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Papuan Sailors on the Coastal Boats

The boats that trade along the coasts of Papua are not very big ones. They all look small beside the *Papuan Chief*, and the *Papuan Chief* looks small beside the *Macdhui*. But a small boat can be a good one if it always gets there and if it does the work it is given to do.

The "Ronald S." and her Crew

This article is being written on board the *Ronald S.* (which belongs to J. R. Clay and Co.). She may not be a very pretty boat, but she is one of the good ones because she goes where she is told to go and because her engine doesn't stop running.

She has a native captain and crew. The captain is Frank Rei of Elevala, a good sailor who learnt on the *Merric England* and the *Laurabada*. He was Mr. Murray's Chief Mate on the *Laurabada*. His head crew-boy is Boga Mase of Hanuabada; and the others are Gogobe Marere (Hanuabada), Vagi Lohia (Elevala) and

Hopakore (Vailala). The engineer is Rakatani Iaga (Elevala) and his assistant is Aua Kiinei (also of Elevala). And the cook and cabin-boy is Rarua Ao (Hanuabada).

Working Together

Now captain, crew and engineers and cook-boy all work well together. They have to haul up the sails, lower the dinghy, pump, steer, wash the decks, handle the cargo and do a score

"The Papuan Villager"
Wishes its Readers
A Merry Christmas
.. and ..
A Happy New Year



of other things. But there is no shouting and arguing. Each man knows his job, so they all get their work done quickly; and have plenty of time to talk and smoke and now and then to haul in a king-fish.

The captain has to keep a lot of things in his head. He has to know the coast, reefs, sandbanks, passages, beacons. An he has to remember the ports of call, and hand over the cargo and check it; and he has to look after the mail. He is a big boss on his boat and all the other boys have to do what he says.

And the engineer has some hard work. His is a hot and dirty job. I must say I would not like it.

Those who travel on the little boats along the Papuan coast and those who live at the ports of call have to thank the captain and the crew and the cook. They are all Papuans. This is a kind of work that Papuans do very well.

The Sky Girls

Two pretty girls were once sitting on the ground together near an Orokaiva village. They were making little coconut-shell rings for their ears.

A boy came quietly through the bush and stood behind them. Then he took a little dry twig and snapped it in his fingers. That is an Orokaiva fashion: he wanted the girls to know he was there. The girls looked round, and the boy said, "Hullo! My two girls!"

A Boy Follows the Girls into the Sky

But the girls ran away, the boy chasing them. When they came to a tall palm they began to climb it, and the boy climbed after them. Up,

up, up, they went, and the boy was close behind. As they climbed, the tree grew higher and higher, and the girls turned into little lizards. But still the boy followed. At last they had reached the sky. The sky opened and they stepped off the palm and walked about.

Then the lizards turned into girls again; and they took the boy with them, and hid him under a mat in their house. By and by the girls' father and mother came home; and there in the sky-house they found the boy hiding under the mat. He was keeping very quiet and looking very silly.

[To be continued next Issue.]

Tea

Many Papuans must sometimes wonder what Europeans see in so much tea-drinking. One day a boy went to the Magistrate's Office and said, "Six 'clock, morning time, my *taubada* talk, 'Where my tea?' Eight 'clock, 'Where my tea?' Eleven 'clock 'Where my tea?' One 'clock 'Where my tea?' Six 'clock, sun he go down, 'Where my tea?' Nine 'clock, time I want to go sleep, 'Where my tea?' I too tired, tea all the time. I want to sign-off." The Magistrate only laughed and told him it was one of the things he had signed on to do.

The Tea Plant

Tea is the small leaf of a plant which grows in the hills of some countries of Asia. It is grown in India, Ceylon, China and Japan. The leaves are picked by quick-fingered young natives, and carried in baskets to the factory. Here the leaves are dried. And then they are packed in tins and packets for selling. There

are many kinds of tea and some are better than others.

When tea was first taken to England some people did not know how to use it. (This was a pity, because tea was then very dear: it sometimes cost 20s. a pound.) In some families they boiled the leaves and then threw away the water (which they should have been drinking) and spread the boiled leaves on slices of bread. It must have been very nasty.

The Tea Clippers

Before the days of so many ocean-going steamers the sailing ships used to go to China every year for the tea. They would get full cargoes of tea and then race back to England or America. They wanted to get home for the first sales of tea. These "tea-clippers," as they were called, were probably the fastest sailing vessels ever built.

