

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 2, No. 11.

Port Moresby, Saturday, 15th November, 1930.

Price: 3d.

Infectious Diseases.

EVERYONE gets ill now and then. He may have a light illness and soon be well again; or he may get a bad illness, that keeps him lying on his back for weeks. All illness or disease is a bad thing; and nobody wants it. It is far better to keep away from it altogether than to catch it first and cure it afterwards.

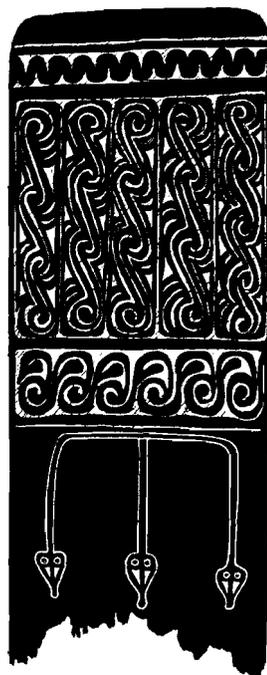
Keeping Diseases Away.

The white men have doctors to look after those who are ill or who have diseases. It is part of the doctors' business to keep the disease away; but often they can't do this, and then it is the other part of his business to make people better if they do catch the disease. But the first way is much cheaper. By being careful themselves people can help the doctors to keep away the diseases; and then they don't have any heavy bills to pay.

Infectious Diseases.

Diseases are either "infectious" or "non-infectious." If you have a stomachache from eating too much green water-melon, it is a non-infectious illness; it is very much your own fault and it is your own affair; the stomachache will not pass on to your wife or brother if they come near you or touch you. In the same way you may catch a chill or have something wrong with your liver, or your kidneys or your heart, and these may be all non-infectious diseases.

But there are a great number that are infectious, that may pass from you to your friends, and from them to others till nearly everyone in the village is sick. For instance the skin



PART OF A WOODEN SWORD-CLUB,
TROBRIAND ISLANDS.

disease *sipoma* is infectious. A child is born with a clean skin, but, living among those who have *sipoma*, he may at last get *sipoma* himself. Or some kinds of colds are infectious; one man after another catches the cold until it goes all round the village.

But there are far worse infectious diseases than these, whooping-cough, measles, influenza, smallpox, and dysentery—these are diseases that can sometimes kill you if you catch them.

Germs of Disease.

Now infectious diseases are carried by "germs"—tiny little living things that come to live in some part of our bodies and cause us to be ill. They are far too small to see with the naked eye, but they breed very fast and they leave one man to attack others and make them sick. They may pass on by touch; or they may be in the air we breathe; or they may get into the food we eat. When a man with an infectious cold goes coughing and sneezing and spitting about the village, his fellows may breathe in some of the germs, and then they will begin to cough and sneeze and spit. Or if a man has dysentery and is passing blood, then the germs may get into the food of his fellow villagers (they are mostly carried by flies) and soon these people will have dysentery too.

Epidemics.

When a lot of people catch diseases in this way we call it a plague or epidemic, and it is a very terrible thing, because a great many die. There have been bad epidemics in Papua in past years, and we do not want any more.

Quarantine.

There are several ways of fighting against epidemics. The first is that of "quarantine." You know that whenever a boat comes from overseat

to Papua the first man to go on board is the doctor. He goes to see if there are any infectious diseases on the boat. If there are not, he says to the passengers and crew "You may land and walk about." But if there is anyone with an infectious disease on board he says "You must all go off to the Quarantine Station and stay there till the disease is quite finished."

In the same way, if any village in some other part of Papua has infectious disease, the people of that village are not allowed to come to Port Moresby. It is feared that they will bring the disease with them and start an epidemic there. The same should be done for all places; if you know of some village where there is an epidemic, never let the people from that village come to yours till it is all over. When the Magistrate hears of an epidemic he will say that the people from the infected village must not go to other villages; and his word is a law which you must not break.

Isolation.

The second method of fighting against epidemics is that of "isolation." When people get sick with an infectious disease they should be taken away from the rest of the village and put on a place by themselves. They must be looked after and given food, but no one may visit them or stay with them except for this reason, that is, to feed them and care for them. This also is a law, and there is a heavy punishment if you break it. When their sickness is quite finished they may come back, for then the danger is past.

