

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER




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The Medical Service.

White Men's Doctors.

 MONG the white people there are some men who know how to cure you when you are ill. We call them doctors, and they are certainly very wise men. When anyone wants to be a doctor he has to work very hard, day and night for years, learning all about the insides of our bodies. And he has to sit for examinations—like your school examinations, though rather harder. Then, if he can pass the examinations, we call him a doctor: people go to him when they have broken legs or stomach-aches and he makes them well, and he makes them pay for it too.

The Cost of the Medical Service.

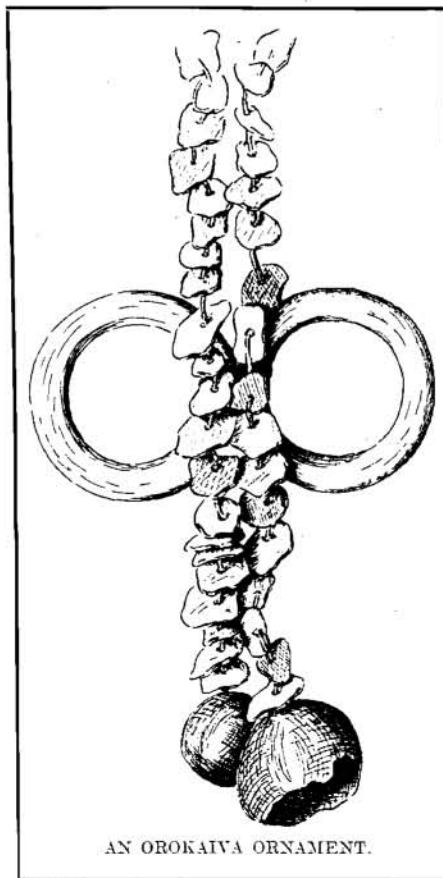
There are a number of doctors here whose work is to look after you Papuans. When a white man is ill and calls in the doctor he has to pay a pocketful of money, but you can have him almost for nothing. You really help to pay for the doctors with your taxes, but you only pay part of the money; the Government pays the other part. But all the money—some from the taxes and some given by the Government—goes toward a Medical Service.

The Doctors.

There are five doctors in the Medical Service. The head is Dr. Strong, who looks after the whole Service. Dr. Bellamy works in the Northern and North-Eastern Divisions; Dr. Giblin at Port Moresby; Dr. Boag-Leigh in the Delta Division; and Dr. Lewis at Samarai.

The Medical Assistants.

Besides these there are the Medical Assistants. Mr. Walsh works in the islands of the South-Eastern Division;



AN OROKAIWA ORNAMENT.

Mr. Whitehouse from Samarai to Baniara on the North-East Coast; Mr. Peterson from Baniara to Emo further up the coast; Mr. Hall from Samarai to Port Moresby; Mr. Littlechild in the Gulf Division; and Mr. Sharp in the Western Division.

Mr. Minogue looks after the hospital in Port Moresby; and Mr. Adams looks after the hospital in Samarai.

Trained Papuans.

There is also a Papuan patrol under Morea Toua that works on the coast near Port Moresby and in the inland villages; and another patrol has been going out under Dago Morea. Also there are trained Papuan medical boys at Baniara, Fife Bay, and Kikori.

Mission Hospitals and Doctors.

The Missionaries also have doctors and hospitals. All Missionaries are ready to look after the sick, and they know a lot about it, but at Dobu there is a proper Mission hospital under Dr. Williams, and one at Gona under Dr. Gill; and there is another big hospital at Kwato. You can see therefore that with the Medical Service and the Missions there are a lot of men here trying to keep you healthy and free from sickness.

Yaws.

The medical people treat all kinds of diseases; they can mend broken arms, bandage wounds, and give you medicines for fevers and other sickness. But perhaps the most important work of all is to cure "yaws." Before the white men came here the Papuans had many open sores that would never heal up: they suffered from yaws. But the white men have found out that if they shoot a kind of medicine into your body so that it gets into your blood, then these sores will quickly heal. This is called giving an "injection." Many thousands of Papuans have had injections, so that

if you have a sore on your foot you should come and ask for one too.

Do not Fear the Doctor.

There are many other ways in which the medical men can help you. They can give you medicine for hook-worm; medicine for constipation; medicine for skin diseases such as *sipoma* and *kuhikuihi*. So that when they come to your village you should be very glad to see them. Never be afraid of the doctor.

