THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Roads and Bridges.

ONE of the laws that the Government has made for the Papuans says, "It is good for the people that roads should be made and kept clean"; and so it is the duty of all villagers to go out at least once a month and clean the tracks. It seems that they do not always like this work very much, and sometimes they neglect to do it. Then if the magistrate comes along and finds the track in a bad way, the villagers get into trouble.

The Uses of Roads.

The white man knows how important the road is. He knows it better than you Papuans do. It is important because it allows him to go quickly and easily from one place to another. He can go to and from his work; or he can go to see his friends; or he can go to distant places in order to trade. Papuans have to do the same sort of things; and it will pay you to have good tracks, so that you can come and go without a lot of trouble.

In the old days of warfare Papuans used to stick at home more than they do now. It was not safe to go too far away, for fear someone should jump out from behind a tree and run a spear into you. But now things are different; and, instead of being stop-at-homes, Papuans have become great travellers. There is therefore all the more need to have good tracks to travel on.

If you have a good track you can go faster and more safely and more pleasantly. You don't have to stop to climb over fallen trees; you don't slip and go sliding down the hill-side;

A FLY RIVER DANCING STICK.

you don't have to wade through the black slimy mud; you don't have your arms and shoulders torn by thorns in the bush; and you don't tread on the black snake lying hidden in the long grass.

European Roads.

Europeans, of course, are very particular about their roads. This is so because they are seldom content to walk. They used to tie up a horse to a cart; and then they would sit in the cart, and while the horse ran and pulled the cart, they looked round at the country. But that wasn't fast enough; so now nearly all (if they have enough money) ride in motor-cars. And they often think it necessary to make the car go very fast.

Because of all this the white men make hard roads of stone. They used to make them of big lumpy stones called "cobbles." But nowadays they make them of small stones packed very close together; and call them "macadam-ized," because a man called MacAdam first discovered how to make roads in this way. And sometimes even the macadamized road is not good enough; so in some places they have made roads of concrete, so smooth and clean that you could eat your dinner off them.

Bridges.

When the road comes to a river they have to make a "bridge" (or what many Papuans call a "wharf"). They make this so that the motors and carts and so on can go straight across without stopping. There are some very great bridges in the world. One of them (the Forth Bridge) is 1⅝ miles long. In the picture on page 4 you see the Hawkesbury River Bridge, one of the biggest in Australia.

In Papua the Government has made some good bridges, though none quite so long as that one over the Hawkesbury River. There are wood and concrete bridges on the road above Rouna; but the finest in Papua is the suspension bridge over the Kumusi. This is always called the

" Wire Rope," because big wire cables support the bridge over the river. It is 204 feet long and pretty high over the rushing water. Lately they have built a fine new suspension bridge over the Gira River at Peo.

Papuan Bridges.

Long before the white man came the Papuans used to make suspension bridges of their own. There was no wire rope about them: they were made with cane hung from high trees on the river-bank. They were more like spiders' webs than bridges; and they swayed and shook like spiders' webs when a man walked over them. The bridge over the Opi (page 4) is made partly with cane and partly with wire. It is a very strong well-made bridge, and the people look after it and keep it in repair.

But most Papuan bridges are like the other one in the picture on page 4—just a log lying across the river. These are very much nicer for a bare-footed Papuan than for a white man with his boots on; and many a man would rather walk through the water than walk over the log bridge.

The Government doesn't expect you to make concrete roads or bridges to drive motor-cars over. But it expects you to make good tracks that a man can walk on, and to keep them clean.

Crocodile Stories.

How a Crocodile had his Tongue Pulled.

THE following story comes out of the Governor's Annual Report. It was told in the first place by Mr. Flint the Magistrate. He met a man at Kaura Plantation in the Abau District, and noticed that this man had wounds on his right arm and on his ribs.

