

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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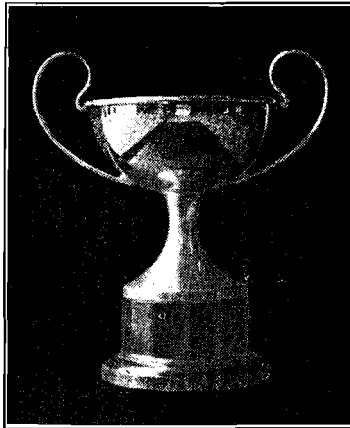
## Cricket

Cricket is growing fast in Papua. More boys—and girls too—are playing every year, and they are playing better and better.

The Port Moresby villages have several clubs; there is a strong team in Samarai; there are good cricketers at Dogura and Fife Bay and Hula. And along the beaches and in the villages you see boys and girls everywhere playing the game. They have three sticks for stumps; their bats they have cut out of wood for themselves; they use all sorts of balls; and their scoring board is on the sand—a little stroke for every run. Someday perhaps, if all these children keep on playing hard, they will be as

good as Kwato, where they really know what cricket is.

In some other countries the natives became so keen on cricket that they forgot almost everything else, even their gardens; and they had to be told to stop playing and do some hard work now and then. But you have not gone as far as that in Papua yet, and you can keep on playing. There is no better way of filling in your spare time than by playing cricket (or football, which is just as good if not better.)



The Silver Cup of the Kavari Cricket Club

Nowadays some of our cricketers are becoming rather like white men. They have made concrete pitches for themselves and they use proper bats and pads and balls, and they wear

long white trousers and caps and blazers. I don't know that the long white trousers make you see the ball any better or hit it any harder. And sometimes a Papuan cricketer looks almost as funny in a pair of trousers as Don Bradman or Jack Hobbs would look in a *sih*. But there is no doubt that the concrete pitch and the real cricket materials help you to play the game.

### The New Kilakila Ground

Kilakila have just finished their new cricket ground and the Governor went to open it. This is what Igo Erna, the Port Moresby Correspondent, says about it:—

"The ground was properly decorated with banana leaves, and a small shelter was put up for His Excellency's abode for a few hours, and one flag-staff was put on the side of the shelter.

The Papuan Ensign was flown immediately on His Excellency's arrival at the ground; and one old Motuan Song was sung by women in honour of the official visit. All the men and women, boys and girls, saluted His Excellency when he came out from the shelter. He went out and had a good look on the pitch, and said, 'This is very well made.' Then he came under shelter, and Councillor Morea-Hoge read the Welcome Address:—

'To Your Excellency.

Thank God that we all meet here this morning, and see one another face to face. We invite you to come here because we have prepared this cricket ground and we all unanimously agreed that you open the place.

We commenced our Cricket Club from the 27th August, 1933, and 49 members subscribed. These members subscribed penny to penny in each week, and from this money we sawed the wood for frame. In 23rd April, 1934, all the wood was ready sawed and we brought it out. We dug the ground and collected stones and sand for mixing the cement. And on 11th November, 1934, we started on the cement work and finished on the same day, and all our labours were finally done. We closed the ground until this morning, and wanted you to open up for us.

We are also asking Your Excellency, do not be angry with us, because we have nothing good to bestow on you this morning. But, in the Name of God, we all meet here and together enjoy this morning on our humble cricket ground.'

His Excellency replied and said, 'I am not

angry, but I am very pleased to see your new cricket ground, on which you have been working hard with patience until it is finished. I am also very pleased because the Papuan natives are keen on cricket games, because it is a very good game. I played cricket games many years ago, but was not a very good player. I would like you to let the women play on this pitch; or if you object to their playing on it, better make a small pitch for them.'

Mr. Percy Chatterton said, His Excellency said that he was not a very good player of the cricket game, but he knew it all right.

His Excellency took the ball and delivered the first ball for opening the pitch to be used by the members. Mr. Uye was the first batsman to hit the ball from His Excellency.

The building of this pitch was suggested by Willie Tamarua, a son of teacher of Kilakila Village."

### The Kavari Cricket Cup

The Kavari club have brought themselves a fine silver cup. They have divided themselves into two teams under Hitolo Hekure and Igo Erna to play for it. Hitolo's side won the first competition and Igo's won the second, after each competition there was a meeting. "A very good feast was prepared for the guests and a good concert was played by the members and very merry singing was sung by the wives of the cricketers."

### Disagreements

Sometimes there is some disagreement among the cricketers. The other day Hula played a match against Hanuabada but there had been trouble between these two teams—about scoring and leg-before and other things—and there was a row, and the match came to a sudden end. But we hope that things will come right and that they will play again. Hula are probably coming to play Hanuabada again on Good Friday.

