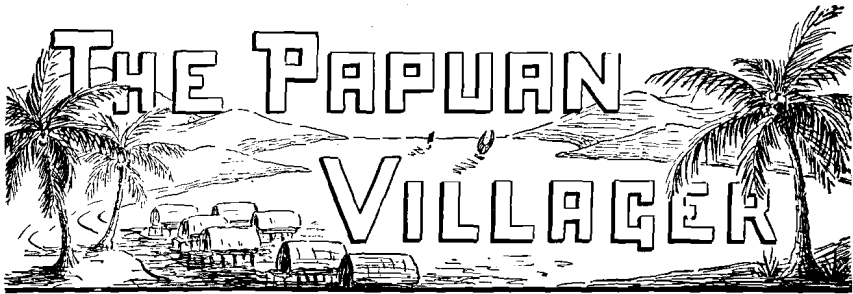


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 9, No. 11
November, 1937

Edited by F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist
Published by the Government Printer, Port Moresby, Papua

Price: Two Pence
1s. per annum in Papua
2s. per annum, post free
elsewhere

The Hospital at Gemo

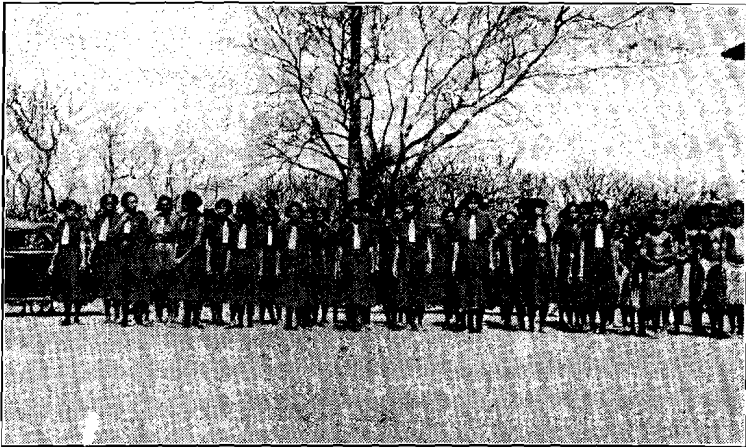
The new hospital at Gemo Island was opened by the Governor on Saturday, 17th October. It has been built for Papuan natives with leprosy and tuberculosis.

Leprosy and Tuberculosis

Leprosy is a disease which causes terrible sores on the body; it attacks

people's hands and feet and will destroy their fingers and toes, and, unless it can be cured, it will at last kill the person who has it.

Tuberculosis is usually called consumption. It attacks a person's chest, and he gets a bad cough. He has fever all the time, and grows very thin. Consumption may also kill a person unless he is cured in time.



Girl Guides of Poreporena

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

Infection

Both leprosy and consumption are "infectious." This means that one man catches the disease from another. If you live close by a leper or a consumptive you may take his sickness yourself, and then there are two lepers instead of one, and two consumptives instead of one.

Isolation

That is one of the reasons for this hospital. The sick people must be "isolated." That means that they must be kept by themselves. They must be taken away from the village and house where they live close to other people, so that these other people may be saved. You should therefore be willing to send your sick friends and relatives to the hospital so as to make your house and village safe.

Cure

There is another reason for the hospital. Sick people do not go there to die. They go there to live. If their sickness has not gone very far, then they can be cured. Leprosy can be cured and so can consumption. But the people who have these diseases must be looked after very carefully. They must be nursed and fed and given medicines.

In their own houses they will not have this skilful treatment, and so they will quickly get worse and at last they will die. If you want to save the lives of your friends, you should therefore be ready to send them to the hospital at Gemo.

Even if they are very very sick you should be prepared to send them to Gemo. For there they will be well treated and made comfortable. Very bad cases of leprosy and consumption

will live far longer there than in their own homes.

The Nurse at Gemo

Gemo is under the charge of Miss Fairhall. She has been the L.M.S. nurse in Poreporena, and the people of that village know what she has done for their sick people.

