Brudo and Henry Brudo are the sons of Mr. S. Brudo who used to live in the Trobriand Islands, and their mother is a Trobriand woman, so they belong to our country. They are both soldiers, Daniel in the British Army and Henry in the Australian Army.

Daniel Brudo has been in the fighting in France and he was one of the big army that made the famous retreat from Dunkirk. He has written to his brother Henry telling him about it, and some of his letter has been published in *The Papuan Courier*.

He writes, "I am pleased to let you know I am still alive, though I certainly do not know why. Death did not want me!"

He says he has been bombarded and machine-gunned. But he and his fellow soldiers came through it, and they are ready for more. "We are still making armaments (guns, tanks, aeroplanes, etc.) and," as he says, "When we have enough of them, we shall be able to finish off the enemy."

Germans are good soldiers and brave men. But so are the British. Man to man we are as good or better, and soon we shall have more armaments than our enemies, for we can make them faster, and then we shall win the war.

The war has not come to Papua and so we are not called on to fight. But in the meantime we can do our bit; we can help in the making of armaments. "Every little helps," as we say. One shilling is only a tiny drop of water in a big bucket; but it helps all the same.

Daniel Brudo is very proud of himself, and he deserves to be, like every

soldier who is fighting for us. He says, "I am a soldier in the proudest and most beautiful army in the world."



How the Gulf Division Women do their Hair.

A Motor Accident

There was a terrible accident in Port Moresby last month. Two motor lorries were being driven from Koki to Port Moresby in the morning. They were full of labourers going to work on the wharf. They were all in high spirits, and the drivers were having a race along the Ela Beach Road. They thought it good fun.

But when they came to the corner one lorry turned over. It was going too fast. All the men in that lorry were thrown out on the hard road. Fifteen of them were injured and two were killed.

All the white doctors and nurses came quickly to the help of the injured men. Dr. Williams, the C.M.O.; Dr. Spence of the Army; Dr. Preston of the Air Force and two doctors from ships in the harbour—there were five altogether. And Mr. Jensen (who is in charge of the Native Hospital) and Miss Protheroe, Miss Fairhall, Miss Birch and Mrs. Millward also helped. These people were all working hard to bandage the cuts and scratches and mend the broken arms and legs.

It was a very bad accident and it all happened because of the folly of two men. They were the drivers of the lorries. One of them will have to stand his trial for unlawful killing. For it was his fault that his lorry turned over and two men went to their death. The other driver is lucky that he will not have to go to trial. He was just as silly.

Some readers of *The Papuan Villager* may be drivers of lorries or cars. This accident should be a lesson to them. It should teach them never to drive too fast, and never to go in for racing on the road.

Water Pipes

The water scheme for Port Moresby is going ahead fast. They are digging a trench from town to the river, where the water will be pumped up by an engine. They have a machine to dig out the ground for the trench. It takes up great mouthfuls of earth as it goes along. It is better than many men with picks and shovels.

In the trench they will lay the water pipes. It is about eleven miles long and each pipe is twelve feet. If you work this out you will find that there are nearly 5,000 pipes.

Each is a 10-inch pipe made of iron. They say that the pipe weighs five hundredweight or more, so it means some hard work for the boys to lift them and put them in their places.

All the pipes were brought here in ships, and they have been stacked on the foreshore at Port Moresby. But the big heaps are growing smaller, for each day some of the pipes are carried away on lorries.

Some of the boys are helping to join the pipes together. They do it with melted lead. Lead is very heavy soft material. If you make it hot enough it runs like molasses, and when it gets cold again it is hard. While it is soft you want to keep your fingers out of it.

A Maori's Rami in Two Sea Battles

In the last war, as in this, the Maoris of New Zealand did much to help the Empire.

One of the Maori Chiefs gave a present to Captain Halsey when he sailed away in the battle cruiser *New Zealand*. It was a sort of skirt, or *rami*, made of reeds, such as the Maoris wore when they were fighting. The old Chief said his ancestors had worn them in many battles and never been beaten. So the Captain said he would wear the *rami* in battle.

Later on the *New Zealand* took part in a great sea fight at Heligoland near Germany, and Captain Halsey surprised everybody by coming up on deck with the Maori *rami* round his waist. In that battle the *New Zealand* did great things, and not one of her men was killed.

Then Captain Halsey went to take command of another ship. But he

left the *rami* behind for the new Captain of the *New Zealand*. In the next battle this Captain wore it again. This was the battle of Jutland and once more the *New Zealand* fought and came through safely. She fired more shells from her guns than any other ship in the whole fleet.

There must be something about that *rami*!

Native Contributions

The Trobriand Islands

Dear Readers,

I am writing a few lines to tell you about the Trobriand Islands Group.

