

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 2, No. 12.

Port Moresby, Monday, 15th December, 1930.

Price: 3d.

## Sport.

### Work and Play.



AN old proverb says that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is a great thing to work hard and get things done; but it is certainly true that you must knock off sometimes and take a spell. When a man's work is done for the day, however, he should not always lie on his back doing nothing. He should sometimes get up and join in a game.

Work is the most important thing. But when you are neither working nor sleeping, you can usually do what you like: that is your time of "leisure." And in your leisure you can play games. And they are very important too.

### Many Kinds of Sport.

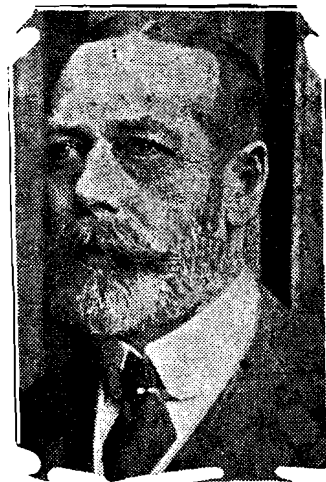
The white people know that it is very good for all of us to play some game, or to go in for some kind of sport. In Australia and the other white countries they have all kinds of games; some people like to try one, and some like to try another, but a man is very unlucky if he can't find something to play.

On page 4 is a picture showing some of the sports of Australia. I would not like to say which is the best of them, because people feel very strongly about it, and they might get wild.

### Cricket and Football.

But down at the right-hand bottom corner of the picture you see the two games of cricket and football, and I

expect that most people will agree that they are the greatest games played in Australia—as well as Papua. There is only one kind of cricket, but there are several kinds of football. In the picture on page 4 they are playing "Rugby"; on page 5 the man who has just done that kick plays "Aus-



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

tralian football"; the game played in Papua is "Association" or "Soccer" football. It would be a still more dangerous thing for an editor to say which of these three kinds of football was the best; but one thing he can very safely say—each of them is a very good game.

### Women's Games.

Then you will see in the right-hand top corner (No. 3) a picture of tennis. Many of you have seen the men and women of Port Moresby, Samarai and

elsewhere playing it, though not perhaps in the same sort of dress as they are wearing in the picture.

You will see that among the white people both men and women play games; and sometimes in games like tennis, the women play better than the men. In No. 5, some girls are playing hockey; and in No. 7, two women are preparing for a swimming race.

### Many Kinds of Racing.

White people are very keen on races. They are always trying who can cover a certain distance in the quickest time. Those women are going to see who is the faster swimmer; the men in No. 6 are having a foot-race; and in No. 2 and No. 10 you see what we call a boat-race. In a boat-race each boat has a crew of eight (sometimes of only four, as in No. 10; and sometimes each man rows a boat by himself). They must all start exactly together, as in most races, and then they have to pull very hard until one boat reaches the end of the course and wins the race.

When they don't race by running on their feet or swimming or pulling a boat through the water, the white men race on horses, or in motor-cars and aeroplanes. Every year someone is "breaking the record": that means that someone has covered a certain distance in a shorter time than anyone ever did before.

The men in No. 8, by the way, are not racing on horses, but are playing a game called polo (invented by the people of India). They hold long sticks or mallets (I don't know what

they call them), and they are doing their best to hit a white ball, about the size of a cricket ball, through the goal-posts.

These are only some of the sports. There are dozens of others that I could talk about. Even old people have their sports, such as "bowls" and "golf."

#### Watching Others Play.

There is a big difference between playing games yourself and watching others play them. It is a fine thing to see a team of good players playing cricket or football or any other game. In Australia thousands and thousands of people go on Saturday afternoons to see the matches or the races. You can see some of them in No. 1 on page 4 and in the picture on page 5. They build great open "grandstands," where the people can sit down and look at the players or at the horses.

#### Why you should Play Yourself.

It is very much better, though, to play a game yourself. You may not play it well, and, perhaps, nobody will care to watch you; but it is really far more fun. The best thing about games is the fun you get out of them. They are good for your bodies too; for if you want to play well and win you must be very "fit," that is to say you must have hard muscles and a good wind. Then again they are one of the best ways of training character; and by that we mean teaching people to be keen and brave and generous, to help their fellows and to take hard knocks without losing their tempers or crying about it.

