

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

SYDNEY.

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MAGIC.

ALL Papuans know something about "Magic," although they may not know the English word. When a man goes off quietly to do something in secret; when he takes some leaves or bark and makes a "Medicine"; when he mutters words to himself; when he works at little things so that big things may happen like them; then we say he is making magic. All through Papua the people know how to make magic; there are many, many different kinds of it, and many different words. Perhaps the commonest, which most of you know, is the Suau word, *puripuri*.

White Magic.

Now there is good magic and bad. In English we call them White and Black. I don't know that we should speak of "good" magic at all; because none of it is really good. But some of it is harmless at any rate; and we call it white, because white is a good colour like the daylight and one need not be afraid of it. Some men think they know how to make rain; they cover up their medicines from the sun, and sprinkle water about like the falling rain-drops. These men are making White magic. They are not doing any harm (though they are certainly not doing any good, for the rain doesn't listen to that sort of thing). Again, if you put some leaves in your pig-trap and then grunt like a pig; or if you tie the snout of a garfish to your *lakatoi* to make it skip over the

water like one of those swift fishes; then you are making White magic. You are really doing no good; the wild pig will not come any sooner for all your grunting, nor will the *lakatoi* sail any faster because of the garfish. But then you are doing no harm, and no one will punish you.



KAIVA KUKU MASK.

Black Magic.

But there is another kind of magic. We call it Black, because it is bad, threatening work, which is done in the darkness. We also call it Sorcery—an evil word for an evil thing. Some men pretend to be able to kill their enemies by sorcery. They take some of the man's hair or the banana peel that he has thrown away, and

then make magic on that. Or they pretend to shoot something into his body; or to meet him alone in the bush and cut his liver out. Of course Black magic is just as useless as White magic. The sorcerer cannot really harm his enemy by doing these ridiculous things. And yet it is a bad thing—so bad that the Government puts the sorcerer into gaol. Why is it so bad? Because you are afraid of him—only for this reason.

The Fear of Sorcery.

When a man pretends to be a sorcerer you ought really to laugh at him; you should treat him as a liar and a cheat. But instead of that the people are afraid, and they pay him money so that he will not hurt them or their gardens. So the sorcerer laughs at you, and that is the wrong way round.

Remember this too. People are so much afraid of sorcery that they think there are sorcerers everywhere. Whenever things go wrong, when somebody falls ill or dies, they think a sorcerer has caused it. But that is nonsense. It is just your bad luck. If you want to get rid of sorcery or Black magic, just stop thinking about it.

Getting Rid of Sorcery.

Papuans often say, "Ah, you white men don't understand. This is our fashion. The sorcerer can really kill us if he wants to." But the white man does know. Not so many years ago the white men had sorcerers, and used to fear them like you. They feared and hated them so much that they used to tie them to poles and

burn them like pigs. But nowadays we have more sense. We know they are fools and quite harmless. If a white man pretended to be a sorcerer now, we would not burn him at the stake; we would probably put him in a lunatic asylum—that is a place where they shut up people who go off their heads. Nowadays we know too much. We have ceased to fear the sorcerers, and so they have all gone. There is no longer any place for them.

The same thing will happen in Papua some day. When you come to see that the sorcerer is a pretender and that you need not be afraid of him, he will give up work.

Sydney.

WHEN a great number of people live together in one place they call it a city. They build houses and shops and offices of brick or stone or concrete. Every day the people come pouring into the city from their homes in the country round about. They come by tram-car, train, or boat, and then they spend eight hours at work in the city before going home again.

Their principal business is making money; and they are nearly all in a great hurry. You can see them bustling about in the picture on page 4. If you don't keep your eyes open you get knocked over by a motor-car; and when you jump out of the way of a motor-car you find you are in front of a tram-car; and then you jump onto the footpath for safety, and some man in a hurry stares at you for getting in his way. It is all very different from a village in Papua. You can't lie down and take it easy. All these people in the city have got jobs to do, and if they don't stick at their jobs, they lose them; and if a man loses his job he can't get any money, and then he is in a bad way. Papuans can get along fairly well without money, but these people who live in cities find it very important.

Banks.

