

Football

Kwato and Dogura, tied (4 points each); Dobu (3 points).

You will see that the results were very even. Dobu were the best runners; Fife Bay were the best cricketers; and Kwato and Dogura were the best footballers. Every team had a win, and I am sure there were no fights.

A Busy Time

But the visitors had other things to keep them busy. There was a "canteen," where they could get things to eat and drink; and on two evenings Mr. Bodger gave a moving picture show, with pictures of the big new Cathedral at Dogura, views of places on the North-East Coast, and "Mickey Mouse" and "Felix the Cat;" and there was a service for all the missions together each evening. Many of the white people in Samarai gave their help and saw that the boys had a good time.

The Prizes

At the end of the Sports Week there was a big Concert in the open air. A great many white people were there. It began with the Dobu people singing a hymn and giving an action song in their own language. Then the Fife Bay people gave a play. It was the old story of the Good Samaritan, and the players wore long robes like those in the Bible pictures, and the asses, or donkeys, were each made up by two small boys; the one behind held the one in front round the waist, and they were covered with cloth. Those who saw them said they were very good donkeys indeed.

Then the Kwato boys, dressed up like sailors, gave a sea chanty and two other songs, in both languages, *Suan* and English. And then Dogura did some very pretty part-singing.

The Prize-Giving

After the concert was finished, Mr. Woodward the Resident Magistrate gave out the prizes. The Cricket Shield had been given by Mr. Bob Bunting in memory of his father, the late A. H. Bunting who was always a good friend to the Papuans. It went to Fife Bay for a year. The Football Shield went half to Kwato and half to Dogura. They did not cut it in two, but decided that each team should hold it for six months. Next year these shields will be played for again.

The boys who won the races each got a prize, and a special one was given to Silvester of Dogura for the best footballer of the meeting.

Speeches

The chairman (Mr. Woodward) and the Bishop and a number of missionaries made speeches; and a member of each team made a speech in English.

Now the teams have all gone home to practice batting and howling and running and kicking and to get their speeches ready for next year.



Cruelty to Pigs

There are a great many pigs in Papua, and Papuans know a great deal more about them than most Europeans do. So we cannot try to tell you how to feed them, or how to make them grow and increase.

But there is one thing that *The Papuan Villager* can say about pigs, and that is that they are sometimes not treated very kindly.

The S.P.C.A.

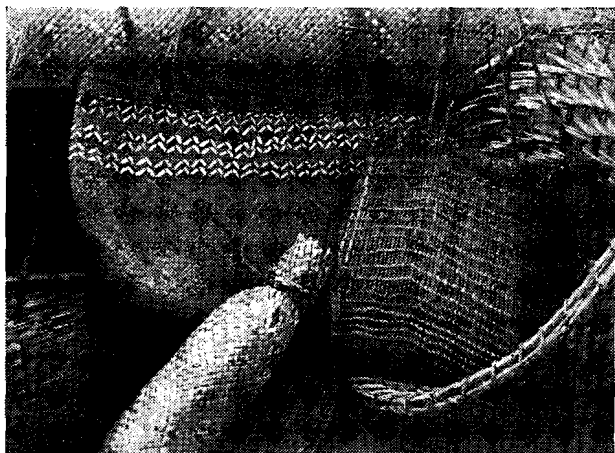
White men's countries have laws to make people treat their pigs kindly. There is a society with a long name,

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" (its short name is S.P.C.A.), and this society has members all over the place. They keep their eye open to see if anyone is cruel to his animals—horses, dogs, cats, pigs, or any other. If he beats them, if he does not feed them properly, if he hurts or illtreats them in any way, then they tell on him. Then a policeman comes to see him and he gets into trouble.

These are very cruel ways to treat any animals. Many people are fond of their pigs; and, if they are fond of them, they should try to stop this sort of thing. I think, as a matter of fact, that the Papuan usually does his best to kill the animal quickly, but he does not always succeed. He should try, at any rate.

Carrying Pigs

Carrying pigs about is always a



Morehead River Bags and Baskets

I think the S.P.C.A. could sometimes find some work to do in Papua.

Killing Pigs

The poor old pig is born to be killed and eaten. But he should be killed as quickly and painlessly as possible. (It doesn't matter how long you take to eat him). Some people, it is said, like to make the pigs squeal loudly when they are killing them. Some, it is said, even put them on the fire to singe before they are dead. And the Editor not long ago saw a cassowary quill pushed up and down in a pig's nose to make it bleed before it was killed.

difficulty. Baby pigs are carried in string bags, and they sometimes look as if they enjoyed it. But you cannot put a big pig in a string bag. The ordinary Papuan way is to tie its legs to a pole and carry it upside down. The pigs cannot enjoy this very much, though it is hard to think of a better way. We can only say that it is cruel to carry a pig in this way for a long journey, or to leave it tied up for a long time.

