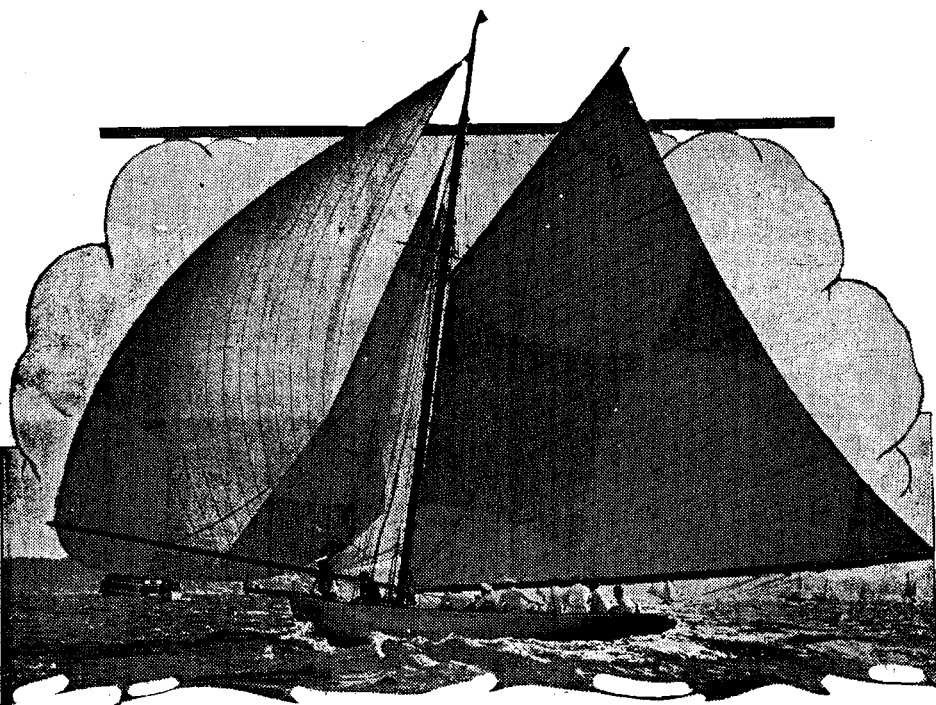


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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A Sailing Boat on Sydney Harbour

Papuan Art

Some of the missionaries are interested in the arts of the villagers; and they do what they can to help the native artists. Among them is Father Dupeyrat at Yule Island. He has got some natives to carve and paint the woodwork of the library there, and it is very good work. The library might have been decorated in the European fashion. But, since it is in Papua, it is a good thing to do it in the Papuan fashion.

A Composition on Art

Not long ago the boys of the technical school at Yule Island had to write a paper about art. The questions were set by Father Dupeyrat. Here are the answers given by George Scott, one of his pupils.

1. Do you think there is a Papuan Art?

Like Europe and other countries Papua has its own native art. Even though it may not be very beautiful we Papuans have a liking for it. Like all the other works when well done it makes a better appearance.

2. What do you think of the European Art?

We cannot fully express what we ourselves think of the European art, what I might say is that I don't think it is very beautiful, but that I know it is very wonderful.

3. Do you like European Statues? European Carvings and Paintings?

Yes, we all like European statues. Why? Firstly because they are so well sculptured and painted. Also because their appearance is very agreeable, pleasing and memorizing. I like European carvings and paintings because they are nice and are very finely worked. Adorning walls, pillars and so on with these arts makes another and very beautiful scene.

4. When you are making decorations as patterns, designs in carving, painting, drawing, would you prefer to paint, to carve, to draw, according to the Papuan native paintings? Why?

To draw, carve and paint according to the native style is what I would prefer to do, as many of our ideas come from nature. I prefer native patterns and designs not because it is much easier, but because it is more interesting. And by doing so we help to keep up the style and fashion of our own country.

5. Do you like Papuan paintings, like the paintings on posts, shields, masks, on body (tattooing) and Papuan carvings on canoes, sticks and clubs? Why?

