

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 2, No. 7.

Port Moresby, Tuesday, 15th July, 1930.

Price: 3d.

## The Wreck of the "Vaiviri."

**T**HE month of June was a bad month for storms, and one of the worst was the South-East gale that struck the Gulf of Papua. There were wrecks and lives lost in that gale, and the ship *Vaiviri* went down with 18 drowned. Among these 18 were Mr. Berge the Magistrate and his four little children. Only Mrs. Berge was saved among the white passengers.

The *Vaiviri* left Port Moresby on 10th June on her montly voyage to Kerema; and all was well till she was off Hisiu. Then at about 8 o'clock at night a fierce wind came up behind her from the south-east, and the sea grew very rough and dangerous. The captain of the *Vaiviri* was Igua Kevau. He ordered the hatches to be screwed down and told his crew to keep pumping the vessel dry. He took the steering-wheel himself, and all night he kept his boat before the wind, sailing towards Kerema. In the morning he caught a glimpse of the land and knew that he was drawing near Cape Cupola. He hoped that he might be able to cross the bar and come safely into Kerema.

But suddenly one of the chains of the steering-gear gave way, and he could no longer control his boat. The waves were rising like mountains, and in a moment or two the *Vaiviri* turned, capsized, and sank. Captain, passengers, and crew, 32 in all, were thrown into the water three or four

miles from the shore, and 18 of them were drowned.

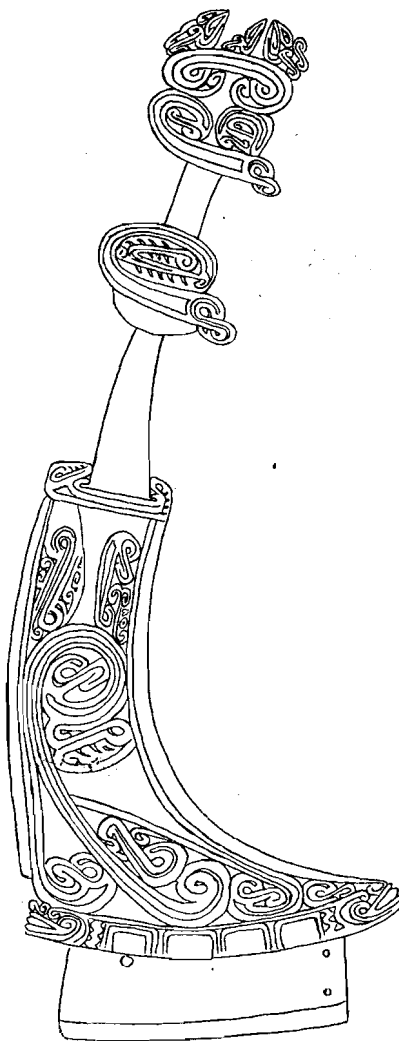
to their homes, and there will be great sorrow in their villagers; and in Hanuabada also for the loss of two boys. But all Papua is sad to think that Mr. Berge is dead and that his wife is left without her husband and children.

Mr. Berge had been in the Government for 17 years, and for 9½ years he had been a Magistrate, first at Rigo, then at Kododa, then at Buna and lastly at Misima. The people of those districts will remember him as a kind Magistrate who was a good friend of the Papuan.

But there is one bright spot in this story. That is the bravery of two men who saved the white woman. When the boat capsized, the captain Igua Kevau and one of his crew, Gari Dai, found Mrs. Berge and brought her a floating hatch to hold to. They and others tried to save Mr. Berge and the children, but it was too late.

Then these two men started to try to bring the hatch ashore. The sea was terribly rough and the tide kept them off the shore. For 8 hours they stuck to their task, thinking more of the *Sinabada* than of themselves. At last they brought Mrs. Berge ashore at Araimiri plantation, 13 miles from where the boat went down.

Accidents on sea and land are common in Papua. But when they happen we always find that the Papuan boys do their best to help and save the white man. There have been too many cases to mention here; but no boys have shown themselves braver or more devoted than Igua Kevau, of Tanobada, and Gari Dai, of Hanuabada.



A CANOE ORNAMENT.

