

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Papuan Plays.



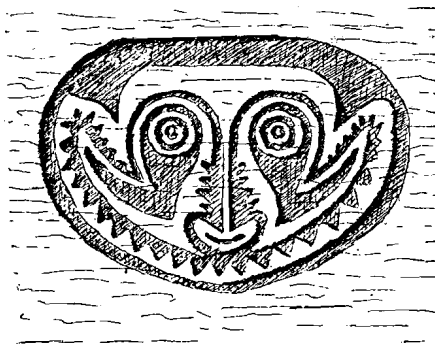
WHITE men are very fond of going to the "theatre." They do not go there to see moving pictures like those of Port Moresby or Samarai; they go to see real men and women act on the stage. The theatre is a great big hall, and the stage is a sort of platform at one end of it. The actors come out on the stage, all dressed up; and there they talk to one another, and walk about and do all sorts of things for the people to hear and see. It is like seeing as well as hearing a story. And this story on the stage is called a "play" or "drama."

Every now and then we see a "play" in Port Moresby. This is done by the Betel Club (who have nothing to do with *buatau*, or chewing betel-nut) and the play is for white people alone. The only other plays performed in Papua are performed by Papuans; and they are rather different. (I don't think all of the village plays would be suitable for the Betel Club and the people of Port Moresby.)

The best dramas are those of the Mambare District. There is no theatre there and no stage. The play is performed in the village among the houses and coconut palms and croton bushes. The dancers come out first, a long line of them, with feathers on their heads and coloured costumes of sago leaf. Each man beats his own drum, and they do as good a dance as you can see anywhere. All the people sit round and watch and eat

lumps of taro. They are the "audience," and they get in for nothing. They don't have to pay 12s. 6d. for a seat, like a white man.

Then, when the dancers have danced for awhile, they have a spell; and some of them go off to bring the "stage properties." It all depends what the play or story is about. The stage property might be a garden platform, or a sago log, or something



CANOE CARVING, SILO, G.D.

like a little house. It is something to help the actors to pretend when they are doing their play.

Now the dancers begin to dance again, and then the actors come on. There are two kinds of actors. First there are the *huvivi*, or good actors, who are nice looking young men. (They may be dressed up as girls, for there are no real women actors in the Mambare plays.) Second, there is the *samuna* or *binei*, the bad man or "devil-devil"; and he is as ugly as possible, with a black face and hairy whiskers and ragged old clothes. But the *binei* is the funny man. He acts the fool very well, and all the people laugh at him; and now and again he

leaves the play and dashes in among the audience and tries to hit them with his mock spears or his digging-stick. But at last they get through the story and go away. Then the dancers, who have stopped to watch, begin their dance again and the play is over.

The Tale of Totoima.

Sometimes the play is taken from some old-time story like that of Totoima. Totoima was a terrible man who used to kill everyone he found in the Northern Division. He had two sharp tusks like a pig's, and when he got home after a day's work of killing, he would take them out of his jaws, sharpen them on a rock, and put them back ready for the next man. (It is said that some white men can take their teeth out and put them back; but never, I think, do they sharpen them on rocks.)

Well, Totoima was one day having his evening bath in the river. He had taken out his tusks and left them on the river-bank while he splashed about in the water. But two boys were watching him. They sneaked up and seized the tusks and made off. Totoima came out of the water and rushed after them, roaring with rage. They led him on and on to a place by the Gira River where they had set a pig-trap; and when they reached this pig-trap they threw the tusks inside. Totoima was close behind. He dashed heedlessly into the trap to get his tusks, when down came the heavy log, and he was caught like a pig.

This story was acted years ago in a village of the Northern Division, the village of Totoima-burari, which has taken its name from the play.

The Drowning Baby.

But often it is some little event that makes the story for a play. On page 5 is a picture of some people with a painted wooden baby. These people belong to the village of Poho, and there many years ago the wooden baby was used in a play. A woman named Anyanya was fishing in a creek and her baby Barari was playing on the bank. While his mother was busy he looked over the water, tumbled in, and was nearly drowned. Anyanya pulled him out just in time and held him up by the legs, so that the water ran out of his mouth. Barari recovered and is now a full-grown man. Perhaps he saw the play a good many years later, where he appeared as a wooden baby.