Yes, I like the Papuan paintings such as on posts, canoes and other objects. Some of these paintings and carvings on posts like in the *Mareas* (Native Town Halls) are very nicely done indeed. Besides being patient these artists are very interested in their work. The tattooing is a fine bit of work yet I wouldn't like myself to be tattooed. All these sorts of work, painting, carving, tattooing, make the villages interesting places.

Native Designs in the Trobriands

The Trobrianders are great wood-carvers, and many of their designs are much admired by Europeans. They can use them for work of their own.

In this issue we show you two pictures of "embroidery," done by the girls of the Methodist Mission on Kiriwina. They have been taught by Mrs. Shotton. She has made many pretty cloths. The patterns are worked, or embroidered, on the cloth with coloured threads.

Both the frog and the bird are the same as those carved out of wood by the Trobriand artists.

More Moving Pictures in Africa

In our last issue we told you something about the moving pictures for African natives. Here are some more of them.

The Tax

One picture tells about the tax. In Africa the people pay taxes to their chiefs; and in the old days the chiefs used to do what they liked with the money.

Now they still pay taxes to their chiefs, but the money has to be used for the good of the people themselves (as in Papua).

The picture first shows a scene in the old times. The people come and give their money to the chief. But the men from one village do not turn up; so the chief sends out his fighting men to take their money, to rob their village, and to beat them.

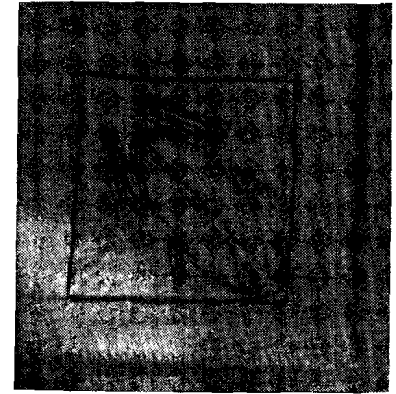
Then the picture shows how the money is collected in these times, and how it is used—in schooling, in medical work, in helping the people in time of hunger, and in keeping order. It is not put into the pockets of the Government officers, but is all used for the people.

Tea

In Africa the natives are becoming great tea-drinkers, even more than in Papua. A moving picture shows a tea plantation, men at work tilling the ground, and women picking the tea-leaves, weighting their baskets and taking them to the factory. Then the picture shows how the tea is packed in pound packets; and finally shows you some people drinking it.

Healthy Babies

Another picture is all about babies. It shows a hospital where the women



A Trobriand Frog Worked on a Cloth

go and get advice before their babies are born. They are told to go to the hospital and get the help of the doctor when their time comes.

Then it shows how to look after babies and how to feed them. They are not to be fed every time they cry; they are not to be given solid food instead of milk; and all their food must be kept clean.

This picture is meant to teach native mothers not to be afraid of the hospital, but to go there and get help.

Anaesthetics

When you go to the doctor for an operation (i.e. when he is going to cut you with a knife) he first gives you an "anaesthetic." He makes you smell and breathe some very strong medicine, and that sends you off to sleep. You don't feel anything at all, and when you wake up you find the operation is all over.

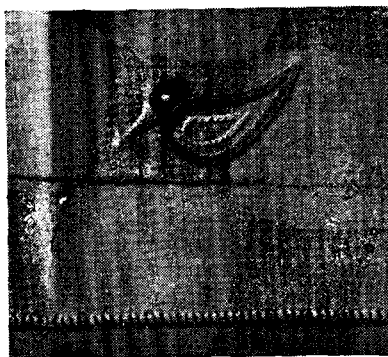
One picture shows a man with a bad knee. He has to have it cut open by a doctor to be cured, and of course he is very much afraid.

But he lies down and takes the anæsthetic. When he wakes up he is very much surprised and pleased to find that the operation is all over and he has felt nothing.

After a little while in hospital his leg is quite healed and he goes home to his village and dances.

Gardening

Many of the moving pictures teach the people how to make better gardens.



A Trobriand Bird Worked on a Cloth

One of them shows four men coming for advice to a Government officer. He tells them what to do, and says that at the end of five years he will give a prize to the man with the best garden.

