

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Schools.

MANY an old man with a grey beard thinks of his school-days and says, "That was the best time of my life!" Perhaps when he was a boy he did not think so; he thought his lessons were hard work; and he did not like having to go to school five days every week. But on the whole, schoolboys and schoolgirls have a very good time; they have some work, but a lot of play; and most of them like their schooling.

People know nowadays that it is very important that the young people should be well "taught" or "educated." They must learn to read and write, to remember, to think properly, and so on; or they must learn how to make things, or do things, so that they can earn their living.

Free Education.

Most white men's countries have free schools for the children. There are some schools where the parents have to pay money to send their children. But there are others, called "State" or "Government" schools, where you can get your education for nothing. This is because the Government knows it is so important.

Of course the schools cost money. But the cost comes out of Taxation, which all the people must pay. Then the poor man can send his child to school. And if the child is a clever boy, and if he works hard, he can "climb to the top of the tree."

Paying for the Papuan Schools.

Your schools in Papua are also free to you. You have to thank the Missionaries for them—men and women who have come from Australia or England to spend the best part of their lives teaching you. The Mission



KAVA KAVA MASK.

schools of course cost money too. Most of the money comes from the thousands of white people in Australia and England, who give their "offerings" to be spent on you. But part of the money comes from you yourselves. All the money that is collected from you as Tax goes into one "Fund." It is like putting all the pounds and ten-shillings together into one big box. And the Director of Native Taxation (who looks after the Fund) spends the money on things that will help the natives who pay it.

Perhaps the most important thing of all is the school. Some of your own money, therefore, helps to pay for the Mission schools.

"Playing Truant."

Although most boys and girls like their schooling, they still like to "play truant" or "play the wag" sometimes. That means that they stay at home or go fishing when they ought to be sitting at their desks.

In this country every child who lives near a school has to go to it. He begins at 5 years of age; and he has to keep on going till he is 14. He has to go at least three days a week. This is certainly not at all hard. And the Government only makes you go if the school is not more than a mile from your home.

The Truant's Punishment.

When a white boy plays the wag he may get the cane. That means that he has to hold out his hand, or bend down and touch his toes, and then the master gives him a whack with a springy stick. A Papuan boy may get into trouble in the same way. If the Magistrate, or the village policeman, or the boy's father, or whoever looks after him at home, tells him to go to school; and if he disobeys and runs away, then he may get a beating. He will be taken before the Magistrate, and if he is found guilty, then he will get the cane.

If a child's father or uncle keeps him at home and will not let him go to school, then he (the father or uncle) will get into trouble. If he does it once, he may pay a fine of 5s. or go

to gaol for a fortnight; if he does it twice, he may pay a fine of 10s. or go to gaol for a month; and if he does it three times he may pay a fine of £1 or go to gaol for 2 months. A white man who won't let his children be educated gets into trouble in the same way—though this doesn't happen very often.

Learning English.

Perhaps the most important thing you learn at school is the English Language. Unless the school teaches English the Government will not make or compel your children to go to it, and unless it teaches English, it cannot have any of the Taxation money.

Remember that if you can learn to read and speak English your education will go on long after you have left school. That is why it is so important. If you learn to read, then you can keep on educating yourselves.

The Story of Pukovio.

The Coast of the Northern Division.

IF you come down the northern coast on a calm day you can keep quite close to the shore. Passing the mouth of the River Mambare you come to the village of Deboi—a pretty village surrounded by trees, with steep hills behind it, and a glistening white beach in front of it.

Mitre Rock.

And out to sea a little way stands Mitre Rock, where the man Duie halted on his sea journey and was turned to stone; and a little further on stands another tall rock in the sea, which is Duie's mother-in-law, who was also turned to stone.

Then you see another large broken rock at the foot of a cliff, and that is said to be the house of Ji Engasi, a long-ago grandmother of the Tain Daware people.

Binei Madari, the Tree Rock.

