

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

LORD and Lady Stonehaven paid a visit to Papua at the end of last month. This is a great honour to our country, because Lord Stonehaven is the Governor-General of Australia. He is the first man in Australia and he represents King George there. That is to say he stays there instead of him, because King George can't be everywhere at once. Papua belongs to Australia, and Papuans, like Australians, are all subjects of the King. That is why the Governor-General, who is the King's man, came to see them.

Lord Stonehaven visited the Mandated Territory, that is Rabaul, etc., first, and came to Samarai on the 28th July. The white people and the Papuans all helped to welcome him. We shall tell you in this paper what the Papuans did, because that is more interesting.

At Kwato the Students had made a small village in the old-time fashion, so that the Governor-General and his wife could see how the people lived before the white men came. There was a house with boards carved and decorated, pig-nets and fish-nets and pots, and pig-skulls hanging in a row. On the veranda sat a man with his two wives. Some people were making string and rope from the Pandanus and making nets from the string, others were making sago, the men singing as they scraped the pith out of the tree. Some women were making mats and baskets; some men were carving wood, and they showed

the Governor-General how to make fire with two pieces of wood, so that if ever he loses his box of matches he will know what to do. Besides all this he saw the schools where the Kwato Students do their every-day work.



LORD STONEHAVEN.
(Block by courtesy of The Papuan Courier.)

When the Governor-General arrived a Kwato man made a speech to welcome him. Mr. Abel translated it, and then Lord Stonehaven made a speech in answer: he said he would send a message to the King telling him about the people of this country.

Lord and Lady Stonehaven also went to the plantation at Giligili. The Milne Bay men were ready to meet them in their long dug-out canoes. These canoes were all decorated and one of them had 18 men in it. When the Governor-General

came near they held up their paddles like the police presenting arms. For the visitors there was a big double canoe to take them ashore.

The people danced on the beach and all the plantation boys lined the path when the visitors drove off for Mr. Irvine the Manager's house. At Waigani Creek the cars got stuck in the mud and Lord and Lady Stonehaven had to be carried over by the boys.

That evening the Orokaiva and Wanigela boys who worked on the plantation danced, being led by Jumbo the boss house-boy.

Lord Stonehaven came to Port Moresby on Wednesday, the last day of July. First of all our Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, went out to visit him on the warboat *Albatross*. Then soon after he came ashore. On the wharf there was a guard of honour of police, and the Governor-General stopped to inspect them, and spoke to the old N.C.O., Sergeant-Major Simoi.

On shore he and his wife were entertained by the white people, and saw the schools of the European children.

In the afternoon they joined in the canoe race on the harbour. Lord Stonehaven sailed in the *Laurabada* (not the Governor's boat, but a canoe with the same name); the Captain of the *Laurabada* is Hare Gaibu.

Lady Stonehaven with Mrs. Armstrong sailed in the *Canoebler*, whose Captain is Morea Naimi.

Neither of these won the race but the Governor-General and his wife enjoyed sailing on Papuan canoes. It's a good job they didn't get tipped out.

Later on they went to see the Mission at Poreporena. On their way through Hanuabada the Village Councillors met them, and gave them some Papuan things to take home. They also gave them an "Address," written in English, which had been prepared by Igo Erua, Secretary of the Village Council.

On the previous evening Lord and Lady Stonehaven had been to Poreporena and visited several houses. They went into the houses of Gabe Rei of Elevala, Lohia Gabe of Tanobada, and Goata Gaigo of Kuliu; and although the people did not expect visitors the houses were clean and well-swept like most Motuan houses.

At the school the Governor-General saw all the classes from those of the big boys down to the Kindergarten. He saw the Technical School and the Baby Welfare Centre, where the mothers learn how to keep and feed their babies properly. All the mothers gave him some Papuan "curio." And, when he inspected the Boy Scouts, the drummer gave him a fine wooden fish-spear from the troop.

After leaving the Mission the Governor-General went to the parade ground of the police barracks. Here there were more than 500 Papuans dancing. They came from various villages and were doing their dances all at the same time. Lord Stonehaven spoke to the people. He admired their dancing and wonderful feathers and ornaments. And he said he would tell the King about the honour they had done him; for Lord Stonehaven comes here as the representative of the King. And he hoped that the people's gardens would do well and that they would live happily in their villages.

