

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Games and Fights.

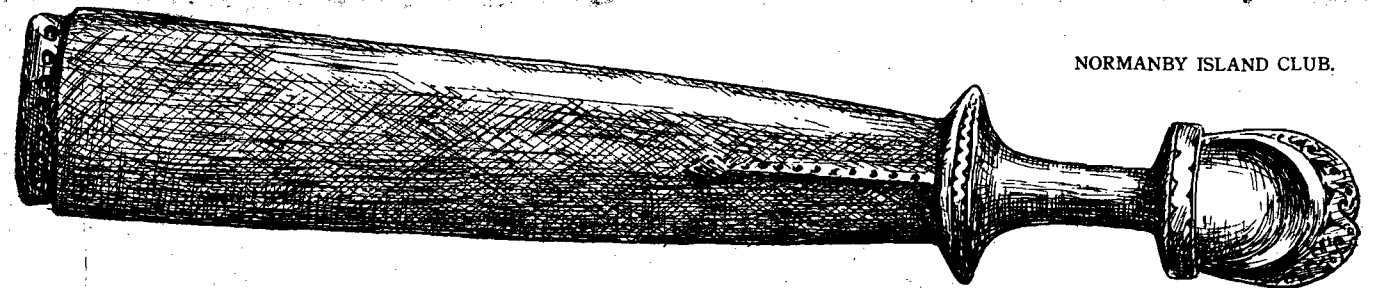
THE *Papuan Villager* has always said a good word for village games. Papuans in the old days did not know how to play games as white men did, and they missed a lot of fun. But long ago the Missions taught you to play cricket, and nowadays more and more natives are playing football.

The Swelled Head.

Don't you make this mistake. You may be the best cricketer in your village; but that does not mean you are the best man in it. And if you make a big score don't think too much of yourself; don't get a "swelled head." If there is any cricketer with a swelled head, we hope he gets out for a duck next Saturday.

They "play the ball." That means that they think about the football, not about the man they are playing against.

If you are wild with a man on the other side, don't try to fight him. Just beat him for the ball. Play all round him: that'll make him wild enough, and you will win without having to fight.



NORMANBY ISLAND CLUB.

Play and Work.

But remember that cricket and football are only play; they are not your proper work. It is true that they are hard work while the game is on; and the harder you play it the more fun you get out of it. But they don't provide you with anything to eat. You have your proper work to do in the gardens and elsewhere; don't play so much cricket that you forget about your garden. Some white people think too much about cricket. They get so excited about the Test Matches that they think and talk about nothing else. And the newspapers talk about the best batsmen as if they were the greatest men in the country.

Don't Fight Instead of Playing.

The best thing about games is that they give you a lot of fun. They let you get very "excited" without doing any harm to anyone. If you are playing football you have all the fun of going to war, and you are not likely to get killed. You don't have to kill anyone either.

Don't get wild when you play football. It is a great mistake to lose your temper. If you do get wild with a man on the other side, don't kick him on the shin or hit him on the nose. You may give him a little bump now and then for that is all in the game. But even that is rather a mistake. The best players don't waste their time bumping people.

The Barrackers.

You must always keep your temper. You must keep it with the other players and you must keep it with the "barrackers." The "barrackers" are the people who stand round and watch. (They are called barrackers because they "barrack." That means that they sing out, and hoot and cheer; it doesn't mean that they all live in Government barracks.) These people get very excited and sometimes they sing out rude remarks to the players.

Take No Notice of Them.

The best way is to take no notice of them. If they are rude, don't get angry. If they are cheering you don't begin to show off. While you are trying to do some very pretty play

and thinking about the barrackers, a real player comes up and knocks you over and runs away with the ball. Then the barrackers will probably laugh at you instead of cheering.

A Match that Nearly Ended in a Big Fight.

A good many matches in Papua end in fights; but in years to come, when you have played more cricket and football, there will not be so many fights.