Inoculation.

There is a third method called "inoculation." This is a very marvellous invention of the white man. The doctor can give you a small dose of the disease; it is not enough to make you ill, but it makes your body used to the germs of the disease. When the epidemic comes, and the germs get into your body, they can't do you much harm, because you have already had the disease in a mild form and your body now knows how to fight against it. What the doctor does is to scratch your arm and let the germs (which he keeps in a little bottle) get into your blood. If ever an epidemic

comes near and the doctor says everyone must be inoculated, you should all come forward. This is a law, and if you disobey it you can be put in gaol; at any rate the policemen would catch you and hold you down while the doctor scratched your arm. But it is worth doing; it hardly hurts at all, and it may save you from death.

Loss of a Big Ship at Sea.

LAST August the big liner *Tahiti* sank in the sea. A big steamer for carrying passengers is called a "liner."

The *Tahiti* had left Sydney on her way to America. She struck heavy weather, and one of her tail-shafts broke, so that the propeller carried away. A hole was torn in the ship and the water rushed in. It began to fill the engine-room and two of the holds, and the Captain saw that the ship would sink.

Then the officers began to do some of the wonderful things that sailors have learnt to do.

Finding a Ship's Position.

Those who sail our ships for us can "read" the stars and the sun, and they can say exactly where the ship is, though there may be nothing to see but the sky and the ocean. They can put it down on paper—the latitude and the longitude—in numbers. And so the Captain of the *Tahiti*, drifting in mid-ocean without her propeller, knew just the point, on the whole surface of the sea, where his ship was lying.

Wireless Calls for Help.

Then they did a second very wonderful thing. The wireless officer sent out a message. There are no telephone lines across the sea; the message goes by "wireless"—it goes unseen through the air for hundreds of miles around; and it is heard at wireless stations, where they have the instruments to pick it up.

And so the Captain sent out this news, that the *Tahiti* was sinking, and that she was at latitude 26°27 deg. south, longitude 166°05 west. The *Tahiti* had sent out an "S.O.S." That means that she had called upon the other boats at sea to come to her help.

The Saving of the Passengers.

It is a good thing that seamen know as much as they do. For the other boats heard the message and did come to stand by the *Tahiti* in her trouble. First there came a Norwegian boat called the *Penybryn*, and she burnt up nearly all her coal because she went at top speed to be in time. But the *Tahiti* was not yet ready to sink when the *Penybryn* arrived; so the Captain waited till another big liner, the *Ventura*, came. She had heard the message over 780 miles of sea. Then all the passengers and crew were put off on to the *Ventura*. A few hours after, the *Tahiti* sank.

There were 250 passengers on board the *Tahiti*, as well as officers and crew. But because the Captain knew how to find his position, and because the message could be sent out by wireless, and because ships at sea always go to one another's help, not one man lost his life.

The Snake and the Lizard.

THE snake always stayed at home in his house. The lizard used to paint his face and walk about. "Why do you stay at home?" said the lizard to the snake. "I paint my face and go to see people. I shall soon be married."

By and by the lizard found two girls. He brought them, and showed them to the snake. "I am going to marry them," he said.

The snake did not say anything then, but he thought, "No matter, I shall win." Afterwards he went to a breadfruit tree and cut the trunk nearly through. He cut it so that the tree was just ready to fall down.

Then he called the lizard. "My friend," he said, "will you climb the tree and get me some breadfruit." The lizard is a good climber, so he went up and jumped about in the branches. The tree broke and fell down and the lizard was killed.

The snake married the two girls.

This is an Orokaiva story. The snake was very clever; but he did a bad thing. He ought to go to gaol for it, if we could put the hand-cuffs on him. But he is too slippery.

Sydney Bridge.

WE have written about Bridges before in *The Papuan Villager*, and told how in early days the Papuan people used to make "suspension" bridges across the rivers.

The white man's bridges are usually very different. For many years "engineers" have studied the art of bridge building, and now they can make them so big and strong and steady that half a dozen motor-cars could pass over them side by side.