Next day the party went up to Mr. Sefton's place at Koitaki, riding up past Rouna Falls on horse-back. On the next day they came down to Port Moresby and sailed away to Australia on the *Albatross*.

The Big Cricket Match.

THIS cricket match between Port Moresby and Kwato was played at Port Moresby on Saturday, 23rd June, and on the following Monday and Tuesday. It was a great game. For many years Kwato has trained some very good Papuan cricketers. They have learnt to play well because Kwato is only two miles from Samarai. Matches have been played against the white men living there for the past 30 years.

The Port Moresby cricketers wanted a match against the Kwato eleven. So they wrote and asked the Papuan cricketers to visit them. The Governor kindly sent the *Elevala* to bring them to Port Moresby. They arrived on Thursday evening at six. On Friday morning they were taken in a big car to Rouna Falls. In the afternoon they had some practice on the cricket ground.

The match began at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. Kwato won the toss and batted first. Forty runs were on the board before the first wicket fell. This was a good start.

Many white people were on the ground during the afternoon. Both on Saturday and Monday over 1,000 Papuans came to see the match from Hanuabada, and Tanobada and Elevala, and also from Koki, and Kahikahila and Vabukori. It was a great sight to see the cricket ground lined all round with people interested in a match between White and Papuan cricketers.

The Kwato XI played well and their innings closed for 270 runs. Port Moresby went in to bat about three o'clock, and when stumps were drawn they had 5 wickets down for 150 runs.

On Monday morning the not-out men went in again. They played so well that they took the Port Moresby score to 264 before they were parted. Mr. Gerald Smith made 150, and Mr. Coffey 80. The innings closed for 331.

In their second innings Kwato made 189. Before stumps were drawn Port Moresby made 20 for no wickets. Port Moresby only wanted 109 to win when they went in with all their wickets in hand on Tuesday morning. The Kwato bowling and fielding was good. The score rose slowly from 20 to 30, and then to 40, 50, 60, 70, 80. It looked as if Mr. Furler and Mr. Paul would stay in until the match was won. And they would have done this if the Papuan cricketers had lost heart, and had said, "It is no good trying." But they did their best to part the batsmen. They bowled well, and they fielded well all through that long stand. Then, in one over, Makura took three wickets, one leg-before, the next clean bowled, and the third caught behind the wicket. No wicket for 80: 3 wickets for 84! Three more wickets fell before the winning hit was made, and Port Moresby won a great match by 4 wickets.

Cricket is a great game because men who play it properly learn from it many good things. They learn to play together. Everyone has to do what the Captain tells him to do. The umpires' word is final. That is,

what he says finishes the talk. The bowlers have to be backed up by the fielders. It is eleven men playing like one man. It is a keen, friendly fight. When you play cricket in your villages see that you play the game properly. Only play eleven on one side, against eleven on the other side. Never allow anyone to alter the game. Get someone to teach you some of the rules. Be careful to no-ball a bowler who throws. Never play until after four o'clock in the afternoon, when your work is finished, unless it is a holiday. If you want to learn to bat well, go, if you can, and watch a good bat play. Some of the Kwato cricketers are good bats but they are all learners. They are always trying new strokes. And they all learnt something from the match at Port Moresby when they played against such good cricketers.

The Kwato cricketers will never forget their visit to Port. They all enjoyed the cricket. But more than this for nearly a week they received nothing but kindness from their White and Papuan friends at Ela and Metoreira.

— "C.W.A."

KWATO (1ST INNINGS).

Alaidi, c. Lowney, b. Harris	24
Mahulu, c. Willis, b. Coffey	20
Maru, c. Lowney, b. Grant	53
C. C. G. Abel, b. Harris	0
Makura, c. Furler, b. Wyatt	40
Merari, c. Paul, b. Grant	33
Gogo, c. Wyatt, b. Furler	7
Pitah, not out	17
Phillip, b. Harris	59
Tiraka, c. Paul, b. Grant	5
Doilegu, b. Coffey	2
Sundries	10
Total...	270

BOWLING: Connors 0 for 48; Harris 3 for 95; Coffey 2 for 49; Wyatt 1 for 18; Grant 3 for 31; Furler 1 for 26.