" It appears that this native was looking for crabs on the bank of a creek, and, feeling himself sinking in the mud, placed his hand on a log to steady himself. But the log was an alligator. 'He came at me,' said the native, 'caught hold of my right arm, and at the same time struck me on the ribs with his claw. I struggled with the alligator, but as he was strong I could not get away from him. I placed my left hand in the alligator's mouth, and pulled his tongue out through the side. I pulled it with all my strength, and he let me go. The alligator came at me again, but as I was now close to the bank I climbed up on top. The alligator did not come up after me. I felt very sick and weak. I fell down on the ground. My wife and some village men came along, and they carried me on a stretcher to the plantation. Mr. Willis bound up my arm and attended to my wounds. I am certain that if I had not pulled out the alligator's tongue, he would have taken me away.' "

The Governor says that " natives sometimes show great courage and presence of mind, and that they are less afraid of a crocodile on land than in the water. 'Along water alligator he win,' as one of them said to Mr. Flint, 'but along dry land he no can win. New Guinea boy he make him savvy good.' I think, however, that the crocodile would have won in this instance if it had not been for the clever thought of the native."

A Crocodile at Kapari.

Mr. Flint's police shot another crocodile the other day. (You will remember that *The Papuan Villager* told of one shot by A.C. Waramai at Duramu a year ago.) This one was shot by Corp. Bomena and A.C. Makina. It had dragged away, not only village pigs and dogs, but little children also. The last child was taken two or three months ago. So the people asked Mr. Flint to get rid of it.

While it was being killed it hit two double canoes with its tail and capsized them. " The beach," says Mr. Flint, " was lined with many natives, who danced, screamed, and rolled themselves in the sand when the crocodile leaped into the air with two bullets in him. The crocodile was hauled ashore by many willing hands. It measured 13 ft. 6½ ins.; breadth 22¾ ins.; breadth of jaw 19¼ ins. The hide was covered with oysters."

The dead crocodile was taken to Wanigela and sold there; but the head was brought back to Kapari, where the people will keep it.

Mr. Flint says, "I think the people appreciate what the Government do for them. When the crocodile lay dead on the beach two old women came up to me and said, 'Thank you Taubada, you proper friend for us; you kill this alligator; we all right now.' This is the second crocodile the people have been freed of during the past twelve months."

The Captive Crocodile.

In the picture on page 4 you see a crocodile all tied up like a pig ready to be killed. This photo was taken in the Northern Division soon after the crocodile had been taken. Several women were fishing in a creek, when they found a crocodile in the water. So they shut up the mouth of the creek. Then a man came to help them, and together they caught the crocodile. The man got bitten on the hand, but they managed to bind the crocodile and drag him along to the village. When they gave him a poke in the ribs he jumped and got very angry; but after a while they gave him such a poke in the ribs (with a spear) that he didn't jump any more.

Most Papuans speak about " alligators "; but the proper name for this ugly brute is " crocodile."

Postage-Stamps.

THE Post Office has asked *The Papuan Villager* to warn boys against using " postmarked " stamps. Possibly the boys who have been using them do not know that they have done wrong. For those who do not know the rule about postage-stamps, we shall try to explain.

The Post Office is ready to take our letters and deliver them, that is, to send them to the people we address them to. But we have to pay. We do not have to go every time to the man at the Post Office and say, " Here are a penny and a halfpenny, will you kindly send this letter." That would be rather troublesome for everyone. Instead of this we buy stamps from the Post Office. These little bits of paper with the picture of a *Lakatoi* on them are our stamps. Some are worth 1d.; some 1½d.; some 3d., etc.; each value having a different colour. If they are 1½d. stamps, we can get 8 for 1s. Then

we take our stamps home; and whenever we want to write a letter we stick one of them on, and send our letter to the Post Office. An ordinary letter must have a 1½d. stamp.

But a stamp can only be used once. When the letter passes through the Post Office, they make a black mark on the stamp. The stamp is then postmarked, and it can never be used again to send a letter. You cannot take a stamp off an old letter and put it on a new one. That is what some Papuan boys have been doing, but it is against the law. The Post Office will stop the letter; they will find out who sent it; and then the man who sent it will have to pay a fine.

Letters to "The Papuan Villager."