Why we Drink Tea

People drink tea because they find it makes them feel fresh and cool. It probably becomes a habit too. If some people miss having their tea they begin to have a headache.

Tea of course is a stimulant; that is, it makes you lively. The Papuan does not drink much of anything; and as a cookie-boy is generally pretty lively himself, he can hardly understand the white man's and woman's need for tea. But now he knows.

Tea growing has been tried in Papua. Nothing ever came of it, but the plant will grow here.

—Contributed.

An Old Fijian in Papua

In this issue we give you a picture of Old Joe who lives at Koki. He is often to be seen walking into Port

Moresby along the Ela Beach Road with his big walking-stick to collect his pension, which the Government gives him in rations.

Joe (his proper name is Josei) was born in Aremano Island, near Fiji. As a young man he went to work on a sugar plantation in Queensland. After staying there for 18 years he came to Papua, and he has been here ever since.

He came in the early days with Mr. Douglas on a ship called the *Hygeia*. He was one of the boat's crew.

With Sir Wm. MacGregor on top of Mt. Stanley

When Sir William MacGregor came to this country Joe worked for him. He and some others climbed Mt. Stanley with Sir William MacGregor. The Governor had a hammer and a chisel and he began to cut his name on a rock on the top of Mt. Stanley. But it was so cold, says Joe, he could hardly hold the tools. So he said, "Come on boys, this is too cold"; and he left the hammer and chisel there on the top of Mt. Stanley and they all came home.

A Journey Up the Fly River

He remembers going up the river with Governor MacGregor. They had a launch and two whaleboats. There was a very strong current and the country was very flat. He says they only found one hill. He says the Dutch natives wanted to tackle them. They were bad natives there. When Sir William MacGregor gave one of them a stick of tobacco he threw it back in his face.

Joe and the other South Sea Islanders used to get big pay. He was getting £10 a month. And they had tea, jam, bread and butter, be-

cause they had signed on from Australia. Then Governor MacGregor said this was too much. He got some Papuans for his crew and the South Sea Islanders finished.

Six Governors

Joe stayed in the country. He worked for Mr. Bob Hunter and Mr. Hides (whose two sons now have jobs in Papua) and Mr. Baldwin (whose



Joe, an old Fijian living at Koki, who served under Sir William MacGregor

son now works for B.N.G.). He can remember six Governors. Their names are Romilly, MacGregor, Leigh-Hunt, Robinson, Barton and Murray.

He has two sons. Joseph works at Aroa and Franky Sei at Obu.

Christmas

You all know that Christmas Day is the day we keep as a feast day to

remember the birth of Christ. This is the white man's biggest feast day in the year, and he eats and drinks and gives presents to his friends.

In Papua this day comes in the middle of the hot season, because we live in what is called the Southern Hemisphere (the part on the map below the Equator). December is one of our hot months of summer. But above the Equator it is winter time and it grows colder and colder the further north you go.

In many lands there is ice and snow at Christmas time. The people wear thick woollen clothes and have fur coats to keep out the cold. There are fires in their houses and hot pipes that give off heat are in every room. I wonder how we should feel in Papua if on Christmas Day we lit big fires to keep warm?

In Sweden, Norway and Russia, and other northern countries where it is cold, snow comes down so thick and fast that in a night it can half bury the houses. People wake up to find the snow half way up their windows and they have to get big shovels and dig a pathway out. You boys who live in Port Moresby know how cold a block of ice is to hold, so you can think how cold a job it is to go out in the icy weather and shovel snow. But hard work makes you warm as you know, and snow shovelling is hard work, for I have tried it.

Up at the North Pole, where there is nothing to be seen but ice and snow, lives Santa Claus. You can see from the picture what he is like; a jolly old fellow in a red coat with a long white beard. He is the friend of children and he spends all his time making toys and presents for boys and girls. He fills big bags with them and on Christmas Eve he piles

them in his sleigh (a cart without wheels that can be pulled over ice and snow) and sets off for the children's homes. He must go very fast to do all this travelling in one night so he has six or more reindeer and they go speeding over the snow and up into the sky.



Santa Claus

He lands on the tops of houses, gets out and slips down the chimney, with his bag on his back. Not down a thin chimney like the stoves have in Papua but a big wide one made of bricks. (I should not like to see him struggling in a Papuan smoke-stack.) He slips quietly into the room and creeping along he finds the child's bed. There is an empty stocking hanging on the end of the bed. Into this he puts a toy and a game and out again he goes, up the chimney and away he flies to the next house, to do this all over again.

