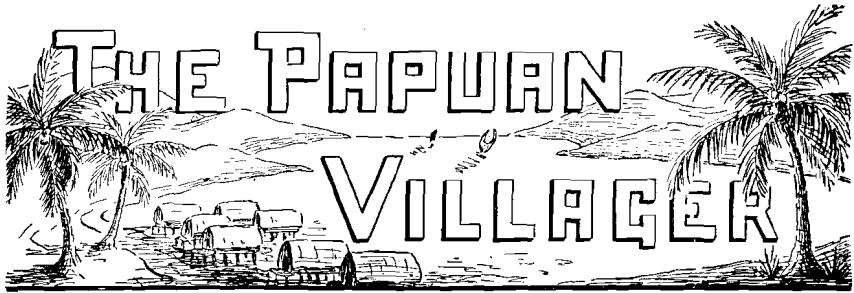


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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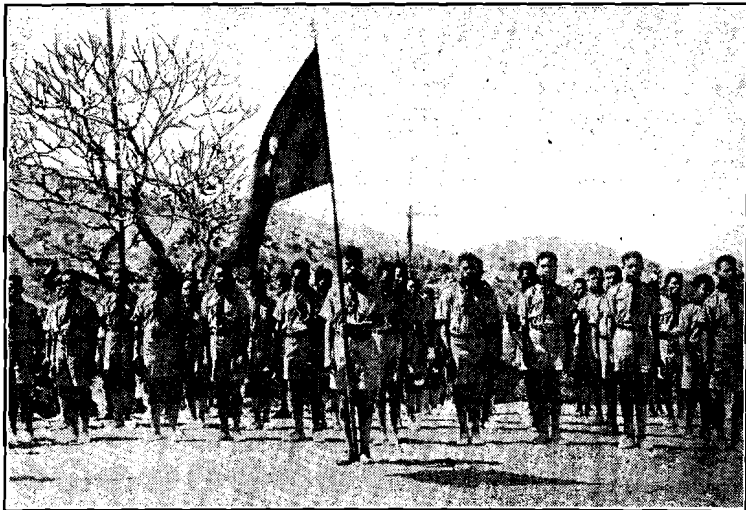
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War Against Mosquitoes

Nobody likes mosquitoes. They sing round your ears when you want to go to sleep, and they bite your body. The mosquito is small but he is a

fierce, bloodthirsty fighter. He has a very thin spear on the end of his nose; and, when he sticks that spear into you, it stings; and he drinks your blood.



Rovers of Poreporena Fallen in for the Governor-General's Visit

A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO

Malaria

But he can do more than hurt you. He can make you ill. He can give you "malaria," or fever. For when he bites one man with fever and drinks some of his blood, he takes in with it some of the tiny germs of malaria. Then he flies off to bite another man. And when he sticks his little spear into that other man, he leaves behind some of these little germs of malaria; and so the second man also gets fever. So it goes on. One man gets fever from another because the mosquitoes carry it about.

We don't like fever any better than we do mosquitoes. It gives us a headache, and makes us feel hot and cold. And it can make us very sick. It also makes us unhappy and bad tempered and ready to quarrel about nothing.

Not many people die of fever itself, but if you get it often it makes you weak. And so you catch other diseases more easily. If you go out into the rain when you have fever, you may catch a very bad cold. Then you lie down by the fire and groan; and, next thing, they bury you.

Declaring War

All this is due to the mosquito. He is very small and weak, but he is one of the worst enemies of man. We should therefore declare war against him and kill as many of his brothers and sisters as we can.

When a mosquito is biting your leg it is a fine thing to give him a tremendous smack and kill him stone dead. But we must have a much bigger war than that.

Draining Away the Water

What we should do, if we can, is to drive him right out of the country.

The only way to do it properly is to drain away all the water that lies about our homes. For, as you know, the mosquito lays its eggs in still water; and if there is no still water near your home, then there will be no mosquitoes to bite you. They will fly away to other places.