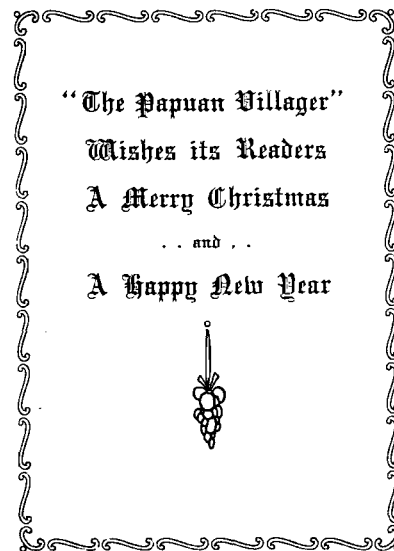
One of the best things that you can learn from the Europeans in Papua is how to play these games. You have your own games, but before the white men came Papuans did not know how to pick sides, to play one team against another, to stick to the rules of the game, and to play always to win. But nowadays there are cricket teams and football teams in this country who can do this; they get a lot of fun out of it, and it does them a lot of good.

### The Lion.

THE most majestic and most beautiful animal in a Zoo is the lion—the zebra's enemy. He belongs

to the cat tribe, but the cats that you know are domestic pets and it would be a very brave and a very foolish man who kept a full-grown lion as a pet. His strength has become a by-word, and "as strong as a lion" is a well known saying. He has always been man's enemy and though he does not often attack unless provoked, he is very dangerous and greatly feared. Lions are found most commonly in Africa, but also in India and Persia.

The first thing you notice is the fine mane that surrounds his head. It is only the male who has this, and it is for his protection. It is often both thick and long. The body of a



lion is covered with short sandy-coloured hair save for the mane and a tuft of hair at the end of the tail.

#### The Lion's Food.

All the cat tribe are carnivorous, which means flesh-eating and destroyers of living creatures; and very seldom have they been known to eat vegetable food. Zebra, antelope and buffalo are the chief items of their diet, and they have many advantages for hunting and killing these animals. The lion's cushioned feet allow him to creep up to his prey quite noiselessly. Then, one sudden spring, and the cruel teeth soon finish the work!

#### A Hunter Saved by a Native.

Many men go hunting lions with guns. It is a dangerous sport, and sometimes the lion gets the best of it.

The following story (from the *Children's Newspaper*) tells how a lion would have got the best of it but for a brave native. A hunter was once after lions with his servant in Africa. He met a lion and a lioness and shot them both. The lion was killed, but not his wife, the lioness. She charged the hunter, knocked him over, and stood over him ready to finish him. Then the brave servant came to his master's help. He jumped right on top of the fierce lioness. While she wondered what had happened, the hunter rolled over, stuck another cartridge in his gun, and shot her dead. The native was not even scratched. But for his bravery his master would have been killed.

In many parts of Africa and India lions are still plentiful and no villager hears the sound of their roaring in the forest without fear. For at night the lion goes out seeking his prey and only large creatures, like the elephant, that is too tall for his fatal spring, are safe from his attack.

#### The Lion and the Mouse.

There are many strange things in nature, and in captivity this fierce beast has several times been known to share his cage with tiny mice, and the little creatures go to and fro in perfect safety. The tale I tell now, though not a true one, has perhaps a grain of truth in it.

A lion once saw a mouse cross his path and being hungry he pounced on it and would have eaten it. But the mouse began to plead in a squeaky voice to the lion:

"Let me go, O King of Beasts, for I cannot make a dinner for you."

"Suppose I choose to eat you just for fun?" the lion said.

"That would be beneath your dignity—for I am so small and you are so great," the mouse replied. "But if you let me go, one day I may be able to do something for you."

To think that this little creature could help him made the King of Beasts laugh, and he let him go.

Sometime after this the lion was caught in a hunting-net and held fast. He struggled but could not get away. Then he heard a squeaky voice saying, "Here I am. If you keep still I will set you free, just as you once let me go."

So the mouse set about biting the cords; and soon his little sharp teeth had cut away so many that the lion with one great pull broke loose and was free.

—“C.W.”

### The King.

IN this, our Christmas number, we give one of the recent pictures of the King. As every Papuan who can read must know, King George V is the first man of the Empire. He rules over many millions; and though he lives far away in England he rules over Papua. Every man in Papua, European and native, is his subject, and must obey him.