Now she has gone across to look after the new hospital. It is not an easy life for a *sinabada*. It means that she must give up many of the things that white people like to do. There is not much fun in it, and plenty of hard work. But Sister Fairhall knows her business, and you can be very sure that Gemo will be looked after as it should be. All the sick people, and all their friends and fellow-villagers will understand, we hope, know how they should thank her.

Two South Sea Teachers

Auauna and his wife Vainga have been working for the L.M.S. in Papua for these many years. They were stationed at Moru, and this year was to be their last. Their time was up, and they were to go home to the South Seas to take the rest which they had earned.

But it was necessary for Sister Fairhall to have the help of two good people at the hospital. And so Auauna and Vainga were asked if they would go there instead of to their own homes. They thought about it, and then said that they would do so. And so these two have decided to spend the rest of their lives at Gemo. We hope that everyone will know how to thank them too.

The Owners of the Land

The island of Gemo belongs to some villagers of Poreporena. The land is theirs and it is good land. When it was decided to build a

hospital for lepers and consumptives a place had to be found. The Government and the Mission thought of one place after another, but none were suitable. Then at last somebody thought of Gemo. Mr. Wurth, who was then the Magistrate, talked to the Councillors about it and it was decided to go there.

mountain called Giluwe. Towards the top of it there was no timber. It is open country and the wind blew very cold. Although the sun was shining some of the carriers could hardly walk because of the cold. So a big fire was built and they all gathered round it to rest and get warm. This was 11,640 feet up.



A Papuan Rubber Plantation

But the land did not belong to the Government or the Mission, and you cannot build on other people's land. So the Government offered to buy it. But the owners said, "No. Since the Government will build the hospital, and since the Mission will look after it, we will let them have the land for nothing." So they have given Gemo rent-free for fifty years. The people for whom the hospital is built, then, will not forget to thank these native owners also.

Gemo will be a very good hospital and we can all wish it Good Luck.

Bamu-Purari Patrol

Cold Weather

The Patrol had to pass over a high

Later on in the day they had to cross a ridge at 12,000 feet. On very high mountains men sometimes feel sick; and six of the carriers could not carry their loads. Mr. Adamson and some of the police were behind, and they carried them into the camp.

The party spent a very bad night at 11,480 feet. They had to keep the fires up all night and the tents were full of smoke. But that was better than the cold.

In the morning the cooks found the water in the buckets covered with ice. They had got up at 5 o'clock to make breakfast, but Mr. Champion told them to wait till the sun rose. Even after they started the pools were all frozen and the ice crunched under their feet. (Many readers of *The*

Papuan Villager have never seen ice. When water turns cold it gets very hard like glass. That is ice. Any boy who has been to the Freezer and held a block of ice in his hands knows how this hurts. When the ice gets warm it turns back into water.)

But the patrol at last got down to lower ground and there the weather was warmer.

After leaving Giluwe, the high mountain, the patrol came into a big valley with pretty wild flowers. And soon they came to a little village. The people treated them well and sold them some food.

Ornaments

A man guided them on further and when he wanted to turn back Mr. Champion gave him some payment. This payment was a looking-glass. The guide was very pleased and tied it on to his forehead for an ornament and went home.

These people have some funny ornaments. Later on the patrol saw two men with salmon tins for armlets.

Gardens

The people keep very tidy gardens. They have parks or dancing grounds with casuarina trees planted round them and a big shady tree in the middle. The gardens are planted in little round plots or "beds," and there are bright-coloured bushes and flowers among them. Everyone wanted to shake hands with the patrol.

Skin Disease

Many people had the skin disease called *kui-kui*. Mr. Champion sprinkled some iodoform powder on one small boy who was covered in sores. After that everyone wanted iodoform powder. One day the medi-

cal assistants will go up there to treat the sick people.

Buying Food

Further on the patrol began to get hungry and wanted to buy food; but the people would not sell any. They bought a few little potatoes and wanted a whole axe for it. But this was too much.