But there is so much still water in Papua that we can hardly get rid of it all; and there is another way of making war against mosquitoes. When you are at war there are two things you have to do—(1) to kill your enemies, (2) to stop them from killing you. The first is called Attack, the second Defence.

Defending Yourself with Mosquito-Nets

The best way to stop the mosquitoes from killing you is to buy a mosquito-net. Every boy who has been to work and has earned some money can buy a net. It is far more use than ugly calico *ramis* and handkerchiefs and singlets; for it will help you to sleep well and save you from being ill.

Buy a Net and Use it

Then, when you have bought your net, remember to put it up every night. The Editor knows plenty of boys who have nets and yet never use them. They are just lazy. It is too much trouble to hang up the net at night.

But it is worth it. Can you think any white man would be such a fool as to sleep without a mosquito-net? If you have the money, buy a net. If you haven't, then make some money and get one, first thing.

A net makes the mosquitoes very wild at nights. They fly round outside roaring with anger. But we need not worry about that. We can laugh ourselves to sleep inside.

A Fijian N.M.P.

The Pacific Islands Monthly has printed an article by a Fijian N.M.P., and we repeat some of his words here. N.M.P. stands for Native Medical Practitioner, which means Native Doctor. Many men have been trained in Fiji as N.M.Ps. to work in the islands of the Pacific, and they have done a great deal of good.

This N.M.P. is named Solomone Ravasakula. He writes about Child Welfare and the cleanliness of villages.

Child Welfare

Talking about babies, he points out that teeth are made for chewing, and that small babies have no teeth; therefore they cannot chew. So you should not give them any but soft food till their teeth come.

Mothers with small babies should not work too hard, for that poisons their milk; and milk is the only proper food for small babies.

Cleanliness of the Village

Here are some of Solomone's rules for keeping your village clean and healthy:—

1. Village must be cleaned once a day; dead fruit, old food and rubbish burned.
2. They must not throw rubbish about—e.g. old food outside the house—because this brings flies.
3. No tins, bottles, coconut-shells to lie about the village, because dirty water inside breeds mosquitoes.
4. Native houses to be cleaned daily and swept after meals.
5. All food should be covered.
6. Once a week the walls must be swept out.
7. Dishes must be cleaned after food and turned upside down so that flies cannot settle inside.
8. Spitting on floor or under the mats must be stopped. Use tins or coconut-shells and burn them afterwards.

9. Water supply must be kept clean from decaying matter.

Help by the Villagers

Solomone travels round inspecting villages and giving treatments to sick people. He is helped by the Village Headmen and by the Women's Committees.



A Leopard

The Women's Committee watches over all the village children. They treat them for skin disease, give them castor oil when they need it, and give them medicine for sore eyes.

They also inspect the houses once a week and see if the spiders have made any cobwebs.

Spitting

Solomone says that spitting is a dangerous habit because it can spread disease. One of the worst diseases, called consumption, is spread in this way.

He says, "Tell all natives that diseases are caused by small insects called germs, which cannot be seen by the naked eye."

A Festival in Polynesia

Visitors

The people of the Tuamotu Islands had a big festival some time ago. The Tuamotu Islands are in the Pacific; they are a part of Polynesia which belongs to France. They are scattered over a big patch of sea—700 miles long by 500 miles wide—and visitors came from all the little islands to the chief island of Fakarava to see the sports. They even came from other parts of Polynesia, and from Australia and America.

Sports

There were dancing and singing and feasting and many long speeches in the native language. And there were sailing races and water sports.

The Tuamotu Islanders are great swimmers and divers. It is said that some of their pearl-divers can go down more than 120 feet into the sea. They dive naked, without diving-suits or helmets. If you could manage to go down 120 feet into the water I think you would probably stay there.

