

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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## DANCES.

**T**HE white men can do many things better than you Papuans. They can read and write, and they do their arithmetic very well on the whole; they build houses of stone, and make boots of pig-skin; and lately they have taken to flying about in the air like birds. All these things they can do far better than any Papuan. But you shouldn't be too sorry for yourselves. There are still plenty of things that you can do far better than any white man.

For instance you can sail your canoe better. Some white men know a lot about canoes and other kinds of boats. But many of them don't know anything at all, although they go to sea in them.

Then again you can carve lime-sticks, make string bags, and weave armlets or make them out of shell. And you can make pots for instance, better than most white people. It is true that the best pots made by Europeans are finer than any made at Mailu or the Amphletts; but then, if these white potters only had their bare hands to work with, they might not do so well. All sorts of things I could mention, things that the Papuans do very well in their own way.

### *European and Papuan Dancing.*

It may be that the white people could do all these things better than you if they tried—though I am not sure of it. But there is one thing at

any rate that they can't do nearly as well—although they keep on trying. They can't dance.



TROBRIAND LIME-STICK.

All Papuans should remember that this is one of the things they do best

of all. When any white man comes from Sydney to see Papua he likes to look at the people in their villages; but he wants most of all to see them dance. So when Lord Stonehaven came to visit Papua, the people danced before him. And by doing this they paid him a compliment; because they showed themselves off at their best.

The Europeans do things in another way. They also honour the Governor, but they don't do it by dancing. If all the white people in Port Moresby had "fallen in" and danced before Lord Stonehaven when he landed, he would have been exceedingly surprised. He would have said, "This is certainly another fashion!"

### *Dancing for the Governor-General.*

But when he went to the Parade Ground, where hundreds of Papuans had come together, he was not surprised to see them dancing. That is just what he wanted.

And you may be sure that when white people see the Papuans dancing they sometimes say, "My Word, I wish we could do that."

On page 4 you see some pictures of the dancing at Port Moresby when the Governor-General was here. Nine villages from the Central Division had sent people to help; and there were also some Kiwai boys from the Western Division. All the dancers were dressed out in their best feathers and ornaments; and everyone who saw it said it was a great dance.

*Don't Forget to Dance.*

The Governor-General and the people of Port Moresby were lucky to see those dances. But those who walk about the country can see them any time in the villages. And yet some people say that the Papuans don't dance as often or as well as they used to. It is a pity if this is true. Whenever you have a big feast you should dance in the good old fashion. Remember it is one of the things you can do very well, or, to use a new word, it is one of the things in which you "excel." I hope the Papuans will never forget how to beat their drums and dance.

## The Police on Parade.

IN an earlier paper we gave some pictures of the Armed Constables at drill. This time we show them as a "Guard of Honour" for Lord Stonehaven. They are all in full uniform and standing "at the slope." When the Governor-General arrived they "presented arms" and everyone said they did it very well. It would be a terrible thing if one of them dropped his rifle or did any movement at the wrong moment; the whole force would nearly die of shame and Sergeant-Major Simoi would probably disappear under the ground. But we are glad to say that nobody dropped his rifle, and everyone kept time.

In the picture you can see Lord Stonehaven "inspecting" the guard. He is the man in front and nearest to the policemen. Next to him is Mr. Logan, who was in command of the guard; and next to him is the Governor's "Aide-de-camp." Behind them comes Hon. Leonard Murray; and at the back, the Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, with Lady Stonehaven.

There were 51 policemen in the guard. I am sorry to say that Sergeant-Major Simoi, the Senior N.C.O. in the force, doesn't come in the picture, although he was with the guard. But you can see two N.C.O.'s Corporal Mamadema (of Rourouba, Baniara District) on the right of the front rank; and Corporal Nakea (of Keuru, Gulf Division) on the right of the rear rank.

