


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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CRICKET.



THIS number of the *Villager* has a great deal in it about Cricket. But Cricket is a very important thing; it has for a long time past been an important thing to all British people; and it is now becoming more and more important to Papuans.

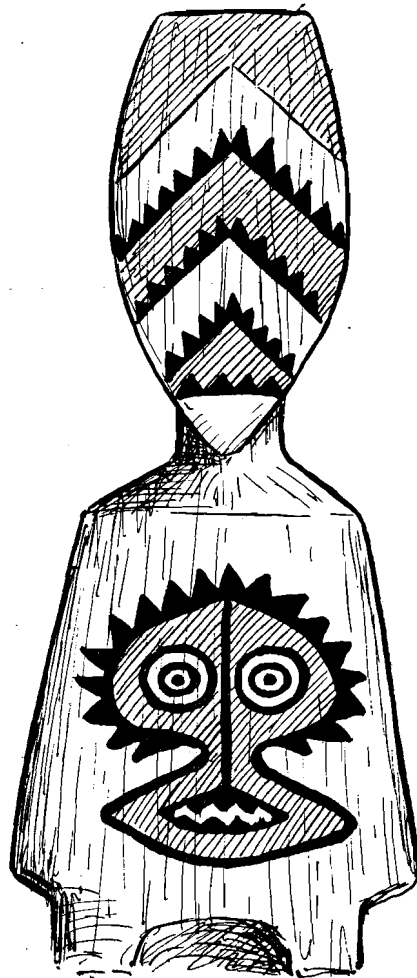
A British Empire Game.

Cricket was first of all an English game. Now it is a British Empire game. They play it very well in Australia and South Africa quite as well as they do in England (the Test Matches show this). They play it in Canada and New Zealand also though not so well yet, because they have not been practising so long. And they play it also in parts of the British Empire inhabited by dark-skinned people. Two of the best batsmen in the new English Team are Indians; we shall expect some good scores from them against the Australian bowlers. And, as you know, a team of West Indians did very well in Australia not long ago; they won the last Test; and they bowled Bradman for a duck—that's saying a good deal.

Cricket in Papua.

We need not be surprised then that Cricket is making headway in Papua. Someday we may have some Papuan player in the Australian Test Team. You can all try, at any rate. As Igo Erua, the Correspondent for Hanuabada, says, you can try to break Bradman's records, and then you will

become a very famous batsman in the world.



OLD CANOE-PROW, OROKOLO.

Start Young and Play till
You are Old.

Most British children start playing cricket very early. Any kind of bat

and ball will do, and an old kerosene tin makes a very good wicket. Nowadays we see the Papuan children beginning very early too. And if they keep on playing they turn into very good cricketers. As Igo says, you shouldn't think yourself an old man at 30 or 40. Your cricketing days need not finish then. When we see a team of old fellows between 60 and 70 playing on Gidare Cricket Ground we will know that the game has really come to stay in Papua.

Government and Mission Like You to Play Cricket.

The Government likes you to play cricket; so do the Missions. You have to thank the Missions a great deal for teaching you to play.

Game and Excitement.

Now that the White man has settled down in this country you natives sometimes miss some of the old fun. You don't get excited as much as you used to perhaps. But a little excitement does no harm; it is a rather good thing. In those old days when you got wild you used to fight. That gave you some excitement, but of course we can't allow people to fight. How then are you going to get your excitement now?

One of the best ways is by playing games; and one of the best games is Cricket. If you are all tied up inside, then you can bowl very fast, or chase the ball very hard, and you will feel better. Or if you are wild with another man you need not hit him over the head with a club; you can simply hit him over the fence for a sixer.

Play Games in Your Playtime.

In some countries the natives got so fond of their new game, Cricket, that they could think of nothing else; and the Government had to prevent them from playing too much. We hope the Papuans will never make this mistake. Cricket is a game and games should be played in your playtime, not in your working-time. There are some cricketers who play the game so well that they make their living by it; people pay money to go and see them at play. But I should not advise any Papuan to try this. You will do better to work at gardening or fishing, or whatever you do, and only play cricket when your work is finished.

Fair Play.

