

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 2, No. 9.

Port Moresby, Monday, 15th September, 1930.

Price: 3d.

Coconuts.



THE readers of *The Papuan Villager* don't have to be told that the coconut is very important. Every Papuan who lives anywhere near the coast knows the value of it. I was going to say they know all about it; but really they don't. They can still learn quite a lot from the white men whose business it is to look after the coconut plantation.

Papuans know well enough how to open a young coconut and take a long drink; and they know how to scrape an old coconut and put it into the stew; and they know how to make baskets out of coconut leaves, and even to burn coconut husks to make salt. But when it comes to planting nuts and looking after them, they find that the white men can teach them a good deal.

Before the Government came to Papua the people never troubled to make copra. Now lots of them make it and sell it by the bag, and earn good money. You may not know that all this copra comes into Port Moresby or Samarai or Dedele, and is there put on to the *Morinda* or some other big boat and taken away. The people in Australia or England buy the copra by tons, and send it to their factories. (Factories are great big workshops.)

The Uses of Copra.

Here they turn the copra into many different things. They make oil from it (and when white people bathe on the beaches they put coconut oil on their arms and legs like Papuans, to

save them from sunburn). And they also scrape the copra and dry it and do it up in little paper packets; then

And they can turn copra into "fodder" or food for cattle, and the old cow is very fond of munching it. And, most important of all, they turn copra into soap; so perhaps sometimes the King and Queen of England wash their faces with soap made from the copra of Giligili or Robinson River.

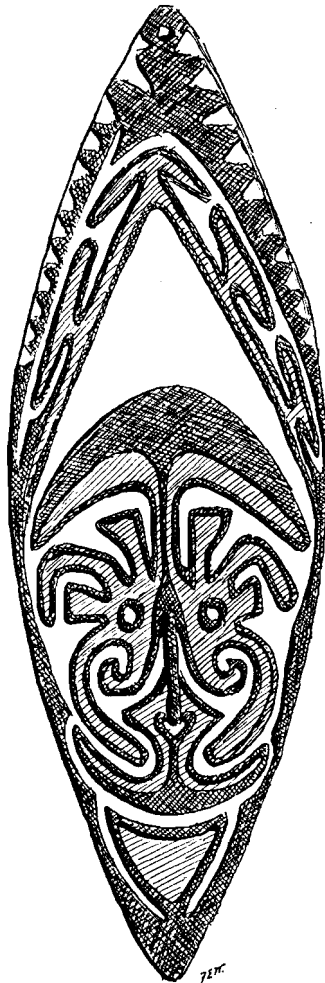
Where Coconuts will Grow.

Now that many Papuans are growing coconuts for copra they must know how to plant the trees. Every sort of tree wants proper soil or ground; it wants water; and it wants air and sunlight. You have all noticed that coconuts do best near the sea. They will not grow well in the mountains. This is because they find the proper soil in the low ground, either by the sea, or on the lower part of the rivers, or on the coral islands. It is said they will not grow well on land more than 900 feet above the sea.

They must have water, but the water must not lie about. Therefore if you wish to plant coconuts in wet places you must make drains to carry the water off. And it is no good planting in "clayey" soil which holds the water.

Planting the Trees.

The great mistake that Papuans make is to plant their coconuts too close together. The roots do not go down deep, like those of some other trees; they spread out all round near the surface. A full-sized coconut palm may have as many as 3,000 main roots (they have lots of smaller roots branching outwards from the main roots). These main roots are like thick cords, as you know; and they grow as long as 15 or 16 feet. That



KWOI, PURARI DELTA.

it is called Desiccated Coconut, and white women put it into their buns and cakes when they are cooking.

is to say each tree is surrounded by its own roots to a distance of 15 or 16 feet.

Now the work of the roots is to take food and water from the soil and send them up to feed the trunk and the leaves. And each tree must have its own proper ground. You must not plant a second tree too close, or it will send its roots out to rob the food and water that belongs to the first. Therefore, if each tree sends out roots for 15 feet, then they should be at least 30 feet apart. This is the rule of the plantations, and it is the order of the government for native plantations.

There is another reason for keeping the trees a long way apart. They all need air and sunshine for their branches or leaves. If they are too close, the branches of one tree keep the air and sunlight away from the branches of another; then the trees cannot grow strong and bear plenty of nuts.

