

# THE PAPUAN

# VILLAGER



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## Rakatani Keke's House.

### Poreporena Houses.

THE Poreporena people may be proud of their houses and their village. It is a clean, well-ordered village, and the houses are big and strong and comfortable. No doubt the village and houses could be better than they are, but they compare very well with those we see in other parts of this country.

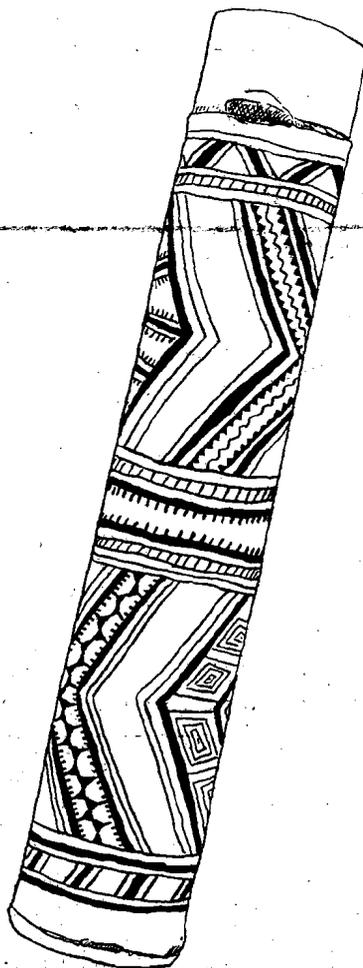
### Tin Roofs.

Nearly all the houses in Poreporena are true native houses, though better than native houses used to be in the old days. There are a few that have become very much like European houses. These have tin roofs, and they rather spoil the good looks of the village. Those who want tin roofs can have them of course, if they pay for them; but there are some Europeans who think it is a pity. A roof of tin, or corrugated iron is in some ways better. It will last longer than one of grass—that is if you look after it. But it will not last for ever: you have to pay for painting it now and again; and one day you will have to pay for a new roof altogether. The best thing about it is that you can catch the rain-water in your tank.

### Grass Roofs.

In other ways the grass roof is better. It does not cost you much. There is always enough grass round Port Moresby, to be sure, and a new roof only costs you a bit of work. Then it is very much cooler: in bad summer weather a Poreporena house over the water is one of the coolest places you can find. And lastly it

looks very much better than a roof of corrugated iron. We like to see the Motu and Koitapu houses. If you



MANAGALASI SMOKING-PIPE.

build one like a European copra shed it will not look very pretty.

### The Inside of the House.

But I do not want to talk about the outside appearance of your houses. I am thinking about the inside of them. And if you want to see a house with a good inside you should visit Rakatani Keke's. The other day the Magistrate wanted to show some friends over Poreporena; he took them to this house because it was the best he knew in the whole village.

### The Builder.

Rakatani's house looks just like any other from the outside, except that it has a rather nicer fence round the front veranda. All the timbers are squared and painted, though it has a floor of canoe-boards like the other houses. It was built by Sisia Vaieke of Elevala, who now works with Mr. Stewart at Napanapa.

### Tidiness.

It has a double door with a bolt inside, so that the owner can shut himself in if he wants to. There are a number of shelves to put things on. Two painted boxes are nailed to the wall—one for books and one for all sorts of small somethings. There are 5 camphor-wood boxes with padlocks, and some suit-cases; there are 2 chairs and a table. You may not have enough money to buy camphor-wood boxes and canvas chairs, but you can certainly make yourselves some shelves and boxes to put things into. And you can put your things away. In Rakatani's house the blankets and clothes are neatly folded and the umbrella and the cricket bat hang in their proper places. Rakatani even has 3 pairs of sandshoes

(to save his feet when hunting) and they were all in a neat row.

#### Making the Place Look Nice.

When I went to his house there was a piece of coloured Maisin bark-cloth spread over the table; and on it were a water-bottle and a sparkling clean glass. The glass stood on a china saucer, and the china saucer on a "doily," made by the lacemakers of Kwato. There was another lacework cloth (native-made) on one of the shelves. Above it hung a watch which showed the right time; and near it was a calendar. The calendar was two days late, but that is not far off the mark and we soon put it right.