That large building in the picture is the Commonwealth Bank. It is only one of many banks in Sydney. They are all chock full of money and of people paying it, receiving it, and counting it up. The Commonwealth

Bank is like a great big tree with "branches" in all the cities and towns and villages of Australia. There is one branch in Port Moresby and one in Samarai, and some Papuans have put their money for safe-keeping into these branches. At the far end of the open place in the same picture is the Bank of New South Wales. That is the Head Office of another big "tree," which has branches in Port Moresby and Samarai.

The building with the tower is the big Sydney Post Office. The clock strikes every quarter of an hour, and when it strikes one o'clock the people all stop work as quickly as they do when the one o'clock gun goes in Port Moresby.

The Tram-cars.

In one of the smaller pictures you see a big "square" or open place. Those long things lying about on the ground are tram-cars. They are something like motor-cars, but they run on iron rails on the ground. If you are tired of walking you get into one (for they stop every now and again) and pay twopence, and off you go down the street. You have to be careful to get in the right car or you will find yourself going down the wrong street.

The Harbour.

The other picture shows you the Circular Quay. (You pronounce "Quay" like "Key," i.e., *Ki*; we are sorry that English has such queer spellings.) You can see a ferry boat. These ferry boats carry the people from across the big harbour to their work in the city; and at the end of the day they carry them back again, thousands and thousands of them. And some of the ferry boats carry the people over in their motor-cars. Sydney has a great harbour for the big steamers. Every month the *Morinda* and the *Marsina* tie up to one of the wharves there, and unload the copra; and the white people who go down for a spell get off and ride in the tram-cars and spend their money in the shops.

Sydney is the biggest city in Australia. It does not cover a very large piece of ground; but it has three times as many people as there are in the whole of Papua, on the coast and in

the mountains, and from the Fly River round to the Mamberé.

A few Papuans have gone to Sydney with their *Taubads* and *Sinabadas*. There is one boy there at present, Arua Puka, who has written to his friends at home. He wrote in Motuan, but his brother, Heni Puka, and V. Reatau Mea, of the Government Printing Office, have translated his letters into English for *The Papuan Villager*.

"I am very surprised to see this village. No village in Papua like this. This is very very big city. Very big houses built with cement. Not much wooden houses, and not any thatch houses. One store was like a full street of the Port Moresby."...

"He just stand there, not to say any word at all, looking round everywhere. He said crowd of people and great big stores and house. He get in the stores and saw many good things. Trousers very low price, 3s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.; and shirts 3s. 11d. to 5s. 11d., and many other things he saw."...

He crossed the harbour in a motor-car. "Then they get into the motor-cars; and motor-car takes them by the river. And he saw a big steamer (a ferry boat). She is carrying the motor-cars to the river side. And their cars were run into that big steamer and put into the river side (taken across the harbour) and this makes him very surprised, because he thought he was still in the motor-car."...

"In a night he saw moving pictures. And when he saw the picture, and saw them walking and talking, and heard the noise of them talking too, he is very surprised, and say, 'This is a very great thing I saw in this village.'..."

"The place is very wonderful—nice streets and flowers growing well and beauty. He said, 'I got no word to say, because my mind is going of this beautiful city.' And this is one thing he said, 'I like white men, because fork is in my left hand and knife is in my right hand. Very nice breakfasts, lunch, and dinners. No hungry here. Apples and many other kinds of fruits here.'..."

"He said he is very glad and very well too. But, one thing, he gets cold every day, and remembers us always. And this thing makes his mind very weak."...

Mirage at Port Moresby.

DURING the hot dry weather at the end of November the people of Poreporena saw a strange sight in the sky. Many of them saw it. Among them was Mahomet Ali (the Agricultural Assistant), who sent in the following account.

Mahomet Ali, by the way, is always ready to help the people with their reading and writing. He tells the Editor that some of the boys want to see some hard new words in the paper now and then, so that they can learn how to use them. So this time I have not tried to make the description any simpler. It contains some long words, but I should be sorry to have to alter them.