For more than 20 years he has ruled over the Empire. I suppose no living Papuan has ever seen King George; but every boy and girl who has been to school has heard good things about him, and has joined in saying “God save our King!”

### Pottery.

ON page 4 you will see a picture of an Orokaiva woman making a pot, and some pen and ink drawings by Rev. W. J. Saville.

These drawings are taken from Mr. Saville's *Papuan School Reader*, which schoolboys and schoolgirls in this country know so well. He has told you there how different people have different ways of making pots; how at Mailu and elsewhere they “coil” them; and how among the Motu they “model” them.

#### Coiling.

In the little picture on the left you see a woman at work coiling pottery; and the photograph at the bottom shows you the same method. In this case it is a woman of the Northern Division. She begins by modelling a shallow cup out of clay, and then goes on to coil thin strips around the rim. In this way she builds up a whole pot, and she smoothes it inside and outside with a little stick or a shell-fish.

#### Modelling.

In the small picture on the right you see a woman modelling a pot

from one lump of clay. This is the way the Motuans work; and they must make thousands of pots every year, some for their own use and some to send away to the west in their *lakatoi*.

#### The Pots of the Amphlett Islands.

The most beautiful of all Papuan pots are made by modelling, and the best potters are those of the Amphlett Islands. These people of the Amphletts have no good clay, so they have to send every year to Goodenough Island to get a supply. And every year the men bring back a cargo of yellow clay in their canoes for their women to make their famous pots with. It is quite a long business; but when a woman has modelled the pot from the rim to the bottom, has put a “lip” round the edge, has made a pattern on it, has dried it in the sun, and finally burnt it in a fire, then she has done a very fine piece of work. Amphlett pots are sometimes three feet across, and they are beautifully made. They are traded far and wide among the islands of the east.

#### Decorated Pots.

Many Papuan women (for pots are always made by women in Papua) know how to decorate their work. They scratch pretty patterns on the lips; or sometimes they make patterns by pinching up the clay between finger and thumb; and sometimes they even stick little pieces of clay on the surface of the pot. Your pot is not any more useful for this decoration, but it is much nicer to look at. You will find that white people like decorated pots. When the clever potters of Poreporena come into Port Moresby to sell flower-pots to the white women, it is always the pretty pots that bring in the money.

### The Map of Papua.

IN this issue you have found a map of Papua. This is *The Papuan Villager's* Christmas present to its yearly subscribers.

We hope that you will keep this map and make use of it. If you have been to school long enough to read this paper, then you must know everything about maps too. When you read about some place in the news,

look it up in the map; for then you will feel that you know where it is.

You will see the Divisions are marked in different colours. You know that the Governor has placed a Magistrate in each division to look after it. You will be able to see which is your own division, where it is on the map. It may be a new idea to know that you live in a pink division or a blue one. You will be able to see where the islands and the harbours and the rivers are; and you can trace the monthly course of the *Papuan Chief* or the *MacLaren King* or the *Royal Endeavour*.

A map is like a picture. If you could get up high enough in an aeroplane and if your eyes were good enough, you could look down and see all of Papua at once. Then it would look something like this map (though not exactly of the same colour). Great distances would look very small. The map-makers can't make maps this way; but they make all sorts of observations and measurements, and then they draw the picture, and they manage to get it fairly right. You will see on the map a line showing how many miles to one inch.

You should keep this map. Pin it up inside your house, or behind your door if you have one. Or roll it up and keep it in a safe place, so that you can look at it when you want to.

### Newspapers in Native Africa.

PERHAPS there is no other newspaper in the world that is quite like *The Papuan Villager*; but we learn (from a Magazine called “Overseas”) that there are plenty of native newspapers something like it in South Africa. They are written by the dark-skinned “Kaffirs” of that country, in their own language; and they are not published by a Government Printer, but in printing offices owned by the Kaffirs themselves.

The first of these papers began more than 40 years ago, and now there are 16 of them. Some have rather difficult names such as *Umteteli Wabantu* and *Mochochomono*.

The Kaffirs have had more schooling than Papuans, because the Government and Missions have been in

[Continued on page 6.]

[Continued from page 3.]

Africa much longer than here. So more of them can read, and many of them can read better than you.

