

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 3, No. 1.

Port Moresby, Thursday, 15th January, 1931.

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YOUR NEWSPAPER.

THE *Papuan Villager* has now been going for two years and we are beginning our third volume—Volume 3, No. 1. Perhaps it is time to say once more why we are writing this newspaper and what it is meant to do.

There are many other native newspapers in the world—in India and Africa and America and elsewhere—written for the dark-skinned people, not for the whites. But they are nearly all very different from your *Papuan Villager*, because they are written in the real language of the dark-skinned people who read them. The Government here think it is very important that your newspaper should be in the English language. I will tell you why later on.

Education—Amusement.

Now there are two good reasons for reading a newspaper; it can educate you and it can amuse you. First, it can do you good, improve your mind, by telling you about all sorts of things, about what other people are doing, and about what you should do and what you should not do. Second, it can amuse you because it is interesting; it is good fun, when your work is finished to sit down or lie on your back and read the paper.

White Men's Newspapers.

White people are very keen on newspapers. In every big city they publish hundreds of thousands every day. There are morning editions and

afternoon editions and evening editions, and some of the white men keep their noses buried in the newspapers so much that they forget to

can read well, you will feel that you really must have your paper. Nowadays you have only one each month. Some day you may have one every day, and a Papuan Editor and staff.

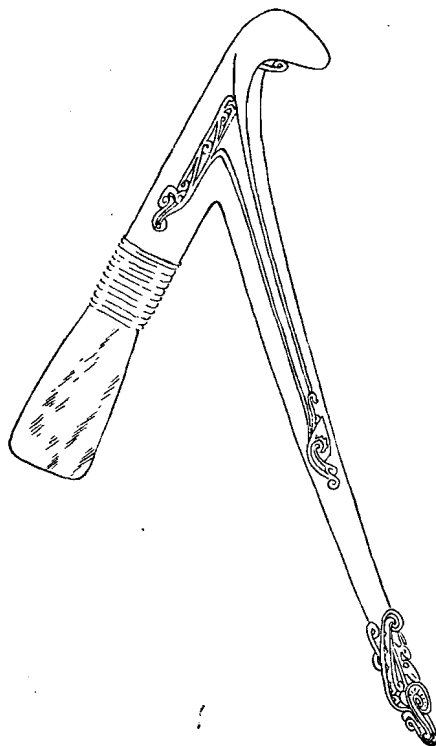
—Paying for the "Villager."

The Papuan Villager costs a lot of money. We sell copies and we have our subscribers at 2s. a year, but we don't get enough money to pay for the paper in this way. The Government pays the greater part of the cost out of Native Taxation. The taxes are all used for different things to do the Papuans some good; and one of these things is your newspaper. It is meant especially for your education.

Mainly about Papua.

The Papuan Villager, then, tries to educate you by telling you about all sorts of things. We do not tell you about politics in Russia or about murders and suicides in America. We try to tell you about things which you can understand, and which will be of some use to you. And, because you are Papuans, we talk mainly about things that belong to Papua; though every issue has got something in it about the wonderful things that the white man is doing in different parts of the world.

But we hope, too, that the paper amuses you, that you like reading it. You should be interested to hear about the things your countrymen do, about their feasts and games and work. Every issue has Papuan stories in it and articles by Papuan writers about what they are doing in their villages.



A PAPUAN ORNAMENTAL AXE.

read anything else. But newspapers are a very good thing on the whole; we simply could not live without them.

Some day perhaps the Papuans will feel the same way. When all of you

The English Language.

But why is *The Papuan Villager* written in English, and not in Motuan or Kiwai or Wedauan or Dobuan or some other language? The answer is that there are so many different languages in this island of Papua that we have to pick on one or the other; and the Government has decided very wisely that the best language is English.

Talking with the White Men.

It will be worth a great deal to you to learn to speak and read English; no part of your education is more important. If you can speak English you can speak to the white man. You do not understand the white man and his ways; the white man does not understand you and your ways. Why? Because you cannot speak properly to one another. White men cannot go to school again to learn Motuan or Kiwai or Dobuan. But those of you who are at school now ought to try their hardest to learn the great language that is spoken by the whites. (And at any rate you can learn English far better than most white men can learn any of your languages). When once you can talk properly with your masters, you will work well together; and besides that you will learn, and keep on learning, about all sorts of things. For white men know a great deal more than you Papuans.

Reading English Books.