Next you come to Binei Madari, a rock which is undercut by the water. This Binei Madari was once a big tree which the ghosts of the dead men tried to cut down by night. But they couldn't get their work done in time;

the day broke, and the tree was only half cut through. So they left it and it too was turned to stone.

Pukovio.

Then further on, near the village of Yauga, you come to Pukovio. This is a little narrow headland, about 20 ft. high and 12 ft. or so across. Right in the middle of it there is a hole, so that a man could walk through from one side to the other. And there is a story about Pukovio and this hole through it.

The Pigs and the Dogs.

Long ago up on the Waria River the dogs and the pigs were enemies. The Waria was a great place for dogs—as it still is—but they were all very much afraid of their enemies the pigs.

These dogs lived together in a village; and every day the women-dogs would go down to fetch water at the river. But whenever a woman-dog was leaning down to fill her coconut-pot, a pig would jump and grunt in the bush near by; the dogs were always frightened out of their wits. They dropped their water-pots and ran for their lives, with their tails between their legs.

This went on so often that the dogs held a meeting. They said, "These pigs want to kill us. We had better do something!" So they decided to band together and attack them.

The Dog's Army.

From far and wide the dogs came to join the army. There was a squad of black dogs, and a squad of white dogs, and a big squad of ginger dogs. They put hornbill beaks on their heads as if they were fighting-men (and ever since the dogs have had sharp ears, sticking up like hornbill beaks); they held their long spears over their shoulders (and ever since the dogs have had long tails sticking up behind them). And they went down to the river to lie in wait for their enemies the pigs.

The Attack on the Pigs.

First of all they sent some women-dogs as if to fetch water. When the pigs saw these women-dogs go down, they came out to attack them. But the women-dogs dropped their pots,

and gave the alarm, and ran. Then out came all the dogs, black, white, and ginger; they shouted and blew their shell trumpets (just as nowadays they yelp and howl); and they set onto the pigs. They scattered them right and left, and made short work of them. Every pig was killed and torn to pieces—all except one woman-pig, who escaped in the middle of the fight and ran for her life.

The Woman-Pig Escapes.

The dogs were soon after her. But she ran, ran, snorting and grunting, and with the bristles sticking up all over her back. She must have swum across the Gira and the Mambare: she clambered over the hills behind Deboi; and then she went thundering along the beaches.

She Tricks the Dogs at Pukovio.

The poor old pig was nearly done when she came to Pukovio, little headland, that stood in her path. What was she to do? She didn't try to jump it or climb over it; she just banged into it head-on, and went right through it. Then she doubled round quickly, climbed on top of the headland, Pukovio, and lay down in the long grass that still grows there.

The dogs were not far behind. They came tearing along the beach, howling and blowing their trumpets; and when they came to Pukovio, they shot right through the hole that the woman-pig had made. One after another they shot through, and still went tearing along the beach toward the Kumusi River.

But the woman-pig lay low on top of Pukovio. No dog found her there. And soon she pulled up some of the grass and made herself a house, and there she waited till a whole family of little pigs were born. And in due time these grew in numbers, and scattered all over the bush again. So that by now the bush is once more full of pigs, and the dogs are still chasing them.

"The Papuan Villager."

SUBSCRIPTIONS should be forwarded to the Government Printer and are as follows:—Posted Within the Territory, 2s. a year. Posted Beyond the Territory, 3s. a year.

A Scout Flag in Papua.

THE picture on page 5 shows the first Scout Flag to be brought to Papua. The Poreporena Scouts and Rovers put their money together to buy it. The first Sunday they had their flag they took it to the Church to be "dedicated." This is a white man's fashion; it means that the flag is taken to Church and the Minister prays to God that he will bless the people the flag belongs to.

The Scout Flag is a very important thing. Its work is to help the scouts to remember their Scout Law. Mr. Clark, the Missionary at Port Moresby, explained this to the Poreporena boys when they took their flag to Church. He told them that they would have to try very hard now to keep the Scout Law. If they didn't they would get a bad name for themselves and their flag. That would be just like dropping their flag in the mud and making it dirty. But the Poreporena boys don't mean to do that. They are going to keep their flag clean.