The papers are full of news about African affairs—and of course they should be. The readers are as keen as any white man about sport, and they have many sporting clubs or teams of their own. They have some very good names for the clubs too, such as "Highflyers Cricket Team," and "Infuriated Tigers Tennis Society." The players like to see their names on the printed paper—most people do; and sometimes the whole winning team comes to see the editor, to make sure that he puts them all in.

One of the things they like most is to talk about the church and religion; and correspondents like to answer questions showing how well they know their Bibles. But the writer in "Overseas" says that they are keenest of all about the wonderful Kaffir wances.

Only one Papuan, Oala Dagara, has so far put an advertisement in the *Villager*, though some day we may have plenty. The Kaffir newspapers are full of them. One man will put in an advertisement to say he has a second-hand motor-car to sell for £195 (in Papua a man could buy a good many wives for that!). Shopkeepers (there are plenty of Kaffir traders) advertise cigarettes and calicoes and blankets. But one of the commonest kinds of advertisement is for medicines. In Kaffir-land you can buy medicines for every sort of illness, and especially "straightening fluids"—medicines to take the curl out of your hair and make it straight, like a white man's.

### Stone Clubs.

ON page 5 is a picture of two "pineapple" clubs from the Mount Yule District. Clubs are not as common in Papua as they used to be. That is probably a very good thing: it certainly means that there are not as many broken heads as there used to be. But at the same time it is a pity to think that in some places the people have forgotten how to make them. It took a long time to make a stone club, and it took a lot

of skill. And when it was made fast with neat cane binding, and had a bunch of feathers tied to it, it looked very well. We hope that the men who once made stone clubs have found some other way of showing their skill.

### The Iconophone.

THOSE of you who live in Port Moresby know what a telephone is—and some of you, those who work at the exchange and look after the wires, know far more about it than most white people do. But I don't expect you have ever heard of the "Iconophone."

This is a new invention of the white man's. It not only sends the voice of the other man across the wires; it sends his picture at the same time. It is like being at the moving-pictures. When you take up the receiver you hear what your friend says, and on a little screen, or sheet of cloth, you can see his eyes blinking and his mouth opening and shutting as he talks to you. I don't know whether you will like the Iconophone if ever it comes to Papua: it all depends on whom you are talking to.

### DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

#### BUNA.

(Correspondent—N. Raho Rakatani.)

##### Sugar Plantation.

THE *Nusa* recently brought 193 cases of sugar-cane to Buna. They were for the Sangara Sugar Company.

##### Stores for Kokoda.

The year's stores have to be carried up to Kokoda, the inland station of the N.D., by men. On 17th September, 248 carriers left Buna with the stores. A.C. Maikele and six village constables were in charge.

#### CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo.)

BARTON Diritanumo writes about the illness of his master, the R.M., and how the station boys helped to look after him till he was better again.

#### KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitai Parau.)

IT is very dry throughout the District. Now is the time when the villagers are feasting and making dances, and announcing the entry of young girls into womanhood. The girls are first tattooed all over the body and face.

The Koai-Kupuna (Chiria) people are to make a feast and dance in December. The preparations are not complete. They still want sago, betel-nut, fish, kangaroo meat, etc., before they begin, "otherwise it'll never do them any honour."

### MISIMA.

(Correspondent—Peter John.)

THERE are a shark and a crocodile in Bwagaoia harbour. Strange to say, the natives walk backward and forward across the water day and night and are not attacked. It is said that a sorcerer prevents sharks and crocodiles from biting Bwagaoia natives.

##### Buying Bullocks for Feasts.

These people on the Misima Island are buying bullocks and making feasts. First of all, they collect money among themselves. If they have enough money for buying a bullock, they come along to the places where the bullocks are. Some bullocks are worth £5 and some £6.

There were three places in this island where bullocks can be sold; the first is Kerababara; the second is Loaga (Mission Station); the third is Tauahik. These people come to these places and buy bullocks.

When they buy the bullocks they tie a rope around their necks and pull them away to their villages. But it is sad to see them pulling bullocks so far away from the place; and the roads are not good enough. There are plenty of cliffs and rocks. They need much care until they arrive at home. These villages are about 10 miles or less.

The other day they asked a Mission Teacher to shoot a bullock for them. When it was shot, they cut it up and roasted it for a feast. They say bullock is better than pig, because there is more of it to eat.