But there is another reason for learning English, and now I speak of learning to read it. There is no end of books written in English; and, if you once learn to read that language you can go on reading after you leave school till the end of your life. The Bible and some other good books have been printed by the Missions in some of your own tongues, but these books can never be very many. If once you learnt English, however, you could have a new book to read as often as you wanted it. Nobody is educated until he can read; and his education can never go very far unless he has plenty of good books.

The Papuan Villager therefor tries to give you something useful and interesting to read, mainly about your own country and its people; and it is written in English so that all

Papuans who have been to school may be able to read it. And we hope that your English will grow better and better; then you will be able to read other papers and real books. When you *want* to go on reading you are becoming educated.

The Tale of Totoima.

IN many parts of the Northern Division they tell of a terrible man named Totoima. He was killed long ago; but while he lived he used to be the terror of the countryside.

Now Totoima was rather different from other people. The strange thing about him was that he had huge teeth in his head, like boar's tusks; and, stranger still, he could take them out and put them back whenever he wished to. He used to travel round in the bush, and whenever he met man, woman, or child, he would stab them and tear them with his teeth and leave them dead. Little by little he killed off nearly all the Orokaiva people; those who escaped had to hide away in caves and holes in the ground for fear of him. Totoima, in fact, was out to kill everybody; sometimes he could be heard shouting in triumph, "Everyone of them I have killed!"; sometimes he sat down and sighed, and said "Alas, there is nobody left to kill!"

Totoima's Sister.

Now Totoima had a sister, Ua-Kakara, with whom he lived. When his day's work of man-hunting was over he would come home to his village. "Get up that coconut palm!" he would cry to his sister; "I want a drink." So Ua-Kakara would climb up and pick him a green coconut and throw it to the ground. "Now jump down, and I will catch you," he would say next. His poor sister was afraid to disobey him, so down she jumped; and Totoima, instead of catching her, let her fall plump on to the ground. Then he would shout with laughter (for he was very cruel) and go off to bathe in the river.

How the Boys and Girls were Born.

Everyday it happened the same way. Poor Ua-Kakara, bruised all over, was very sick of it. Once, while Totoima was out hunting, his sister

went to her garden to cut some sugar cane. You know how sharp it is. Well Ua-Kakara managed to cut her finger. She picked a taro leaf and allowed the blood to drip into it; then wrapped it up, took it home with her and left it in a pot in her house. That night as usual she had to jump down from the top of the coconut palm, and got up sore and bruised, while Totoima went off laughing.

Next day she happened to look in the pot where she had put away the taro leaf. To her great surprise she found in it two little boys and two little girls. She kept them hidden from her cruel brother. But every day she fed them, and they grew very fast until they were big and strong.

When the boys were big enough to fight they got spears and clubs and shields for themselves; they intended to kill uncle Totoima. But it was in quite another way that they did kill him. Ua-Kakara, their mother, told them to cut down a palm tree and make a *bage*. (A *bage* is a sort of pig trap with a big heavy log that falls on the pig and kills him when he goes inside). So the two boys got the *bage* ready; but they took care that it was hidden away where Totoima should not find it. Then they waited for a chance to catch him.

Totoima loses his Teeth.

Now when Totoima went for his evening bathe he used to take out his teeth and grind them on a stone to sharpen them up. There are several places in the Northern Division where he used to do this, and you can still see (as in the picture on page 5) the grooves left on the rocks. (And by the way, they still have one of his teeth there, in a village on the Opi River). Well, Totoima had been sharpening his teeth this day; and when he had finished he left them on the bank and went down into the water for his bathe. He was enjoying himself very much, popping up out of the water and throwing his head back and running his fingers through his long hair, when suddenly those two boys appeared on the bank and seized his teeth.

Totoima did not quite like the look of this. He tried to be pleasant. "Ha, my boys," he sang out, "What

have you got there? Those things aren't for children!" But the boys knew what they were about. They had some stones hidden in their hands, and "Here you are," they said, and threw the stones into the water. Old Totoima thought he had got his teeth back. He dived under to look for them and found only stones. Then he came up in a fury; but the boys were gone.

He is Caught in the Pig Trap.

Totoima scrambled out of the river and chased them. They ran as fast as they could, but at every step he seemed to be gaining on them. Still these boys had a plan and they were carrying it out. They led Totoima on and on, till they reached the pig trap. He was almost on top of them, when they turned and ran right through the *bage*, between the two little fences that enclose it. Of course they jumped over the trigger that makes the log fall, and passed through safely. But Totoima did not know what to expect. He rushed in after them, very clumsy, kicked the trigger, and down came the log on his back.

