

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Population and Depopulation.



IN Papua there are probably more than 250,000 people. Many of them live in such scattered villages and in such far away places that it is impossible to count them exactly. But the Government is always taking the "Census," that is, putting down the names of the villagers in a book, and some day they will know just how many there are.

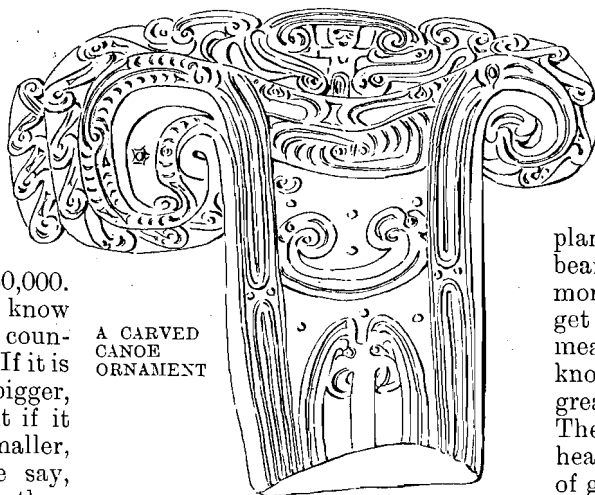
Depopulation.

All the people together are called the "population." That is to say the population of Papua is something more than 250,000. Now we are all very anxious to know whether the population of this country is going up or going down. If it is steadily going up, or getting bigger, then we are very pleased. But if it is going down, or getting smaller, then we are very sorry. We say, "That is a bad affair," and we then speak of "depopulation."

In some other parts of the world where brown-skinned people live they have been slowly dying out. This is depopulation. It has happened among the Australian "aborigines" and in some of the Pacific Islands. Nowadays we know this is a very bad thing, and the white men do everything in their power to prevent it. Governors and scientists think very hard about the matter and write books upon it, and in many parts the depopulation has been stopped, and the people have begun to increase again.

Preventing Depopulation.

The Government and all the other white people want the population of Papua to go on increasing. In some places it has been growing fast but there are some places where it has been sinking. The Papuans should be just as keen to see the population rise; and I think they mostly are, for they want to see big villages and strong tribes in their own country.



A CARVED
CANOE
ORNAMENT

Keep Healthy.

There are several ways in which you can bring this about. The first is to keep yourselves healthy and avoid sickness. The Medical Service is here to help you do this. The doctors and their assistants travel about the country to treat the sick. Never be afraid to ask their help; and never hide from them when they come. Do not fear the "injection" which cures your sores; and when they offer you a dose of Hookworm medicine, drink it down like a pannikin of ginger-beer.

If ever a big sickness, like influenza or measles or dysentery, passes through the villages, do what the doctors tell you. The sick people must be "isolated" or kept by themselves and then their sickness cannot pass on to others. And always be ready to use the hospitals—at Port Moresby and Samarai and Fife Bay and Kwato and Gona and Salamo. They are there for the sick people and it is worth going a long way to get well.

Good Food.

There is another most important way in which you can keep up your population. That is by eating good food. Let your gardens be bigger than ever before; plant some new food in them too—beans and corn and tomatoes; grow more pigs and fatter pigs; don't forget to keep up your feasts. All this means a lot of work, but it is very well known nowadays that food has a great deal to do with population. There will be no big families or healthy families unless there is plenty of good food to eat.

"Save the Babies."

The third thing is to look after the babies. When there is depopulation in a village you see hardly any little children there. The people are all grown up. This is partly because there are no babies born; and partly because the babies who are born die in their babyhood. It is said that some women kill their children before they are born. If they do that they cannot expect to have a fine strong village. This is called "abortion" and it is such a bad thing that anyone who causes it can be sent to gaol.

But many women want to keep their babies and yet lose them because they don't know how to look after them well. Nowadays in white countries the doctors are very particular about babies; people are careful to look after the mother and child when the baby is born, and to feed it properly while it is still very young. You, therefore, should use all the help that Missions and Government can give you and, above all, take the advice of the Nurses at the hospitals. They know all about how to look after babies.

