

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Taxation.

NEARLY all of us have to pay taxes. There are some kinds of things that many people want at one time; and these have to be paid for. So each man gives a little bit of money, called a Tax, and when all these little bits are added together there is a big lot of money. Out of this the people pay for the things they all want at one time.

White Men's Taxes.

White men have to pay taxes. They want electric light for their houses, or roads where they can drive their motor-cars, or schools where they can teach their children. They have to pay heavy taxes for things like these. Many Papuans have to pay taxes also, but they are very light ones.

What is done with the Tax Money?

Some Papuans do not know what is done with their tax money. They even think the white men keep it for themselves, to build houses or buy motor-cars with. This is not so. All the money that the Papuans pay belongs to the Papuans themselves. It is all put into the bank and called a "Fund," and the Director of Native Taxation looks after it very carefully. He sees that it is used only for things that are good for the Papuans. It cannot be used for any other things.

This Fund is divided into two parts. One is called the Education Fund, and the other is called the Benefits Fund.

The Education Fund.

"Education" means teaching. You are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic in the school-room, and



DRUM,
MOREHEAD
RIVER.

you are also taught things like carpentry, and boat-building and cane-work. The Missions do most of your teach-

ing, but it all costs money, and the Education Fund helps them.

In this way you are helping to pay for your own education or teaching; for you have built up the Fund with your taxes, and it is really yours. The Education Fund pays also for the Native Plantations, and for the white men who teach you how to grow coffee and other things. Some of you do not like the work, but if you try hard the Plantations will bring you a lot of money. You will find that they are a very good thing.

The Benefits Fund.

The other part of the Fund is called the Benefits Fund. "Benefits" only means good things or useful things. The Benefits Fund helps to pay for the medical work and the hospitals. The white doctors and their assistants do much to help the Papuans; they do much more than you can pay for. But it is right that you should help to pay. This medical work is one of your benefits. You get other benefits as well. Some of you have footballs to play with; some even have electric light; you get the Family Bonus; and prizes for the best villages and gardens. All these things are called Benefits because they are good for you.

Remember too that you get many other good things for nothing. The Government does much to help you; it keeps the peace, and does not let your enemies hurt you. The Missions also do much to help you; they teach your boys and girls in the schools. You cannot pay for all this.

But it is right that you should pay for some of your education and some of your benefits. That is why you are taxed.

How you can Sweep the Sea.

THIS letter is to show you "boys" who live in beach villages and who dive for shell and *korema* (bêche-de-mer) how you can earn plenty of money, and more easily than you now get it. Every village that goes diving for shell or "fish" knows all the reefs and good places for finding these things; and when some "boys" want to get money, they have a talk and by and by they go somewhere to look for shell or *korema*. Sometimes they have good luck and find plenty. Sometimes, though, they swim and dive all day, or perhaps for a week, and only find a little. When they find only a little, it may be because some other "boys" have been working in that place just before, and have picked up all the shells or *korema*. But if you beach-village "boys" all sit down together, with your "Councilors" and perhaps some white man whom you trust, at the beginning of the shelling or fishing time, and say that on a certain day all canoes and "boys" will start to work for shell or *korema*, and that canoe number 1 will work at one place, canoe number 2 will work at another place, canoe number 3 at some other place, until every canoe has its proper part to go to, and every good place will be looked by some canoe, you will be surprised at the big lot of shell or *korema* you will all get, in quick time, and very easily.

It will be just like sweeping a big floor. If there were a big place to be swept, and first one "boy" went out to sweep a little, then another (who didn't know where the other "boy" had finished), went out after to sweep, and after him another—it would take them a very long time to do the sweeping, because they would keep on finding places which had not been swept. But if six "boys" stood in line with their brooms, and worked straight ahead all together—no places would be missed, and the job would be finished straight away in very quick time.