PORT MORESBY (1ST INNINGS).

Hartley, b. Merari	0
Furler, b. Gogo	33
Paul, b. Merari	6
Harris, b. Makura	8
Smith, c. and b. Mahulu	150
Willis, c. Makura, b. Gogo	0
Coffey, c. Pitah, b. Alaidi	80
Grant, b. Merari	27
Connors, l.b.w. b. Alaidi	4
Lowney, c. Maru, b. Merari	1
Wyatt, not out	0
Sundries	22
Total...	331

BOWLING: Merari 4 for 74; Makura 1 for 12; C. C. G. Abel 0 for 37; Gogo 2 for 36; Doilegu 0 for 14; Alaidi 2 for 18; Mahulu 1 for 28.

KWATO (2ND INNINGS).

C. C. G. Abel, c. Willis, b. Harris	17
Mahulu, c. Willis, b. Harris	23
Maru, c. Lowney, b. Harris	24
Alaidi, b. Harris	9
Makura, c. Willis, b. Harris	0
Merari, l.b.w. b. Harris	55
Gogo, not out	0
Pitah, c. Wyatt, b. Harris	0
Phillip, c. and b. Harris	49
Tiraka, b. Connors	3
Doilegu, c. Connors, b. Harris	0
Sundries	9
Total...	189

PORT MORESBY (2ND INNINGS): 6 wkts. for 137.

BOWLING: Merari 0 for 21; Alaidi 0 for 26; Gogo 0 for 4; Makura 5 for 47; Mahulu 0 for 7; C. C. G. Abel 0 for 14; Maru 0 for 6.

Scouting.

How it began.

TWENTY-ONE years ago a very wise man in Britain wanted to do something to help the boys of his country. His name was Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

As he went about he saw that boys were not so strong and quick as they had been in the old days. In those days they had made gardens and gone fishing and hunting, and so their bodies and minds were kept strong. But now they went to school, and when they finished school many of them worked in offices and sat down most of time, and so they often got weak and perhaps a little bit lazy.

What it is.

So Sir Robert Baden-Powell got some boys together and started a new kind of play. He called it "scouting," and the boys were called "boy scouts." These boys learned all sorts of new games—games to make their bodies strong, games to help them to see and hear and smell better, and games to make their minds work more quickly.

There were not many of these boys at first, only about thirty. They were called a "troop" of scouts, and they were divided up into "patrols." Each patrol had eight boys in it, and took the name of an animal or bird. The best boy in the patrol was called the "patrol-leader" and the others had to listen to him.

How it grew.

Very soon, other boys heard about this new kind of play and wanted to try it, so some more troops were started. In quite a few years there were thousands of boy scouts all over Britain. Then boys in other countries heard about it, and they started troops too.

It didn't stop there. The sisters of these boys wanted this new play, so troops were started for them. But they took a different name; they were called "girl guides." Their small brothers didn't want to be left out. They were too small to be scouts, but they were called "wolf cubs," and the Chief Scout (as Sir Robert Baden-Powell came to be called) thought of some easier games that they could play.

By and by the first boy scouts grew to be young men. But they didn't want to stop their scouting. They said: "The scout way is a good way; we want to keep it." So the Chief Scout started a new and harder kind of play for them. It was called "rovering," and these big boys and young men were called "rovers."

Now, in 1929, there are scouts and guides and cubs and rovers in nearly every country in the world. If you were to count them all up you would have to count in millions.

The Jamboree.

In Britain they have just finished a big scout meeting called a Jamboree. Hundreds of scouts gathered together from all over the world, just a few from each country, and made a big camp. For two weeks they lived in this camp, and played and talked and sang together. Now they are going back to their own countries to tell their friends all about the talk and the new games and songs they have learned.

Papuan Scouts and Guides.

The boys at Poreporena (Port Moresby) have a troop of scouts and rovers. They like this new play very much; and I think it is very good for them, because many of them are like the English boys—they have stopped the old way of living, and when they leave school they work in offices all day long. Their scouting will help them to keep strong.