Even then Totoima wasn't dead. But Ua-Kakara came along, and the girls; and they all heaped dry wood on top of the *bage*; and set fire to it; and Totoima was cooked like a pig. Then they blew the shell-trumpet and all the people who had been hiding in holes and caves came out to see; and they found that their enemy was dead. Then everybody danced and sang and cut up Totoima's body, which was well cooked by this time, and ate him.

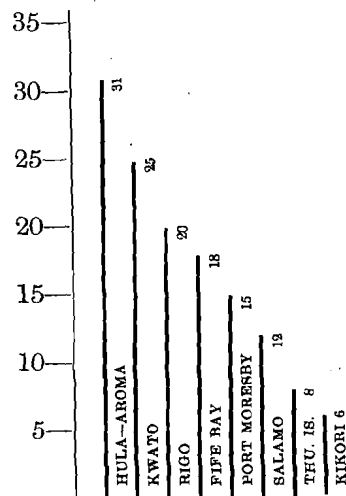
Subscribers.

AT the end of two years *The Papuan Villager* has just three less than 400 subscriptions. The people who "subscribe" pay their money down and get a copy every month for a year. We sell a good many more single copies; but what we want is subscriptions. Then we know that the paper is being really used.

You will see that there are more European subscriptions than native ones. We are glad to have the help of the Europeans; but *The Papuan Villager* is really for the Papuans, and

we want to see the Papuan subscriptions catch up to the Europeans, and win the race.

You will see some villages are a long way ahead of others. Hula and Aroma between them head the list. They are the highest on the "ladder." Perhaps some other villages will climb up and pass them. We shall publish this ladder from time to time, and when any village gets together 5 subscribers, the name of that village will be shown on the ladder with the others. If you want a place on the ladder for your village you must get your friends to send in subscriptions.



Moru—Iokea, 4; Mailu, 3; Kerema, 2; Nimoa (Misima), 2; Misima, 2; Orokolo, 2; Aird Hill, 2; Samarai, 1; Sangara, 1; Otamata, 1; Inaui, 1; Yule Island, 1; Urika, 1; Vailala, 1; Wanigela, N.E.D., 1; Kairuku, 1; Delena, 1; Kokoda, 1; Cape Nelson, 1; Motu Motu, 1; Taupota, 1; Pari, 1.

Of the 230, European subscriptions, 12 go to the Rev. MacFarlane at Thursday Island and these 12 papers are probably read by natives.

"The Papuan Villager" in the Schools.

Perhaps the best work that the paper does is in the Mission Schools. Every month we send out 546 copies to the different schools for the girls and boys to read. We hope that when the children leave school they will keep on reading the paper. The papers are used by the different Missions as follows:—

London Missionary Society, 241; Methodist Missionary Society, 216; Anglican Missionary Society, 86; and the Seventh Day Adventist's also receive a few copies.

Present to the "Vaiviri" Heroes.

NONE of us have forgotten how Igua Kevau and Gari Dai saved Mrs. Berge when the *Vaiviri* was lost. The white people in Papua got together some money to reward these two men for their bravery; and on the 12th December the Governor gave it to them. A lot of natives and white people came together to see the two heroes get their reward.

The Governor's Speech.

The Governor spoke in English and Lohia turned what he said into Motuan. Everyone, the Governor said, was very proud of the two natives, because they had risked their lives to save the white woman. When he went away to Australia or England, people often asked him what sort of men the Papuans were. He could always speak well of them. And to show how brave and strong they were he could tell the story of the *Vaiviri*, and how Igua and Gari Dai had behaved on that terrible day.

Then the Governor gave Saving Bank pass-books to them. Igua, the captain, has £44 3s. 6d. in the bank, and Gari Dai has £29 1s. 10d. This money is a present from the white people.

Garia Vagi, Chairman of the Village Council, made a speech in answer to the Governor's and said he hoped that his countrymen would always be as brave as Igua and Gari.

Lloyd's Medals.

The two men are to get a further reward. The people in England had heard of the wreck of the *Vaiviri* and they have promised two Lloyd's Medals to them. These medals are given to those who risk their lives to save others at sea. Only those who are very brave and strong can receive them.

Lloyd's medals are of gold, or silver, or bronze. We do not yet know which the *Vaiviri* men are to get. (The only man who has ever had a gold Lloyd's Medal is Admiral Evans, who was here not long ago with the Australian Fleet). But whether it is of gold or silver or bronze, the medal is a very great honour.