The way you go looking for shell now is a very foolish way, because you waste a lot of your time and do a lot of hard diving work in places from which the shell or *korema* has already

been taken. And very often some of the best places are left because you do not go to look there, because you think that a lot of other canoes have already been to the best places.

Why not work your reefs in this fashion for one or two months, and after that let every canoe go looking wherever it wanted to? The shell got while the canoes were working in company would be all put together and properly shared by every "boy" working in the big company. Or, if you do not like this fashion, let every canoe have what it finds. But you would have to say which fashion you were going to do—before you start on this business.

—"Lagani-Namo."

Gulf Ceremonies.

ON page 4 are some pictures of *Kaiva Kuku*. Most Papuans call them *Kaiva Kuku*. That is their big name. But there are different kinds and each of them has a different name.

"Kovave" at Orokolo.

The big picture shows you two *Kovave* at Orokolo (in other parts of the Gulf Division they are called *Harisu*). They come running out of the men's house (*eravo*), and each carries a long stick. Then they dance up and down the sand-beach or walk among the coconuts. When the *Kovave* are in the village there is a law that you cannot eat the coconuts. They must fall to the ground and by and by there will be a big feast. If the *Kovave* found you eating coconuts they would give you a taste of the stick. Sometimes they chase the women and children, but they do not hurt them. The *Kovave* is a good old Papuan fashion. It helps to keep law in the village.

A Koriki "Aiainunu."

The other *Kaiva Kuku* is really an *Aiainunu*, from Koriki. When this picture was taken it was inside the men's house. The *Aiainunu* has a dress of red sago-leaf and feathers all round his face and he carries a drum. The women do not see the *Aiainunu*

inside the men's house, but only at the big feast-time when they run about the village. Then the people give each *Aiainunu* a pig, and he jumps over it and back again. That is only his way of saying "Thank you."

Boys at Orokolo.

The other picture looks like two mats walking about the village. There are really two boys inside the mats, and they are walking about the village of Orokolo. When the Orokolo boys are growing up into men they are shut up for six or even twelve months. (You can see the place where they live at the end of the men's house in the picture. It is called the *hirita*.) The women must not see them. So if they want to walk about they have to cover themselves with coconut mats. When their time is finished they come out of the *eravo* wearing all their ornaments. They have grown into big fat boys with long hair, and their mothers and sisters are very glad to see them again; also their girl friends.

The Vailala Madness.

Some years ago many people in the Gulf Division went rather cranky. Somebody said their dead fathers were coming back to them in a big ship, with plenty of food. All the people believed this. They began talking a lot of nonsense. No one could understand what they said, and they could not understand it themselves. Many of them said their heads went round, and they used to fall down senseless. But the worst thing was that they thought they must throw away their own old fashions. All this started near Vailala, and the Gulf boys seemed to be mad; so the white men called it the "Vailala Madness."

Making the "Kaiva Kuku" again.

But now they are all right again. Mr. Lambden has written some very good news from Kerema:

"When the Vailala Madness came to the Gulf Division all the people (except Orokolo) threw away all their New Guinea dances and burnt their *dubus* (*eravo*) down. For some years afterwards they were sorry, because they had nothing to amuse them. They said they could not start their old ceremonies again because the women had been told all the secrets, and if they started again the women

would laugh. They stopped like this for nearly eight years in some villages. But the people got tired; for they had nothing to amuse them except rows between the women. Now most villages have started to make their old dances again. At Keuru, Ujei, Uaripi, and other Kerema Bay villages, at Oroko and at the Kiri villages the people have built *dubus* (*eravo*). Men have been busy making masks and head-dresses. And, as I write, they are all enjoying the *Kaiva Kuku*."

The Government is pleased that the people are putting up their *eravo* again.

News from Abau.

