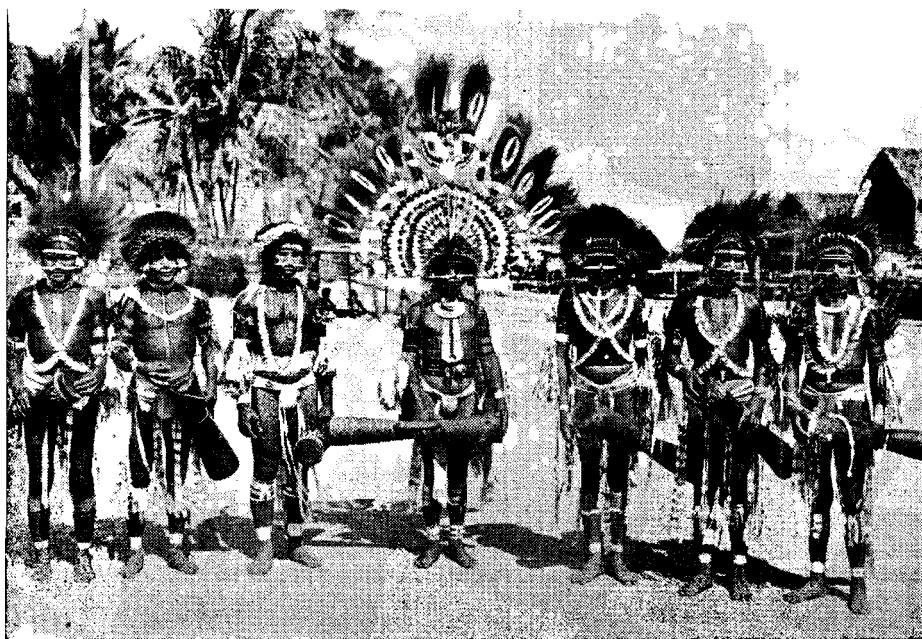


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Manumanu Dancers

A & K. GIBSON PHOTO

The Sydney Zoo

There is a place in Sydney where all sorts of birds, animals and fish are kept. This place is called Taronga Park, but most people call it the Zoo. It is a large piece of hilly land, and it is full of lovely trees, nice green grass and gardens of pretty flowers. Many Papuans who have been to Sydney will remember this lovely place.

The birds and animals that are kept there came from all over the world. They live in cages, and in pits that have been dug in the hillsides. The cages are of all sizes, from small ones, in which little birds are kept, to great big ones that have trees growing in them. The large animals live in the pits; these pits have walls of stone and cement, with big cages, like houses, in the middle of them. The pits are very wide and deep, so that the animals cannot climb, or jump, out of them.

There are a great many birds here. In one cage you can see large eagles from India, South America and Africa. In other cages there are lots of small birds from Japan, Asia and Europe, some of which have very pretty feathers. A great many of the birds were caught in Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea and in some of the Pacific Islands. Some very beautiful birds of paradise, parrots, pigeons, doves cockatoos and parrakeets from Papua can be seen there. But there are so many different birds in the cages that it would take many pages of *The Papuan Villager* to describe them all.

A pretty house is the home of the elephant. They are very big animals, but very quiet, and they are used to carry parties of small boys and girls about the park.

Many lions, tigers and leopards live in the pits. Some of them are babies, and, like kittens, they spend a lot of time playing on the rocks in the pits. There are some very large bears in another pit; they are white bears—polar bears—and they came from the ice and snow of the Arctic Ocean.

In a pit, that has a lot of water in it, there is a baby hippopotamus and its parents; in another a baby rhinoceros and its mother and father. A large pool contains some crocodiles that were caught in one of the North Queensland rivers; and in another pool there are some turtles that came from Torres Strait.

The fish live in tanks that are built in the walls of a large house. These tanks have a pane of thick glass in one side, and through the glass the fish can be seen swimming in the water. Many of the fish are very beautiful; some of these pretty fish came from New Guinea, New Hebrides, Fiji and the Solomon Islands. There is a large shark in a big pool near this house; it was caught in Sydney Harbour, and it has lived in the pool for some years.

The Sydney Zoo is a very interesting place.

♦ ♦

New Found Land Named After Princess Elizabeth

We read in *The Children's Newspaper* that a great piece of land near the South Pole has been named after Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of our beloved King. This land is covered with snow and ice all the year round, and it is eight times as big as England.