The white people are always saying "Save the Babies." If you take care to save *your* babies, you will make a big difference to the population.

The Baby Bonus.

Every woman who has four children of her own receives a prize from the Government. This is called the Baby Bonus; and furthermore, her husband does not have to pay the Tax. These rewards are given to show that the Government is really anxious to see your villages full of children.

Assaults on White Women.

ON 23rd December a Papuan native named Ove Evara was tried before the Court. He had entered a white woman's room during the night and laid hands on her. He was found guilty of "indecent assault," and sentenced to ten years in gaol with hard labour.

On 4th January another Papuan native named Semesi was tried. He had also entered the room of a white woman and tried to have her, or to commit "rape." He was found guilty of "attempted rape" and sentenced to death. He was to be hanged on Monday, the 13th; and the gallows had been made ready to hang him. But, almost at the last moment, it was decided not to take his life. Instead, he has been sent to Kokoda, far away from his home. And there he will spend the rest of his life in gaol.

These crimes against white women were not committed by Port Moresby natives, but by men who had come from other parts of the Territory and who were working in Port Moresby.

Laws and Punishments.

All Papuan natives have to know that white women are sacred and must not be interfered with. There is no stronger *taravatu*, or law, in this land.

If a Papuan native rapes, or tries to rape, a white woman, he may be sentenced to death.

If he assaults her (that is lays hands on her) indecently, he may be imprisoned for life; or instead, the Judge may give him a shorter time in gaol, but order him to be whipped once, twice, or three times. Each whipping may be up to fifty strokes.

If a Papuan native even touches a young white girl indecently or wrongly, then he may be put into gaol for the rest his life.

These are strong laws. But there are some bad natives, and the white women must be kept safe.

The Cock and the Cuscus.

A young man once went to a dance. The dance was at his wife's village; and his wife's mother was there. She was an old woman.

This old woman was peeling taro with a very sharp shell. She looked at the dancers, and saw the young man. She was very proud of her daughter's husband; for he had good paint and feathers. She watched him instead of her taro. Then her hand slipped, and the sharp shell cut her thumb off.

The young man was ashamed. He said "It is my fault! I am too good looking." He was so ashamed that he said "I will be a bird," and he turned into a cock or rooster, which has very fine feathers.

And the old woman said, "Well, if you are a bird, I will be a cuscus." So she became a cuscus. If you look at a cuscus you see it has very short thumbs. That is because the old woman cut off her thumbs when she was peeling taro.

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

The Clever Tortoise and the Bad Boy.

A wallaby and a tortoise found a yam house, which belonged to a man named Inohoro. They stole some yams and sat down to eat them. While they were scraping the yams they heard Inohoro coming. The tortoise wanted to run away, but the wallaby said, "No matter, he will not come."

Now the tortoise was a fool to listen to the wallaby. For the man did come, and they had to run away. The wallaby could run fast, but the tortoise fell into a hole and Inohoro caught him easily. Then he tied him up with grass and took him home.

How the Tortoise Escaped.

Inohoro had two sons. One was a good boy; the other was a bad boy. Inohoro told the two boys to watch the tortoise. Then he went to the garden to work with his wife.

Now the tortoise spoke to the good boy. "Cut this grass, please," he said. "If you loose me, I will get you something nice to eat." But the good boy said, "No, my father told me to watch you. When he comes back we will eat you." Then the tortoise spoke to the bad boy. "Please, cut this grass," he said. "I will show you something good to eat if you do." Then the bad boy cut the grass and the tortoise ran away and they lost him. After this the two boys went to the river to swim.

How the Bad Boy was Punished.

When Inohoro came back he said, "Where is my tortoise?" He found that the bad boy had loosed him. So he dug a hole and put in hot stones at the bottom. Then he covered it with a mat.

First he called the good boy and said, "Don't you sit on that mat." Then he called the bad boy. And he said, "Hullo, my son, sit down on the mat." And the boy sat down on the mat and fell into the hole; and his father put some more hot stones on top of him, and he was baked like a pig.

The boy did wrong to disobey his father, but it is a good job that all fathers don't punish us so hard when we are disobedient.