The Poreporena girls have a troop of girl guides too, and they think that it is great fun. You will see some pictures of these boys and girls on page 4. There are nearly one hundred of them altogether. These are the first Papuans to become scouts and guides. Perhaps some other villages will join in by and by. There are no Papuan wolf cubs yet; but the white boys in Port Moresby have a very good pack of cubs.

The Scout Law.

The scouts and guides have a Law which they all try to keep. Most laws tell us the bad things that we must not do, but the Law of the Scouts and Guides tells us the good things that we must try to do. I think that that is the best kind of law, don't you? This good law says that scouts and

guides must always be strong and true and honest. They must be like brothers and sisters to one another, and they must help other people as often as they can. They must keep themselves clean—not their bodies only, but their minds as well.

A scout has a badge which he puts on his arm so that everybody can see it. But it is not the badge that makes him a scout. A scout is a boy who listens to the Scout Law and tries to do what it tells him every day in his life. If a boy who does not do this wears a scout badge on his arm, he is just a humbug.

The Brotherhood of Scouts.

The Poreporena scouts could not go to the Jamboree. It would cost a very big lot of money even to send one boy. But they are proud that they belong to a big brotherhood of boys who, though they have differently coloured skins and speak many different languages, all call themselves Scouts and all obey one Law.

—“P.C.”

Drinking-Water.

A little while ago villagers had explained to them in this paper the medical good which the Government was doing with tax moneys collected every year from villagers and "boys" who went to work.

There is still another way in which the tax moneys are returned in services to villagers, to keep them in good health. That way is the setting up of iron pumps in the beach villages, where the surface water is often very foul, and a drink fit only for dogs and pigs.

Many beach villages in the Territory have not, we think, always troubled to hear the order which the Government has given. This order says you must fence the wells in your villages to keep out animals.

Every man, and woman, must know that dogs and pigs have dirty habits; and so, if those animals drink out of the same well, or hole, or pool, as they themselves do, there is a very

[Continued on page 6.]

[Continued from page 3.]

good chance of human beings falling sick inside their bodies, and perhaps giving the sickness to other people.

It is worse for children, who are not so strong as men and women. Children get more thirsty than grown-ups, and do not see so many dangers as they do. All mothers know this, but mothers cannot be everywhere and see what dangers to health their children may be getting into, like drinking bad water or eating unripe mangoes.

No Papuan villagers, we think, want dysentery, *rara kukuri*, or typhoid fever, to come into their villages. Yet this is what may happen anytime, and anywhere, unless care be taken not to drink any water which stands still, or is foul. Good drinking-water is found only in clear running rivers, creeks and gullies, or drawn up from underground by a pump. Underground water cannot be bad, because it is filtered naturally by passing through sand, or sandy soil.

Everyone must understand, and parents should tell their children, that the iron pumps which Government officers set up in the villages properly belong to the villagers themselves. If children are allowed to play about with the pumps and spoil the working of them, the village cannot get good water, which means that, until the pump can be mended, the women and girls may have to go a long way to fill their large and heavy pots.

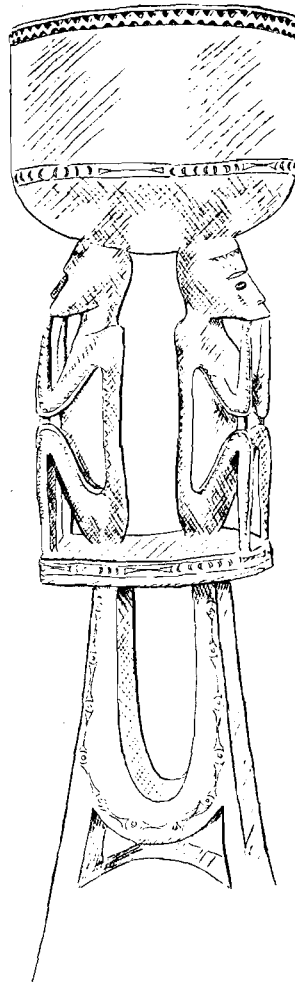
The Government wishes to save the females from this hard work, as they already have enough to do in carrying big string bags of food from the distant gardens, also firewood, also young children.