##### "Christmases" or Feasts.

People in this part did not know what Christmas meant. They only thought that "Christmas" was the name for all the feasts. So when they had made several feasts some months ago, they only said "Christmas" instead of saying "feast."

But these feasts were made for mourning. The people were keeping a dead person's lime-pot or armlets or a piece of twisted hair or any other sort of thing; and when the day was due for making the feast, they brought all these things and put them on the fire or broke them into pieces. And the assembly could see the reason for the feast.

These feasts are made at any time. But the real Christmas is held only on 25th December.

### "The Papuan Villager."

Annual Volume, 1930.

THE Annual Volume, containing all the twelve numbers for 1930, is now ready and may be bought from the Government Printer, and the Stores. Price 3s.

## Native Contributions.

### Story about Fish Kidukidu.

VAGI Boge and his wife Uguta Vaina. Their village is Pari. They had no child for many years, but at last Vagi Boge saw his wife had conceived.

#### Birth of Five Babies.

In the morning Vagi Boge spoke to his wife, "Let us go to the garden"; but she answer to husband, "I have a fever." So he packed his garden tools in a bundle, and started off and went his way. But few minute after Uguta Vaina started off too, never stopping until she got into the place where there were no house.

Then she sat down on a stone and thought how lonely she was. While she was thus thinking, her babies were born. They were five nice looking little fishes. And she tried to laugh, and began to cry.

#### Uguta Vaina way back to Home.

She left the babies in the place called Tanokaka, and went away with tears in her eyes. When she got home, she lay down and covered her face and cry. But Vagi Boge went home after her. Vagi looking at Uguta with great surprise for a moment and ask her what is the matter. "I had very bad fever," said his wife. But she never told her husband about the babies.

#### Mother Feed her Babies.

Next morning, "How are you this morning?" says Vagi to his wife. "I had fever badly; I cannot go anyway or I die," she answer to her husband. So Vagi went away to his garden. But afterward Uguta look this way and that way: Vagi was gone. She got up from her bad fever, went away to meet her babies. When she got to the place she called them up by breaking a piece of wood. And five little fishes heard the noise and swim down to their mother. She feed them from the first to last.

#### Vagi Killed the Baby Fish.

One day Vagi was thinking in his mind what the woman was doing; so he says to his wife, "I'm going to cut some fencing posts for our garden and repair the broken parts." So Vagi went away with his heavy mind and bad thought. When he got to the place where he wanted to cut the posts it is the place where his wife feed the fishes. He started to cut first tree. The little baby fish heard the noise; they thought their mother had come; they swim down. But Vagi was sitting on the bank or beach. He had a fencing post, and silently watching them come up the surface, Vagi stood up ready to strike. In a moment the baby fishes come closer. How pretty they are! They have beautiful bright colours—not like ordinary fishes. He was surprised. But he speared one with the sharpened post. He set the fire and cooked it. When it's well cooked he ate one end; the other end, parcel it up and way back to home. He gave it to Uguta, the mother of the fish. "What is it?" says Uguta. When she open the parcel and saw her baby's body, the poor mother was very

sad, because her first lad was killed by his father. But father knew not that it was his son.

#### Uguta Vaina went to Tanokaka.

Uguta Vaina went to see the fishes again. When she got in the place she made little noise. They heard the noise; they were afraid. Swim down slowly. Poor mother knew one was killed, and she kiss to them and feed them and went back to home. "Why did you kill our first-born son?" says to her husband.

"We had no child!" give answer back to his wife.

"Did you kill a fish yesterday?" says to Vagi.

"Yes, I did kill one," answer to Uguta.

"When my time's ready I went to Tanokaka and bare five fish babies; but I bid them, or you kill me!"

"How silly you are; you should tell me!" says the Vagi.

#### Uguta Vaina Put her Babies into Deep Water.

She went to Tanokaka; she called them; show the way of their lives. "I thought the people would catch you like ordinary fishes; but your father killed your brother, so now no man may kill you without keeping the laws. But they will kill you keeping laws." She gives them good farewell and kissed them and put them into very deep water. You can see Kidukidu in the low water.

#### Kidukidu Catching Laws.

1. Man who makes the net sleeps alone in a house for twelve months.
2. He never speaks to anybody, not even his wife and children, during the fishing season.
3. If his wife or child die, he cannot lift up his head or show his sorrow for his beloved wife or children.
4. Children must not play in front of owner's house.
5. The owner must not eat fish at all.
6. He must not drink water.
7. He must eat very little food.