The Great War and the League of Nations.

FOR thousands of years—in fact as far back as we can trace (find out)—the different peoples of this earth have fought and killed one another whenever their kings or queens have had rows with each other. Long ago these kings and queens and emperors were so “strong,” and the common people so ignorant and “weak,” that the people just had to do whatever their rulers ordered. But as the people learnt how to read and write, their brains got better, so that they were able to think for themselves. And by writing what they thought, they were able to make many other people think better also.

As more and more of the people grew wiser, they became strong enough gradually to prevent their rulers forcing them to things that seemed foolish or wrong. Nowadays the kings, queens and other rulers of the world do not control their people as they used to; and the people of the various nations periodically (from time to time) appoint men or women from amongst themselves to meet and talk together about everything that matters. So it was the Councillors of these various nations, and not the kings, who started the last big war, in which nearly all of the oldest and biggest and cleverest nations of the world were fighting.

This terrible war lasted just over four years; and when it finished the world realized (understood) that many millions of men had been terribly slaughtered. And they saw too that even when the war was finished, great numbers of men were left without arms, without legs, without eyes, or so fearfully injured inside that they must be nursed and looked after for as long as they might live.

Then the wise people of the world began to look round to see if they had gained anything through all that fighting and slaughtering of their fellow men. Instead of finding that they had gained, all who had fought found that they had lost billions of money—which they had had to borrow from other countries—and that all the people of the fighting nations would

have to work harder than ever to get the money they had borrowed for their war.

So now all the wisest Councillors of all the big nations are meeting together to try and fix things so that their people will never have to fight like mad animals that way again. All the world is now sending its Councillors to the whole world's parliament—which we call The League of Nations.

—“*Lagani-Namo.*”

Ancient Stones at Boianai.

The Carved Stones.

IT is said that long ago the Boianai people did not know how to make banana and taro gardens; not until they found certain stones. Franklin Arikeva has written a letter about them. He says they were obtained from two men or boys who had them “on their lands”; but he does not give their names. (Perhaps some other Boianai boy will tell *The Papuan Villager* more about them.) These two men left them on the road where the village was, but then they went on their way.

And after them one Boianai man came out from his house, and he saw some very wonderful sights of stones. And he cried out very loudly to his village people and said, “Come out all you people and see these stones which are beautiful to look at.” And then all the people came out from the village to look at those wonderful stones . . . and they made up their mind and talked about to each other, saying, “We better try hard and make our own garden of taro and bananas.”

On the morrow at the daybreak all the people they woke up and picked up all the stones. And then they went to the big field to start their business, how to use them in the garden. They would not make their gardens anyhow before they put those stones in front of them.

As school pupils write from copy books, the people of Boianai got their business from the stones.

On page 5 you see some pictures of carved stones from Boianai. The white people are very interested in stones of this sort, because they were made by the long-ago people. No one seems to know who made these circles on the Boianai stones, so that if any boy from the Wedau side can find any stories about them he should write them down and send them to the Editor.

Wakeke's “Pannikin.”

Wakeke was a great hero of Boianai. You will see on page 5 a picture of his “pannikin.” It is a hollow stone—not a very usual kind of pannikin, but then Wakeke was not a very usual kind of man. He once went to sea in a canoe together with all sorts of animals, birds, and snakes for a crew. His bos'n was the hornbill. Wakeke and his crew made war on a man Arebo who lived under the sea. They dived down one after the other. But all returned unsuccessful, until at last Wakeke went down himself, killed Arebo and ate his liver.

Then he came back to the canoe and they all sailed home. But the canoe was overloaded, so that Wakeke had to sit on the outrigger. He bore this for a while, though he found it uncomfortable. But then he got angry and beat all his crew. At this the crew also got angry and they deserted, leaving Wakeke alone. Then Wakeke went down under the sea, and this time he stayed there.

There are all sorts of stories about the hero Wakeke. There is a place in Boianai that they call his house. It is surrounded by some more of those stones with the marks carved on them. The people always look after the “pannikin.” It is said they used to drink water out of it, so that they should become strong men like Wakeke himself.