## Improving the Breed.

NEARLY every people has a law or *taravatu* to stop relations marrying. This is a very good law, because we have seen that when people of the same family marry and have children, these children are often very small, or silly, or not properly shaped. In some small Papuan villages, you will see that the people are little, and that there are some of them with funny arms, or legs, or heads or bodies; this is because the boys have always taken girls from their own little village as their wives, as also had their fathers and their grandfathers. In this way all the people, after a time, had the same blood.

Even horses, cattle, pigs, and plants get smaller unless other horses, or cattle or pigs from some other place are brought and mixed with them, from time to time. You will see too, that your vegetables, like sweet potatoes, pumpkins, bananas and pineapples get smaller and worse every season, unless you bring plants from other places to plant amongst them every year.

So as you walk about visiting other villages, you should watch out for good pigs, or good yams, or sweet potatoes, bananas and other such things, and try to get some of these good kinds to put with your own. If you do this, you will quickly see that your next dogs and pigs and vegetables and fruit will be bigger and better.

## Dances at Port Moresby.

THE following villages in the Central Division sent people to dance at Port Moresby for the Governor-General's visit. Doura, Kerepunu, Manumanu, Boera, Hanuabada, Lea Lea and Papa, Pari, Tatana and Baruni, Porebada and Eholasi.

One of the best of the dances was done by some Hanuabada boys who had been taught by Kiwais. You can see a picture of their Umbrella dance on page 4.

## Guns.

HOW much do we know about guns? What makes the bullet fly out when we fire a gun, and what makes the big noise? Well, the gunpowder in the gun fills a space of about an inch; but, when we pull the trigger and the cap strikes fire into the powder, this powder gets on fire and changes from one inch of powder into several thousand inches of gas! This gas must get out somewhere or it would burst the gun. It cannot get out at the back of the gun because this part is built of strong steel. But, the front part is a hollow pipe, and the thousands of inches of gas rush up this pipe to get out, and, finding in front a charge of shot or a bullet, the gas drives this on in front of it very far and fast. The gas, once it has got out of the gun, can be seen as smoke. When the gas has rushed out of the end of the gun, the air rushes in, and it is this great rush of air that makes the big noise when the gun is fired.

At the time of the battle called Waterloo (1815 was the year) the soldiers had muskets that would only shoot good up to 500 yards. The rifle used to-day by soldiers will shoot a bullet 3,000 yards! The old gun used by soldiers was quite smooth inside the barrel or pipe, and the bullet used was a round one. It did not fly straight after it had gone about 200 yards. The gun or rifle now used has lines cut into the steel inside the barrel; if you look you will see that they go from one end of the barrel to the other. But, do not look into a loaded gun! These lines catch the bullet as it passes and make it spin or turn round and round very fast, which is why it goes far and very straight, and does not turn off on the way to one side or the other.

At one time guns were not fired by using cartridges. The powder had to be poured in at the end of the gun, and then there was a piece of paper or of tow, called a wad sent down after the powder; next, on top of the wad was pushed the shot or bullet, and a wad on top of it, all rammed very tightly. This fashion made shooting off several shots a long job, as it took time to load again after each shot was fired off. Now, we can slip in a

cartridge, pull the trigger and fire the gun, and load again all in about ten seconds; that is we can fire a gun now about six times a minute, when long ago it took a whole minute or more to fire one shot.

—“Bantu.”

### Pigs.

THE two pictures of pigs on page 5 come from very distant parts of Papua. Most of you know about Suau; and some of you may be able to recognize the women, if not the pigs, in the picture. But not many Papuans have been to Setavi or seen the fine pigs they have on the River Morehead. The Morehead River people keep their pigs in “pens,” or little houses. This is only a small one in the picture. When he grows bigger they will break the pen and build another. The pig stays in the pen nearly all his life. Only now and then he has a walk-about with his “mother.” But she treats him very well and feeds him through the bars of the pen. At last he grows to an enormous size, so fat that he lies down and can't get up again. Then, when he is ready to kill, a man comes along and shoots him with bow and arrows, still inside his pen.

