

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER




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Working for the White Man.

The White Man as Master.

 THE white men all came in the first place from Europe, on the other side of the world. But for many years they have travelled far and wide; they have gone from one place to another and made settlements. And it nearly always happens that where they settle they become masters. In this way they have gone to Africa and India and the Pacific Islands and other places; and they have become masters of the brown-skinned men who lived there before them. In this way, too (and it is one of the last places where the white man has settled) they have come to Papua and, as in the other parts of the world, they are now the real masters in Papua.

I do not know exactly why this should be; but I suppose it is because they are harder-working and stronger, and because they know a lot that the grandfathers of the Papuan had never found out. But, no matter what the reason, these white men seem to be bosses wherever they go.

The Days of Slavery.

In the olden days this was often a very bad thing for the brown man. For then the Europeans sometimes used to be cruel and hard. The stronger people would seize the weaker people and hold them captive, and make them do all their dirty work. The people who had to work in this way were called "slaves." They got no pay; they could not go to their

masters and say, "Thanks, I've had enough, I'll finish now." They had to work whether they liked it or no; and if they didn't work hard enough, there might be someone to thrash them with a whip. For long ages this slavery went on; and usually the brown men were the slaves, because they were ignorant and not strong enough to look after themselves.

wanted to go; but once they were aboard they had to go. They were taken to work on plantations in Australia, and even there they were not treated very well. This way of catching natives and taking them away was called "Blackbirding." It was not as bad as slavery, for the men were paid wages; but it was not a fair way of treating the labourers.

Modern Conditions.

Now all this has been changed. There is no more slavery among the white people, and no more "Blackbirding." In some parts of the world there are still slaves; but these are mostly brown-skinned men who are slaves to brown-skinned masters. The white people have made up their minds that slavery is wrong, that it is a cruel thing, and that it must go.

In Papua there never was any slavery, and there never will be. The Papuans work for the white men, but they must do it of their own free will. They always get their wages, and when their contract is ended their work finishes. The Government has made strong laws to look after the labourer.

No recruiter can cheat the villagers, or force them to sign. No employer can keep their wages from them. They must be well fed and given good quarters to sleep in. There are laws saying how much food or rations must be given to each boy; and if the Magistrate or Inspector found that the boys were not getting their proper rations there would be trouble for the employer. In the same way he would get into trouble if he did not give his boys proper clothing and proper sleeping places, or if he did not look after



HAIR ORNAMENT, TURAMA RIVER.

"Blackbirding."

Not so many years ago, and not far from Papua, the natives were treated badly enough. The ships used to go out to the islands and come back full of labourers. They did not always wait to ask whether the labourers

them when they were sick, or if he did not send them back home when their work was finished.

Indenture.

But the Papuan labourer must do his part also. He signs a contract with the white man. He says, "I will work for six months, or a year"—or whatever time it may be. Both he and the white man put their promises on paper, and the Government keeps the paper. Then if either side breaks the promise, there is trouble. If the white man does not treat the labourer properly he will come before the Court. And if the labourer slacks on his job, or runs away from it, he will also come before the Court, and may go to gaol because he has broken a promise made before the Government.

This "signing-on" is called "indenture." It is necessary because Papuans, I am afraid, so often break their promises. They might suddenly leave an employer who had spent a lot of money on them, and that is not fair to the white man. But when both sides sign the paper, or "Contract of Service," and both keep their promises, then everything will be fair and square.

Further Adventures of Budobudo Noiarere.

SOME of our readers will remember the story of Budobudo Noiarere, son of the White Pigeon, which was in *The Papuan Villager* of March last year. They will remember how he was born from an egg and lived in a bird's nest; how a man found him and brought him to his village, where he grew into a fine youth and won the hearts of all the girls; how the other youths became jealous and tried to kill him; and how at last they wrapped him up in mats while he was asleep on a canoe, and threw him into the sea. But he floated and drifted, while his mother, the white pigeon, perched on the bundle of mats and spoke to him. And by and by he was cast up on the reef at Taboiva, where the ropes that bound the mats were cut on the sharp coral. Then Budobudo threw off his wrappings and

stood up and looked around him. And that is where we left him at the end of the story in March last year.

Now the first thing that Budobudo did, as we told you before, was to gather up the bones and the faded black and white feathers of his mother the pigeon, who had died during those long days at sea. He put them all together in a pandanus palm, and then, not knowing where he was, he climbed up on to a tree branch and waited a while to see what would happen.