These plays are still often performed in the Northern Division. They are very good, and all the white men who are lucky enough to see them speak well of them. It is to be hoped that the Ambare people will never forget how to make them.

Bravery at Sea.

The "Vaiviri" Heroes.

IN this paper and the last we have had to report a great number of accidents at sea and the loss of many lives. But, as we said before, Papuans usually show themselves to be brave men in these accidents, and they risk their lives to save their white masters.

The pictures of Iguva Kevau and Gari Dai, who saved Mrs. Berge, are shown on page 4. They have been called "the Heroes of the Vaiviri." Many white people have bought copies of these photos because they admire the two men; and many have given to the Fund. This fund has now reached £67 9s.

A Sea Adventure of the Governor.

The Governor has told the Editor how the Armed Constables helped him in a sea adventure 25 years ago. He was travelling then with the previous Governor, Captain Barton, and they left Vailala to cross the bar in a whaleboat. The boat shipped several seas, but was all right till the last breaker. That last breaker filled the whaleboat and she capsized.

Captain Barton and the Governor clung to the keel, but the boat kept rolling over and over, and each time they were thrown off. Besides this there was not room enough for all the police; so five of them had to swim to the shore, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. They were nearly finished when they got there.

But all the time the police looked after the two white men; and at last Sergeant Simoi and Corporal Kaubu of Jokea climbed on top of the upturned whaleboat and kept her balanced.

One man got swept away with the rudder. It was not his fault. But when he was picked up by a boat afterwards Simoi and Kaubu spoke very strongly to him. They said he had deserted the Governor.

Just when it was growing dark a boat from the *Morris England* (the Governor's yacht) picked everyone up. Except for the help of the police it might have been a bad day for Captain Barton and the Governor.

Wreck of the "Bromilow."

NEWS has come that the *Bromilow* was wrecked on the 10th of last month and that seven men have been drowned. The *Bromilow* was coming back from Woodlark Island when she ran into Nimatutina Reef, east of the Amphletts. She sank there and the Rev. Lassam and ten men were left to do what they could many miles from land.

Two men were sent away in a little dinghy, and these reached Salamo four days later. The rest made a raft and drifted away, but there was little hope for them. Three of them are said to have gone mad and jumped off the raft into the sea. Two others took a plank each and started to swim to the Amphletts; but nothing has been heard of them.

At last the raft came near a sandbank called Ialinaia and the four remaining men got ashore. But they had nothing to eat and drink, except rain-water caught in shells. It was five days before they were found, and two of the men had died. Only two of those that left in the raft have been found alive—Rev. Lassam and another.

Visit of a French Warship.

Father Boujarde.

A French warship called the *Regulus* visited Yule Island and Port Moresby last month. She came to do honour to the grave of a French soldier at Yule Island—Father Boujarde of the Sacred Heart Mission. Father Boujarde had been a famous "ace" in the Great War. That means that he fought in the air, and shot down many of the enemies' aeroplanes. While the boat was at Yule Island the sailors fell-in by the graveside and the Commander (or Captain) made a speech in honour of the famous "ace" and the buglers blew the "Last Post" on their bugles as a sort of farewell.

A Man Lost Overboard.

On the way to Port Moresby the *Regulus* met very bad weather. Just as she was near the harbour, one of the sailors, who was up on the boat-deck, fell overboard. He was filling the boiler of the launch at the time. The boat gave a lurch and he overbalanced and fell. Lifebelts were thrown overboard and the *Regulus* steamed round and round looking for the man for two hours; but he was not seen.

The French Holiday.

Monday, 14th July, is a great French holiday, so the Governor said there should be a half-holiday in Port Moresby; and the people were going to give the French sailors a good time, with games and a canoe race and a dance; but the entertainments were stopped, because this man had been lost at sea.

Firing of Big Guns.

On Monday morning, because of the French holiday, the ships and stores flew their flags; and at 8 a.m. (as is the custom on the 14th July) the French ship fired a "salute." One after another 21 guns were fired.

Then at 11.30, when the Governor went to pay his visit to the Commander of the *Regulus*, 15 more big guns were fired as a salute to the Governor.