Papuan Games.

THE last picture on page 5 shows some boys playing a game on the Wassi Kussa River in the West. Each of the fourteen hands in the picture pinches the one underneath it, till suddenly the boys break up, and start pinching one another wherever they can. This is like the swarm of biting ants.

European Cricket.

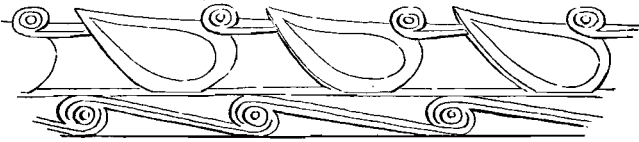
Samarai v. Port Moresby.

DURING the Christmas week the Port Moresby team went by the *Elevala* to Samarai. They were beaten by 9 wickets; and the shield remains in Samarai.

Australian Birds and Animals.

THE birds and animals of Australia are very much like those of Papua, so that you will see some old friends in the picture on page 4.

No. 1 is the Koala or Native Bear. Australians are very fond of their native bear, because he is a quiet, fat little animal, who never does any harm to anyone. He lives in the gumtrees and eats young gum leaves.



PAPUAN BIRD-CARVING.

No. 2, the Lyre Bird, builds a "bower," or house, on the ground, and decorates it very nicely. He knows how to dance, and has a beautiful tail. He is not a "liar bird" but a "lyre bird," because his tail is in shape like the "lyre," a kind of musical instrument.

No. 3 is the Kangaroo. He is really a big kind of wallaby, and like the wallaby the mother carries her baby in a pouch. The "Old Man" Kangaroo stands as high as a man, and can knock you over with a kick.

No. 4, the Kookaburra, is perhaps the Australians' favourite bird. We call him the "Laughing Jackass," because he makes a noise like a man shouting with laughter. He is a big kind of kingfisher, and there are many kingfishers in Papua.

No. 5 is the Emu, the Australian "Cassowary." He is the "national" bird of Australia, just as the Kangaroo is the national animal.

Dictionaries.

THE people who take *The Papuan Villager* may read it better if they have dictionaries. A dictionary, as you probably know, is a book that gives you all the meanings of words.

Mr. Vivian made this suggestion some time ago, and now some of the stores are getting small English dictionaries which you can buy if you want to.

How to Use a Dictionary.

When you come across a word that you do not know, look it up in the dictionary. Then when you know what it means you can use it yourself next time.

Do not pick words out of the dictionary for nothing. Do not say, "Here is a fine long word! I must use that one in my next article." If you do that you will probably make some silly mistakes.

Dictionaries on Sale.

These dictionaries will be on sale soon. They will cost 1s. each. You may get them from

the Steamships Trading Co., Ltd., or J. R. Clay & Co., Ltd., Port Moresby. See advertisements on the last page of this paper.

Beginning of a New Year.

THE *Papuan Villager* has now been alive for a full year. At the end of December there were 179 Papuan subscribers; 576 papers given free to School pupils who are studying for Standards III & IV; and 208 European subscribers. Fifty copies each month are paid for by the Kwato Extension and twelve copies subscribed for by Torres Straits (Anglican) Mission.

We hope that this record will be passed by a long way this year.

Aeroplanes.

THE people who make and the people who drive, or "pilot," aeroplanes are always making new records.

The biggest aeroplane in the world is in Germany. The other day it went up with 169 people on board.

The fastest are in England. Recently a man reached a speed of 358 miles an hour. If he were in Papua and travelled at this rate, it would take him just over an hour to go from Daru to Abau, and less than an hour from Yule Island to Samarai. His machine rises off the water to fly through the air, and then settles on

the water again. Those of us who travel in the *Morinda* and the *Papuan Chief* wish they could do the same. Though you never know: one of these days, when they get a lot of steam up, they may.

A Farewell Meeting to Mr. J. W. Baldie, Resident Magistrate.

ON Wednesday the 8th January, at 4 p.m. a meeting to wish farewell to the retiring R.M., Mr. J. W. Baldie, and to welcome his successor, Mr. C. T. Wurth, was held at the Gymnasium of the L.M.S., at Poreporena, at which both of them attended.

