# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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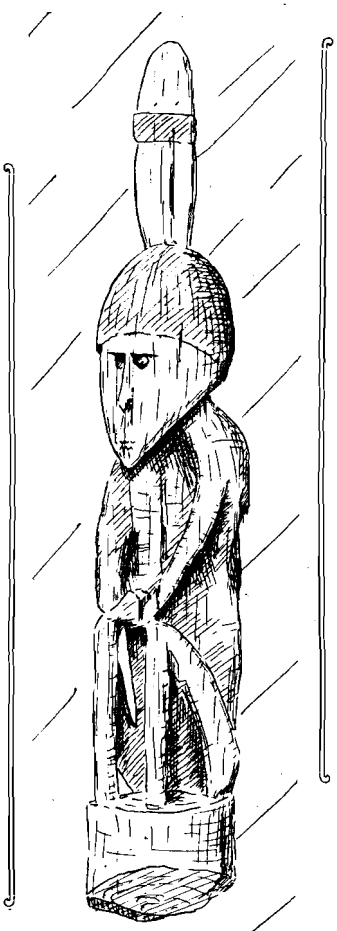
## CLOTHES.

IF you could look around and see all the people in the world you would find that many of them wore clothes all over their bodies; and that many wore hardly any clothes at all. And you would find that the people who wore a lot of clothes were those who had light or fair skins; and those who wore very few, were mostly people with dark skins. Now there is a good reason for this. The dark people nearly all live in the hotter parts of the world, like Papua, where they do not have to trouble much about keeping warm. And, on the other hand, they do not have to fear the sun; for somehow or other these people have got dark skins, so that the strong sunlight will not burn them.

### *White Men's Clothes.*

The ancestors of the white people have lived for many years past in the colder parts of the world, where they had to wear clothes to keep themselves warm. Why they have white skins we do not really know; but they have to wear these clothes in their own country; and so they have made a custom of it. All white people wear clothes.

You might say that when they come to live in Papua they could leave them off if they wanted to, because in Papua it is easy to keep nice and warm. But they can't by any means. Most Europeans have to keep themselves well covered up in Papua—not because of the cold, but because of the fierce sunlight. A brown man is protected against the sun by his brown skin; but if a white man walked about with nothing on, the skin would come off his back, his lips would crack and his nose would peel, and he might be very ill. In the hot country, therefore, as well as the cold country, the white man has to wear clothes.



CARVED FIGURE FROM THE OLD AQUEDUCT, WAMIRA.

In the same way he has to wear a hat on his head. Your ancestors and his ancestors were very different people. Somehow you have got the sort of head and hair that protects you from the sunlight. But the white man has a different kind of head, because his ancestors lived in a country where the sun was not so strong. And if a white man walks about in Papua with nothing on his head he will be "sun-struck"; and that is a very terrible thing.

Then again the white people for many ages have worn boots on their feet. It is now their habit and they cannot do without them. The Papuan climbs the hills and crosses the swamps and rivers with nothing on his feet. Sometimes he dashes his foot against a stone, or sometimes he runs a sago thorn or a sharp stick into his leg because he has no boots. But perhaps he is just as well off without them. A white man wears leather boots with brass nails, but he cannot walk so quickly or so surely or so far; and when he comes to a slippery log across a stream he wishes he was a bare-footed Papuan. A Papuan once went out walking with me and he put on a pair of old white shoes that another white man had given him. He liked himself very well in these shoes when we started. But when he had fallen down three times because the shoes were so strange to

him, he took them off and put them in his bag and finished the walk like a Papuan.

Altogether it seems that it is a proper thing for white men to wear clothes and bats and boots, and a proper thing for Papuans to do without them.

*Clothes for Decency.*

Now most Papuans wear some clothes, even in the most far-away villages. In some places, it is true, they walk about with nothing on at all; in other places they go so far as to wear a piece of string (if you can call that clothing); in other places they wear a strip of bark-cloth, or a pandanus leaf. These are their fashions, and they are perfectly good fashions. But when there are white people about, most Papuans are expected to wear a little more in the way of dress. This is because Europeans have very strong ideas about men and women covering themselves —more or less. They say they have to be "decent." If a man walked into B.P.'s store with nothing on him but a string, the white people would be very shocked; in fact many of them would be too ashamed to look at him. They would say he was not decent, and I am afraid they would kick him out.