It is not always the fault of the pump when water will not come up. Villagers should not be angry with the pump and break it. Perhaps the underground supply of water has fallen low through the weather being dry. The pipe then has to be taken out and made longer. There are now plenty of villagers who know how to use engineering tools and can help to keep the pumps working, by asking the Government for new leathers and parts.

—“R.A.V.”

Trobriand Carving.

THE people of the Trobriand Islands are the best of our wood-carvers. The prettiest things they make are the lime sticks of ebony. Ebony is a black wood, and if you rub some lime over the stick the carving shows up in white. Many Papuans in the East end have these black and white lime sticks and they are very proud of them. The Trobriand people also make ebony clubs, walking sticks, wooden bowls, and figures of men and pigs.



TROBRIAND FLOWER-STAND.

The white men admire the wood-carvings of the Papuans and they are anxious to buy them. The European stores have Trobriand carvings for sale and the people who come up on the *Morinda* and the *Montoro* buy them; for they like to take back some Papuan work to their homes in Australia.

Some of the carvers have learned to make things especially for the Europeans. They often make flower-stands and decorate them in true Papuan fashion; they could make many other things like cigarette boxes and even chairs for the white people if they were taught to. And they would be able to sell these better because they would be useful as well as beautiful.

Many other Papuans besides the Trobrianders can carve. Sometimes the people of to-day do not work as carefully as their fathers did. But there are still plenty of artists in Papua who can carve as well as the men of long ago. They should still try just as hard, and if they want to sell they should remember that good work usually brings the highest price. But, at any rate, a true artist does good work because he likes it, and because he hates to do bad work; and there are still many Papuans who are true artists.

The Governor in an Aeroplane Accident.

THE Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, went up to fly about Port Moresby in an aeroplane some weeks ago. He had his niece with him, and Mr. Parer was the pilot. When they had got up some distance the engine stopped and Mr. Parer had to come down. One of the wings hit a concrete post just as he was landing, and the plane swung round, hit the ground, and was smashed. Both the other people were a little bit hurt, but not the Governor. He got out and looked at the plane; and told Mr. Parer that, if it could be mended, he would like to go up again.

The Albatross.

THE Governor-General travelled on the warship *Albatross*. This is another kind of ship, it is known as a Seaplane Carrier. It had seven aeroplanes inside it, and five of them flew about Port Moresby while the Governor-General was there. In the next paper we shall give a picture of the *Albatross* and tell you something about the seaplanes.

A Saturday at Lawes College.

ON Saturday, 25th May, three of our students went fishing on the reef beside a Suau village named Isuisu, because it is the day for us to go fishing. That village is about two miles from Lawes College. These are their names: Turia, Ori, and Posu. And also some of our other students went fishing that day, but I did not go to fishing, because my wife was sick, so I was looking after the child. So those three boys walked about 5 o'clock in the morning to Isuisu, and before daylight they got there.

And they had no canoe to go fishing, we always use to get canoe from village people by giving a stick of tobacco before we get the canoe. Sometimes we get our own canoes. So they went to a V.C. named Luka, and asked him about his canoe. He said "Yes." And they gave him a stick of tobacco and went to fishing by canoe. That day was so cold, so our students did not fishing well. They caught 13 big fish and 37 little ones. Then the time was past, because before 2 o'clock all the students must be at home, so that we will play cricket in the afternoon at Isuleilei. So they came back from their fishing. They went to put the canoe where they get it from.