Cricket is a game for "fair play." You must obey all the rules, and you must give every man a fair chance. If in everyday life one man cheats another, or if he does anything unfairly, we say, "That is not Cricket!" What we mean is that such conduct would be impossible in cricket. You should try to play as fair in everything as you do in cricket. If you don't, then as Dago Morea says, the Umpire may "arrest" you—Out!

New Cricket Grounds.

We give some pictures of the opening of the Elevala and Tanobada Cricket Ground.

There are now four Cricket Grounds each with concrete pitch in Poreporena. You will see also from Roy Namuri's news how keen the cricketers are in Samarai. But there are games going on in scores of other villages. They are not reported, but the players get just as much fun out of them and just as much good.

Can a Fowl Give Evidence?

MAYBE you will all laugh at the above question, and wonder how I can be so silly as to ask it, and you may not want to answer it. If any of you do trouble to answer the question your answer will probably be, "Of course a fowl cannot give evidence." You will answer that way before you read what I now have to tell you. I am interested to know

what your answer will be after reading it.

A Difficult Case.

A few days ago Sere, of Hanuabada Village, complained to the Magistrate for Native Matters (Mr. Wurth) that a woman named Laka, of the same village, "had possessed herself of one fowl (rooster), valued at four shillings, which she unjustly detained from the said Sere." He asked the Magistrate to order Laka to hand the rooster over to him, or to pay him four shillings, the value of the fowl.

(which Laka held in her arms and gently rocked to and fro as if it was a baby), was also very patient, and made no noise or disturbance of any kind. But as each witness told his or her story, the rooster would lift a sleepy head and solemnly wink one eye at the Magistrate.

This, however, did not help the Magistrate at all, because the rooster winked his eye generally; that is, he winked at the Magistrate when Sere's witnesses gave evidence, and he also winked his eye at the Magistrate when Laka's witnesses gave evidence. Up to that stage of the proceedings the rooster did not side with either party, and Sere's and Laka's witnesses shared the rooster's winks equally.

The Case Adjourned to the Village.

The evidence for both sides was so strong that the Magistrate found great difficulty in deciding which party owned the rooster. Of course he knew that only one side was telling the truth; but he could not satisfy himself as to which party that was.

The Rooster Stretches his Limbs Again.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Magistrate went to the village with both parties to the dispute and the rooster. And he inspected the houses of Sere and of Laka under each of which he found the usual fowl-roosts, that is, the places where the fowls perched to sleep at night.

He then took the rooster from the motherly arms of Laka—she had held fast to the rooster all the time—and let it run about the village yard. It was a bit stiff in the legs after being held in Laka's arms for so long. But it soon recovered, and started to pick up crumbs of food, and rejoiced at its freedom from the caresses it had been forced to endure during the two days in the Court-house, and again behaved quite as a proud rooster should behave.

He Comes Home to Roost.

The Magistrate, assisted by a crowd of village people, including Sere and Laka and all their followers, watched the rooster very carefully, and at 6 o'clock, just as the sun was going to rest behind the Napa-Napa hills, the rooster slowly but surely made his way towards the houses, flew on to

Competition

THE last competition was won by Mabel Daroa of Hanuabada, who gets the 10s. prize. Her story about the Beginning of the Coconut is published in this paper.

The next subject is:—

Depopulation

This means that people are dying out, or getting fewer and fewer

Are there fewer people in your village than there used to be? If so, why?

Or perhaps there are more people than there used to be. If so, why?

The Government is thinking hard about Depopulation; and the Editor wants to hear what the readers of *The Papuan Villager* think about it.

Prize of 10s. for the Best Article

Articles must reach the Editor by 1st December, 1932

The complaint, which the Magistrate heard in the Court for Native Matters, seemed to be quite a simple matter, and one that the Magistrate might easily decide. But it turned out to be just the opposite. For Sere brought many witnesses to give evidence that the fowl belonged to him and always slept under his house on his fowl-roost. And Laka brought witnesses to give evidence that the fowl was her property, and had always slept on the fowl-roost under her house.

The Rooster Winks at the Magistrate.

The Magistrate was very patient and listened very carefully to all the witnesses had to say. And the rooster

the roost beneath Sere's house, and giving a final wink of one eye at the Magistrate, who had carefully followed him, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

You Cannot Bluff a Rooster or a Magistrate.