The Butterfly and the Mouse.

A Golden Butterfly and a Mouse whose hair was white lived together in one house, and were good friends. One day they made a plan. Said the Butterfly, "We will go and cut a big tree and make our canoe." And they started off and went to the bush, where they cut down a big tree. Then they took an adze and shaped the log, and they made a good canoe for themselves. They wanted an outrigger for their canoe, so they cut a smaller tree and made an outrigger. When they had finished all this, they made their paddles and then dragged the canoe down into the sea. They wanted to get out into deep water, so they had to go a long way. While they were paddling, the Mouse sneezed very loudly and the Butterfly was frightened. He said to the Mouse, "Why do you do that? If you do that again you will break the canoe, and what shall we do then? True, if you break our canoe I can fly away to the beach; but what can you do? You will have to swim, and you will get your hair wet, and afterwards you will get a cold."

Now when the Butterfly talked like that, the Mouse sneezed again, and the canoe split in the middle right up to the end. The Butterfly flew away at once to the shore, and there he sat down on a tree, and watched his friend swimming along. And he said to him, "That is what I was talking about just now; you remember what I told you? Look at me, I am dry and you are wet and cold."

The Mouse reached the beach and dried himself and they started to talk

again. The Butterfly said, "My friend, we will go and eat the ripe bananas." And the Mouse said, "No; we will go and eat the sugar-cane." The Butterfly replied and said, "Oh, well; you go and eat the sugar-cane; but I will go and have some ripe bananas."

When the Butterfly said that, he flew away to the ripe bananas, and the Mouse went and ate the sugar-cane. I do not know the reason for this, but while the Mouse was on a tall sugar-cane, it broke and the Mouse fell down to the ground; before he could run away the top half of the sugar-cane fell on him and killed him. The Butterfly was not far away, and when he heard the noise of the falling sugar-cane he was afraid, and listened. But he could not hear the Mouse eating, so he flew from the bananas and looking about he found his friend lying dead near the sugar-cane. Taking a leaf from a pumpkin the Butterfly slowly put the Mouse on it, and wrapped it round his body and tied it gently together.

Holding his dead friend under his wing, he started to go home. As he went along he met a party of Eagles sitting on some dead trees. They said to the Butterfly, "What have you got under your wing?" and the Butterfly replied, "No; my something." He did not want to tell them about his friend. The Eagles said, "All right; you go." When he had gone a little further, the Butterfly met a party of Crows, and they said to him, "What have you got under your wing?" and he said to them, "No; my something." "Oh, well" they said, "go on, go on."

And the Butterfly went on again and soon he met a party of Hawks, and they asked him the same question the Crows and the Eagles had asked; and the Butterfly said again "No; my something."

The Hawks said to him, "Show us, and let us see what you have got." He showed them, trembling like a leaf in the wind. The Hawks looked and saw the Mouse and very quickly one of them swooped down and flew away with it. Then the Butterfly sat down and cried, "Oh, my *kara budana*; my *kara budana*; they have taken you away; you are gone; your are gone."

He cried like that as he went along to his house. And after that he lived alone by himself.

[Told to Mr. Humphries by Oaikaidi of Wedau.]

The Rule of the Road.

PAPUANS are very fond of engines. They always like to look at them, and nowadays many of them have learnt to drive them. Boys know how to run launches and tractors and cars and lorries; but several people have spoken to me about mistakes the Papuan drivers make.

Around Port Moresby especially there are many motor-cars driven by boys. These boys do not always know "the rule of the road."

Keep to the Left.

When you drive you must keep to the left. You must know your left hand from your right, and you must keep on that side of the road. If two cars are meeting, each driver keeps to his left side and so they pass with plenty of room.

Sometimes you are coming up fast behind another car. Do not try to go in between him and the left side of the road. That is his side; he should keep close to it. You have to go outside him, and, when you have passed him, you go in close to the left side again.

In a later paper we will put some more about the rule of the road and make some pictures to show you what to do.

News from Abau.

KOPA and Nuga of Bilioulu-Hula were fishing yesterday on the outer reef; at least ten miles from Abau. A heavy sea swamped their canoe. Kopa tells me that being good swimmers they were not afraid. They hoisted a sail on the submerged canoe, and sailed it towards Abau, where they landed some hour during the night. They did not lose their nets. Now, if this had happened in Australia the newspapers would say that Kopa and Nuga were good sailormen. I think so too. Don't you?