These people make Kidukidu-Catching laws. They think the law helps them to catch the Kidukidu. Those Pari people keep the laws from old day up to nowadays; they catching Kidukidu that way, their custom, in every year—September, October and November.

When they catch the fish, very careful; owners of net carry Kidukidu first to home, everybody follow after him.

#### End of Story.

[By Ovia Ikupu, S.T. Co., Ltd., storekeeper, Hanuabada. This story wins the 5s. prize this month.]

### Poreporena Institute.

OUR own father, the Rev. J. B. Clark & Mrs. Clark, have gone away to have their rest at their own home in England. So just before he went away he thinks good deal of ways, what thing he could give for a present to the Poreporena people to make Christian stand always, and not be separated out until he comes back. So he thinks this very useful thing, to build an Institute for whole of Poreporena. The peo-

ple will collect the money, and buy an Institute. But it takes long time to gather the money: can't be finished until he leaves. So he takes £60 out of his pocket and bought the timber and irons and fibrolite and cement. So thing is very urgently built up by Tamasi Gele, assisted by Taunao Agaru, the teacher of Poreporena, and Deacon Vagi Lohia and Udukapu Rova, and some of Mission boys.

#### Lady Murray Opens the Poreporena Institute.

Saturday, the 13th September, 1930, all the works have being completed. Taunao, the teacher, with his boys clean it very nicely all round and put the flags up and flowers. Put round bougainvilleas above the step, very nice looking and locked up for Lady Murray to open it. At 4 o'clock His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Murray coming over with the Official Secretary, the Hon. H. L. Murray, and Hon. H. W. Champion, and Resident Magistrate, Mr. Rentoul. All the people gathered ready, so they come straight down to the Institute. Tamasi gave the key to Lady Murray and she opened the new Institute, and H.E. speak some words, and he is very glad to see the Institute, and Lady has open it. Then we all clap hands for him and her. They get inside, they saw a picture of the Governor was hanging up on a wall. And the Deacons of Poreporena with their wives, and native teachers with Mr. & Mrs. Clark, Mr. Murray and Mr. Rentoul, have play billiards for few minutes.

#### Gifts to the Institute.

We thank His Excellency and Lady Murray, because they put very excellent present £10 to help the Poreporena Institute, and some bigger books with some pictures of Kings and Governors, and of wars of British and Germany and Russians. Mr. and Mrs. Clark too, they gave present of that billiards table, and some quieter games, such as bohs, dominoes, draughts, and some other things, as well as illustrated papers and books. Mr. Chatterton gave some few interesting books too.

So now we all very glad because we had an Institute, we play hilliards, bobs, draughts, reading the books, and looking the pictures and etc.

The Institute charge to the members is 1s. for the year.

[By Yaburi Rea Mea, of Government Printing Office, Port Moresby.]

### Treasure on Ela Beach.

ON 22nd September, Mr. Matthews took his two house-boys, Lionel and Alquin on the motor-car. They went down at the Ela Beach to get the sand for the posts for his tank. As they were digging up the sand, they dug out a money bank and Mr. Matthews tried to break it. It gets rusty, so at once and easily break it; and in it, he found £3 19s. 9d. When they went up at the house again he rang on telephone to the Government Secretary and then gave to them.

[By Reuben Masiareti, C/o. Government Printing Office.]

### The Story of Mutuiuk.

YEARS ago in the island of Waraber, the aged men kept their initiation ceremonies in the sacred grove called Kod. Among the number of those *Mawai Garka* (as they are called) was Mutuiuk whose duties were over for that day. There was one more work to do away from the camp and that was to supply the *Mawai Garka* with fish. He took his fishing-spear and waded across to Palelei Rock on the anchorage and waited, standing the while watching for *gaigai*, a big white fish. He saw one chasing smaller fishes and he threw his spear, and caught it in the fin on its back. The fish carried his spear on its back to deeper water. As he saw his spear, being carried away on the fish's back, he thought he couldn't afford to lose his best spear; he jumped off the rock to the sea to pull it off, or else to bring the fish with it to the dry reef.

While struggling and tugging on the spear's end, an enormous *kurst* (hammer-headed shark) attracted by the noise came up and swallowed him down; swam away to other parts of the reef, intending to take a nap on such great treat now in its "gizzard."