Papuans come to understand this very quickly. They don't like doing what the white man thinks disgraceful; so they mostly wear a new kind of dress that the white man approves of—the calico loin-cloth (*rami* or *sulu*)—and the white men think that this dress is quite enough. The Government has made a good law that you are to wear *ramis* where there are many white people about.

*Singlets.*

But it is a pity that a great many Papuans wear other clothes as well. The Government says that singlets may be worn by signed-on boys, if their masters allow them; by Mission people; and by others if they have a special permit. Of course those boys, like policemen, who work for the Government may wear them too. There are good reasons why these boys should wear singlets or jumpers. But there is no reason for the native in his

When a boy works for a white man he has to keep his clothes clean and change them when they are wet. But the villager sometimes wears his singlet till it is dirty and ragged; and sometimes he gets it wet in the rain and leaves it on—and that is a sure way of catching a cold. In fact if you don't know how to look after your clothes they can only do you harm. It is far better to be almost naked, like your fathers, than to keep your body covered with dirty cotton singlets.

If the villagers wore singlets only when they were cold it would not matter so much. But often we see them wearing singlets when they are hot and streaming with sweat. I almost believe that some Papuans think they look nice in their dirty singlets, but I can tell you that a boy in a singlet—even a clean one—looks a poor fish beside a boy with a good clean Papuan skin polished with coconut oil.

## Armistice Day.

THE eleventh day of November, which is the eleventh month of the year, is called "Armistice Day." It is called that because on this day, eleven years ago now, the nations who were fighting in the Great War signed an "Armistice"; that means that they all signed a paper in which they agreed to stop fighting. And you may be sure that everyone —those who fought on the battlefields and those who waited at home —were mighty glad.

Ever since the people have remembered this day. They stop work for two minutes at eleven o'clock. In Port Moresby the church bell rang and the *Morinda*, which was at the wharf, blew her whistle. Then all the people stopped work (though some who are very fond of work forgot all about "Armistice Day" and went on). Then after two minutes of silence the church bell rang again and the *Morinda* blew her whistle again, and everything went on as usual. So at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month the people stand quiet and think about the Great War, and all the thousands of men who were [illegible] again, they feel glad that it is all over, and I expect they say to themselves, "I hope we shall never be such fools as to have another."

This is not an old custom of the white men; it has been done only these last ten years. But some day it will be an old custom, for every year they will do the same on the eleventh of November. And nowadays all the nations are putting their heads together and thinking how they can make war impossible. For nobody with any brains likes a war much, whether they win or whether they are beaten. And yet nations and people sometimes lose their tempers and lose their heads, and there they are, at it again!

In Papua the people always used to be at war—in a small way it is true, though many people were killed. But there is a strong Government that forbids war among Papuans and sends you to gaol if you make it. It is bad luck perhaps for the great nations that they have not got one big Government to forbid war all over the world. But they are agreeing among themselves that it is a bad thing, and we all hope that the Great War was really the last one.

## Wood Carving.

ON the front page you see a picture of one of the carved figures or images on the old Wamira Aqueduct. On page 6 you will read how the villagers gave the two figures to the Government when the new aqueduct was opened last year. They are about 3 feet high. They are being kept safe by the Government, as a sign of the old times.

The new aqueduct may be better than the old one for carrying water, but it will be a pity if it has no wooden images. These two figures stood guard, like a couple of policemen, over the old aqueduct. I hope the new one will have two new figures, carved as well as these old ones, to look after it. Perhaps the Wamira people will cut out two more, and paint them red, and stick them up. Then perhaps one of the Missionaries will take a photo, and everyone would be glad to see it in *The Papuan Villager.*

## Physical Pride.

IN *The Papuan Villager* of 15th August, you saw pictures and read about the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides. You were told how Sir Robert Baden-Powell first started the Scouts and why he did it. Later on, if you come to read some of the books that the Chief-Scout (that is, Sir Robert Baden-Powell) wrote for Scouts, you will find that he thought it was good for boys and girls to have clean healthy minds and bodies; for without these things, how could a nation of people become strong and able to do big things?