The picture on the next page shows one way in which this question has been answered. It shows a "crate," or basket of cane, for carrying a pig on

a long journey. It was made and used by the people of Suki Creek on the Fly River.



The King and Queen go to Canada and America

This month the King and Queen are paying a visit to Canada and the United States of America.



A Crate for Carrying Pigs

The King lives in England, and he very seldom goes out of it. But a little while ago he went with the Queen to France. France is our friend, and a great nation; and she gave the King a great welcome.

Now he has gone to see one of his own Dominions, Canada, the biggest country in the British Empire. And from Canada he goes to the United States. This is another great nation

and a friend of ours. He will have a welcome in both these places too.

Fog and Icebergs

The King is a highly important person, and wherever he goes they take good care that he will not get into danger. But he was in danger on the journey across the Atlantic.

He sailed in a big ship called the *Empress of Australia*. And up in the cold parts of the ocean the ship came among fogs and icebergs.

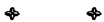
Fog is a mist that lies on the sea, so that you cannot see where you are going. And icebergs, or "ice-mountains," are big lumps of ice that float in the water. They are about a million times as big as the block of ice you get for 6d. from the Freezer; and if a ship runs into one it is worse than going on the reef.

But the *Empress of Australia* picked her way slowly and carefully, and brought the King and Queen safely to the shores of America.



Bags and Baskets

The picture on page 35 shows some of the work of the natives of the Morehead District. These people live in a hard country and they are not very rich. But they make things with their hands, like all Papuans; and their bags and baskets are some of the best in the Territory. The two bags in the middle of the picture are made of strips of bark.



Mr. Wurth Leaves the Papuan Service

Early this year Mr. Wurth retired, and his many friends in this country, European and Papuan, were sorry to see him go.

For a long time he was a Magistrate at Buna. The Editor first met him at a big Christmas feast there. The Orokaiva will remember those big feasts; and, even if they did not go to Buna, the people of his Division will remember Mr. Wurth, for he was a great walker and he walked all over it.

After a long service he rose to be the senior Resident Magistrate of Papua, and came to Port Moresby. The Councillors and people of the Central Division know him very well too.

And after that he became Commissioner of Lands and a Member of the Executive Council and so was called the Hon. C. T. Wurth. But most of you will remember him as plain Mister.

A Judgement of Solomon

Once upon a time two women of Hanuabada quarrelled about a rooster. One said, "It is mine"; and the other said, "No it isn't; it is mine." The rooster was tied up and brought to the Magistrate's Court-room; but there was a big argument, and nobody could say which woman it really belonged to.

Then Mr. Wurth said, "Take the bird to Hanuabada this evening at about half-past five, which is feeding time for roosters. Put it down on the ground at a place between the two houses. Then unloose its bonds."

This was done. And as soon as the rooster was free it jumped up and ran to the house where it always got its food. And so the case was decided.

Many of you have heard of Solomon and his judgement about the two mothers and the baby. I am sure he

would have judged in Mr. Wurth's way about the two mothers and the rooster.

An Active Life

Mr. Wurth has been a soldier in two wars, the Boer War and the Great War; and he has given Papua 29 years of hard work. He has had an active life, and all his Papuan friends will wish him a long and happy spell.



An Old "Dubu"

The picture on the front page is of an old *dubu* in the Koiari country. It stands in the bush now; the trees and grass are growing up around it; and it is falling down. But once it stood in the middle of a village.

It has big heavy posts of hardwood, well carved. Can any Papuan reader tell us why the *dubu* made nowadays have small, light posts, and why they are hardly carved at all?



Papuan Shield Cricket

The first Shield Competition for cricket teams in the Central Division came to an end early this year; and a second is nearly finished.

We give the result below. Gabi won with 20 points.

TEAM:	POINTS:
Gabi	20
Taora	19
Kavari	14
Hula	14
Gidare	10
Tupuselei	6
Association	4
Kilakila	3

We have to thank Mr. Lett for working out the averages of 33 batsmen and 17 bowlers. Only the best of them are shown here.