### Printer's Boy Wanted.

THE Government Printer wants a boy who can read really well. This boy will work on *The Papuan Villager* and other jobs. He must be a good reader, for he will sometimes have to “call over,” that is, he will read from a copy while a white man corrects any mistakes in the printing. He may also have to do other work including “typesetting.”

Remember there are many good jobs waiting for those boys who can read and write English. In *The Papuan Villager* you may see advertisements for such jobs. People can advertise for house-boys too, if they want to. If you see an advertisement for a job that you would like, then you should go and ask for it. So this time if any good reader wants work, he can go and see the Government Printer.

### Story of a Pig and Mouse.

ONE hot day a bush pig fell asleep in the shade. As he was sleeping a little mouse ran up to him. The little mouse did not see it was a pig, he was so big. So it ran up on his back. This awoke the pig. He shook the mouse off his back, and put down his big foot as if to kill it. The little mouse began to cry, “O let me go, let me go, I did not see it was a big pig.” So the pig, who was so good let the little mouse go.

One day the pig fell in a trap some native men had set for him. The net held him so fast that he could not get away. Just then the little mouse ran up. “O help me, help me, little mouse,” said the pig. “I will,” said the little mouse, “for you let me go.” Then the little mouse with his sharp teeth cut some of the strings, and set the big pig free.

—Malcolm C., Koilahu, Vailala.

### Fire on the Port Moresby Wharf.

LAST Wednesday night there was a fire on the Port Moresby wharf. Armed Constable Nemabau, who was on duty at the wharf, saw smoke come up from under the planks, and he found a fire burning not far from the coal bunkers. A.C. Imere was on duty at the “Queenie” Store. He also saw the fire at the same time, and ran down to the wharf. The Town Guard turned out, and also the crew of the *Elevala*. Together they put the fire out with water.

Probably this fire was caused by a cigarette. Some careless person must have thrown it down without first putting it out. It fell into some old paper or rubbish, and the wind made it catch fire. Cigarettes probably cause more fires than anything else.

### Cricket.

THE Kwato team played Samarai on the 28th September. Samarai made 80, and Kwato passed their score with only four wickets down.

### Elections in Australia.

ON 12th October there was an election in Australia for a new Commonwealth Parliament. The Nationalist Party had been in before, and the Prime Minister was Mr. Bruce. The results (as we heard them on Sunday) were Labour 42; the Nationalists and other parties 27. So now it looks as though the Nationalists are out and Labour is in.

### The Boy Scouts' Jamboree.

THE Jamboree or meeting of the Boy Scouts was held in England during August. There were 50,000 scouts there from all parts of the World.

The President of the Boy Scouts is the Duke of Connaught (the King's uncle); and he opened the Jamboree. All the Scouts marched past him with their flags—from England, Europe and America; from India, Africa and other parts of the World. It was bad luck for the Poreporena troop that they could not be there.

The Jamboree was held because the Boy Scouts movement has “come of age,” as we say; that is because it is 21 years' old. It was begun by Sir Robert Baden Powell. He is the Chief Scout and the King has made him a Baron as a reward.

The Prince of Wales was at the Jamboree also. This is what he said about scouting:—

I am very glad to have been able to come to the Jamboree to see such a great gathering of Scouts, and I am particularly pleased that there are so many contingents from abroad and from British countries overseas. I have travelled abroad a good deal, and have seen Boy Scouts in practically every corner of the globe.

The British way of expressing the idea is to say, “Scouting breeds true sportsmanship.” But sportsmanship is not an easy word to define. It means straight dealing and playing the game. It means self-reliance, and at the same time team work, playing for your side and not for yourself, winning without swank, losing without bad temper. It also means thoughtfulness and making allowances for others. It is an idea of loyalty and of service. The one thing it hates like poison is selfishness.