Lining and Weeding.

You will notice that on the plantations the coconuts are all lined; they go "straight-away." It is easier to plant at the proper distance if you plant in lines; and it is easier to keep your little plantation nice and clean.

Catch-Crops and Cover-Crops.

Long grass or *kurukuru* is bad for the soil, and it robs the soil of food that should go to the coconut. When you clear away the bush to plant coconuts you have to keep out the *kurukuru* (it is easy to keep it out, but hard to kill it when once it has got in). To do this you plant a "catch-crop"; and a very good one is sweet potatoes. Sweet potatoes will probably keep out the *kurukuru* while they last, and they will also give you something to eat.

Then you can plant a "cover-crop" to cover your plantation and prevent the *kurukuru* from getting in. A good one is *crotellaria*, a kind of bean; for this keeps out the long grass, and does good to the soil as well.

But you cannot have a clean plantation unless you work. You must cut out all the grass and the bush that should not be there; and they say you should keep the ground quite clear for 3 feet around each tree.

If you copy the real plantations and work hard, your trees will grow

better, and they will give you more nuts to eat and turn into copra.

Golf Caddies.

A New Game.

THE white people have begun to play a new game in Port Moresby. It is called "golf" and they play it with "clubs." These are not "pine-apple" clubs or *gahi*, or stone clubs of any sort; and the players do not use them to hit one another over the head (at least this has not happened so far on the Port Moresby golf-links). The clubs are long thin sticks with a lump of iron on the end, and with them the player tries to hit a little white ball round a very big field, the "golf-links." He keeps on trying to hit it into a number of little holes that are spotted round the field. Nowadays the little boys of Poreporena have begun playing golf of their own in the village, and you can see all sorts of home-made "clubs" there, "mashies" like hockey-sticks and "niblicks" made with hoop-iron.

The Caddies.

Now when a white man plays golf he likes to have a "caddie." A caddie is a small boy who carries his four or five golf-clubs in a bag, and who looks for the ball when it is lost in the grass or the creeks. Twenty-five small boys from Poreporena have been made caddies, and the caddie-master is a bigger boy, named Panevene. The caddies wear a red *rami* with a white border for uniform, and on their arms they have a black band with their number in white. Every day after school they come down to the golf-links to do their work.

The Caddie's Pay.

When a caddie goes round the links with a white man he is given a little slip of paper; and later on when he hands this slip of paper to the Secretary, Mr. Brossey, he gets 5d. His work is not only to carry the clubs, but to watch the ball when it is hit. The ball goes a very long way, and you need sharp eyes to see where it falls. If a caddie does not "keep his eyes skinned" he is no good, and by and by he will lose his job. But most of the caddies are very good at this; they are better at finding lost balls than the white men.

Sometimes, however, a ball is lost and cannot be found. The white man then goes on playing and leaves it behind. Later on or next day a caddie may find this ball. He then takes it to Mr. Brossey and gets another 3d.

Many caddies make a great deal of money. Some who take a pride in their work and spend an hour or so every day looking for lost balls make as much as ten shillings a month. That is very good pay for a schoolboy, whose work is so easy and whose hours are so short.

On page 4 you see a picture of the opening of the new Golf-links. The Governor, with his wife, Lady Murray, is inspecting the caddies.

Gambling.

(Native Regulation No. 78.)

ANY native who plays cards for money or money's worth, or who gambles in any other way may be punished. The first time he is caught he may be fined £2 or sent to gaol for 4 months. If he is caught again he will have a heavier punishment; he will be fined at least £1, and may be fined as much as £5; or he may go to gaol for 6 months.

This law is made for the good of the people. Papuans have never got much money; but when they sit down to play they sometimes lose their heads, and they gamble away all they have. And when they have lost all their money they gamble with their belts and pannikins and *ramis*; and when they have lost all those, they borrow their *sinabada's* spoons and table-knives and gamble with those; and then they get caught and go to gaol.

You should remember, too, that the clever boys are the ones who always win. If you are a bit slow you shouldn't play cards with boys who are a bit quick. They will get your money all right. You had better keep it and buy yourself a new belt or a mouth-organ.