String Bags.

ON page 5 you see a picture of some Koiari string bags, called *Yago*. I don't think you will find any better ones in the whole of Papua than those made by the Koiari woman.

In most parts of the country you find artists of some sort, sometimes they are men, and sometimes they are women. In the Koiari country the men artists decorate bamboo pipes and make pretty ornaments of feathers and shells. The women are artists making these string bags; and very pretty they are, with patterns of "dyed" or coloured string, in red and green and brown.

Sailing Canoes.

PAGE 4 has some pictures of Papuan canoes with their different kinds of sails. You can see the oval sail used among the islands of the east; and sometimes these sails take the canoes for very long journeys. In the bottom left-hand corner of page 4 is a picture of the ready-made sail of a Suau district canoe. In this district you usually have to paddle, but when there is a good wind, you rig up a coconut leaf mat, and then you can sit down and take it easy.

The big picture shows you a yacht Sydney Harbour. A yacht (you pronounce it "yot") is one of the white men's pleasure boats; and it is one of the white men's games to race them against each other. They have very tall sails, or as we say, they carry a lot of canvas; and I am afraid they would leave any of our Papuan canoes a long way behind.

"Kaiva-Kukus."

TOWARDS the end of last year the people along the Gulf Coast were having their *Kaiva-Kuku* feasts and dances. The pictures on page 5 are old ones, showing some of the men in their masks away back in 1923. But every year some village or other has a great *Kaiva-Kuku* ceremony. These old pictures were taken by Mr. Lambden. He has sent some new pictures of last year's ceremony and soon they will be seen in *The Papuan Villager*.

Mr. Lambden also bought 69 of the masks or costumes. They will be brought into the Museum in Port Moresby by and by, where the white people will be able to see them.

The Leopard.

ONE of the most interesting of the animals in the Zoo is the Leopard—the "big spotted cat," as he is often called. You all know what a cat looks like; and you will see by the picture how like the leopard is to the ordinary house cat, that purrs so contentedly and plays with the children. This animal belongs to the great "cat family" and is the third largest in it, the lion and tiger being the only two of greater size. He is found in many parts of the world; from the Cape of Good Hope in Africa to the Atlas Mountains, and from Southern China to the Black Sea at the South of Russia.

The leopard has perhaps the worst character of all the cat tribe for he is very fierce and dangerous. Without warning he springs on his victim as an ordinary cat will spring on his bird or mouse. He lives in trees and hunts by night, and the noise he makes is like the sawing of wood. He is sometimes called a panther because this word means "a hunter of everything," and he feeds on cattle, calves, sheep, birds and dogs. He is especially fond of dogs so you may be very glad he is not found in Papua, and that your village dogs are safe from his dangerous claws. For he would creep stealthily up behind the dogs, seize him and hold him till he either broke his back or strangled him. After eating part of his victim he would climb with the rest of the body into a tree, so that no other animal might steal it; and there he would enjoy his meal at his leisure.

Leopards do not often attack human beings but sometimes they do become "man-eaters." When they have tasted human flesh they always want more of it. Then they are very dangerous, for their attack is so unexpected. There is a story of a native who was helping his taubada fire the grass on the river bank. He stopped to drink from the river when he was seized from behind by a leopard. His brother from the bank saw and hurled

his spear. It must have been a very good shot, for it broke the animal's back-bone and it fell dead. The boy did not live, for his chest had been torn open by the leopard's claws, and he died that night.

A strange story of a female leopard comes from India. She was robbed of her cubs, so she stole a native child and reared him in the bush as her own. When found the child behaved just like a little wild beast, or just as one of her own cubs would have done. So you see it is much better to meet the leopard behind the bars of the Zoo rather than some dark night on the track. —"C.W."

Poreporena School's Christmas Entertainment.

On the 15th December the Poreporena School gave their Christmas Entertainment. Quite a number of white people from Port Moresby went out to see it, and they all agreed that it was a very good show. It was a credit to the boys and girls themselves, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton and Miss Milne, who had taught them.

The choir sang Christmas Carols and native hymns; and the girls sang a Russian song, "The Volga Boatmen" especially well. The Rovers and Scouts did some very fine gymnastics, and the Cubs did some Team Games. The Guides sang rounds, played native games and showed us some pretty dances. And the little children of the Kindergarten did as much as anyone. Everyone was glad to see the three goats get past the red devil-devil under the bridge.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

BUNA.

(Correspondent — N. Raho Rakatani.)