Mr. Champion showed them a big swag and said that if they filled it they would get an axe. But still they made no move.

Then Mr. Champion said that next morning, if they had no food, he would have to take it. So next morning Mr. Adamson took some police and went into the gardens with a swag bag and told the people to dig up potatoes. They did this and then he gave them a big knife.

When the people saw that a bag of potatoes would bring them a knife they all began to dig. And soon there were half a ton of potatoes. At last there were so many that Mr. Champion had to tell them to stop.

This was often the way. The people did not understand that they would be paid for their food, and they would not start bringing it. But once one man got paid, then everybody started.

Sago

Then the patrol went on through some country where no people lived. Not much rice was left; so when they came to a sago swamp they stopped and made sago. Four palms were cut down and over 400 pounds were made. This was roasted on the outside so that it would keep, and the party went on with enough sago for a week.

Later they met some people again and learned that they had been watched all the time they were making sago. Messages had been sent to the people all round, and they were going to fight the patrol if necessary. But Mr. Champion left an axe and some shell at the sago place in payment, so the people were not angry.



Some Kabadi Dancers. A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

Flies, Rubbish and Disease

Flies live on rubbish and old food, and they like to settle on your new food just as you are going to eat it. And if you have a sore, they settle on that. In these ways they carry disease round on their little wings, and they go from the sick man to the strong man, and soon the strong man finds himself sick.

Flies

Mosquitoes and Flies on Panama

Panama is a hot place in the tropics like Papua. But it has no flies. Once, Panama had a great many flies and a great many mosquitoes—so many that it was dangerous to live there because of the diseases that they bring.

But first they got rid of the mosquitoes. They did this by draining away all the water.

And now they have got rid of their flies. They did this by carefully looking after their rubbish. They do not leave rubbish and old food lying about in Panama. They burn it, or bury it, and get it out of the way quickly.

Dysentery

One of the worst of all diseases for killing people quickly is dysentery. And dysentery is caused by flies.

Anyhow they are a nuisance, crawling over your face and tickling you. So try to get rid of them. Don't have rubbish round. Burn it or bury it, and the flies will be so disgusted that they will go away and leave you alone.

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 CLOSES ON THE 1st DECEMBER, 1937

Uses for Aeroplanes

Aeroplanes for Killing People

Aeroplanes are used for all sorts of things. They are nowadays used in big wars. They fly overhead and drop bombs on the enemy underneath. The bombs explode like a charge of dynamite and blow them to pieces. Nobody in his senses would call this a good thing.

The aeroplanes we see here are used for good things. They carry people over the country very quickly—hard country full of swamps and mountains that would take them weeks to cover on foot.

Aeroplanes for Saving People

Now we read of a new use for the aeroplane. Some big machines are made to carry sick people to hospitals. They have all sorts of things on board to make the patients comfortable and nurses to look after them. This will save lives instead of destroying them, and everyone will call it a good thing.

Many of the aeroplanes in this country have been used to help people in trouble. We can be thankful that none of them have dropped any bombs on us.

Drought in Port Moresby

The Dry Belt

Port Moresby is now a very dry place. It never has very much rain because it is in the "Dry Belt." The dry belt is a stretch of country running along the coast for a hundred miles or so. It is not covered with green forest, but with grass and gum trees. During the colder part of the year, when the strong south-east winds are blowing, it gets very little

rain. It is different from the coast east and west of it: there they get their rain in the south-east season. But Port Moresby always has a dry winter.

But now the winter is past. October has come and brought no rain, and the people are getting anxious about water.

Using Water

The native gardens in the hills are very dry, and the people may have a hard time with little food. And the white people are all very uncomfortable without their water.

You know that white people like to have baths very often, and they wear clothes and like to keep them clean; and they wash up their dishes after eating; and they even pour water on the plants in their gardens. All this uses up a lot of water.

Tanks and Reservoir

The water for Europeans comes from their own tanks and from the "reservoir," a great big hole full of water on the top of the hill. But all the house tanks are nearly empty and now the reservoir is nearly empty. So the white people are in rather a fix.