The Christmas Tree

At Christmas time too there is the Christmas tree. Long ago, one Christmas Eve, the people of a village in Germany went out to gather wood. As they looked for a good tree to cut they noticed one that had little shining lights among its branches, and thought it looked beautiful, so they said, "Let us cut this tree and keep it in our village." They carried it home and as they went they sang and were merry all the way along the snowy road. The little lights still stayed on the tree. But when they brought it inside and stood it in the middle of the room all the lights were

gone. (For there are no stars inside a house and the little lights had been the stars in the sky.)

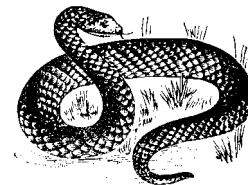
Then one of them said, "Let us put candles on the tree instead." So they got candles and put them on the tree and when they were lit they all danced and sang around it and they said, "We will have one like this every year."

So now in many countries the children have Christmas trees with lights shining on their branches and they are hung with toys and games and the children shout and sing and dance around them.

Snakes

All Papuans know about snakes and I do not think they like them any better the more they know about them.

Some kinds of snakes are not poisonous, like the carpet snake and those smaller ones that live in the earth. Some of these little ones are quite blind as well as harmless.



Then there are the water snakes and these are found both in fresh and salt water. All sea snakes are poisonous and they feed on fish and small slugs and other little creatures to be found near the shore. These water snakes have nostrils they can close when under water. Many of them can travel at as good a speed on land as they can in the water.

Besides these there are the venomous (poisonous) snakes we know too well. In Papua the best known of these is the Black Snake. He is a very bad one, as you know, and like most snakes his poison is in his teeth. It comes through the two front teeth that have a hole near the tip. The poison is in the snake's head. When he bites this poison is forced into the tooth, down the little hole and into the wound. These teeth are called the poison fangs. Another way snakes kill is by constriction; that is by squeezing their victims to death. The python and the boa are the best known of this variety.

Snakes have mouths that can stretch and they are able to open their jaws wide enough to allow things much larger than themselves to go through the jaws; for the jaws will stretch widely, as they are not firmly joined together like ours. Sometimes you have seen the body of the snake very much swollen after his large meal. (I have seen young Papuans too like this!)

Snakes eat rats, frogs, toads, lizards and eggs, and too often chickens as well. I once saw two very large pythons at a Zoo in one big thick glass case together. They were fed for the day with two hens with all their feathers on. The hens had of course been killed before they were put in the cage. There are snakes that live in trees and some of these are green like the leaves of the tree.

They have no ears that can be seen, but it is thought that their tongues, that they use so much, have some extra sense than taste. They have no eyelids and their skin is all scaly. These scales are joined to fine thin ribs and these ribs are movable and that is how they move along. Most

snakes shed their skin in one piece—creeping out of it from the head and turning the skin inside out as they do so.

In India snakes are sometimes used as food and in Papua some boys roast and then boil the flesh with yams or sweet potatoes. They say the taste is "like tinned fish." Papuans only use snakes that have no poison for food.

If a snake bites you, don't be frightened. Think what you must do. Cut the place of the bite and let the blood run. Then tie a bandage above the bite *tightly* and leave it for half an hour and then undo it for a few minutes and tie it up again. Go and find a white man as soon as you can.

"Lakatoi" to Gulf

Two *Lakatoi* have gone on a trading expedition to the Gulf Division. Seri Seri is the captain of one and Gabe Kari the captain of the other.

Five other *lakatoi* left on the 6th December for Iokea. They were taking the cricketers from Poreporena to play matches with the boys of the Gulf Division and we hope they will win—if they are the best team. This is the first time that a cricket team has travelled by *lakatoi*, but it is a very good idea.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

(DARU)—Correspondent, William Tabna

Mr. Chance, the Resident Magistrate, has been up the Fly River on the launch *Variala*. He went up last week to visit some villages where there had been a murder and he brought in some of the men who had done it. It was in one of the bush villages.

Last week an aeroplane came across from the Fly River. It belonged to the Gold Fields Co. She landed at Daru on Friday and on the next day (Saturday) she left to go up the Fly. Word came telling us that she fell somewhere up the river. [This aeroplane landed safely at the camp later in the day. Asst. Ed.]

About a fortnight ago Rev. H. L. Schlencker went up the Fly River on the mission launch

assembled at a reception given by the Resident Magistrate (Mr. A. C. Rentoul) and Mrs. Rentoul, to meet Mr. and Mrs. P. J. MacDonald on the occasion of their marriage.