A little while ago the Armed Constables at Port Moresby played a match against an Elevala team. I don't know just what happened, but both sides got very angry. Perhaps the barrackers were to blame. The policemen should not have taken any notice, but they talked back. Then one of the village people did a very silly thing. He got hold of the ball and slashed it with a trade knife. Of course there was no game after that, as there was no ball to play with. And there might have been a big fight if people had not been there to stop it. It was a great pity that a good game was stopped because the players and barrackers lost their tempers.

Fight with Wild Boars.

Igo Erua, the Correspondent for Poreporena, says something good about games and fighting: "It is no use quarrelling in these games all the time. This spoils our sportsmanship. Suppose you want to fight, take your spears and go out in the bush and fight with wild boars. If you do that way you will soon be a man."

Tourists at Port Moresby.

The people who travel round the world to see things are called "tourists." Some of them, as you know, come to Port Moresby. We have had visits from some big American boats full of these tourists. They go to see the village and at Headquarters the natives give a big dance with feather head-dresses and masks.

Talking About Port Moresby in America.

These people have gone home to America and talked about Port Moresby. They all seem to agree that it is a very interesting place.

Now the Australian Government want Tourists to come to Australia;

and they think that Port Moresby and the native dances there will be a great thing to bring them out from America.

Papuan Things to Go to America.

They want a lot of Papuan things to be sent to San Francisco, one of the big American cities. There the people will see them, and they will say, "My word, we must go and see the place where those things came from."

The big boats call only at Port Moresby, so most of the things will be sent from there. Two very good carvers, Leke Boio and Ova Tau, are making models of a *dubu*, a house, a *lakatoi*, and a canoe; and a number of other things will be bought.

They will go to America, and we hope that hundreds of millionaires will come to see us.

LIZARDS.

Papuan Lizards.

There are lots of Lizards in Papua. Some of them are very small, hardly more than an inch long. Others, called Monitor Lizards, are several feet long, and their skins are big enough to cover the end of a drum.

The Crocodile is really a sort of lizard, and, as we know too well, he is big enough to eat a man.

Lizards of Long Ago.

But in long ago times there were very much bigger lizards in the world. They are all dead and gone now, but sometimes their old bones are dug up out of the ground and stuck together. Then we get a good idea of how big they were.

The Dinosaur.

The biggest of these old lizards is called the "Dinosaur," which means "The Terrible Lizard." He had a long tail, but stood up high on his front legs; and his long neck made him look like a giraffe.

The bones of a dinosaur were found not long ago in Africa. He was 25 feet high to the shoulder, and his neck was another 20 feet long; so that his head was 45 feet from the ground—eight times as high as a man. He measured 7 or 8 feet across the chest.

It is thought that he lived about 60 million years ago.

Test Cricket.

England has won two Test Matches and Australia one. The Fourth Test is now being played at Brisbane.

The scores in the third Test Match were: England (1st innings), 341 (Wyatt, 78; Leyland, 83; Painter, 77). Australia (1st innings), 222 (Ponsford, 85; Oldfield, 41). England (2nd innings), 412 (Hammond, 85; Ames, 69; Jardine, 56). Australia (2nd innings), 193 (Woodfull, 73; Bradman, 66). England won by 338 runs.

Body Line Bowling.

There is a lot of talk about bowling at the batsmen. Some of the English fast bowlers have been making the ball bounce high and come in very fast. This is rather dangerous for the batsmen. Woodfull, the Australian Captain, was hit over the heart and knocked out for a while. Oldfield, the Australian Wicket-keeper, was hit on the head while batting. He was knocked senseless and a little bone was broken. He will not play again for a long time.

They call this "body line" bowling because the ball comes in a line with the batsman's body. Some people say it is all right to bowl this way; others say it is wrong.

I would not advise Papuan cricketers to go in for body line bowling. You will probably get more wickets if you bowl at the wicket itself; and you will not start a row by hitting the batsman on the head.

FLYING.

Bert Hinkler Lost.