This is very bad news. Many of the natives were Western boys going

We give the words of Igo Erua and Mahomet Ali, who wrote to us about this wreck:

Such an accident happening, will test many a strong and brave heart, and human nature is always for self and everyone for themselves. But on this occasion the presence of mind and bravery of the coxswain Iguva Kevau should be highly commended, as instead of seeking his own safety he helped to save Mrs. Berge from drowning, by putting her on a hatch cover and swimming with her to the beach, he and one of the crew, Gari Dai.

So you Hanuabada, Tanobada and Elevela people, please bear this in mind. Iguva Kevau and Gari Dai could perform a deed of rescuing a lady from drowning. You all ought to make them your pattern and try and follow their most humane and heroic example whenever your help is required in cases of serious accidents.

The Europeans think very highly of what Iguva Kevau and Gari Dai did, and they have started a fund so as to be able to reward "the heroes of the *Vaiviri*." The fund has reached £31 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Berge has asked us to give her thanks to the two brave men who helped her.

### The King's Coronation.

THE 22nd June was the King's Coronation day. It was on that day, 19 years ago, that he first sat on the throne and wore the golden crown of England.

#### The Prince of Wales's Birthday.

The next day, Monday, 23rd June, was the birthday of his eldest son, our Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales is 36 years old. Already he has travelled to nearly every part of the British Empire (though so far he has missed Papua), and he is a great favourite with the British people.

### The Legislative Council.

EVERY year the Government calls together his Legislative Council in Port Moresby. This year's meeting is now being held.

A "Legislative" Council is one that makes laws, and when the members meet they sit round a table at "No. 1" and talk about the laws of Papua. The Governor sits at the head of the table, and the members sit along the sides. These are the members:

His Excellency Sir John Hubert Plunkett Murray, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor.

#### OFFICIAL MEMBERS:

The Hon. Herbert William Champion, Government Secretary.

The Hon. Walter Mersh Strong, Chief Medical Officer.

The Hon. Herbert Leonard Murray, Official Secretary.

The Hon. James Thomas O'Malley, Commissioner for Native Affairs.

The Hon. Edward Charles Harris, Treasurer.

#### NON-OFFICIAL MEMBERS:

The Hon. John Gusth Nelsson.

The Hon. Arthur Jewell.

The Hon. Arthur Herbert Bunting.

The Hon. Rev. James Birkett Clark.

### The "Elevela."

ON page 5 is a picture of the *Elevela*. For a long time she was the Governor's yacht. She carried him to all parts of the Territory on visits of inspection. Now she has given place to the *Laurabada*. But she still works hard for the Government, under Mr. Mears.

### A Pig Shield.

THE pig shield shown on page 4 comes from the Morehead River. It is like the *koda* of the Central Division (though it has no strings). It is used for the same purpose. If a man-pig gets angry and charges you, you hold the pig shield out and he will run his head into it. Then you can hold him off.

### Marked Stones.

IN many parts of the world, in out of the way places, Europeans often come across stones with "marks" on them. Sometimes they cannot find out what the "marks" mean. And the native peoples are not able to help them very much, although they would like to, because the chiselled stones belong to their country, and perhaps were cut by their forefathers.

A few years ago some strangely-marked stones were found at Boianai. Goodenough Bay, Eastern Division. Also some wonderfully-carved stone dishes, like pudding basins, which since have been placed in museums in Europe, for all the world to look at.

What is the meaning of the carvings? Franklin Arikeva of Boianai told us (last January) what he had been able to find out about the stones. But is that all? Perhaps somebody would like to tell us more about them. Will somebody try?

Also, if anyone knows where there are any other stones with "marks" on them, anywhere in Papua, will they write, or get somebody to write for them, to this paper?

He must always feel that nothing very much is known, as yet, about Papua, or indeed, Papuans, since it is one of the last places in the world to be "discovered." Papuan contributions, therefore, by finding out things from their elders about their country, *before it is too late*, and telling what they find, will help to build up a valuable history of Papua, and so make their country an important one in the eyes of the world.

—"R.A.V."

### Test Cricket.

THE first two test matches have been played. England and Australia have won one each.