The Tower Bridge.

A picture on page 4 shows you one of the old bridges in the great city of London. This is called the "Tower Bridge," because of the two high towers, one on each side. This sort is called a draw-bridge. When a big boat comes along with masts too high to pass under the bridge, they draw up the two halves of it toward the towers on either side; then, when the ship has passed, they let them down again so that they join in the middle, and the motor-cars can drive over. The ship which you see in the picture is a famous ship which has since been to the South Pole among the icebergs.

The Harbour Bridge in Sydney.

But it is the bridge in the big picture that I want to tell you about. This is the Harbour Bridge in Sydney, the biggest of its kind in the world. They have been a long time building this bridge; it will not be "opened" until 1932. The two great arms have been built out from either side of the harbour and every day they have been coming closer together. They are tremendously heavy, but they were held up by hundreds of strong steel cables anchored into the ground. At last, on 20th August, the two arms met one another, and it was possible to walk across the harbour instead of going in a ship.

The Size of the Bridge.

But it will be a long time before the bridge is finished. They now have to build the straight road across, hanging it from the arch formed by the two arms. When that road is finished it will be wide enough for four railway trains, and six motor-cars side by side; and there will be foot-paths also for those who walk on foot.

The top of the arch is 445 feet above the sea; the road itself will be 170 feet above sea, so that the biggest ships can pass easily underneath it. From the great concrete pillars on either side it is 1,650 feet, nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile, across the water.

The Cost.

This bridge will cost £8,800,000 by the time it is finished—perhaps more. It will be very useful to the white people of Sydney who have to move about in a great hurry to get their work done. The trams and motor-cars, full of busy people, will be able to cross the harbour in a minute when the bridge is finished.

Captive Birds.

ON page 4 is a picture of a Rossel Island woman with a pet parrot. It is a common custom in Papua to keep pet birds—parrots or white cockatoos or hornbills. In the Northern Division you can see tiny houses for the hornbills, and they hop about the village, and gobble lumps of banana—good friends with everyone.

Cockatoos.

They keep white cockatoos there too, but they only come home when they want something to eat. At other times they fly about with their wild friends or sit up in the coconut palms and tear the young nuts with their beaks. The people there used to tie rattles to the palms and give them a shake when they saw cockatoos eating their coconuts.

Parrots.

Sometimes parrots are kept with their legs made fast to a ring of coconut shell. A stick is passed through the ring and made fast to a house. Then the parrot is kept a prisoner, and grows quite tame and eats out of its owner's hand.

White Men's Pet Birds.

White men keep parrots and cockatoos and other birds. Sometimes the birds have rings round their feet and are tied up by little chains; sometimes they live in cages; and sometimes they walk about in the backyard. But white men don't do what many Papuans do to their pet

birds: they don't pull the feathers out of their tails. Papuan pet birds have a good time and are well fed; but to have a feather pulled out of your tail must give you a nasty twinge.

Keloids.

PAGES 5 and 6 have some pictures of Gogodara women with scars on their backs and breasts. To most Europeans, and perhaps to most Papuans, this seems a very ugly way of decorating one's body. But then, you never know. Perhaps in the eyes of the Gogodara a Gaile *kekeni* would look far nicer with big scars all over her back.

Most of us will prefer the Gaile girl's tattoo. But Western women have not such fine pale skins, and tattoo marks do not show up so well; so perhaps, having dark skins, they go in for raised scars instead.

This fashion of scarring the skin is so common among dark-skinned peoples that we have a special name for the scars; we call them "keloids." Sometimes they result from accidents; sometimes they are made through blood letting, i.e., to relieve pain; sometimes it is because a woman has cut herself in grief, when she is mourning for someone's death; and sometimes the keloids are meant to make her skin, as she thinks, more beautiful.

The Zebra.

LAST month you read of a place called a Zoo where the white man keeps all kinds of animals in captivity. They come from many countries and many climates—from both cold and hot lands.

From a hot land, hotter in many parts than Papua, come the Africa Zebras. A striped horse! No, but he belongs to the horse tribe or family but he is known as a zebra, a wild animal. Look at the picture on page 5; you will see how like he is to a horse but he is smaller, and his stripes are very clearly seen, for the main part of the body is pale and the stripes are dark. Sandy-coloured short hair with

[Continued on page 6.]

