

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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## Our New Administrator

After the death of our old Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, Mr. Champion carried on his work and was Acting Governor for many months.

Now it has been decided by the Commonwealth Government to appoint a new Governor (or as they now say Administrator), and they have chosen Mr. Leonard Murray. Almost all Papuans know Mr. Murray, for he has been for many years the Official Secretary and Captain of the *Laurabada*, and he has gone all round the coasts and towns and villages of Papua with Sir Hubert. It will seem like old times to see him again coming with the *Laurabada* and it will not seem strange to call the new Governor by the old name. It is a good name in Papua and *The Papuan Villager* speaks for all Papuans in welcoming our old friend Mr. Murray to be our new boss.

We all say "Welcome" to him, and wish him a Happy and Prosperous

New Year, and great success for many years to come in his task of governing our country.



His Honour H. L. Murray, C.B.E.

## Iokea

The Editor has written this month's *Papuan Villager* in the village of Iokea, Gulf Division. He has seen many villages in many parts of Papua, but none are cleaner or better built than this one.

There are four rows of houses all nicely lined up, and between the rows there are long straight spaces like the streets in Port Moresby.

The houses are big and open and clean. They have good roofs and floors and doors and windows and stairs. (There are some very good carpenters in Iokea.) And many of the walls are made of *selo*, or plaited sago bark. (Iokea is the best place for *selo* in all Papua.)

In front of the houses many people have planted ornamental plants, and some breadfruit trees stand in the big streets, giving shade. And Iokea should get better and better; for as years go by these plants will grow bigger and there will be more trees.

You will read an article by Tore Opa at the end of this paper telling how the new village was made. The Iokea people are rightly proud of it.

## Christmas

All over the Christian world there is feasting and holiday-making at Christmas; and it is also a holy time because it is the Birthday of Christ.

### Presents

Christmas is a happy day, most of all for the children, for it is a day of Christmas presents. It is an old custom among the white people to hang up a stocking at the end of the

bed when the children go to sleep. In the morning they wake up to find it stuffed full with presents. They think the presents have been put there by Father Christmas, or Santa Claus. He is an old man with a red smiling face and a big white beard, and he wears a long red coat with white fur round the collar. He comes from the North Pole, a place of ice and snow, and that is why he is dressed in such warm clothes. He has to go

"The Papuan Villager"  
Wishes its Readers  
A Merry Christmas  
... and ...  
A Happy New Year

round to all the houses in one night and fill the Christmas stockings of all the children. Most of us have a holiday at Christmas, but it is no holiday for Santa Claus.

### Christmas Dinner

Then Christmas is a day for feasting. The proper things to eat are plum pudding and turkey. But we cannot always get these in Papua, so we do as well as we can. If we can't get turkey we get a duck; and if we can't get a duck we get a fowl; and if we can't get a fowl, then we just eat pig or mutton, or *magani*, or open a tin of bullamaco. But we do the best we can. For it is a grand old custom (and we shall cling to it whatever happens) to eat our biggest dinner on Christmas Day.

## Christmas Service

And on Christmas Day all Christians should go to church. They are glad to remember that on that day Christ was born, 1940 years ago. There are many beautiful hymns, or carols, that belong to this time.

## Peace and Goodwill

And lastly Christmas should be a time of peace and goodwill. We should forget our quarrels and all be



Father Christmas

happy together. Unfortunately there is a pretty big war going on just now and there is no peace between the nations. But between man and man we can have peace and goodwill, and friendliness. And if we have these, we shall be able to look forward to a Happy New Year.

## Why We Fight Against Mosquitoes

No doubt you have all been bitten by a mosquito and know that they

have a nasty little bite which brings a little raised lump where we are bitten. This alone would make the mosquito our enemy. But it is not merely for this reason that we wage war against mosquitoes.

There are many kinds of mosquitoes, but in this letter I am writing about the *Anopheles* mosquito, which is the carrier of the dreaded malarial fever, so I shall tell you how the mosquito helps the malarial germ to pass from one person to another, and then you will see why we must carry on this war.