That finished the case, because the Magistrate knew all the time that you cannot bluff a rooster as to his usual sleeping place, and that is why he took the rooster to the village to give this evidence in the presence of the people. I think you will all agree with me that if it is hard to bluff a rooster in such a matter, it is a great deal harder to bluff the Magistrate in such a matter or any other matter. So, unless you wish to be made very much ashamed of yourself you should always speak the truth in Court or out of Court.

—J.T.O'M.

The Prime Minister's Lodge.

A Mistake Corrected.

IN our last issue we gave a picture of the Prime Minister's Lodge at Canberra, and said it would interest Papuan readers because it was the birthplace of the Governor, Sir Hubert Murray.

This was a mistake. It is the Governor-General's House at Canberra where our Governor was born.

Visit of the Australian Fleet.

ON the 16th of September the Cruiser *Australia* and the Destroyer *Tattoo* will visit Port Moresby. They will stay two or three days, then go on to Samarai; and thence to Woodlark Island.

The *Tattoo* has not been here before.

Why is she called the *Tattoo*? The Dictionary gives two meanings for "tattoo": (1) Beat of drum or bugle call at 10 o'clock to tell soldiers that they should be home and going to bed; (2) The dark patterns made by pricking the skin and putting in some colouring matter.

Perhaps when they named this destroyer they were thinking of the first meaning. But if the sailors look at

the backs of the Gaile girls they will see plenty of the second kind of tattoo; and no doubt they will remember it, and say that this is what the name of their ship really means.

Prize for the Best Village.

BARUNI has won the prize for the best village in the Central Division this year. The Magistrate went out with Mr. Chatterton and the Editor to give the prize money.

The village was beautifully clean. They had put up a platform at the end with a table and chairs; and in front of every house they had a tin or pot full of green palm leaves. Baruni was properly dressed up for the prize-giving.

The Governor Returns to Papua.

THE Governor came home from leave in the *Montoro* on 8th September.

While in Sydney he was president of a big "Conference." He spoke to the people about the "Pacification" of Papua. That means about bringing Peace to the country, and stopping the people from fighting.

He also spoke about "Depopulation." Depopulation means that the people are dying out in some parts of the country. There are not so many children as there used to be. We don't want to see this happen. We want to see the place full of babies.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

BUNA.

(Correspondent — N. Raho Rakatani.)

Gardens.

LOTS of gardens in Northern Division are dried all up, because we haven't got any rain out here. Only a little dropped in the last two months. June, 55 points; July, 57 points.

Government Officers.

Mr. C. H. Karius, Kokoda, on leave; Mr. M. C. W. Rich (Baniara), transferred to Kokoda; Mr. F. Headon, Higaturu Native Coffee Plantation, on leave; Mr. S. E. Smith, P.O. (Cape Nelson), transferred to Higaturu.

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent — Nansen Kaiser.)

Village Councils, N.E.D.

MANY meetings have been held since the return of Mr. Humphries, R.M., from leave. The R.M. established Council Boards and appointed Head Councillors (Chairman) in every sub-district of the coastal villages. The Councillors hold meetings every new-moon.

Chain Gardens.

The R.M. had explained the idea, and now the village people are making small gardens in lowlands and valleys every three months, and plant them with sweet potatoes, corn, pumpkins and water melons. The yearly native gardens always took a long time, and during the hungry season the people had very little food. I think chain garden is a better plan because if the people do it they would have enough food for the coming hungry seasons.

Football.

A football match played at Cape Nelson on the 27th instant Kabuni against Tufi team. Tufi team won by 2 goals to nil. The presentation flag has now been held by Tufi team since last September. The players are playing very well—not handling the ball, but they are not rough enough yet.

DARU.

(Correspondent — William Tabua.)

The "Minnetonka" Aground.

ABOUT a fortnight ago the A.R.M., Mr. Faithorn, was taking some of time-up prisoners back to their homes in the *Minnetonka*. As they were going past Mawata Village the engine stopped. Then she began to drift ashore. They dropped the anchor; it could not hold. Then the waves swept her aground.

Then they waited for the next tide. When she got floated they sailed her through the calm water, and there she waited for the fine weather. It's a good job it was not very rough when they got aground; she would never get out.