At midday they fired 21 more guns (the second salute on the 14th July); and at sun-down they fired another 21 guns (the third salute). Altogether the guns were fired 78 times.

These are not shot-guns. They don't shoot out "No. 3" cartridges. They send out bullets the size of ginger-beer bottles or "thermos flasks," and when they hit anything they burst.

If all those shots had gone into Hanuabada, and if they had been real shots instead of "blanks," then Hanuabada would know what the white mau's war is like. But I don't suppose there would be any Hanuabada left.

The Rooster's Feast.

A Rooster who lived at Diriuana wished to give a feast to all the other birds. He invited all he could think of—pigeons, hawks, cockatoos, cassowaries, and the rest; and when his feast was ready he asked some of them if they would get fire for him to cook with.

The Rooster Goes Looking for Fire.

Now it was a long journey to the place where the fire was to be found, and all the birds refused. The rooster thought this very bad behaviour on the part of his guests; but he wished his feast to be a success. There was only one thing to do: he must get the fire himself.

So he set off and walked till he was tired. After a night's sleep he went on further; and at a place called Porotona he met a girl who gave him a fire-stick.

The rooster invited her to his feast. This was partly because he was very grateful for the fire, and partly because he hoped the girl would bring a lot of the coconuts he had seen at Porotona.

The Girl and her Father Come to the Feast.

The girl agreed to come and the rooster returned with the fire. Now the girl and her father had greatly admired the rooster's fine feathers; and they made a plan to capture him.

The Rooster is Captured.

So they set off in their canoe and when they came near the beach at Diriuana they shouted to the rooster to swim out and take the coconuts they had brought. They meant to drag him aboard the canoe and make off. But no rooster can swim, so they had to go ashore. Still, they succeeded in

seizing the poor bird, who had waded out to meet them. They tumbled him into the canoe and paddled away.

The Attempted Rescue.

But now all the other birds who were assembled for the feast rushed forward to save the rooster who was crowing and screeching in the bottom of the canoe. But the man and his daughter beat them off; and cried out that if they did not fly away now, they would never be able to fly any more.

The Fate of the Cassowary.

Nearly all the birds took fright at this and flew off. But the cassowary and the scrub hen and one or two kept up their attack. It was no good. The man and his daughter escaped with the poor old rooster on board; and ever since then the cassowary and the scrub hen have had to walk on the ground.

Storing Food.

ON page 5 is a picture of a little yam-house built over the water in the Bosilai district. It is built there to keep out the rats and other animals that might eat the owner's food. Perhaps there are not many places in Papua where you could carry out this idea; but the man who built this little house has got some brains.

Face Painting.

EVERY true Papuan from end to end of the Territory knows how to paint his face now and then; and very well he does it. It is easier now to make a good job of your face, for nowadays you can see by a looking-glass. Formerly you had to see your reflection in the water or else get a friend to paint the patterns for you.

White people don't paint their faces—at least not a great deal (perhaps this is because red and yellow and white look better on a dark skin than on a white one). But though Europeans don't use face paint that is no reason why you should not. A white man looks well with a hat and trousers and a collar and tie; and he would look silly with a painted face

and feathers. In the same way you would look silly in the hat and trousers and the collar and tie; but with your face painted and your feathers up you look your best.

Women and Loads.

THERE is one big difference between white men and natives. When a white man walks about with his wife, he has to carry the bundles; when a Papuan walks about with his wife, she has to carry the bundles. Sometimes when a Government officer is on the track he has women as well as men for carriers; and he sometimes notices that the heaviest loads are taken by the women. We don't see a Papuan husband rushing forwards and crying, "Oh no, my dear! That is far too heavy for you: let me have it!" On the other hand the husband is often rather glad to put some extra load into his wife's *kiapa*, and travel light himself.

This is only a difference, and I don't think we need worry about it much if it does not go too far. I'm sure the Papuan women themselves don't worry. They can carry big loads and they are glad to do it. Your wife would think you were a fool if you carried everything, and let her walk in front with nothing, just trying to look pretty.

The Lost Shilling.