THE big dance at Domara called *Damoreia* is over. It lasted two days. Sixty-six (66) fat pigs were killed during the dance. The biggest pig cost £12 in money, and the smallest one £3. Most of these pigs came from Aroma. A lot of people came to see the dance. Many visitors were from the bush. The dance was in charge of Maitau (Goibodubu clan), Coachroach (Barali clan), Opa (Erai-i clan) and Pako (Dunari clan).

—L. Flint.

Aeroplanes.

THE first aeroplane came to Papua seven years ago. The people were very surprised to see it then, and they jumped about and shouted, and they were quite frightened to see a ship flying round like a pigeon. But now so many have come that they only sing out "Sail oh!" and an aeroplane does not frighten them any more than the *Papuan Chief*.

Thirty years ago the white men did not know how to fly. But they have tried and tried; they have kept on making new engines and new kinds of wings for the aeroplanes. Now it is fairly safe to go up in the air; though many men fell down and broke their necks while they were trying. Our fathers did not know how to fly, but that does not matter. We have found out a new thing. The Papuans ought to try new things sometimes too—things that their fathers did not know before.

Some aeroplanes have one pair of wings (they are called monoplanes) and some have two pairs (biplanes). Some come down on the land and some come down on the sea. Nowadays the aeroplanes are sometimes very big—so big that twenty people can go up in them. They can stay up in the sky for a long time too. One aeroplane was up for more than five days without once coming down. Then the petrol finished and it had to land. They can go a long way. Some men have flown from America to France, across the Atlantic Ocean. These men are very brave, for if their engine went wrong their aeroplane would fall into the sea and perhaps no one would find them. Others have flown from England to Australia though they stop at many places on the way.

These long journeys are still dangerous. An aeroplane called the *Southern Cross* tried to fly to England from Australia not long ago. It had to come down in a dry country, and then other aeroplanes went to find and help it. They found the *Southern Cross*, but one of these other aeroplanes had to land in dry country, and the men could not get any water to drink, so they died. Not long ago two others tried to fly across the sea from Australia to New Zealand. We think they fell into the water for no one heard of them again.

We had a big monoplane in Papua a little while ago. It belonged to the men who were looking for new kinds of sugar-cane. They went a long way up the Fly River. The Fly River people had not seen an aeroplane before and you may bet they jumped about in their canoes.

Now we have an aeroplane that is going to stay in New Guinea. It is called a *de Haviland* and will go from Port Moresby to the Goldfield on the Rabaul side. This aeroplane will carry the gold-miners and their mail-bags. It belongs to Mr. Parer and to Mr. McDonald of Port Moresby. Mr. Parer once flew from England to Australia. Most of you Papuans would be afraid to go up in an aeroplane but one boy has been up, and he said he was not afraid and would like to go again. This was Geno Kopi of Hula who was cook-boy to Dr. Brandes, the sugar-cane man. Geno Kopi went from the Fly River to Port Moresby in the aeroplane.

On page 5 you will see two pictures taken from an aeroplane. One shows you Port Moresby and Paga Point; the other Elevala. Later on we will put in a picture of the new aeroplane.

Lakatoi from the Gulf.

AS most people know, the people of the Gulf Division have plenty of coconuts, betel-nut, sago, bread-fruit, bananas, and all sorts of garden food. The ground is good and anything will grow.

For many years *lakatoi* from the Central Division have been coming here for sago and betel-nut. But the Gulf people had never taken food to sell in Port Moresby. Last year the people in the Gulf decided that they could earn good money by taking food to the villages in the Central Division and selling it there; and so they took canoes full of sago and sold it. This year they are doing the same thing.

In the month of March six big double-canoes were built up like *lakatoi*. They left Vailala loaded with plenty of sago, betel-nut, coconuts, bananas, yams and potatoes. They were going to sell all these things in the Central Division. Other villages in the Gulf are doing the same thing; so now, if people in the Central Division are short of food, they can buy all they want from the Gulf people.

—W.J.L.

"Lakatoi" visiting Poreporena.