*For "The Papuan Villager"
about the Mirage.*

"Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." This old maxim was proved correct by what happened. On Wednesday the 27th at 7 a.m. whilst I was with a company of the Elevala villagers mounting the summit of the hill to go to Nisimana gardens, we were all treated to a mirage, portraying a very large river, a very clean sandy beach with coconut trees along the bank, a very large village with a few iron houses among the grass and palm houses, and on a hill at the back a very large and grand looking iron house enclosed by a white fence; on the river a very smart white launch was leaving the village, and other craft were moving about. This phenomenon remained in front of the company for about 10 minutes, and was very clear and looked real; then when the sun shone on it, the spectacle dissolved one by one, and the original view replaced it. Of course, such a strange, and unexpected sight, happening in a locality which is very familiar to the people, must provoke their curiosity, and they were making comments and remarks, which did not explain the reason for the phenomenon. All the remarks made mostly alluded to supernatural agency. One old crone with a religious mania got up and preached that she could recognize amongst the people moving about the likeness of some of her own relations, and of others that had died years ago, and some recently. She exhorted the people to beware and repent as she considered that the phenomenon that they saw will be the place where those that are repentant and without guilt will go when they die. Another version of the mirage was given by old Longlocks, an accepted witch of the village, that next year will be a bad year and a very severe drought and starvation will happen, many will suffer unless something is done to appease the anger of the spirits of the dead; and other superstitious ideas were discussed and commented on. I tried to explain but had to contend against too many arguments.

"Mirages" have been seen in Poreporena before; but they do not happen very often in Papua. They are common in some parts of the world called "deserts," i.e., hot, dry places without trees or grass. There the thirsty traveller sees lakes of water surrounded by coconut palms; but they are not real—only thin air. They are very strange things to see, though

they are quite natural. But they are not easy to explain. The Editor would gladly give you the explanation if he could. But there are only a few wise white men who know the explanation thoroughly. Most of us are content with saying that the air up above acts like a looking-glass or mirror (just as the surface of the water acts as a mirror); and that then you see the reflexion, or picture, of some place a long way off. The mirage seen at Poreporena was the reflection of some real place. Someone suggested that it was Yule Island, that the "river" was Hall Sound, and that the "large and grand looking iron house" was one of the buildings of the Catholic Mission.

**"THE PAPUAN
VILLAGER"**

Wishes its Readers

A Merry Christmas

... and ...

A Happy New Year



Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is for the white man a very jolly time. The Missionaries will have told you it is the birthday of Christ, and how the Wise Men brought presents to him when he was born. Many people thought it was such a good thing, that they made a custom of giving presents every Christmas, and feasting, so that everyone is glad and happy.

For the little children it is a special day—the best day in all the year, they think. For on the night before Christmas "Santa Claus" (or "Father Christmas") comes. He is a fairy man who lives in the sky where it is

always very cold. And he wears a red woollen coat and trousers all trimmed with fur to keep him warm; for where he lives there is plenty of ice, like the ice we get from the Port Moresby Freezer.

On the night before Christmas he loads his sleigh with toys and gifts. His sleigh is a car that runs on ice, and is pulled by animals like horses, but they have big horns on their heads. He is a jolly old man with red cheeks like his coat, and a white beard.

He stops at every house where there are children; and creeping in quietly he looks for their beds. He finds them and looks to see if the children are asleep, and if they have remembered to hang up a stocking for him to put a present in. He always finds them, and in he pops a present for each one; and away he runs without waking anyone, jumps into his sleigh, and all the bells on it ring merrily as he goes. It sounds as if all the children he loves are laughing together. So you see Christmas is the best and jolliest time of all the year.

— "C.W."

**Coconuts and Copra in
the Gulf.**

THE coast of the Gulf Division is lined with thousands and thousands of coconut palms which belong to the villagers. Many of them in years past have gone to waste, but the Government is now trying very hard to get the people to make copra. For they can make plenty of money if only they will work; and perhaps the best work they can do is to turn their coconuts into copra.

A letter from Mr. Lambden says that so far "about 1,200 natives have promised to turn their coconuts into copra, and at the moment they have 670 bags ready to ship." This they have done in three months. They have built more than 140 good smoke-houses for drying the copra, and there are 16 copra stores. So that if the Gulf natives stick to it they may have more money than they know what to do with.