#### The Back Room

In the back room there was a kitchen safe and also a hanging safe. The mice and the cockroaches (if there are any) grumble a great deal in Rakatani's kitchen because they can't get at the food. The enamel pannikins were hanging from nails and the white plates stood in a row on the shelf, just as you see in a *Sinabada's* kitchen.

There was a tool cupboard with saws and hammers and pliers and screw-drivers. There was an accordion—a thing to make music with—and some toys for Rakatani's grandson, a very fat little boy. The toys were not thrown all over the place; they were up on a shelf.

#### Pictures.

There were 5 or 6 pictures in frames. One of Rakatani's eldest son; one of his youngest son; one of his sister; and a family group of himself and his wife and children. There was a picture of the racing canoe *Hisiubada* and one of Mr. O'Malley who was Rakatani's master when he first became interpreter at the Magistrate's Office.

#### A Native House with European Improvements.

All this sounds like a European's house. But it is really a native house with some European improvements. There were four heaps of seed yams, 100 each, just as you might see in any other house in Poreporena. And I should not forget to say that I saw three neat lots of seeds put out to dry on the end of a shelf. They were

orange, and siporo, and mandarin seeds; and some day they will be trees on Rakatani's garden at the Laloki.

## Drawing Competition

A PRIZE of 5s. will be given for the Best Picture of a Wallaby (Kangaroo). You can draw one wallaby, or two or three wallabies together if you like. Your drawing must be in by 17th May—only three more days. The winning picture will be put in "The Papuan Villager."

## ANZAC DAY.

Every year we have a holiday on 25th April to remember the Australian and New Zealand soldiers who fought in the Great War.

It is called "Anzac Day" because those soldiers formed the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (you see that the first letters of those five words spell "Anzac." That is how the name came into being).

#### The Landing at Gallipoli.

It was on 25th April, 1915, that they had their first taste of fighting in the Great War. They landed at a place called Gallipoli and fought against their enemies the Turks. They fought very bravely, and that is why we want to remember them.

#### The Memorial Service.

Each year a service is held at the Memorial Gates in Port Moresby. The Armed Constables march from Konedobu and bring a wreath and put it up on the Memorial Gates. (These gates have the names of all the white men and women who went from Papua to the war. They are carved on the stone, so that people will be able to read them in years to come.)

Mr. Matthews made an address to the policemen which was translated for them by Sergeant-Major Simoi.

The address was about Loyalty, and we publish it here.

#### LOYALTY.

(An Address by Mr. Matthews to the Armed Constabulary at the Memorial Gates.)

To-day, Anzac Day, is a day of remembrance when we remember the names of brave men who fought and died for loyalty to their country. Loyalty is an English word meaning love of country, and men will do wonderful things because of their loyalty. The men whose names were read at roll-call died in loyalty to their country.

Loyalty is bigger and better when we think of it as love of God, love of our King and love of country. These men whose names have the little gold cross by, gave their lives for that, and we honour their names to-day, by coming here for this service of remembrance.

When they lived and fought for their country, they hoped that they were doing good for their country. All the soldiers who fought in the war knew that they might be killed, but their loyalty was greater than the fear of death. They were ready to die if need be, because their loyalty was such a real thing to them.

Police boys, you stand here to-day at "present arms" in memory of those loyal men. The beautiful wreath which your sergeant has placed on the gate is your tribute of remembrance to those brave soldiers, and you stand to attention as men ready to follow the example of loyal and brave men.

All over Australia to-day men and women meet together in loyalty to the memory of their dead. You police boys have marched from Konedobu in loyalty to their memory. You have come in your uniforms which you wear as a sign of loyalty to your King. You carry your rifles as a sign of your loyalty and your salute is another sign which shows your respect for King George.

So, police boys, wear your uniforms and carry your rifles and be proud that you serve a great King and a great country, the British Empire. The King will be glad of your loyalty and your country will be proud of the service of loyal and true policemen.

## The Swallow.

Every year about the beginning of the north-west season two swallows make their nest in my house, and always in the same place. Both of them are rust-red on breast, throat and forehead; white on the abdomen, and black on the head, back and rump. Their nest is shaped like a cup, is made of mud, and is open at the top. Sometimes they find it difficult, when making their nest, to get the different parts to stick together. But if a part of the nest in building breaks away, they do not lose heart; they just try again, and so they go on until the day

when the nest is finished, and the hen bird can begin to lay her eggs. What a happy day that must be for them both!