A large number of the Village Constables and Councillors of the villages near Hanuabada were also present. After a final speech by the retiring R.M., and a return one by his successor, two or three of the leading men, on behalf of the people present and also those that could not attend, stood up and addressed the assembly. "We are all very grateful," they said, "and fully recognize your kind interest and your best intentions and suggestions for our advantage and welfare, which you have performed for us during your term of office. And now we hope to find a friend and champion in your successor to further our various requirements and schemes for our future advancement."

The meeting concluded by Igo-Erua, the Secretary of the Village Council, reading and presenting Mr. Baldie with a written address.

ADDRESS OF FAREWELL TO
JAS. W. BALDIE, ESQ., R.M., P.M.

Sir,

We of Poreporena will deem it a great favour for you to peruse this our Farewell Address. We are unanimous in our opinion your jurisdiction was dispensed in a very competent and compassionate manner; your interest for our future welfare was greatly appreciated; and your advice and counsel to us, when we approached you with our difficulties and misunderstandings, were vividly explained and illustrated for our enlightenment and guidance.

Hence we wish that every success and the best of good luck will follow you to your future destination; and we also hope for a kind remembrance for us, when we are parted.

So please accept our esteem and grateful thanks, and our farewells.

Parted but not Forgotten.

[Contributed by Mohamed Ali, Asst. Agriculturist.]

Blind Man at Salamo.

A man of Normanby Island, his eyes were weak. He cannot see anything. He was blind.

Poor man, he did not garden, or fish, nor paddle his canoe. He just lived on the beach every day, and his wife and children do their work.

One day he heard engine. The boat came. A Missionary and a Doctor in the boat. Mr. Taylor asked him, "Let the Doctor see your eyes." He told him, "If you come to Salamo in the hospital, the Doctor thinks (*he will*) make you see."

Then he think, "Salamo is long way." By and by he say, "Yes, I go."

The blind man lay on his bed for several weeks with the bandage on his eyes. One day the Doctor take away the bandage. The blind man was very happy. He would like to go back to his village. He shouted with his joy. He said, "Let me go back to my village to see my children. Long time I did not see their faces."

[By Alisoni Bunnaimata, Methodist Mission, Oiabia, Trobriand Island. This story wins the 5s. prize this month. A short story is sometimes better than a long one.]

The Story of the Two Sisters.

ONCE upon a time the two sisters went down to river to fishing. They fishing up towards mountain where they never been. And they found the cooking food moving by water (*i.e., floating*) and some were about edge of the river. And the eldest sister said, "Oh, I must have some of these food!" And the younger sister said, "No, you must not; but we have to try and find out where the food comes from, and why the people don't eat the food they wasting about."

The Old Woman.

So they went far as they did. And they found a small village and a house full of cooking food and uncooked. And nobody there, but owner of the house was away to the garden. I tell you what kind of a woman she was. She was an old woman; and she had no mouth, no anus either, no nose open, except she had two eyes. Therefore she could not eat anything; and she throws the food away to the river instead of eating. And she gives to her pig; it was a big snake.

After while the old woman came from the garden; and she wondered of those two strange girls. She was unable to speak to them, but she made a sign to make friends as her own daughters. So the two sisters stayed with her. Some days after the two sisters made the minds how to open their "grandmother's" mouth and anus. So in the morning their grandmother went to the garden, and those two girls went to fishing; and they caught an eel.

They brought it lively home, and they put it into the pot which she use so often; and they upside-down the pot to protect (*prevent*) the eel from going. And their grandmother

was home; and she made a sign to bring the pot to cook the food. And the girls answered and said, "Oh, our grandmother, you ought get it; we are very tired, because we just been in fishing." So poor woman got up, went inside the house and lifted up the pot. And eel jumped at her since she lifting (*as she was lifting*) it up. So she stood up in a hurry for frighten, and tried hard to yell (*yell*) out. And mouth was opened, and anus, and nose.

The Pig.