THE other day a white woman in Port Moresby gave her cook-boy a shilling and told him to buy some fish for dinner. He went down to find some of the boys who had come in from the reef that afternoon with fish. But he stopped on the way to talk and play with his friends, and to show them one of his tricks. He was throwing the shilling up in the air and catching it in his mouth; and once he caught it so neatly in the back of his throat that, before he knew what had happened, he had swallowed it. The boy was very much frightened at first but no harm has come to him. He still has that shilling safe and sound inside him. He has offered to pay another shilling to his mistress, but she says it doesn't matter.

Koiari Ornaments.

ON page 4 you will see a picture of some Koiari ornaments. They mostly belonged to Daube, who was once Village Constable at Taburi. On top you will see a picture of old Daube himself. On one side of him is his son, Wafona, the present Taburi policeman; and on the other is Moio who has just "taken the clothes."

Among the ornaments are the *toaha* (dog's teeth); *theyana* (a semi-circular head-piece with little white shells); *ie baudo* (pig's tusks); the *mairi* of pear-shell; and the *gema*, of fine coloured shells.

Whisky.

DURING last month a house-boy in Port Moresby had a "night-out." When he had finished his work and said good night to his master and mistress, he went to the whisky bottle and had a good half-glass. Then he went to the street feeling fine. But soon he began to act rather foolishly, and people looked at him and thought, "Hullo! there's a cranky man."

Then the Head-quarters Officer came along; and the Head-quarters Officer gave him to the Policeman who put him in the lock-up; and next morning the Policeman brought him before the Magistrate; and last of all the Magistrate gave him to the Gaoler to look after for two months.

He was a good boy with good manners. But he forgot his good manners when he got drunk. And when he woke up he didn't feel half so fine as he did when he was having his "night-out."

Every boy knows that he must not touch whisky or beer or any kind of strong drink. And he knows, too, that he must not steal from his employer's house. If he does these things he has to go to gaol to learn better.

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Test Cricket.

THE third and fourth tests were drawn because of the rain that is always falling in England and spoiling the wickets.

THIRD TEST.

Australia, 1st Innings, 566 (Bradman, 334; Kippax, 77; Woodfull, 77).
England, 1st Innings, 391 (Hammond, 113; Chapman, 45; Leyland 44).
England, 2nd Innings, 3 wickets for 95.

FOURTH TEST.

Australia, 1st Innings, 345 (Ponsford, 83; Woodfull, 54; Grimmett, 50).
England, 1st Innings, 8 wickets for 251 (Sutcliffe, 74; Duleepsinghi, 54).

New Islands at Port Moresby.

SOON after the big storm last June some fishermen saw some new "islands" on the reef near Daugo. They were made of sand and broken coral, and the largest was about 70 yards long. It is said that coral, coming up from under the sea, had a bad smell, because it was beginning to decay; no man would stay near it.

There had been a slight earthquake about this time, and people thought that the bottom of the sea had been pushed up (for this sometimes happens during an earthquake).

But the *Laurabada* was sent out by the Government with some people to look at the islands and make a report. *The Papuan Courier* has quoted the words of Dr. Strong:—

I visited the islands which have appeared off Tauko recently and they are clearly nothing more than storm beaches which have been thrown up by the recent heavy storm. . . . They can have no connection with the earthquake, which occurred just after the storm and just after the islets were reported as first seen.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

BUNA.

(Correspondent—N. Raho Rakatani.)

The Earthquake at Buna Bay.

ON the eleventh day of June, 1930, about 11.13 a.m., the office at Buna Bay was shaking, just like a big *guba* blowing. The Resident Magistrate, Assistant Resident Magistrate, Court Interpreter Wausi and myself went outside the office, after about two

or three minutes the shaking was finished. Mr. Bastard and Mr. Horan had a talk about the earthquake, also Wausi and myself. This is the first earthquake experienced by me, I was very surprised when I saw everything was shaking.

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanamo.)

The Opening of New Barracks at Cape Nelson, North-Eastern Division.

