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## Death of King George V

On the 20th of last month King George V died in his house at Sandringham. He had been King for twenty-five years. You will remember that last year all the people in the Empire were glad because he had reached his Jubilee. That means that he had reigned for one quarter of a "century" (or one quarter of 100 years).

All his people will remember King George as a good king. He always thought about his subjects in different parts of the world. There were many millions of them, some white, some brown and some black. Everyone was fond of him, even if they had never seen him;

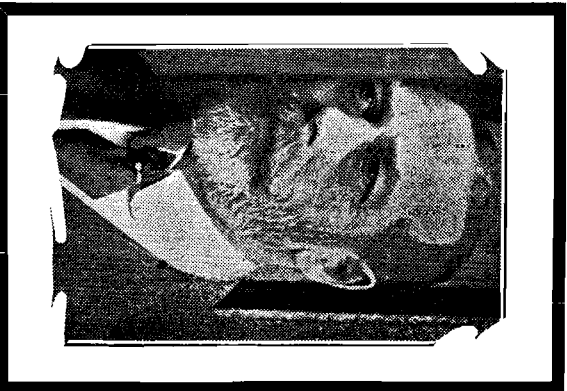
for they knew his pictures, and they always heard well of him.

The King as a Sailor  
As a young man he was a sailor

in the British Navy, and he worked hard and became an Admiral. In those days he travelled round the Empire. When he became King he stayed in England; but he was always fond of the sea and used to sail in his great yacht. This was a very famous sailing boat called the *Britannia*.

And as a Farmer  
He was interested in the things that Englishmen do, so that people called him a "country gentleman." He was a

good farmer and used to win many prizes with his cattle. He also kept horses and won some big races. You



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

will be interested to know that he was also a good shot and that he was fond of shooting birds with his shotgun.

#### The King's Family

The King has left a widow (Queen Mary), four sons, and one daughter. He will be remembered as a good father. As you know he used to speak to his people over the wireless on Christmas Day, and then he spoke of the Empire as one great family.

Good kings are always busy, and King George worked hard with his Councillors to govern his great Empire.

#### The Funeral

He was buried on 28th January, and it was a very great funeral. Hundreds of thousands of people must have been there to see. Five kings from other countries (Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Roumania, and Bulgaria) walked behind his coffin, as well as royal princes and councillors from other lands.

#### The New King

Now we have a new King. It is King George's eldest son, whom we all knew as the Prince of Wales. He has become King Edward the Eighth. He also has travelled far and wide over the British Empire, and worked hard for the good of the people. We can all say "Long Live the King!" And we hope that he will reign as long and as well as his father.

#### An African Paper

There are not many papers in the world like yours, but there is one in some ways very like it. We have sometimes spoken of it before, and sometimes taken news from it to tell you. It is written in English for

African readers, and it is called *Listen: News from Far and Near*.

It is just about the same size as the present *Villager*, and it comes out every two months. Far more people read *Listen* than the *Villager*, because Africa is many times bigger than Papua, and many more people can read English.

#### The English Language

The words are a good deal harder than yours in the *Villager*, but then the Africans have been learning much longer than you have. The Editors of *Listen* know how useful the English language is to the dark-skinned people in Africa. But the paper does much more than give them practice in reading it. It is full of things that will be good for the Africans to hear and learn.

African stories are often funny: they make you laugh. But at the same time they are full of wisdom. The wise thoughts of the African people are put down in little stories about animals, and so on; and in *Listen* there are many of these.

It also has articles that will be useful in other ways. In some of the last numbers we see articles on *Mosquitoes*, for instance, and all the harm they can do; on *Our Babies: How to Keep them Well*; and on the *Fruits of the Ground*. And it gives plenty of news to African readers about the outside world.

*Listen* must do a great deal to help the Africans to live better and to get on well with one another and with the white man.

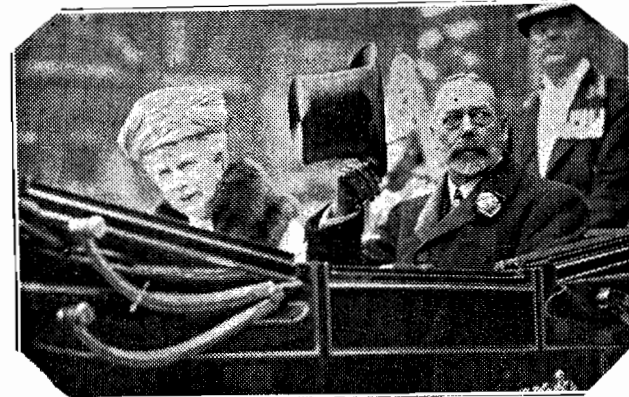
#### A Letter to "Listen."