But remember that playing cards for money is against the law. It doesn't matter whether you are quick or slow, you will be a fool to break the law.

Many Missions but only One God.

TO-DAY there are five different Missionary Societies working in Papua, trying to teach you to leave off doing what is wrong, and to do instead what is proper and right. Every Mission has its own fashion of teaching, but they all have just the very same God. So you must not think that only one of the Mission Societies is proper and good, and that all the others must be wrong and bad. Every one of the Missions tries to do what it believes will be best for you; and so, if you try and do just as any of these Missions teach, you will do well for yourselves. Of course each of the Missions thinks that it's own road to Heaven is the best road, even though there are more roads than one to Heaven.

The various Missionary Societies who came to New Guinea years ago had each some very wise men in their Councils. They saw that, if they all scattered among you Papuans, teaching and preaching in different ways about God, you would be very puzzled to know which Mission was the best to follow. To prevent this, most of them agreed that it would be well if each different Mission were given a special part of the country to work in.

For more than forty years the Missions have worked Papua in this way. The London Missionary Society put its teachers along the coast from Daru to Yule Island; the Roman Catholic Mission worked in Maiva and up into Mekeo; then the L.M.S. had another part from Yule Island to Samarai; then the Anglican Mission took all the coast from Samarai to Mambare; and the Methodist Mission operated on the islands out east of New Guinea. Then after a while another Mission known as "The Seventh Day Adventists" began teaching in the Koiari country, inland from Port Moresby.

But now the various Missionary Societies are beginning to overlap across one another's boundaries; and there is danger that (unless you are shown how slight is the real difference between their lessons or teachings) you may get your ideas about religion all muddled up. You may be like a man who is trying to catch fish, with

many fishing-lines in the water at the same time.

Whatever happens, you must always remember that all the different Missions have the very same God, and teach the same Ten Commandments. If you learn those Ten Commandments, and behave as they show you, you will not get puzzled by the different ways taught by the several Missions. What they teach you about such things as reading, writing, or arithmetic has nothing at all to do with religion. And what any one of them teaches you will certainly be for your good. I, who write this for you, believe in those same Ten Commandments, and yet I do not belong to any of the Missions.

Perhaps this will help to explain about the Missions here to you: Suppose five strangers arrived in Papua, and wanted to climb to the top of Mount Victoria. They would, of course, require guides. Each of the strangers went among you natives, trying to find out about the road to Mount Victoria; and in the end, each one got hold of a different boy as guide. Now all of these boys knew how to get to the mountain, but each boy wanted to go a different road to all the others. So then each stranger took a boy as guide, and they set off in slightly different directions. After a long time the five different parties reached the foot of the mountain and began climbing toward the top. Suddenly, to their great surprise, the whole five parties met at the top. All had gone by different tracks, but all had arrived at the same place. And so each of those five guide boys learned that there were other roads to Mount Victoria just as quick as the one he had believed to be the best.

So is it with the Missions, each wants to get you Papuans to Heaven, but each has its own way of doing this. Probably, should you ever be good enough to reach there, you will meet many other boys from other Missions who will have travelled along different Missionary roads. You may even meet me there.

—"Lagani-Namo."

"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER" BOUND
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The Magistrates.

THERE have been a number of moves among Government officers lately.

Mr. Lyons, R.M., Eastern Division, has been made Director of Public Works and will live in Port Moresby.

Mr. Pinney has taken the place of Mr. Staniforth Smith, and is now Commissioner for Lands.

Mr. Oldham, who has filled Mr. Wurth's place in Port Moresby while he is away on leave, will become R.M., Eastern Division, Samarai. Mr. Rentoul will be Acting Resident Magistrate in Port Moresby until Mr. Wurth comes back.

Mr. Blyth has resigned from the Service, and Mr. Austen takes his place at Kikori.

Mr. Vivian, after coming back from leave, has gone to Misima.

Mr. Hall has left Cape Nelson and gone to the Trobriands.

Mr. Ivan Champion is at Ioma.

Lance-Corporal Arura.

(Contributed.)

AMONG those who went down in the *Vaiviri* was Lance-Corporal Arura whose photograph will be found on page 4. Arura had just been promoted and was going to Kerema to take up his new job. His home was the village of Ere, in the mountain district of what used to be called the Kumusi Division but which is now part of the Northern Division.