Perhaps just now there is not a troop for you to join, but, if any boy or girl would like to be as the Chief Scout would like them (and I'm sure every Papuan boy and girl does), here is a start you can make this very day. In your employment or your village, wherever you happen to be, make up your mind that you are going to take a pride in your own body. Try to look at yourself as another boy or girl sees you—see if you can find some faults; then think what it is you have to do to look and feel as well as the best boy or girl you know of. For example if you have a small sore, don't wait until it grows big and nasty, attend to it right away. If you cannot attend to it yourself, you will always find someone who is willing to help you, like the Hospitals, the Doctors, and the Medical Patrols you read about in *The Papuan Villager*. Very many Papuans do look after their bodies and are always well and happy. But some forget how very wonderful their body is, forget too perhaps that it is the only one they have, and that when they grow old much will depend on how they have lived during their younger days.

If you look on page 5 you will see some pictures of boys doing exercises. You will notice that they are very happy because in some of the pictures you can see them smiling. Perhaps you will meet one of these boys some day, most of them are medical boys and may come to your village.

If you do meet them just ask how it feels to be sure you are well. If you want to be sure of it, do only that which you think is best, and do not do that which you know very well is no good for you.

Now if all Papuan boys and girls will try hard to learn to be clean, healthy, and happy, they too will be sure to win and will produce a fine race of people. Ask your teacher or your taubada what "Physical Pride" means, and when he tells you, tell your friends—do not keep all of a good thing to yourself.

—"*J.N.W.*"

## Canoe Racing.

THE Port Moresby Aquatic Club has finished the year and the Club Cup has been won by the canoe *Laurabada*.

RESULTS:

*Laurabada*, 24 points; *Johnnie Walker*, 21 points; *Canoedler*, 20 points; *Aega*, 16 points; *Avalon* and *Kaione*, 14 points; *Manumanu*, 12 points; *Sirina* and *Kwadi Kwadi*, 10 points; *Masi Mauri*, 9 points; *Sea Serpent*, 8 points; *Gay Kekeni*, 7 points; *Korea*, 3 points; *Napa Napa*, —.

The Vieusseux Cup was won by *Kaione* (8 points), with *Sea Serpent* and *Manumanu* second (5 points each).

## A little Chat about Promises.

WHITE people say that the Papuans will never do much good for themselves or anybody else until they learn how to keep their promises and this is true. But if you could understand how good it would be for you to teach yourselves to keep your promises, you would surely try always to do this. Promises are made about every kind of business; and the white people have learned how necessary it is to try their very hardest to always do what they have said they will do (or promised). If they did not keep their promises the world would quickly become a terrible and dangerous place to live in. This writing is to try and show you how important promises are.

A very sick man goes to the doctors, and these doctors find out that there is something wrong inside him that will kill the man unless he is opened up in one hour. So they send a message to the kind of doctor (called a surgeon) who understands how to open people and cut them inside; and this surgeon promises that he will come and attend to the sick man at once. If that surgeon did not come quickly—as he promised—that sick man would surely have died.

Now suppose a steamer got fast on a reef and the tide was falling. Her captain could see that unless some other steamer came to help him when the tide rose again his steamer would be smashed up. So he calls by wireless all about, and another steamer hears his call and promises to try and reach him by the time the next tide rises. If he manages to do this the steamer is pulled off before the storm comes and smashes her up.

Sometimes a man sees a way of making a lot of money or making a big business, but he has not enough money to start this business. He will then go to people or stores who know him well, and tell them about the matter. If he has always kept his promises to them before and they know he is not a liar, they will lend him the money or the "trade" to start his business; or they may lend it for one month, or three months, or even a longer time. For they know that as soon as this man can get the money to pay them back he will hurry to square up. But if this man had a bad name or did not pay his debts before, nobody would believe him, and he could not get the money or things to start the business, no matter how good it looked or how strong he promised.

Some people will promise to do anything without thinking whether they will want to do what they say, or whether they are able to do it. This sort of person breaks his promises without feeling ashamed. Other people say of him that his promises are just like egg-shells, because they are easily broken. So before you make any promise you should think a little to be sure that you will be able to keep your promise. If you cannot be sure, say so.