[Continued from page 3.]

dark brown stripes or a white coat and black stripes. Men have caught these creatures and tried to tame them to be used as horses but they are very shy and nervous. As carriage horses they look very smart indeed but—they jerk, they tug and often caper about so that they jump completely out of the harness.

Zebras though have many things in common with or the same as horses. Their mane is like the horses' but stiff and bristly like a broom. Their hoofs are very hard and well suited to travelling over rough stony ground. On rough ground they can race a fast horse but on a good road the horse would soon leave them far behind. They do not live in the forests but on the dry plains and thinly-wooded hills where they travel in company with other zebras and often other animals searching for food and water. For though the zebra can live in dry country where there is little food he must have a drink each day; so they are never found very far from water. They eat vegetable food—wild foliage and tender roots of young trees and bushes. They are neither fierce nor cruel. The lion, the tiger and the leopard are their great enemies and they lie waiting till the herd of zebras pass, then spring from behind their shelter on the back of the chosen victim, and gripping with their cruel claws they break the neck and bear the animal to the ground—for the zebra has no chance with these strong beasts for he is rather built for peace than war. Perhaps had I tried to train a zebra as a horse as I trained I should not think him so peaceful, but, as I see him, he is the defenceless prey of stronger animals.

—“C.W.”

Water Supply.

IT may surprise you to know that clear clean-looking water is often very full of living things. I do not mean fishes and tadpoles, but the tiniest beings which cannot be seen by the naked eye. But the white man has a thing called a “microscope”: when you look through it, a very small thing looks quite big. And when you look at your drinking-water through the microscope you

can see that it swarms with tiny creatures.

These are called “germs,” to give them a short name. Some of them are quite harmless, but others of them can hurt you and give you some disease or other.

When white men travel in unknown places they often boil their water before drinking it. They do this because boiling will kill the germs and make the water harmless. You cannot boil all your water before drinking it; but it is well to remember that your water should be protected and kept clean. You should not let your animals go near your drinking-water, unless of course it is a flowing river; and you should never let anyone put filth or rubbish into it.

A Volcano in Action.

THE burning mountain called Stromboli has been very active. It is on an island off the coast of Italy, and is always sending up fire. But recently it has been sending up more than fire; red-hot stones have been shot out of it, and streams of lava are pouring down the mountain side. The villages at the foot of Stromboli have been damaged and many of the gardens have been ruined. But here, and in other places where volcanoes break out, the people always come back to build their houses and plant their trees again.

“THE PAPUAN VILLAGER” BOUND VOLUME, 1929, 3s. NOW OBTAINABLE FROM THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER

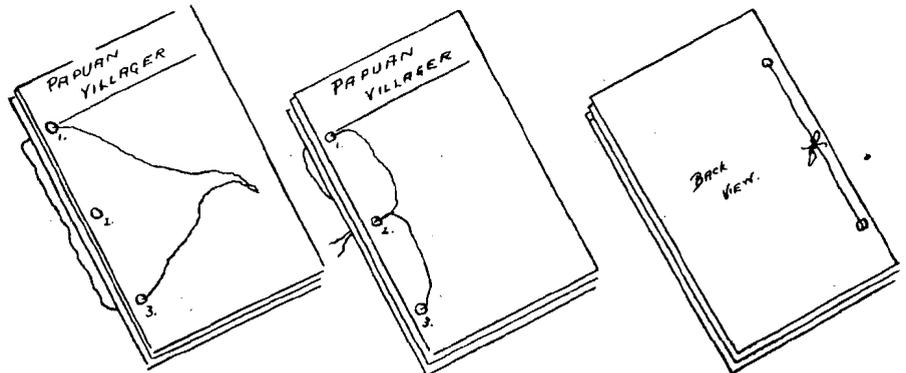
How to Bind your copies of “The Papuan Villager.”

PLACE the January copy on a table, then on top of it place the February copy, then the March, April, and so on. Put them neatly together as if they all formed a book.

Obtain a gimlet, or sharp spike, and bore three holes right through all the copies on the left side.