## Betel, Lime and Pepper.

WHEREVER Papuans chew betel they use lime and pepper at the same time.

Some of the stories say that in the days of long ago the people used to chew betel-nuts with pepper but without any lime.

In the Purari Delta the first people used to do this, until two old women and Apura learnt how to make lime by burning shell-fish.

### *Lime and the Moon.*

But these two women used it for another purpose besides chewing with betel. This was at a time when there was no moon, and it was very dark at night. The two old women painted the lime on a flat round piece of wood, and fixed it to the top of the *ravi*. The *ravi* is a men's house, and in the Purari Delta the tip of it sticks high up in the air; so that this piece of wood was like the moon in the sky. And the white lime shone so brightly that the people could see by night; and so they were able to catch the pigs when they came to steal taro in their gardens. And there the painted wood stayed on the high tip of the *ravi*, until one day a clever man called Iko climbed up and stole

it. And he threw it up into the sky; and there it stayed. Since then we have had the advantage of moon-light.

### *The Discovery of Pepper.*

In some other parts of Papua (so the stories say) the people had betel and lime, but no pepper. And this is how they discovered pepper.

A man was out hunting, and he killed a pig. He had had hard work to do it, so he thought he would sit down and have a spell, and chew a little betel and lime. Of course he had no pepper, so the mixture did not turn to a red colour in his mouth. (For everyone knows that you have to chew all three, betel, lime and pepper, if you want this fine red colour.) After he had chewed for awhile he thought he had better tie up his pig and carry it home. He had no rope, but every Papuan can find something like a rope if he looks round him in the bush. So this man saw a tough creeper growing on a tree. As he could not break it in his hands, he had to bite through it with his strong teeth. His mouth was still full of betel and lime, and, as he bit the creeper, this all turned red. At first he was very scared. He thought he had cut his mouth and that the red colour was that of blood. But the creeper had such a good hot taste that he tried again, and saw that he had made a discovery. The creeper was a Pepper vine; and since then betel-chewers have always used pepper.

### *Lime-Pots and Lime-Sticks.*

Most Papuans carry their lime in a gourd or calabash. Inside the powder keeps dry and soft, because of the stopper, which fits tight like a cork in a bottle. And when they want to take some lime they poke their lime-sticks in, and pull them out again and suck the lime off the tip. Many a man is proud of his lime-stick and lime-bottle; and if he is an important man he rattles one inside the other. Then the other people look at him, and listen when he talks.

Some lime-sticks are made of bone and some of bamboo; but the finest of all are the lime-sticks of black ebony wood, which the Trobrianders carve. All white men like to have these Trobriand lime-sticks—not because they want to chew betel and suck lime—but because they like to look at the good clean carving.

### *Betel-Chewing.*

Some people chew betel, and some do not. White men as a rule do not like it. But if you want to chew it, nobody will stop you. There is no harm in having a little betel now and

then; in fact it may be a good thing. But if you are always chewing, it becomes a bad thing. Too much betel makes a stupid boy and a bad workman. And do not be chewing when you have work to do. Do your work first, and chew afterwards.

## Stone Clubs.

IN the fighting days Papuans used to break one another's heads with clubs. They made them out of stone—a piece of stone with a hole through it for the handle of wood or cane. Some of these stone heads we call "Discs," because they are round and flat; some are called "Pine-apples," because they have small knobs on them like a pineapple; some are called "Stars," because they have points like a star; and some are called "Egg-clubs" because they are round and smooth like a hen's egg. To be hit over the head with a hen's egg would be very nasty; but not near so nasty as being hit with a stone egg.

Nowadays clubs have rather gone out of use; and perhaps some of you have never even seen one. They were made by hitting the big stone with a smaller one, until this big stone had been knocked into the right shape. You can see how this was done in the picture. The Ukaudi boy made a hole right through in an hour or so.



“The Papuan Villager.”