Mr. Searle, of Lawes College, has made a suggestion for a competition, and we think it is a good one. We want readers of the *Villager* to write

a letter to the African readers of *Listen*. We will give 5s. for the best letter and will send it to the Editors. If it is good enough we hope they will put it in their paper, and then hundreds of your friends in Africa will read what you have written. Write your letters to the Editor of *The Papuan Villager*, and please do your best. We want to make a good show.

While the Governor was away Dr. W. M. Strong, the Chief Medical Officer, has been the Acting Lieutenant-Governor.

When the *Macdhui* arrived this month Mr. Champion was on board, and he will now be the Acting Lieutenant-Governor as he is the first man in the Territory after Sir Hubert Murray.



The Late King  
George V  
and Queen Mary

#### Competition

##### A Letter to an African

Read the article called "An African Paper." Then write a letter to an African native. Tell him something about your own country. Post your letter to the Editor of *The Papuan Villager*. The best letter will win 5s. and be sent to the Editor of the African Paper. Don't make it too long.

#### The Governor Goes to England

We have heard that the Governor, who is now on leave in Australia, is sailing in a few weeks for England. Mrs. Pinney, his daughter, is going with him.

We hope the Governor will have a very good holiday.

#### The Pig of Pukovio

The dogs once lived together in a village, something like men. One of them went down to the river with a water-pot. He wanted to fill it. While he was filling his pot a pig jumped out of the bush and bit him. He was not a brave dog, so he dropped the pot, put his tail between his two hind legs, and ran back to the village, howling.

#### The Dogs have a Council of War

Now all the dogs came together. The little dog said, "I think these pigs want to fight us. They are

always grunting at us when we go to fill our water-pots. Now one of them has bitten me."

So the dogs said, "All right, we will fight them if they want it." And they all began to get ready for war.

(The man who told me this story said that there were black dogs, white dogs, brown dogs, and "blue" dogs. The green dogs must have been away hunting.)

### They Fight against the Pigs

They put sharp hornbill beaks called *peremo* on their heads (and ever since Papuan dogs have had sharp ears sticking upwards). Each dog also carried a spear (and that is why the dog now has a long pointed tail, sticking up like a spear). And when they were all ready they went out to fight the pigs. They rushed at them blowing *kibi*, or shell trumpets (nowadays dogs can only howl), and they killed all of them, except one.

### One Pig Escapes

This one pig was a woman pig. She managed to get away and she ran for her life. She ran from the Waria River (which is in the other Territory) down the coast; she swam the rivers and climbed the headlands. And all the time the dogs were chasing her.

At last she came to a place called Pukovio on the coast near the village of Yauga. Here there is a small cape with a hole right through it. The poor woman pig ran through the hole and lay down in the grass on the other side. She was tired out, and thought she would wait for the dogs there. But the dogs rushed by, blowing their *kibis*, and they ran all the way down the coast to Buna, and lost the pig altogether.

### Her Children Live to Fight the Dogs

The pig made herself a house in the grass and lived in it. And by and by she had a family of baby pigs; and these grew up and scattered all over the country. So that there are still plenty of pigs in Papua and they still fight with the dogs whenever they meet them.

### The "Normandie"

You have heard of the very big boat that is being built in England called the *Queen Mary*. France has one that is bigger still. She is called the *Normandie*. She is so big that if she came into our harbour we should all open our eyes wide and think we were dreaming. Her speed is 30 knots an hour and her weight is 79,280 tons. The *Macdhui* is 4,500 tons and she has a speed of 14½ knots an hour, so you can see there is a big difference.

On this ship there is so much space that they have even made a garden with flowers and creepers, and there is a moving picture theatre, a swimming pool and childrens' playrooms full of toys and games.

This ship has broken the record and made the journey to America a day shorter. I expect we shall soon have the *Queen Mary* on the Atlantic Ocean and then we hope to see her make as good a speed. It seems as if this world is racing along at top speed, and we go faster and faster every day. It is a good thing that there are still a few spots, like Papua, where there is no need to be in such a hurry.

STORIES, Etc., ONLY TO BE SENT TO THE EDITOR. ALL OTHER COMMUNICATIONS TO THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER, PORT MORESBY

### Parrots as Sentries

The Armed Constables, like other soldiers, sometimes have to be "sentries." They have to stand and watch and not fall asleep; and if an enemy or thief comes near, they sing out and give the alarm.

#### Parrots in the Rigo district

In the hills in the Rigo district the natives keep parrots with their legs through a ring of coconut shell. Someone once said that the parrots were sentries. If the enemy came by night they would screech and scare them away. I don't think this can be true. I am afraid the parrots are kept to have the feathers pulled out of their tails now and then.

#### The Frenchman's Parrot

But a parrot might be a good sentry after all. For we read of a Frenchman who went out with his wife to a party. While they were away some thieves came and began to steal the things in the house.