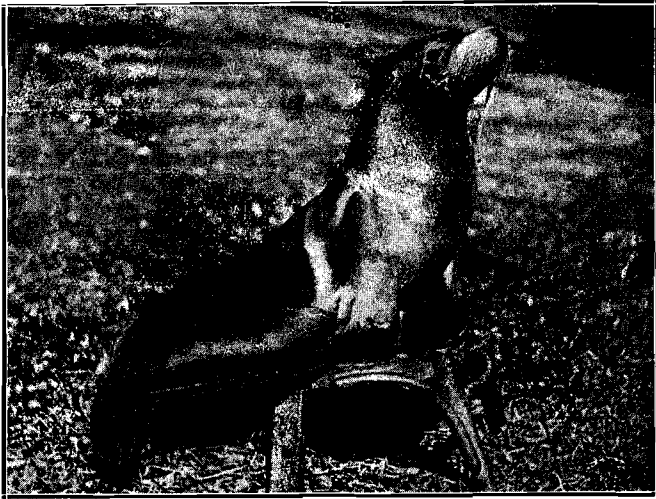
Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, an American explorer, found this land when he was exploring the unknown part of the

South Pole region. From his aeroplane he saw beneath him, stretching 600 miles or more each way, a vast snow-covered plain which none had seen before. He claimed this new land for America.

Then remembering the noble part which Great and Greater Britain have

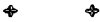
rod and a ram weighing 70,000 pounds, and the anvil on which it falls weighs 200,000 pounds.

This hammer is worked by a steam engine. It is so well balanced that when the ram falls at full speed it can be stopped within an inch of the anvil or the steel forging which rests on it.



Seal

played in charting the shores of the Antarctic Continent, once rescuing him when stranded on one of them, he paid us the compliment of naming the new territory Princess Elizabeth's Land.



A Mighty Hammer

The Children's Newspaper tells us about a mighty hammer that has been brought to England from America.

It stands as high as many houses, 27 feet of hammer on a stand of concrete that is 13 feet deep. Above ground the hammer wields a piston

A Fast Aeroplane

In February, a young man named Mr. Alex Henshaw flew an aeroplane from Gravesend, England, to Capetown, South Africa, a distance of nearly 7,000 miles, in less than 40 hours. He stopped at four places on the way. Then, after a few hours rest in Capetown, he flew back to London in about the same time.

This flight is the fastest that has ever been made from England to Capetown and back to England. Mr. Henshaw used a little aeroplane, a Mew Gull, that was made by Captain Percival, an Australian engineer.

A Shark Story

A man was fishing for sharks, outside Sydney, when he hooked a very large one. It fought very strongly, and for nearly twenty minutes the man was unable to pull it near his boat. At last, when the shark became tired, the man managed to haul it close to the boat. He picked up his gun and was about to shoot it, when the wire on the hook broke. As the shark turned to swim away it lashed out with its tail—and struck a second hook which was on another piece of wire that was fastened to the line. This hook sank into the shark's tail, so the man dragged it, tail first, to the boat, and shot it.



Native Contributions

Competition

Why is Football a Good Game?

Much more interest was shown in this competition than in the one we had about Cricket. Several good articles were received, but the best was sent us by John Livingstone Dow, so he is the winner of the prize of five shillings. We thank all the other writers for their articles, and we hope they will have better luck in the next competition.

Why is Football a Good Game?

I want to tell you why football is a good game, because I love it very much.

Before we were born, football was played in England, and the English people took it to all parts of the world, and taught the people how to play it.

Also, the English people told the other people that there are laws in the football game, like other games, such as cricket, racing, etc.,

They said, if you want to play football well, you must first learn all the laws.

Football is a good game, because it helps our bodies to be strong. When we play football our bodies become smart and well, and the muscles of our legs get strong. Also, it is good exercise for our hearts. When we are running after the football, our heart pumps quickly and makes our heart muscles strong.

When we are playing football we must think carefully about our football laws. We are playing football, not fighting, so we must be kind to our friends. We must fight in our hearts and minds, that we will be able to obey all the laws.

At the time when the Government and the Missionaries came to Papua they saw that the native people were fighting with their friends. So they said, "It is nice for us to teach these natives. They don't know how to play the game well," and they taught the Papuan people how to play football.

But in the olden days some of the people on the east coast of Papua used football as a fighting game. When one village sent a football team to another village, the players carried their spears and sticks with them, and while they were playing, some of their friends brought the sticks near the field. Sometimes, if a man pushed another man down on the ground, they at once began fighting in the middle of the field.

When I was a schoolboy at St. Paul's School, Dogura, I saw the Wedau people and Dogura mission boys fight in the middle of a football match.

But in 1930 the English Priest, Rev. J. D. Bodger, came from England, and he taught us how to play football. He also told us that the game is not for fighting, but to make everybody friendly. Also he told us that football is a very good game, and we must play it well. So we stopped the fighting game, and we are now playing the fair game.