## How the Germ Grows

The young thread-like germ enters the red blood corpuscle and takes the shape of a signet ring. It grows and moves about in the cell it has entered. It gradually fills the whole cell, which becomes swollen and distorted (out of shape). Now, when the red blood cell becomes swollen and distorted, the germ living in the blood cell divides itself into from four to twenty-four spores. By "spores" are meant germs that reproduce by dividing themselves into many parts. When the original germ has divided itself into so many spores, the red blood cell then bursts and sets the spores free to enter neighbouring red blood cells and commence their life history all over again.

## Millions of Germs

In this way you can see how very quickly the red blood cells in our bodies are destroyed by the germ of malarial fever. It takes about forty-eight hours for the development of spores in the blood. Let us suppose that one germ entered the blood (though really when an *Anopheles* mosquito bites us, hundreds of thou-

sands of germs enter into our blood). In about forty-eight hours from one germ we would have about twenty-four similar germs in our blood. In another forty-eight hours we would have about 576 germs and after another forty-eight hours we would have about 13,724 and after another forty-eight hours we would have 356,824. When we consider that thousands of germs are put into our blood by the bite of the mosquito we can see that there would be millions and millions of germs, and not merely the few thousands we have given by supposing that only one germ entered into our blood. When these germs become too many in our blood, our bodies cannot fight them and so we begin to suffer from malaria. These facts will perhaps give you some idea of the harm done by the *Anopheles* mosquito to men in many lands.

—H. F. BITMEAD.

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### Italy and the War

War between Great Britain and Germany still goes on by air and sea. But the fighting on land is now against our other enemy, Italy; and she is getting a bad hammering.

#### The Italians in Greece

Italy has two big wars on her hands. Some weeks ago she invaded Greece. There are not many Greeks, and the Italians thought they were going to have a "walk-over." But the Greek soldiers did not run away. They stood up to the Italians and attacked them hard. And it was the Italians who began to run away. The fierce Greek soldiers followed them in the mountains and valleys and chased them right out of the country and captured

their guns and took thousands of prisoners. The Italians have had a bad beating from the Greeks and there is more coming to them.

#### The Italians in North Africa

The other Italian war is in North Africa. There is a big British army in Egypt guarding the Suez Canal. The Italians have a country nearby called Libya, and from Libya they invaded Egypt. They had a very large army ready (under a General called Graziani), and they moved slowly towards the British, who just stood there waiting for them. Everyone (especially the Italians) thought that Graziani would soon make a big advance and try to capture the Suez Canal. But about three weeks ago he got a nasty surprise. It was the British who suddenly made a big advance. They captured a number of Italian forts, and took 30,000 Italian prisoners. Can you imagine 30,000 men being marched off to prison? A few weeks ago they were all soldiers fighting against us with cannon and rifles and machine guns. Now they are all in the *dibura ruma*.

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### Alcohol

There are many different kinds of alcohol; but we talk mostly about alcoholic drinks—whisky, gin, beer and so on.

These are drinks that the white men are allowed to take; but the law does not allow Papuans to take them because they might get you into trouble. If you drink too much whisky you get drunk, and then you may start making a big noise, or smashing things, or fighting. Sometimes white men get drunk, though if they get

troublesome the policeman arrests them. But most white men can drink alcohol without getting drunk or troublesome, and so that is all right.

But alcohol is a new thing to Papuans. If you were allowed to drink it you might not know when to stop; and then there might be village fights and broken heads. Papuans do not know so much about law as Europeans, and if they got drunk they might not care about the law at all. So it is better not to let them get drunk.

Alcohol is forbidden. Never touch it. If you steal a drink out of your master's bottle you can go to gaol on two charges—(1) for stealing, (2) for drinking alcohol.

If any white man sold alcohol to a native that white man would be in for big trouble.

### Dogs

Papuans are not very good at looking after animals. The pigs come off pretty well, because every pig-owner

wants to have a nice fat animal and so he (or his wife) gives it food every evening.

But the dogs are not looked after so well. The dog-owners say they like to keep them thin, so that they will be a little bit hungry, and therefore will run faster after the wallabies. But sometimes I think the dog-owners forget all about feeding their dogs, and that is the reason why they are so skinny.

Not long ago the African paper *Listen* had a competition about the care of dogs and their uses. Here are two articles written by two African boys.