The Old Woman of Taboiva.

Now on this island of Taboiva there lived a nasty old woman with two nice young daughters. To-day, as usual, she sent the two young girls to fetch water. So they came down to the pool, which happened to be just underneath the branch where Budobudo sat waiting. They did not think of looking up, but as they bent over the still water to fill their coconut bowls, they saw his reflection. They were really very pleased; but they warned him to stay where he was. "For," said they, "our mother is a cannibal. If you come down she will eat you."

For several days Budobudo sat on the branch, but at last he got tired of it, and insisted on going to the village with the two girls. "Oho!" said the nasty old woman when she saw him, "Give him to me. I'll eat him!" "No fear!" said the girls, "He is our husband." So the old woman let things be for a while. But she thought, "Wait till he is asleep. Then I'll catch him!"

How Budobudo Cheated the Old Woman.

Now Budobudo knew what she was up to; but he did not intend to spend a sleepless night. So he took two of those round white shell disks called *kuratana*, and made them fast over his eyes. Then he lay on his back and slept like a log of wood.

Presently the old woman came creeping up in the darkness. She took one look at Budobudo and saw those big white eyes staring roundly at her. So she crept back again saying, "No matter! by and by, when he is asleep!" But every time she came the eyes were wide open and fixed upon her. And this happened every night, for he always put on the *kuratana* before lying down to sleep.

And so at last the old woman gave up all thought of eating Budobudo Noiarere.

How Budobudo Raided the Mainland.

Now Budobudo was sorry for the old woman: he thought he had better give her someone to eat. He looked across to the mainland, where by night he saw the men and women fishing along the shore with torches. And then he made a fine canoe, which he called "Keraborabo"; and a long blade-shaped paddle, which he called "Nabusamsam"—"Mist or darkness"; and a sword of palmwood, which he called by his own name, "Budobudo Noiarere."

Then he said to the old woman, "Cook your vegetables. To-night I will bring you some meat to eat with them." And sure enough he set out that night and killed one of the fishermen on the mainland with his palmwood sword, and brought him back before dawn and gave him to the old woman.

Every night after that Budobudo came down on the mainland and caught a man or woman, till the people feared him from Rogeia to Mullens Harbour.

The Flying Canoe.

At last these people of the mainland thought they must do something. So they manned their war-canoes and all came out together and surrounded the island of Taboiva. Then they rattled their paddles and shouted in triumph, for they thought they had cornered Budobudo.

But Budobudo dragged his canoe, "Keraborabo," down to the water and pushed off, and gave one stroke with his long paddle, "Nabusamsam"; and the canoe rose like a bird and flew out to sea over the heads of them all. (So, after all, these aeroplanes that rise from the water are nothing new in Papua.) And Budobudo circled about overhead like a storm-bird; and a terrible wind rose up, and the great waves dashed the war-fleet to pieces; and every man was drowned, and hundreds were thrown up on the shores of Taboiva.

Then Budobudo returned and said to the old woman, "There you are; that will keep you busy for a time!"

And the old woman rushed in and out of the water, dragging the drowned warriors off the reef. And she ate so much, and worked so hard, that finally she broke her back and died.

Then everything was quiet again, and Budobudo ceased raiding the mainland. "I am quite satisfied to stop in Taboiva," he said, "with these two girls."

The Armed Constables.

IN this issue we give some more pictures of the police on parade and at their physical drill. The pictures were taken at Head-quarters, Port Moresby, where they do their training. They have to work hard at their training here, so that they may be fit for their real work on the stations.

The first police in this country were not Papuans. They were brought here in a war-boat—twelve Solomon Islanders and two Fijians. That was in the early days, 40 years ago. In those days the Government thought that the Papuans would not make good police. But later on they tried them, and they were a success.

Now there are 304 men in the force, and they have done their work well. The Governor has said that the Papuan police were "brave, patient, cheerful, and loyal." Recruits therefore have a high character to live up to.

Stone Mortars.

THERE are some strange things in Papua which were made by the men of long ago. They are a great puzzle, and present-day Papuans seem to know nothing about them. Who knows who painted the rocks in the Sogeri District, or who carved the rocks at Boianai or on Normanby Island?

