

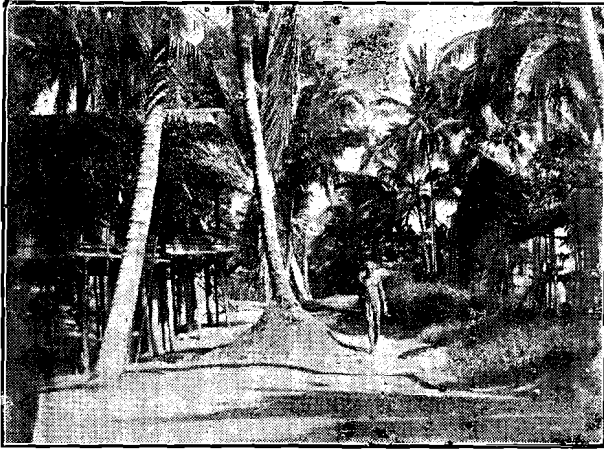
# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 12, No. 7

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Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist  
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A Quiet Papuan Village

## The War

Since last we told you about the war big things have happened. Italy has come into the fight, and France has fallen out of it.

### Italy

The Italians used to be great friends of Britain. We had helped them in the past, and in the last war they were our allies.

But they have been led away by a wild man called Mussolini. (We put his picture in the April issue and you will see he is not very pretty.) He looks as if he drank benzine instead of water, and he certainly breathes that way. For he is what we call a "fire-breather." His mouth is full of fierce threats.

He has been talking of war for a long time. Well, now he and his

country are in the war, and we shall see what his threats are worth.

#### France

In June the French gave up the fight. They were overpowered by the German armies, so they laid down their guns and said they had had enough.

The French had a big fleet. The Germans would have taken this big fleet and used it against us. But the British Navy would not let them. Our Navy had a very strange task to perform. It had to smash up the fleet of our ally. The French warships have now been taken, or sunk, or smashed, and the Germans will not be able to use them.

#### The British Empire

Now the British Empire stands alone. But it is the strongest of all; and it has a great big friend called America; and it is not at all afraid of Germany.

The Germans may try to cross the sea to invade England. The fleet and army and air force are ready and waiting for them.

#### War Gifts

The first gifts to *The Papuan Villager* War Fund come from men of the Iokea district, Gulf Division. We give their names on this page; and we will put down the names of all who send in money later on.

#### Give as Much as You Like

We suggested that Papuans should give only 1s. each at a time. But two of the Iokea men have sent 5s. They have not taken any notice of the Editor. Well done!

So you can give as much as you like. But do not be ashamed if you can only give 1s. when another boy

gives 5s. A shilling a month is quite a big gift for a Papuan. You will have your name put in the paper for it, and anyone in the British Empire who sees our *Papuan Villager* will say Thank you!

Avosa Eka has written a letter to the Editor. He says that God will help us win the war and that he and his friend Makeu Tore are going to give their strength too. That is very well said. The more we give the sooner we shall win.

#### The First List

	s.	d.
Makeu Tore, Iokea, G.D. ....	5	0
Malara Tore, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Opa Tore, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Avosa Eka, Iokea, G.D. ....	5	0
Laufa Hao, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Lari Lavapo, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Ivarapou Ou, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Haroharo Kavora, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
Posa Lokoloko, Iokea, G.D. ....	1	0
	<hr/>	
	17	0

#### A Falling Coconut Tree

The *Pacific Islands Monthly* tells of a strange accident in Raratonga. A big wind was blowing and a coconut tree, very tall and old, was swaying as if it would fall. A native's house stood nearby, and it seemed that the tree would fall on it and smash it. So the son of the house-owner took a big knife in his teeth and started to climb. He meant to cut off some of the heavy branches.

But when he reached the top the old tree found his weight too much. It fell over and he went with it. It missed the house and the boy landed in a bread-fruit tree. He was lucky to get off with a broken leg.

#### Native Medical Assistants

You now understand that Native Medical Assistants are Papuan boys who help the doctor in his hard work of making the sick well again. Before I tell you about the actual work of these boys I want to tell you what kind of boys make the best Native Medical Assistants. To my mind such a boy must have at least five qualities, all of which we shall now discuss.

1. *The Wish to Help the Sick.* A boy must have the wish to help his own people in this way, otherwise the work would be a tremendous burden, and he would quickly tire of it. We say that everyone has his or her own special work to do in life, and that special work we speak of as the boy's or girl's vocation (or calling). If you really want to do this work, then I would say that here is your special life's work. It is a work you simply

cannot take merely because you want a "job." You must love the work to do it well. When a boy really wants something he tries hard to get it, so if he wants to be a Native Medical Assistant he will try to do his best in order to become one. This trying will help him to learn all he can about his work, and moreover it will not be a difficult thing for him to do.