It is nice to play hard games, because cricket and football helps our bodies to grow strong. Also it is very nice to work hard, and pray hard too. Because work and play makes our bodies strong, and prayer helps our souls to grow strong. If you work all day, you will get tired, your body will go slack, and you will feel like being sick. But if you run out and play football, your body will get strong again, and you will feel well.

So that is why we like to play football. And that is how we know that football is a good game.

That is all I can tell you about football. But I am telling you as my dear father, Rev. J. D. Bodger, has told me. "Work hard, play hard, and pray hard." That is our motto in St. Paul's School, Dogura.

[By John Livingstone Dow, teacher. All Soul's School, Gona, N.D.]

So the young woman gave her the little boy, and began to climb the tree.

"Go up quickly," the old woman called to her. "I am very hungry, because I have had no breakfast." Then, as she watched the young woman climbing the tree, she said to herself, "I think this baby will be good for my breakfast."

The young woman climbed up the tree and sat on a branch. She heard her baby crying,



A Camel

The Hungry Mother-in-Law

A young woman lived with her mother-in-law in a village. This young woman had a baby. One day the young woman took her baby and went with her mother-in-law to get some food from their garden. On the way to the garden the old woman saw a bread-fruit tree that had plenty of fruit on it. The old woman liked bread-fruit, so she asked her daughter-in-law to get some of the fruit.

"Give me your baby, and I will hold it, while you climb the tree and get the fruit," she said.

The young woman was very pleased. She said, "All right, but you must take good care of baby for me: do not spoil it."

"Give me the child," said the old woman. "Of course I won't spoil my grandson."

and when she looked down she saw the old woman was eating the baby. She was afraid of her mother-in-law, and she thought, "That silly, wicked old woman is eating my baby." Then she shouted at her, "Don't eat my baby. You are a silly old woman!"

The old woman looked up and said, "Come down here. I will eat you."

Then the young woman filled her string bag with fruit and leaves, and threw the bag down far away from her mother-in-law.

The old woman heard the bag fall. She thought her daughter-in-law had fallen from the tree, so she ran quickly to kill her.

Then the young woman came down quietly and ran back to the village. The old woman saw her come down from the tree, and she followed her to the village, where she found her sitting near her house.

The old woman was very angry. She rushed at her daughter-in-law, and they fought, but the old woman killed her. Then she ate her and left the head on the road. After that this wicked old woman ran away into the bush, and climbed up the big tree in which all the other wicked people lived.

When the young woman's husband came home, he saw his wife's head on the road. He picked it up and showed it to his son.

"Where is your mother?" he asked the boy.

The boy replied, "Your mother ate my mother."

Then the man became very angry. He took an axe and went under the big tree in the bush. It is a tree called *Benomba*; northern people use that sort of tree for canoes. The man chopped a lot of dry wood and made a big fire under the tree. A great cloud of smoke rose from the fire, and soon all the wicked people were falling out of the tree. As they fell the man killed them; he killed them all. The last to fall was his mother, and he killed her and burned her in the great fire.

[By Ambrose Burugo, pupil teacher, All Soul's School, Gona, N.D.]



About a Hornet's Nest

One day, while I was sitting in my office, I saw a hornet start to build its nest with wet mud.

I watched it very carefully. First of all I saw it come and look for a place to put the nest. Then it went away. After some little time it returned with a small ball of mud and began to spread it on the wall.

It worked very fast, coming in every little while with more mud which it built into a round pot. This was as nicely rounded as if it had been done by an experienced pot-maker. When I left the office, about 4.30 p.m. the hornet had about half the nest finished.

Next morning, when I came to work, I was surprised, for the hornet had finished the nest. It was very nicely made, and it looked just like a *Motuan* water-pot. Seeing its shape, I thought that the first people who made water-pots must have got the pattern of the pot from this little creature's nest.

The first day it made half the nest, then stopped to sleep, and early next morning it went on working until it had finished its job. So, after seeing this little creature work so well, it made me think that we should also be as diligent when we have a job to do, and thus give satisfaction to our employers.

[By Morea, native clerk, Department of the Government Secretary.]



Two Angry Pigs

Early one morning my friend, the Corporal and I went out to hunt pigs in the bush. Before we started hunting we decided to go different ways. The Corporal went to the eastern side of the bush, and I went to the northern side. There are many sago palms in this forest, and many wild pigs can be found where the sago grows. Very soon after I left the Corporal I came on a big boar, a sow and seven small pigs. Four of the little pigs were black, like the boar, the other were white with black spots, like their mother.

When I came on the pigs they were grubbing in the soft ground for roots to eat. The parent pigs had long snouts and they were doing a lot of digging work with them.

I could not shoot any of the pigs because I did not have a gun with me; I was only the gamekeeper for the Corporal. I watched the pigs and waited a little while, thinking that the Corporal would come along. But he did not arrive, so I went to find him, and this I did by following his footprints in the soft ground.