But the Frenchman had a parrot who could talk and whistle. While the thieves were hard at work the parrot sang out, "This way—we've got them!" and gave a loud whistle. The thieves thought it was a policeman singing out and blowing his whistle, so they ran away.

The Frenchman says his parrot is better than a dog to scare thieves, and he thinks it is a new idea. But if the Rigo people really use parrots as sentries, it is not a new idea.

### DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

#### PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent, Rea Mea)

Just in the beginning of the New Year's season, the rain started. The hills with their

beauty of green trees and grasses we see, and especially we are glad to have the rains for our gardens.

On the 25th and 26th January we had the biggest rain we have had for many years. The town streets and the main roads were damaged by water, the earth and stones were removed from place to place. The water drains in the streets where we are working had been covered by earth and stones. Poor Public Works' labourers, and the prisoners, were very busy levelling up these places. Some of the village gardens and fences were broken down by the water. Some gardens were full of water. But it got down very quickly after the rain finished. The damage was not very bad. Everything is now in order, and it looks pretty after the cleaning up.

The rains are still continuing in February.

### DARU

(Correspondent, William Tabua)

In December a big crowd of people gathered at Daru for the May Offering to the Mission. Nearly 1,000 people came from their villages.

The first day was the teachers' meeting day with the Rev. H. J. Schlencker and we talked about what was to be done at the Offering Day. Then there was the gathering of the church members and deacons in the evening for Communion.

On the second day about 7 a.m. everyone came with their offerings and there was a big feast after that at midday. In the evening there was a lot of dancing. On the third day everyone left for home.

On Christmas morning some teachers with their wives and the school children went to the houses of the white people and sang some Christmas hymns and they got a lot of presents from them too. We put up a tree in the church and hung up some presents for the little ones. At noon we all went to see the presents distributed by Mrs. Leydin, who dressed up like Santa Claus. In the evening there was a feast.

### Native Contributions

#### The Story of Baua

Long, long ago in the forests of Mekeo Valley, there lived a man named Baua. He

was a funny ugly-looking man; he lived on others' gardens by stealing, and by hunting wild pigs, kangaroos and cassowaries, or trapping. He never stopped long in one spot, but used to live here and there where food and meat were available to get.

#### Baua Steals and Frightens a Man

One day when Baua was out on one of his hunting expeditions he got very weary and hungry so he began to look for gardens. He came on and on till he got to a garden, he ran quickly to it, and climbed up here and there on the papaw trees, getting ripe ones and helping himself. And up came the garden owner before Baua was satisfied. Baua was afraid that the garden man might spear him; so made up his mind to rush at the garden-owner before he chanced to get within spear reach. So Baua made a rush at the garden-owner, and when he got close and the man saw that Baua was not a village man, but was a strange bush-man, with a very ugly-looking face, he took to flight. He did not dare to stand and face Baua. "Poor man," said Baua, to himself laughingly. "I am the master of the garden to-day." And so ate and ate, and roasted bananas, taros, potatoes, until he had satisfied his hunger. And he carried away all that he was able to, to his hut somewhere in the bush.

The poor garden-owner was Aoai-Pingongo by name. When he got to the village he blew his horn and the village people all came out from the gardens to the village to see what the horn was meant for. When all were in the village Aoai-Pingongo from the platform of his dubu spoke in a loud voice and said, "My people, do hear me, do. This morning I have been to my garden and I saw a strange monster. He looks like a man but has a face very ugly and large eyes. I wanted to spear him but when he rushed at me with his spears and club I ran away lest he should have killed me if I had dared to stand. So now from this time you will all know when you lose anything such as bananas, taro, and so on, that this ugly-face monster has been stealing. And don't you go yourselves after anything that is stolen from your gardens, but go by twos and threes, and armed to your teeth, and look out lest he sight you first and get the best of you. Now do you all hear what I have said, my people, and if you have, keep it in your mind for good."

Next morning Aoai-Pingongo, his brother Amcau-Pingongo, and his son Vakepo Aoai,

armed to the teeth, went out to see what this strange ugly-faced man had done in their garden. When they got there they saw that many a good bunch of bananas had been stolen, and sugar-cane, papaw, taros, potatoes, etc. But there was no sign of him, so they came back to their village.

#### Baua Caught Stealing

After some time the food that Baua had



His Majesty King Edward VIII

stolen out of Aoai-Pingongo's garden had all been consumed. Now he goes out again on his hunting and stealing expeditions. This time he came to an old man's garden. This old man had a granddaughter staying with him to cook or bring him water and fire-sticks when in need. Well Baua had chanced to turn out in this garden where they lived. Now remember that this old man and his granddaughter hadn't heard of the ugly Baua from Aoai-Pingongo, as the old man didn't come to the village when the horn was blown. Baua went from plant to plant looking for the best and oldest hard bananas he could find. When he found any he'd cut it down and put

it near his other personal gear to carry away when he was ready.