2. *Knowledge.* The wish alone, however, will not enable the boy to help his sick people very much. He must have knowledge, and to have knowledge (that is, knowing how to do things) he must learn, and the best way to learn is to be humble (that is, not thinking we know everything). The Chief Medical Officer will send a boy to a place where he will have the means of getting all the knowledge he will need for his future work. The boy himself must use these means, and learn as much as he can during his time of training. If he shows that he does not want to learn he will



Mr. Bitmead and his Medical Boys

Left to right, Standing: Igo Koae (Port Moresby), Rosema Tebona (Suau), Rufus (Buna), Gimana (Hula), Geori (Woodlark), Nalhen (Taupota), Timees (Buna), Daba Solomon (Rigo). Centre: Mr. H. F. Bitmead, T.M.A. In front, left to right: Moses (Wedau), Frank (Wedau), Kipling (Wedau).

surely not be allowed to take part in this great work of helping the sick.

3. *Obedience.* This word means doing exactly what we are told by those who have the right to give us an order. Perhaps in no other work in life must a man be more obedient than in medical work. If a medical boy does not do what he is told by the doctor he is no longer an assistant but is really making the doctor's work harder. Medical assistants must have great confidence in the doctor, and always remember that they are supposed to be helping the doctor, and they cannot help him if they do not do what they are told. This point of obedience cannot be too much stressed. Anything like criticizing the doctor's orders would show that the boy was not in his right place in life and should try to get some other work.

4. *Kindness and Sympathy.* These two go together. We say a person is kind if he tries to do good to others, and he is sympathetic if he can share in another's sorrow. A medical boy must be very kind because he must be trying to do good all the time. Sometimes the village people will not thank him for the good he does them, but this does not matter because in his heart the medical boy knows that he is doing good, and this itself will bring him great happiness. The medical boy will show that he is sorry for the sick people by being very gentle with them. When he dresses their sores he will not be rough with them, and he will always do his work properly. Whenever he enters a village he will inquire if there are any sick people who cannot walk about, and if there are he will do his best to help them. This is the best way in which a medical boy can show that

he is both kind and sympathetic.

5. *Devotedness to Duty.* All medical assistants must always be ready to do their duty. When doing medical work we are never "off duty." Take the following example of what I mean: A medical boy is making a patrol of a certain district. He has worked hard all day, and so at eight or nine o'clock at night some people ask him to visit a very sick man some distance away. If the medical assistant refused to visit the sick man we should not say that he was devoted to his duty (that is, that he loved his work and was always ready to do it). Do not think that medical work is like any other work. We must always be willing to help the sick, and to let them see that we do not consider it a big burden. When in the presence of a sick person we must be bright and cheerful. Never must we say harsh words or make fun of any deformity that may be present in the sick man or woman. If a medical assistant does all this we may say that he is truly devoted to his work.

I have now told you what kind of boys are Native Medical Assistants, and in my next letter I shall tell you about a long medical patrol I made with a Native Medical Assistant from Samarai inland to Abau, and then back to Samarai along the coast.

—H. F. BITMEAD,  
E.M.A., Samarai.

### Water for Port Moresby

The Government and the people of Port Moresby have been talking about a water supply for the last 25 years. This year we hope to have one at last.

Port Moresby is a very dry place. Its water is kept in the reservoir and the house tanks. The reservoir is a great big tank on one of the hills behind the town. It holds many thousands of gallons; but in a dry season this is not enough.

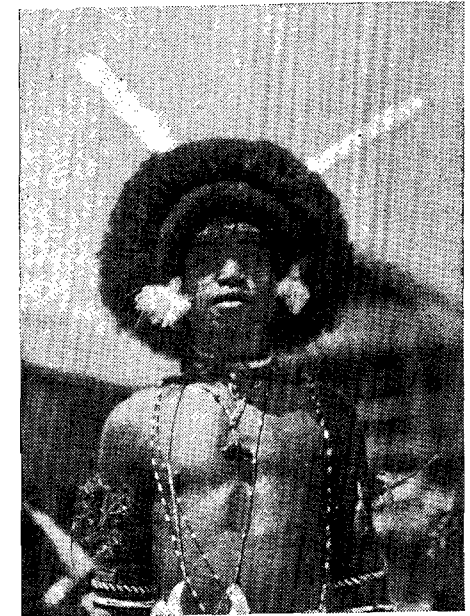
Now, we hope, the water will be brought from the Laloki River, and we shall have as much as we want of it. Unfortunately it has to be paid for. You can seldom get anything, even water, for nothing. The pipes and engines for bringing the water from the river and pumping it over the hills are going to cost many thousands of pounds.