After while started to eat and talk. And she cooked the food and gave some to the youngest one to feed her pig. So she went to the pig's sty; and she found no pigs there, except one great big snake. (Binandere call it *dono*.) So she was very frightened, and throw food inside the fence, and she ran home.

Next morning the old woman cooked food again and gave to the eldest one and asked her to go and feed her pig. So she went and found no pig there, but a great big snake. She did the same thing as her sister.

In third time the youngest one went again to the pig's sty. She knew she was going to feed a big snake (which the old woman called her pig). Before the girl went to it, the snake put off its skin and wore man's skin, and looks a very nice boy. So she saw a very nice boy inside the pig's sty; so she went to have talk with him.

The boy said, "Oh, don't you come in, don't you come in! Stand outside the fence and throw my food: I am a snake!" She don't take any notice of him, but she did go to him, asked to marry him. So he married her in same day and came to village. And her elder sister married same boy. And they became one man's wives.

[By Andrew Uware, teacher, Anglican Mission, Sangara.]

The Papuan Water-Baby.

AN island called Harioea, there lived a man, called Maniboea, with his wife Sinenumo. They both lived there in that island.

The women conceived. One day at the noon she went to go have a bath, at the point called Isubobo. While she went on, there were a small passage through the rock. She tried to jump over the passage, but her baby fell into the sea. Then she tried to pick up her baby but too late. She look for it and found nothing; but the marks of her fingers are still there on the rock to this day.

Then she went home and her husband asked her, "Where is our Baby?" The woman told her husband what she had done. The man was very sad for his baby. Then they slept that night and man thinks with him self, what he can do to take his baby again. Then at last he thought of a plan, "Oh," he said, "I am going to mend a round net (called *odi*)."

When he finished the net they get everything ready, their food and water and line for fishing. With that net he had made in the

morrow they get into their canoe to the point Isubobo, where their baby was fallen, looking for their child with that net. The man had also made a long line to tie on the net for fishing their child. They haven't got an anchor to keep the canoe, but the woman keeps on paddling while her husband is fishing.

Looking for their child they start where they were and go on Westward. When the man caught one fish he asked his wife, "This is our son?" "No," she answer. When he caught big fishes he throw them Southward, and he throw the small fishes on near the reef. They go on to the Port Glasgow, and the net was broken in pieces, and the man think a good strong string. There were two good string called *dutu* and *wabe*. When he finished mend a new net they return, came back from P.G. They came to "Fife Bay" in the village called Dobubada near the Mission Station Isuleilei. The woman was tired, for she was pulling the canoe a long way, and they slept at Dobubada. And the man say, "I better make an anchor (*sogo*) for the canoe so the woman do not work anymore."

Then they began their fishing from Dobubada to Sapauri. There they slept. They get some torches and look for the octopus that night, for the bait of the net. Then they start on again, and the man was sorry for his son, and he made a song. This is his song, *Naria voraeani eabai quingua boni kam quia boni*. Then they went back to their island to the point Isubobo, where the child fell. Then the man sang again (*Sinebada darua natum sabuana ibeku dameago ukaboboleni*). Then he dropped his net again into the water.

Then the child him self came ate the bait, and the man caught the fish. The man pulled the line near to the canoe. Then his wife saw that was their son. The man took him up by his arms and they put him on the canoe with the water in it. Then they took it home and they pour water into a dish called *dala*. They put their son into it, but it is not good for him, because he was a fish. Then they took him again. They put marks on his forehead, and they put him back to the sea. They called him *sine natuna*. Men always catch it in the deep.

[By Boanere Simulavai, L.M.S., Isuleilei, Fife Bay.]

The Story of a Woman and a Baby.

TWO years ago, there was a man had a wife, living in a village called Unugau beside Rigo. The woman's name is Ivavagi. In every day she used to go in her garden, and steal some foods from other men's garden. And people know about her.

Then one day she went to her garden with her little baby; and they got the garden where they wanted. Then she put her baby inside the *Kiapa*. *Kiapa* is a bag made of strings, to put some things in, or babies and hung up under the bush house.