You have now made all your monthly *Papuan Villagers* into book form, with the last month's copy always on top.

When you receive a new copy each month, all you need do is to untie the bow-knot and pull the strings out of No. 2 hole only. Pierce three holes



From underneath the copies, thread a white string, or tape, up through No. 1 hole and up through No. 3 hole. When the two strings come out on the top, pull them together, so that you can thread them down through No. 2, or the middle hole.

When they come out below draw in all the slack and tie the two ends over the string running lengthways. Do not tie a hard knot, but a bow-knot; and have the string a little long. It will not be in the way underneath the copies.

in the new copy, place it on top of the others, lace it to them first by No. 1 and No. 3 strings, and then again thread both strings down through No. 2 hole, and fasten as before.

Do this until you have twelve copies, which will make a book of one year's *Papuan Villager*; when you will know that you must at once send a new two shillings to the Government Printer if you want to start another book of one year's *Papuan Villager*.

—“R.A.V.”

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Farewell Feast to Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Clark.

ALL the L.M.S. teachers came in from the different villages for their quarterly meeting with Rev. J. B. Clark, and they brought plenty of yams, taitus, and bananas, for their Farewell Feast to Mr. and Mrs. Clark; my father brought 100 yams, 200 taitus, and about 10 bunches of bananas, and beside 1 pig and 1 goat, so they made him as a leader for the feast.

Hire a Lorry.

All the teachers made a small collection amongst themselves, and they put 3s. per man, making £2 9s. in all, and they paid £2 for hiring a lorry and 9s. for buying their cartridges. On Monday morning at about 5 a.m. Henry Exton arrived at the Mission Station and carried out all the teachers to the 13-mile where they shot 46 wallabies.

Next day, Tuesday, the feast was held. Three men bought some European food for Mr. and Mrs. Clark; their names are Igo-Gabe (leader), Tamarua-Ikupu, and Mahuta-Airi. Tamarua was cook and Gaudi-Mahuru steward. Tamarua made many kinds of good cakes for Mr. and Mrs. Clark to eat. All the teachers made this Farewell Feast to Mr. and Mrs. Clark, because they spent 13 years in Hanuabada with them and they loved Mr. and Mrs. Clark as their parent. So they made this very good feast for them, for the sign of their loving.

And they also made one Farewell song for Mr. and Mrs. Clark in Motuan language, so this made Mr. and Mrs. Clark very near to tears. Mr. Clark got a copy of this song with them.

So the inhabitants of Poreporena regret for losing both Mr. and Mrs. Clark for 18 months. (See the last verse of our English Hymn Book No. 506.)

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join in heart,
And hope to meet again."

On the 10th October many of the inhabitants of Poreporena, as a sign of the great love they bore Mr. and Mrs. Clark, went up to the Mission to give them presents. The gifts included more than £20 in cash and many Papuan curios. We all much regret their leaving after so many years. They taught the boys and girls many good things and led them from the bad ways into the good ways. They need their holiday and we hope that when the 18 months is up they will return again to us with health and strength renewed.

Admission to Hospital.

I am very glad to draw the attention of all you readers, because there are many sick people who are afraid to come to the Doctor, because they think that the Doctor will cut their body or inject them with the needle; please make them understand whenever they get sick, they must come to the Doctor, and

they will get better from the point of his knife or needle.

Doctor W. E. Giblin's Help.

On the Thursday morning, the 11th September, I was very sick, I got "Black-water fever" so I know that I must go to see Doctor Giblin, because he is clever doctor who will make me better. When I arrived at the office, I asked Mr. Brien, our Chief Clerk, to give me a certificate for the Doctor, so he gave me one, and I took it up to the Doctor and I was lucky that time, I found the Doctor in his office, I gave him the note, and he examined me on the veranda, and he found that I was very sick, so he put me in his car and ran me down to the Native Hospital, and admitted me in No. 1 Hospital, and Mr. R. S. Willis gave me good bed to lie on, and good food to eat, and he helped the Doctor to look after me properly. But I was very bad on Saturday the 13th September, and Doctor Giblin took some blood out of a cook-hoy, Oeka, and injected that blood into my veins, so I got better and felt strong that night, but the Doctor tested my blood again and he gave me another glass of blood which he got from the same boy, and the "Black-water" was stopped after the second blood the Doctor gave me. I am a lucky boy, because I got out from the "Black-water fever."