When the shark went down or swam into deeper water Mutuiuk felt cold as ice in the fish belly; and on the creature movement to lower reef, he felt the reverse. The fish carries him to Boigu, on that submarine passage; safe but uncomfortable on account of huddled position right through the journey.

On arriving at that place, the fish made a "Modern Jonah." On landing he went off to the well near the sacred banyan-tree, to hide, in the hope of seeing his sister. He hoped he would be safe from the Boigu men.

At dusk his sister came to draw water in a *kusu* (gourd); and as Mutuiuk was gazing down from his perch up above, she saw his reflection in the water. Looking up she called to him to come down as her husband is a *Mawai Garka*, and he can have influence with the *Mawai Garka* to save him.

But Mutuiuk waited in hiding until dark and went with his sister to her house until the husband came. He asked his brother-in-law, "If there is a chance of seeing another rising sun on Waraber." "Of course you will? To-morrow you will be at home." And Mutuiuk was a passenger "above surface" on a canoe the next morning.

Now at home, when Mutuiuk wasn't seen, search was made everywhere without success. His friends and companions knew he is a *Markai* (spirit) now, and put on their heads muddy clay called *bud* and kept mourning for him. The *Mawai Garka* told the villagers that the deceased had been *puri-puried* by somebody on other island, and that they wouldn't see him again returning by flesh and blood, but by spirit forms. Many vowed vengeance upon the sorcerer, if found.

The canoe was sighted. Time passed; she approaches nearer. On the bow sat Mutuiuk, motionless, watching the crowds gathering on the shore.

When the women spotted Mutuiuk, they began to mock and jibe at the *Mawai Garka*, who, being ashamed, made up their mind to wipe out these insolent remarks by blood. They had mats put in the shade of a tree for the visitors, hid their *gaba-gabas* (clubs) under the mat and sat on them. The passenger and visitors came ashore and were welcomed to sit on the mat. Questions and gossip of welfare passed away. The *Mawai Garka* waited their chances; at a given signal they pulled their weapons out and clubbed Mutuiuk and his fellow voyagers to death with the war-cry of *Mutuiuk kaub ina* (Mutuiuk, this is war!). As the Boigu visitors were murdered their *mari* (shadows) flew home in the forms of *womer* (frigate-birds) and when their friends saw them they meant to go and have "eye for an eye." Perhaps they have kept the vendetta for years. But as "Smith Weekly" (paper) showed in its publications per week, what Bill who knows everything said, "Them days are gone for ever." It is the same in this favoured islands of the Torres Straits.

So when you see *womer* they are the murdered friends of Mutuiuk. The latter has found true *Markai* when back at home that time.

[By Harry Awassie Captain.]

### Telephone to Napanapa.

MR. Stewart, who owns the slip at Napanapa on the other side of the harbour, has had a telephone line made from his home to Port Moresby. This goes right round Fairfax Harbour and into the Exchange in

Port. It is 25 miles long, and is therefore the longest telephone line in the country.

### Subscriptions.

READERS of *The Papuan Villager* must watch their subscriptions. A good many will run out at the end of this year; if yours is one of them you must have your 2s. ready for the next twelve months.

Remember that when you get the yellow paper from the Government Printer your time is nearly up.

Try to get your friends to become subscribers to *The Papuan Villager* for next year.

### KATHLEEN GIBSON

Photographer :: PORT ROAD  
PORT MORESBY

Enlargements. Films developed. Old photographs copied

### J. R. CLAY & Co., Ltd.

Buyers of Trochus and Beche-de-mer

Standard POCKET DICTIONARY, 25,000 Words, 1s. each

### THE VIEUSSEUX TRANSPORT

'Phones:  
55 & 95

All Classes of Transport  
Cars and Lorries

### BOB HART PORT MORESBY

Makes Pig and Fish Spears and  
Garden Tools for Village People

## Get your something at the "QUEENIE" STORE

Rice, Flour, Meat, Fish, Tobacco and Calico. No. 1 Sugar and No. 2 Sugar  
NEW PRINTS NOW IN STOCK, PRICE 1s. PER YARD

## Steamships Trading Company, Limited.

STANDARD POCKET  
DICTIONARY, 25,000  
WORDS ... 1s. EACH