New Guinea people are very bad promisers, so they make the white people here lose a lot of time and sometimes a lot of money. If a white person finds a "boy" whom he can trust to do what he promises, or who

[*Continued on page 6.*]

[*Continued from page 3.*]

will be where he says he will be just when he says he will be there, he knows that he can depehd on that boy. And this helps him so much in his business that he is very glad to pay that "boy" much better wages. So try and teach yourselves to be careful about what you promise and always try your best to do what you promise.

—"*Lagani-Namo.*"

[The name of "*Lagani-Namo*" was left out after the article "Improving the Breed" in the last issue, and the Editor wishes to apologize for this mistake.]

## The Wamira Aqueduct.

ALL gardeners know that their plants must have water or they die. But sometimes the sun shines too hot and fierce, and the clouds won't do their work and send down the rain. Then the gardener has to sit and see his plants wither, and he knows that his yams will be small ones: and by and by he will go hungry.

### *Irrigation.*

But long ages ago some gardeners made a discovery. They saw their gardens dry and dying, and they thought, "Why wait for the rain which doesn't come? Why not bring the water onto our gardens by our own work?" So they turned aside the streams that flowed on the hill sides; and they led the water by channels or "races" down to their gardens on the flat.

This discovery was called "irrigation." It has not been very widely known in Papua. There is only one place where it has been done well; and that is about Wamira and Boianai on the North-East coast. There the people knew of irrigation long ago.

In one place they had to lead the water across a small valley to bring it to the gardens. You can easily make water go down one side of a valley but you can't make it climb up the other side. So the people had to make a bridge or an "aqueduct." They hollowed out tree-trunks, like canoes and laid them on wooden posts (*see* page 4), and the water ran straight across. The ancestors of the Wamira people must have had good heads to think of such a thing. But the "races" and the wooden aqueduct did not always act very well, and the gardens sometimes failed. So now with the help of Mission and Government they have a new scheme of irrigation. Clement Wadidika, of Wamira, has written about it as follows:—

### *About Aqueduct and Pipe.*

A long time ago, the Wamira people dammed the water at the back of the Uruam River.

The people dammed the water with stones, earth and grass, so the water would run to their gardens; they also dug a drain, the water followed the drain into their gardens.

In one place there is a big gully on the South-West; the men carved two images. They put four posts into the ground and two of the posts had images on, and two of them had none. And they made four holes in the posts and put two strong poles through the holes to lay the aqueduct on.

When everything was ready to be put up for the aqueduct, all the men and women and children decorated themselves and went up to it; also the old men and women and children sat on the ground and watched the men making it. Some men tied together strong sticks to stand on and put up the new aqueduct on. But it would not stay long before it would be in holes, and the water would all run down the hig river and not into the gardens. So they stopped planting there, for the water was not running into their gardens.

In those times they had small places to plant their food; and it was a very little, but they had enough to keep them. But now (*because of the new aqueduct*) they make big gardens and have plenty of food. And now they will never make an aqueduct again.

### *Pipes.*

Some years ago the village constable came to Miss Forman and spoke to her; his name is Lionel Didibara. He said to her, "The Wamira people are wanting pipes for their gardens, if you would write to the Government and ask them if they would give them pipes or not."

So Miss Forman talked it over with the Government and they said "Yes, they would give them pipes to help them in their gardens."

On the 12th of July, 1926, the Surveyors came and measured the land at Gwagwamore for the pipes, they worked at it for four days measuring the land and when they finished they went away.

In a few months afterwards the Government began to send pipes and cement to them by the *Nivani* and put them off at Garala. And the Wamira men carried them up to Gwagwamore and put them in one place; and they built a little house so the rain would not spoil the cement.

In 1927 they began to work at it. All the men dug earth and carried pebbles and the school children carried sand to help their fathers for to mix the cement.

Our Missionary the Rev. A. H. Lambton was in charge of it. They laid the pipes and screwed them together, and made the cement pipes to join it with the proper pipes. He went there every day until the cement pipes were finished. Mr. Lambton and the Wamira people laid the piping till it was finished.

On 20th of April, 1928, the Bishop and Mr. Lambton and all the Missionaries from Dogura and Doubina came round to Wamira by the *Nivani* Government launch, with the Samarai Government and Baniara Government. Samarai, Mr. Lyons, R.M.; Baniara, Mr. Atkinson, A.R.M., and Mrs. Atkinson came. All the people here, men and women and children and some of the Wedau people, we went up to Gwagwamore at 9 a.m.