Then Kavari and Gidare Clubs had a disagreement. Gidare had asked

Kavari to play against them and the game passed off very well; and in the evening (says Toka Gaudi, the Secretary of Kavari:—

"The Gidare Club called us for having a very merry singing together, because they have prepared cups of tea for us. When singing was over, a tea was served and a presentation was made to Kavari cricketers by the Gidare cricketers of some blazers, coats, trousers, shirts, and some native materials."

But the Kavari side were slow in giving a pay back, and at last one of the Gidare men led his fellow cricketers to collect a payment of the articles which they had previously presented to Kavari. He said, 'they had waited for one year, but no sign of invitation to his club.' The Gidare men came away without receiving anything; but soon afterwards the invitation came from Kavari and the match was played. That night there was another party.

In the same evening the merry singing was arranged by the Kavari for Gidare to come and enjoy with them, and also to collect the payment of the articles they had previously given to Kavari.

Permission was obtained from Mr. Lambden for both sides to have singing right up to 11 p.m. When the singing was on, some of Kavari boys cooked two 4-gallon tins of tea and a few loaves of bread were brought for Gidare. After the singing, a payment of the articles was made to Gidare—thus making to cease all the trouble between both Clubs."

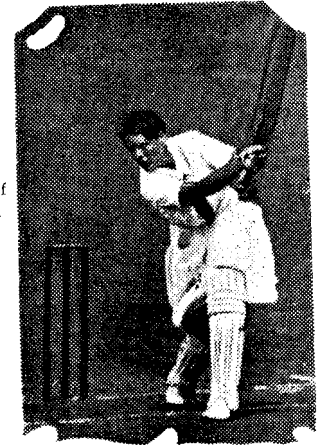
[The Editor has just received an article from Tom English of Samarai, about the new cricket ground at Kwato. It will go in the paper next month.]

### Women's Test Match in Australia

Nowadays women have begun to play cricket like men, and there is a test team of English women in Australia. The English team have won two test matches out of three, so they carry away the "Ashes" (if there are any for the women cricketers).

As far as we know there have not been any rows about "body-line bowling."

One of the Women Cricketers of the English Test Team



The young women of Papua have been playing cricket for a good many years. If they stick at it we may someday be able to send a test team of Papuan women to England. But they will have to learn to bowl properly and stop throwing, or we may be sure that there will be trouble.

### The Rat-Kangaroo

There is a little animal in Australia with the difficult name *Caloprymnus campestris*. It is also called a "rat-kangaroo," though it is not much like a rat.

The little animal jumps like a kangaroo, and it can use its tail as cleverly as a monkey. For it can twist it round and carry grass or leaves with it. It would be very useful for a man or a woman to have a tail like that. You could carry a bundle of spears or a bag of yams with it; or you could swing from a tree-branch like a monkey.

Has any reader seen a rat-kangaroo in Papua, one that can use its tail for carrying things?

## The King's Silver Jubilee

On the 6th of next month, King George will have ruled the Empire for 25 years. This year, then, is what we call his "Silver Jubilee."

There will be great processions and feasts in England; and people from all over the Empire will go to see them. The ships of the navy will come together and show themselves before the King. Hundreds of aeroplanes will fly about. And more than 20,000 soldiers will drill together. The King will give another "broadcast" (like the Christmas broadcast you read about in the last *Villager*); and it is hoped that the Queen will also speak, so that the people of the Empire may hear her voice as well as King George's.

Next month the Silver Jubilee will be really on and we shall tell you more about it.

## Death of Igo Erua

We are very sorry to tell of the death of Igo Erua, one of our Native Correspondents and a very good friend of *The Papuan Villager*. In the next issue we will say something about the work he did for the Native Affairs Department, the Poreporena Council, and the Kavari Cricket Club.

## Prince Henry in Fiji

After leaving Australia, Prince Henry returned to England on the warship, *Australia*. On his way across the Pacific Ocean he stopped at Fiji. As you know, the people of Fiji are natives something like yourselves. More than 60 years ago they asked Queen Victoria to look after

their island, and so it became part of the British Empire. Now, when Prince Henry came to see them, they gave him a great welcome because he is a grandson of Queen Victoria.

There was a guard of honour of white men, Indians, and Fijians. The Fijians wore white sulus and bright red tunics. They must have looked very smart.

### Drinking Kava

There was a big feast to welcome the Prince, and the Fijians gave him a whale's tooth; and they gave him fruit and vegetables (just as you would); and then they gave him a cup of *kava* to drink. (*Kava* is the same as *gamada* among our Kiwai).