#### A Faithful Friend of Man

Many people have dogs. They go hunting with them. Besides hunting, people are helped a great deal by their dogs when their crops are getting ripe, for baboons and monkeys come to destroy their gardens. Through the help of these faithful servants who work for no reward the baboons can never steal anything. These dumb friends, as they are called by my tribe, fight bravely against the baboons and monkeys, who run away lest they lose their lives.



A Group of Native Dogs

The dog lies awake at night in order to bark at thieves, and wild animals, while his master sleeps. The dog sacrifices his life for his master.

The dog is well treated. A boy who is cruel to a dog is likely to be beaten by his parents. The dog is well fed. When people kill a beast for food, they cook tripe, bones, intestines, and some other flesh for their dogs. When the food is cooked they put it in a wooden plate or the bark of a tree.

When a dog dies the owner of that dog will be very sad. He does not cast him away into the bush, but will bury him, and if there is a cave, put the carcass into it and fill the cave with stones. If the Chief hears that there is a man who has not buried his dog, that man will be sent from the country.

### How I Care for My Dog

When the dog is young I give it maize flour which is cooked until it is like gruel. This is given three times a day. When it is growing up I mix the food with milk, and in another basin I put pure water to drink. The dog is washed with soap three times a week, and every day I wash its face.

When it is two or three years old I take some leaves of opium and an insect called Lufyfyulusa. I put them in the sun until they are quite dry, then I grind them both into powder and mix with the food. The reason why I give opium is to make the dog fierce when it sees an animal, and the insect is to make the dog smell the animals and run and catch them.

In my tribe, Uzigua, the dog is used in hunting. It is taken to the forest. If an animal like a gazelle is seen or smelled by the dog, the dog follows and catches the animal, or runs after it. Sometimes the men go with nets and spread them out and hide near, watching their nets all the time. The owner of the dog is left behind. When they are ready he begins to shout, following his dog towards the nets. Animals that run forward are caught by the nets, and those that run backwards are caught by the dog. The dog gets a portion of the killed animals.

The dog is also used in looking after the plantations during the day, and in catching monkeys and apes.

Sometimes the dog is used to guard the house during the night. It sleeps at the door, so if any thief or animal comes to the house

the dog wakes his master by howling or runs after the animal and catches it. If it is a man the dog bites him and you hear him crying. But if it is a dangerous animal like the leopard, the dog makes a fearful noise, so you open the door and let the dog in.

It seems as if the Africans look after their dogs better than the Papuans.

## Native Contributions

### A Busy Village

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*,

I want to tell you what we are doing here. The Iokea people always work hard for they want to make their houses as good as the plan that the Government showed them.

In 1936 the Government came to our village and told the people to pull all their old houses down. They were to promise to build new ones and also they must be finished in three months time. The Officer said, "I may come back and have a look. If anyone has not finished his house then that house will be mine," he said. "Also I will send him straight to gaol. There will be no Court held at all."

### Building Houses

It is very hard to find wood for our houses in the bush. The place where we cut the wood is far from the village. Sometimes we carry the timber on our shoulders and the big ones we load on the double canoe. I think Iokea people are very good carriers and helpers. They always help each other very well.

How can we get nails from the store? We cannot get them without pay. If we want nails we must make sago first, then carry this to the Mission store at Moru and sell the sago for nails. Mr. Nixon gives us 4 lb. of nails for one hundle of sago. If it is a big bag we get 5 lb. for it. Sometimes we buy nails with money and sticks of tobacco.

### Building a New Bridge

Friday is a very big day. No one may work for themselves but we all work for the Government. In Iokea on Friday men build houses and make the fences of the village and sometimes they clean the coconut plantations.

Once upon a time our white teacher (Mr. Nixon) had told us to make a new bridge at Helauta Creek. It is between Moru and Iokea. Then Mr. Nixon made a plan and it was to be 45 feet long, 15 feet wide and 6 feet high from the ground. On Friday all the tax boys then went out to cut posts and the other men were sent to cut coconut trees. On the second Friday they adzed coconut trunk wood for the floor. These make good and pretty floors for our bridge.

On the last (or third) Friday the policemen and councillors divided all the men into three heaps. One of the heaps were to nail the floor boards, and two were to make steps; some on one side and some on the other side. Everybody in the village was working as hard as the Government wants us to.