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## The Story of Bemutabu and Abatabu.

**B**EMUTABU was first born; Abatabu was second horn. Their village name Kana, big hill behind Tubuseleia. Their nation called Vadiri.

Other day second brother Abatabu went out to fishing in the river. He brought some fish for his children. His wife cooked for them. Then he divide out his children to eat. Bemutabu's children were there with them. One thing, Abatabu no gave to his brother's children.

Bemutabu's children were crying without, till their father came out from garden evening time. He saw his children. "Why you boys crying?" They said, "Dear father, your brother's children eat fish. They did not give us fish at all; only he gave his children. Then father says to them, "All right, I will tomorrow. We have big land. Tomorrow I will go our land to get some for you all."

### Bemutabu goes Hunting with his Dogs.

They sleep. Tomorrow morning he take his spear and he call his two dogs, names Sesei-kwaiwa and Vabuta-kwaiwa. Then he went out early in morning to hunting. He killed a cuscus; then he went to his land, names Bemugai and Abagai.

Those lands have plenty of breadfruit. He put spears with the cuscus near the breadfruit tree. Then he told his two dogs, "Wabuta-kwaiwa, look after our things. Sesei-kwaiwa, you take when I throw down breadfruits. You bringing here and put together. (Because Sesei-kwaiwa is lazy dog; Wabuta-kwaiwa is succeed dog. So he gave him rest.) Then Bemutabu he climb up the breadfruit tree; he throw down breadfruits. Sesei-kwaiwa pick up, then he put where their master told him.

### The Big Snake.

He finished one side and gone another side. He want pick up breadfruit, he saw big snake about 100 feet long, 30 feet round (our fathers told us, says just like big canoe, or steamer.) That dog he saw that snake, he very afraid also he bark at him always. Bemutabu thought somebody there. He answer them, said, "This is my land; why you come here?" But dog still barking, then he says to himself, "More better I'll go down to take my things and run away; no good they kill me on this tree, I have got no road to go." Then he came down the tree quick as he can. He picked all his things and breadfruits too; he make his pole. Then he carry away with his lazy dog. That succeed dog still sleeping where his things put. He walk away, he leave the succeed dog behind.

### The Snake Chases Bemutabu.

He gone about 2 miles he saw only one dog with him. Then he put down his pole, and he went back to call his other dog. He call him, says, "Wabuta-kwaiwa, se, se!" Then that dog and the snake came out at once;

snake follow the dog. Bemutabu he saw dog come, but he did not see the snake. Only he saw that all trees and grass he move and shake like wind blow. Bemutabu he very, very, indecision: he says by himself, "I see dog come. After him all things move and shake. Why?" He look through over the dog he saw a big snake follow his dog. He mourn silent; he very afraid too. He run back to pick up his pole. Then he put down a spear to present him says to the snake, "You take this spear, and go back your home." Snake he not want spear, Bemutabu and his dog gone fast; snake run after them, until he arrive at water well near the village, where he make fence to stop the snake, because he want sweal (*swill*?) his cuscus.

### Bemutabu and his Family.

When he finish he going to the village. The snake stop out-side village (Gabiruma). Bemutabu gone his house. He gave cuscus to his wife and told her, "Please you cook this cuscus quick as you can." Then he call his children; add together near him, and kiss them one by one, with weep. His children with their mother says, to Bemutabu, "Why you did this?" Bemutabu be no say any thing; he cry all time, and he told his wife, "You make *kaikai* quick as you can. I and my children want *kaikai* together. Wife said, "Yes, all ready." He said, "Put in one dish, we eat together just last, you and me." After *kaikai* they make bed in one place; he and his wife and their children they sleep together one place.