—L.F.

The King's Birthday.

THE 3rd of June was King George's birthday. In every part of the British Empire the Union Jacks are flying at the masts on that day; and everywhere the people shut up their offices or leave their gardens and have a holiday.

King George is the first man in the whole British Empire. He rules more than four hundred million people—white, brown, yellow, and black. As the Papuans sometimes say, they are as many as the leaves of the trees or the sands of the sea-beach.

Most days he walks about like an ordinary white man, but in this picture he is wearing his "state robes," or his special clothes. The King has a crown of gold with bright shining jewels, or stones, in it; and he sometimes sits in a very fine chair called a throne. His people sing a song called the National Anthem—"God save our gracious King"—and when they sing it they stand up straight to show they respect the King.

King George has lately been very ill and all the people in the Empire were anxious. But now he is well again and the people are glad to know it; for they all like King George.

L.M.S. *Tamate*.

Tamate, the Missionary.

THE *Tamate* is a big Motor-boat and some of you know it is the name of one of the first Missionaries to come to Papua.

The White people called him Chalmers but we called him "Tamate" and some of our old men still remember him. They used to talk to him and travel with him.

After many years spent in helping the people of Papua he was killed at Goaribari because we people of the Delta did not understand he was our friend.



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.
[Block by courtesy of Government Printer, Sydney.]

"Tamate," the Boat.

But now a boat comes to remind us of him and it bears his name and anchors off Dopima where he died.

We built the boat at Aird Hill and if you look at the picture of her on page 5 you will understand why we feel very proud of her.

We had plenty of hard work to do, for most of us had never built anything except a house or a canoe before and this boat was not like a canoe. There was so much to do inside after the outside was finished and it was nine months before she was launched at last. But it was fine to see her growing and our friends from all the villages used to come and watch and then go home and talk about her.

The Interior of the Boat.

She is 42 feet long and 10 feet wide. You can see what she is like outside but we want to tell you what she is like inside. First there is a place for us to sleep right in the bows and we have proper bunks like they have on

big ships. Next comes the engine-room with a 30 horse-power engine. There will be two engines there soon for a friend is sending us from England a little electric light engine and dynamo and when that comes we shall have the boat lit with electric light and looking ever so bright at night.

Aft of the engine is a hold for cargo and above this is the deck-cabin you see in the picture. We steer the boat from here and it is very jolly, for, when it rains or the spray comes over the bows, we can keep nice and dry besides having a good look-out from which we can see the logs that come floating down the rivers and which we have to keep clear of.

From this cabin we go down to a little kitchen, looking so spick and span with its bright pots and pans and little stove and cups hanging from their hooks and plates in racks that keep them from falling when the ship rolls. There is a lavatory on the port side and aft of the kitchen a cabin where our Taubada can sleep. It has

sideboards and cupboards and bookshelves too. Last of all comes the cockpit where we love to sit when the boat is running through the water. We are putting in some new fittings here so that we can pump water from the river and have a shower bath and so the cockpit will also be a bathroom.

Now our boat is on the water. It seemed such a big and difficult thing to try, but we just kept on doing a little more every day until one glorious morning we saw our boat go into the water and soon after went for a fine run in the ship we had built at Aird Hill.

The "Tamate's" First Visit.

The first village we visited was the one that "Tamate" knew. We went to Dopima.

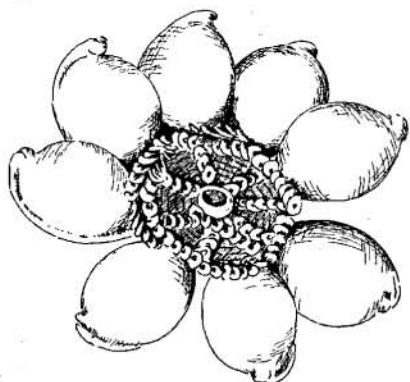
"Tamate" had come back, and we talked with our friends in the great big Dubu Daimo there and were glad that the fighting unfriendly days were over and that the day that the old Missionary died to bring was slowly coming.

—*"Bula."*

Orokaiva Ornaments.