Some Wamira men went to dam the water, and we waited until about 2 o'clock. Then the water came. Then we all went to the cement pipes and Mr. Lyons spoke to the people, about the pipes which Mr. Lambton had worked at, he had been very kind to them and helped them. He told them that Miss Forman wanted the pipes to come and save the Wamira people. The Government gave them as a present. In these pipes they would get water for their gardens, to water them; they should work hard in their gardens and get plenty of food to live on, and feed their children well. He told them about all their New Guinea customs.

Afterwards the Bishop turned the water tap and the water ran through the pipes. Then we sang a hymn in Wedauan 131 "*Marina ata God*" and said prayers; and he blessed the pipes, the ground, and people, and we all returned to our homes at 3.30 p.m.

Some time after all the Wamira men collected five shillings each and they got the sum of £22, and gave it to the Government; also they gave the Government two images that were on the aqueduct.

The village policeman Lionel Didibara went up to Gwagwamore and cut the images off, then got everything ready before the *Maclaren King* arrived from the North. He asked the Bishop if he and Eric could go on board and take the images to Mr. Lyons. Then the Bishop let them go and they took the images to the Government at Samarai.

And now two men Lionel Didibara and Jeremiah Bonagadona have begun ploughing their grounds for planting.

There are many places in Papua where the people could irrigate their gardens if they tried. The Government has not got enough money to supply pipes and concrete to everyone. But you could do a great deal with races as the Wamira and Boianai people did. If you can get water onto your gardens you need not be afraid of the dry season.

"The Papuan Villager."

SUBSCRIPTIONS should be forwarded to the Government Printer and are as follows:—Posted Within the Territory, 2s. a year. Posted Beyond the Territory, 3s. a year.

## An Apology to a Contributor.

THE Editor has to apologize to Taunao Agaru, teacher at Poreporena School, who had a story in last month's issue. The story was "Bemutabu and Abatabu," and it won the 5s. prize. In the story, Bemutabu caught and killed a cuscus; and when he brought it home he stopped at a water-well near the village in order to "sweal" it. The Editor had never heard the word "sweal." He was sure the writer had made a mistake; and, after thinking a long time, he decided that Taunao Agaru had meant to write "swill," which means "rinse" or "wash." But Taunao Agaru had not made a mistake. For "sweal" is a good word in the "dictionary." Taunao has sent me a letter in which he says, "I saw a word called sweal, means scorch, to clean and burning of animal's hair." (So that "swill" was a bad guess.) Bemutabu did not stay to wash his cuscus; he wanted to burn the hair off, i.e., scorch it before cutting it up. It seems then that Taunao Agaru won, and the Editor lost.

## The Story of a Steep at Iawarere.

IN our travelling with Mr. Walsbe, the E.T.M.A., to Iawarere, we have ascended a mountain. We saw a steep over there, and we tried to go down to have look the bottom of it. So Taubada Mr. Walshe, Morea Toua and myself have tried start to go down the bottom. We left Vaita at the camp.

When we got down from that steep I was afraid, the reason I might fall down and hurt myself. In a little while we got the bottom of it, and we look up to the top. It's about 40 feet from the top to bottom, and we also saw three holes and got entrance; but there was very dark. And then Taubada Mr. Walshe told us to try get inside the first hole. Then we tried to get in, but it was very dark as night. So we light couple of lamps and one torch. When we were going inside of the hole, we have found a quite clean walls in both side; and a drain inside that hole so cool water as ice running over; and the ferns growing very nicely; and the flying-fox flying over the top of our heads, there about a million of them. So we went little further. Then Mr. Walshe says to us, to go back the entrance; so we went back. But we didn't reach the end before we return. When we got the entrance again, we all says Good luck, and found fresh hreath again. We walked about 200 yards inside that hole and return.

And about 9 a.m. Tauhada Mr. Walshe again said to us, to go inside another hole. So we got inside at 9 a.m. and walked through the hole with our lamps in hands. And we also saw the same as before. The inside we can see them very beautiful, just the same as a saloon of the steamer, still in the hole. Taubada Mr. Walshe then fire his little gun to the flying-fox. When he was doing this, we was very very surprised we thought it was thunder or ground might have broken down. But Taubada say to us, "No it was my gun; I have shooting a flying-fox." When we heard that we very glad. And Tauhada say to us again, to go back. Then we have return from 500 yards without reaching the end. When we got entrance of the hole, we says again Good luck. Then we got up again to the top of the steep, and found Vaita at camp. This place is about 16 miles from Sugeri.