Throwing Spears

One of the sports is throwing spears. It is said that the target is a coconut placed 36 feet above the ground (I suppose it is fixed to a tree). Then the men throw their spears from a distance of 75 feet; and the man who hits the tree at the highest point is the winner.

Those of you who throw spears could try this sport.

How to Make Your Own Soap

We copy this way of making soap from *The Pacific Islands Monthly*. It is written there by someone who

learnt it from the Methodist Mission at Salamo:—

1. Take forty coconuts and grate them up as if you were going to eat them or give them to your fowls.
2. Then squeeze out the oil through sugar bagging.
3. Now mix some caustic soda (1 lb.) with water and stir it up well. About four one-pound butter tins is enough.
4. Add the caustic soda and water to the coconut oil and stir them for twenty minutes till the mixture is thick like honey or molasses.
5. Pour it into tins and let it stand all night.
6. Next morning cut it up into bars or lumps.
7. Wash your clothes with it!

Caustic Soda

You would have to buy the caustic soda from the stores. It is rather nasty stuff and very hot if you let it get on your fingers. **DON'T EAT IT.**

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

Lake Kutubu

Mr. Claude Champion and Mr. Andersen have been on a patrol to Lake Kutubu (the big lake discovered by Mr. Ivan Champion and Mr. Adamson). They also travelled round the country where Mr. Hides and Mr. O'Malley did their patrol.

We hear by the wireless that they are quite safe. Very soon an aeroplane will fly from Kikori to Lake Kutubu. It will take Mr. Ivan Champion and Mr. Adamson. They are going to make a Police Camp there; and the aeroplane, flying back and forth, will take up stores and food for a whole year.

Bamu-Purari Patrol

New People

Many of the people got a great fright when they saw the patrol come into their country—the strange carriers, the policemen in their uniforms and the white men in their clothes.

One time they met a man and a little boy of five years travelling together. The poor man got very excited. He was very anxious to please the visitors, so he tried to make a fire and asked them to smoke. The muscles of his stomach were trembling because he was so frightened. He took small sweet potatoes from his bag and handed them round. When Mr. Champion gave him a pearl-shell he clasped it to his breast and held out his arm "like a priest blessing his flock." He was so pleased that he took out a bundle of wood-salt and gave it to Mr. Champion.

The Woman and her Pig

While the party was going along the track they had a strange meeting.

We heard voices and stopped. It was the voice of a woman. It came closer and we heard the grunt of a pig. The voice went on and was answered by the pig grunting. And then we saw an old woman coming along the track, with a large pig in front of her, attached to a piece of twine. She was taking her favourite pig for a morning walk.

All stood as still as trees and on came the old lady.

She came face to face with Koriki who was in front. Her knees sagged; from her mouth came a long wailing choking sound. It rose higher and higher and then dropped to a low moaning as if she was being choked to death. Koriki tried to quiet her; he offered her his knife but she shrank away moaning. Her knees kept knocking together and slowly she drew away dragging her feet as if they were lumps of lead. She went down into a little gully.

The patrol hurried on. They feared this noise made by the old woman might rouse the countryside. But when they reached a village nearby the people were smiling. And by and by the old woman came back. She had stopped wailing and she began to smile too.

Wild Animals in India

Our wild pigs and crocodiles kill a number of people every year in Papua; but we can be thankful we have no tigers or leopards in this country.