THESE are the *lakatoi* that came to Poreporena from the Gulf this year. Others went to Gaile, Tupuseleia and other villages, but we have not got the names of their captains. Seven of them had white man's sails, but the others had proper sails of the old fashion. We give (1) the name of the *lakatoi*; (2) the first captain; (3) the second captain.

From Vailala:

Bogebada	... Viripo	... Hakau
Bogebada	... Viae Hari	?

From Motumotu:

Bogebada	... Kausese Tari	... Semese Goese
Kevaubada	... Hahari	... Hahari

From Lese:

Bogebada	... Mai Ehari	... Viva Ikaroa
Bogebada	... Hani Ravaki	... Ravai
Kevaubada	... Sari Oauke	... Aro Semesoa
Bogebada	... Kae Morika	... Karahure Auhava
Oalabada	... Hare Nini	... Kaipuka Fareho
Kevaubada	... Nemo Vauva	... Maiauka Tapora
Bogebada	... Hoeke Karisora	... Tamasi Toraea (a woman)

From Iokea:

Bogebada	... Miro Seboe	... Semese Miro
Oalabada	... Parapo Auru	... Parapo Auru
Oalabada	... Memapu Haiveta	... Posa Mora
Oalabada	... Marehari Semese	... Marehari Semese
Bogebada	... Makeu Nani	... Miro Poe

Western Arrows.

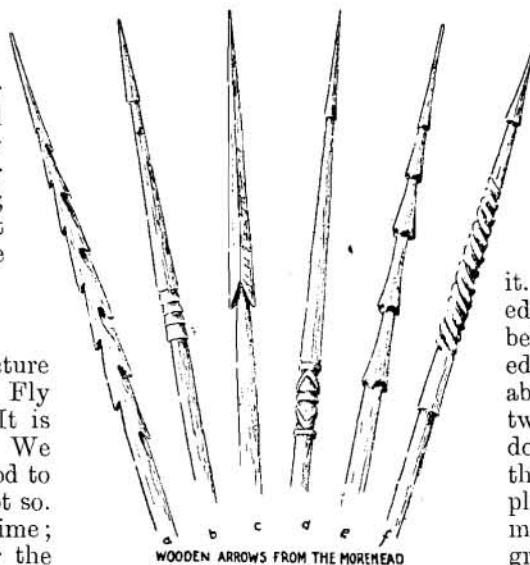
A long way up the Fly River there are some very good arrow-makers. Not long ago they were great fighters, and used their arrows to kill their enemies with; but the Government has been at work among them, and we hope they will not fight any more.

Painted Arrows.

The long arrow-head in the picture painted; for the people up the Fly River are very clever at this. It is done in black and yellow and red. We used to think the people used blood to make the red colour, but this is not so. They do use blood, mixed with lime; but this is to make a paste for the binding, not to make the colour. They sometimes cut their fore-arms to get it. The long arrow has a cassowary's toe-nail for point.

Carving of Arrows.

The other arrows are wooden ones from the Morehead River. They are well carved and each of them has a name, though I cannot understand all of them. One of them (b), is



WOODEN ARROWS FROM THE MOREHEAD

called *Nanji-nembut*, "Banana-tail"; (c) is *Nuenjum*, a kind of fish; (e) is *Pandr*, the hooks of the cane-palm; (f) is *Wenmes*, a creeper, because it seems to go winding round a stick.

The Morehead River men like to carve their arrows. If the arrow has notches or "barbs" like (a), then a man cannot pull it out if it goes into him. That is one reason for making the barbs. But the Morehead men do not fight any more. They are living at peace. Yet they still carve their arrows. The real reason is to make them look nice. Every man is proud of his well-made arrows.

The Drum.

On the front page there is a carved Morehead drum. It does not make a louder noise because it is carved. It just looks better; and that is why they carve it.

The Bow-Guard.