THE Orokaiva are very proud of their ornaments or *hambo*. In many parts of Papua the men have better head-dresses than the Orokaiva, but I have never seen better ornaments. They make their *hambo* of shells from the sea, of pigs' tusks, or of dogs' eth.

The most beautiful of all are the ornaments for their foreheads. You see one on this page. It is made of little red pieces of shell, of white or yellow dogs' teeth, and of black banana-seeds, with two round pieces of pearl-shell.



OVULUM SHELLS.

The Orokaiva, like many other Papuans, hold ornaments in their teeth when they dance. They did the same when they used to fight, for they thought it made them look fiercer. There is one of these on the front page, and on page 5 you see four young men all holding their *hono* or *huave* in their mouths.

They have far too many ornaments to write about. On this page you see one made with white shells. They are called "ovulum," which means "little egg," because they are something like hens' eggs; though I don't think a hen would like to lay an ovulum shell.

The other little picture here shows you some beaks of the hornbill *peremo*. The Orokaiva, like many other people, string them together and tie them round their heads. The fighting men used to do this. I should think they



AN OROKAIVA FOREHEAD ORNAMENT.

might lower their heads, and run at one another like cows with their sharp horns. But they only wore the *peremo* beaks for a mark. They were a mark to show that you had killed someone.

The three girls on page 5 have been shut up in a house for several months. We call this fashion "seclusion." When they come out they put on all their ornaments because they feel mighty glad.

The Rich Man, The Rat, and the Disobedient Boy.

LONG ago, in the beginning, there was a very rich man. He had too much land, and pigs, and taro, and everything.

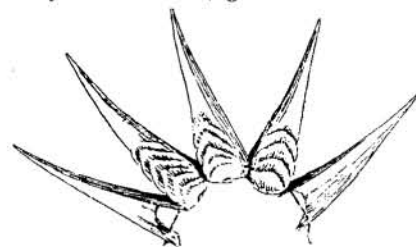
He met a poor boy who had nothing at all, and was starving. He took the poor boy home with him, and let him live in his house, and gave him big lots of food. There was so much food in the house that there was always a big table covered with food all day and all night. All the poor boy had to do was to go to the table whenever he liked, and eat as often as he wanted, and eat as much as he could hold. Then he could go and sleep, and when he woke up, he could start to eat again. This went on for many months.

Then one day the rich man said to the boy, "I have got to go away on a visit, and will stop away for some days; but you can stop here all the time, and you can do what you like; only, one thing you must not do, and that is to touch the little box that is on the case in the corner of my room."

So the boy said to the rich man, "All right, Taubada, I will never touch that box, because you say I must not, and also, because you have been very good to me, and fed me, and allowed me to sleep in the house always."

But, after the man had been away three or four days, the boy began to think very much about what was in the box; and, the more he thought about it the more he wanted to look in the box. Well, he opened the lid of the box just to have a small look, and, out jumped a rat and ran away! The boy shut the box and put it back where it was before, and he was afraid.

The man came home after some days, and asked the boy, "Did you touch the box?" The boy was frightened, and he told a lie, and said, "O, I never touched it all the time you were gone." Then the rich man opened the box, but the rat he had hidden in the box before he went away was not there. So he said to the boy, "You have been at my box, because the rat is gone, and it could not get out unless somebody opened the box, and you were the only man in my house! Go, get back into the



BEAKS OF THE HORNBILL (*PEREMO*).

bush where I found you long ago, when you had nothing to eat and had to sleep in the rain!" So, the boy was turned out of the house, because he had touched the box which the great man had told him he must not have anything to do with.

—"Bantu."

Subscribers.

WE now have 131 Papuan Subscribers. Eastern Division wins with 42 (Fife Bay 28, Salamo 13, Samarai 1). Rigo District comes next with 31 (Hula 22, Rigo 5, Kerepunu 2, Vilirupu 1, Kapa Kapa 1). Abau District comes third with 17. Others: C.D. (Port Moresby) 12; G.D. 11; D.D. 8; Kokoda District 5; N.E.D. (Tufi) 2; Kairuku District 2; Kiriwina 1.

The Moon and the Sun.

LONG time ago at Dauan Island there lived a man, his name was Kabai. He lived at the Northern end of the Island, and his village was called Kadam.