The Man whose Leg Went to Sleep.

A LAME man lived at Wedau. The villagers sometimes laughed at him because he was lame; but he always had an answer for them.

Once the men were sitting down and shaving themselves. One of them was sitting with his leg doubled under him. He felt very comfortable. "What would you do," he said to the lame man, "if the hill men came down on us?" "Why, I should jump up and run," he answered. The other laughed at him. "I would just like to see you," he said.

A moment after there came a shout from behind the village. The hill men had really come down. The lame man got to his feet and hobbled away. But the man who had laughed at him found that his leg had gone to sleep underneath him. He tried to get up, but he could not; and the hill men finished him off.

It was really the turn of the lame man to laugh; but I expect he was going too fast to think about it.

The Antarctic.

FAR away down south, many miles from Australia, there is a very cold region called the "Antarctic."

Very little was known about this country except that it was covered with snow and ice. But a few very brave men, called "explorers," have sailed away at different times to find out more about this land. The cold is so great that they are clothed in furs, with just their eyes and noses uncovered to see and breathe.

In the times past these men travelled over the frozen ground in sledges pulled by dogs. These strong faithful animals, were harnessed to the sledges as many as eight at a time. The sledges have no wheels but just slide over the ground.

If the explorers' ships do not leave the Antarctic before the Winter sets in, they must stay until the ice melts and breaks. Then the ships can move away among the "icebergs," or great floating blocks of ice.

Although explorers cannot do without the sledge and the ship, they can now travel by aeroplane; though the "blizzards," or great storms of snow, will still make travelling by air very dangerous. It is far more dangerous in the Antarctic than it is in Papua.

—"Kookaburra."

Painting Bark-cloth.

ON page 5 is a picture of a Northern Division woman painting patterns on bark-cloth. As you know the women of the north wear skirts of bark-cloth, and very nice they look when they are well painted. I think they look very much nicer than calico bought from the white man's stores; and they are true Papuan work. It is a great thing to be able to make your own clothing and decorate it. And, at any rate, Papuans don't need a great deal of it, so that it doesn't take them long.

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Old Houses.

(From Native Regulation No. 90.)

IF a Magistrate finds that a native's house needs to be repaired or mended, he may order the owner to mend it. The man is given a fair time to do the work; but if, after that, he refuses or forgets to do it, then he may be punished.

The punishment may be a fine of 10s. or 1 month in gaol.

Deserted Houses.

Sometimes people leave or "desert" a house and leave it standing. The Magistrate may order it to be pulled down. He will only give this order if he thinks the house is doing harm; then you must obey him. If it is your custom, or fashion, to leave houses after the owner dies; and if the deserted houses are doing no harm, then the Magistrate will not order them to be pulled down.

Crowded Houses.

If too many people live together in one house it is not healthy. The Magistrate will order you to make it bigger; or else to build another house for some of the people to go to.

Insanitary Houses.

If an old house is dirty or broken it may be unhealthy to live in. The Magistrate will look at it; and if he thinks it is too far gone to be cleaned or mended, then he will order you to pull it down and build a new one. An old house is like an old canoe: you can't keep on patching it up for ever. The time comes when you have to chop it up and use it for firewood.

A Home-made Perambulator.

ON page 5 is a picture from Mitchell River in Australia, sent us by the Rev. Matthews. It shows a Solomon Island man and his wife, an Australian "Aboriginal." The woman carries an umbrella, and the man pushes the baby in a sort of baby-cart which we call a "perambulator." He must be a very clever carpenter, as he made this perambulator himself. But I hope the men of Poreporena will not build any perambulators to wheel their wives' babies into Port Moresby.

Earthquakes.

THERE have recently been very terrible earthquakes in different parts of the world, one in Burma and one in Persia. In Burma 5,000 people were killed, and in Persia 2,000.