At the end of this time he comes to see them, and they measure the crops. The first man has used only the old methods of native gardening. Although he has worked very hard at his magic, he has only two bagfuls.

The second man has been very careful to use the best seed year after year. He has four bagfuls.

The third man has changed his crops, planting different things in turn

on the same ground, so that it should not grow tired. He has five bagfuls.

The fourth man has gone to his neighbour's cattle yard and asked him for the cattle manure. He has kept putting this on the ground and digging it in, and his crop has got better each year. He has ten bagfuls and wins the prize.

Other Pictures

There are many more pictures: The African Chief, Hides (i.e. skins of animals used for clothing); The Hare and the Leopard (an animal story), Food and Health, More Milk, Preserving Eggs, Malaria, Hook-worm, Coffee, Farming Tools, Boy Scouts and so on.

All of them are about African things, and some of them you would hardly understand. But Africa is so much like Papua that you would understand most of them very well.

The Oldest Man

People in England have been writing letters to the papers about the oldest man in the world. His name is Ramonotwane, and he is a native of Bechuana, in Africa.

More than 100 years he was a fighting man under a great African chief, and he used to go cattle-raiding. That means that he used to go out with the other fighting men of the chief and steal the cattle from nearby tribes.

And he fought against the white men in the early days also. He had two of his fingers shot off about 100 years ago.

People cannot be quite sure of his age. Some say 140 years, some 134 years, some 123 years. But he probably holds the record. He is still in good health; and he has a daughter of sixteen.

rain, and so flew up very high—14,000 feet. Then, as he was flying over the mountains, he found the air rushing upwards, and his plane was carried to 16,500 feet.

Here he ran into "snow" and "sleet." (It would take a page of *The Papuan Villager* to explain what these words mean, so we won't try.) The rain was hard, like little stones of ice; and it tore a hole in the roof of the "cock-pit" (where the pilot sits); and ice began to form on the wings and windows of the plane.

The plane came down safely again. But you can see that flying is sometimes very dangerous work.



"The Papuan Villager"

Wishes its Readers

A Merry Christmas and

A Happy New Year

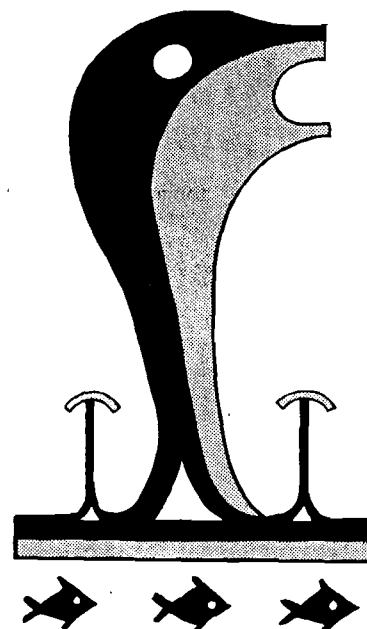


Two African Boys and a Crocodile

We read in the *New Method Magazine* about a boy who saved his brother from a crocodile.

A boy of 14 was looking after some cows. He drove them down to a river to drink, and he walked into the water himself.

Just near him he thought he saw an old tree lying in the water. But it was not an old tree. It was a crocodile. And the crocodile seized him.



A Trobriand Design Painted on a Chief's House

The Mail Plane in Difficulties

Everyone marvels at the way the big plane from Australia reaches Port Moresby each Wednesday. It always comes at about half-past one o'clock. This shows it is a good plane and that it has a good pilot.

Bad Weather

But the other day, leaving Salamaua for Port Moresby in the early morning, he ran into bad weather. He could not see because of the heavy

The boy struggled and shouted, and his young brother heard him and came running to help. He was only a small boy. He could not pull his brother away from the crocodile. He had not much strength, but he was a clever little boy. He pushed sticks into the nose-holes of the crocodile, and it let go and ran away. I should think it would!

Native Contributions

Story About the Old Woman and the Snake

Once upon a time, there lived an Old Woman in a village in the point of the west end of Sudest Island.