#### FIRST TEST.

England, 1st Innings, 270 (Hobbs, 78; Chapman, 52; Robins n.o., 52).

Australia, 1st Innings, 144 (Kippax, n.o., 64; Richardson, 37).

England, 2nd Innings, 302 (Hobbs, 74; Hendren, 72; Hammond, 58).

Australia, 2nd Innings, 335 (Bradman, 131; McCabe, 49; Ponsford, 39).

England won by 93 runs.

#### SECOND TEST.

England, 1st Innings, 425 (Duleepsinghi, 173; Tate, 54; Hendren, 48; Woolley, 41).

Australia, 1st Innings, 6 wickets for 729, declared (Bradman, 254; Woodfull, 155; Kippax, 83; Ponsford, 81).

England, 2nd Innings, 375 (Chapman, 121; Allen, 57; Duleepsinghi, 48).

Australia, 2nd Innings, 3 wickets for 72.

Australia won by 7 wickets.

#### THIRD TEST.

Australia, 1st Innings, 565 (Bradman, 334; McCabe, 30).

England, 1st Innings, 5 wickets for 212 (Hammond, n.o., 61; Leyland, 44).

#### The Australian Team Meet the King.

The King and Queen asked the Australian cricketers to visit them in their palace. That is a very great honour.

## Aeroplane News.

### A Woman Flies from England to Australia.

MANY white women have now learnt how to fly and are brave enough to do long and dangerous journeys. Not long ago a woman flew in an aeroplane from the middle of Africa to England; and last month another flew all the way alone from England to Australia. This was Miss Amy Johnson, whose picture you see on page 4. She is the greatest of all woman pilots.

All the people in Australia were pleased and excited when they heard that she had arrived safely. When she went through the big cities, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, there were thousands and thousands in the streets to cheer her. The Australian people gave her all sorts of presents to show how much they admired her skill and bravery.

### A Flight Round the World.

Captain Kingsford Smith, an Australian, is the first man to fly right round the world. First of all he flew from America to Australia, across the Pacific Ocean. Then he flew from Australia to Europe; and now he has flown from Europe to America. Thus in three flights he has circled the earth.

This last journey, across the Atlantic Ocean was the hardest and most dangerous of all, for the plane has to fight against heavy winds and bad weather. But Kingsford Smith and his companions got through safely, and the people of America gave them a great welcome.

### Plane Lost in New Guinea.

Many Papuans, at least in Poreporena, will remember the great big aeroplane that came from England and was put together in Port Moresby. Captain Thomson flew it here many times, and then went across with it to Salamoia. It did good work there; but at last, in the mists that sometimes cover the mountains, it came to grief. The plane went into heavy forest and was caught among the trees.

Captain Thomson and Mechanic MacMurtrive were not hurt. But they spent four days in the bush alone before the search party found them.

## Death of Mr. Riley and Mr. Abel.

PAPUA has lately lost two of its Missionaries. Rev. E. B. Riley of Daru, and Rev. C. W. Abel of Kwato. Both had worked for a long time in the country.

### "The Lost Leader of Daru."

We mourn for the loss of our great beloved father, Mr. Riley. Who worked and stayed with us for many many years. Who brought us up from little to be men and women, who taught us many things that we wish we could thank him for what he did.

Alas! Misi our father he has turned his face from us. We shall never see him any more. He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone what a great man. He worked with his might and main through the heat of the sun and through cold, often staying up late through the night working in his study. He visited teachers in the *Ada* in bad weathers through wet and cold. What a man is he who suffered all this because for us. Though our country is very lonely for an Englishman to live alone, as some do think, but Mr. Riley never seemed to be lonely.

Really he did a lot for us. Once I could not see with my two eyes, but now through his teachings I begin to portrait what he could see. Yea, his cup runneth over.

We do not know when he first came here, because some of us were not born, and some of us were very little. He is a great lover of little children, he often played with them on his house veranda at hide and seek, or at other games, he was the jolliest of them all. The little children here simply loved him. The day after he left Daru and ever since the little children never tire of asking this question: "Misi, boro?" that is, where is Mr. Riley.