Then she went and dug out some yams from her garden. And Ivavagi thought about in her mind; she might go and steal some foods from men's garden. So she went; and

while she was stealing the foods her poor baby was lost. Then Ivavagi came back. She did not find her baby, and she was very sad. And Ivavagi looked round in that garden, with calling and crying. She did not know where he was. And then she came back to her home, and all the people saw her coming with crying and without the baby, and they asked what was the matter. Then she told them about what was the matter in her garden.

Then in the morning before the daybreak Ivavagi's husband took some of the boys went and look for him all the way round in that garden till the sun set. Then they got back their home. And in next day they do the same until on the fourth day they found him under the bananas where they looked before. When they found him the baby was too thin and his body was so small, and his eyes was so shine a very white; and while he lay under the bananas he put his hand and point to the pawpaw, because he was so hungry. And the people gave him the pawpaw; so he ate it. And also they smell him like the smell of the flying-fox.

The time they found him the baby's parent was not there. They had gone to their garden to get some foods, to make the feast, because they thought their son was dead.

So they came back from their garden, and cooked the food. And while they were cooking, their baby was carried out. Immediately they left their work; they go and take him and kissed him, with full of glad. Some people said, "Some people had killed him"; some said, "Some of their grandfather's spirits came and took him away."

But I think that God had punished them, that Ivavagi was so steal. So do your best and don't steal. We might get what Ivavagi got, the punishment.

The end of this true story.

[By Gideon Geno, of Saroa.]

Cricket Match at Cape Nelson.

MR. Petersen and his travelling staff played a cricket match against Mr. Hull, the A.R.M., and his police and station boys on Saturday afternoon, the 14th December.

The Medical side we batted first and made 99 runs. Mr. Petersen made 24, Gabe Boge 22, and Basil, Mr. Bunting's store boy, made

25. Gideon of Wedau, carpenter at Cape Nelson, he was the best bowler for the Cape Nelson station.

The station staff then batted and made 56 for the first innings. Pam, the interpreter for Cape Nelson, made most: he made 23. Gabe Boge bowled three, and I bowled seven. A.C. Aia, who works with Mr. Petersen's patrol, catches very good.

After a little rest the Medical side then batted again and made 68 runs for the second innings, A.C. Aia making 29. Sergeant Gairbiri and Gideon bowled them out. Then the station staff batted again and six men were out for 57.

Then it was too dark to play, so the Medical side won by 43 runs on their first innings.

[By Dago Morea, native medical assistant.]

A Punt in Trouble.

ON the Monday, September 11, we went up to Sawmill. Then we met a big punt at Sawmill. We go on that punt and that same day we ran from Sawmill to one big river named Era. Then we slept there.

On Tuesday we went on again. Then, time about 12 o'clock, our engine got trubled. Then we stopped there. One of Mabari boy called Ebari, he tried to make it good. Then about 3 o'clock the engine right again. Then we went up to Gauri River and we slept there.

After daylight we start go again between Gauri and Aird Hill. (I think some of you boys know that place.) Our engine got troubled again on top the sandbank.

And that punt got two captains. So we found big trouble about those two men. When our engine got troubled again one captain said to boys, "Throw the anchor middle of the river." Then the other captain said, "No, hoys; we take the punt to river bank and tie with a rope." And we follow that. Then boys took the rope to the river bank. And they took rope and jumped into the water; tied on the tree. Then the boat goes round with water and bumped on a wood, made hole through, and water full right up in the punt.

Then I told boys take the rope. And they took it across, and we pull up on the bank, and pull the punt on top of sandbank. And when the punt try to sink down the boys

they are jumping like frogs. Only one me in the boat. That two captain and one engineer boy, and three crew-boys, they not think about their boat. And after I told the captain we better work on this punt—take all the cargo off, also timber. Then they said, "No, we like Government come to see."

Then I told them, "All right, better give me a hand. I go to see Mr. B. T. Butcher."

And he told me, "Avosa and Aleck Williams better go back to-night." Then we go back that same night, took all things from the punt. Work start 9 o'clock till morning 7 o'clock. All night we work. One village help us called Kope, and some boys of Aird Hill.

That punt belong Sawmill way up the Purari Delta.

[By Avosa Eka, of Joken, L.M.S., Moru.]

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