Many magistrates will be sorry to hear of his death. Arura was one of the party which crossed New Guinea from the Fly to the Sepik. It was a rough trip and a long one and so little food could be carried that most of the time everybody was hungry. But Arura could use a gun very well, and when pigs and pigeons were found he shot many. He was a good man too to find a track, and when the party got into swamps, as it often did, it was Arura who always found the way out. And no matter how tired and hungry everyone got, Arura was always smiling, so that the white men called him the "ever-laughing Arura." Papua lost a fine man when Arura was drowned.

Cricket.

Samarai against Port Moresby.

THE Samarai team visited Port Moresby at the beginning of this month. They were brought over by the *Elevala*, and after playing Port Moresby they returned by the *Morinda*.

RESULT.

Samarai, 1st Innings, 157 (Oldham, 51; Rawnsley, 35; Abel, 34).

Port Moresby, 1st Innings, 270 (O'Malley, 99; Harris, 48).

Samarai, 2nd Innings, 207 (Sparks, 44; ch, 37).

Port Moresby, 2nd Innings, 3 wickets for 95 (Harris, n.o. 43).

Port Moresby won by 7 wickets.

The winning team keeps the Staniforth Smith shield for this year.

Test Cricket and the "Ashes."

THE last test match has been played and Australia beat England by an innings and 39 runs.

SCORES.

England, 1st Innings, 405 (Sutcliffe, 161).
Australia, 1st Innings, 695 (Bradman, 232; Ponsford, 110).

England, 2nd Innings, 251.

Australia won by an innings and 39 runs.

By winning this last test match Australia has won back the "ashes." The Australian players do not really bring back a lot of black ashes in their kit-bags. It is only talk. But this is how the talk arose. Once many years ago, in 1882, the Australian team beat the English team. I suppose the English were disgusted and thought, "That is the finish of English cricket!" for they burnt up the stumps and put the ashes of them in an urn, or pot. This urn with the ashes has always remained in England; but nowadays we speak of winning or losing the ashes, of keeping them or taking them away. It is a very old joke, and perhaps it will last as long as cricket itself.

Story of the First Women.

AT first there were no women on the earth; only men and boys. The women lived in the sky, and the men could not see them there. The men had to do all the work. Every day they made gardens, or hunted for pigs, or caught fish in the rivers.

Once while they were hunting, the women came down out of the sky. They let down a long rope of cane and climbed down it. All the men were away. The women got taro and peeled it and cooked it; and they left it ready in the pots. Then they climbed into the sky and pulled the rope up after them.

The men came home from the hunt. They were tired and hungry. When they found the cooked food they were very glad and ate it. But they all said, "Who has done this?" For they had never seen a woman.

This happened many times. When the men came home from the hunt they always found their food ready. For the women had come down and cooked it. And the men could not think who did this. At last they told a small boy to hide and watch.

Now the men went away to hunt; but the small boy hid in a bunch of sugar-cane; and there he saw everything. He saw the women come down the rope one by one; he saw them pull up the taro; he saw them peel it and cook it; and he saw them go up quickly before the men came home.

He told the men what he had seen; and next day they decided to catch the women. The men pretended to go away to hunt. But they hid in the bush near by. The boy hid in the sugar-cane again; and this time he had an axe.

Now the women came down from the sky. They made fast their rope to a log on the ground; and came down one by one. They thought there was no one near and they began their work. Then the boy jumped up and cut the rope with his axe. It flew up into the air and the women could not get hold of it.

Now the women could not run away. The men rushed in and seized them—one man, one woman. The small boy who hid in the sugar-cane got an unmarried girl.

That is how women first came on to the earth. It is an Orokajiva story.

STORIES, etc., only to be sent to the Editor, F. E. Williams. All other communications to be sent to the Government Printer.

Sores or Toto.

WHY do so many boys have bad sores? It is mostly because when they get a cut or a scratch they do not at once wash the place clean and put a piece of clean cloth over the hurt to keep the dirt out.