Who can tell us something about the old mortars that have been found in many parts of this country? On page 4 is a picture of several which were seen in a village on the Kunusi River. Probably they are still there and still placed round the butt of the same tree.

Whenever we ask the present-day people about these hollowed stones (which we call mortars) they say that their ancestors filled them with water and used them for looking-glasses. They could not buy glasses from the stores; so when they wanted to paint their faces they had to bend over and look down in the water.

But why hollow out a heavy stone for a water bowl? Would not a clay pot or a wooden bowl be just as good?

Someone has said that the long-ago people crushed quartz (gold-bearing stone) in the mortars. But, if they did, they must have crushed all the good quartz in the country; for we have been looking for it ever since, and can't find any.

Probably they used the mortars to pound up some food or other, though we don't know what food it was. Several "pestles" have also been discovered. These are long pieces of stone with which they must have pounded or mashed the food in the stone mortar.

In *The Papuan Villager* of last January we gave a picture of "Wakkeke's Pannikin." This is one of the mortars, though only a small one. If any reader knows any other story about a mortar, the Editor would like to hear it and to put it in the *Villager*.

Burying in Villages.

(Native Regulation No. 89.)

IT is not lawful to bury bodies underneath occupied houses or in occupied villages, or to keep a dead body in a state of decomposition in an occupied village.

Natives who break this law may be fined up to £2 or put into goal for four months.

Burial Grounds.

The chief man of the village or the Village Constable or the Magistrate will choose a piece of ground for a burial place or "cemetery." All the dead are to be buried in this place, and it is to be planted with pretty trees and shrubs. If the magistrate finds that a man is buried inside the village, he may order the people to remove the body and put it in the cemetery.

Rock and Bush "Exposure."

Some people leave or "expose" the bodies of their dead in far-away places—up in the rocks, or in some part of the bush where nobody walks about. If this is your fashion it is all right. The Government will not forbid it. The law is that you must not keep the dead in your village.

Reason for the Law.

There are good reasons for this law. There is real danger of disease from dead bodies when they decompose. They are full of germs which may get into your living bodies together with your food or your drinking water, or by means of a cut or scratch. In fact to keep dead bodies in your village may be the cause of your own death.

The white men's doctors have found this out, and the white people all have proper places of burial. They plant beautiful trees about them and keep them clean and tidy, to do honour to their dead. The regulation says that you must do the same. All Papuans are sorry to part with their friends when they die; and that, I suppose, is why they want to keep their bodies. But it is a bad, dangerous practice. The Government has made the law for your own good.

The Brother-in-law's Fish-Trap.

ONCE a man came along and found his brother-in-law making a fish-trap. "Hello, Brother-in-law," he cried, "That's a fine trap. Suppose I got inside like a fish; do you think I'd die, or would I break it up altogether?" "You can have a try if you like," said the brother-in-law. "You know where my fishing place is."

The man did go to his brother-in-law's fishing place later on. He thought he was having a great joke. He dived down into the fish-trap intending to smash it to bits. But he found he could not get out. He drank, and drank, and drank.

When the owner of the fish-trap came he found a dead man in it. "Here's a nice thing for you," he said: "I've gone and killed my brother-in-law."

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aiti Parau.)
Village Chiria, Yule Island.

THE people of Chiria went to the Gulf for trading sago, with clay pots, and dishes of their own make, with the natives of Oro-kolo, G.D.

They left last December, 1929, about two (2) weeks before Christmas, they have stayed away for nearly four (4) full months, and have just returned on the 22nd March, 1930.

This people made four (4) *lakatoi*, one for each Clan. The Ovia Pokina had one, Koaekupuna one, Parama-Kupuna one, and Koaekupua, and Parama-Kupuna another this was of the little village called Koko (Chiria). The Parama-Kupuna came back the first, with no sago, as they had one of the crew very ill, at the point of death, this crew died at his village, after two days sailing from Vaialala River. Then after some weeks about the middle of February the Koaekupuna and Parama-Kupuna *lakatoi* arrived safely at home. This *lakatoi* had ten (10) canoes tied together, but not so big. Captain was Miria-Aisi (Badina Tauna), Dorina—I am not sure. The Koaekupuna had about twelve canoes. They had a very bad luck the wind and waves carried them back ashore and as a few of the canoes were broken, came back on 23rd March home with two canoes. It was a very good thing that this happened on the shore otherwise they would have probably lost many of the lives of the children they had with them. Captain (Badina Tauna) was Kakare Aumari (Dorina) Naime-Koaek. Well this two Captains lost all their sago. The Ovia Pokina *lakatoi* had sixteen (16) canoes tied up—this was the biggest *lakatoi* ever has been made by Chiria people from its generations of its history. Captain Haurama Aisi (Badina Tau); and Kairuku Rabao (Dorina Tau); this *lakatoi* came safely home.