Any boy who wishes to send a letter to the Editor of *The Papuan Villager* can give it to a magistrate; and if you ask him he will send it "O.H.M.S." to the Editor. If you do this you need not pay for a stamp. O.H.M.S. means "On His Majesty's Service," or the King's Service. The Government calls contributions to *The Papuan Villager* O.H.M.S., and allows them to go free.

Dogs.

The Dogs at the Dance.

ONCE upon a time all the other animals made a feast in honour of the dogs. The pigs, the wallabies, cuscus, the hedgehogs, the lizards and the bandicoots all brought some food for this feast. And when everything was ready one of them went off to invite the dogs.

The dogs were very pleased with the idea. They painted their faces and put on their feathers and ornaments and went to the feast. They came in four bands or parties. First all the black dogs; then all the pale dogs; then all the "ginger" dogs; then last, all the "bad" dogs. This last band was made up of those that were skinny and mangy and diseased.

First of all the good dogs—black, pale, and ginger—danced before the other animals; and they made a very good showing. Then the bad dogs arrived and began also to dance. These were like poor old men, with walking-sticks in their hands and coconut-leaf bags under their arms. And they sang their song in thin scratchy voices. Altogether they did not look very well, and the other animals, who were giving the feast, laughed at them behind their backs.

But the dogs heard them laughing. They stopped dancing. "You laugh at your guests?" they cried; and then all the dogs—the good ones as well as the bad ones—turned on the other animals. They chased them round and round the village. Some of them were killed, and some escaped. The pigs and wallabies went into the bush; the lizards and bandicoots went down into holes underground; the hedgehog went into a hole under a dead tree; and the cuscus into a hole in a tree-top. They all trembled for fear of the angry dogs. "It is your fault," said the dogs. You laughed at us. We are your enemies for ever."

Village Dogs.

While we are talking about dogs we may as well mention one thing that we have noticed. When a white man camps in the bush he usually has a bucket of nice clean water by his camp. But any time, day or night (unless he can hang the bucket up) he will hear a lapping noise, and he will see a village dog drinking his water. Then he gets a stone or one of his boots and throws it at the dog.

But it is not the dog's fault. The white man ought to go round the village throwing stones and boots at the men who own the dogs—and who never think of giving them a drink.

"Lakatoi" in the West.

MOST of the *Lakatoi* that sailed last year from the Motuan villages have come back. But a few are still waiting. They have got the new *asi* or dugouts, and rigged the new *lakatoi* for the return journey; but they are still waiting for the sago.

Welcome of the "Lakatoi."

When the Motuan sailors reach the villages in the Delta or the Gulf Division, all the people come out to meet them. They anchor in the rivers and the village people kill pigs for them and give them a feast. The Motu people first of all give presents of armshells and other things to the villagers; then they hand out to them the clay pots they have brought.

Sago Tallies.

When a Motuan gives a pot to a Delta man he takes a little stick and breaks it in halves. One half he gives to the Delta man with the pot; the other half he keeps. If he gives him twenty pots, then he gives him twenty of these little pieces of stick (called *kahi*), and keeps twenty himself. Later on, when the Delta people make sago, they know that they must make one bundle for every *kahi*. And when the Motuan receives the sago, he counts the bundles to see if they are the same as the *kahi* he has kept. Then, if they are the same, he knows that it is all square. These *kahi* are just like the white man's "receipts." The English word is "Tally."

The Dugouts.

First of all the Delta people have to cut down big trees for the *asi*. They float them down the rivers and give them to the Motuan *lakatoi* men. Then while the Motuans are adzing the dugouts, tying them together, and rigging up the masts, the Delta people go off into the bush to make the sago.

When all the sago has come in the Motuans set sail and come home with a fair wind to Tatana or Poreporena or Pari or Gaile, or wherever their home is.

"The Papuan Villager."

EVERY reader of *The Papuan Villager* who lives in Papua must know by this time that he can have the paper sent to him every month if he pays the Government Printer two shillings.

Those who had paid two shillings for one year from the first issue in February of last year were sent a notice telling them that another two shillings should be paid now.