When the young swallows are hatched, both the parents help to feed them. There are usually four little ones in the nest at one time. Away go the parents flying backwards and forwards, catching flying insects on the wing, and then back they come to the nest, and put the dainty morsels into the gaping mouths of their babies. A hard job for the parent swallows, for their little ones seem always to be hungry.

These swallows migrate, that is they do not live in Papua all the year round. They only stay here for a few months, and then fly away to some other country, where they live for the other months of the year. It is said that the English swallow leaves England about the end of September, and is seen to arrive in Africa about the beginning of October. Some European swallows migrate even as far as South Africa, and the swallows of North Asia are said to fly even to Australia. In a book called "A History of the Earth and Animated Nature," which was published in England just eighty years ago, we read that some scientists at that time thought that during the cold winter months the English swallows buried themselves in the mud in the bottom of lakes and pools. Now we know that this is not the case. They usually begin their migration at night, when of course they cannot be seen. Sometimes, too, when flying against strong winds, they are seen wavering in their course far off at sea, and lighting on whatever ship they find in their passage. Then having been refreshed by a few hours' rest, they renew their flight. I have heard that Papuans when on a voyage do not like to go so far out to sea as to lose all sight of land. But think of the tiny swallow flying for thousands of miles over sea and land in its migration. Wonderful, isn't it?

Where do our Papuan swallows migrate to, when do they arrive in Papua, and when do they leave again? Some of these questions you can help to answer by keeping your eyes open, and watching the swallows

as they come and go. They belong to you, you know, and so you ought to take an interest in them.

—Kauli.

NOTE.—The following is a more accurate description of the small dove I spoke of in my last article on "Pigeons and Doves."

*Both sexes.* Dark brown on back and upper part of tail. Light brown on back of neck, under the wings, and a small patch of light brown on both sides at front of wings when folded. Head, front of neck, and eyes slate colour. Legs red. Abdomen white. Some of the tail feathers underneath also white.

### A Letter from America.

More than two years ago Corporal Stephen wrote an article about Marriages in Baniara and Hanuabada. It caught the eye of a man in America and he has written a letter to Stephen.

To Cpl. Stephen Mamadeni.

Konedobu, N.E.D.,

Papua.

116 Jason Street,  
Arlington, Mass., U.S.A.,  
Sept. 24th, 1932.

Dear Mr. Mamadeni:

A friend of mine in Australia sent me a copy of "The Papuan Villager." In it there was an article which you wrote. It was about "Mission Marriages in Baniara." It was entitled "The Love Letter." It was in the December, 1931, issue of your paper. I enjoyed reading it very much. Now I hope that you will write a letter to me.

I am a white man. The white men that you know came from England. My great great grandfather also came from England. They came to a strange country about 300 years ago. My people have lived here ever since. You have read that the world is round. I live on almost the other side of the world from you. So your feet are nearer to me than your head. That seems queer you will say. And I think too that it is queer. But it is true.

If you will write to me and tell me what you do, I will write to you and I will send you pictures of places near where I live, and I will tell you about them.

When you wrote your article you did not think that anyone so far away would read it. That is why we say that the world is not very big. I know a man who lives near me who has been to Papua. He visited Port Moresby. His daughter went with him but they did not stop very long. They have been to a great many places all over the world.

Now I will stop, and I hope you will write to me.

Sincerely your friend,  
Charles L. Shedd.

### Strength in Playing.

There is a class of strong men about whom I forgot to tell you last month; that is, the men who are strong in playing.

What reminded me of it, was seeing some very strong men indeed playing cricket at Rigo the other day. The Rigo team had challenged a team from Hula, and the Hula men came along to Rigo to play.

Amongst both teams are some fine players; and it was very interesting indeed to see some of the tricky balls which were bowled. It was good, too, to see the way the batsmen on both sides defended their wickets.

Some of the balls were cut right away into the coconuts, counting six, and quite a number were knocked away into the grass, counting four. Only strong men could have hit the balls such a distance.

And only men who were strong in bowling knowledge could have got the batsmen out. It was very interesting to see a fast ball cut away for four or six, to be followed by a slow, curly one which scattered the wicket.

Men who are strong in games, and learn to play fairly, whether they win or lose the game, are the men who become strong in character, about whom I told you last month.