When he used to call at some out-stations villages, the children there would come out as soon as they see the sight of the launch *Ada* and called out "Misi Misi—Misi is coming." As soon as he got his feet out of the dinghy they crowded round him and walked with him up to the village. Now the Master has called him to a higher service. He hopes

if it be God's will to carry it steadily onward, the work that was so dear to our father Misi.

Every village in the Fly River are coming together this week to make a feast for Misi, just to show that though he is dead and gone, he is still living with us.

We think of him as our man, not of the white people he is, the man who stands for the black men alone.

Is there a Misi like this?

[By William Tabua, teacher, Daru; from the *L.M.S. Chronicle*.]

### Mr. Abel.

Mr. Abel came to this country 40 years ago, and went to the little island of Kwato, near Samarai. Kwato has since then become a famous little island—famous for its Mission Station, and for the fine teams of cricketers which Mr. Abel trained.

When he first reached it, Kwato was a steep hill with an ugly swamp in front of it. But Mr. Abel was a man who had plenty of ideas—that means he was a man who could think; and he used to carry out his ideas. So he cut off the top of the hill and made a flat place to build on; and he filled up the swamp with tons of earth and stone and made it into the Kwato cricket ground.

Then, as years went on, he built up a big station, full of happy hard-working people. He and his wife taught them their lessons, and they taught the men to be builders and the women to be housewives.

And in the little villages along the coast of the mainland he made coconut plantations. And by and by these plantations made a profit, so that the people were helping to pay for the Kwato Mission Station. The Mission had at first been part of the L.M.S.; but 14 years ago it branched off and was called the "Kwato Extension," because Mr. Abel worked in a rather different way from the other Missionaries.

Mr. Abel was what the Papuans would call a "big man," and when he talked the people always listened to him. But he was not a hard man. He was a cricketer and a great one for games, and he knew how to make jokes. All Papua is sorry to think he is gone; but we are glad to think that his wife and sons are there to carry on the work of Kwato.

## DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

## KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

**K**AIRUKU Station looks very beautiful. It is all cleaned round; the gardens are bearing and our stone wall round the prison is decorated with lovely greens and flowers. Prisoners are employed gardening and weeding. Armed Constables are putting up new buildings, and are also employed as warders, for we have about 60 prisoners now.

## Mekeo.

During last month the Assistant Resident Magistrate, Mr. Thompson, went on patrol and Waima and the Mekeo villages, settling land affairs, and ordering the Waima and Bereina native to make coconut plantations properly and not to fight over land.

The little village of Kolomiko (Rarai) was awarded the Five pounds (£5) for the best-kept village in the district this year. The people had a big dance when the Assistant Resident Magistrate presented to the Chief the Five pounds. They were very glad to get it, saying they would get a pig, rice, meat, and make a feast.

## Nara.

These villagers are always very poor in making gardens. But this year Oroï, Nara Village, was awarded the Five pounds for the best gardens in the district.

## Waima.

The Waima people are now starting to make coconut plantations. Mr. Thompson showed them how to line up, and fixed the 30 ft. space between each nut to be planted; and ordered the people to make proper fences around each plantation and each nut planted the marked area. The same to Bereina and Kivori people.

This month (June) is a bad month, with bad weather, and plenty of rain. The *Vaiviri* capized and many lives were lost, a magistrate and his four children were drowned. Only *Sinabada* was saved by the help of some native crew.

Two cutters of the Sacred Heart Mission, Yule Island, were also wrecked, at Lese, Gulf Division. The evening before the storm these two cutters were sent to Maia-Era Missiou Plantation to get copra. When at night a big storm rose these silly natives, instead of trying to get into a creek near Poimo Creek or the Oreke, set sail and out to sea. They found themselves at Iokea at daybreak; tried to get in Biaru Creek; failed; and tried Lese Creek, when suddenly they got swamped. They lost all stores; the two cutters were wrecked, and a boy was drowned (Louis Tsiria or Haukwai by name).

On the 16th or 17th, a native cutter was also wrecked at Tou-tu (Aroa). They lost all the goods, and the natives went to their home overland (Tatana cutter, as I heard from Hisiu natives).

## KEREMA.

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaiser.)