Some, however, have not paid the money so the paper will not be sent to them. But it is never too late; the two shillings may be paid at any time and the papers will then be sent including the back numbers of the second year.

Mr. Staniforth Smith to leave Papua.

READERS of *The Papuan Villager* will be sorry to hear that Mr. Staniforth Smith will soon leave Papua. He is the second man in the Government and he has worked in this country for 23 years. Many times he has been the acting Governor, and has visited all parts of the Territory. His work has been to look after the Lands, the Agriculture (that is the growing of crops on the d); the making of surveys and ps, and the mines of Papua. He will leave Papua next month and go to his home in Australia.

Movements of Magistrates.

MR. Wurth has taken over the Central Division, Mr. Baldie having retired.

Mr. Bastard has taken the place of Mr. Wurth in the Northern Division.

Mr. Austen went on three months' leave in January.

Mr. Dick will go on ten and a-half months' leave this month, and his place at Ioma will be taken for the time being by Mr. Healy, from Kokoda.

Dances.

IN one of the pictures on page 5 you see a number of Rigo District men holding their drums and dancing. This picture was taken some time ago by Mr. Vivian (who is at present on leave). We hope that the Rigo people will always take the same pride in their fine feathers, and that they will work as hard at their dancing as they used to.

The other dance picture is from Nauabu in the Suau District. This is one of the very pretty Damorea dances, in which the people play at doing something. Here they are performing the dance called *Magomagogo*. They are pretending to be a canoe coming round the dangerous point, Magomagogo. Two men (dressed in *ramis* like women) come dancing slowly between two lines of women; then they return to where the other men are standing. Two or three times they do this. They are pretending to see if the weather is good enough to go to sea. At last all the men come dancing along, one behind the other, and slowly turn to the left. This time it is the canoe rounding the point.

A Village Constable back from Hospital.

WHEN Mr. Flint was on patrol in the Abau District he met V.C. Moira of Kapari. The following is taken from his report:—

This V.C. was almost unable to walk nine months ago. I sent him to Samarai hospital for treatment, where he remained for two months. He is now well again. I remarked to Moira, "Before I sent you to the hospital you were nearly dead; to-day you are full of life." The V.C. replied, "Yes, I am alive now. Look!" He jumped into the air, then over a fence, waved his arms around his head, jumped up on to the rest-house veranda, then on to the ground, and stood in front of his people in a manner of a spearman. I told the V.C. that was how the Government used some of the tax—cured the people of their ailments.

s.s. "John Williams."

IN March the missionary steamer, the *John Williams*, will make her last trip to Papua. For thirty-five years this ship has come to our country. Many white missionaries have come to Papua by her, as well as very many South Sea pastors and teachers to preach in our churches and teach in our schools. She has brought materials for building houses and churches, and goods with which to pay the pastors. But, because there are now many other steamers coming to Papua, there is no need for her, so she has to be sold. A schooner will be built to work in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands only. This also will be called the *John Williams*, but we shall not see it in Papua.

So it will be "Three Cheers" and "Ba mahuta!" to our old friend as she sails away from our shores this time!

—*J.B.C.*

Marriage of the Governor.

SIR Hubert Murray, the Governor, went away on the last *Morinda*. While in Sydney he is going to be married; and when he brings Lady Murray back with him to Port Moresby, the people of Poreporena will be able to give her a true welcome to this country.

Correspondents.

THE Papuan Villager wants to give you news from the far-away parts of the country as well as from Hanuabada. But the Editor lives mostly in Port Moresby and it is often hard work to get the outside news.

The white man's newspapers have "Correspondents"—which just means people who write letters. Some of the big papers have their correspondents all over the world; and these people keep on gathering the news and sending it in. *The Papuan Villager* doesn't want correspondents all over the world, but we think of having them all over Papua.

In every Division the post of native correspondent for *The Papuan Villager* will be offered to one boy. The boys have not been appointed yet, but in many cases, we expect, they will be the native clerks in the magistrate's offices.

The Correspondents' Uniform.