The other picture is a bow-guard. Those Papuans who use bows and arrows will know what this is used for. You have to wear it on your left wrist so that the bow-string will not cut you. But the people wear the bow-guard when they are dancing, too. It has a piece of cane with cassowary feathers on it, and when they dance this wobbles about and looks all right.

A Dog and an Arm-shell.

A MAN had a very good black dog. He wanted to exchange it for an arm-shell. So he left his home and went a long way to another village, taking his dog with him. He there met a man who said he

liked the dog, and thought he would pay an arm-shell for it. The two men went upon the platform of a house. The dog was left on the ground, fastened to a post with a piece of string. The arm-shell was brought out of the house to be looked at. It was a very nice one, large and pure white, and it had a lot of red beads and leaves tied to it. The arm-shell was placed on the edge of the platform. The beads and leaves hung over the edge of the platform and moved about in the wind. While the two men were talking about the dog and the arm-shell, and other things, the dog jumped up in play at the red beads and leaves, making the arm-shell fall on the ground. The arm-shell hit a stone and was broken into four pieces. The dog got frightened and broke the string around its neck, and ran away into the bush, no one knows where. So one man lost his arm-shell, and the other man lost his dog. Yet I think that if the man whose arm-shell was broken could find the dog anywhere, the dog would belong to him, don't you think so, too? Of course, we would feel very sorry for the man who had to go back to his village without his dog, and without an arm-shell.

—"d.c."

Articles for the Paper.

THE following have sent articles that could not go in this month:

- Charlie Esau, Saroa.
- Gevokila, Lawes College, Fife Bay.
- Piki Ravu, Hula.
- Emily Ravu, Hula.
- Lohia Toua, Hanuabada (N.C. at Kerema).
- Lohia Badira, Kapa Kapa.
- Arthur Daniel, L.M.S., Kamali.
- Mareko Wari, Kamali.

(Another Kamali boy wrote but did not give his name).

Selling the Paper.

WE now have more than 100 Papuan subscribers. If you pay 2s. for the year you get 12 papers, one for each month, and you are called a "subscriber." Later on we will show what districts the subscribers live in, and then you will be able to see which district wins.



Story of Iguana, how he came to have double tongue.

THERE was once upon a time an Iguana (*Aria*) and a Magpie (*Koesele*). They were two good friends, lived in one home. Every day they went out to set traps, to catch wild birds, and went to see the traps, from time to time. When they got any thing the both of them would take home and roast them, and have them for *kai kai*. This went on for many days.

One day they both went to a creek close by, for a bath after having roasted some birds. They left all the meats on the hot ashes, went to the creek. On the way Iguana (*Aria*), or in Roro language *Ibaboro* said to his friend, "Oh my friend my stomach is very sore, I go to the small house, along bush." So he went. Instead of going to as he said, went back as quick as he could, to where they left the roasted meats, and ate half of all the meats that were left there, and came back to his friend who was at the creek swimming. After bath they both came to where the meats were. To Magpie's surprise, he saw that half the meats were gone, or stolen by some one. Iguana (*Aria*) too said, "Who is that silly fool, that stole our meats? If we could only catch him, surely he'd paid for what he has done to us."

This trick the Iguana had played on the Magpie for many times. Now one day they both got some birds and roasted them and left for bath again to the creek. On the way Magpie told Iguana that his belly was sore, so he went too small house (bush). He went quickly to where the meats were left on the hot ashes, and got some few shells broke them into small pieces and stick them into all the good looking big meats, and came quickly back to his friend. He did this in order to find out that if any one steals this meats he would cut his throat or tongue by those little shells he stick in the meats. When he got to his friend, Iguana, they went along to the creek. On the way again the Iguana said the same thing again, "My stomach is sore; I want to go small house." Instead he went in the bush, back to the side of the hot ashes where the meats were left, and ate greedily all the big meats. When doing this he got his tongue split in two parts, ran back to his friend who was at the creek, with his mouth bleeding. He tried to stop the blood that the Magpie would not see it, but it bled too badly that when the Magpie saw the blood, asked what was the matter with his mouth. He replied that it was only a scratch from the scrub when he went into the bush.