Kaiva Kuku Ceremonies.

THIS year the Arihava people have made the *Kaiva Kuku* ceremony again. We usually call it "*Kaiva Kuku*," though this is not the proper name. The Arihava and Orokolo people say *Kovave* and the Kerema people say *Harisu*. But it is pretty much the same all along the Gulf Coast.

The people make very fine masks to put over their heads and bodies, and then they run and dance about on the sand-beach and in the village. They look very fine indeed, but rather frightening with their big eyes and open mouths; and they carry long sticks, so that you want to take to your heels when you see one coming.

On the front page is a drawing of a *Kaiva Kuku* mask from near Kerema; and on page 5, in the picture of the *Ravi*, are some masks from the Namau people of the Purari Delta. On the last page is a story by Keki Hereva, of Arihava, telling how the *Kaiva Kuku* began.

Some years ago the Gulf People threw away all their ceremonies. They said they were foolish Papuan customs, and they wanted to be like the white man. But slowly they have been coming back. One village after another has made them again: and now there is only one village left that has not brought back the ceremonies. We hope that next year we shall see the *Kaiva Kuku* dancing about on the beach at Vailala.

Canoes.

THE two pictures of canoes show one from Port Moresby and one from Suau. The first shows a number of men poling along the shores of Fisherman Island. They will soon set sail and make for Port Moresby.

The other is a decorated *Amuiua* from the village of Taboina. This is a sea-going canoe, about 33 feet in length, with the sides boarded up to keep out the water when the sea is rough. You can see the carved ornaments *Taburi* and *Lili*. The man who made this canoe is Narisi, who learnt how to do it when he lived at Orado near Misima.

Paper.

EVERY person has seen paper, but do they know what it is made from? Paper is made from wood; the wood is got by cutting down trees, making the tree into sawdust, and then grinding the sawdust into a fine dust or powder, which is next mixed with liquid to damp it, and then the stuff is rolled out into thin sheets, dried, and cut into the sizes wanted. Trees that are a hard wood are not used to make paper; only soft wood is needed for this work.

Paper is used for books, newspapers, to wrap up parcels in the stores, and for blotting paper. It is also made into ornaments and small basins and trays. When used for trays and basins, the paper while still wet and sticky is mixed with a paste that will make it hard and waterproof, and is then pressed into the shapes wanted. After that, it is given a coat of a sort of enamel. Those stiff hard paper boxes that we get shoes, cigarettes and other things in are made from paper, and this sort of paper is known as cardboard. A very strong sort of paper is called cartridge paper.

Many years ago, in the war between Japan and Russia, the Japanese soldiers had clothes made from a strong but soft and thick paper, made waterproof, and fashioned into coats, etc.

Very pretty beads can be made from paper, if you cut the coloured covers of magazines into narrow strips, roll them round a skewer, and stick the strips with gum.

—"Bantu."

Dedele.

THE Royal Australian Navy has sent a party of men to survey the passage at Dedele, in the Abau District. Their work is now finished, and the *Elevala* has taken down the last beacons to put in the passage. We hope that no more boats will get stuck up on the reef at Dedele.

STORIES, etc., only to be sent to the Editor, F. E. Williams. All other communications to be sent to the Government Printer.

Mining on the Lakekamu.

A number of men are looking for gold again on the Lakekamu. There are 30 white men on the field already and others are going up the river. If enough gold is found there, a big "company" will begin to work with dredgers, i.e., they will use machinery to make water wash away the ground so that they can pick up the gold. Some "experts" (i.e., men who know all about this sort of thing), have gone up to the field to see how much gold is really there, and a lot of people are very anxious to hear what they say.

Sugar in Papua.

PAPUANS grow their sugar in their gardens, and when they want some they just put their teeth into a bit of sugar-cane. But white men buy it by the pound, all done up in brown paper bags. It is the same sugar, made from the sugar-cane that grows in the garden.

Some of the best sugar in the world is found in Papua, and now a big company hopes to begin work near Sangara in the Northern Division. They will grow great gardens of sugar-cane, and then cut it and get the real sugar out of it. So that before long old ladies in England will stir Papuan sugar in their tea-cups.