The earth is not solid right through. Inside it is all hot and bubbly; and sometimes things go wrong, like a man having a stomach-ache. Sometimes the hot inside of the earth bursts its way out, and then you have a volcano. At other times it doesn't burst out but gives the ground a good shaking; then you have an earthquake.

In Papua we don't often have bad earthquakes. Luckily it is a country where the ground is very solid, so we have not much to fear; though, it is true, there are some stories about big earthquakes in the past.

"Kaiva Kuku" Masks.

The picture on the front page is of a *Kaiva Kuku* mask from near Kerema. Perhaps some Gulf boys could tell *The Papuan Villager* who it is meant to be.

Two other masks, like hornbills, were brought from Kerema to the Museum in Port Moresby at the same time; and the Magistrate sent the following note with them.

"Two curios were purchased from the Uaripi people for the sum of 4s. each and will be forwarded to Port Moresby by the *Laurabada*. These are said to be birds. They are those who guided Kikipe (the Adam of the Uaripi people) from Dabu, their place of origin, to their first village. The birds are called *Maure* (the male hornbill) and *Maiva* (the female hornbill)."

Cooking by the Sun.

MANY tales are told in Papua about the beginning of fire. "Once upon a time," they nearly all begin, "there was no fire. And then the people had to put out their meat and fish in the sun to cook." Then someone or other found the secret of

fire—a little lizard brought it under his arm, or an old woman had it tucked under her skirt, or Aua Maku sent it down from the sky.

White men, like Papuans, have been cooking their food with fire for many ages. But now a very clever white man has found out that he can really cook by the sun. He is an astronomer (that is a man who knows all about the sun and moon and stars). He certainly does more than put his fish out in the sunlight to fry. The Editor doesn't know exactly what he does. He doesn't light fire, yet by the heat of the sun he cooks bread and buns, and makes hot tea.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KEREMA.

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaiser.)

MR. H. O. C. Littlechild (European travelling medical assistant), arrived the other day and made an inspection of the Police and Prisoners; to some of them he gave injections. After few days he left with his carriers to the east of Kerema.

The new big block of Rubber Plantation is being cleared by the Lorabada people; when they have finished it, the Government will pay them for doing the work.

KIKORI.

(Correspondent—Jim Guava-Oa.)

Wreck.

THE loss of a Cutter in this Division, occurred about the middle of last month. Six natives from Tatana Village, near Port Moresby, were coming with their own Cutter *Obu* for trading in sago in this Division, and they went into a village called Ravikevau, Iari District, and they stayed about three or four weeks in that village for buying sago. Then they started loading sago and after loading she left for home and was carrying a lot of sago and six natives from Ravikevau in this Division, who were going to Hanuabada Village to look for some pots there. On the night they sailed away, there was a strong South-East wind, and they had not even crossed the bar when the vessel foundered, and the whole six natives of Ravikevau were drowned and one Tatana man, I hear from Mr. Claude Champion, was got by a shark and his leg bitten off, and five Tatana they were swimming ashore for their lives; all this happened somewhere between Aivei River and Orakolo, G.D.

Government Station.

On the station the new barracks is finished and is very long and large, with three doors on the front veranda, and one door on the back veranda. The Armed Constables' room by the middle door, and the Corporal's room on

the left side of house. And the boatscrews' room on the right side, it was very nice looking and better than the old one; anyhow it looks pretty good. Lote and Aniani are painting with white lead around it, the Police are leaving the old Barracks now, and they are very glad and happy; they hated old Barracks because the roof was very bad and leaking everywhere.

When rain was very bad it was wet all over the house and they could not sleep well. Now in the new Barracks, they are very happy.

The A.R.M. and Patrol Officer are packing up stores for a patrol to the Bamu River, Western Division, after the *Papuan Chief* goes. The Native Medical Assistant Lote Koai, who looks after the hospital books, had a boil on the left arm swollen up very big; poor fellow looks very thin, he stopped in the house about a month but now is getting better.

MISIMA.