15 Best Batting Averages

Name	Club	No. of Times Total Highest				
		Innings	n.o.	runs	score	Avg.
Pipi Heni	Gabi	6	0	285	142	47.5
Udu Dia	Taora	7	1	257	65	43
Vaburi Gavera	Kavari	5	2	129	52 n.o.	43
Eno Gamu	Gidare	7	1	249	83	41.5
Iga Vagi	Hula	7	1	219	69 n.o.	36.5
Keni Heni	Gabi	6	1	179	77	35.8
Raka Igo	Taora	5	1	142	71	35.5
Arua Morea	Taora	8	0	270	97	33.7
Maiva Gou	Kilakila	8	1	235	62 n.o.	33.5
Laa Itama	Hula	6	0	190	70	31.6
Rage Nou	Tupuselei	8	2	191	51	31.8
Paul Toua	Kavari	8	2	185	59	30.8
Ipi Inogo	Taora	7	1	209	52	34.8
Manu Tamase	Hula	5	1	116	63 n.o.	29
Ani Kila	Hula	7	1	167	48 n.o.	27.8

10 Best Bowling Averages

Name	Club	wkts.	runs	Avg.	Best performance
Arua Morea	Taora	43	221	5.1	7 for 26
Vui Vagi	Hula	28	167	6	8 for 22
Gomara Geita	Kilakila	41	319	7.8	9 for 66
Tom Taru	Gabi	11	91	8.3	4 for 8
Piki Ravu	Hula	13	111	8.5	7 for 7
Willie Tamarua	Kilakila	10	109	10.9	4 for 30
Udu Dia	Taora	23	251	11.3	4 for 27
Pipi Heni	Gabi	22	255	11.6	6 for 11
Hila Tutuhi	Kavari	11	118	11.7	4 for 18
Aue Mahuta	Tupuselei	26	310	12	7 for 30

About Competitions

School pupils can of course write articles for the Competitions during school hours if their teachers want them to do this. But the articles should be written by the pupils themselves, without help. The teacher should not tell them too much about the subject before they begin. If they do, the articles will lack originality, and they will not be the real work of the pupil. We want to know what the native himself is thinking.

The Competitions are open to all, in school or out of it. We are anxious to have entries from those who have left school.

NEW COMPETITION

TELL US ABOUT THE MOST INTERESTING DREAM YOU HAVE EVER HAD. DO YOU THINK YOUR DREAM HAD A MEANING?

Native Contributions

Crocodiles at Kerema

A Man Killed Near the River

Some time ago a man by the name of Maita went to the river to make some sago. He and his wife got busy to see how many bundles they could make in the day. In the evening they had finished all their work and wanted to go home. But before they went, both the man and his wife walked down to the creek and washed. After that the man came up from the creek and put coconut-oil on his skin. Then he went down again to wash off the oil. But while he was washing, a crocodile suddenly came up and grappled him.

The poor wife went home by herself and told all the villagers. Next day a crowd of Meii people went down to the river to look for the lost man, but they could not find him.

The Dead Man Found

After three days a big crowd of people assembled from Uaripi Village and Meii. They took the wife of the lost man up the river and tried hard to find him. And some of the people went to a creek and found the man was in a dead tree which had fallen into the water.

The dead man's arms and legs were in halves; the arms were cut off from the elbows, and the legs from the knees. And his nose and upper lips were gone. Also the belly was cut open. The heart and liver were gone too.

Then the Meii and Uaripi people took him up from the water and buried him in the cemetery.

A Crocodile Caught by an Old Man

Below the Government Station is a village called Ipsi in Kerema Bay. In that village lives an old man named Irave. He is a good fisherman with fish-line, and very cunning too, and had caught many sharks with his strong line. Two weeks ago the old man had found a really good bait for his hook.

The day was Sunday, and he took his lucky bait and hooked it, and set it out for sharks, the fish he had often caught. He did not stay to watch his line, but stuck a heavy piece of wood in the sand-beach to tie up the other end of the line. On the top of the log was a bunch of *tareko*. (This is a hollow seed used as rattle, also the name of the tree to which it belongs). The old man tied it there

because, if a huge fish took the hook, then it would make the *tareko* shake and he would know he had caught something. Then he went home.

If that crocodile had not been killed I believe a good number of people would have been lost, also pigs and dogs. So they were all saved by old Irave of Ipsi.



The Anglican Cathedral at Dogura
(By Courtesy *The Pacific Islands Monthly*.)

The Hungry Crocodile Found the Bait

The bait was the head of an eel. He had found the eel on a hook. "Aha," he thought. "this is what I am looking for." He did not eat it although he was very hungry. The crocodile would be in a hurry to swallow it, like a tabloid of quinine, not knowing it was a trap and a very dangerous thing; and he would kill himself because his big belly was empty and wanted to be filled.

When the crocodile took it he felt the line and thought he was found by his enemies, and tried to get away or hide himself. But the old man's hook was in his belly. He again felt the hook stuck in and tried to get out of the trap; but the line was very strong and pulled his inside out, so the huge fish was hopeless to escape from the old man Irave's trap. Then the people came and towed him onto the sand-beach, and a man took a tomahawk and cut off the toes, and they speared the crocodile with their bows and arrows and killed it.