New Guinea Money.

THE natives of New Guinea (i.e., the Rabaul side), are to have coins or money of their own. They will be worth one penny and one half-penny each, but they will not be like our copper pennies and halfpennies. They will be made of "nickel," which is pale coloured like silver; though it is light and much cheaper than silver. Each coin will have a hole through the middle so that you can run a string through them and keep them like so much *sapsapi*.

There will be 75,000 of these nickel coins for a beginning.

Story of Cassowary—how it came to have Short Wings.

LONG before, the Cassowary had long wings and used to fly about like all other birds from tree to tree and eat the fruits of the trees. Now we notice that the Cassowary has only very short wings and cannot fly at all. He can only walk about under the tree in the bush and forests of New Guinea.

When he was able to fly about yet, he would chase and drive away any little bird smaller than himself from the trees, and eat the fruits of it. If the bird would not fly away, he would peck and kick the poor little fellow and make it fly away to another tree. He would go round and do same to any bird. When he come to any fruit trees in the bush, he would eat all the best fruits, or seeds, and the worst make fall to the ground, for the little bird to eat. As they could hardly eat any good fruits or seeds without the Cassowary driving them out from the trees, this made the little birds very angry; but they did not know how to get rid of him.

One day it came round that the little birds with their biggest friends gathered together, and talked about the Cassowary, how would they by playing a trick get rid of him? This trick the Hornbill (*Boboro*) had the best plan in mind. He talked to his little friends, "You must all get ready two little sticks each, and stick them under your wings; and when I talk to the Cassowary, try and break your wings. If he insist on you all to start first, you must take care that he does not see the sticks when breaking them instead of your bones. This will be the trick. So we will make a big feast to-morrow and invite the Cassowary to dine with us. After we have dined we shall play our trick, and see if the Cassowary will be a fool enough or not, to break his wings.

So came the day when they invited the Cassowary to dine with them at their feast. After they had dined, the Hornbill said to the Cassowary, "Let us break our wings." The Cassowary said, "My friend, you break yours first; then you little friends; I will break mine the last of your least." Hornbill put his hand into his side and got hold of the little stick and broke one; then into another side and broke the second. The cracking of the sticks was the noise of cracking a bone, letting his wings hang down to feet as if they were really broken. All the birds did in like manner one after another. Then the time came for the Cassowary's turn. Of course the poor fellow did not know that they were playing a trick on him; but anyhow it was his turn. He put his hand on to one of his wings and started to break it; tried and tried; at last broke the bone of one of his wings. Then at the other; tried and tried and broke it. Now the little birds were very glad that they had played such a good trick on their big enemy, and were sure that they had got rid of him now, as he could not fly and drive them anymore from the trees.

Now when they had finish to trick the poor Cassowary, they all laughed, and said, "Let us all say good-bye, and go to our homes."

All at once began to fly. They all flew up; but for the poor Cassowary, he could not fly anymore. As I have told you, he had broken his two wings. This made the Cassowary very sad, and angry. The little birds sat on a tree above the Cassowary and said, "Now we've got you all right, old fellow," and laughed. The poor Cassowary said, "Well, you all were clever enough to trick, and get rid of me by such a way. Right, I will now from this time till my death eat only what you let fall off the trees, as I had done to all of you in the past."

Let it be know to you readers, I hope you have found out a lesson from the Cassowary and his little friends. The Cassowary is a greedy bird: he would swallow up his food without smashing them. Don't be like him, greedy and big eyed for goods of your friends, otherwise one day they might make up their minds and give you a good hiding, or put you before the court, and have you in Koki (*gaol*).

From that time we now learn that the Cassowary is a bird with a half feet wings, and cannot fly, but only walk about on the ground and eat from the ground fruits that fall off the trees; while the little birds happily go from tree to tree and eat in peace.

[Written by Leo Aitsi Parau, native clerk to A.R.M., Kairuku, C.D. This story wins the prize of 5s.]

The Story of Iaiwa Ewowo and the Canoe.