### The Mail Plane in Difficulties

Some time ago the mail plane from Australia got into trouble. When it came near Rabaul there was a big storm, and everything was covered with clouds, so that the pilot could not see the aerodrome. He circled round in the air a long time looking for it, and then he went on towards Kavieng. But before he reached it his petrol was finished. So what was he to do? The mail plane is not a sea boat. It is meant to come down on the land. But there was no flat land anywhere near, so he decided to come down flat on the sea.

The machine had to sink. But before it sank its passengers and their luggage and the mail bags were got out; and they all reached the shore safely.

This is the first accident that Carpenter's Air Service has had. The service runs like a good clock.



A Young Motu Dancer

### Cat and Dog

When two people are always quarrelling we say that they are "like cat and dog," for these two animals are always great enemies.

Why should they be enemies? We read a story the other day that explained it. (The story comes from Poland, the country which was ruined last year by the Germans.)

In the old days dogs and cats lived in friendship together. It happened that the dogs had to go off on a journey, and they had some important papers which must be kept safely while they were away. So they asked the cats to look after them, and the cats agreed.

But the cats said among themselves, "Why should we be bothered with these papers? Let us ask the rats and mice to look after them."

So the rats and mice took over the papers, promising to keep them safely.

But then the winter came, a hard time when food was scarce. The rats and mice began nibbling the papers, because they were so hungry; and they kept on nibbling them till they were all little bits and pieces.

At last the dogs returned and asked the cats to hand over the papers.

"Of course," said the cats; "but we thought it would be safer to give them to our friends the rats and mice till you came back. We will go and get them straight away."

When the cats found only little half-eaten scraps of paper they were very angry, and started chasing the rats and mice. The dogs were angrier still, and started chasing the cats. And they have been doing so ever since.

## "Papuan Villager" War Gifts

Send your shilling to the Government Printer.

Read your name and address in next month's paper.

Ask your friends to help win the war.

## Native Contributions

### The Women's Committee at Mabudawan, Fly River

I am here informing you all about the Women's Committee at the village of Mabudawan at the west of Daru. This Committee is to try to help the people who are sick, especially the children and the babies.

You know we have not very many Papuan nurses, so we Mission teachers try to be nurses and help the small babies and the patients in the village.

One of our Samoan Missionaries is Laulii Fa'agu. She has to try to be a nurse and she urged the women of Mabudawan to help in cleaning the village and inspecting the babies and giving out the daily medicines.

The first day Laulii made up her mind how to help the village children. She called the women and talked to them on the matter. The women were very enthusiastic about this new idea, although it was a new and very hard one for them. They immediately joined Laulii and tried to get out and inspect the village every morning and every afternoon. They inspected the houses, the babies, the pregnant women and all patients.

The Committee, too, ordered tables for the patients; dishes to put on them; and new mats for their houses. When the headmen, councillors, deacons and church members, saw this they were very pleased and very surprised and they became great helpers too.

The Committee always met on Wednesdays to talk about their work and how it was to be done. Besides this, Laulii and her husband, Fa'agu, gave us some easy medical lectures concerning the bathing of babies; the cleaning of the village twice a week; and the burning of all old rubbish.

This rubbish is not allowed to lie about in the village, and all coconut shells and turtle shells (because they hold water and breed mosquitoes) and other rubbish that brings flies must be burned. All houses must be cleaned daily and swept after meals. Hands too must be washed before food is eaten and all mats must be put out in the sun daily.

They explained also that spitting on the floor must stop because in this way consumptives extend consumption.

Then it was explained that it is better to have separate kitchens instead of making a fire inside the houses, and that dishes and spoons should be cleaned after *kaikai*, and turned upside down, so that flies cannot settle inside. Food should be covered or put in the safe because flies will stand and leave germs on them.

Well, the work is going on slowly and I think it is very useful to let the people know how to be clean and how to live a long time,

isn't it? The Resident Magistrate was very pleased when he heard of this.

Last year the Committee's leader left the work and she and her consort went back to Samoa for a year's holiday. They were here for eight years doing pastoral work in the service of the London Missionary Society. The workers should be pleased when the harvest time comes. But I myself do hope that their work will bring some improvement in Mabudawan during their leave. I am also hoping that this is the first Committee of its kind in Papua.

Therefore readers would you like to explain this to your friends and to your villages?

If the outside is clean the inside must be clean also.

[By O. Akoti Jeremia. This wins 5s. prize.]



An Elema Shield

## Answer to Brother-in-law's Letter

Dear Lester (my Brother-in-law),

I have to acknowledge receipt of your nice welcome letter dated the 20th August, with many "thank yous." Hope you are well and

in the best of good health, with your family. I am keeping well here and waddling well in my work.