Missions.

There is here in the District, at Yule Island, the Sacred Heart Mission. This Mission extends right up far into the Mountains. The first station is now in the Waitape, where there is a Government Police Camp; also in Mekeo Valleys, and is now opening in the Gulf Division.

The Mission have schools including two big primer schools, one at Yule Island and one at Inawaia. These two teach in English; the children are taught to write and read English. The Yule Island school by name is "St. Patrick's School." I am of it and am proud to be of it, because now I can read and write, and it's "St. Patrick's School" that's made me clever enough now to be employed by the Government at Kairuku.

In the "Technical School" they teach boys carpentering, tinsmithing, boat building, printing and typesetting, and shoe making. This the good Brothers are trying to make out of the boys. The girls are taught by the good Sisters how to sew, mend, wash, iron, cook, etc. The "Technical School" boys have built a fine

launch for the Gulf Mission; only waiting for engine to come.

They can repair boats too. Two of the well-known boys, I might mention, one Camillo-Auo-Koaek and Emanuel Thomas Joseph Oa. They are natives of Chiria.

The boys are shown how to play cricket, football and croquet.

MISIMA.

(Correspondent—Peter John.)

Sports at Bwagaioa.

THERE were Sports held at Police Barracks Ground, on the 1st February, 1930. Prizes were presented by Mr. F. J. Berge, R.M. A few Village Constables from various places brought in a few pigs to be made a little feast for the Sports, and also join in the play. Sport was started at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Results as follows:—

"LEG RACES," 50 YARDS.

- No. 1, 2s., won by Keio of Bwagaioa Village.
- No. 2, 2s., won by Lesina of Hinauta, Misima.
- No. 3, 3s., won by Nou Goru of Hanuabada.
- No. 4, 3s., won by Peter John of Hanuabada.
- No. 5, 5s., won by Nou Goru of Hanuabada.
- No. 6, 1 Rami, won by Karo, crew of *Elevata*.
- No. 7, 2 Smoking Pipes, won by Peter John; Peni, crew of *Elevata*, 2nd.
- No. 8, 1 Belt, won by Geve, crew of *Elevata*.

"LEG RACES," FOR SMALL BOYS, 20 YARDS.

- No. 1, 5s., won by Lelemedi of Bwagaioa.
- No. 2, 1 Pocket Knife, won by Havi of Narian or Lapapai, Misima.

"LEG RACES," FOR VILLAGE CONSTABLES, 50 YARDS.

- No. 1, 1 Large Knife, won by Pedi, Village Constable of Bwagaioa.

"LEG RACES," FOR VILLAGE COUNCILLORS, 50 YARDS.

- 4s., won by Dueriri of Bwagaioa.

"HIGH JUMP," OVER 6 FEET.

- 6s., won by Peter John, native clerk of Hanuabada.

"WHEEL-BARROW RACES," 10 YARDS.

- No. 1, 2s., won by Mua and Peni, both crew of *Elevata*.
- No. 2, 1 Mouth Organ and 1 Smoking Pipe, won by Laleta and Boia, both Kitava boys.

"SACK RACES," 10 YARDS.

- No. 1, 5s., won by Kamuera of Hinauta, Misima.
- No. 2, 1 Tomahawk, won by Bilibwe of Rossel Island, policeman at Misima.
- No. 3, 1 Rami, won by Haridia of Narian, Misima.

"THREE-LEGGED RACES," 50 YARDS.

- No. 1, 2 Large Knives, won by Hendrico, native carpenter and Keio of Bwagaioa.
- No. 2, 2 Axes, won by Karo and Laka, both crew of *Elevata*.

"STANDING WITH HANDS ONLY," 5 MINUTES.

- 2s., won by Bilibwe of Rossel Island, policeman at Misima.

"WALKING WITH HANDS ONLY," 2 YARDS.

- 2s., won by Nou Goru of Hanuabada.