[By Udu Mea, of Hánuabada, cookboy for Mr. Walshe, E.T.M.A., Misima, S.E.D. This article wins the 5s. prize.]

## The Girl and the Sharks.

ON Sunday the 29th of September, 1929, a boy called Tehi, he saw a lot of sharks on reef, about three feet high the deep (*in water about 3 feet deep*). He ran in to the village. He asked the other people, "Can we try to catch the sharks?" They all said, "Yes, we will go." And they took their net as they went and they put the net into the water. Some of the boys and the girls drove the sharks into the net. A lot of sharks get inside. One of the girls she was standing by the net. One of these shark came to her bit her right leg; and the rest of the sharks broke the net. And they carried the wounded girl to the house.

At three o'clock we went to the village; had prayers there. We had finished that, and we heard a great noise. Then we asked them, "What is matter, you are making great noise?" They said "Oh, a shark came and bit the girl by her leg." And we told to them, "It is your fault."

[By Lupa, schoolboy, Mailu Island.]

## The Man and the Carpet Snake.

A man, his name was Aremo. In the morning he went to hunt in the bush, with his dog. A very big carpet snake lay under a cotton tree (*vari*), and Aremo came with the dog near the carpet snake. And then the carpet snake rose up and killed the man. And the carpet snake took him up on the tree. But all of his dogs stayed and waited for their master under the tree. And the wife waited for her husband in night till next morning.

In the morning the woman told all of the village men to gather together in one place; and called all the birds also. And all the birds came in. But the Magpie (*koisere*), he is ploughing in his garden; and they also call him. When they called him he only eat a young coconut and went to them. And they were all come under the tree. All the birds' captain was Magpie; and the Magpie sent them to kill the carpet snake. But all the birds were afraid of the carpet snake. Some of the little birds who live together (called *komure*), these birds were threw (*swooped ?*) down and killed the carpet snake. But the eye-ball of the carpet snake was fly (*flew up ?*) and sat on a tree, and said to the people, "When you went hunting, I used to kill you and eat you; and when you were in gardens, I used to kill you and eat you up. But you are strong and kill me, and I am a little carpet snake now. When you go hunting I will kill the dogs and kangaroos and wallabies."

[Told to Ome Ravao, L.M.S. teacher at Geabada, by O'oru Hau.]

## A Letter from Misima.

*THE following is written by Peter John about Misima. He has gone there to be Native Clerk in the Magistrate's Office. He says he met the magistrate and his wife and children when he got there.*

They were all quite well and the place is very nice and beautiful, not very much hotter than Port Moresby. Sometimes we could see the sun, sometimes the cloud covered the sun so we couldn't see the sun. On the 30th July, 1929, that was Tuesday, Mr. Berge the R.M. told me to take a spare day to walk over to the Mission Teacher's place; also he sent one Policeman to come with me. That Policeman's name is Jim. So we went away our little travelling. There was about a mile or two, then we have arrived a small village called Gaibobo, and we ask the people the track to go to the place where Mission Teacher living. So they pointed out to me. Then we went up to the place, and we met the Mission Teacher; there was an old man from Fiji. He told me and say he has twenty-four years in Papua since when he was unmarried man. But now he was very old man, also he married a native girl at Misima. We stayed there about couple hours and went back to the Bwagaoia about 3 o'clock noon. Good place, and the Mr. Berge the R.M., and the Mr. Horan the A.R.M., they both quite good man in the Government's Service at here, Misima, with their wives and children.

I have started to help the Native Labour work at Bwagaoia, S.E.D., on the 1st August, 1929, and so on.

[By Peter John, native clerk, R.M.'s Office, Bwagaoia.]

**SOME boys have sent in their money two or three times. That is a mistake. 2s. will buy "The Papuan Villager" for a whole year.**

**Each boy will be told when to send his money again.**

## The Fairy Man and the *Dauro* Tree.

THE Fairy Man got food from his garden and put in the canoe; and he came to village. He saw the children and said, "You others will not come; but you two children come with me. I want you." And the two children said, "Our food?" and the Fairy Man said "I brought your food; your father and mother sent it to you." The children say, "All right, we go"; and they go by the canoe.