—A. W.

### Clothing for Papuans.

On page 37 there is a picture of two men of Rossel Island. One is holding an axe and the other a string of shell-beads. The photo was really taken to show these things—the axe and the shells.

Native Dress and European Dress.

But it shows something else too. On one side is a man wearing the old dress of Rossel Island, the rope coils round his middle. On the other is a man wearing a coat and trousers.

The rope coils do not make a very pretty dress perhaps; but somehow they look all right. The coat and trousers are not very pretty either; and somehow they look all wrong. Yet the man who is wearing these funny clothes no doubt thinks they

look very fine. I don't know what the villagers would think, but most Europeans would laugh at him.

#### Good Taste.

We say that a man has good "taste" in clothes when he wears the right thing. Natives mostly have good taste. They look all right when they are wearing the same sort of dress their fathers wore before them; and when they have nice clean shiny bodies, and some shell ornaments and feathers, they are really good to look at.

#### A Pink Singlet.

But when they try to copy white men they usually make themselves look quite silly. They make some strange mistakes in their clothes.

I know a boy with a good body, plenty of fat and muscles, and a nice clean skin. But to-day I saw him in a new singlet. It fitted him very closely all over the chest and it was a bright pink. He had spoiled himself.

#### Permits to Wear Clothing.

A villager who wears European clothing without a permit is breaking the law. Remember that. You may have to pay a fine or go to gaol.

If you work for the Government, or for a plantation, or in a house or store, or if you belong to a Mission Station, you can wear clothes if your master allows you to.

#### Uniforms.

When you work with other boys on the same place, wear the same sort of clothes as they do. Then it is like a uniform; policemen wear a uniform, and that means they all wear the same sort of dress. If a policeman came on parade in a pair of black trousers or in a pink singlet, the Sergeant would soon hunt him away.

Don't try to be different from others in the clothes you wear, and if you are a villager, don't wear any European clothes at all.

Above the picture of the man in coat and trousers is one of a Motu boy in his proper dress. We leave you to decide which looks better.

### Return of Lady Murray.

Lady Murray returned to Port Moresby by the last *Macdhui*.

She has been away on a visit to England.

### Visit of Major Marr.

The Commonwealth Parliament has a Department to look after its Territories. These are mainly Papua and the Mandated Territory and the Northern Territory.

The head of that department is Major Marr. By the *Macdhui* he came and paid us a visit. He is going to Rabaul to open the new Legislative Council there, so he stayed only a short time in Port Moresby.

But they had a public meeting to welcome him and made speeches.

### Canoe Ornaments.

On page 36 we give you some pictures of the fine canoes of the South-Eastern Division, and of the ornaments used on prow and stern.

The canoes of the present day still have these carved ornaments. We hope the natives will never forget how to make them.

### A Big Fish at Dauko.

During the Easter Holidays Mr. Turnbull caught a Giant Ray at Fisherman Island (Dauko). It measured 7 ft. 6 in. from the tip of its snout to the end of its tail, and was 5 ft. 6 in. across.

Mr. Turnbull caught this big fish with a rod and line, and it took him four hours to land it.

### The Biggest Clock.

We read in *The Papuan Courier* of the world's biggest clock. It is at an aerodrome in England.

The clock face lies on the ground. It is 47 feet in circumference, and the big hand is 7 ft. long.

A man in an aeroplane can read the time from 3,000 ft. in the air.

## DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

### BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

#### The "Asisi" Men.

In the month of February the two Village Constables from Boianai came to the Station and reported about the people of Poudawan who were making the *Asisi*. On Wednesday, 15th March, Taubada sent the two Armed Constables Gaba and Orve to Poudawan to fetch all the *Asisi* men to the Station. The two Armed Constables left the Station at 9 a.m. and they went on their way.

They returned on the 25th with 24 *Asisi* men, with Village Constables. Held the Court at 9 a.m. Tawaru (a boss) was sentenced to six months, and the 23 others were sentenced to three months with hard labour.

The same day Taubada sent the two Armed Constables back again to Boianai for the witness for the two Poudawan men. They found the witness. They came crossing the seas to Baniara on Monday the 27th with Village Constable Augustine Rakio, and crew. When they came they found wind and the seas and their canoe was sunk and all the people swam about. They bailed the water out of the canoe; then it was raised again, then all the people got on their canoe again. And they arrived at 7.30 p.m. The case was dismissed.