One of the great Australian pilots was Bert Hinkler. He flew alone from England to Australia in a small plane: he was the first man to do this great journey alone.

Later on he flew across the Atlantic Ocean alone from America to South Africa; and from there to England.

Australians were very proud of Bert Hinkler.

A few weeks ago he set out from England again. He was going to break the record. But it is thought

that he has come to grief in some high snowy mountains called the Alps, as he has been missing for over a month now.

Lady Bailey in the Sahara.

Another great pilot, Lady Bailey, who is a woman, was lost, but has been found in the Sahara Desert. She had to land there because she didn't have enough benzine to take her any further. In your geography lessons you have heard about the Sahara. It is a desert, a wide country very hot and with no water.

Kingsford Smith.

Kingsford Smith has crossed from Australia to New Zealand in a big plane with two other men. They started from Australia at 10 minutes to 3 in the morning and reached New Zealand at 7 o'clock in the evening.

FIRE.

A Good Servant but a Bad Master.

The white man has a proverb, or a clever saying, about fire. He says, "Fire is a good servant but a bad master." It means that while you can look after your fire you can make it do a lot of work for you; but when the fire gets away from you, where you cannot look after it, it does what it likes. When the fire becomes master it nearly always does a lot of harm.

The Uses of Fire.

Man is the only animal who can make fire and use it. You all have your stories about how fire was first discovered. The people (so the stories say) used to eat their food raw till someone found the fire; then they could cook it, and it was very much nicer to eat. And they could keep themselves warm on a cold night; and they could burn off all the dead trees and bushes when they were clearing ground for a garden; and they could burn the grass when they wanted to hunt for pigs and wallabies.

The First Fire.

When they first found fire I expect they did not know how to look after it. I expect the first man who found fire put his finger into it to see what

it felt like. We may be sure he did not put his finger in a second time. He must have been very much afraid of the first fire. And in the early days the fire was often master and it must have burned down many houses.

But that man's children and his children's children began to learn about fire, and nowadays we know very well that we must be master and that the fire must be servant.

When the Fire is Master.

Not long ago Tatana Village was burnt out. The fire was master there. And only a few weeks ago Mr. Bunting's store in Samarai was burnt. The fire was master there too, and he ate a whole lot of biscuits and "bullamacow" before he had finished his work.

Burning Off the Grass.

Nearly all Papuans know how to burn off the grass to catch pigs and wallabies. But you have to be careful when you do it. You must have your men in the right place and you must light your fire at the right time. If you don't do this it will run away from you; and the pigs and wallabies will run away too; and if you are not careful the fire may get into a village and make short work of it.

Bushfires in Australia.

We sometimes have bushfires in Papua though they don't go very far. But in Australia, which is a very dry country, the bushfires are very bad. Someone may be careless: he is lighting his pipe and drops a match. He goes on and does not notice that the match is burning. Behind him a little fire springs up. The wind helps it and by and by it becomes a big fire. The fire becomes master. It rushes over the country and eats up the gardens and the crops, and kills the sheep, and burns down the farmers' houses. In New South Wales a little while ago a bushfire 20 miles long was sweeping over the country. Hundreds of men came out to fight it; but the fire had done a lot of damage before it was beaten.

Influenza.

Influenza is a sickness that we sometimes get in Papua. It gives you a bad headache and fever, and perhaps a cough too. It can be a very bad sickness and has killed many people in this country.

Influenza visits all parts of the world. It comes and stays a while; and then when it has made a lot of people sick and killed some of them it goes away.

Just now it is bad in England. Last month there were half a million people sick; and many were dying every week.

A Native Goes Riding.

A man of Keuru living in Port Moresby wanted to visit Pari. He thought it would be better to ride than to walk; so he took one of Mr. Lampo's horses.

He forgot to ask Mr. Lampo and he got into trouble about it. He was found riding the horse near Kilakila, and he went to gaol for it.

A Plague of Rabbits.