There happen to be, as the girls of the village were plaiting their mats in the moon-light, some of them saying the sun and moon is the same thing: in the day time he comes up as a sun, and at night he comes up as a moon. And the others say the sun is different thing altogether from the moon. So there were division among the girls, and they come to Kabai and asked him. And he told them, the sun is another thing from the moon. And the other girls, won't believe Kabai, so they dispute with him all that night. Then he go and told his wife that he would set sail to the East, in the morning to find out about the moon.

Kabai in the Empty House.

Early next morning he set sail up in his canoe, and started to sail toward the East. By chance on the way he saw a very high house on the sea, there was no land, this house was standing on the deep blue sea. He tie up his canoe to this house, and walk into the house. No one was there except some wooden pillow, when the night came he went to bed, and about midnight he heard some strange noise, a rattling of human bones. As they make these rattling noises they join together, and came and sleep along side him. They push him out from the house and laid him right out on the door way. When the day light come these people disappeared. When Kabai waked up from his sleep he did not see these people: only the wooden pillows again left in the house.

Kabai under the "Wana" Tree.

Kabai started again on his voyage. For years and years he sail along to the East. Keeping the same course, at last he sighted a tree (called *Wana*). And it was very hot day, and he make a fast to this tree and rested under the shade of the tree, and he fell fast asleep. Flowers from this shake by a light breeze from the South, and they fell on his head. When he wake up from his slumber, he felt all these flowers on him, and tried to shake them off. But he find that his hair already turned grey. (He was very young in his age when he left home.)

The Alligator in the Eastern Land.

Then he started again. Couple days sailing he came to the Eastern land, where the sun, moon, and night are living. Kabai waited till night. On the tree where they use for climbing up to the sky, a big alligator lay under the tree. The night came out first with his wife and children, all dark colour; and every thing he had, all were dark. They spring from the ground to the limb of that tree where the alligator lay under, and the alligator open her mouth and spring to the limb where the night with his wife and children were standing. But before she (alligator) could catch them, the night with his wife and children spring up to the sky, and the alligator bit the spot where they were standing.

And a little while after the moon came with his family all dressed with silver colour. He also standing on the limb of the tree, with his wife and children. Alligator open her mouth, spring to the limb where they were standing. Before the alligator could hit them, the moon with his family spring up to the sky, and the alligator hit the spot where they were standing.

And Kabai waited again. At last the sun comes with his family, all with golden colour; and on the same way spring up to the limb, and from limb of a tree they spring up to the sky. And the alligator do the same thing to them.

The Sun Talks to Kabai;

When the sun standing on the sky, and he look down and saw Kabai and asked him all about, where do you come from? Kabai answered and told him all about his voyage, and what he was to look for. "We at Dauan Island dispute about you and the moon, say you (Sun and Moon) were one: on the day time you work as sun, and on the night time you work as the moon." And the sun answered and told him that it was wrong. "I (Sun) am different from the moon. I work on the day time, and the moon on the night."

and Brings him Home.

And the sun ask Kabai, how could he get back to home, and he (Kabai) told him, that he will sail his canoe back home. And the sun told him to tie a small cord from coconut skin on the top of his head (or hair) and the sun have the other end of the cord, and sun travel on the sky, Kabai under (on) the earth. So the sun took him back to home one single day: before the sun set he got home first. And people on his Island were very glad to see him, safe and sound. And he told them all about what he did, and see, and also show them the cord the sun had tied on to his hair.

And thus people come to learn that the sun is different from the moon.

[This is best story this month; but the man who wrote it forgot to sign his name. He sent another story too. If he sends his name to the Editor and tells him what the other story was about he will get 5s.]

How we Catch Wild Pigs.

ALL the people in the Mailu District make very strong nets from the aerial roots fibre, very long and wide nets, about 30 yards long. The people in the villages like very much to eat pigs. So all the chiefs in the villages come together and talk about hunting. They all say "Very Well; we better try to get some pigs tomorrow."

They wake up quickly at the day's break and take their food and nets with them. They can't make any noise before going out (they don't like the people in the villages to know).

Making the Nets Ready.

They walk on one way. When they get near the place they like to tie the nets. They send some of the boys forward to drive the pigs into the nets. Those men who stay behind with the nets stand round the hill and

put down their nets quickly. They pull the nets very tight and tie both ends on the roots of the trees; then they lift up the nets and put up the small sticks of the wood to keep the nets straight. When they finish it some of the boys or men they climb up to the small trees for their watching places, and the rest of them hide themselves and look after the nets.