On the 25th, Saturday morning, the people of Mukawa brought native food. On the 27th, Monday, Ginada and Dabora people brought native food and also plenty of fishes and one turtle. I shared the fishes, some Taubadas, some married men, some wardens, and some at barracks.

On Saturday, the 1st April, the Village Constable Antita of Kwagira brought in seven *Asisi* men with seven decorated spears. Monday at 9 a.m. held the Court and all the defendants were sentenced to three months with hard labour.

In the Court Taubada told two men to show how they make the spears, and then they danced to and fro, also their bodies shaking. They danced to and fro, then one man fell down on the floor. Taubada took small table knife and went to him and said, "Get up, or I will cut your throat." So that man frightened and at once woke up, and Taubada, Orderly, and I, we laughed.

Readers, the Baniara districts here have not finished the *Asisi*. They are still making it in all the villages in the inland.

#### Station.

We have built a new copra shed down at the wharf foreshore. Built by L.-Corp. Dani Gardens and plants are very well.

#### Rainfall.

We have had a very glorious rainfall here in this March month. All the station ground all water. The rain kept falling nights and days. The rivers and creeks all were deluged. The gardens are looking very pretty. So all the gardens that are near to the villages are producing well, and all the plants grow well.

and happy. But readers, one thing, many mosquitoes in our Island over the plantation now. They are 1,405 points in eighteen days raining.

**KAIRUKU**

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

On the 17th March the *Laurabada* arrived here from Kerema, G.D., at about 2 p.m. H.E. the Lieutenant-Governor held Central Court and visited the Station.

On Saturday, the 18th, the Station played Cricket against the *Laurabada* Crew. *Laurabada* won the game by about 10 or 11 runs. I was down with fever, so I did not play. I say here only what I heard from the players after.

On Sunday, 19th, the *Laurabada* left for Port Moresby.

**9 Days Patrol—Tax Collecting.**

Nara, Hisiu, Kabadi and Manu Manu districts, C.D.

On the 21st March the A.R.M., Mr. W. H. H. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson with 4 police and myself as an Interpreter went out tax collecting. We left at about 7 a.m. and reached Obu Plantation at 4 p.m. per Mission Launch *Camillo*; camped.

On the 22nd we went up to the Nara Villages, Diumana, Kaiiau, Tubu and Lalima. All the taxes were collected, and also the family bonus was paid out.

After collecting taxes at Hisiu we left for Rorona Plantation by lorry which was kindly given for our use to the Aroa Crossing. Just before the river we had to carry Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and our gears in our arms over to a dry landing, then on to a canoe which was awaiting to take us across by the ferryman. When we got across we met a Ford which came down from Rorona Plantation. Mr. Marshall picked up Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and their personal gear and took them to Rorona to camp the night; while myself, three police and our prisoner carriers pushed on to Keviona Village and camped. At night I took census of new births and deaths of the district villages for the year 1932-33.

On the 24th I had all the people of the villages round by the time the A.R.M. arrived from Rorona. We collected taxes and gave out family bonus, after which an extra five pounds (£5) was given to a woman of Koupuana (Ao-Kuria) wife of V.C. of that village.

The money was handed to Ao-Kuria by Mrs. Thompson in the presence of a great crowd of the Kabadi who came in to pay taxes. It was given to her as a prize from the Governor as she was the mother of the largest family in all Kabadi with ten (10) children. There are very few people here and they are decreasing instead of increasing, so hope that the five awarded to Ao-Kuria will encourage the mothers of all Kabadi so that they will one day be a big people.

After this a dance commenced in joyful thanksgiving for the £5. Mrs. Thompson then took photos of the dancing crowd and so did Mr. Marshall. Camped.

Mrs. Thompson had many adventures as she is a newcomer to this country.

**Rain.**

We had a very good drop of rain this year. Our yams, taitus and bananas are plentiful. I don't think we will starve this year.

**PORT MORESBY**

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

**Shield Cricket Match—Port Moresby v. Samarai.**

The Samarai European cricketers arrived here on the morning of the 13th ultimo by the m.v. *Macdhui* to play against Port Moresby team for Shield Competition Match. Mr. G. A. Bayer, the former Captain of Samarai Cricket Team, didn't come for this match, and the team was captained by Mr. Campbell.