If boys would always fix up a cut at once they would not often get a sore or *toto*. Suppose a boy does not clean the hurt at the time he gets it, and by-and-by the place gets sore and full of pus, he should try and get the sore better as soon as he can, by washing the place two times every day with a teaspoonful of Lysol mixed in a pint, that is, 2 large breakfast cups, of water. Before and after each time he washes the *toto* he should carefully and gently squeeze out any pus. Then, after the washing, the sore should be covered over with a small piece of clean cloth, but the cloth must not be tied on too tight, or it will hurt the sore and make it worse.

Many boys make a sore keep sore for a long time because when they try to take off the cloth to wash the place, it is stuck by old and dry pus, and the boys drag the cloth off, instead of soaking it with water until it comes off by itself.

Dirt and dust if they get into a cut will nearly always make a sore, unless washed out at once. The best thing to put on as soon as a place has been hurt is Tincture of Iodine. First wash the spot, and then put on a drop of the Iodine. If there is no Iodine, Turpentine is good. Kerosene is better than nothing, to put on a hurt.

—"Bantu."

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

DURING the month the weather has been very fine, and calm, the sky cloudy some days, and clear on others; with a mild S.E. wind blowing, on sometimes W. or N.W. or S.W. It gives the ideal man or woman the thoughts of past days and years of his or her life when he or she was young, and was free from any bonds of law; when he or she was free to go at his or her will any way he or she wished; but now to see himself or herself bound to make a living for his or her family

and see children round them. When a meal is cooked, the mother there at the clay pot serves them the *kaikai*. After *kaikai* the children go out to play, and when there is low tide go out on the reefs fishing.

Dancing and Festivals.

The natives here are always fond of dancing, or chanting their songs. They are free to dance at their wish, and only come to a stop when one of their village friends is dead. Then they may not dance with drums or chant their song, till the relatives of the dead have made a festival and given full permission to their village friends to dance.

Deaths in Village.

Now during June and July there have been several deaths in the villages of the District. Some of them were snake-bites; some family sickness; some others old age, I may suppose; while others were sorts of deaths of which I cannot say the name in English.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Wallaby Hunting.

THE 1st September, was a good holiday for Poreporena Gunmen. They all went out at 4.30 a.m. with their carriers for shooting. I think about 100 wallaby-stalkers went out that day. They brought in approximately 250 wallabies.

Village People are Making Dubus.

This year there are a great many noises in Poreporena Villages, because people are hitting the drums every night for their approaching feast. Oala Dagora is making his new Dubu, and he has painted the four post with different colours. Garia is also making a dubu, and, next year, Ahuia.

RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

Native Medical Assistants.

MOREA Toua and his brother Heni Mea arrived at Kapa Kapa on the 28th August. They are Native Travelling Medical Assistants. After working for four days at Kapa Kapa they went on in canoes for the next place.

Native Contributions.

New Year at Kokoda, N.D.

Dear Friends.

I will tell you about Kokoda Sports. First of all Mr. Cawley, Kokoda Assistant Resident Magistrate, when he was ready, sent word to every Sub-District, to bring the native food; and they brought so much food that we had to put some underneath the new office. Then behind Mr. Cawley said to Sergeant Jinga on parade at 9 o'clock, "You speak to the police boys and rubber-tappers." Then he told us what Mr. Cawley said.

We had made fifty-two platforms around the Station, one for every week of the New Year. Mr. Cawley said he wanted New Guinea fashion. So we put food on sticks which were set up—taro, potatoes, bananas, betel-nut, coconut, pumpkin, sugar-cane, snake, cuscus and wallaby.

We station people left our work on Wednesday. On Friday multitudes came together and we started to dance on Saturday.

The biggest dance was on Monday. The village people killed ten pigs and Mr. Cawley killed two fat pigs. Altogether there were 12 pigs for the village people. Mr. Healy and Mr. Cawley, also Sergeant Jinga, went down to the pigs' paddock, and Mr. Healy shot one pig because we could not catch him. Then some boys went out to get some sticks to put the pigs on. Some they hung up, and others they laid on the floor. Sergeant Jinga climbed up on a tree and stood between the pigs and Mr. Healy took the photos.

After that the Sangara people made *Kaiva-kuku*—so nice and beautiful, it looks terrible.