### The Snake in the Village.

The snake is full of water in his stomach, he drink three lakes finished. He wait at Gabiruma till village people all getting sleep. He wait all that night, till 4 o'clock. Snake came out in village, he put out fire with water, be gone round all houses one to another. He vomit water on the fire every house, only he leave Bemutabu's house. He no put out; still light yet. After that he surround his tal on the street. Middle part he coil up on verandah; another coil put in the door; bead put near the fire. He watch fire, flame all time, he make up the fire with his mouth.

Five o'clock an old woman she wake from sleep, because very cold. Also she look around fire. Nothing there. She gone down, stand on the street, she look round. Every houses has no fire; only one house she saw fire light. That snake was there, in Bemutabu's house. She going to get fire there, she went up in Bemutabu's house, she stand near the door, stand on the snake. She feeling snake body is very cold; she surprise. Then she call loudly, to Bemutabu, "Rahobada, where you been yesterday?" Bemutabu says to old woman, "I not go any where. I gone my land yesterday." "Why this snake here in your house now?" old woman says to Bemutabu. Bemutabu says "I know it." When day light, Prince of that village (Haroro) he preach to village people, says to them "Please to-day nobody gone away any where at all; because Bemutabu has visitors in his house. We must help him too." People

says "Yes, quite all right." Then they take one hundred of pigs, with arm shell and pig teeth, and all New Guinea things, come add together in Bemutabu's house. Their Prince he asked, "Snake you want pig, or you want arm shell, or you want house, or you want dog, or you want pig teeth, or you want Bemutabu's wife or his daughter, or you want his boy?" Nothing said. After he says "Well you want Bemutabu?" Snake said "Yes." He stretch at once.

### The Snake takes Bemutabu away.

Then they told him to wait. Prince said "Kill five pigs now for Bemutabu. We have big feast before he gone with snake. They make feast finish. They take ornament they put on Bemutabu. They put on head and arm, Bemutabu and his daughter too. They gave one drum. Then told snake say "All right, we all ready."

Then snake tail lift up in Bemutabu's nose to tie round (you know our natives have hole on their nose). Well that snake tail stick or insert in Bemutabu's nose-hole. Then snake walk fast. Bemutabu and his daughter walk after him. From Kana to Paura lake. First he try in Mugoroa lake, between Barakau and Tubuseleia, try to sink Bemutabu has drum on his hand and he beat drum; he dancing singing this song—

*Bemutabu oroioro,  
auna tabu gadimani ere.*

Snake pull him all way along Kwarume-mase lake. Try there: no sink. Go into Garamala. Try there: cannot. Go out to Paura lake, where Bootless people put smelters pump, not far, about one mile. Try there. All right, man and snake sink there; daughter came like *hatoro* palm. Therefore our village people say those three lakes are holy lakes; no body go down there; and swimming there too is holy places, near the Bootless Inlet.

[By Taunao Agaru, of Barakau, teacher at Poreporena. This story wins the prize of 5s.]

## Contributors to *The Papuan Villager*.

THE following have sent in articles this month:—

Gorogo Lohia, Poreporena School.  
Phillip Mage, C/o. R.M., Kikori.  
Charlie Esau, of Saroa.  
Henry Timo, of Saroa.  
Mirisa R., of Iokea.  
Iidu Mea, of Hanuabada.  
Miro Fae, of Iokea.  
Pipi Kake, Sivitoti.  
Leo A. Parau, C/o. A.R.M., Kairuku.  
Leonard, Mailu Island.  
Dauge, Mailu Island.  
Nole, Mailu Island.  
Noga Koi, Mailu Island.  
Lupa, Mailu Island.  
Dagi Kapu, Mailu Island.  
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Flying-Foxes.

LONG ago the people who were living at the West of Daru thought that there were no flying-fox in the world. In one village which is now called Boigu there lived people in that village; and the work they do is fishing for dugong. And I am sorry to tell you they didn't have spears like we have now. They used to make wooden spears which we call *kiwuro*, or harpoon, with barbs in it. They used to spear the dugongs with it.