Doctor Giblin is the best and clever Doctor I have ever seen, because he made two of my children better from the "Malaria fever," and saved me from death. So I am a very lucky boy.

Native Contributions.

The Invisible Brothers.

LONG long ago, there once lived three brothers, the eldest being married. One day the two younger brothers heard about the beautiful shell beads (*bagi*) which lie over beyond the sea. So these two brothers made up their minds to go and see if they could buy some of these beautiful shell beads.

They Go on a Journey.

So they went and told their eldest brother about it and also asked him if he could go with them. But the eldest, thinking of his wife, refused to go. He said to his two brothers, "If I come with you, who's going to look after your sister-in-law?" But the two of them forced their brother till he agreed to go with them.

So the eldest one said, "What shall we do before we start?" The two younger ones answered and said, "Let's get all our things fit to exchange for the beautiful shell beads. When we've got them ready then we can start." And then they got all their things packed together ready for their journey.

But the elder brother stood up and said, "Young brothers, we've got a very long way to go, and we might be very slow in coming back to our home again. What about taking our magic things with us? When we want to return home we can use our magic things and make ourselves invisible; so we can come invisibly like spirits, so no one can see us;

and also it will be quicker walking than like what we are now."

So the two younger brothers agreed to their elder brother's words. Then the three of them went into the bush and gathered all sorts of different things to use in making their magic. These they packed together and start off on their long journey.

The Shell-head Necklaces.

They went and went, till they came to a village, and asked the inhabitants of the village if they've got any of the beautiful necklaces. And the villagers answered them and said, "Oh! Yes; we've got all sorts of shell beads here. Do you want to see them?" "All right" said the three brothers, "let us look at them." Then the villagers brought all the shell beads, and showed them to the three brothers. But they only bought the most beautiful ones, and went on to another village. They went from village to village exchanging their things for the beautiful shell beads only, till they've got enough.

Their Return.

Then they started to return home, but night soon came on, so they went to one village and slept for the night. Now as they were sleeping the eldest brother dreamt of his dear wife, whom he left at home with nobody to look after her, and that she is lying in bed sick. In the morning the eldest brother got up and woke up his brothers and said, "Let us go very quickly to our home, for I dreamt that my wife's sick."

They went on very quickly, till night overtook them, and found shelter in one of the villages and slept for the night. But the eldest brother dreamt again of his dear wife and she is very, very sick and most likely to die. In the morning he told about his dream to his brothers. Now they started on again and walked faster than they used to before.

But soon the night came on, so the two brothers said, "Let us go to the village and stay for the night." But the eldest brother said, "No, we will better get out our magic and make ourselves invisible and so we can go on invisibly, and also we will go much faster, for I want to see my dear wife before she dies."

They Go under the Earth.

Then the three of them got out their magic and made themselves invisible, so they went all night in their invisible forms. They went under ground, right under the earth, they went on and on till they came to a big and most beautiful village, belonging to the departed souls.

There the two young brothers had never been before, so they had good look round. They saw all the beautiful gardens, and the most beautiful flowers growing in them in divers colours. It made their eyes filled with wonder.

The Spirit Wind.

Now they went on, till they climbed a small hill; when they got to the top, they heard the big noise like thunder sounded just in front of them. The eldest brother said, "What's that noise like thunder?" His two brothers

said, "Oh, its only the mighty wind blowing over the hill." But the eldest one answered to his young brothers, and said, "Oh both of you don't know, and haven't been to this place before, so you don't understand. I always come here and I know this place very well. "Now" said he, "do you two young boys hear that big noise like a rushing mighty wind? That was the stream of death, and let us go on, for your sister-in-law is dead, and there's no hope of me seeing her."