There are too many rabbits in Australia at all times; but sometimes they grow in numbers very fast. Then they speak of a "plague" of rabbits. By and by these rabbits will die off, and then Australia will have about the same number as before.

The rabbit is a nice little animal. He has soft fur, much softer than cuscus, and he won't bite or scratch; and rabbits are very good to eat. But the people in Australia don't like them, because they eat the green crops and do a lot of harm.

When the white men first came to Australia there were no rabbits; so someone thought he would bring some from England. The rabbits liked Australia very well, and now there are millions of them there. We certainly don't want any brought to Papua.

STORIES, etc., only to be sent to the
Editor, F. E. Williams. All other com-
munications to be addressed to the Govern-
ment Printer :: :: Port Moresby, Papua

More Doctors Coming to Papua.

A big party of doctors and nurses are coming to this country soon. They want to find out all about the disease called leprosy. This is a very bad disease that is found in some villages in Papua, and we hope the doctors learn a lot about it. When they have done this perhaps they will be able to cure the lepers.

There will be 11 doctors; including 3 Englishmen, 2 Americans, 2 Dutchmen, 2 Frenchmen.

There will be four women with them as nurses.

Climbing the Sky.

Some time ago we told you in *The Papuan Villager* how a man had been 10 miles up in the air. He went up in a balloon.

Now some other men are going to have a try in a balloon. They expect to reach a height of 17 miles.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barion Diritanumo)

The Earthquake.

I will tell you about one shock of earthquake here. On Saturday, Christmas Eve, on the 24th December, 1932, at 2.30 p.m., lasting 6 seconds. It shocked all the Island, trees and houses, and all the people were very frightened. When I walked about the villages, the people told me that it was the earthquake. They said, "Oh! our house nearly fall on the ground. It lifted the houses up and down again."

The trees were cut about as knife cutting.

Some of you know, and some of you read *The Papuan Villager* that tells in some foreign countries about the earthquakes, that big houses, towns and cities fall to the ground and are destroyed. Many people get killed. I hope they do not get any worse in our country.

Christmas at Menapi.

The Anglican Mission—Christmas Eve.

On Saturday, the 24th December, 1932, I arrived at 5 p.m. and I saw many individuals all were assembled for Christmas Eve evening. And when I entered the Church, my eyes in wonder, and bright. I saw many coloured flowers all around inside the Church. Some on altar, on the walls and on the vestry. And palms tied up on the posts, and some on the walls. And it was very pretty.

Christmas Gifts for Children.

When the supper was finished, at 7 p.m., Rev. A. P. Jennings and all the village children and two traders, Mr. Spiller and Mr. Turner of Menapi, assembled to see the children receive their Christmas presents.

All the children sat in rows, and they sang a nice carol. Then afterwards they sat quiet, and Mr. Jennings and a sister, Miss Winfred Jennings, and Barnabas, his College boy, gave all the children Christmas presents. And after they had finished, all the children called out with merriest hearts and said, "Happy Christmas to you." And then they sang Hymn 80: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace good will toward men."

Then the old hymn that they sing everywhere at Christmas: "Hark! the herald-angels sing."

Christmas Day.

On Sunday, the 25th December, Rev. A. P. Jennings made a Holy Communion at 6 a.m. to 7 a.m. We went out, and all the children, boys and girls played. Big boys played cricket and football. The girls played tennis ball. Some people went to the garden and brought bananas, and they cooked a Christmas meal at the Mission Station. At night the big boys played all sorts of games. The children, boys and girls all sat on the lawn and sang many songs with beautiful tunes. Then after all the songs were finished they sang this one: "Good night to you all and sweet be your sleep."

And all the children and white people went to sleep.

New Year at Baniara.

On Thursday, the 29th December, the two Village Constables from Boianai crossed over with two canoes and people for New Year's Day, and also to see the new Taubada, Mr. J. G. Fowler, A.R.M.

On Sunday, the 1st January, 1933, the Koianaki and Pem people arrived with two pigs.