## Wreck of the "Vaiviri."

**O**N the 12th June, two Armed Constables were sent overland to Kairuku with an urgent mail for Port Moresby containing the news of the wreck of the *Vaiviri*.

The vessel sailed from Port Moresby on the 10th June, 1930. On her way at the other side of Yule Island (that was midnight there) the sea was rough and a strong south-east wind blowing. But she ran on till the morning of the 11th June. At about 6 a.m. she was some miles off Cape Cupola, G.D., and going towards Kerema. A big storm was raging and the rudder chain broke. That made the Captain (Igua Kevau) lose all control of the vessel. He sang out to the crew and within a minute or so of the accident happening, the vessel capsized.

On the same day in the evening the captain, 4 of the crew, 8 native passengers, and Mrs. Berge all reached the shore in safety at the Araimiri Plantation, about 3 miles west of Kerema.

Mr. F. J. Berge (late R.M., S.E.D.) and his 4 children, 2 more boys (engineer, and a cook of the vessel) and 11 native passengers were all drowned and lost at sea.

The villagers west of Kerema found two bodies, one the child of Mr. Berge, buried at Kerema Station, and the other Mr. Berge's cook-boy, of Rossel Island, S.E.D., buried at Koialahu by the villagers.

No mails or any cargo have yet been washed ashore, only a life-belt, a life-buoy, the stern of the dinghy, two oil drums and a few pieces of timber.

The vessel was loaded with cargo and mails in Port Moresby for the European traders of the Gulf Division, also the Government at Kerema. She often had visited this Division once a week or so. She belonged to the Steamships Trading Company, Ltd.

## General.

On the 19th June the *Laurabada* arrived. H.E. the Lieutenant-Governor and the Hon. H. L. Murray visited Station at 8 a.m. and departed at 12 p.m. Mrs. Berge aboard the *Laurabada*. Mr. J. G. Hides, P.O., arrived per *Laurabada* for duty at Kerema instead of Mr. P.O. Middleton.

## PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

## Poreporena Native Hospital.

**I**N the year 1923 our Poreporena Hospital was built with native materials. It was roofed with the grass (*kurukuru*) and walled with sago palms. Only the floor was of European boards.

This year it was rebuilt with European materials, and it is a very nice building for the sick people who will stay there or sleep in it for treatment. There are two rooms which have been prepared for the sick people to sleep in. And the Mission boys have planted one root of *Bougainvillea* in the front of the hospital. When it grows bigger it will be a nice screen for the sick from the

wind. So all you Poreporena people must go there when you are sick. It is of no use to call sorcery (*gurepore*) men to see you, as they can do nothing for you. They will only bluff you.

The Mission boys do their best to clean round the hospital every morning, and it is free from rubbish or empty tins thrown about the place.

I think everybody will like this hospital very much. I liked it myself too. I have been once to the hospital, and Mrs. Clark showed me round everywhere. When I saw them, they were all very nice and clean. She also showed me some nurse-beds for the children to sleep on.

## Attending to the Sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark are assisted by Miss Milne to attend the sick men every morning and afternoon. The bell rings at 7.30 a.m. (half-past seven) for calling the sick men to go up to the Hospital for treatment. First they sit down and say prayers, and afterwards they start to work. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are treating the sick men very well, and sometimes they come down to the villages and see everyone of them in their houses, and give them medicines, or dress their sores; then they go back to the Mission House at Metoreia. They are always helping Poreporena people just like a man and woman who love their children.

## A sick person got off the bed.

Formerly this Hospital was like a sick person lying in bed with a sickness for a long time. Now when it has been renewed, it is like a man who got up from his bed with health and strength. So it cannot be sick again for a very long time.

## RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

**T**HE people of Gomori Village went to hunt on the coast track. On Monday, 16th June, about 6 or 7.30 p.m. they came near the Kapa Kapa people's gardens. All the net-people sat round near the gardens. And they watched there all night until morning. But they killed nothing. There was a heavy rain all night and also in the morning. When morning came all went back to their village. And they passed the bridge near Mr. English's place. There they saw that some trees had bumped against the bridge. And they saw plenty of coconuts and pumpkins. The rain had caused big floods.