Things Found Inside the Crocodile

After they killed the crocodile they cut it open and found inside it 57 small pieces of stone (weight $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.), a piece of coconut shell and three lumps of some strange stuff the size of a cricket ball, and two of smaller size. The stuff was like crumbs which had coagulated in the stomach of the huge fish. So only $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of stuff were inside his belly, nothing else.

Measurement of the Crocodile

The length of the dead crocodile was 9 ft. 11 ins.; 19 ins. in width; 11 ins. deep; and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness of hide.

Don't you readers think that the poor crocodile was famished to death? I will conclude with the best wishes. Good-bye.

[Dago Morea, native clerk, Kerema. This story wins the 5s. prize.]



Another Letter About Football

The object of this letter is to tell you why football is a good game. There are many good sports like cricket, running and swimming. I like to play football best because it is very interesting. It is not like cricket, in which it is sometimes possible to get but little exercise. In this game there is plenty of movement, for everybody will be running here and there after the ball. It is a very good exercise to make every part of our body healthy. Our teacher tells us that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Playing football also helps towards general health and well-being. It makes us fresh, and in school we are ready to do our sums or reading very quickly.

A good clean game of football makes us good sportsmen, and good sportsmen are those who, when playing, do not fight or cause any trouble in the game, because they might only spoil the game for the others. We must always play a fair game, because this will help us always to act rightly in our relations with others when we are off the football field. Fighting or making any other trouble in this game is very bad and shows that we are not true sportsmen.

I like it also because it develops my character. By doing what the umpire says I prepare

on the football field to obey my employer when, after I have left school, I will be working for my living. I also think that it is just like any other part of my school work, so I think and act quickly before it is too late.

In the team all the boys and I have our fun and recreation. Each one of us will be thinking that our team must win, so we will try our best. It does not matter who gets the goals as long as our team wins. In the game we do not play for ourselves, but for the team. If a boy is selfish, he has a good chance to cure it in a game of football. In the team we must not keep the ball to ourselves all the time to show that we know how to play very well. We must work with our team.

We always take interest and pleasure in our inter-school matches because we like them. We all do everything well together, and it seems as if only one were working for the honour of the school. All the boys and I always take pride in our school's victory, because we do not like to lose matches against other schools.

When another sends its team against us we always feel very happy to see the visitors, and they are also happy to see us. They will have a very interesting time in seeing our place. If the visiting team wins we will all be very happy and give them some presents.

Before starting our good sport we always have a good talk and make a lot of fun to make everyone happy. After the game we do the same, and also cheer the team that won. If we are beaten we will try to win next time.

Football is a good game because it takes away sometimes our sickness, and it purifies our blood and makes us healthy. It is also good in this, that we make friends with the boys of other schools or villages.

By playing football we become good and strong ourselves and also help all those who play this good and wonderful game.

Now, dear readers, the above are all my reasons why football is a good game. I shall now conclude my letter.

[By Aloysius Efi, St. Paul's College, Bomana.]



Good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Turner

On Tuesday, 17th February, the Delena people made a good feast for Mr. and Mrs. Turner. They killed one big pig and two goats. Then the Delena people went hunting, and others went fishing. They caught eight

wallabies and many fishes. And some went to gather shell-fish. They caught many crabs. Then they went to that feast.

Then the two Delena chief men said they were ready for Mr. and Mrs. Turner. But I wanted two bags of rice for the feast. So the two chief men said, "That is right."

The village people carried some food to cook at the mission place, and the two chief men, Vailala Meauri and Kone Aua, told Mr. and Mrs. Turner that all was ready.

The Dance

The Delena people and the Poukama people went to dance at the mission place. They wore their armlets, and feathers on their heads, and they painted their skins. They started their dance about 10 a.m. and they finished about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Turner then spoke to the Delena and Poukama people and said the *Laurabada* was coming on Wednesday afternoon about 3 o'clock.

The Presents

Delena and Poukama had their presents ready. And the two chief men said, "Yes, next Wednesday."

After our prayers were finished the Delena and Poukama people gave their presents—bows and arrows and spears and armlets and New Guinea spoons, and birds' feathers to put round their heads, and string bags and many other things.

Departure

On Thursday morning, about 7 o'clock, the *Laurabada* came to Delena. The Delena and Poukama people were very sad. They shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Turner. And they also were very sad. Then they said, "Good-bye, Delena and Poukama people."

Then two canoes carried their cargo to the *Laurabada*. And Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton went with them in the whaleboat. The *Laurabada* was ready for the anchor. Then she started her engine. Then she went back to Port Moresby, and Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton came back to their home.

Bamahuta, this is the end of my story.

[By Ume Nou, L.M.S. Delena.]

[The Editor also thanks Vatai Aisi and Ani Ravao for contributions about Mr. and Mrs. Turner but is sorry he can only publish one.]