The next day all the people from Mulawa, Bogaboga, Ginada, and all the Cape Vogel districts arrived at noon. And people from Ruaba River came later. People from Good-enough Bay arrived and people filled up the Station.

There were four pigs. Some people came with their food, and some came with nothing. They think by and by our Taubada gives us food. Therefore some people came without food. The Government had no food for New Year play.

Mukawa and Bogaboga, Ginada and Kerikerikona danced on the parade ground. One man made a *Kaiva Kuku*. They played and danced till 9 o'clock then the play ceased.

On Tuesday, 3rd January, all the people left the Station and went to their homes.

DARU

(Correspondent—William Tabua)

Christmas at Daru.

Last year on the 22nd November, lots of natives came in from all the coastal villages to

give some money to the L.M.S. There had been a lot of dancing that day, everybody behaved very well. Shortly after that a lot of Fly River natives came in for Christmas. The Suki tribes came in their canoes for the first time.

The Mabadauan and Tureture natives had been working for their own pearl-shell the month before last and this month. They did very well this week, they got more than 600 shells and sold them to the white men. Some of them found nice tiny pearls in some of the shells just as big as the beads.

Departures.

Mr. and Mrs. Ure have gone over to T.I. in the launch *Ada* this week. They will leave Thursday Island shortly for Tasmania for their five months' furlough.

Mr. P. Hinds is leaving too, he has sold all his properties to Dr. Vernon.

Gardens.

We haven't had much rain this North-West. Since December all the gardens look parched and dry, but the grasses and weeds seem to thrive better than the food crops.

Court.

One of the natives was charged this morning for stealing some print from Mr. Maidment's store. He was sent to gaol for three months.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

Floods: Mekeo district.

Last month there were floods everywhere round the Mekeo. Roads under water, bridges washed away, gardens on the river-banks destroyed, and the new cleared lands for rice cultivation many were under water, for about a week or so, but now it has abated.

Kabadi district.

The Kabadi villages on the Akevairu (Aroa) River, Koupuana, Keviona, Ukaukana and Pinu were flooded, and the ferryman's house at the Aroa River crossing was washed down by the flood. The gardens that the Kabadi and Hisiu people have made on the river-banks were all washed away. The Ou Ou Creek bridge was carried away, and many coconuts from the Abuku were washed into the sea.

Rice Planting, Mekeo.

All hands are now busy clearing and burning off lands and planting rice. Mr. A. A. Williams is supervising the cultivation.

Waima and Kivori.

These people are feasting and dancing, while others are going on trading expeditions to and from Port Moresby trying to make some money for taxes. On the other hand they are cultivating and planting coconuts.

Bergina, Babiko, Mou, Rapa and Bioto.

These people are dancing also, and gardening. Their means of getting tax money is making copra, sandalwood, and selling betelnuts, or to get employed at Angabunga, Maia-ora Plantations.

Station.

The Armed Constables and prisoners are building a new house for the Native Medical Assistants. The house is about 22 ft. x 22 ft.

with a little kitchen about 11 ft. long. N.M.A. Bodau Mea, and Tea'au Beata are also helping with the building.

Medical and Health.

Now that the station has got 3 Native Medical Assistants stationed here, the Roro district natives often come to them for treatment. Station prisoners and police when sick are sent to them for treatment.

Station Garden.

Our Station garden is producing plenty of native food, so that we now feed the stationers on native food for weeks at a time. It is also extended by about 1 or 2 acres being hoed up and planted with rice. The last year's ground where rice was planted is now planted up with hananas.

Tennis Court.

The Station prisoners are clearing a nice piece of ground making all required preparations for a tennis court. This will be finished and ready in about two months time.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Celebrating Feast.

The celebrating feast of Shackelford and Dromgold's Expedition was held at the Tanobada Village on the 21st ultimo. This was in fulfilment of their promise to the villages of Hanuabada, Tanobada and Elevala before the commencement of their picture taking here. The villagers from Pari, Vahukori and Tatana were invited to attend. The street was full up with people, about 700 to 900.