At six o'clock in the morning Sergeant Sonasona ran down to the bridge to see if any big tree had bumped it or not. He found some boys on that bridge (these boys were from hunting). Sergeant Sonasona saw that the boys were taking coconuts from the water to put on top of the bridge, and some pumpkins too. So Sergeant Sonasona ran back to the Station and called the police to go over with him to try to take away all the trees and to clear the bridge. They tried and tried, but the floods were very strong, and there were not many police—only about five boys.

Their names are Lance-Corporal Dugini, Armed Constables Agoba, Omori, Agavi, and Manikata.

At 9 a.m. I went up to the office and took the Meteorological record: and we measured about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch. And we gave the police and prisoners their rations. After that I went down to see the police and when I went there I saw plenty of trees piled against the bridge. I took one policeman, Agavi Munu, with me to see the bridge at Kapa Kapa, and there also we saw plenty of boys and girls on top of the bridge. They were taking coconuts from the water. And I spoke to the boys and girls about the bridge. They all said to me, "Bridge is O.K."

The floods have spoilt some of the Kapa Kapa people's gardens. One woman named Davara Henao had her garden on the hillside near the village. She expected to collect some time about the end of June; but now the floods have spoilt it all.

## Native Contributions.

### Welcoming Service at Daru.

WE held a Welcome Service in Tamate Memorial Church, at Daru. On April sixth about nine o'clock Rev. B. T. Butcher, who was in charge of Daru, took the morning service. His Text was taken from St. Matthew's Gospel—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Then he spoke some words about Mr. Ure, who he was, and why he had come to New Guinea. He said that Mr. Ure was not a "boss," but he was a leader, and a friend, and a brother for us.

### Explaining of "Leader," Friend, Brother.

Mr. Ure came to Papua as a new leader. He said, "As the late Rev. E. B. Riley had taught you many things, so Mr. Ure has brought you many more things—new, which he will teach you." Then again he said, "Mr. Ure is a Friend, and also, a Brother in Christian Life. On the other hand he will be harsh to the Churches in faults." He said also a proverb about pulling rope. "In christian life we must pull from one side; then the work will grow and increase. But if you pull from one end and Mr. Ure from the other end, the work will be difficult, and it will not grow." Then Mr. Butcher welcomed him in the Church.

Then Mr. Ure spoke some words for all the church. He said he was not a "boss," but a brother, friend and a leader. Tipasa also said some good words; also William Tabua said some good words. In the afternoon service Amos Tabua translated both of their sermons into Kiwai language.

### Visiting the Outstations.

On Tuesday morning they left for Tureture and Mabudawane by *Ada*, L.M.S. motor-boat; but Mrs. Butcher stayed at Daru. They returned from their voyage on Thursday evening about 5 o'clock.

Week after they came to Katatai and then to Parama and spent the night with us. In the morning we held a service in Bethesda

(Parama Church). Mr. Butcher preached from Mark I, 3; so did Mr. Ure. And one of my deacons and I translated their sermon into Kiwai language.

After breakfast a canoe was ready to take them off to the *Ada*. She was anchored at Toro Pass (walked by foot it is about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile). So they all got on board the *Ada*, and they had the engine going, and the anchor weighed, and her sails spread, and her three-dove flag was flying in the foremast. And she danced merrily upon the rough and angry seas. She has done this for many a time, carrying with her our late Rev. E. B. Riley, for nearly 18 years, carrying or spreading the Love of God, into the dark villages of the Fly River. And I hope she will also in the future carry our new Missionary, D. E. Ure; and I hope they got to Auti, and then to Aird Hill.

### Brother and Friend.

"Brother," Mr. Butcher says in his sermon; and a "Friend" also—which gives me a doubtful spirit or mind.

What I think is this. "Brother"—Mr. Ure to be a brother is not right; "Friend"—also. Because a brother will say to his brother, "Do this!" He sometimes will listen, and sometimes he will not listen. Why? Because they both are *equal*. I have noticed this myself; because I have brother, and we have had trouble many a time. And on other hand a friend will also do the same. Because they will think in themselves, "Why shall I hear my friend? We are *equal* to one another!" And I think "Brother" and "Friend" causes a lot of trouble, mischief, humbug, disobedience, and carelessness; and it will have had end.