After bath they went home to where the rest of the meats were and found that half of the meats were gone again. This time the Magpie knew who was that, that had played the game with him, then told the Iguana, "All the time we roast meats. Some meat we always lose, Now I know who is the thief. It's You!" "No," said the Iguana. "Yes, you the one, don't you hide it. I can tell you now, how I know by the blood that was dripping from your mouth when we were at the creek a few hours ago. If you are not the thief, open your mouth and let me see."

The Iguana open its mouth, and the Magpie saw that his tongue had been cut in two parts. Before this the Iguana had only one tongue.

Now the Iguana got angry and went away and lived by himself, (as his friend had called him a thief) in the hollow trunk of trees or on the trees. It true that the Iguana is a thief. If you ever keep some fowls near a scrub close to where there is an Iguana you will soon find out that he would come and steal some of your eggs, and even small chickens. From this time the Iguana has two tongues ever since. I hope you reader will be glad to know now, how it came that the Iguana had double tongue. Don't steal or you might get what the Iguana had got.

The end.

[By Leo Aitsi Parau, clerk, A.R.M.'s. Office, Kaiuku. This story wins the 5s. prize this month.]

The Piete.

OUR mission boat has double engines and two masts. I watch the engines. One day Velepapa (Mr. Short) said: "Kila Vali we have a journey." And I went down made ready and clean the engines, and we sailed to Keapara. Nearly we got to Keapara and the captain did not know the passages. A big stone was there. Our boat ran on it, and the propellor fence broke. I made the propellor fence again. Velepapa taught Keapara and Aluguni boys and girls.

After we sailed to Paramana. But Wahau, the South-East wind, blew on our boat and we anchor at Paramana. And Velepapa said: "Kila Vali and all crew boys wait here. After Wahau the South-East wind finished, sail to Vilirupu. But I and two boys go on the beach and see boys; and we shall meet at Vilirupu."

When the sea be still I made the engines sail to Vilirupu. We saw a small island called Walaiwele. Vilirupu and Gavuone beside the big lake. The lake is like river and two villages on the lake called Wanigela and Waiori. Velepapa taught the four villages boys and girls. We came back our place called Raukele. Raukele is near Hula.

[By Kila Vali of Hula. This story was done in specially good hand-writing.]

Sports for Medical Boys.

THE Medical boys who work with Mr. Littlechild ran races on the beach at Pinupaka, and this is how they finished.

- No. 1. Raho Elame of Mirihea (Motumotu).
2. Arimusu of Kerema.
3. Pukari Lakoko of Uritai (Motumotu).
4. Rei Boko of Hanuabada (Mr. Littlechild's cook-boy).

We run race April 21, Sunday, 11 o'clock. We finish run race, and we going swim. Finish, we going house.

[By Pukari Lakoko, of Motumotu.]

The Story of the Evening Star.

BEFORE the Bula-a (*Hula*) people came to the present village of Hula the Oloko and the Ririga lived there. Their villages were Irupara and Raukele. This is a story of the Oloko people. One night the Oloko people agreed to go fishing at daylight next morning. So they put their nets and food on canoe and said they would start away by the morning star. They went to sleep at the rising of the evening star so as to awake. One man got up and said, "Get up! It is time to start." So they got into the canoe and sailed away. They sailed on and on but daylight did not arrive. They eventually landed at the present site of Manumanu. They lived with the ancient people of Manumanu, that was before the Hanuabada people settled there. And they saw that when the wives of these people were about to be delivered of a child they cut the woman open and took the child out; of course the woman died. They did not like this fashion so they agreed to go back to their village. So they loaded up two *lakatoi* named Rikurai and Raparai and sailed back. The women of Irupara sighted these *lakatoi* off Kaparoko and went up cleaned the houses village for the reception of the visitors. They all assembled on the beach to see the visitors land, and when they came ashore found they were their husbands who had gone away fishing 2 or 1½ years ago and had never come back. These men wanted to take them back but they had married other men and refused to have any thing to do with them; and the people drove them away. So the evening star is now called the star that lies, *Oloko au-wapana*, as it lied to the men in the canoe that started away fishing and deceived them.