They have taken plenty of pictures on which they have spent three hundred and forty-seven pounds (£347) here, besides some pounds spent on the big feast for the people. We hope that their work will be successful on their return to America. These two men, Shackelford and Dromgold are very good kind-hearted men. They stayed not very long here, but they made very good friends with the natives of Poreporena villages.

"Lakatoi."

Only two lakatoi from Poreporena this year left for the Gulf in November last. One was captained by Hanua Madai, the other by Daroa Lohia, of the C.M.O.'s Department, who was granted four months' leave for this journey. The former lakatoi went to Moviavi, and latter to Lese, G.D. They both returned to Hanuabada recently, full of sago, coconuts, betel-nuts, etc. The crews on these lakatoi said that they had a jolly good time on their journey to and fro.

South-West Wind.

In the last month there was much discussion amongst the people about the South-West wind blowing every day. They said that this should be the time of North-West, so why is it South-West. And someone said that some puripuri men had made this change of the wind.

Laloki Gardens.

The first flood that occurred in the Laloki recently was reported to have done some

good, but the second one was very serious. All the gardens were under the water, and it was feared that some might be damaged by it.

Rainfall.

We have had a very good rainfall here in the latter part of last month, and one on the night of 1st instant. We thought that we wouldn't have any more rain, but there has been plenty.

RIGO

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua)

Hard Times in Rigo District.

The last two years in the district the people were short of food, all they could get was *taitu-kava, matao, batu, lakara, hatoro, hodava, and geregere*. All these things are only eaten in hard times. One day all the Village Councillors came to see Mr. Cridland, and asked about rice. If the Government could help the people because they were very hungry. Mr. Cridland the Assistant Resident Magistrate said he would send word to Port Moresby to see if the Government could help the people. The people were very glad when Mr. Cridland said this. Then the Port Moresby Government sent some rice and Mr. Cridland had sent a messenger to all the people who were hungry to come into Rigo. Many people came in from all the hard-up villages and were given rice. They all looked very thin and hungry. But were willing to work for the food given by the Government because they had no money to pay for it. The Government fed the hungry people from November, 1931, until the end of April, 1932, and altogether about 12 tons of rice, 3 cases of tobacco and 12 tins cod-liver oil were given out. Had the Government not come to help the people many of them would have died because they had nothing to eat. This year every village has had plenty of food.

Village Pumps Repaired.

It is hard for the village pumps in the Rigo district to get good drinking water. So the Government has put in most villages a pump. Last time they were repaired, Mr. A. E. Cridland, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, sent me and Armed Constable Sekerida. We repaired all pumps between Waira-vanua and Kaparoko. We left Rigo Station five clock on the 13th October, 1932, by the Government canoe *Rigo*. About 11.30 that night, just after we had passed Geana Point, my wife heard a little voice calling out from the sea. It was a little girl calling her father. A canoe had capsized and the people were clinging to the canoe. They had been to see their friend at Bonanamo and capsized about 7 o'clock in the evening between Geana and Seri Points. They were bumping on the rocks when we reached them. We put the people on our canoe and our crew boys helped fix their canoe good. Then they went home very happy that we had come along in time to help them.

SAMARAI

(Correspondent—Roy Namun)

Cricket.

A Cricket Match was played on Saturday the 14th January, between the Samarai White

team and Kwato. The game started about 11.30 a.m.

Samarai had very bad luck after Mr. E. Turner was caught on the boundary, and Mr. R. F. Bunting was run out. The wickets then fell very rapidly.

The White men have not had any practice and therefore were not as good as they are at other times.

SAMARAI WHITE TEAM.