LONG ago the people did not know how to make canoes. But a man named Iaiwa Ewowo he lived in the bush; he saw one tree named *Siruwa*, and marked on it: by and by he would make canoe, when he go to his home.

The two brethren came after him, in that place where the Iaiwa Ewowo marked the tree. And they cut down the tree, and cut off the end; and they went away to the village. In the night time Iaiwa Ewowo came, and he sees the tree it was cut down. And he very angry, and lifted up the tree again, with all branches and the leaves, by his word. Then in the morning, the two boys took the axes and came to make canoe. When they came to the place, they see the tree is risen up again. And they put their tools down, and cut the tree again, and cut off the end. And they took their tools and hid themselves, to see how the tree is to get up again.

The sun is gone down. They heard somebody coming, a man with long beard and long hair. And he come near to them. The two brethren very frightened; and they think about what to say. And they call him, "Grannie, why you angry to us? We cut the tree down, and you lifted him up again." And the old man laugh, and say, "It is dark now; you go to your home, and in the morning you will come, and do your canoe."

When they have gone, the old man finished the canoe. To-morrow the two boys came, and saw the canoe is finished. And he told them, "Go and bring small sticks and strings, to tie your canoe." And when they went to

take all of that the old man tie the canoe and painted it.

The boys came back, and saw the canoe is finished. And he told them to pull it in the big lake, clothed with the hills. And they went on board. The old man sat down with the big lime-pot; and the boys paddle round the lake. And they came to the place where the hills clothed the lake; and old man took his lime-stick and stretched to the hills and brake the hills, and the water ran down with a big noise to the saltwater. That is Gira River.

Then the canoe (*went*) floating down, and they paddle in the small sandbank; and Iaiwa Ewowo send the younger boy to take some *pingi* (*pepper leaves*) (he want to eat betel-nut). When the boy go, the old man say to the older brother, "Take your crab stone (*club stone*) and hit." The boy did not want to kill the old man. By and by the younger brother took some *pingi*, and come to them and gave it to the old man. And he said, "This is not good." And he told the older, "Go and bring good ones." When he go, the old man told to the younger, "Take your crab stone and hit me." The boy took his crab stone, and hit him down to the deep water. And he comes up again, and cried with a loud voice and said, "Peio!" Therefore that place they name "Peio."

[By Trophimus Bakia, Ioma, Mambare River.]

Subscriptions.

THOSE boys who subscribed from the beginning to *The Papuan Villager* should send in their 2s. for next year in January. One subscription of 2s. brings you 12 copies, one every month for a year. When your year is finished you should send 2s. straight away to the Government Printer, Port Moresby, and he will put your name on the list again. When your time is nearly ready you will find a notice in your paper telling you to pay a new Subscription.

Contributions.

THE following boys have sent in contributions during last month and this month:—

Eugene Beata Aih, C/o. R.M., Kairuku; T. Keki Hereva, C/o. A. Sinclair, Esq., Orokol; Dago Morea, Hanuababa (medical boy); George Solien, medical boy, C/o. C. L. Hall, Esq.; Vagi Puro, Loakanau, of Maopa; Peter John, native clerk, R.M.'s Office, Misima; Herbert, Ambasi, via Buna; Andrew Uware, teacher, Anglican Mission, Sangara; Boanere Simulavai, C/o. L.M.S., Fife Bay; Koloma Gairo, of Maopa; Posi, S., C/o. Lawes College, Fife Bay; S. Heni Puka, C/o. Government Printing Office; Lohia Toua, native clerk, C/o. R.M., Kerema; Aniani Naime, C/o. R.M., Kikori; V. Reatau Mea, C/o. Government Printing Office; Gideon Geno, of Saroa; Franklin Arikava, of Boianai; Alisoni Bunaimata, C/o. Methodist Mission, Oiabia, Trobriand Islands.

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The
Vieusesux
TransportPHONES:
95 and 55.All Classes of Transport.
Cars and Lorries.The Story about Taurama and
Kiaura in Olden Days.

IN olden days those two hills Taurama and Kiaura they were both together. But every time Taurama throw away all the rubbish against Kiaura, because Taurama he think that he is more big than the Kiaura. (There were some people on Taurama Hill and some on Kiaura.)