And also Divina-koiani made their own fashion dialogues. A woman with her husband; the man had his sword and fishing-line, and his wife had their string basket on her back. The two were coming on alone, and they started to dance. Some other people dance on each side; those *Dilavas* danced between. One man got in the cave, and this man threw his fishing-line inside the rock to pull the fish out; and he caught plenty and gave to his wife to cook for him.

The Chirima Valley people also made their own dance, so pretty and good. There were two thousand three hundred and seventy-four people present. The dance was over on Tuesday and the people went to their villages. Kokoda wins! No other Government Station is like that!

Taubada gave me five pictures to send with my letter.

Kokoda Cricket Club.

Last Saturday Mr. Skelley came to the Station and told Taubada he wanted to play cricket, so Mr. Cawley said, "If you have no team we will play from Police boys and rubber-tappers."

Taubada was No. 1 Captain. Mr. Skelley No. 2 Captain. Taubada lost the toss and his team went in to field. I was on Mr. Skelley's side and we did not win. Rubber-factory boy Daguna got the prize for best runs. Police-boy Aikai No. 2, and myself No. 3.

We like cricket very much and now our master is making us a new wicket of red ground. It is not finished yet, but it looks very nice. We are going to have a big cricket game before Taubada goes away on holidays. We are all very sorry to lose him.

[By Osborne Gurawa, A.C., Kokoda, N.D. This letter wins the 5s. prize; the photos on page 5 were sent with it.]

The New Church at Barakau.

TWO month ago all the people from Tatana to Manugoro, all have come to Barakau to open New Church, at 27th May, 1930. We were very glad, happy too, because our head-teacher name was Igo Gabe. He was teaching in Gaire. He was good to us and to other poor people too; also Barakau men and women with boys and girls. He love them, and they love him too, because Igo Gabe was very good carpenter, more than other teachers too. He can make any thing

he likes. This time Barakau people were very happy because he build Our New Church. Time when we went to open we looked very nice and pretty too, we were all very surprised at it, because no other like that building before.

Next morning, 27th May, all the people from Tatana to Manugoro ready for Church opening. We wait for the Rev. J. B. Clark, with Rev. D. E. Ure from Daru and Miss G. Milne our Poreporena Infant-School Master.

About 10 o'clock a.m. they rang the bell. We have nice dresses. Men and women, boys and girls, we all put clean clothes on and put coconut oil on our hair, and shining our faces too.

After we have hymn-singing, Miss G. Milne took key. She put into the hole. She prayed our Lord; then she open the door. We all going into the Church. Men with boys sit on one side, women with girls sat another side. Then Rev. J. B. Clark arose and said, "Poreporena can sing an English hymn." Then our girls start an English hymn, No. 1,000, "Shall we Gather at the River."

In the Church Mr. Clark preached and he gave thanks to God because he had helped Barakau people; and he give thanks for Igo Gabe, because he built God's house for the Barakau people.

The Feast.

Barakau Teacher told me, says, 1,200 bananas, eight or nine thousand sweet yams, six thousand yams, five thousand coconuts, one turtle, four pigs, three bill coats (*billy goats*), ten thousands of betel-nuts. Eight hundred people gathered in Barakau at 27th May.

Many people landed from canoes at Mission Station beach. Some women on the canoe used the umbrella: Nora Gou, Tubuseleia Teacher's wife, and Hera Vagi, Poreporena Teacher's wife, because few drops of rain fell at 10 o'clock a.m. same time.

[By Taunao Agaru, Poreporena teacher. The pictures on page 4 were taken by Heni Puka. They show the people arriving in canoes, the New Church, and girls carrying rice, a present from Poreporena church members for the Barakau people.]

A Story about Two Brothers.

ONCE upon a time two brothers were sleeping in a house and the eldest brother woke his little brother up. When he awoke he told him to get a spear, and off they went on their way on the road, with their dog named Korobogi.

One of them said, "We did not bring our axe with us," so the little boy said, "I'll wait here and you go and bring the axe." His big brother refused to go. He sent his little brother to the village to get the axe, while he was waiting on the road. The big brother's wife was sick and she was near the fire. This boy went and stood near the house on the ground and called up to his sister-in-law and said, "Pass me the axe"; and she said, "Come up inside and get it!" So he went inside and took it. When he went back, his big brother charged him to be in front of him. They never lived in peace.