Bunting, R. F., run out	17
Turner, E., c. and b. Makura	21
Campbell, R. G., c. and b. Makura	2
Sewell, B., l.b.w., b. Merari	0
Whyte, R. G., b. Mahuru	27
Pym, A., b. Makura	1
Bremen, E., l.b.w., b. Makura	0
Atkinson, O. J., c. and b. Makura	2
Sherman, W. A., h.o.w., b. Mahuru	1
Armstrong, R., c. and b. Merari	0
Cooper, G., c. and b. Joshua	6
Bain, C., not out	0
Sundries	8
			<hr/> 85

BOWLING: Joe, 0 for 31; Makura, 5 for 28; Merari, 2 for 6; Mahuru, 2 for 12; Joshua, 1 for 0.

Kwato opened their innings at 2 p.m. and batted very well, finishing with 6 wickets down for 268.

Samarai were not good in the field, and five catches were missed, which would have made a lot of difference to Kwato score.

KWATO TEAM.

Maru, b. Atkinson	35
Mahuru, c. and b. Armstrong	27
Makura, c. Armstrong, b. Atkinson	86
Mula, not out	73
Merari, b. Atkinson	11
Joshua, b. Atkinson	4
Philip, b. Atkinson	3
Eric, not out	7
Sundries	22
			<hr/> 268

BOWLING: Turner, 0 for 43; Campbell, 0 for 88; Atkinson, 5 for 42; Armstrong, 1 for 21; Bremen, 0 for 12; Bunting, 0 for 14; Pym, 0 for 26.

Fire.

On the 14th instant there was a fire in Bunting's Store.

About 3 a.m. the policemen were guarding round the streets, and when they came near Bunting's store they saw a fire just right on top of the roof.

A policeman ran quickly to Mr. Walke for the store keys, and some others ran to Mr. Atkinson the Magistrate, and woke him up. And he ran down too, and he sent one of the houseboys up to the boys' cottage, Gagedagera, and woke all the boys up from their beds.

We ran off from our beds and ran quickly to the store to help. Some of the white men came out too.

The fire was big. The house was full of fire. We rushed in to the office and got all the office gear out, but the main store was full of fire, so we couldn't get in to get the goods out. We just got out a few goods from the boys' store.

All the goods were burnt and spoiled by fire. What a pity to think of it! Nobody

knew anything about this fire. It happened inside the store. The wind was blowing pretty hard, and the fire got on to the other shed just very close to Bunting's, belonging to J. R. Clay and Company. It got on to a few bags of copra inside too.

Mr. Hardy, the Collector of Customs, and a few boys ran into the Post Office and got all the things out in case the fire got down there. It was getting bigger inside the shed,

Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Ballantyne and Mr. B. Hamilton all worked very hard helping the boys carry the saltwater to pour on top of the fire. We kept on pouring the water till the fire had finished.

If these four white men hadn't made the boys work hard, the fire would have burnt the shed up, and the Post Office and everything else.

Good thing the wind did not blow much.

Native Contributions

How Kiwai People Got their Fire.

There is an old story of the Kiwai people which says that the first fire brought to Kiwai people came from Mabadauan. This is how the story was handed down.

Long, long ago there was a man living near the mouth of the Fly River named Boboze, with his wife and children, and their servants, Kapia (black cockatoo), Waruku (a lizard).

Now at that period none of the Kiwai people knew or heard anything about fire. The people lived on uncooked food and meat.

On one very hot day, as Baboze was busy in his garden, he saw black smoke rising in column and rapidly spreading in all directions. It was a wonderful thing to him. So he sent Kapia the black cockatoo to see what it was. So Kapia the black cockatoo flew towards the spot where the smoke was rising, and picked up a lighted piece of stick in her beak, and flew back with her prize.

But as she was flying, the wind blew the flames towards her which scorched her cheeks. She dropped the fire into the sea and flew straight home to her master, and told him that she had brought a fire-stick, but it burnt her cheeks, so she had to drop it.

Boboze was not satisfied with what had been said to him by Kapia, or the black cockatoo, so he sent Waruku, or the lizard, saying, "Go and fetch me the fire, that I may see for myself." The Waruku obeyed and in a very short time she came back with the fire in her mouth and gave it to Boboze.