Nothing was damaged, except that the engine was in bit of trouble, so they had to tow her all the way back home. And Mr. Faithorn also was carried up to his house in a chair, he strained his foot by falling through the rotten floor in the village-house at Masin-gara.

The New Mabudawan Church.

The Mabudawans are very busy this month getting ready for the opening of their Church on 16th September. There are a lot of villages expecting to go to this church opening. So the Mabudawans are busy building new houses for them, and carrying food out from their gardens; women and children are carrying out wood for fire—everybody is working.

They've asked some villages to come and give them a hand before the church opening, while other villages are getting their head-dresses and ornaments ready for the big dances, and others getting their canoe fitted

up for the big race. They say every canoe that would join in the race would pay the canoe that would win £7 each.

I have heard that they've got more than two dozen canoes ready for this race.

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Rice Planting, Mekeo.

YOU were told in the last *Villager* that the Mekeo natives were made to plant Rice to help them with their Copra to secure money for their Taxes. From this list you can see what villages of the Mekeo did plant, and how many bags were got from their rice gardens:—

Inawai, 19 bags Rice; Inawi, 81 bags; Aipeana, 96 bags; Beipa'a, 333 bags; Amo Amo, 64 bags; Rarai, 142 bags; Inavauni, 110 bags; Ifuifu, 8 bags; Imounga, 21 bags; Bebeo, 78 bags; Oriropetana, 104 bags; Jesubaibua, 32 bags; Inawaia, 35 bags; Eboa, 61 bags; Inawabui, 0 bags.

All these fifteen (15) villages were provided with seeds to plant. They had lands cleared, and the rice-seed planted. 14 villages produced so much from their gardens; Inawabui, none.

This village said that they suffered the loss on account of rats and birds, so did Jesubaibua, Eboa and Inawaia.

When the crop was ripe ready to harvest, Mr. P.O. Healy was sent from Port Moresby and was sent up by the A.R.M. of the district to see that the rice was well harvested, and rafted down the river. Mr. Healy went all round the 15 villages seeing how the work went; and seeing that the rafts were made properly. He had 2 A.Cs. and 1 interpreter.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Opening of Cricket Pitch.

A NEW Cricket Pitch was recently made in front of Hon. J. T. O'Malley's residence, by the Hanubada and Hohodae natives. It was opened on the afternoon of the 14th June last by His Excellency and Lady Murray.

On the Cricket Ground there were about 500 Poreporena natives. The ground was properly cleaned up, and shelter was prepared for His Excellency and his guests. Under the shelter a good number of furnitures, tables, chairs, and the cups, spoons, etc. All these were lent by the Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Guttridge for use on that afternoon; this was a very great help which was given to these people by Mr. and Mrs. Guttridge. Very nice cakes were placed on the table for His Excellency and his guests' afternoon tea.

When His Excellency and Lady Murray arrived at Cricket Ground at 4.30 p.m. and entered into the shelter, Kabua Gairo, the Chairman of the Club, asked Nou Goru to read the Opening Address to his Excellency and Lady Murray. The Address hereunder:

Opening Address.

Your Excellency and Lady Murray.

We the Members of the Cricket Club are very grateful for your kindness in attending to this ceremony this

afternoon, with some important officers, and wishing that you all hear this humble Petition.

For many years, we have always been looking for a Sporting Ground for our young generations, but we could not find any place for it, until the year before last, this ground was given to us by Your Excellency and for which we are very thankful to you.

This year we have started and put the concrete pitch on it now, and it will be our permanent Sporting Ground.

And we want to know from you properly, if it will be our permanent ground, from to-day and forever. We will all then be quite satisfied, and not afraid that it will be taken back by next coming Government, for we know it is Crown land.

Our Cricket Club will be named "Gidare Cricket Club."

We are Your Obedient Servants, etc.

His Excellency came outside the shelter and replied to the Address. He was very glad to see plenty of people assembled at the ground on that afternoon. He got Kabua to translate his speech to them. He said that the ground was given to them altogether, and it would not be taken back again. He wanted very badly, all the young people to learn this very good game of cricket.