Children paddled the canoe; the Fairy Man sat on the top of the canoe. And they go far away. Fairy Man said, "I want to cook the food to eat." He cooked the food with fish, and he took it out of the pot and ate. He had good food and fish; the children's food was bad, and fish-bone and skin he put for them. Fairy Man said to children, "Come, have food." They came to eat and Fairy Man paddled the canoe. The children said, "Where is our food?" and he said "See there." And the children said "All right," we have the food," and they ate.

Then they said, "Grandfather, come up and sit down; we take the oar for our canoe." They wanted to go up the river; and the Fairy Man he was asleep, so they went up the river. And the children see the *dauro* in the water. First-born picked it up and said, "Grandfather, what is this?" And Fairy Man said, "Give me!" He took it and put it in his mouth and fruit go down at once, and he was asleep again.

They went up the river, and another *dauro* came by in the water; and first-born picked it up. Fairy Man was asleep, so he brake it, and one side gave to his brother; and he had other side. As they go up the river they see the *dauro* tree. And children said, "Grandfather, see the *dauro* tree!" And Fairy Man said "We will live at the tree"; so they landed their canoe.

Fairy Man said to children, "Who will climb up for us?" And first-born climbed up and went to the branch, and he said "*Agai, agai*! White ants bite me!" Fairy Man said, "Come down! Why are you not strong?" He told the second-born to climb up. He climbed up to the branch, and same words: "*Agai, agai*! White ants bite me!" And Fairy Man said, "Come down; I will try to see it." And he climped up and said, "Where, where white ants?" and children said, "Where are they gone?" And he shook the tree and fruit fell to the ground; and two children picked it up and put it in the top of their canoe. The Fairy Man stay in the top of *dauro* tree, and children took a spear and hit the *dauro* tree. They hit two times and the *dauro* tree was very very bigger (*grew very much taller*) and the man—how can he come down?

Children wanted to come back again to their own village, and they left Fairy Man in the *dauro* tree. And he said, "Children they go far away. What shall I do?" And he fell down by himself and he died. His bone and skin make the little pieces, and white ants come and make them better again.

And Fairy Man took a bundle of sticks and he ran after children. He found them, and he threw the stick and hit the canoe and he brake it. The children they make it again good, and the man finished the sticks (*threw them all away*?)

Children they go far away, and they saw a small river, and they made a bridge. Fairy Man ran after them and found them. They stay on other side of the water. And he came to them and he said, "O grand-children, you wait for me"; and they said "Yes, we wait for you." He said, "Bring the canoe!" And they said, "You come over the bridge!" And he came to the middle, and the bridge broke, and he fell down to the water, and a lot of fishes ate him up.

[By Randolph Namuri, mission teacher at Kewansasaf, Wanigela.]

## Story of Two Men (the Sun and the Moon)

*and why the Moon comes up first and the Sun afterwards.*

LONG, long ago tbe sun and the moon were men. Once upon a time a village had a great feast, and the chief of that village sent his messages to his friends to come to his village for that feast; and when they arrived at the place where the feast was to be held, they would dance. Sun and Moon were also asked to go to the village for that dance.

When the time has come, the Sun and the Moon have dressed their heads and put their ornaments on. The Moon has a nosepiece (*mukura*) sticking through his nosehole. The Moon went on, and where he was gone there was a big creek and the track was through the creek. Then when he passed the creek, he dropped his nosepiece (*mukura*) in that creek. He can't go to the village without that nosepiece, so he stop for a long time looking for that nosepiece. The Sun came after and found him looking for that nosepiece. And the Moon say, when the Sun ask him what happen, "I say, friend, I just passing this creek and I drop my nosepiece; that is why I am standing and looking for it."

It was dark, but the Moon has a lamp. He say to the Sun, "Well, friend, you go on and you don't wait for me." When the sun departed from the creek, the Moon told him, "When you arrive there, start to dance and when it gets dark you go to bed. When it gets dark, I'll light my lamp and then I'll come."

That is why the Sun come first, and when it is dark the Moon light his lamp and come afterwards.

[Dago-Morea, native medical assistant, North-Eastern Division.]



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