So when Taurama used to do that all the time against Kiaura, Kiaura was getting very wild. So in the night time Kiaura got all every things from Taurama. Do you know what he got? He got sago, betel-nuts, bread-fruit, *ilimo* (canoe tree), and every kind of thing. And after he got all the things he knocked the head off Taurama. Then he went away to the West.

When he was going down to the West he began to put down all these islands. He put Manubada Island. And he went on and he turned round; and the island had many sago trees, betel-nut trees, coconut trees, and every kind of trees. So he went back and turned

it over, and made it upside down. And he did that to every island from Manubada to the Varivara Island.

And when he went further on he put Ravao (Yule) Island. When he looked back he could not see Taurama again, so that he put Ravao Island and he put something there; fresh water also. So he went away down between Uamai and Kerema, and stopped there altogether.

That's why the top of Taurama Hill looks crooked, because the Kiaura has done that. That's reason Taurama got nothing with him but stones and the gum trees, because the Kiaura took everything away with him to the Gulf.

When they did that, Kiaura he went away with his people, and Taurama he also got all his people.

[By Ahuia Ova, of Hohodae.]

Kaiva Kuku at Orokololo.

How the "Kaiva Kuku" Began.

THE Kaiva Kuku were made by two girls, their names More and Ape. Twelve boys they lived a far way off from those two girls. The twelve boys they were fishers, but they never saw those two girls, and also never gave any fish to them.

Then the two girls thought about by themselves, how to make the boys frightened and get their fishes. They made native baskets and native *ramis*, and put the baskets for cover on their heads, and put the *ramis* round their necks. Then they just waited for them to come past by them.

And two Kaiva Kuku (i.e. the two girls dressed up) went out onto the sand-beach after those twelve boys. And the boys looked round backwards and there were two Kaiva Kuku running after and following them. And they cast down the fishes and run to their home. And the girls took out nice big fishes and left very small fishes for those twelve boys.

The boys had not seen the evil things again for four days. And they were talking by themselves, what should they do to see the evil things. Then their two elder brothers, Iye and Kaive, said unto ten youngest ones, "You go fishing. We both will go and hide in the place where the two evils come from to make us fear."

Then Iye and Kaive, these two, go and hide in the place where the two evils were until afternoon. Then the two girls came out and began to cover their heads and bodies with the baskets and *ramis*. And two boys said to the two girls, "Do not make our brothers afraid. Give those evil things to us, because you are girls. Better give to us, for we are men." Then they gave them to those two boys and called them Maria Ruru and Akana Ruru (i.e., the two masks?); and they called them "Kaiva Kuku," and have made them for ever since.

How they Make the "Kaiva Kuku" Nowadays.

But now these young generations they make them another way or a new kind. First they get cane and open it out, and dry it up, and make it nice and smooth. Then they make the Kaiva Kuku finish, all of them at the same time; and not any of the cane is left behind.

Then they wait for the head man. If the head man cut down his sago tree first, then afterwards they all cut down theirs. And they come home and tell a lie to their family; "I did cut down one big log, and one Kaiva Kuku was inside it."

When the Kaiva Kuku come out of the village men's house (*eravo*) each carries a long stick. If the Kaiva Kuku see the children, boys or girls, they chase them and beat them. But the women—they never hurt them. That is law.

This is their fashion. The old men sit down in the men's house where the Kaiva Kuku are kept inside. And young boys put Kaiva Kuku on their heads and go running out on the sand-beach and in the streets. They look after the little children to strike them.

This goes on till the people are all ready with the sago and have bound all the pigs and have gathered many kinds of things together to make feast. Then the sisters make feast for their brothers and the nephew makes the feast for his uncle. And after the sister and nephew kill the pigs for their brother and uncle, these would give pearl-shells and arm-shells—10 or 20—to their sister and nephew. And Kaiva Kuku carry the pigs into the bush and give away to the brother and uncle. And these carry to the villages and give their wives and children. They all eat it. That for Kaiva Kuku. It is very good fashion.

[By T. Kekie Hereva, of Arihava, employed by Mr. A. Sinclair.]

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