When I saw him I broke a dry stick; I did not call out because I was afraid the sound would frighten the pigs away. The Corporal heard the sound of the breaking stick, and when he turned round I made a sign to him to come to me. He came quickly and I told him about the family of pigs that I had found.

We went slowly to where I had seen the pigs, and they were still there. The Corporal fired at the sow and hit her on the hind leg, and she fell down. Then, suddenly, she got up and rushed at us, with her mane upraised. She was very angry, and we knew that she was angry because she grunted very loudly as she rushed at us.

All the little pigs ran away when the Corporal fired, but the boar stopped there.

He must have been very sorry to hear his mate crying so loudly, and he may have thought that he could help her by stopping there. Of course he was brave to do that. He came at us and tried to bite us, but he tried in vain, because we had climbed trees soon after the shot was fired. The two pigs were very angry, for they jumped one or two feet off the ground to try and bite us. They were healthy pigs, so they had big bodies that they could not lift very high. And they were terribly angry.

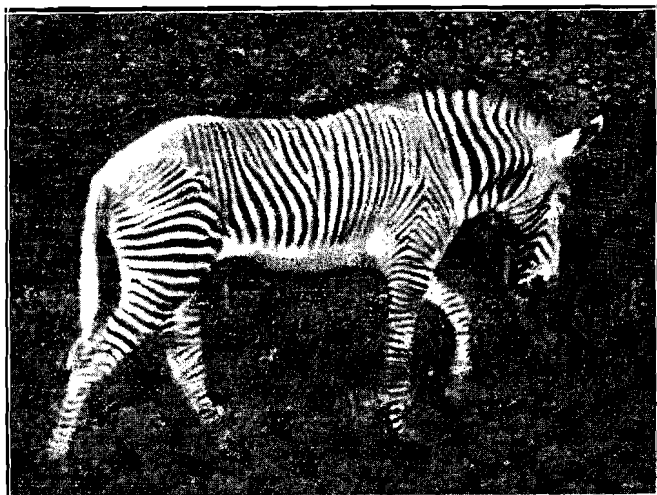
little ones with them. That big boar must have loved his wife and the seven little ones; and I am proud to say that he is a great hero.

[By Gavera Baru, native medical assistant, Kerema (I.D.)]



The Sports at Dobu

On the 4th January, 1939, we had sports at Dobu. All the missionaries and their wives



Zebra

* The Corporal wanted to have another shot at the pigs, but he had climbed the tree in such a hurry, when the sow rushed at us, that he had left his gun on the ground.

I think the pigs wanted us to sleep in the trees, because they stopped underneath them. We had no chance of leaving the trees while those two angry pigs were there. We stopped high in the trees and wished that the pigs would go away. Then, after about half an hour, the two pigs heard their little babies weeping for their mother. The little pigs cried loudly, so their parents were sorry for them, and so they went away to care for their seven babies. We then got down and went away from that place.

I think we would have had to stop all night in those trees if the pigs had not had their

went to the sports. The village people too, some from Bwai'iowa, Tauru and all the Salamo district. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, the Sisters, a Fijian teacher and two Papuan teachers, with all the students, went to Dobu. The mission boat *Tolema* took the people there. We left Salamo at 10 a.m.

All the people were ready at Dobu for the sports, and at 11 a.m. the people of Bwai'iowa started the canoe races. When Pilimoni, the Samoan teacher at Dobu, told the people, "We are ready," the gun went bang and the three canoes started to race. Two canoes came first, the other canoe was still behind. The people cheered the winners, but there were some people who were disappointed.

Some people went into the swimming and running races, some jumped with hags, and

others climbed the greasy pole. Some were in the competitions for throwing stones, making baskets and other things. Others looked on and talked to their friends.

There were fireworks and crackers; some of these crackers sounded like shot guns being fired. There was a lot of noise as the people played games. Some of the missionaries shot at a bottle which was hanging on a tree. The best shot got a shilling for a prize.

The sun was setting when we started to return to our homes after this very happy day at Dobu.

[By Karitoni Samolava, Methodist Mission, Salamo.]

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Native Armed Constabulary

[A. & K. GIBSON PHOTO]

The rain stopped our play for a little while, but when the rain ended we went on playing. Everybody tried hard to win the races because they remembered the many useful prizes that were to be given the winners. Some of the people may have been tired after the sports, but it was all very nice and we had a wonderful time.

At 4 p.m. the Rev. Mr. Rundle, the Chairman at Dobu, gave out the prizes to the winners of the races. All the missionaries, the village councillors and the policemen were happy. The Chairman told the people about Jesus who was born in Bethlehem. He said they should remember Christmas and the New Year as very happy days.

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