Cartinḡ Water

The Government lorries are bringing water from the Laloki River and giving it out to the houses. Every person has a daily ticket; and when he gives that ticket to the man on the lorry he gets 6 gallons, that is one and a-half kerosene tins full of water.

Cook boys and laundry boys are sometimes rather wasteful. But now their *sinabadas* talk very hard to them if they see them using too much water. But the Laloki River won't run dry, so that even if we have to be careful, we shan't die of thirst.

Native Contributions

My First Journey by Aeroplane

Dear Readers,

Here I am going to let you know of our visit to Kokoda by air. Well dear fellows, what do you think of the aeroplanes? And how much greater wisdom the white people have than we, the Papuan natives. They made plenty of things, some crawling along the ground, and others sailing along the sea, and some under the sea, and some flying like birds. Great and small of many kinds.

A Flight to the Yodda

We left Port Moresby on Wednesday morning, 29th September, at 7.35 a.m. by the car for the 'drome, and there, do you know where we went to? We went in a big 3-engine aeroplane. We are five passengers, Mr. W. R. Humphries, R.M., Mr. W. B. Faithorn, A.R.M., Head Councillor Rakatani Keke, A.C. Pere, and myself. Then the pilot came in, and went up into his cockpit, and as soon as he put his overcoat on, we started off, and that's 7.45 and I never noticed about the taking off, as I was putting the things properly to make my seat. And after a minute or two, we are at the top of Pari Village, then Rakatani turned round and pinched me, and making signs with his hand at the window, because he wants me to see the views. So I went near the window and sat on top of the box, and there I am with my frightened eyes looking down and seeing everything under us, and, oh! what a wonderful looking view, when seen from the air, instead of from the ground, very beautiful to look at. We saw the people just like small insects, and houses like young pigs; and I never said a word, I was just dumb.

We fly across the Rouna, and up the mountains, where there were heaps of them coated with white clouds, and we ran swiftly through them, and put old Mount Victoria on our left and glide along the mountain sides, through more white snowy-like clouds. And there I saw the round rainbow-colour on the shadow of the aeroplane, like a ghost running under us, and as soon as we are out of it, it disappears.

We saw many native villages here and there, and the people kept them very clean. They made the places and built their houses all round them and left the empty space in the

middle, with its red soil on it, and some brown, so it looks very beautiful.

We are up more than 10,000 feet high and it's very, very cold. And nearly all the way Rakatani turned to me with a smiling face and shaking head, and never said a word. And after about an hour, we are nearer Kokoda. Then we saw tiny houses standing on top of the hill, with the rubber plants beside them. Then, in a minute or so we passed it, and fly up to Yodda, and landed there at 8.55 a.m.

Well my fellow readers, I was frightened a bit at first, and after I enjoyed myself, for it was a marvellous trip. I've never had one before, so anyhow, I should say, that there's nothing like the aeroplane.

Then Mr. Kienzle came and warmly greeted us, and took our masters to his house, and both his boys did the same to us. Mr. Faithorn sent A.C. Saga down to Kokoda for carriers, and while we are waiting for them, we had our lunch, I don't know what our masters have, but we had a weak cup of coffee and crumbs of biscuits.

An Hour and a-Half Walk to Kokoda

The carriers arrived at 1.5 p.m. and as soon as they got ready we marched on. Then, while we are on our way, the rain started to fall, little by little, then it got bigger, till we got all wet, and the road was flooded and slippery, but still we forced our way on, till we arrived at Kokoda, and got hold of a house and sheltered there. I went into the kitchen and saw the stove standing, so I sat down with gladness and made the fire. Then I put a billy of water on, and as soon as it boiled Mr. Humphries told us to help ourselves to bread and butter with a hot cup of tea. So we had this, and he had his spot too, and later he went and had his dinner with Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith. Then we went to bed and dreamt of our nice trip, which we had to-day.

We stayed there for five days, then we started our journey again.