The correspondent will be given a special rami. It will be white with black and blue braid, and in the corner it will have "Papuan Villager" in red letters.

His Work.

It will be the business of the correspondents to send in all the news of their divisions—things that are done in the villages or on the Station, feasts, dances, adventures, accidents, funny stories—whatever they think will interest the readers of *The Papuan Villager*.

We hope that every month some news will be printed from each correspondent. Every month the correspondent's name will be given with his news.

Poreporena Rovers.

I WANT to tell you about our Rovers. We have our meeting every Friday night about 7 o'clock. When the bell rings we all gather in the Infant Schoolhouse, a good big house for our playing about.

Exercises.

We have a cushion and bar, and a wooden horse. First of all we play on the cushion, and go up on the bar, trying to get some muscles. Some playing on the horse, which they go over on their hands, and throw their legs up and down to the floor again. Some on the floor, make long jump. We had a boy who could jump much further than we: he jumped 20 feet. Some boys jump over the rope. And we have a boy still in our Rovers, Patrol Leader of Tigers—he jumps higher than we. He is a fairly tall boy; he jumps 5 ft. 6 in. high.

After this our master blows the whistle, then we all put the things away. I am a drummer. When I start the drum, four Patrol Leaders stand first: then after all, boys fall-in into their own Patrol. Then I stop beating the drum, and I go into my own Patrol (Stag).

Drilling the Patrols.

We have four Patrols. Eight boys in each Patrol: 1st Patrol Elephant; 2nd Stag; 3rd Tiger; and 4th Eagle. We all stand into our own places and our master teaches us some drill. After that we do some games. We do many kinds of ways like you see in the picture of *The Papuan Villager* of last November, those Medical boys were doing. And after that we do some racing games. We have four rope rings, one for each Patrol, and we do many games with these, and make the snake games too. Many other games Mr. Chatterton shows us, and we do some signalling with torch, whistle, flag and telegraph. And after all these thing our master blows the whistle. We stop all the games and I start the drum again. And the four Patrol Leaders come first and then all the boys fall-in with their own Patrol Leaders and then I stop drum and go into my own Patrol (Stag). Then we dismiss and salute our Scout Master with our Scout Salute—three fingers, and go out.

The Rover's Camp.

In New Year we all Rovers have our camp. Just a little further of (*away from*) the village, beside the cricket ground of Poreporena. We clean the place very clean and nice, enough place for our playing about; then make our tent there. We make one big tent for all of us.

Provisions.

Then each boy buy something for us at the store. One Patrol Leader named Dagu he spend 10s. to buy foods; and all of us, some 5s. some 2s. and some 1s. Then we buy one dozen gingerbeer, 1 tin biscuit, 1 tin butter, 10 lb. rice, 2 tin meat, 2 tin fresh herrings, 2 tin sardine, 4 Luvo Cakes. Then we said, "This is enough." Then we carried to the camp. We stayed there until 7 p.m. This is the day before New Year.

The Patrol Makes a Visit.

One single boy married; so Rove, Patrol Leader, said to us, "You all put the uniforms, and we will go into that house, to joying with our friends." So we all rose up and do what the Patrol Leaders said. Then we get in the house of wedding; shake hand with him, and with his wife. Then we get out.

Christmas Eve.

Some of us went to the singing. The people gathered to have song for New Year. We have singing until 12 o'clock the bell rang for service in the Church. Then we all go into the Church. After prayer we get out, we burn our cracker and joying, shouted for happy New Year. Then 12.30, V.C. (*village constable*) blow the whistle, and all stop the noise, and all get back to our camp. One Patrol Leader named Rarua Tau he arose up, taught to us about morning work. Then after all we sleep for few hours.

Christmas Morning.

Then at 5 a.m. one boy named Boe Morea he wake up and wake Dagu and me. We make fire and put the kerosene tin of water, until the clock strike 6. They all rise up, and go into the sea to have bath. As soon as they came back we give them tea, one biscuit for each boy. After tea, we all stand round the flag-pole one Patrol Leader named Morea Morea pulled the flag up, and we salute, and have sing in our launguish (*language*) "The Song of the Flag."