ON Saturday the 17th May, 1930, at 5 p.m., all the police wore their new uniforms for the opening of their new barracks. At first all the police cut the coconut leaves and put them standing upright against each post. Then afterwards, Mr. Humphries, Resident Magistrate, gave out the loaves of bread, tea, sugar, salmon tins, tinned meats and biscuits. Then Mr. Humphries said to us, he said, "Policemen, Interpreters, and Tufii men, your barracks are finished now. They are good barracks. You helped to make them yourself. Look after them, don't burn or spoil them and always keep them clean. This dinner you will remember—we opened the new barracks. There are no better barracks in Papua. I hope you will be happy to-night."

Mr. Humphries said that, and we said, "We are all very happy, Taubada." Then Mr. Humphries went home.

Eighteen men sat at the long dining-table. When we had finished eating, some of the Village Constables and Councillors stood outside and listened. And after that they came in, and some of the Village Constables and Councillors too. They sat down and ate.

All the people came for a dance that night and Mr. Humphries gave them six bags of rice. We all finished eating and they started the dance. We danced and danced. Eleven o'clock or midnight finished the dancing. And in the morning they went home.

The barracks are very big and they are very good. Inside there are eighteen beds; two verandas, one back and one front; at the back there is a big long dining-table in front of the kitchen; two doors, two windows, two steps, and also a big kitchen.

The barrack was built by Taubada and Gideon Waikaidi of Wedau and the Anglican Mission, Doguwa. He is the station carpenter.

KEREMA.

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaiser.)

IN June we were short of rice and wheatmeal on the Station, and the Police and Prisoners had sago only for a while. Then the *Elevala* arrived from Port Moresby with a great deal of rice and wheatmeal for us.

On the station the police have been building the new barracks. Corporal Maga with 10 prisoners camped at Murua Creek to get Melila timbers for the barracks.

At the end of last month on a Saturday Corporal Maga shot a big "alligator" at the same creek where they were camped.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

A Village Burnt by Fire.

A small village situated at Pari Road, near the Badili Gaol, called Akorogo, was totally destroyed by the fire whilst all the people were gathered at another small village near Bootless Inlet for a feast. This misfortune occurred on the 16th July.

A Man Bored by a Wild Boar.

Maba-Kuruku, Village Councillor of Kourabada Village, was badly bored by a wild boar on the 9th instant. The boar was first shot by one of his sons by the name of Bore, but this boy didn't shoot it dead. It was too dark to look for it, so he left it in the bush and came to the camp, and told his father (Maba-Kuruku) all about it.

When his father got up in the morning he took his gun and went out with him to the place where he left the boar, and they found it alive. Maba shot it again, and caught it. He first shouted out to his son for help, but Bore was very frightened and didn't want to help his father. Both man and boar fought for their life for about half an hour, and the man received some wounds on his body made by this boar. Then he let the boar go.

When this boy Bore went to him he saw that Maba was badly bored by the boar, and he carried him to the camp. Oala's lorry brought him to Port Moresby where he was admitted to the Native Hospital for treatment. Next morning, the 10th instant, Kabua-Gairo and some other Kourabada people got up early in the morning and went to the place where this man and boar had fought, and they found the boar there lying dead.

RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

ONE Village Councillor of Kwalimurupu, named Mareseva, had two wives, Seiaveru and Manekola. On the 19th July, 1930, at Kwalimurupu the second wife, Manekola, hanged herself by a rope inside her house. Mareseva came down and told Mr. Chance, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, how the woman hanged herself. Then on Friday afternoon about 3 o'clock the Assistant Resident Magistrate went to see the place where she hanged.

Native Contributions.

The Story of Two Old Men.

LONG ago there lived two old men, the bald man and blind man. They lived together near the sea. On a fine day they talked together, "To-morrow we will go to the bush." So early in the morning they rose up and got their arrows and went right away in the vast forest. They hunt and hunt till they caught a big pig. And they tied up the pig's feet, and put the stick through (to carry it).

The bald man said, "My dear old blind fellow, lead our way!" in a rough voice. The poor old blind fellow answered, "You must

lead our way. How can I lead our way. Because I can see better?"

But poor old blind friend led their way, until they came a mile away from home. There his bad hald friend said, "We put our pig down here; and I go to small-house, and then we will go home." He went little further, a yard away, and ran as fast as he could.