"STICK-HITTING BY A CRICKET BALL," FROM 24 YARDS (3 times each boy.)

- 1s. per hit, won by Boia of Kitava and Lisania of Narian, Misima. Both got 1s. each.

The Sports finished at 6 o'clock, and all the people were joyful and sang out three cheers to Mr. R.M. Berge. Then Mr. Berge, the R.M., reply to them and said, "I am very

glad to see you people at our little Sports here, I shall remember this Sport and call you back here and make a lovely one in next coming Christmas."

Then I said again to the people to sing out loudly another three cheers for Mr. Berge. So they sang out at once loudly.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Live Stock Damaging Native Gardens.

THERE are many Cows, Horses and Goats that are wandering about the place, and sometimes they break down the fences, and enter into the gardens, and destroy the young plants; this makes the people labour for nothing, and lose some of their food-crops, etc.

So the people must be very careful when they are making a garden; it must be properly surrounded by fences. Get some strong mangrove saplings, and make fences with them, because our forefathers always used the mangrove saplings for their fences. If all you people make a good and strong fence around your gardens, then everything which you have planted in your gardens will be good and quite safe.

If there should be any cattle that break into the gardens, the people must let the Government know about it at once, or better still write their brands (marks) properly down, and show them to the Government. Or another good way is this, to keep the beasts in the garden, tied up by its neck with a rope, and send someone *quickly* to tell the Government, so that the Government will send somebody (Inspectors or European Constable) to investigate the gardens and those beasts; then the Government may probably be able to find out the owner of those beasts. This makes everything clear, no trouble will come after that. And all you people might be paid something by the owner of those beasts, by way of compensation; better only if you have a good strong fences.

So all the people must observe these small instructions for their future guidance.

Rainfalls.

We have had good rain this last few weeks, so every garden will now be producing good, and every plant will be green and healthy.

New Missionaries for Papua.

The Reverend R. A. Owen, of England, and the Reverend D. E. Ure, of Australia, have come by the s.s. *John Williams* to take up Mission work in Papua for London Missionary Society. They would be entertained during their stay in Port Moresby by the Reverend and Mrs J. B. Clark, of L.M.S., Metoreia.

Reverend Miss S. J. Ellis, Miss Milne and Miss Beckett have returned from Australia to Papua by the s.s. *John Williams* after their furlough leave.

Native Dances.

Now the people of Poreporena are dancing every night on account of the approaching feasts; they are very glad and happy, because this was the custom of their forefathers, so they don't like to be throwing this custom away, as it was a good custom for them all.

The Story of Tonatona, a Giant-killer.

THERE were upon a time a man and woman with their son, who was called Tonatona. They wandered about in the deep forest. One day, while on a long journey, they were feeling very hungry and tired, and they looked round for a place in which to get rest and refreshment. And they went further into the deep forest. There they found a very good place; but they could not find a people or animal life in that forest. And they thought they have a nice place, and they would live there for ever. So they make a small hovel, which they called a "Beautiful Wanderers' Home."

How they lived at the Place.

On certain days this man and woman are going out to make their gardens; and they left the poor boy at home by himself. On every morning they warned the boy before they went: they told the boy that he must not let anyone in while they are out. And this boy promised to them; and off they went. For many days afterwards this poor boy was living in a happy and contented (*way*) and untroubled by any danger.

Why this Boy was found by a Wicked Giant.

On one day this boy was in bad luck, and was found out by a wicked giant. The giant who was called Hido. He is biggest and tallest man this boy ever seen in his life. This is the giant who killed all the people and animal life which lived in that forest.

After he killed them all he became hungry. One day this giant wished to wander about to look (*for*) something to eat, and he climbed up on top the hill to look (*at*) the places, where he could see (*whether*) any smoke rises up in somewhere else. When he got on top, he saw a smoke near by on the hillside; and he went down for it.

When he reached the place, he saw a hovel—the hovel which that poor boy lived in. And he called up; and this poor lad had forgotten all the instructions which were given to him by his parent. And he answered him, "Yes, my friend, I am here." And this giant first replied, a little shrill voice, "I am your dear friend, who begs admission."

And that time he (*the boy*) remembered what he had been told, and he said to him again, "No, I may not let you in. Go away from my place!" And this wicked giant was very angry, and he screamed, "Oho, my dear friend, you soon lose your life if you do not open me a door." And this poor boy was very frightened; and he at once opened the door and let the wicked giant in.