This Old Woman lived in a house with her son, a snake, which she looked after and fed daily. She was very kind to the snake and treated it as if it were a human being. The snake grew bigger and bigger every day and was year by year attended to and fed by the Old Woman as usual.

The Old Woman Feeds her Son

Each day the Old Woman went out for sago for their meals and returned in the evenings and cooked for herself and the snake; and when the food was ready, they both ate and slept till morning. Each day saw the same preparations by the Old Woman, always going out for sago in the morning, and returning in the evening to cook for their evening meal.

Now, it happened one day, that the children of the village were anxious to know why the Old Woman always went out for sago, and what she did with it all, as she went out every morning in the year.

So one of them said, "Let us all hide ourselves in the bushes to-morrow and see if we can find out where, and why, the Old Woman of the house goes out every morning for sago." And they all agreed to his plans.

So the next morning the inquisitive children banded themselves together and did as they planned on the previous day. As soon as they saw the Old Woman leave the house to go for sago, and when she went a good way away, they all sneaked quietly to the house and peeped in, and to their surprised they saw a

great snake lying in the house. "Ha! Ha," they said, "That is the reason why the Old Woman goes out daily for sago; it is for this snake." Feeling satisfied in solving the mystery, they all went home, each one to his own house.

The Children Plan to Kill the Snake

But before they all parted, they held a Council of War about the snake. The war was to take place the very next day. Very early the next day, the children came together again and made spears, and sharpened them; and, when they had made and sharpened sufficient spears, they all marched to the Old Woman's house to kill her son the snake. When they reached the house, they did not immediately throw their spears, but waited till the Old Woman went away for sago, as she always did.

And when she was out of sight, the naughty children let fly their spears at the snake, one after another, each spear finding its mark.

The Snake Swims Out to Sea

After a good many spears had found their way into the snake's body, it felt the sting of the spear points and began to wriggle about. But alas! it could not stand it any longer, as more spears were burying themselves into its long body. So it crawled out of the house and made for the sea, and swam a good distance away from the beach to avoid being hit with spears aimed by the children.

By and by the Old Woman returned from making sago and on entering the house, she found it empty and no sign of her son the snake anywhere; so she ran out of the house and went down to the beach to see if she could find her son. But when she looked out to sea, she saw her son the snake far out. So she stood on the sea shore and crying out, said, "Come on my son! Come on my son!" But the snake took no notice of her calling and went farther and farther away from the place and the poor Old Woman stood on the beach crying bitterly for her son.

The snake after swimming for some time, landed on an Island called Piron; and looking round found a good decent spot to live in, and made it comfortable for himself. But before he settled down, he lifted his head and looked in all directions, and to his disgust he saw the hills of Sudest not far from where he was. So he said to himself, "This place is good enough to live in, but the hateful Sudest Island from which I fled is too near."

He Comes to Rossel Island

So thus thinking to himself he changed his mind saying, "I cannot stay here, I must go away from this place, and look for another place in which to live, and be far away from Sudest, so that I cannot see the hills." So again he left Piron and made for Rossel Island. When he reached Rossel Island he looked back towards Sudest, but could not see the place from where he was chased with spears, not even a sign of it. He was satisfied, and said, "This is the land in which I am to live, from now on."

snake. The man said, "Oh! that is the same kind of snake we eat, it has the same colour." The man so saying killed the snake. When they had finished their work in the garden, the man said to his wife, "You can go home to our village; I'll follow after when I get our snake cut up and roasted for our evening meal." So the woman went home.

He is Roasted and Eaten

When the man had seen his wife go home he cut up the snake and peeled a taro and roasted them in the fire. Then something happened. The man took the taro from the



Native Medical Assistants and a Pile of Bottles

So it happened he went to a garden and changed his colour; for the native of Rossel Island eat certain snakes with special colours, and the snake changed his colour to those which the Rossel Islanders eat. After changing his colours, he coiled himself up under the taro and slept.