On the way going up Ori saw something like a tail of a Dugong moving on top the sea, and he told two friends, "What is that black thing moving on top the sea? It looks like a tail of a Dugong." Then Turia said, "Never mind that, that is a shark. We go." And also Posu said, "O yes, I see. True that is a Dugong." Then Turia said, "Go near to it, so that we can see it better." And they went and saw that it was Dugong, and they said to one another, "What shall we do, how can we catch it?" Then Turia said, "This is how we going to do. Ori, you get the hook, and I too. Posu you row the canoe. Do not make any noise, the tide is too low. Make the canoe go as fast you can do, and go straightway up on top the back, so that when it wants to go, it can't go. Then we will go down and catch it on the tail, and pull it tight as much as we can pull." Then two men get the hook, and the other one rowed the canoe. They went straightway up on top the Dugong. Then it did not make anything, and they jumped down hastily and saw that it was dead. They got no knife to cut and see whether it is good or bad. They saw one of our students standing on the shore looking at them. They called him, and he brought a knife, and they cut and saw blood come out and said, "It was just died this morning, bit by something on the lower jaw." How happy they were, jumping up and down on the sea. Then the village people saw them shouting, came with the knives in their hands and saw that it was Dugong get by L.C. people. They were growling and angry by themselves; say to one another, "Why did we not see this thing first!" because these people are very fond of this animal's meat.

Then they sent one of them to tell Mr. Turner about it, and also to send some men to come and help them to carry it to home. He

came and told us. We were very happy. We went and saw that we can't carry it, it was very heavy. Then we cut it into pieces so that we can carry it easily. We came home at 6 o'clock in the evening, and put the meat in front of our teacher's house, and we went to our own houses to have our food.

After we had our food we went and cut the meat into little pieces, and we divided it amongst the students, and boys and girls, and our masters, and also our animals. It is very nice meat better than the pig. It was 5 feet long.

[By Marehari Raepa, student, Lawes College. This wins the 5s. prize this month.]

The Story of Gogodiro and Two Little Girls.

LONG ago Gogodiro had two little sisters, their father and mother had died. Gogodiro married and his wife was supposed to look after these two small girls, but Gogodiro's wife was no good. When Gogodiro stopped in the village the wife would cook *kai-kai* and give some to the small girls but when their brother went away to the gardens, or fishing, or hunting, that woman did not look after the two girls and gave them no *kai-kai*.

When Gogodiro returned home, before eating the *kai-kai* that the woman had cooked for him, Gogodiro said to his wife, "Have you given *kai-kai* to my small sister?" That woman said, "Yes," but she lied, for she had not given *kai-kai* to the small girls. Every day this was so, and by and by the little girls became very hungry. So they had to beg food from small boys in the village. Some days the boys gave food to the little girls, but some days they had no food to give them. Then the girls had to look amongst the rubbish for banana skins, yam skins, or fish bones and any other food that they could find.

One day they went into the bush. They looked at the mango, and one fruit that we call *Maita*, and another that we call *Geregere*. One of the little girls climbed up to get the fruit that was good and ripe, but a big snake twisted itself around her and the little girl was very frightened. She called out to her brother, but Gogodiro had gone fishing and his ears were hurt so that he could not hear. But he thought that there was something wrong in the village. When he was fishing he saw the fish but could not catch them. He was thinking, "What is up with me? All the time I come fishing I get fish very easy." So Gogodiro went home to see what was wrong in the village. He came in the village and said to his wife, "Where are my two small sisters?" The wife lied and said, "They are playing around with the boys and girls." Gogodiro asked all the small boys and girls, but they said, "We do not know; we have not seen your little sisters all day." Gogodiro took his native axe and ran into the bush to look for the little girls. He heard a voice from *Geregere* (the tree) sing out, "Poor me, Gogodiro, away up in *Geregere*. The snake is tied round my body."

Gogodiro climbed up into the tree. He held the small girls's leg and cut the snake. The snake fell down and he took the little girl in his arms. The other one he put on his back and he carried them home.

When he went home the small girl said to Gogodiro, "Your wife never gives any food to me and my sister; we are always hungry. This time bad luck snake he bit me." Gogodiro went into his house and left the two small girls outside. He took his spear and sharpened it. He look for his wife but she had gone to carry water. When she came back and went to go inside the house, Gogodiro killed her straight away and threw her body into the water.

Now white man has come, some woman do things the same as Gogodiro's wife, but plenty of boys have food to give little girls who are hungry. They see the people on the *Morinda* and get sixpences from them for diving in the water and other things, so that they are able to buy plenty of *kai-kai*.

[By Lohia Toua, of Hanuahada, native clerk, Kerema.]

The Eel and the Coconut.