After this we dismiss, and get ready for morning service. After the service we have our breakfast, and we playing about everywhere. Some of us playing cricket, until 10'clock we all gathered again for the meal.

We are all very glad because the Scout Rovers and Girl Guides have started in our village. So all the Rovers, Scout, and Girl Guides, in Poreporena say, thank you very much to all the white people, who want to help us; and we also say thank you too, Mr. Chatterton, who teaches us with all he can.

[By V. Reatau Mea, 1st Papuan Native Rovers Stag Patrol. This article wins the 5s. prize this month.]

New Year at Buna.

MR. E. M. Bastard, R.M., N.D., arranged a big feast and dance at Buna at New Year. About 800 natives attended. Mesdames Bastard and Fowler and Messrs. Bastard, Fowler, Bunting and Willis witnessed the celebration. The natives sang, feasted and danced with great delight. They staged items with dramatic humour and ability. Two Buna natives imitated a fight between an old digger and a cassowary. One boy was covered with a cassowary skin and looked just like one. The other boy was dressed like a white man and had an imitation gun. They caused great fun. Five pigs and tons of native food were served to the dancers. It was a very fine dance and feast and everyone was sorry when it was over.

[By Tea-au, medical assistant, Buna.]

Spelling.

A Letter to "The Papuan Villager."

Lawes College, Fife Bay,
9th January, 1930.

Dear Readers and Writers of *The Papuan Villager*:

Just only few lines to write for all of you, to remind you all what the Government people are trying to do for all of us in Papua.

I think it is a great help for you and me to learn English by writing and reading our own newspaper, *The Papuan Villager*, which the Government printers are printing for us every month. And just only I want to ask you all before I'll close my letter—Please those of you who are sending your papers to the Editor to print, and some of our friends who are reading it, please take care with your spelling when you are writing it. Because if somebody who will try to send in his first paper, if he don't know how to spell some of the words, I hope he will go over the papers or pages in *The Papuan Villager* to see the spelling; then he will copy it. So when you are writing your paper to the Editor, spell your words correctly. From it we can learn more easily to help one another, as the Government people are trying to do for us.

So bidding you all a Happy New Year, I will now close my letter.

Yours truly,
BIRA S.

[The Editor gets all kinds of articles from Papuan contributors. Some are very good and some are rather bad; but nearly all of them need to be mended a little. Even Bira S.'s spelling is not always what it should be. The Editor puts your spelling right, but he does not try to make your English perfect. After all, these articles on pages 7 and 8 are yours, not his.]

Overland from Merauke to Oriomo.

I WAS at Daru, since Mr. E. G. Sparks was absent from there, and stayed there for awhile. After few weeks, Mr. Beach went to Oriomo, to inspect the labourers, and so he found Javanese there with the Oriomo labourers. They came overland from Merauke to Oriomo without guns; but they had one full adze between them.

Mr. Beach arrived at Oriomo to meet these four Javanese with Oriomo labourers. So they explained to Mr. Beach that they had come overland from Merauke to Oriomo, because they would like to be employed somewhere else in this Territory. Mr. Beach left Oriomo at Sunday morning and these four Javanese accompanied him, to report to the Resident Magistrate at Daru. They arrived at Daru on Sunday evening, then went to Mr. Beach's residence. Mr. Beach sent a messenger to the Resident Magistrate. Then they reported to him. The Resident Magistrate told them to call at his office on Monday morning so they did as the Resident Magistrate informed them on Sunday evening.

These four Javanese explained the Resident Magistrate, just same as they told Mr. Beach the other day, they had come overland from

Merauke to Oriomo, because they would like to be employed somewhere else. But we understand, there are no Javanese in this Territory, but some Javanese are still employed with the Diving Cutters at Torres Straits (Thursday Island). After all this matter, the Resident Magistrate returned these four Javanese to Thursday Island accompanied with the Assistant Resident Magistrate.