A Visit to Buna

We got up early on Monday, cold and misty morning, had our breakfast and packed up. Then we put our busy feet on the ground again, and stepped quickly, till we arrived at Gorari, and had our lunch there. Then we started off again for Waropi, where we sheltered for the night.

We got up the next morning and took our journey again till we arrived at Ongahambo and had our breakfast, then start again for Awala. We arrived there at 3 o'clock and slept there, and Mr. Humphries sent a message down to Sangara for the horses, but Captain L. Austen's reply said that there are no horses, but he could send the mules in the morning. So we got up early, and had tea, by 6 a.m. and followed our track again, and we met the mules on our way near Sangara. Then our masters rode on, and rested their feet, and galloped slowly, till we arrived at Sangara about 12.30 p.m. We stayed there for a day and a-half's rest.

On the glorious Friday morning, we got up and had our breakfast at 6.15 a.m. Then our masters rode on the back of the mules again and ran for Popondeta, where we got a lorry, so we arrived there at 11.30 a.m. Our masters had a cup of tea, before leaving by the lorry for Sanananda, and oh! what a rough and dreadful trip we had by it, and we had to stop all the way along on account of the leakage of the radiator, for it wants refilling every few miles. So we were delayed and arrived there at 2.30 p.m. and had our lunch and got some carriers, then we went down to Buna at 3.30 p.m. and Mr. Humphries held the Courts in the evening, then he went and dined with Mr. O. Atkinson and Mr. Faithorn went as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rich. So we stayed there for the night and rested our busy feet for a moment.

Return to Kokoda

The next morning on Saturday we left Buna at 7 a.m. by the canoes and paddled hurriedly to Sanananda, before the eastern wind blows stronger. So we landed there in good time, and brought our luggage up on the lorry, then we moved on, and reached Popondeta at 1 p.m. and had our meal, then our masters got on mule's back again and led us back to Imanituru and stayed for the week-end.

And there I met my old schoolboy friend, his name is Charles Balagau, but he did not know me. Then I started to explain about myself to him and after listening to my story with his head bent down, he looked up and said, "Are you Walter, and are you the boy of my grade?" Then I said, "Yes, certainly." Then he said to me, "Oh my old friend I am very glad and surprised to see you now, as I've never seen you since we left school."

On the same day he went and asked Sangara people to kill a pig for me, and they

did, and cooked some food too, and brought it up to his house. When everything was set, he came down and told me to go up to his house, so I called all the Armed Constables and Village Councillors to come with me to the party. We went, and sat down and had a wonderful dinner, and then we gave him our grateful thanks, for all he did for us. And I borrowed 10 sticks of tobacco from Mr. Humphries and took 5 out of my swag and gave it to Sangara people for cooking 6 pots of taro.

Then we walked all the way to Kokoda where we rested our busy feet from 100 miles walk. We stayed there for 2 days.

Return to Yodda, thence Port Moresby

Got up early on Friday morning the 15th October, and walked along in the shadow of the big bush trees, and there came to us the sweet scented smellings of the wild, and I thought of my bygone times, which I've spent at the Lakekanu Goldfields some years ago, and with my thoughtful heart and my feet treading slow, went on till we arrived at Yodda, and stayed there for 3 days, waiting for the aeroplane, because of the bad weather. Then we heard the noise coming bigger and bigger from the mountains, and the plane came to take us home.

So now we are home again, after being absent for two and a-half weeks, and I could say that there's no other place like home.

And you know what Mr. Humphries got on to; car, aeroplane, mules, lorry, canoe and bicycle. But in God's own kindness, we returned safely from such dangers.

Well my friends I'd better stop, as I have nothing to go on further so I must say good-bye to you all, and send all my best wishes for our on-coming Christmas and Happy New Year.

[By Walter G. Kekedo of Wedau, c/o W. R. Humphries, Resident Magistrate, Port Moresby. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

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Printed and published for the Department of the Government Secretary by WALTER ALFRED BOCK, Government Printer, Port Moresby.—8597/11.37.