(Correspondent—Peter John.)

Particulars of Mourning.

ON the 7th April a woman died at Bwagaia Village during the night. Relatives assembled in the house where the dead woman was. Some came from other villages. Brother of the dead woman took all his own riches native goods called *bagi*, tomahawk-stone, and other things besides, and he tied them up with a stick and hung them up on the front wall of the house. Consequently people may see where their riches are. After that brother of the dead woman gave some *bagi* and tomahawk-stone and a pig to the widower's relative. That means they return part payment for the woman.

Women's Mourning.

Women which came from other villages are not only the relative of dead woman, but some of them are different families. If a man or woman died in another part they must go mourning. Now these came for mourning at Bwagaia Village, and they got into the house and crying on the dead woman for a moment and sat away from the dead body, chewing the betel-nuts, and talk and waiting someone to kill a pig for them or cook anything for them to eat. If relative of the dead woman had kill pig or give something to eat, that they should remember and would come over again in next mourning, but if not they wouldn't come over again in next mourning at all.

Burial of Dead Body in the Grave.

On the 8th April in midday people put dead body in the box and bear to funeral. After funeral they came back to the village and sootied (*rubbed soot over the body of*) the widower and commanded him not to walk about for long time until they had made feast.

Riches.

Riches in this part of Papua. If a man has ten *bagi* and some other goods besides, they call him a rich man. But it is not quite like exactly riches as White people's riches. The riches which they had here are only little. But only their own customs.

Farewell to Mr. Berge by the various peoples of Misima Island.

People assembled at the R.M.'s Residency on the 17th May. Reason is this, that they heard Mr. Berge had been transferred to Kerema.

They came in and brought some curios and produce to present to Mr. and Mrs. Berge with their good wishes. Some of them were very sad and said to Mr. Berge, "You have stayed at Misima for long time, and you are like our father, but now you are going away to another place and doing the Government's business there." And Mr. Berge also very sad.

In the morning of 19th May, *Guitana* sailed for Samarai, so Mr. and Mrs. Berge and children all on board and the people went on the wharf and said good-bye to them.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Harvesting of Yam Crops.

IN (nearly) every season, all the gardens in the Central Division were in bad "famine," everybody had found the foods little by little from their gardens, and some people were short of food and lived with hunger. But this season is very good harvesting of yam crops for all the people in the Central Division.

I am unable to count out all the yams from house to house, because there are too many yams, some people are got about 50 to 500; I have no sufficient time to count all these out, as I think all the yams in the Poreporena Villages approximately 50,000 or more less.

I can mention two industrious men for this year—their names are Garia-Vagi and Ahuia-Ova—Garia-Vagi has got 1,300 yams from his three big gardens, one at Laloki, one at Hohola and another one at Gorobe, near Dai-Karoho's place; Garia-Vagi worked very hard to plant out these three gardens, and now he has the highest number of all. And Ahuia-Ova has got 600 yams, he is the next man to Garia-Vagi. Ahuia also told me that he will open up a big piece of land this year, and make a garden on it, and he will plant out as much seeds as he can, and see what will be coming out in next year's harvesting.

I have been once at Garia-Vagi's house, and I saw 13 heaps of yams stacked up nicely in the house, and it made me very surprised, because I never saw or heard of such a thing like that in my life; and also there is no room for a man to walk about.

Poreporena Cricket Grounds.

Two concrete pitches have already been made by the Members of the Poreporena Cricket Club, one at Taora, opposite of Silva's place, and another one at Kavari, below the Mission place, which we have our matches on every Saturday afternoon.

Taora ground isn't finished, they are all trying very hard to make the place level; they say the ground cannot be used until it is properly done. And they will open the place, and make a very big feast for the ground lent by the owners.

RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

THE people of Kapa Kapa went to Kairuku for fishing out there, with their turtle nets. They left in last March. They have stayed away for nearly three weeks and have just returned on 12th April.