So they went further, and the eldest thinking of his dear wife, said to his brothers, "Why did you force me to come with you? I ought to stay behind and look after my wife, but you force me to come. So you see my wife is dead now, and all her relations will be very angry with me. Do you hear the river running swiftly and the noise of it like a rushing mighty wind? That's the sign that my wife is dead. That river doesn't flow very fast, it always stays very calm like a lake, but, as soon as somebody dies, then it gives a sign, and flows swiftly like a rushing mighty wind, just as you heard it now. That river is called the stream of death. So to-day my wife's dead, so the river gives a sign. Now let us go," said the eldest. So they went down a valley, the eldest leading the way.

The Soul of the Eldest Brother's Wife.

Now as they were going towards the river the eldest saw, just at the bank of the river, the soul of his dear wife, sitting just at the edge of the river, crying and washing her feet. He turned round to his brothers and told them to walk very quietly, and went and hid behind the thorn bush and watched her. After her crying she went in and had a bath, she washed off all the earth from her eyes, head, and all her body and she turned into a beautiful colour.

As soon as her husband saw her he ran and took some sort of a bark of a tree, and chewed it and spat on his wife; and his next brothers took some wild ginger chewed and spat on her eyes. But the girl only stood and stared hard at the three men. So the youngest took something out of his basket and chewed it a bit, then he spat on the girl's chest. Now the girl's senses returned and she look up and saw the three men. Then she sat down and cried.

Afterwards the girl turn to the men and said, "Where do you come from? You three didn't want me, so you left me alone at home;

so I am going on my own way. If you had loved me, you would have taken me with you. But you have forsaken me, so I am going on my way: so you better leave me alone and go back to your way."

So the three brothers left the girl, and went to their home again. The eldest brother mourned for his wife for many days, until his brothers comforted him. And the three lived happily ever after. The end.

[By Gideon Waikaidi, of Wedau, Anglican Mission. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Fishing at Moroneio.

LONG ago people lived on Moroneio. One man (he is fishing man) he called some boy to go with him to reef and help him. And they start in morning to reef.

And the man go to fore-head, and speared it (a fish) and put into canoe. Also the man took his little brother with him. He sit down near to him. The man saw a fish and speared, dead. He hold with spear, put into canoe. And his little brother said, "The fish-fat is mine."

And those boys poling canoe they were very angry when they heard that little boy say "Fat is mine," to his brother. All his crew hear that; they very wild with this little boy. And they go back to village evening time; and they have their food; they went to sleep.

When break daylight next morning they went again; and he went to canoe fore-head with his fish spear, and saw a fish come and speared it. And the little boy said same word again.

Not only two or three times, but plenty times the boy does that. And last time they go, and this little boy does same thing again. The crew of his first brother get very wild. They talk hard to the little boy. They say, "Every time we come here you always say 'That my fat, my fat!' We have hard work for poling the canoe. You never do any work. You sit on canoe all the day till we go back to the village. If some time you come again, you no come with us. You are bad boy! Always you said 'Fat is mine!' because brother stand on fore-head."

And the little boy's brother was sorry to (for?) him, and he turned from his canoe

fore-head with a spear, and speared his little brother and killed him; and also his crew boys—killed them all, not one left; and throw their bodies to saltwater.

And their bodies turn to a star. Some of you know when you go to reef you see something lie on the reef like a star. That is their bodies. This story is law for us. That is end of our story.

[By Ibisaiio Mau, of Parama or Bampton Island, W.D.]

KATHLEEN GIBSON
Photographer :: PORT ROAD
PORT MORESBY

Enlargements. Films developed. Old photographs copied

J. R. CLAY & Co., Ltd.

Buyers of Trochus and Beche-de-mer

Standard POCKET DICTIONARY, 25,000 Words, 1s. each

THE VIEUSSEUX TRANSPORT 'Phones :
55 & 95

All Classes of Transport
Cars and Lorries

BOB HART
PORT MORESBY

Makes Pig and Fish Spears and
Garden Tools for Village People

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

Get your something at the
"QUEENIE" STORE

Rice, Flour, Meat, Fish, Tobacco and Calico. No. 1 Sugar and No. 2 Sugar
NEW PRINTS NOW IN STOCK, PRICE 1s. PER YARD

Steamships Trading Company, Limited.

STANDARD POCKET
DICTIONARY, 25,000
WORDS ... 1s. EACH