His poor friend waited, and waited. Then he tried to carry the pig into the house. The pig rose up with a growl voice and gnaw the poor blind friend. He throw the pig; and away. He ran into the house. When he got at the house, he stood before the bald man and scolded him and said, "Why you determine by yourself to run away from me, in a lonely forest? As long as ever we lived, and now you have done wrong?"

After that the second day, they made friends again, and good heart too. The bald man said, "Let us try again to-morrow morning."

It was the third day. As soon as they get up early in the morning they got their arrows, and went to the hush, same place as before. There the hald man said, "You wait me here, and I'll hunt." As he went hunting he drew near the villages (and underneath the houses the people buried their dead bodies). He crept in under the house and dug out the dead body; and on the top of the houses people were crying for their dead. Nobody was to look after the dead, because the people were frighten for the witches.

This silly hald man carried the dead body into the bush to his blind friend. He put the stick on the dead body and tied it up with string. Soon they lifted up. Silly man say the same words as he spoken to his poor man before, "Lead our way." The poor man just did not say anything and led the way. As they went towards their house, they came to the same place where they rested before. While they having rest, he told his friend, "Wait me here and I'll get the string and tie up our pig. It break off the string." This naughty bald man stepped in slowly and gently to the bush and ran out on the way and went home. Then the poor blind man shouted and shouted and nobody there to hear him or answer. In his voice he heard his echo again.

Lifted up the dead body and put it on his shoulder. Suddenly he feel it. "It is not a pig," he thought in his mind. "If the pig, it make the noise, or it shake me," he replied by himself; and feel it everywhere, starting head, arms and legs wrapped up with mats. He threw the dead body away and ran home as fast as he can. No doubt sticks, stones, or thorns would hurt him. And how poor is he! the blood all over his face and body! He is very very sad when he get at the home. At the door-way there, the bald man is standing and watching as if he could not know what to do. The poor blind man could not say anything.

They spent four days in this way. Then this silly proud man thought, came to him and beat his chest, and he asked his friend, said, "How could you make your hair again?" "Oh, I scraped it with young corals," said the blind man. The bald man said, "Do the same to me, my playmate. Let us go at the seaside."

So away they went near the sea, and swim both of them and break up some corals. The blind man had a sharp one; and scraped him hard until the blood run all over his face. At last the brain came out and the bald man died; and no one could bury him. Wild beasts and birds ate up his dead body.

In this way he repay his two punishments. This story teaches us that we should not be cruel or do bad to others, or they repay our sins and we die; as God punish us for our sins.

[By Reuben Masiarasi, Government Printing Office. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Hunting at Iokea.

ON 27th May we were very glad to see Mr. Littlechild with his hoys arrive at our village, and also to see some Hanuabada boys which we have known before.

On the Friday night Gabe and Morea told us to go to hunt to-morrow morning. In the morning I went to the harracks and woke them up and also my friend named Semese Miro. Then two of our friends, Gabe and Morea, got four biscuits, sugar, tea, and also little can to cook our food, and went to hunt with my four dogs.

About three miles, Gabe shot a bird and missed it. Then we came to the lake and saw two wild ducks. He shot it again and did not hit it; that was the second time we waste our cartridge. Then we saw a dove high up on the tree. Gabo shot it second times (twice), and Morea one time. We were trying trying very hard to catch it, until at last we caught it.

Then we walked about a mile and did not see anything. Then we had our morning breakfast, one biscuit each. After that we started again about 9 o'clock and came to the place of the betel-nuts of Semese. We got some betel-nuts and came to (Semese's) garden and we got two bundles of bananas and finished our hunt. We were very sorry and tired and hungry because we shot only one bird. No kangaroo, because the time of the burning of the grass is not over.

So we came straight way to the beach, the place of my coconuts, about 3 o'clock. We were all cook-boys that time. I lit the match and made a big fire for us. Then we roast banana and made the tea; and also 4 biscuits which we left in our bag. Then we had our food. Then we came to the village about half-mile. It was very good and happy time which we never had before with our two Hanuabada friends.

Monday night they came to my house and sing some Motu song for us. After that we made prayer. After finished prayer I told them to dance of Kiwai. It was very good but not so good as Kiwai do.

After two days Iokea boys take them to Oyapu Village by a double canoe. We were very sorry when they left us, because we were like the same people of one village. We hope they will do their patrol work very well and heal many kinds of sickness at our side, Gulf Division.