Driving the Pigs.

Those boys who are without nets they drive the pigs into the nets; make great noise and beat the buttress of the trees. Then the pigs hear the great noise. They get very frightened and run very fast into the nets. Watchmen who are on the trees speak out with a loud voice to the keepers of the nets: "Are you ready? Pigs are coming." They catch the pigs; they sing a beautiful song; and they tie them both legs and carry to their home.

Bringing the Pigs Home.

When they get near to the village, they will make great shout; they think of the people in the village: "They will hear us, our shouting, and they will believe us and be glad." They come to the village fence. All the women stand in front and ask, "Who caught the pig?" And the man who caught the pig, his mother or sister goes in front to him and dances him round and round, and says, "Next time you will be able to catch more pigs."

[By Ianamu, L.M.S. Teacher at Mailu.]

Act of a Brave Man.

KONE-AILI, Chief (and Village Councillor) of Babaga Village, Rigo district.

He with his brother to Gobaia Village to enquire about his stolen bananas. They saw number of strangers there—in regalia. Become suspicious.

Left soon with his brother en route to their village and along the track, filled with a present limit (*presentiment*?), said to his brother, "You go ahead. If I am killed you will be a witness."

Within ½ hour he was surrounded by the people which he had seen at the village, the chief of which, from behind, struck him a fatal blow with a stone club on the back of the head, and the poor old man fell down and died.

So being a chief, too proud to run away and save himself from danger, he paid the penalty, like a brave man.

[By Nansen Kaisa, clerk, Magistrate's Office, Rigo.]

[Two other men, Charlie Esau and Henry T., of Saroa, have written very well about the death of Kone-Aili, but there is no room for their articles.]

Others who have written to the Editor this month:—

Ovia, teacher, Poreporena School; Arthur Daniel, teacher, Kamali; Noga Koi, Mailu Island; Dagi Kapu, Mailu Island; Bua, Mailu Island; Barnabas M., Fife Bay; Benoma Dagoela, Fife Bay; Marehari Raefa, Lawes College, Fife Bay; Ianamu, L.M.S., Mailu; Charlie Esau, Saroa; Henry T.

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Papuan Paragraphs.

A Big Saw-Fish.

ANIANI of Elevala, boats-crew boy at Kikori, tells how they caught a saw-fish in the Kikori River. A man named Anai was fishing with a line. Suddenly he sang out "Oh, Oh! Come quickly, my arm nearly cut!" Then Sergeant Taro ran down with a gun and shot the saw-fish in the head. The Magistrate says it weighed about 300 lb.

A Canoe Capsizes at Kikori.

BADU LOHIA of Elevala is engineer on the launch *Kismet* at Kikori. He says he has many hard times on her. Some time ago the *Kismet* was towing a Mission canoe. It went very fast and the canoe capsized.

He says he was very sorry for the people who fell into the water but they all got aboard and no one was hurt. I think Badu Lohia was having a good time.

A Feast at Kamali.

MAREKO WARI tells about a feast at Kamali (Rigo District) last April. "Plenty of people there went out unto Kamali for the feast. All every body they are very glad, for when they saw the feast they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." He says that Daniel, the Kamali teacher, is very strong in every job and wants the Papuans to be strong in their work too.

Kabua's Pipe.

KABUA GAIRO, Interpreter at the Central Court, is very proud of his bamboo-pipe, you can light safety matches on it. He writes "this bamboo-pipe is better bamboo-pipe than everyone in the world. That is why he kept it all the time."

Copra at Hula.

PIKI RAVU, a Hula school-boy and son of the V.C., writes that the Councillors and people have put a *taravatu* on the coconuts. When it is over they will make copra and sell it. Then they will have money for their tax, and they will buy *ramis* and food and other things. "That," says Piki Ravu, "is good manners." Last year Hula had 500 or 600 bags of copra.

Cricket.

THE Kwato team, under Mr. Russell Abel, comes to Port Moresby to play the white men on 23rd and 24th June. The Governor has given the *Elevala* to bring them and take them back.

Campbell of Wedau.

CAMPBELL ERELA, of Wedau, worked at the Government Printing Office, and each month he helped to get the *Papuan Villager* ready. He was the first man to win a prize for the best article by a Papuan. He was soon going back to Wedau for a spell, but he died at Port Moresby on the 27th May.

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