He is Killed in a Garden

Now early next morning the owner of the garden and his wife went to weed their garden and plant; and while the woman was about her work she saw the snake coiled up under the taro asleep. So she called her husband saying, "Come and see, there's a snake lying under the taro." The man on hearing his wife calling rushed to her, and she showed him the

fire as it was cooked and was amazed to see the eyes of the snake were still open. The man then took it from the fire to get cool before eating. But while he was waiting for his food to get cool, the snake, after having been roasted, said, "Hurry up and eat me. Begin eating my tail and go upwards to my head."

So the man, sitting in his garden hut, began eating, as the snake had told him, tail first. And he ate up all that was roasted, but left the head only for his wife, and said, "I've had enough, my belly is full, so I'll take this head home to my wife." But the head said, "Eat what is left of me; never mind about your wife." So the man picked up the head and ate it up.

He Comes to Life Again

Now, we will see what happened next. The snake in the man's belly began to come together again and became a live snake once more, and started moving about in the man.

The snake grew bigger, and bigger, and gradually the man's belly grew very large, so that at last it burst. Then out crawled the snake. But the man was dead, and the snake lay a few feet away from the man. The snake then called all his friends, both great and small and when all the snakes came together he told them to eat up the man's flesh. But he told them to leave the bones saying, "You can eat up all the flesh, but leave the bones; and, when you have all finished and gone away, I'll pick up the bones and put them away."

The Snakes Eat the Gardener

After the snakes had finished eating, and all the bones were picked and cleaned, they went away. Our snake then collected all the bones of the man and put them away carefully laying each part to where it belonged.

The woman waited for her husband to come home and bring the snake meat to her, till it got dark and she went to sleep, as she could not wait any longer.

Very early next morning the woman awoke, and finding her husband had not turned up, hurried to the garden to see what had happened to him. When she reached the garden but she walked right through it from one end to the other. At last, when she looked outside, she saw a large snake lying coiled up; and she was very frightened. But the snake said, "Woman come here; don't be afraid of me, but come and I will give you something in payment for your husband." But the woman dared not go forward for fear, as she thought the snake might kill her as well. But the snake spoke again saying, "Woman, come, don't be afraid; I won't hurt you but will give you something in payment for your husband. For I am not a snake as you think I am, but a man, with a snake's body and skin; so now come to me, and I will give you a reward for your husband."

The Snake Makes a Present to the Gardener's Wife

So the woman, though full of fear, went close to the snake and the snake said, "Put your hands out, and I'll spit into them." And she put her hands out, the snake then spat into the woman's hand as he promised, and said to the woman, "This is payment for your

husband whom I have killed; I would not have killed him, but he killed me first, so I killed him in return, you see. I am a man in snake's body and skin, but am not a snake; and this thing which I gave you is a most precious and valuable thing (New Guinea money); and you must look after it, and keep it for your sons. When you die, your sons will keep it; and when they die, their sons will keep it and so on."

"New Guinea Money"

Now, when the woman got this thing (New Guinea money) from the snake, she picked up the bones of her husband and put them carefully in a basket, and carried it home and buried them in the village. Now, the Rossel Islanders have this (New Guinea money), and from what I was told it is worth £12 to £50, and even £100. This New Guinea money is worth more than *bagi* which we buy from trading stores, and it is brighter than *bagi* and more valuable. Some magistrates, and white traders know all about this New Guinea money which is owned by only the rich Rossel Islanders and chiefs.

I was at Sudest Island on the 7th April, 1937, collecting tax, and asked an old man by the name of Maisikeda, of Ilobo Village to let me see the New Guinea money, and he showed it to me. It is very very bright, and he also told me that only the chiefs and rich people own them.

Now some of you readers know the name of the Passage very well, and some of you have sailed through it. It is called, "Snake's Passage," as long, long ago our snake went through that passage to Rossel Island. And so it was that they called it Snake Passage to this present day.

And I was told that our snake is at present living at Rossel Island, and the valuable New Guinea money which the snake gave to the woman is being well looked after and guarded carefully by an old man in Rossel Island to this day.

Most of you I expect know the meaning of the name Maisikeda. It is really meant to be Musket or Gun, but the natives of Misima, and the Islands around here pronounce it Masikeda.

[By M. D. Barton, native clerk, S.E.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

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