Drinking *kava* in Fiji is a great business. The guest of honour has the first bowl; and when Prince Henry had drunk the last drop he had to throw the bowl down on the ground in the old-time fashion, and all the people gave a loud shout as he did so.

### Prince Henry Eating with his Fingers

Later on there was another feast in native fashion. The Prince sat on the ground and the food was spread out on bauana leaves. There were fish, crabs, crayfish and different kinds of vegetables. And there weren't any knives and forks. Prince Henry ate with his fingers as the natives did.

## Looking for Gold in Papua

A lot of white men are searching for gold in many parts of Papua. Last month a party of five men left Port Moresby for the Fly River. They are known as the Oroville Expedition and their leader is Mr. Ward Williams, who has been mining near Kokoda.

Mr. Cowley is going with them and taking some armed constables, because they are going through new country.

This Oroville Expedition has its own launch, and it will get an aeroplane which can come down on either the ground or the water. They are taking with them two "wireless pedal sets." To send a wireless message you must make some "power," and this can be made by sitting on a thing

not blow the inside out of it. He put it away on a shelf and forgot all about it. But a week or so after he heard a noise and on the shelf he found a baby cassowary.

### A Baby Crocodile

Quite recently a European girl paid a visit to the Solomon Islands not far away from here. She brought back a number of things to show her friends in Australia, and among them was a crocodile's egg. She put it away with her clothes in a cupboard, and left it there. Later on when she opened the cupboard she got a big fright, for there was a young crocodile 12 inches long. The crocodile has been sent to the Sydney Zoo.



Some Papuan Women Cricketers

like a bicycle and pushing the pedals round. Instead of having a motor you have a boy and fill him up now and then with food and drink instead of benzine.

### Collecting Eggs

White boys are great ones for collecting birds eggs. They get as many different kinds as they can and keep them; but they usually make a hole in each end of the egg and blow the inside out, so that they only keep the shell.

Some time ago a white man in Papua got a cassowary's egg and did

## The Cuscus Competition

The result of the Cuscus Competition was not very good. Only six people sent in articles. They were Kedeia Tom of Aroua, Tore Opa of Isulelei; Taumata of Hula (staying at Lawes College), Karava Marase of Moru (at Technical School, Fife Bay); Prudence Toricheba of Catholic Mission, Yule Island; and Boe Naima, telephone boy at Port Moresby.

We put in the articles written by the first two. The Editor does not know whether the things written about the cuscus are all quite true. One boy said that "it has four legs and a tail." There can be no question about that.

But some other statements are rather doubtful. One writer says that cuscus "enjoy very much playing, singing, whistling;" and that "The young ones are very happy. They are told stories."

No one said much about the beautiful fur of the animal. The male is usually spotted and that is why he is given the long name of *phalanger maculatus maculatus* (you can always use this name instead of "cuscus" if you like long words). The female usually has no spots, but a sort of black-grey fur on her back.

The cuscus moves about slowly. One native writer says it can catch rats, but I don't think the most lively cuscus could do that. Another writer says that the cuscus "sometimes has more babies than cat"; but I think the others are right when they say, it has one only.

#### Another Competition

We shall give you another competition, and hope that more people will enter for it and that they will tell us something more of what they know. You natives ought to know a lot about the animals that live in your own country. The white people who read *The Papuan Villager* will expect to hear something good from you. This time you can teach the white man something if you try. Just show him what you can do.

#### Collecting Insects in Papua

Not long ago a white woman went back from Papua to England with 42,000 insects in her baggage. She was Miss Cheesman, whom some of you may have met in this country. She took her insects to the British Museum, and with them she had

many different kinds of snakes and crabs and other creatures.

Some white people make it their business to know all about the different creatures— animals, birds, fishes and insects — that live on the earth and they make long journeys in hard places to find them. Miss Cheesman climbed the mountains in Papua because she wanted to find out what kind of things lived up there in the high cold places. Some of her insects came from mountains 9,000 feet high.

### Competition The Crocodile

A prize of 5s. will be given for the best article on the crocodile. We do not want an old-time story. We want you to write about the crocodile itself, what it looks like; what it does; where it lives, what it eats, and so on. Articles must reach the Editor by 20th June.

#### The Wild Turkey and the Gold

Some of you may have heard the European story about the goose that laid the golden eggs. I doubt whether there ever was such a goose, but in Canada the other day a wild turkey did nearly as well. A man killed one and sold it; and the man who bought it found three "nuggets" of gold inside it. The second man wanted to know where the first man had found the turkey; but the first man wouldn't tell him, and now he has gone off to the place where that turkey lived in the hope of finding some nuggets lying about.