Now on the road both of them were walking very slowly, and the dog Korobogi started chasing the pig. The dog ran and ran, bit at the pig, and the two brothers went and killed it and carried it near the road. Like the first, Korobogi chased a second pig. The two of them went and killed it and carried it near the road.

The third pig was near the road so Korobogi chased it and ran after it. The pig ran into a cave and Korobogi ran too. When the two brothers came near the cave they did not know what to do. They were standing hopelessly. And then the big boy told his little brother to cut a few sticks. The little boy went and cut them and brought them to his brother. While they were attempting all the difficulties, the dog and pig were having a very bad time inside the cave. When they had finished the ladder and hung it down near the cave, they were wondering and quarrelling and looking about them who would go. The big brother said, "Take the axe and go down and see." The little boy went into the cave and helped the dog and both of them killed the pig. As the little boy walked in, his big brother pulled up the ladder for he was absent-minded with him, and made his way to the village and carried the two pigs that they killed.

When he arrived in the village his grandmother asked him if he was certain of his little brother. He told a lie to his grandmother, that his brother went in after the dog and pig inside the cave. "I call as loud as I can, but no voice, no noise was heard of him. So the pig probably might have bitten him dead. I disappeared, and have come home." Instead of that, his big brother had pulled up the steps, to stop him from getting on top. When his little brother returned to the place where he entered in, suddenly the step was not there. He was very disgraced (*disgusted*?) with his big brother.

But the boy and dog Korobogi were very intelligent too. This little boy managed to cut the pig in the cave, because they had no way and no hope to get out of the cave. So he gave some bowels to the dog and to himself to eat, because night was near; and they slept in there.

At sunrise in morning the boy asks the dog what to do and how to get out. That boy and dog eat the pig's head. Then the dog started on digging a hole until sunset. They eat a leg of a pig, that boy one leg, the dog

the other leg; and they sleep. When sunrise the boy told the dog to dig with all his might. Then both of them eat hand of the pig. Then Korobogi started dig again till sunset. Now they eat the back of pig—half they eat, and sleep; and half for sunrise. They eat that half when it was sunrise. "Now," said the boy, "by the time you finish digging, the pig will not be much left." So the dog Korobogi tried his very best with his claws. At last he saw the light approaching him. He did not dig at present. Korobogi ran and jumped up the boy, and ran here and there, as we see sometimes dogs swing their tails when they are full of joy.

Now they eat the ribs of the pig, and the dog Korobogi went on digging. And after that there was enough track for them to go out. The dog went and did the same as before, jumped on the boy and ran here and there. The boy could not mention how Korobogi could run about and wag his tail. So the dog walk first; the boy was behind and they were out of the cave, and made way to the village.

This boy's mother prepared a great feast for the people, because she was very sad for her son. She thought he was lost. The boy went and asked his uncle for some kind of magic. This boy said, "I like come if you will show me." So his uncle said, "I will give you the names." He said, "One package is to make a good garden; number 2 for alligators to eat people; number 3 is for dogs to catch, and run fast; and number 4 is to change men into a flying-fox."

The boy said, "Hand me that?" And so he gave him the flying-fox package and told him all about how and what time to use it. His uncle told him, "If you hit this package, all the people would fly."

The boy returned to his village to sleep until early morning. Some of the village people were sleeping; some were awake. Then he shouted loudly, "Ehe! all sleeping?" "Yes," said the people who were awake! At that moment he gave a very good hard bang, and suddenly all the village people, girls, women, men and children and old grannies changed into flying-foxes, and flew about the air, according to the magic package. Then he commanded them to all fly into a big tree called *Aoma*. Now these flying-foxes were hanging on with their hands, and the boy said, "No, not like that! Hang with you legs and head down!" So they did it, and when they

were all quiet, he rested for a moment. At the same time he was thinking to himself, "Not good for them to be here alone; I will divide them up." So he divide them into four parts, and they flew out of the *Aoma* tree; but some remained.

I'll only tell about this much, about No. 4 package. These two brothers have very hard names to remember, that was the reason why I did not give you the names. My master was very kind, he gave me his pen to write the story. The End.

[By Phillip Mage-Keagaimo, cookboy for L. Austen, A.R.M., Kikori, D.D.]

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