Besides the island of Kiriwina there are many other small islands, too many to write down here, but I will tell you of the three islands I know best of all.

These are Kaileuna, Vakuta and Kitava. Our Kiriwina Chief, Mitakata, besides being Chief of Kiriwina, is also Chief of all the islands in the Trobriand Group. The three islands I have named are ruled by smaller chiefs, under Chief Mitakata, and these islands all have very good gardens, but not so good as the Kiriwina Island people.

Chief Mitakata

Mitakata himself had ten wives and with the Chief's relatives can make the best gardens on the island. He must have big gardens himself so that he can provide food for any other people visiting his island.

The Chief Looks after the Food-Houses

The Chief looks at other peoples' gardens and sees how they are filling the food-houses when the harvest is over. Some people do not fill their food-houses and he tells the father or brother of the woman whose house is not full to make better gardens next year. He also offers a reward to the person who can get the most baskets of taitu in the harvest.

The Rewards for Gardeners

Everybody tries hard to win this reward and so there is plenty of food till next year. Everywhere on the island people are making good gardens and looking after them. This custom has spread all over the Trobriand Islands Group, and now I will tell you a story of Kitava Island.

The Kitava Island Story

This island is about 22 miles from Kiriwina Island. It is ruled by a second Chief named Buiai. This year this Chief and a man named Mwakoka offered a reward to the man who could dig up the most baskets of taitu. (Taitu is very much like yam to taste and grows in much the same way.)

Well, all the people made very good gardens and were all keen to win the reward which was a stone axe. You see, before the white people brought in iron and steel axes the people of the islands all used stone axes and a good stone axe was a valuable possession. So you see that this custom has lived for many years.

The Prize Garden

A man named Simanodi made the best garden and he dug over 990 baskets of taitu. He won the reward very easily as the second man dug only 756 baskets up. Now the weight of each of these baskets is from 25 to 30 lb. So you can see that Simanodi must have made a very good garden. A lot of people got 400 baskets but some who did not make good gardens got only 100.

The Prize-Giving and the Feast

On 16th June, 1939, all the taitu was brought in and the Chief and his friend who were giving the reward gave a big feast to all the Kitava people. They killed 15 pigs and cooked them and there were 200 bundles of betel-nut given at the feast.

Simanodi was given one *Bagi* and half a pig and 2 bundles of betel-nut. They gave us a basket of food and a leg of pig because we were visitors at their feast. You see how the old custom gets the people to make good gardens and to have plenty of food in their food-houses. It is a good custom.

I hope it will never die.

Good-bye to all Readers.

[By Fuka Oala, N.M.A., c/o. T.M.A. Stewart, Trobriand Islands. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

A Story About Pigs

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I hope to tell you about the habits of pigs all over the world. We have many pigs in Papua. Some are wild and some belong to the village people. The wild pigs live in the bush or in the tall grass near the hills. They

get their food at night, time because they are very afraid of the sunlight and of the people who watch them. Their food consists of roots, fruits, wild yams and some new leaves too. The mother pigs bear their babies six or seven all in one night. The babies take their milk from the mother's breasts, and the pigs take care of their children all the time.

Male pigs are very big and they have two tusks in their mouths that are very sharp, like some European tools. So we are very afraid of them because they can kill some of our men. When we kill them we take the tusks for our tools. We think these things are our best Papuan tools.

Wild pigs have very thick skins and they have not very nice flesh; it is too hard and their bodies are very rough. They have very huge faces and they know how to kill men. They are always running forwards and backwards. We know they are savage and their bristles stand up on their backs; then they grunt and squeal with great voices and chop down the trees.

The village pigs live inside their fences. We keep them all the time and give them food; sago, banana, nuts, old nuts, "apples" and many different kinds of foods. We are very fond of them, because they are very tame. We can call them every morning and afternoon by their names. When they hear, they run very fast to their fence. When pigs are hungry they cry very loudly. We know they are hungry and we give them their food and water.

The pigs are interesting in our country. We kill them for feasts or to welcome our friends. The village pigs are very fat and plump and have good flesh and their skins are very thin. In native Papua we are very fond of the pig's flesh. Pigs are like money to Papuans and people like them for that reason also. Many herds of pigs live in our village and also in other villages too.

This is the end of my short story.

[By Malaifeope Semese, L.M.S. schoolboy, Iokea.]

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NATIVE RECORDS

(See August "Villager")

The rate of pay per 450 words is "not exceeding" 1s. for very good, and "not exceeding" 6d. for good articles. Pay will be according to quality. The Editor of the "P.V." is the judge.

Subjects: (1) The Moon—What stories do your people tell about the moon?

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COMPETITION

Healthy Villages

What should Papuans do
to have good health?

Send your answers to the Editor. They must be in by 15th November, 1940

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