All of a sudden he heard a yell close by and took fright, dropped his stone axe and ran. When he saw the girl who had seen him stealing he stopped. But when the girl saw the ugliness of his face she ran for her life, at the same time yelling, "My father, my father, and my brother, my brother!" This stopped altogether the poor Baua, for when

in her garden, and how he got a fright and was running away when he saw her and stopped and wanted to kiss her. But she got so frightened of his ugly-looking face that she ran away to her grandfather.

#### Baua Fights for his Life

After the pretty girl related her story the father told her to look out that this funny ugly-face man does not get her. So to be more sure of her safety the two brothers offered to stay with her and her grandfather.

While staying there the two boys would make themselves busy making spears, arrows and bows, ready to fight the ugly-face man if he happened to come again to this garden. "E, ei! Keep silent. I hear some noise in the garden." It was Baua cutting down a bunch of bananas and when one of the boys went to see what the noise meant he came running back and crying, "Brother, come down, come down there's someone stealing." The girl at once said, "That's the ugly-face man. Take your spears, bows and arrows, and go to kill the thief. If he is not killed he will be sure to come back again to steal."

So the two brothers ran out to fight Baua. He was busy tying up the bunches of bananas he had cut down. The first boy to run up was Pingaunga. He shot an arrow through Baua's arm. And when Baua saw the other brother running up he made for his spears and club. Another arrow was shot at him, but he dodged it and made an advance up to the two brothers who stood side by side and shooting arrows, their sister looking on from far. Baua kept on advancing till the younger brother shot him in the left thigh. Poor fellow, he at once pulled out the arrow and made another attempt. This time he threw a spear at them both but missed his mark.

This kept on and on till the two boys finished their arrows and now had to use the spears. With these in their hands they kept running backwards and forwards till they hit the poor fellow on the right thigh. Again he broke the spear and made a sudden rush and nearly killed the younger brother with his club. But while doing so he was struck by the elder on the back with a spear. He fell but made a quick rise from the ground and clubbed the elder and made for his life. The brothers ran after him till he got into the bush. Then they said, "If you come back again we will kill you." He replied with a "Bo hu!"



Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E.

he saw the pretty girl he wanted to make love with her if it could be possible to get into touch or to talk with her. But the girl didn't like him, for he had a very funny ugly face as I have told you already. So he tried in vain. Every day he would now come to this garden on account of this girl. But the girl took great care this time not to go out alone. She was so frightened that when she went to draw water she would ask her grandfather to accompany her to the waterhole.

Some days after this event the parents of the girl came to visit the old man, and when they arrived the girl related how she had seen the ugly funny face a few days ago stealing

**Baua Killed**

After a moon had passed and Baua never appeared in any gardens everyone in the village was asking about him. By and by the two brothers came to the village and asked the same question. But the only reply was "The thief is no more stealing, and where is he?" So the brothers related the story of their fight with him and how they had chased him into the bush.

One day all the people assembled and talked about looking for the ugly-face man in the bush, as there might be some more trouble with him. So they fixed a day to go and search where this Baua lived. They hunted forests through but didn't find him.

seeing so great a number of armed men rush at him yelled with a loud voice saying, "Oh please spare me time till I give you my words." At this the people held their advance and told him to say what he wanted. So this is how Baua addressed the people.

"Now listen. I, Baua, have lived many years amongst other people and have never seen people like you. I have eaten your gardens from mountains to Mekeo Valley. No one dared to do me harm till I came to this coast. But Roro, Waima, Kivori, Baitana people, being so poor in garden food make so much fuss over your bananas, taro, etc. You fought me some time ago. After you have killed me bury not the remains of my body on the grass plains, but bury them in the bush where I came from."

When he had ended his last word they rushed at him, helpless as he was from the wounds he had received in the fight with the two brothers. They killed him, broke open his head, cut off his hands and legs and the beams of his eyes they took and set on a branch hanging near his hut. The hands and legs they carried away home to show to those at the village.

End. The story is too long, so I end it here. Hope it will interest you readers of the P.V.

[Leo Aitsi Parau, N.C., Kairuku. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

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Next morning the searching party set off again looking for Baua's whereabouts. They came to an old deserted hut which he had put up long ago, now overgrown with weeds. So they continued on their search till they sighted a hut and saw smoke of fire coming from it. To make sure one of the men went on slowly to spy out if anyone was there. Coming back to his companions he said, "He's there, the ugly-face, he's there."

They waited till their last mate, who was in the bush, had joined their company; then made a mad rush at the little hut. Baua on

*The Papuan Villager*

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