After his speech, Kabua Gairo and the people gave three cheers for His Excellency. When His Excellency entered in the shelter, the cook-boy, Vai Boge sent the afternoon tea to the table and the rest of the cakes.

After having had their afternoon tea, Kabua Gairo asked Hon. E. C. Harris (Captain of P. M. C. C.), to hit the first ball on the pitch. So he went out on the pitch and hit few strokes from natives' bowling. So from that afternoon, that pitch was declared open for the boys to play their game on it.

His Excellency and his guests were presented with good number of curios by the members of this club; they are very pretty curios, model Dubu, canoes, and some arrows and bows, etc. The ceremony is very nice indeed.

Opening of Tanobada and Elevala's Pitch.

On the 27th of the same month, another pitch also opened up by His Excellency, and some number of European residents who were invited. Hon. E. C. Harris was very kind to hand all the flags to Rakatani Keke and the members of this Club to decorate their ground with. So the ground was well decorated with the flags, and some kind of leaves. The showing of this ground was very nice and pretty looking. The two ceremonies, one at Gidare and this one, both are the same.

This first ball was again hit by Hon. E. C. Harris. Hon. E. C. Harris will be 48 years of age on 13th October next. He seems to be getting very old, but he is very keen on the game of cricket. And you Papuan people should know that cricket is one of the best games in the world. Everybody in all the countries tries his best to become a famous cricketer, same as one of the Australian boys by name of D. G. Bradman. Everybody is trying to break his records. If one of you Papuan boys breaks Mr. Bradman's records, you will be called a very famous cricketer in the world. Now, go and try to break Mr. Bradman's record. Don't say that you are getting old man when your age is up to 30 or

40 years, but look at Mr. Harris; he is still playing cricket, he seems to be getting old, but he is always trying his best in cricket.

SAMARAI.

(Correspondent—Roy Namuri.)

Football Match against Church of England and Kwato.

IN my last article I wrote about the Football matches between Church of England and Kwato's team. We had tried very hard to beat Kwato in the Football matches. You know that they had a good strong team. We had a good practice in the following weeks. Mazeppa, our Hon. Secretary, wrote to Kwato's team and told them that they could come over anytime, and play against us. So they replied to our letter and said, "That they will come over on Thursday at 4.30 p.m."

The following team was selected to play against Kwato's team: Roy Namuri (Captain), Norman Tiriwa, Sylvester Inaruke, Copland Raurela, Michael Nainai, Gordon Ganubela, Job Ediwoko, Morrison, Jeffrey Bunori, Ernest Ragiau and Paul Sigamata our Goal-Keeper.

The Game Started.

The business had finished about 4.30 p.m., we all came out, and got our singlets on, and we line up; I told the boys to stand in orders, and we ran out to the field, and Kwato came too. Then we started the game; we made two goals and Kwato two goals. We finished playing about 6.45 p.m.

These are about the results of some of our games. On the 6th July, two—two; 11th July, C.E. won by two goals; 25th, all square; and on the 29th, C.E.'s team made two goals; Kwato team, 1 goal.

Cricket and Football Club Meeting.

The General Meeting of the Church of England Natives' Cricket and Football Club was held on Sunday, 17th July, and for the ensuing year the following were elected as Officials:—

Patron: The Bishop of New Guinea.
 President: Mr. G. E. Aumuller.
 Vice-Presidents: Mr. D. M. Rutledge, Mr. R. F. Bunting, Mr. B. Sewell.
 Hon. Secretary: Mazeppa Bacca.
 Committee: Franklin, Merrick, Benjamin, Frank, and John Guise.
 Captain: Roy Namuri.
 Vice-Captain: Michael Nainai.

We all hoping that our Club will become strong and successful in the future, and everyone of the members of the Club have to pay 5s. to help the Club.

The Winning Story in Second Competition.

By Mabel Daroa (1st Papuan Girl Guides, Poreporena L.M.S. School).

The Story of Coconut.

THERE lived a man with his wife, and they had a baby girl, and this girl was very pretty and good-looking. So this man and woman both talked together to hide this

girl until she grows big, or until her marriage day. This was the fashion of the old natives. When they got small pretty girl like that, they kept hidden until her wedding day.