This people made two nets. The master of one was Lagamaru and Giniobe of the other. Lagamaru came back home first with turtle. They catch 36 and one dugong with the aid of some other canoes called Vale Vanagidia or Vanagi Raurau which returned to home.

When Lagamaru returned home he and his people of the village had a very happy time and they dance about one hour on Sunday morning because Lagamaru and his crew catch plenty of turtle.

Then after two days Giniobe arrived safely at home. They catch 30 turtle but Giniobe had trouble and left one of his crew just on the point near Kapa Kapa. So people of the village were very angry with him and not happy.

The A.R.M. here is having trouble; one boy Ofena of Gaigeva Village who was a policeman before is in Rigo gaol waiting for big Court.

Native Contributions.

"Goru Gogana Maiteni."

The Black Palm and her Grandmother.

HIGH up in the Blue Mountains of the Goodenough Island, there lived a beautiful young girl, called the Black Palm. She lived together with her Grandmother.

The Black Palm Visits the Sea.

One fine day, the Black Palm said to her Grandmother, "Granny, I am going down to seashore, to fetch some saltwater for us." But her Granny said, "No dear, don't go; you might get killed on the way if you go alone."

Now the Black Palm is very beautiful. She her Grandmother doesn't want her to go alone in case some young men might lay hands on her and take her away. But still the Black Palm wanted to go. She won't listen to her Granny. "I am off to the seashore to see my brother." So she went.

She took her water-pot, in which she could put some saltwater and bring back to her Grandmother.

She Disguises Herself.

Now on her way down to the seashore, she came to a big cave. She went in and found a false skin of a man. She look it, and covered her beautiful body with it as to disguise herself. She looked just like an old woman. She found a stick, which she took as a walking-stick, and limping like an old woman, she reached the seashore. She filled up her water-pot with saltwater. Now, as she was filling her pot, all the people saw her and said, "Oh! there's our old Grandmother from the mountains filling her pot with saltwater."

The Black Palm carried her water-pot, and started for home. She came to the big cave, and took the false skin off her and left it in the cave. And went home to her Grandmother.

The Liver that turned into a Boy.

Some time after, the people on the seashore made the big feast. The Black Palm and her Grandmother heard about the feast. So the Black Palm went down to see the feast. She disguised herself once more and went down. When the people saw her coming, they said, "Oh! there's our old Granny coming to see the feast. What we give to her?" So the Black Palm's own brother came up to her and said, "What part of the pig do you want?" And she answered, "Give me the liver." So they gave her the liver and she carried it home to her Grandmother. They put the liver in a wooden dish and filled it with water; and they put another dish on top of it, and left it there for one night. And on the next day the liver turned into a beautiful young lad.

The Black Palm becomes Famous.

Now the old Grandmother doesn't want the young lad to stay with her any longer, in case he might marry her granddaughter, the Black Palm. So she sent the young lad away to a far-off land. The Black Palm was very sorry to part with the young lad. Now the Black Palm went and got her flute, and played some beautiful tunes on it. As soon as all the people heard the beautiful tune, they left off dancing and listened to her, all the young men admired her and some wished to marry her. But the Black Palm want none of them. Now the news of this beautiful girl went through the whole country.

The Parrot.

So one day the Parrot (*Gwara*) and Kabaku heard the news of the Black Palm. So they started off together to look for this beautiful girl and marry her. Their village is called Morima. They both got their canoe and paddle till they came to a place called Napanapa. They went on foot till they came to the swimming place of the Black Palm.

They both sat down under a tree and waited there for the girl to come. They sat there for a good while. At last they saw her coming for her bath, wearing the false skin. The Parrot and his friend flew up at once and sat on a top of the tree, just above her, to watch her. As soon as she came to the water she took off the false skin. When the Parrot and his friend saw her how beautiful she is, they were surprised and said, "Oh, isn't she beautiful."

When the Black Palm had finished bathing, she put the false skin over her, and started for home. Now the Parrot and his friend flew away, till they came and sat on top of a tree, just on the road, and waited for her there. The Black Palm went on and on, till she came to the cave and took of the false skin of her and left it in the cave and went on her way again.