**Preparation of P.M. Ground.**

The Port Moresby Oval was properly swept out nice and clean for this wonderful match. The screen was put up at the south-east end, and the boundaries were flagged with the red flags, and the sitting was prepared for the white residents.

**Spectators.**

A very large number of European residents and the natives from Poreporena, and the villagers near to Port Moresby also attended at the ground to watch this wonderful game of European against European.

**Match Commences.**

The match commenced at 2 p.m. sharp, the same afternoon of the visitors' arrival. The toss was won by Port Moresby's Captain, Hon. E. C. Harris, who decided that his side should bat first. But during the match the European residents and the native cricketers were very anxious that Port Moresby should win the match, and in this they have been unsuccessful.

Port Moresby all out for 264 (Willis, 43; O'Malley, 39; Andersen, 39; Wyatt, 32).

Samarai, 6 wickets for 276 (Bunting, n.o. 137; Campbell, 55).

**Excuses for Port Moresby.**

It was a bad luck for Hon. E. C. Harris, because his leg was badly hurt before this match. If his leg wasn't hurt, he would make more runs for Port Moresby. Mr. O'Malley shouldn't have been out for 39, but it was good luck for Samarai to get him early; if not, he would have piled up for P.M. as he did in the match before this; and also he was absent from town for some time, so he hasn't got enough time to have his practice. And if Mr. Andersen wasn't run out he would have piled up more runs for his side, and it seemed to be very hard for Samarai to put him out, otherwise they had their luck by running him out before he did something. Also it was bad luck for Mr. Willis, he was stumped by Mr. Wicket-keeper Sherman for 43; if he was not, he would make plenty more runs for Port Moresby. Port Moresby will do their best in next match at Samarai and bring back the Shield with them.

**Port Moresby v. Poreporena.**

There was a Cricket Match played at Port Moresby Oval on Easter Monday, the 17th ultimo, between Port Moresby and Poreporena. The play commenced at 10.30 a.m. The toss was won by Poreporena who decided to bat,

but the result ended in a draw. Three well-known cricketers from Kwato, were played in this match for Poreporena eleven. Their names are Makura, Merari Dickson and Philip.

The individual scores are as follows:

| POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS).                  |     |     |
|--|-----|-----|
| Merari Dickson, c. Paul, b. Harris         | ... | 0   |
| Rea Mea, c. Father Flynn, b. Harris        | ... | 5   |
| Makura, c. Father Flynn, b. Harris         | ... | 3   |
| Kohu Dogodo, c. Father Flynn, b. Paul      | ... | 17  |
| Igo Erua, b. Paul                          | ... | 3   |
| Philip, b. Watsford                        | ... | 8   |
| Heni Heni, c. Father Flynn, b. Harris      | ... | 9   |
| Willie Gavera, c. Cowley, b. Harris        | ... | 5   |
| Hila Tutuhi, stpd. Father Flynn, b. Lowney | ... | 9   |
| Heni Puka, b. Harris                       | ... | 14  |
| Hitolo Hekure, not out                     | ... | 20  |
| Toka Gaudi, b. Harris                      | ... | 24  |
| Sundries                                   | ... | 28  |
|  |     | 191 |

**PORT MORESBY (1ST INNINGS).**

|                             |     |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|
| Flynn, c. Kohu, b. Makura   | ... | 1   |
| deGroen, c. Heni, b. Makura | ... | 7   |
| Leydin, b. Makura           | ... | 0   |
| Paul, c. Heni, b. Makura    | ... | 35  |
| Harris, c. Toka, b. Makura  | ... | 2   |
| Watsford, c. Rea, b. Hila   | ... | 3   |
| Lowney, not out             | ... | 39  |
| McEncroe, c. Rea, b. Makura | ... | 0   |
| Cowley, b. Makura           | ... | 7   |
| Dale, c. Hila, b. Makura    | ... | 0   |
| Barwick, not out            | ... | 1   |
| Sundries                    | ... | 22  |
|                             |     | 117 |