So this was done in that fashion. This girl had to sit in the house all the time; she did not walk outside and play on the ground; and she never saw any other girls or boys. Her father and mother always advise her in their own ways, and taught her how to cook the food and how to make gardens; how to carry the bundles of firewoods and the native bags on the head, etc. The father gave her good instructions to keep away from people. She always obeyed her father's and mother's instructions.

The Girl Broke the Instructions.

When the girl was grown very big and it was nearly time for her to be married, she failed, and broke all the instructions. One day her father and mother went to garden, and she was left alone herself, and she was wondering in her mind very much, what would become of her after all. And as she was thinking, she heard the voice of the other girls; they were singing and laughing, coming from the village end, with their water-pots on their shoulders to carry the water. She forgot her father's and mother's instructions; she at once stood up and ran outside to the veranda to see what these girls are like. When she saw them she was full of glad in her heart, and said, "Oh! all like me! They were all playing and walking together like that and I was staying in the house alone all the time. I better join with my maidens now."

The Girl Went After the Other Girls.

She went inside the house, and put on five or six good skirts, and got her water-pot and the little pot with string on to get water out and fill the big pot with. She went with shame and walked apart from the others, until they reached the water-well. She stood hidden by herself in the long grass, and watched the other girls—how they draw the water out.

After all the other girls had finished filling their water-pots and went back to home, then she went near the water-well and stood alone beside it there, and took the cup with the string tied on it. She let down into the well, and as she dipped it down to the bottom of the well, she received a danger.

The Girl Received a Danger.

In that water-well, there lived an old big snake called Dagwala. He had a big house in that water-well, and he always stayed there. When the girl let her cup down deeper, the old Dagwala quickly cut the string off. The poor girl pulled the string, and the cup wasn't on the string. She was wondering if she lost the cup. Her mother will find her out, she being out to draw a water-pot and lost that cup, because no other people went up in the house.

The girl did not know the Dagwala lived there, so she said, "I better dive into the water and get the cup." Then she hopped into the water and dived down. When she

got the bottom of the well, she received danger. Dagwala at once came out, and caught her hand and took her into his house, and made her his wife. The girl was afraid very much, and was crying her dear life, thinking it was not enough for her to marry the snake. She was there and always with tears; and also lost her good temper.

The Girl's Father and Mother in Sadness.

The father and mother came home, and saw inside the house, and the girl was not there. And they asked the people, but they were all unknowing. They sought her in every place, but they couldn't find her. At last they saw the water-pot was not there too. So they knew the girl was already lost in the water-well, the Dagwala must have eaten her. They went to the water-well, and they only saw the half of the string. They went back with tears, and sorrowful in their hearts.

The Girl Released Herself.

The girl had a good wisdom; she made a good trick, she humbled old Dagwala, "My dear! can I go out for few minutes to relieve myself?"

Said the Dagwala, "No my dear, you can do it here."

Again said she, "No my dear, I will not do it in front of you. That is not our custom because we are the people; we are not used to do that way. It is very shameful to us."

Ultimately the girl had begged him very much, so and so. So then the Dagwala changed his mind, and took her wishes in to account of her begging in good pleasure. The Dagwala tied a long string on her hand, and he kept the other end of the string, and let her go. The girl gladly went out, and straightaway tied end on the big tree, and away she ran very quickly for her life.

Then poor Dagwala waited so long. He pulled the string, but the string was tied on a tree. He thought the girl was still there and waited for some more minutes. He did that so and so. He got very tired, and went up to see what was the matter.

He went up and saw the string was tied on a tree, and the girl was not there. He got very wild to himself, and said, "I am a silly snake. She lies to me and I let her off and she is gone. I thought I make her my wife."

The Dagwala Went After the Girl.

The Dagwala made bold his mind. He was loving the girl very much. He said, "I will go and seek to her; I will bring her back to be my wife."

So away he went. The girl straightaway reach one village, and shouted. "Oh! please save my life, save my life, the snake is running after me." The people heard her, but they are afraid because the snake was coming after her, so they are unable to save her life.

She knew that nobody would save her life. She left that village, and went to another village, and did the same way. But none of them save her life. She went village to village.

The Dagwala straightaway reached the first village and asked, "Did you people see one girl come here? And tell me, where is she?"