I am writing this because you know the Government and the Missions are making a new life for us in Papua. All dirt and badness must be got rid of.

This is all that I can write.

[By Tore Opa, L.M.S., Iokea. This wins 5s. prize.]

## The Young Man who Lived in a Tree

The story is about a bushman called Saukuru.

A long, long time ago there was a village named Sepoe. It was built at the foot of some hills near the shore. These people had always to go to their gardens in the bush for food.

One fine day when the sea was smooth the men of the village wanted to go fishing on the reef. They told their wives and daughters they might go and get food from the gardens. So this day all the women armed to the teeth and went to the gardens. All except one young girl who went another way to her garden. She went inside the garden fence and put her arm-net (string bag?) under the banana and she cut down four bundles of bananas. She took some sugar-cane and some other food and returned to her home.

When the strange young man returned from his hunting he brought a big pig on his back and he walked towards his house. But he had no house like our houses. He lived in a large tree that stood near the girl's garden. He had looked out and seen the fire

rising from the girl's garden. It was in the middle of the garden where the young girl had cooked her food in that fire. So the young man knew the girl always came home from the garden and he decided to meet her. He drew near the young girl and she cried out. Then Saukuru said, "Don't be afraid." The girl replied, "You have such long hair hanging down your back." Saukuru became proud of what she had told him. He at once wanted to kiss her that day. She was good friends with him, but she remembered that her friends had returned home by now, and had cooked food and were waiting for her. She stayed with the bushman for a few hours till 4 p.m. Then she got ready to go to her home. The man gave her some fresh meat and she made an arrangement with him. "I will come again to this place and I will make a fire here and the smoke will rise up. I shall be waiting for you." She continued to meet this young man in the garden until her child was about to be born.

The people of her village met in the men's house, called the *eravo*. Their chief man stood up and said, "To-morrow we all quietly hide in the garden." So then they slept all night till the sun came up on the hill. They were tired but the girl had told them that she was to meet the young man that day. They told her that if she was meeting him she was to tell them and she had promised to do this.

The arrangement she made with the young man was made the last time she was in her garden. So as usual when she went in and made a fire the man at once came and he kissed her and they laughed.

But she had told her brothers and said, "If I laugh then the young man is with me." The brothers heard her laugh and they were already around the garden. This was the signal for them to come at once and they leapt on the young man and held him there. "He exclaimed, 'What shall I do?'" Then they pulled him to their home and all the village was gathered together waiting for them.

The people of the village were all surprised by this young man and they stared at his long hair hanging down his back. Then he stayed with the people of that village until a son was born to him. Though his family came from a strange village he lives in Sepoe Village even to this day.

This is all I have to tell you.

[By Apukope E., L.M.S., Iokea.]



A Coastal Scene

## Pigs and their Habits

I expect that most of you boys and girls and even the men and women have seen this animal. In Papua we have not a great many wild or dangerous animals like the lion, tiger, elephant and others. Most of the animals in Papua are very small.

I will tell you a little bit about pigs and their habits. Some pigs always live in the bush and others always live in the village. In the next part I shall tell you some stories about village pigs.

I told you that some of the pigs always live in the village. True Papuan people like to feed and keep pigs because pork is very good food to eat. In the months of August and September there are a number of feasts held in our village every year. We often kill our pigs for these feasts. At that time everyone in our village will be very glad because at the feast there will be plenty of food and also plenty of pigs will be killed. Therefore we always feed our pigs.

Village pigs are very fond of their master. The master calls the pig by name. When the pig hears the master call its name it will follow him until it reaches its food trough. Then it will eat.

The wild pigs are also good food for Papuans. Men catch them in different ways. Some catch them in nets, some catch them with

spears, some catch them with bows and arrows, and some catch them with traps. Sometimes men hunt for them with their dogs and catch many of them.

The mother pigs bear their babies seven or more at a time. They are very fond of their young ones. A pig has rather a narrow body, two eyes and two ears and four legs, and a very short tail, and 20 or more teeth. A boar has two tusks. Sometimes we mourn because our friends have been killed by wild boars.

[By Forova Hui, L.M.S. schoolboy, Moru.]



## “Papuan Villager” War Gifts

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