The bride looked radiant in a close fitting frock of ivory silk. Mrs. Rentoul, as matron of honour, wore ivory and green marocain.

Mr. J. Gordon acted as best man, and the bride was given away by Mr. N. B. Higgins of Quartz Mountain.



A Christmas Feast at Urika, Delta Division

Ada, to visit some of the mission stations. He went up as far as the Bamu River. Then on his way back the engine got into trouble and he had to come home on a canoe.

Bompa Waipila, who had been dismissed from the mission many years ago, died last week from snake bite. I would like to tell you that for twenty long years Bompa had never been tired of trying his hardest to join the mission as a teacher. But he couldn't. By the kind help of Rev. H. L. Schlencker he was admitted as a lay-reader. Then after his few months of good service he died.

(MISIMA)—Correspondent, Barton Diritanumo

There was a very pleasant ceremony at the Residency, Misima, on Tuesday afternoon, 22nd October, at 4.30 p.m. A large gathering

Both parties were well known residents of Papua. The bride, who was formerly Miss Gertrude Gellweiler, was for some years the capable matron of the Port Moresby hospital.

There was a large gathering from Quartz Mountain and Umuna assembled at the Residency. A very happy afternoon was spent by all and it was not until the shadows fell that the last guest had departed homewards.

The Papuan Villager

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Snake Competition

George Scott, Technical School, Yule Island, is the winner of this Competition and his article is printed below.

Mary Boga, of Hanuabada, also sent in a very good article and hers was the next best.

Snakes

In one of my articles I said that the crocodile is one of man's greatest enemies. Well I think I am right too in saying that the snake is one of our enemies.

But you see there are many different kinds of snakes. Some are very small while others are very large, such as the python. I hope we have not these very big reptiles in our country. I think the biggest we have here are the boas. These snakes seem to be not poisoned. They will only squeeze their prey to death if they can and then swallow it.

There is also the black snake with the red tail. These snakes are very poisonous. It is said that all these poisonous snakes have two special teeth in the front. These two teeth have little holes like that of an injection needle, and when they bite the poison is quickly sent through these two little holes. The poison is kept in some kind of a little bag under the tongue. The natives here who reckon they are sorcerers take this poison to help them in their devilish work.

And then there is the brown snake. I don't think these snakes are very harmful, yet I wouldn't like to let one of them bite to find this proof. Then there is that little white snake about a foot long. These little snakes are truly very harmless. They are not only harmless, but they say they even kill other snakes. I have seen people myself take up these snakes and nurse them in their hands.

Then there is that little "deafard" a little snake about six inches long. It sounds just as if they have been "nick-named" for loss of their hearing. These little creatures are deaf and blind, and so they can't see or hear if anyone is near them; but if it happens that they are trodden on they quickly give a smart bite which is deadly poison. If the person doesn't give the right treatments at once very

likely he will not live for the next fifteen minutes. These snakes are very plentiful in the Mekeo districts. Very often one will find them along the bush roads or under dried leaves. In Mekeo they call them "Api."

All snakes don't climb, but I know that some can, such as the boa. I don't know if all snakes swim, yet some are rather good swimmers. They keep their heads above the surface while the long body is in a wriggling motion under the water.

How the female looks after her young I can't say much, but like all mothers she must be very fond of them. One thing I know is that she brings them up out of eggs.

What all these reptiles eat I cannot say, except for the boa which lives on flesh meat such as rats, fowls and even eggs. Some people would leave a boa in their house to get rid of the rats rather than kill it. Since the boa is not poisonous the Vanuamae people find it good meat for their plates. They even go out hunting for them like they do for wallabies, pigs, etc.

Let me put in this. One night at a late hour we were awakened by the loud cry of some hens which were up in a tree just behind our house. Thinking that thieves were about we all rushed out with lights and weapons. To our surprise we saw that one of the hens was seized by a large boa. The hen was already squeezed to death when we got there, but we soon made the end of the snake too. Rev. Father Sorin who was present wanted to have the skin so we made sure not to spoil it. In the morning Father and I skinned it and then preserved the skin in some medicine. We also measured it and found it to be a little more than eleven feet. He said he would send the skin home where they will make use of it.

For the other snakes I don't know what they eat, some say they eat dirt. Hope to read a better explained competition especially on what these reptiles eat.

[George Scott, Technical School, Yule Island].

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