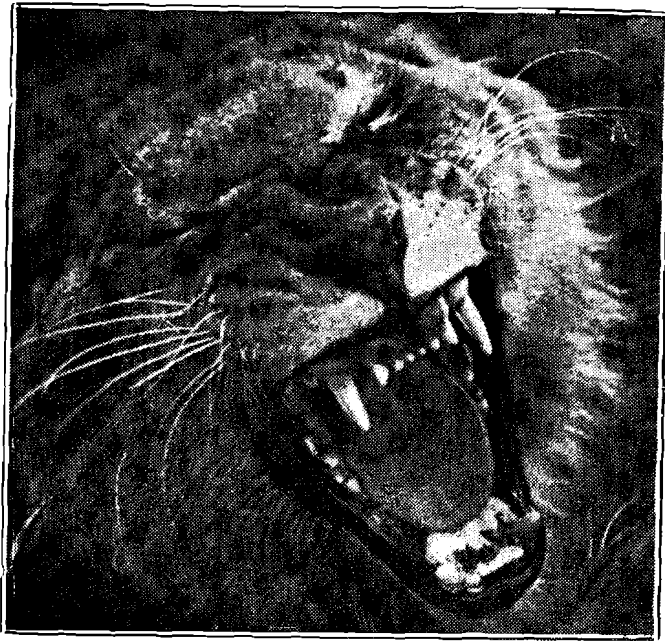
Tigers

Between them tigers and leopards kill hundreds of people every year in India. A tiger is one of the most terrible animals in the world. The trouble is that he often wants to kill people because he likes to eat them. A bush pig might kill you when he is angry, or when you have wounded him. But he does not lie in wait for you and jump on to your back.

Have you ever seen a cat catching a rat? Well, think of yourself as the rat; and think of a cat about 300 times as big as a pussy. Then you can guess how an Indian feels when a tiger jumps on his back.

Leopards

The leopard is not as big as the tiger, and he has spots instead of stripes. But he is bad enough. He can climb trees. If you are having a quarrel with a bush pig you can at any rate get into a tree and leave him on the ground. It would be a very serious thing if pigs could climb trees like leopards.



A Tiger

Reading a Newspaper

In our July issue we showed on the front page a picture of some Papuan boys with Daba Nana in the middle reading a newspaper. We said that the only thing wrong with the picture was that the paper was not *The Papuan Villager*. But Mr. Walshe of the Medical Department (who took the picture) has told the Editor why the paper happens to be the *Melbourne Sun*.

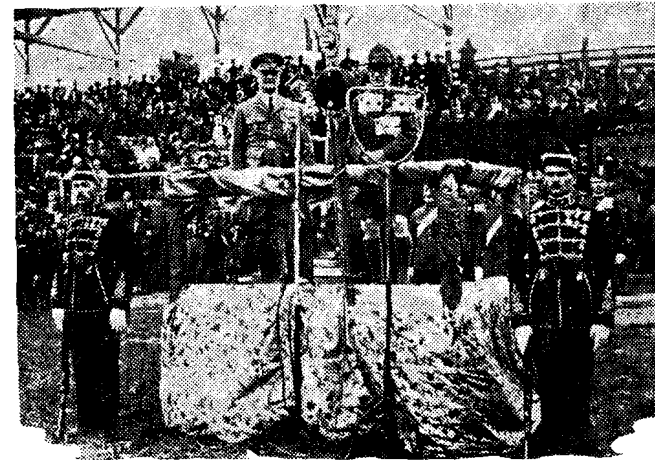
Daba had written a poem called "Deep Pool" which was published in the *Villager* of April, 1934. The Editor of the *Melbourne Sun* copied it in his own paper, for he said it was a very good poem to be written by a

Papuan, and Daba was reading his own poem in this Australian paper. It was then that Mr. Walshe took the photo.

Later on this picture also was put in the *Melbourne Sun*. So Daba has appeared twice in the Australian newspapers.

Death of Mr. Petersen

Readers will be sorry to hear that Mr. A. S. Petersen has died at Samarai. Many boys knew him, first as a European Medical Assistant, and then as a Patrol Officer and Magistrate on the North-East Coast.



The Chief Scout (Lord Baden Powell) at a Jamboree in Europe

Boy Scouts

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides grow stronger and stronger all over the world. There are Scouts of every colour now, and they all believe in friendship.

Many of the nations of the world are wild with one another; and sometimes they feel like fighting. But the Boy Scouts don't want to fight. They believe in peace. Perhaps if every boy was a Scout and every girl a Guide, then, when they grew up, we should not have any more wars.