9 wickets for

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**

| Bowlers.      | Overs. | Maiden | Runs. | Wkts. | Wides. | No. Balls. |
|---------------|--------|--------|-------|-------|--------|------------|
| Merari        | 7      | —      | 14    | —     | —      | —          |
| Makura        | 21     | 6      | 43    | 8     | —      | —          |
| Toka Gaudi    | 5      | 2      | 13    | —     | —      | —          |
| Hila Tutuhi   | 4      | —      | 13    | 1     | —      | —          |
| Hitolo Hekure | 3      | —      | 10    | —     | —      | —          |
| Igo Erua      | 3      | —      | 10    | —     | —      | —          |
| Rea Mea       | 5      | —      | 13    | —     | —      | —          |
|               | 49     | 8      | 116   | 9     | —      | —          |

**Port Moresby v. Poreporena.**

Another Cricket Match played at Port Moresby Oval on the 22nd ultimo. The Port Moresby eleven was captained by G. G. Smith to play against the same eleven played on the 17th ultimo. The match commenced at 2.30 p.m. for which toss won by Poreporena, but let Port Moresby bat first. There were three Kwato cricketers amongst this eleven. This also ended in a draw.

The scores are as under:

| PORT MORESBY (1ST INNINGS).   |     |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|-----|
| O'Malley, run out             | ... | 32  |
| deGroen, c. Philip, b. Makura | ... | 34  |
| Andersen, b. Makura           | ... | 23  |
| Lowney, c. Hila, b. Makura    | ... | 4   |
| Flynn, not out                | ... | 52  |
| Willis, run out               | ... | 1   |
| McDonagh, not out             | ... | 12  |
| Sundries                      | ... | 20  |
|                               |     | 178 |

5 wickets for

**POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS).**

|                                   |     |    |
|-----------------------------------|-----|----|
| Rea Mea, c. Flynn                 | ... | 30 |
| Makura, stpd. Willis, b. Andersen | ... | 27 |
| Merari, c. McDonagh, b. Andersen  | ... | 3  |
| Heni Heni, retired                | ... | 35 |
| Hila Tutuhi, run out              | ... | 35 |

|                      |     |     |     |     |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Hitolo, b. Andersen  | ... | ... | ... | 15  |
| Kohu Dogodo, not out | ... | ... | ... | 1   |
| Sundries             | ... | ... | ... | 6   |
| 6 wickets for        |     |     |     | 152 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

| Bowlers.    | Overs. | Maiden | Runs. | Wicks. | Wides. | No. balls. |
|-------------|--------|--------|-------|--------|--------|------------|
| Igo Erua... | 4      | —      | 20    | —      | —      | —          |
| Rea Mea...  | 5      | —      | 11    | —      | —      | —          |
| Makura ...  | 11     | —      | 76    | 3      | —      | —          |
| Merari ...  | 8      | —      | 39    | —      | —      | —          |
| Kohu Dogodo | 2      | —      | 12    | —      | —      | —          |
|             | 30     | —      | 158   | 3      | —      | —          |

## RIGO

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua)

## Cricket Match between Hula and Kopugoro.

We all had a very good time here at Rigo Station on the 18th March, because one cricket team came from Hula Village on that day for a cricket match against Kopugoro (Rigo) team. The Captain of the Hula Cricket Team was V.C. Rabutiro, and the Captain of the Kopugoro Cricket Team was Warder Tolagerega.

The Hula team were given their breakfast, and after their breakfast they got ready for the match. Everybody was on the cricket ground at 10.30 a.m. and our Vice-Captain Levi tossed up but it was won by Sailor team (Hula) and they batted first. They started the game before 11 a.m.

Hula scored 83 in the 1st Innings (Iruna, 16; Manu-tamasi, 14; La'a Itama, 18. Bowling: Veratau, 7 for 25; Lahui, 4 for 54).

At 2.30 p.m. Kopugoro team opened their innings and scored 89. (Lua Sigoi, 13; Rage Nou, 24. Bowling: La'a, 6 for 19; Manu, 2 for 19; Laka, 2 for 34; Veali, 1 for 12).

Kopugoro were all out at 3.30 p.m. It was a very nice game we had here, because our Sinabada, Mrs. Cridland, gave 4 o'clock tea for us. We were very glad to Mrs. Cridland for this. After tea about 4.30 p.m. Hula got their second innings. They scored 78 (Iruna, 24; Kapulu, 20. Bowling: Samu, 2 for 29; Rage Nou, 2 for 29; Veratau, 6 for 14).