WHERE did the tree coconuts come from? Where did they get the tree coconuts? Who gave it to them? Some people say it came from one water-eel. Long ago one girl born. She did not go down to the ground. She lived in her house. Many days she said, "Now I go down; I take my water-pot, then I go draw water. The mother and father they not know, because they had told the girl not to go down and she had promised.

Then she took her water-pot and she go down. She went to the well. Then the girl threw down her water-pot. She wanted take water. Then a water-eel took the pot. They pulling the pot. The girl was not strong: she was pulled down into the well. Then the water-eel said, "I am your husband."

They lived in the well. Then she said, "I go out. I come back." She went out and ran away to the village chief's house. The water-eel waited. She not come back. Then the eel go up. He looked round; he not found. But he said, "I go to the village, then I find out." Then he went straight to chief's house. He find out. Chief said, "You wash first; behind you marry her." They make hot water. They put it into the pot and the eel got in. They shut the pot. He dead (*he was cooked*).

They cutting off his neck and legs. They cut three pieces. They put into the ground. Afterward he grow up, they see tree coconuts. This tree coconut came from that way, we said. That all.

[By Emily Ravu, daughter of V.C., Hula.]

Articles.

Send your articles to F. E. Williams, Editor of *The Papuan Villager*. All articles from Papuans receive 1s. The best for the month gets 5s.

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Wreck of the *Nivani*.

THE Government boat *Nivani* was wrecked on 19th July. The *Nivani* belonged to the Eastern Division. She had taken Mr. Fox, the School Inspector, to Mailu; he had finished his work there and was coming back to Samarai. The *Nivani* was travelling in the night time; it was raining hard and very black, so that the captain could not see ahead. She ran on the reef at Delina, not far from Samarai.

This happened at two o'clock in the morning. A big sea was running and the boat was broken, so that the cabin began to fill with water.

There were two white men on board, Mr. Fox and Mr. Young. The boys took them ashore in the dinghy on the inner side of the reef. Then

the crew came back and began to take out all the useful things on the boat. They took the engine to pieces and got it ashore; all sorts of other things too. They worked very hard that night and next day and saved everything they could. And all this was dangerous work, for big waves were coming in and the boat was rolling heavily.

Some days after the *Elevala* came along and picked up the engine and the other things on the beach.

The crew of the *Nivani* were Sam, former Village Constable of Suau (captain); Debatauna, formerly of launch *Minnetonka* (engine boy); Iau Ahua, Kekenai and Kainawari.

The Naughty Child and the Devil-Devil.

A little girl was playing in the village. Her mother called her, but she would not come. She called again and again; but the child would not come. At last the mother was tired of calling. It was now dark. So she went inside and closed up her house.

Now the naughty child came home. She tried to get in. But her mother said, "No, you would not come before. Now sleep outside."

The little girl lay down on a board (it was a board for beating clay on, to make pots). While she slept a devil-devil came. He picked up the board

and the girl; put the board on his head; and ran off down the track.

Now the naughty girl woke up; and she was very frightened. But a creeper was hanging down over the track like a rope. She took hold of this and pulled herself up; and the devil-devil ran on (he thought the girl was still on the board).

The girl hid in the top of a tree; and at last her mother found her again.

This is an Orokaiva story.

Plantations.

ON page 4 there are two pictures of rubber plantations. Many Papuans know all about rubber because they have signed on the plantations, and many others will sign on in years to come. Perhaps someday you will have rubber of your own. Already one or two Papuans own motor-cars, and they think a lot about rubber when they have to buy a new set of tyres.

Schoolboys have seen rubbers for rubbing out pencil; the medical assistants have used rubber tubes; and all those who live near Port Moresby or Hisiu have seen the rubber tyres of motor-cars. Rubber is used for a hundred other things by the white man.

It all comes from the sap of trees like those at Iavarere and Itikinumu in the pictures. Every day the tappers cut the bark and the white sap drips into the cups. One boy taps about 350 trees each day, like milking 350 cows. He collects the "latex," or white sap, and takes it to the factory. The factory boys make it into thick sheets, and these are rolled until they are thin sheets. Then they are cut up and dried in a smoke-house. When they are ready they are taken down by mules to Rouna and so to Port Moresby for shipment.

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