We were all surprised at this, because no one had ever come overland from Merauke to Oriomo before; but this was done by these four Javanese. We thought this good because they were very, very lucky to get past the Upper Fly River people. While these Javanese were stationed at Daru, the [illegible] and A.R.M. both supplied them with the Government foods and equipments.

[By Morea Morea, clerk, G.S.D.]

A Big Feast at Kwalimurupu and Babaka.

THEY are making a great big feast in these two villages on Oct. 25.11.29 (*November*?). On Thursday the people of Kwalimurupu and Babaka are making a big feast. I did not go to Kwalimurupu on Thursday afternoon. I just went through Babaka, and I see lot peoples visited in the Babaka Village.

There are seven villages. The names are Kapa Kapa, Girabu, Geresi, Wasila, Gidobada, and Saroa, and Gomore. All, everybody, are very glad: for when they see the feast they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And Magistrate Mr. Chance and Mr. Williams were there too. They were making the picture when the people are dancing. Mr. Chance spent out some tobacco in each village.

They are all play with their old fashion. Each village had a dance until 6 o'clock. Some they stop dance about 11 o'clock at night: the others until daylight.

They had lot coconut and bananas and sugar-cane and yams and betel-nut. And I heard the people of Kwalimurupu had two pigs for their feast. One of the pigs they buy in Saroa. This cost one pound ten shilling (£1 10s.). The other pig from Gomore cost two pounds (£2).

This is a little story about the feast at Kwalimurupu and Babaka.

[By Charlie Esau, of Saroa.]

The Story of a Silly Old Man.

THIS is really a true story but we will call it a fable and will leave out the names of the people and the places.

There are two men at A—— Village in the —— Division, they are P—— and his son, A——. At N——, which is close to A—— Village, there is a man from H—— named N——, he looks after Mr.——'s coconut plantation.

Now, N—— is an ugly old man and has not got a wife, no women will marry him.

The man P—— goes to see N—— and says to him, "You give me some tobacco and I will give you my brother's daughter, her name is O——; she is a very nice girl and has a clean body." N—— says, "Yes, I know her very well, she is a very nice girl and a clean girl too." N—— makes himself a very good friend of P—— and gives him 6 sticks of tobacco—3 for himself and 3 for the girl O——. P—— keeps all the tobacco for himself and the girl O—— does not know anything about it.

P——'s son, A——, hears what his father has done and he thinks that N—— is a fool. A—— goes to N—— and tells him a lie by saying, "I hear that my uncle's daughter O—— likes you too much. Why do you not marry her?" N—— says, "Yes, I want to marry her sometime before Christmas."

P—— and his son A—— went to N—— every week and told him lies about the girl O—— and N—— gave them tobacco and meals of rice and fish. Last week N—— got suspicious and asked them what O—— did with all the tobacco that he had been sending her. P—— and his son replied, "God knows, she must smoke it all." I, K——, was there with N—— and I said, "Do you know God?" and they said they did, I said, "You had better listen, Thou Shalt Not Take the Name of the Lord Thy God in Vain," I also said, "Hallowed be Thy Name." They were ashamed and looked down their faces on to the floor and said nothing.

The two head Councillors at A—— came along, their names are H—— and A——, they were angry and they said to P—— and his son, "Why do you lie to N—— and take his tobacco." P—— and his son answered, "Which tobacco are you talking about, N—— gave us tobacco for our coconuts, N—— has been telling you lies when he says that he gave it to us for the girl O— —. Erava ore va kaa ruva ve kuku va (we never know not N— - is tobacco). The girl is very young perhaps 14 or 15 years and N—— is a very old man, perhaps 50 or 60 years. He wants to marry a young girl and all the A—— people are displeased with him."

The Councillors went and saw the girl O—— and asked her if she wanted to marry N——, she said, "No, if you give me to N—— to marry I will hand myself up to die, I will not have him for a husband."

The Councillors were very angry and returned to N—— and said to him, "You humbug with our people too much, you are no good to us and you must not come into our village again."

N— still hopes to marry a very young girl but he does not talk to P— and his son now.

[By T. Kekie Hereva. Revised by W.J.L.]

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