### To be a Father.

We all know what a Father is to a child. A father's eye must be on a child, so is his mouth, hand, legs, hearing, seeing, speaking. If a father sees his child in a danger, he is there to rescue him; or if he sees his child in trouble, he is there to help him; or in many other ways (as our late Rev. E. B. Riley was. He was a European man. But we call him not a European man, but a "Black Father" to the Papuans. As he was a Black Father to us, he did lot good to the W.D. He was a great Peace-Maker. He was a great Fighter. And what he had learnt, he has given. As it is in Matthew's Gospel, "Freely ye have received, freely give").

And now we will not call Mr. D. E. Ure a Brother or a Friend. A father will not always be kind to his child. In some ways he will be harsh and angry, if he sees things wrong. And he will speak very hard words. Why? Because he wants his child to go in the right way, or show him the way to go. A child will listen to his father, but a brother or a friend, will not listen. And that is why we now call Mr. Ure our father, and a leader, but not a brother and a friend.

[By David Waipila Lifu, L.M.S. teacher, Parama. This article wins the 5s. prize this month.]

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

### The Shell-fish that Crawled by Night.

ONE day some girls went down to the beach for the shell-fish. And they found a lot of shell-fish, and they were very glad for it.

At night they cooked some; and some of the shell-fish, alive, they put into the basket for the other day, and put it on the top of that table; and they were wearied because they walked. And they asleeping quickly. And afterwards from the girls' house came out a very big noise. They shriek with fright and cried with a loud voice all that night "Who throw that stones on our veranda?" or, "That is *werabana*, O *werabana*! (witch)." Then their teachers, two sisters, waked up for that big noise. And they heard a knock stones to the girls' veranda.

And then sisters took their lamp and came to see what is the matter, that big noise. And they go around to the girls' house, and they did not find any stone. Then they silence, and wait for a long time, afterwards they found what is the matter. The alive shell-fish they did not want basket. They fall down to the veranda, and fell to the ground and run to under the house.

And they laugh for that a very funny shell-fish. In the morning the girls and sisters they laugh.

[By Pirusila Misiseveni, Methodist Mission, Salamo.]

### The Story of Ondagimata and Wife.

LONG year ago father and mother go to hunt or fishing in the water. And father said to son, "Son, you stay in the village."

Father and mother going in the hush. And Ondagimata said to his wife, "You go get my ripe bananas and betel-nut." Wife said, "I am very tired. I can't go get your food." Ondagimata was very angry, and he want kill his wife. Ondagimata kill his wife. Ondagimata was very glad; come back home.

Morning time Ondagimata going to garden. He saw a big snake in the *bareo* tree. The snake was like man, talking to Ondagimata, and said, "Why you kill wife? Your wife not bad woman." Ondagimata was very frightened. He come back home.

Next morning dog play in forest. He saw big cuscus, and dog said, "What you doing here? This is not your place! I going tell to my father. You steal my corn, ripe bananas, and pawpaws."

Cuscus said to dog, "Dog, I am not steal animal! Butterfly and rat eat your corn, ripe banana, and pawpaws."

Dog not answer to cuscus. Dog come back home. Dog get very bad sick, asleep in the house, back of veranda. And dog said to father and mother, "When I die, you keep in the box." And dog was death.

Father and mother were very sorry for poor dog. Father keeping in the box. Three days he sleep in the box and made beautiful ornaments knives and axes. Father and mother were very glad.

[By Herbert, Ambasi, N.D.]

### Fishing on the Reef by the Poreporena People.

THERE are many ways about the fishing in Papua. Sometimes our three villages, Hanuabada, Elevala and Tanobada, go out fishing. But before going out to fishing they have passed the words through the villages, let everybody know about going to fishing to-morrow. They all know that to-morrow will be the fishing for mullet.

Then on next morning they all go out for fishing. Sometimes there are many canoes sailing about in the Port Moresby harbour. When they arrive at Fisherman's Island, first of all every canoe must go to the shore for the firewood.

And then afterwards they straighten up their canoes and keep their nets properly (because they are afraid some trouble might occur in the sea when casting their nets. So they have to keep their nets in order).