People are always looking for gold and they find it in some strange

places. Perhaps it will be worth while looking more carefully inside the scrub hen when you kill one next time.

#### An Old Chinese Bowman

Some time ago there was a great meeting for sports in Shantung, China. Thirty thousand people were there to look on. Among the sports they had a shooting competition with



A Captive Crocodile, Northern Division

bow and arrows; and the winner was a man 96 years old. He must have been a steady old boy to be able to shoot straight at that age. I don't think anyone in Papua would claim to be as old as 96; and if he did I am sure he would not be able to shoot very straight.

#### Loss of a Pearling Fleet

There has been a very big wind on the West of Australia and a fleet of pearling boats has been smashed up. Many boats were sunk and probably more than 100 men have been drowned.

#### Native Contributions

##### A Story About the Cuscus

I will tell you a little about the cuscus. I saw some cuscus at Abau Government station when Mr. Flint was there, they were afraid when we went near them and I can't remember how many were there. I suppose you all have seen a cuscus, it has two big watery eyes, and has a sharp nose, and has nice soft fur, and has nails on its claws.

It has a long tail with fur. When it goes

from branch to branch it uses its tail as another hand.

The cuscus sleeps all day and gets its food at night. It eats young leaves of the mangoes, pandanus fruit and many kinds of berries and young coconuts too. It makes its nest in hollows of trees and covers it with leaves so it will be dry in the rainy season.

It does look after its little one well. It has a pouch like wallabies have; so when the little one is born, the mother puts it inside the pouch. It sucks the teat from inside the pouch while staying there, until the time when it is old enough and strong enough to go about and get food. The mother cuscus teaches its little one all the kinds of food that they eat and berries also. The mother goes about with him, when the little one crawls about from branch to branch to find food. When the mother thinks that her little one is old

enough to look after itself and find food, she takes the little one to a different place about a mile away and leaves it there for a night, so that it can find food for itself. Then in the morning she comes back to her little one and has a sleep for the last day. Then she takes her young one out again and leaves it alone and goes right away; never sees it again all through their life.

[By Kedeia Tom, London Missionary Society, Pelagai, Aroa. This article receives 2s. 6d., half the prize.]

## Story About the Cuscus

Dear Readers,

These few lines I let you know. One day of the last year in summer I went into the bush to cut some cane for making chairs and baskets. So I went up to the waterfall and walked through the big trees, looking for cane. At last I saw a cane which climbed right up a big tree. Then I climbed that tree to cut it down, where it grew in very long lengths up among the branches. I lifted up my eyes and saw a cuscus was asleep on top of the tree.

That time I was very glad. I said myself, "Ah, it is my evening meat!" when I saw that big fat cuscus and its bright salmon pink colour. Then I climbed slowly upward to it because I wanted to cut it with my knife. At once it heard my clang, so it woke up and jumped down to the lower branch, then ran into its cage (tree fork).

It is very clever. It gets its food at night time. The cuscus has big watery eyes and it sleeps all day. In day light they do not sleep soundly, but slumber.

In our district the boys take their bows and arrows and go to find the cuscus in the bush. If they see the cuscus they shoot them with bows and arrows. Sometimes it takes the arrow and throws it back down to the boy or man who shot it.

They look very nice in their colours. The mother has only one baby at a time. She does not have a lot at one time like a pig or dog. They are very fond of their young ones, like our fathers and mother are fond of us. They keep them in the tree fork, when they

are born. It eats the fruits, young leaves, and gum of trees. The cuscus has a long tail and uses it as another hand. When it goes from branch to branch it cannot fall down, because it twists its tail around the branches.

That's all I can write.

[By Tore Opa, of L.M.S. Technical School, Isuleilei, Fife Bay, E.D. This article receives 2s. 6d., half the first prize.]

## The Prize for the best Village

Tapara has won the prize for the best village in the Gulf Division this year. Mr. Mack Rich went out and looked and found that village beautifully clean. So the Resident Magistrate, Mr. Zimmer, gave the prize money.

The people had planted very good flowers, and built up very straight-line houses, and in front of every house they had a tin or pot full of green palm leaves. Tapara was properly dressed up for the prize-giving.



### Proud

Tapara was very proud because they won prize. The people often say, "We are very happy and glad, because the Government people they gave us a very good prize." My dear friends, our readers, will you do your best to win it for yours?

### Holiday

Our English parents and their little son, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, went down to Sydney to have holiday there. They left Moru on Sunday, 28th October by s.s. *Papuan Chief*. We were both joyful and sad. We said, "Good-bye our English parents and little one, we hope God will help your first journey!" But they came back to our district in the month of March, 1935.

[By Posu Semesevita, c/o. L.M.S., Moru, G.D.]

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