Said that village people, "Yes, she passed this village and went to that other village." So he went to the other village, where he did the same thing as before. He went to all the villages where the girl went.

The Poor Old Man Saved the Girl's Life.

At last the girl reached the old man's house. This was only one house belonging to that poor old man.

When the old man saw the girl was short of breath and with shouting, and said, "Save me! save me!" he was very sorry, and asked her, "What was the matter with you?"

Said the girl, "Oh! the Dagwala is coming short way after me, and he is going to take me away. Please save me."

The poor old man called her up to his house, and the girl told him all about it. The old man said, "Now, don't be afraid, I will make way for you." Then he began to tell her all about what they were going to do to the Dagwala.

The old man took a big native wooden dish (*dihu*) and filled with water. Then in a little while the Dagwala arrived there, and he asked the old man, "Did you see a girl pass here?"

Said the old man, "Yes! she is in my house here, but come up to my house, and have rest. Then you go away with your wife, because you have been very busy to run round all this long way off."

When the Dagwala heard that man talk like that, he was much exceedingly glad his heart and said, "Oh! yes thank you, I am very pleased to come up and have rest for awhile, for I am getting very tired."

How the Old Man Killed the Dagwala.

The old man humbled himself to the Dagwala. "My dear friend, I have put a dish with water for you, because you are a snake; no good to sit on the floor like this, you only living in the water."

The Dagwala also very glad and said, "Thank you, I am very pleased to sleep in that water for little while." He then got into that dish with water; he feel it very nice and cool for him, for a little while; then he went fast asleep.

The old man came, turned the dish over upside down, and he stood on the dish. The girl also came and stood on to it. The poor Dagwala was wriggling inside the dish breathless; and in a little while he received death.

Dagwala Came the Girl in a Dream.

After the Dagwala was dead, they turned the dish over again. Then cut him into pieces, and put in the dish and threw him away out on the rubbish-heap.

In the night the Dagwala dreamed the girl. In this dream, he appeared himself to the girl. The girl saw the Dagwala and he had talk to

er, and said, "I thought I am going marry you. I put my love on to you with all my heart, and therefore followed after you, over his rough land, scratching my skin with tones and thorns. But I don't mind them, eeking you from village to village, just because I am love to you. But at the end, ou yourself kill me. And it is very good of ou to kill me. I am not angry. My only wishing is this. After you have killed me, hy don't you gather all my bones and flesh together, and wrap them with the good new mat, and put me in the grave properly? You a little bit wrong in this case.

You cut me into pieces, and separate all the erts of my body; put them in a dish and row them away out to the rubbish-place, te the scraps of your food. But although ou do your very bad to me, I will not forget u. From now and so far my love will not ish, will continue from generation to eneration: and I will kiss with you, and to ry pretty girls who are good-looking; and e chief's daughters they must all love me, d kiss me as so soon as they see me."

The Girl in Sorrow.

The girl woke up, surprised and doubtful; k round inside the house, but found nothing re. She then made up her mind that she s dreaming. She was thinking and ndering. What will be the sign?

She also remembered what the Dagwala l said to her in her dream. She got very and sorrowful in her heart, and full of v. She then began to cry, until early in mornig, she got the dish and went to the bish, and picked up all the pieces of his y and wrapped with the good new mat, buried under her step. The old man a married the young girl.

The Dagwala's Head Growing into a Coconut Tree.

n a night, the Dagwala's head was growing a coconut tree. At morning the girl woke and saw the coconut tree growing where buried the Dagwala's head.

he remained a little while. The coconut became fruitful and this girl also became want, therefore her mind is wishing all r kinds of food.

The Dagwala's Promise is now Fulfilled.

re day the woman said to her husband, e tree got nice green fruits on, bigger than re other fruits: that must be good to eat. ou climb up that tree, and get one off let us try to eat?" The old man then y up the coconut tree, and knocked one nd get down again and tried to taste the first. But it was bad taste, and he took e husk off, and he found a hard covering

He try to eat that; but it's too hard. the old man said, "Oh! What are we to do with this? This is no good to eat. first one I feel caustic bad taste; and d one is very hard; we can't eat them."

The Woman Found Three Soft Places to Open and Drink the Water.