When this un pity giant walked in, he first asked the boy, said, "What is your name?" And boy replied, "My name is Tonatona." And giant said, "Where are your parents? Are they out?" And boy said, "Yes; every day they go out to make our gardens."

"When they'll be hack again?"

Boy said, "They'll be back at evening"; and both Tonatona and the giant sat down and started to talk about somethings.

While on their argument, the giant took the boy by the hands, and bit one of his fingers, and pulled it right out and ran away into the forest.

This poor boy was crying until his parents came home. And they asked the Tonatona, said: "What are you crying for?" And Tonatona held his two hands out. He wanted parents to look. And he said, "Oh, dear father and mother. One wicked giant came out of the forest. He is biggest and tallest man in world. And he wanted to put my end (*put an end to me*); and I was very frightened of him, and I let him in, and he pulled out one of my fingers."

And his parents are very anxious to hear that one of their son's fingers has been lost. And they said to him, "Oh, poor son, be on your guard in future, and do not let anyone in while we are out.

But this went on for many days, and all Tonatona's fingers were gone. So his parents were getting tired of the giant; and they thought, what could they do to save their son's life.

How the Boy Killed a Wicked Giant.

One day this man and woman did not go out, but stayed at home to paint the boy's skin with a yellow stain and make Tonatona's body very yellow. After they had painted him, they looked at him, and loved him very much; and they said to him: "To-morrow morning we will go out again, so you must not let anyone in, if you let someone in, you probably lose your life." And this boy promised to them, said: "No, I must not let any one in any more in future." And next morning they got up, and they hide the poor boy in the corner of the hovel; and once more warned him, that he would not let anyone in while they are out, and off their way to the gardens.

In a meantime, this wicked giant came out again from the forest. And he wished to put an end to Tonatona, and did not call, but just knocked the door. And the poor boy stretched his head out of hole to shout, "No, I may not let you in anymore, my parents have forbidden it." And this giant is very wild, and said: "Look my friend, if you don't open the door, I will put your end at once." And the poor boy heard all that. He was very frightened, and (*in*) tears, and opened the door and let him in. When he walked in, he spoke kindly and took him by the hands, because he was very surprised to see the boy. The boy was a pretty and beautiful lad and he wished the boy to paint him like his body; and also he was put his pity on him.

And after they had talked awhile, he asked and begged to the boy, said: "Will you do my body like yours." And boy said: "Certainly, but go and bring all my fingers, and your body will be painted like mine." And this giant at once ran into the forest, and brought him all fingers. And boy told the giant to put them back on to the proper places; and giant did as boy told him; and this poor wise boy led the giant to the old hovel.

And boy told the giant to stand against the pile; and the giant did as boy told him. And boy took the rope, and tied him up from the legs to the upper part of the body. And this giant told the boy, "Oh, this is how your parent done your body?" And boy said: "Yes, this is how they do my body; but do not talk much, I am afraid of spoiling your body; just stop quiet." And giant not talked much as boy told him." When he finished him he took the fire sticks and began to burn up the hovel. And the giant screamed, "Oh my brother Tonatona, what you trying to do? Put the fire out, put the fire out!" And Tonatona said: "You stop quiet; do not talk. When the fire comes to very close your skin will be very yellow like mine." And this giant knows that boy will put his end. And he got no hope to get out from the fire, and was burnt up.

At evening his parent came back, and Tonatona told them, that he killed the giant Hido, and they were dancing around the hovel, and they were living exceedingly happy, and untroubled by the giant.

So we the Papuan boys must observed all the instructions which are given to us by our parents; or some of us who are working in the Government Services, or outside of Services, must obeyed the laws, both Government and Missionary, as well as God and King, so we will be free from harm, and nothing be wrong with us in our long life. We must not follow the footsteps of Tonatona, he nearly lost his life, but he is in luck, and saves himself from death.

[By Igo Erua, Clerk of D.N.A., and Secretary of Village Council, Poreporena. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Christmas in the Trobriand Islands.

ON Wednesday, Xmas Day, all Christian people they go to Church at Oiabia to be joyful and cheerful for Our Lord Jesus Christ's birthday; and in afternoon all Missionary boys they had football games. On Thursday morning at 10 a.m. the Church bell rang and all the Christian people went to Church. After that they have sports, foot-races and grease-pole.