Sometimes go out on patrol for tax collecting on the *Elevala* in calm seas or rough weather. I go every Friday to the village for Council Meetings and hold the Village Council Meetings with the Village Councillors. I give the simple questions and afterwards explain them. I explain to the Councillors the matter of Native Tax: (1) Why the Government has tax collecting: (2) What the Government has done with all tax money.

There are two banks at Port Moresby. One is for the Government to keep their own money in, and that money the Government has to pay to those who are working for them—A.Cs., Warders, Native Clerks, Government vessel Crews, etc., etc. The other is kept for our native taxation money, called "Native Benefits Fund." That money the Government has spent out from our Native Taxation money:—

- (1) Prize £5 for best village, plantations, gardens and rest-houses.
- (2) Family Bonus.
- (3) "Missions" for Mission education of children.
- (4) Native Hospitals in Samarai and Port Moresby.
- (5) Passage for sick people to the hospitals.
- (6) Footballs supplied by Government stations for native teams.
- (7) Native Medical Assistants.
- (8) Government supply of tanks and pumps to some villages.

It's very hard to teach. But anyway it's only our little island hope. We are two Church of England boys working here in the office, Kenneth Kaiu and I. Kenneth is an interpreter.

The south-east wind brings all-the-world 'flu to this island I suppose.

Well, cheerio, my brother-in-law. That's enough so I close my letter here.

Hope you are well and best wishes to you all.

Yours faithfully,  
M. D. Barton,  
Native Clerk, Misima.

## The Two Women

On 10th April two women were going fishing in the Silo River. Their names were

Louoela and Morisope. They went to a small creek near the village.

Morisope spoke and said, "The water is coming up. I am afraid of the crocodiles."

Then Louoela went deeper in the creek and Morisope said, "Louoela, don't be silly. You see this very high water."

"Morisope," said Louoela, "I shall go down the creek if I like." So she went down the creek but a big crocodile was not far away in the water and he was about to kill Louoela. Morisope went to the village nearby; and the people said, "Let us go and search for Louoela." One man said, "We must all take spears."

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Come and See—

**Mr. WYATT'S**  
new Hunter Street  
**STORE**

It is here that the  
Village People  
can Buy Every-  
thing they need

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Then a teacher came to the village and he said, "Listen to what I say. Let me speak." Then they went up the river and some men looked in the river and some men looked in the creek. Yet they did not see the crocodile; and at 6 p.m. they came home. The teacher said, "We will try again to-morrow morning." The men were afraid.

One day when three village men were out gardening up the river they saw the crocodile. One of the men wanted to kill him, the other two wanted to go home and tell all the people. One ran off to tell all the people. But they were all afraid and only six men went to kill the crocodile.

The name of one of the men was Kamua. He said, "See I have spears." They went up the river and they saw the crocodile coming. Kamua, he went up and killed him. He threw his spear at the crocodile. The crocodile went down in the water and he died. Kamua went in his canoe and pulled him out and he was a very big crocodile 13 ft. 8 ins. long.

The teacher did not know the village well so he asked the people how many people the crocodile had killed. They said he had killed six women and also dogs and pigs.

[By Taumingi Haro, Village Councillor, Iokea.]

## Competition . .

### "MY JOB"

Write about the work you are paid to do—as a Clerk, Sewing Girl, Storeman, Telephone Boy, Carpenter, or whatever it is . .

The school boys and girls will not be able to enter for the competition this time. They can have a rest and let the big ones do the work

Competition closes 15th August, 1940

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## A Double-Canoe and a Crocodile

The double-canoe was anchored up the river when the people in it saw a crocodile. It was asleep on the river-bank under the canoe. In this river there is a very big tide that comes up; but just then it was very low tide.

Koivaga looked down through a hole in the deck of the canoe and saw the tail of a crocodile. He called to his daughter, "What is this?" Damabu answered and said, "It is a crocodile. Or what is it?"

Then the father Koivaga said, "Well I have looked again and seen the tail and I looked back and saw the head." So he told one of the boys to go and tell the village people. The village people took all their knives and spears and axes and they came to ask Koivaga, "Where is it?" Then Koivaga said, "It is under the canoe." They saw it and then they said their prayers.

They began to make a fence to shut the river mouth. Then Koivaga said, "Don't make a fence here. I will make a noose with this rope round his trunk." Then Koivaga took one end of the rope and made it fast to a tree. When he was all ready he called out to his brother, "You must throw the spear," and he threw the spear. The crocodile was very startled and he made for the outside. Koivaga's rope caught the crocodile over the head and the front hand and he made fast the body. The fence fell over in the struggle. Ten spears went into the crocodile and it must be dead.

[By Koara Omaga, Mailu L.M.S.]

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