The woman got the coconut and looked at it all round, and she found three soft places to open. She bored a hole in the biggest place and found water in it too, and she gave it to her husband first. The old man tasted little with his tongue, and he felt very good taste; and more he drinks, and waits for a while, whether he is going to die or not. But he did not die, and said, "Oh! this is very much sweeter than the water, or anything."

The Woman Kissed with Dagwala.

The woman then got the coconut and began to drink. She also tasted it very sweet; and more she drinks, again and again. She still bears her dream in her mind, and now she opens her mind, and remembers that Dagwala said to her, as soon as she saw him she will at once kiss him, love and want him very much; and generation to generation will kiss him.

She looks at the coconut for a little while, she got very interested in the three soft places on the coconut. They are two eyes and one mouth; and in the middle place is a little point out—it is the nose. The place where she drinks out, that is the mouth. She tried again, to put it on her mouth. It was exactly with her nose. Then she said, "What the Dagwala told me in my dream is true." And more she cried and was sad with heart broken.

Story End.

Just get a coconut, and make a lesson of it; just look at the coconut for few minutes. I hope you will soon get interested with the Dagwala's word to the girl. And coconut also looks something like a face of an animal.

The following also sent in stories for the competition:—

Robert Griffin, Port Moresby; Abari Momo, C/o. Government Printing Office; Cyril Ararenadi, C/o. Anglican Mission, Taupota; Nicomede Keko, C/o. Anglican Mission, Taupota; Gae A., C/o. L.M.S., Fife Bay; Abraham P. Ahwong, Koki; Leo Aitsi Parau, C/o. A.R.M., Kairuku; Robert William, C/o. L.M.S., Daru; D. Waipila Lifu, L.M.S. Teacher, Parama Island, Daru; Sam Kolu, of Hula, C/o. B.P.'s, Port Moresby; Silvester Inaruke, C/o. B.P.'s, Samarai; Douere Nonairi, L.M.S., Kapa Kapa; Barton Diritanumo, N.C., Baniara.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

A Grateful Exercise.

THE Cricket is one of the useful exercises for our body, as well as our minds, to work and train our muscles to work hard.

The man who began this useful game, I believe that he was not thinking of his own body: He was probably thinking of the coming generations of the whole world, so they might grow in health and happiness.

When a man went in a match I suppose he would work all the parts of his body as well as his mind, to do all the works in one.

Bowler.

A man is at the bowling crease with a ball in his hand. He would awake his body, but most of all his mind, and try hard to put out all his tricks, and bowl in different ways against the batman, and tempt him.

Batman.

A man stands with his bat in front of the wicket. He should work his body and also his mind. If he would not, I guess the man would not make any scores (numbers). Then the score-man will draw a duck-egg opposite his name, and show to the others too.

If he worked all the parts of his body to move to wherever the bowler may put his tricks; if he would play forward or backward, and his eyes see when the bowler will deliver the ball; then he knows what he could do to drive the ball to the boundary for double two, or otherwise three.

Fieldman.

If a man is out in the field, he would open his eyes to watch the ball, and wait for the batman to hit the ball. As soon as the ball was hit, then the fieldman is trying to catch the ball within the boundary.

The Acts of the Umpire.

I shall say the Umpire is the Judge or Magistrate of the whole lot. He may judge or approve if there is out or not.

And he combines the teams within the authority of Cricketers. He will stand and watch the bowler; whether he delivers the ball properly or not.

If not, he would certainly call "No-ball" or "Wide," and signal by waving his hands instead of calling.

All you Readers: The man whom I have called Judge or Magistrate. The reason is this. They are judges of the people who do wrong, or disobey the Government, who "break the Government Laws." Then the V.C. (it seems the score-man) will take them before the Magistrate or Judge. They will find out the matters. If they "break the Laws," these men will arrest them.

The Umpires will do the same. If a batman will not follow his order, or misses the ball, and the ball will touch the wickets and bails will drop, did he break the laws? Of course he did.

Or if he touched a hit by his bat, then the fieldman will catch it. Then the Umpire will arrest him, i.e., Out.

The end.

[By Dago Morea, N.C. for Govt. Anthropologist, Port Moresby.]

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