[By Mirisa Raepa, V.C., clerk of Iokea.]

The Story of Two little Boys.

MOSES Kikie and George Kikie, they both belonged to same parent. Moses is old brother, ten years age; and George is youngest one, eight year and five months age.

Then they one day went down along the Miha Creek at Arehava to fishing with their fish-hooks. When they came to a garden with a wall round it, inside the garden they could see all kinds of fruit hanging from them.

The two little boys stopped to look at them. How they wished they could have some of the fruit they saw! At last George said, "Let us get over the wall and have some of those bananas; they will be so nice and cool on this hot day!" "That would be wrong," said Moses, "for the fruit does not belong to us. It would be stealing to take it."

"There is no one near to see us, and if you do not tell, no one can know."

"Do you not know, George, that God sees you and knows all that you do?"

Just then they saw a man leap over the wall a little way off. He went straight to a tree and began to help himself to banana. But he had not plucked many when the owner of the garden, Momoru, came upon him.

"Why do you come into my garden and steal my fruit?" she asked in an angry tone. "I will teach you a lesson, you bad boy!" So she called her daughter, Idau, and sent her to village to make case over to the Councillor.

George looked on in silence. He was now glad that he had such a good boy as Moses for his brother. Try to be always with those who lead you in the right way.

[By Mother, Momoru Moses, of Orokolo.]

Story about a Dog and Cuscus.

NOW I want to tell you a short story about a dog and cuscus. Well in the olden days a dog and cuscus were both good friends. One day the dog made a funny little plan to himself. He said, "I better cut both my ears off, and tell the cuscus about it." So he laughed at himself about the funny plan. Then he went in the house. Instead of cutting his ears off he only tied them up, after he had finished he came outside and said to the

cuscus, "See, friend, I have cut off my ears!" So the cuscus saw the dog's ears and said, "Friend, that is very good! And how did you do them?" So he answered him and said, "I cut them off with the knife." So the cuscus was very glad and went home. Then he took the knife and cut both his ears off. So he went back to see his friend the dog, and showed him his ears. And the dog said, "I did not cut my ears," and he let down (*undid*) his ears and the cuscus was very much ashamed about it. The dog laughed and laughed until the cuscus got very angry and said to the dog, "Bone is your food! My home is the top of the trees!"

That is why the cuscus have short ears and the dogs have to eat bones every time. That is their punishment from cuscus. So they separated each other, and their friendship was no more.

[By Samasona, L.M.S. teacher, Katatai.]

The Story of Kokoba and Boreo.

(Kokoba is fish; Boreo is tree. Kokoba is boy; Boreo is girl.)

KOKOBA'S skin is red, like a red calico, but he stopped always on the reef, in the saltwater. Kokoba is very very good boy. All the girls they like him; all other girls they know him, but Boreo she did not see him.

Boreo's father was a fishing man, with a net all the night. One night Boreo want go with her father, for fishing; and Boreo says to father, "Father, can I go with you?" And her father said, "No; suppose this girl go see Kokoba, she will marry him." Therefore he don't want let the girl go with him. And another night Boreo's father he want go fishing, and again Boreo asked him. Therefore Boreo's father was too tired, and took the girl with him, and put in the canoe and wrapped up in the mat.

And they go fishing, and Kokoba he came and climbed up the canoe and sat on it. And Boreo opened the mat, saw the Kokoba sitting on the canoe. And Boreo said to father, "Father, we will back go to the village!" And father says, "Why we go back to the village?" And she cried and cried and said, "I am sick, I am sick!" She was not sick, but she lied.

And they went back home. And she was very big sick, and all people they give medicine two three times finished. And people send one boy; he bring the Kokoba, and he give the medicine, and she was well. And they gave to Kokoba, she was married, and by and by Kokoba died and went into the sea and made a fish, living inside the reef. And Boreo living in the bush made a tree. You know Kokoba's skin like a red calico stop inside the reef. Sometimes we catch it with a net, sometimes we give fish medicine and he die. You know this is good fish for our *kaikai*.

[By Cedric Tangara, storekeeper, Buna.]

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