Before they start to fishing they have to measure the water. When they find the water is low enough they will all have to start together. They pole canoes in lines, some one side, and others on another side, and they have poles. The canoe which first arrives at the Daugo, she must be the leader of all. So she have pole at the reef side. And another one down the beach side. Both these canoes are leaders.

#### Daily Fishing.

They pole their canoes side by side. Then someone will call out, ready for casting the net down. So every canoe must pole strong, until they cast round the fish. And they leave the canoe and take their net. And two men cast their net together, in their right hand with the *dakwai* (fish-catcher), and wait until the mullet come into their net.

And they cast them round with the net and watch for the jumping up (of) the mullet.

There are many people to stand round the net and say to the mullet "Jump up!" or "Come to us!" But the mullet is very difficulty fish (it is like a human): because it cannot jump to the man which it doesn't want to.

A man who was in good luck, or good smelling, the mullet must jump to him at every time. That man will get about 10 or 20 in one turn: or sometimes he will get 30 if he is very good lucky.

### Night Fishing.

How the people of Poreporena catch fish during the night. They pole their canoes along, and the mullet were jumping about. They hear then jumping about, and pole the canoes, and cast their net down the water (same as daily fishing)—two men to cast their net together.

But this is how they cast their net in night. They nearly finish casting their nets, and make bent (*slack*?)—room in which they have to feel the mullet. Every man has to trample the net by his left foot. This is how they feel the mullet. And their left hand holds the float of net; fish-catcher (*dakwai*) in their right hand. And they wait for the mullet to come into the bent; and they feel with their foot; and they put the fish-catcher down and catch the mullet.

### The Ceasing of Fishing.

When they leave the place (fishing-place) they put their sails. And two men are put for cooking—one to put the pot onto the fire, and watch the fire too; and another to cut up the fishes for cooking. The fishes they want to cook, they are big ones. They have to pick them out of the canoes for them to cook. They cannot be counted how much to be cooked. The man who cuts the fish takes as many as he likes to cook. If he likes, he can fill up the empty kerosene tin.

(I think that empty kerosene tins are good cooking utensil for the Papuan people in their travelling about; in fishing too. If you white people got some empty tins, do not throw them away into the rubbish, but give them to your boys or our fishermen.)

Why do the fishermen cook the big fishes or good ones at the fishing-places? They say that was for the payment of their labour in looking for or catching fish.

Sometimes they are fishing in the night until dawn (*begins*) to appear, about 5.30 or 6 a.m. they leave Daugo. They catch plenty of mullet. Some canoes are getting about 100 or 150; some canoes getting about 200.

If there are some canoes which get plenty of mullet, she gets about 300 or 400 mullet.

They sail first and burn up the grass at Lolorua; make smoke rise there for the sign of catching plenty of mullet. And if people see the smoke rise at the Lolorua, they all know and say, "The people are now bringing down the Daugo" (this means plenty of fish are being brought from Daugo). So they are

not going to their gardens or far out from the villages: but they keep awaiting for the fishermen.

{By Tona Gau, N.C. to Govt. Anthropologist. This account of fishing on the Port Moresby reef was meant to go with the picture in last months paper. Ed.}

The Editor, L.M.S., Hula,  
*The Papuan Villager*, 21.6.30.  
Sir—

Velepara is teaching us to rhymes and I wrote this, but he helped me:

There is a village in the sea;

It's made there as it's cooler;

And no door has got a key—

An honest place is Hula!

I am,

Your faithfully,

Qara.

**KATHLEEN GIBSON**

Photographer :: PORT ROAD  
PORT MORESBY

Enlargements. Films developed. Old photographs copied

**J. R. CLAY & Co., Ltd.**

Buyers of Trochus and Beche-de-mer

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

THE  
**VIUSSEUX** 'Phones:  
**TRANSPORT** 55 & 95

All Classes of Transport  
Cars and Lorries

**BOB HART**  
PORT MORESBY

Makes Pig and Fish Spears and  
Garden Tools for Village People

Get your something at the  
"QUEENIE" STORE

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

**Steamships Trading Company, Limited.**

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