The men used to go out at night and look for dugong. When they spear some they bring them home. Then they cut the dugongs. When they finish cutting they divide them into two parts, one for men, and the other for women. The meats that had fat in it, they used to put them for men; and those that had no fat were for the women. So the men went on doing it like this all the time. Then the women got angry with them, and the women thought, What they going to do with the men? Then one of the women said to them "I have thought something which I think will be best."

This was what she told them. "I want you to go and take the fibre cloth off the coconut and bring them, and I will sew them like the wings of a bird. Then we all will fly away, and leave men by themselves." Then they said "All right, we will do that."

So the women set to work what they have been told to do, and bring the fibre cloth to the woman who have told them; and sew them the way she had thought. And it took her three whole days to do them. And on the fourth day she tried herself and flew away. And when the women saw her they were very pleased. Then she came back again.

And the day after that the men went away to look for more dugongs. After two nights the men came back, and the women at once got out from their houses and went to the place where they have left their wings, and put them on quickly. Then all at once they flew away and came flying. And when the men saw them flying they were very sad, and told them to come down. But the women told them, "No, you have been very greedy. You have taken the best meats for yourselves." So away they went, and turned into flying-fox.

There is a lesson in this story, that we Papuans ought to learn, that we may not be greedy to have the best for ourselves.

[By Bira S., of Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

### The Story About Onaivio at Mekeo and Roro, C.D.

LONG ago Onaivio was killing all the people at Mekeo and Roro district. A man called Laua-a had a wife and two children; took them inside ground and prepared a place for them. And Laua-a went up to hunt and Onaivio saw him and killed him. His wife was waiting for him. Laua-a he did not come. In her sleep she dreamed that Onaivio had killed her husband.

And then after his two children grew up big then they asked their mother "Where our father is?" Mother said to them "Why you are asking about you father. Well if you are strong boys I will tell about you father." And then boys said to their mother "Yes, we will be strong." She was telling them where they where before. A big giant was killing every body in the village, so you father brought

us down in the ground and to remain here, to save us from perish. Some day after your father went up to hunt, Onaivio killed him."

Now this two boys prepared bows and arrows and spears to go up to fight with Onaivio. They meet Onaivio on the road, and Onaivio laughed at them and said, "I killed all you people. Where you two come from now? You want fight with me? This two boys threw the spear at him, and one of them spear him on the leg. He fall down to the ground, and said to them, "No, you did not spear me." Laua-a's son said, "I did spear you." Then giant said, "All right that is sufficient now, I'll come back to-morrow." So he went home.

But he did not come because he had a bad leg. These two boys were waiting but they did not see his face. So these two boys were thinking that probably they might have hurt him. So they went up and burn the grass. And some of dust fly in to the plate of Onaivio while he was eating. After this two boys where walking along the road and suddenly saw two pretty girls decorated with Toia and Mairi, coming to fetch water. And then two boys asked the girls "Where is you father?" They reply "Our father is at home; but he had a wound on his leg." One of the boys said "What medicine you use?" "We use some kind of leaves." So the boys said, "No, do not use that leaves any more. When you get back to your house boil a pot of water and pour it on the leg of you father. That will soon cure and clear him." So these two girls went to the house and got a pot of water and as soon as the water was boiling they took near their father, and pour it on his leg. He was screaming and crying, jumping up and kicking about, rolling here and there all over the house. At that moment the boys come and pull him out, dragged him down on to the ground, and kill him, and cut him up in to small pieces. And one little piece of his eye fly up on to the top of a tree called Apani-i tree, and talk to the two boys. "My named is Onaivio. I killed every one in world. No one has hope to kill me. But I cannot mention how you two boys have had killed me. Now when ever you go hunting do not think of me, I am stone dead." So this two boys went and married both daughter of Onaivio and return to their mother and started build their houses, and stay happy for ever more. End.

[By Jim Guava Oa, native clerk for R.M., D.D., 14th July, 1929.]

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