Some of you my readers may have seen the black cockatoo. Those who have, may have noticed that the cheeks of this bird have no feathers. It is the scars made by the fire. So now we know that Boboze was the first to turn fire into good use for the Kiwai people.

[By Rupert Amos, C/o. L.M.S., Daru. This story wins 5s. prize.]

Supposed Sorcerers at Sarota.

My Dear,

I am very, very thankful for our *Papuan Villager*, because sometimes we read nice stories, sometimes letters, where country people make a great fight or kill pigs, and so on. All those things come in *The Papuan Villager*. We all learn there. I say, "Very very thanks," because *The Papuan Villager* is like our world book. Now I write a letter too.

A small village (Sarota is its name): not many people lived there, only a few.

Once a young man and an old man were very, very sick. These two men's friend went day and night to the *vada* men (sorcerers).

These *vada* men said they were not sick because of *puripuri* (magic).

On 4th May, 1932, the two men died. (I think I will write only about the young man. The old man was very old.)

This young man's father thought about it. He asked the Village policeman, Mora Isaua, to bring the *vada* men. He wanted to see who had made *vada* against his eldest son and killed him.

The policeman brought the two *puripuri* men. He said "You two sit down." Then one of them went and kissed the dead man. The dead man's father wanted to see if his son would open his eyes.

The *vada* man bent down to the dead man but did not kiss him nicely. The dead man's father hit at the *vada* man with an axe and cut him on the left shoulder. He nearly cut the heart inside. The meat shook like walk-about.

They brought him to the R.M., Mr Zimmer. The father got 6 months gaol at Kerema for hitting the man.

The *vada* man, Tuakara by name, and two other kinds of *vada* men also went to gaol.

I can write only but a few lines. Good-bye my friends.

[By Mirisa Raepa, C/o. L.M.S., Moru or Iokea.]

The Story of the Two Orphan Boys.

Once upon a time there lived two little boys. They were orphans. One was about 20 years of age, and the other one was about 17. When their parents died, the two boys didn't know what to do. Their relations had given them their food, but also they treated them like slaves. Once they argued with each other to escape from their friends and to go to someone else. They got their weapons with them, because in those days there were plenty of quarrels going on.

They went on and on until they came to a big nut tree standing. When the younger one looked up he saw plenty nuts hanging down, and he wished to get them. So he said to his elder brother, "Brother if you are kind

enough to climb up and get those nuts for us." "Yes," replied the elder brother, "I can get anything you want. And listen to what I am telling you. Behave yourself." So he climbed up; took a stick with him.



When he was hitting the nuts down, the enemies heard it. A number of them came along with a roar; some blowing the trumpets, some dancing, and shouting for joy. They came near that nut tree where the boys were. The enemies kept all round the nut tree, so the boys couldn't do anything. When the elder threw his club he killed twenty in an hour.

His younger brother didn't come down yet. He was still up in the nut tree. And when he came down he did the same thing—killed twenty of them. When the elder one is forty, he came to twenty. When the younger one came to forty he went up to fifty.

They did that until they came to 900 each. And more enemies coming; so they were tired out; and the trunk of the tree opened and they went in. As soon as they went in, the trunk of the nut tree presently is shut. Enemies were still looking for these two boys, but they couldn't find them. They both were inside the tree, singing and praying to God.

Now the tree opened again and the boys came out, and started the battle again. They fight and fight, till the enemies getting fewer and fewer. And they came to forty. The enemies called their friends. And these two boys have nobody to help them only themselves. When they were tired they went inside the nut tree. And these enemies saw that these two boys were strong and hold to fight over 900 people. So they sought to make friends with them, and fight again to their children and grandchildren. They took them home, gave them house and gardens, and also they gave their women to marry them. They made good friends and live with them for ever and ever. The names of these two boys were Tungila and Halinga. The end of this story.

[By M. D. Barton, native clerk at R.M.'s Office, Cape Nelson, N.E.D.]

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