[By Rabutiro, V.C., Hula.]

Papuan Chief on the Reef at Fife Bay.

S.S. *Papuan Chief* came to Lawes College on April 27th. On Friday morning about half-past six, we were very glad to see her coming, because some of our Students are on board coming back from their holidays. Then she went to Samarai she stayed there three days.

She came back on Tuesday very early in the morning. She blew whistle three times, then she came in by the little island, it called *Gagina*; no sand to be seen there, only rocks and coral stones. Then she stuck on the reef. They waited all the day because it was very low tide in that time. They waited and waited until the sun was set. They slept in Fife Bay. In the morning it was high tide so she got off and went to the West. I think captain was very sorry, when the *Papuan Chief* stuck.

This is the end.

[By Gae, a girl at Lawes College. Gevokila also sent a good article about this but there was no room left in the paper.]

KATHLEEN GIBSON

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than the rest."The
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TransportPHONES:
95 and 55.All Classes of Transport.
Cars and Lorries.Ear-Holes and Nose-
Holes.

NEARLY all Papuans have holes made in their noses and through their ears. They do this so that they can wear ornaments when they dance or walk about. Some white men and women used to have holes made in their ears, but I don't think they ever have them in their noses.

Many Papuans have fine ornaments for their noses made of shell; but very few can wear two pig's teeth like the man in the picture on page 5. He comes from the far West, beyond the Morehead River. Here the people sometimes make five holes in their noses. One in the middle, like most of you; one on each side, like the Kuku Kuku people in the Gulf Division; and two in the end.

They wear many kinds of ear-rings—cassowary quills, stingaree tails, and bones of the flying-fox; but the one they like most is the tail of the lizard. The old man in the picture is wearing three or four of these.

When a boy is growing up his uncle makes the holes for him. His other uncles hold him so that he will not kick the first uncle. His father and mother give some food to the boy's uncle as payment for his work—just as we have to pay the doctor. You can see some of the food in the picture.

The uncle gives the boy a poke with a sharp piece of wallaby bone. It hurts rather badly and the boy has an ear-ache or a nose-ache afterwards. But he is not afraid. By and by he will be able to wear an ornament.

The Serpent.

WE owe our downfall through the Serpent! Now at that time the Serpent was the only beast in the world endowed with poison; the other beasts such as the snakes, centipides, etc., the stinging fishes and other sea beasts were all without poison and their bite, sting or touch were harmless. On a certain day, the Serpent whilst wandering about looking for something to eat, came to a pond, in which it saw a lot of fish; so it coiled its head to a tree nearby and its tail to another tree, and its body was swung across the pond. By swinging its body to and fro, it caused the water in the pond to be baled out. Whilst it was baling the water, and the pond nearly dry, a man happened to pass. He saw the fish jumping about and commenced to catch the biggest ones, and ran with them to his village nearby. The Serpent feeling the water nearly empty uncoiled itself, and commenced to eat the fish. It saw not many fish, and was surprised, so it looked about to see the reason; then it saw the man's foot-prints and was very angry that a man dare rob him, so the Serpent bit the foot-print. Then it heard a big noise coming from the village and also a crow flying from it. So it asked the crow, "What was the noise about?" The crow said the people were very merry singing and dancing on account of the fish they were eating. So the Serpent thought its poison was useless and not powerful, and it went to a big river and vomited its poison. Some fell on the water and some on land; and the other beasts swallowed that poison and are now poisonous.

—By M. Ali (Agricultural Assistant).

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