Just about 5.45 p.m. Kopugoro played their second innings but they could not finish their game because it was too late in the day and the light was bad. The score was 4 for 46. End of game.

We were very glad because our Sinabada and Taubada they were very good and helped us to make a Cricket and Football Club.

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## Native Contributions

## The Little Birds and the Moon.

## The Birds Try to Fly to the Moon.

Once upon a time a group of little birds were gathered with their friends in one certain spot of ground. They had a committee. The speaker stood up and said, "To-day we will try who can touch the moon."

All the birds were happy, for they wanted very much to touch the moon. And they called one of the little birds to cook their food.

## The Little Bird Cooks for them.

All the other birds tried to fly up to the moon; but the little cook-bird made a big fire and cooked or burnt all the taros. When the taros were cooked he scraped them and gave to all the birds and they ate happily.

When they had done eating their breakfast they flew up to heaven one by one. Not even one touched the moon and they got tired. So they had a rest. Each one had another try again; but they couldn't touch it at all.

## The Cook-bird alone Succeeds.

Then they called the cook-bird to try too, but the cook-bird said, "My hands are very dirty." But all the birds said, "Never mind, come and have a try."

So the cook-bird left her work (may be a female) and she flew up into the air.

Well she flew and flew until she touched the moon. Then the moon said, "Why have you touched me, and all the other birds had failed of touching me?" And the cook-bird said proudly: "Because I am very much stronger than they."

## She Makes the Moon's Face Dirty.

The moon said, "You will go down, and pick up fallen tree leaves. And then go down again and lay your eggs on the grass and leaves, and settle on the ground, because you have touched me."

Then she said to the moon, "You cannot wash my dirty hand marks upon your beautiful face until the end of the world."

If sometime you will see the moon in the heavens and it looks black on its beautiful face, you will remember that the cook-bird's dirty hand had made it black.

## She Must Always Lay her Eggs on the Ground.

This lucky bird always lays her eggs on the ground. If we go near her, we can hardly see her; seems to be a leaf, because it looks like brown leaves.

And then it will fly away like a butterfly or grasshopper; and then we might understand that it is a bird. She doesn't rest on a tree or lay her egg there like the other birds do.

Its real name is *Torutoruwaga*.

[By Reuben Masiarese, Government Printing Office, Port Moresby. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

## How Fire was First Made.

Where Did the Fire Come From?  
Who Gave it to Them?

Long ago a certain man had two sons. Their names were Ini-Oio and Ana-Oio. They both lived by the seashore. They always used to spear fish, and they dried them in the sun and ate them.

Once the elder said to the younger, "Let us both go somewhere." The younger answered saying, "Yes, but first of all we must get some betel-nut, and then we will start."

In the early morning they started to go to their garden to get some betel-nut. The younger climbed up and got some, and he wanted to come down quickly. He came down so quickly that his feet were like fire. When he got down, he asked his brother what was the cause of the heat. "The sun is not hot," he said; "why did my feet get hot?"

"Why, the sun is cold!" said the elder.

The elder did not believe him. So he climbed up himself; then came down quickly, and found that what his brother had said was quite true.

The elder boy said, "Suppose we get two pieces of soft wood and run them together, they should make fire." They did so and smoke and spark began to rise. They said "Good-luck."

This is the first fire that was made. They used it many ways, but this is the quickest way. The end.

[By Piki Ravu, son of V.C., Hula.]

## From Salamo Hospital.

## Learning from the Doctor.

Last year I told you in one paragraph about our work in hospital. But now the doctor has increased it again. In last year we learned about poison. But the doctor has begun to teach the other things to us. We learned about why the abscess occurs in our bodies, and why we get the boils, and also why the specific ulcer.

They are all caused by germs. Sometimes they enter through into the sore; then afterwards the sore gets bigger. But sometimes they enter through a good skin; then they increase and boil appears. Sometimes the germs enter through in a little vein and get into bigger vein and they increase there in the vein. And blood gets the germs and disperses all over our bodies. Some of them stop in a small vein, or in the muscles, or in the bones, or in the skin. They increase in the same way as boils or deep abscesses occur. That's why we get them.

[By Esekia Vodo Veveloga. Medical Student, Salamo Hospital.]