As soon as the Parrot and his friend saw her coming the Parrot flew down and took her by the hand. The girl turned and said, "Who you are you? Let me go!" "No!"

said the Parrot, "You must come and be my wife." So she went with him and they lived together.

The Black Palm Revisits her Grandmother.

The old Granny waited for her granddaughter, but she didn't return. So one day, she went out to clean her garden. As she was cutting the weeds she cut her foot by mistake. "Oh!" she said, "Somebody had married my granddaughter, so I cut my foot." One day the Parrot said to his wife, "We better go and see our Grandmother." So they started off to their Grandmother. She made a big feast for them and sent them back to their own home again and lived happily ever after. The end of it. Good-luck to all the readers.

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

A Friday Night.

ON Friday night, 28th February, two of our students went fishing on the reef beside a Lawes College village named Ataya River, because it is the night for us to go fishing. That river is about quarter miles from Lawes College. These are their names: Ori and Samuel. And also some of our other students went fishing that night. But I and brother-in-law went other reef, sought fishing there.

So Ori and Samuel, they cut all the coconut palms, make light fire, and sat together on (by ?) the fire, and tied the dead coconut palms (to make torches ?)

Therefore that time the flying-fox flew up (over) their heads, bring a mango, lend (land ?) down thump on the ground. Samuel asked to Ori, "What is that thump on the ground?" He said, "I know not." Ori tell him, "I make light the fire. You wait little bits, Samuel."

So he make light the flame; saw a mango on the ground. Samuel kneel down, took a mango, put it in his hand, and said to flying-fox, "You are my good friend; gave a big present in this night!" Also Ori said same answer. So they much laugh for that flying-fox.

Then Samuel took a knife; cut it half; gave to Ori; and half he had. Said one to

another, "This happy good night! flying-fox, thank you very much!"

So these two boys came back about 5 o'clock in the morning to Lawes College; and before daylight they got there.

Ori laugh on the canoe, and Samuel was much laugh too. They tell us, "The flying-fox bring a mango, lend down on top our heads; and we took from the ground, eat this night."

But I and brother-in-law, on the ashore said them both, i.e., gave a good present, and have Good Night.

So we very know about them, they real eat ripe banana, and some others.

[By Posu, student, Lawes College, The Editor cannot quite understand Posu's last two paragraphs.]

The Man and the Shark.

FIVE month ago one man told to three girls and one of his little brothers, he told them to pick up dry coconut leaves because he likes to catch fish at night time. The man makes fast three (coconut leaves?) in one place; he make fast over twenty; and they carry to canoe and load them. And they wait for sunset.

When little bit dark they start on, and they go to point we call Beredubu Point.

One of the girls blow fire and light the leaves (we call *pide*; Motu say *kede*). And the man stand forehead. One of the girls hold up leaves, light.

The man start to look for fish, but his eyes cannot see the bottom. It looks like smoke cover the water when the fish come. The girl saw to him.

First one come. He spear it and put into canoe. Another came. He spear it and put into canoe. And a little shark came. He spear it and put into canoe; and again the water was 2 ft. deep.

After a little bit bigger one came. He spear it on the tail. He jump out from canoe and catch him on tail. He didn't hold strong. He let him go, and the shark turn his head up and open his mouth. The man put his hands right into the shark's mouth; and it bit him left hand.

The man fall on water. When the shark open his mouth little bit the man pulls out

his hand from the shark's mouth—and dead.

Those girls pick him up from the water and put into canoe. I think the point 2 miles from the village. Those three girls and one little boy brought the man with the canoe to village. The man dead.

Two hour and he got life again. When they put him into house he dead again. One hour—he got life again.

This time he was very strong man. He makes gardens and does some other things.

His name was Kebei, and his little brother's name was Pakim; three girls' names, Nimai, Tugude, Pisila.

[By Ibisaiio Mau, Parama Island, W.D.]

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