Jamborees

Just lately there has been another big jamboree in Holland. 28,000 Scouts were there; and the Chief Scout (Lord Baden Powell); and the Queen of Holland herself.

We give you a picture of Lord Baden Powell at a jamboree in Hungary. So you can see that all sorts of nations have their Boy Scouts.

There is soon to be another jamboree in Australia, and the Chief Scout hopes to come out again. The Scouts of Papua would like him to come to see them. But we are so far out of the way that we can hardly expect it.

Native Contributions

The Story of the First Fish

This is how we first found fish. There was a man named Tiriona, and his wife's name was Tebira. They had ten sons, no girls, only boys.

One day they went hunting in the bush. They hunted all day, and at night returned to their house. But they did not bring any wallaby with them. There was no food ready for the children and they were hungry. They had nothing to eat from 6 a.m. in the morning till 6 p.m. in the evening, and they were angry.

Next morning they rose up and said, "We will leave our father and mother because they do not give us anything to eat."

The Ten Sons Run Away

Early next morning they got ready to go. They put on all their head-dresses of

feathers, because they could easily carry them that way; and they put on their arm-shells. Also they made marks on their faces. Some put them on the forehead, some on the nose, and some on the whole face. They danced down to the beach, and did not listen to their mother's voice calling to them, "Where are you my sons? Which way have you gone?" They did not stop. Then the father cried out to them too to come back; but they went on to the sea.

Just as they were running down into the sea they turned back and called out, "Good-bye. Sometimes you will see us. You will come to the reef, and we will meet there and love and kiss." Then they turned and ran into the sea.

You all know this, that when you go fishing you find every kind of fish. Some have yellow marks on them, some black, some red, or blue, or green, and some all colours. It is because these ten boys trimmed themselves with feathers and made marks on their faces so all different fishes have different kinds of colours and marks.

This is the old story of what we see on the reef.

[By Arthur Daniel, Hula District, L.M.S. boy. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Story about Our Journey

Dear Editor,

Here are a few words to you about our journey from Port Moresby to Gabadi District.

On Tuesday 8th of January we left Hanuabada about 7 a.m. We went to Manumanu in the L.M.S. launch *Daba* and we wanted to go by way of Redscar Bay, but the sea was very rough. Then we went down to Kido for a few minutes and Mr. Ure had dinner there. At 2 p.m. we went on to Manumau and we slept there, and on Wednesday morning we held a Service there. After church we had breakfast and we went to Madabaira. In the afternoon *Taubada* went to the church to see the school children, and that night we slept there.

I went to Koupuana with my father who is an L.M.S. teacher. On Thursday morning *Taubada* went round the Gabadi villages, Koupuana and Ukaukana; and then we went back to Madabaira and slept there.

On Friday morning we went to church for the Service and *Taubada* spoke in English

and Taunao translated it into Motu. Taunao is a teacher at Poreporena and has lived in Poreporena many years.

Then we went on to Kanosia, a rubber plantation, and then back to Manumanu. Early Saturday morning we went to Lealea and on Sunday to Boera, Porebada and Hanuabada. We did not sleep at Porebada because the engine had no oil in it—that is, only a little bit. So we put up the sail to help the engine and about half-past nine we arrived at Hanuabada. The other people went ashore to sleep but I stayed with two of the mission boys on board the launch. (Sorry, Editor, we had to leave a new teacher a Manumanu. His name was Maragu Tau.)

We brought some food from Manumanu; sago, coconuts, bananas, betel-nut and water-melons. Well, these are a little present for the people. *Taubada*, he is a very good man, and he gave 4 lb. of tobacco to the people in the villages.

This is the end of my story. Good-bye. God bless you all.

[By E. Arua Oini, a schoolboy at Metoreia, L.M.S., Port Moresby, C.D.]

"The Papuan Villager"

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