They finished sports about half past four. Then they came over to Losuia Government Station. There was a big dance. First all women were dressed up for dancing and two women they start dance the *Kasawaga* dance, and four men are hitting drums for them. The *Kasawaga* dance has no singing—just hitting drums and dancing. When the two women finished their dance, all the other women dance the *Bi-iala* dance. They were dressed up in cockatoo feathers on their heads, and arm-shells on their arms. These people like cockatoo feathers better than any others. The women finish their dance at 6 o'clock.

Next day it is Friday, and they make a big dance at Losuia Station. All the Station is full up of people. They dance one a time, each village, because each village wants to win the prize. Then Mr. Rentoul, A.R.M.,

he gave them some rice and some tobacco and and some betel-nuts, and Sinebada makes their photographs. Then we break up little bits of tobacco and betel-nuts and throw them down, and all the dancers push each other for the things and there is great noise and laughter. All villages were there. Then next morning they go to their villages. And also we had a visitor from Misima, Mr. Berge, R.M. We love to have visitors on Xmas Day to see the people dance on our Station.

[By Kenneth Kaiu, cook-boy to Mrs. Rentoul, Losuia. The Editor is sorry he could not put this in last month's paper with the pictures.]

Story of Two Children.

THESE boys called Gabua and Josiah. One Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock, p.m., when the bell rang, everybody began to enter to the Church. They had prayer meeting. Nobody stayed back in the house (that is, nobody but the children).

Before they were going mother has told to them, they will stop and cook their food, until mother will come back and see them: they get ready for her.

But they didn't listen what mother told to them to do. When they finished cooking, both of them went out; walked along the beach with their spears. One of these two boys called Gabua he saw a fish running very fast, and jump up and down. He stand still, the fish coming near to him. He think, good enough for him! threw the spear, an hit it by its tail. The fish was hurt; it jumped up on the shore; it was dead.

These boys took the fish. They were feared for (afraid of) their mother, because they remember to-day is a Sunday: that is why they were fear.

When the parents came back and called them out from the kitchen and spake to them, "Are you ready? Serve up the food! We have our food now!" those two boys ran down to the beach and brought that fish, they had caught it. Showed to their mother and she saw it. There were plenty of marks on it. (This the boys had done it: they had cut it by the knife.)

They lied to the mother: they said, "Oh, mother, we found this fish on the beach. A great shark came and killed it." This is not quite sure (true?). They were lying.

After they had finished their food, then they told true word to their mother, and she was very angry with them for their cheat.

We must speak true word to our parents. We shall grow wise and truly.

[By Dauge, schoolboy, Mailu Island.]

Feast at Bwagaioa Village.

The Editor,
Dear Sir,

Just a few line of the Story of the Feast at Bwagaioa Village. I am quite pleased to you if you may have them checked and entered into *The Papuan Villager*. I starting off:

There was a feast, I have seen it at Bwagaioa Village, held on the 17th December. A man's name is Togo who was in charge of the feast. Also he is Village Councillor and Chief of Bwagaioa Village.

First of all Togo told all the village people to make plenty of sago. Therefore men and women made plenty of sago same as Togo told them. Then Togo again told them to take their canoes ready and go to visit their friends at other islands, and bring several pigs for feast. So people took their canoes and went away, same as what they had heard.

Then few days ago some canoes have returned on 1st December and several on 10th December; also each canoe has few pigs on it, some have two and some have three and four. When these canoes enter into Misima passage on their return, they blow the shell trumpet (*Kibi*) that it means pigs on the canoes, so the people who stay at home shall know it and go down and carry up pigs and put them into the fence where other pigs kept for the feast.

All the canoes returned from their visiting. Then some more people whom were living at another part of Misima brought several pigs from their villages. So the number of the pigs are 125; also the number of men and women from various villages and islands who had gathered together at Bwagaioa Village was 254 and children.

On the 16th December at night there was a big dance in the Bwagaioa Village, I have seen their dances are more different from the native dances at Port Moresby districts. And

they danced thus: Men and boys standing enclose round, with holding their drums and singing with beating drums; but women and girls put their little basket above their heads and running whirl around to the dance.

And in the morning on 17th December, they have kill the pigs and a bull cow, and gave to the people, those who came from various villages and islands.

This is all I can write.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

PLTER JOHN,
Misima, S.E.D.

KATHLEEN GIBSON
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