TODAY Sergeant Jorega went to his village for 2 month's spell. He comes from Wai-E Village on the Lower Barigi River in the North-Eastern Division. Sergeant Jorega gets this leave because he signed on again for three years. He is a very good man for the Government, because he knows all the places in the Country of Papua and can speak a lot of the languages. He is a very good man at drill. Sometimes some men come to Buna to be new policeman. When they come they know nothing about Government work and drill, but every morning early the sergeant shows them how to drill on the

parade ground with all the other police. Plenty of other village people come in the mornings sometimes to see the policeman drill; they look very nice when they do their drill well. Then the sergeant gives them a talk, how to do their work when they go in the bush for patrol with the Government taubadas. Sometimes the sergeant takes a rifle to pieces and shows all the policeman how to look after their rifles.

Sergeant Jorega has belonged to the Armed Constabulary for 18 years. When he first came to Buna he fell on some timber and hurt his eye. Now he cannot see out of this eye, but he still does his work well for the Government, and the Government does not want to lose him.

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

The Governor's Visit.

DURING the month of November the *Laurabada* was here from Port Moresby. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and his Official Secretary, the Hon. H. L. Murray, the Hon. H. W. Champion, and the Resident Magistrate, Central Division, Mr. A. C. Rentoul, were all on board. His Excellency and the Government Secretary and the Official Secretary were on the way to visit the Police Camp at Mondo. The Resident Magistrate was on his inspection to the Station.

Station.

While His Excellency and party were away, we, the Station Police and Co., had many a fine evening spent in playing cricket with the *Laurabada* crew. The crew with their master, Mr. Waldron the engineer, and police, with their master, Mr. W. H. H. Thompson.

On the 15th November, 1930 (that was a Saturday), in the afternoon at about 2 p.m. the Station played the *Laurabada*. Mr. Waldron had 8 of his crew with him, and Mr. Thompson had 6 police, his cook and me (9 each side). Station, 1st Innings, 20 runs; *Laurabada*, 1st Innings, 54 runs; Station, 2nd Innings, 102 runs; *Laurabada*, 2nd Innings, 61 runs; Station, total 122 runs; *Laurabada*, total 115.

Laurabada was beaten by 7 runs, which we, Station Police and Co., were very proud of, because many of the police did not know how to play so well as the crew. Mr. Waldron and crew gave Station three (3) cheers; and then Mr. Thompson and Police gave also three (3) cheers to the crew.

On the 25th the *Laurabada* left for Port Moresby with many police on transfer to Headquarters Office from Kambisi, and Kairuku Station.

The Editor of *The Papuan Villager* visited the Station also during the month. I was very glad to have a few words with him.

General.

Everywhere in the district there is dancing, and feasting. The dancing continues as long as no one dies in a village. It comes to a stop only when a neighbour dies.

The Chiria dance which I told of in the last "Villager" has now started, but the big feast, and dancing has not started yet.

The Pinupakas, Delena, Nikula, have stopped dancing now, as they have had deaths just lately. But they are invited to the Chiria feast and dancing; so they will come and dance there but they cannot dance in their own village on account of deaths.

The Waima's, Kivori, Mou, Biotou, Rapa, Delena, and Pokama, and Pinupaka's are all invited, there will be a very big dance as I have told.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Irua.)

New Cricket Ground.

ON the 25th December, 1930, all the members of the Taora Cricket Club opened their new pitch. They have worked hard on it by levelling up for some ten months, and they have not yet tried it until this day. It was opened by Areni-Teina, adopted son of the late Teina-Materua, and one of our head Deacons, Miria-Ikupu. This pitch is well made by Igo-Gau, a native carpenter of Public Works Department and he was assisted by Jimmy Williams of Public Works Department.

Now all the boys of Poreporena are very glad with these two pitches, one at Kavari, below the Mission Station, and this new one. I hope they will prove themselves in cricket, and that some of them will be good cricketers.

Rain Falls.

We have had a very good rain fall on Monday and Tuesday, 29th and 30th December, and I understand all the plants are very happy and joyful, and all the people in Papua as well, because we have plenty of water now.

Cricket.

The match between the Port Moresby cricketers and Poreporena played on the 27th December, 1930, resulted in a draw.

Port Moresby, 1st Innings, 215; O'Malley, 71; Harris, 63; Dr. Lewis, 31. Bowling: Kohu-Dogodo, 5 for 27; Rarua-Tau, 3 for 35.

Poreporena, 1st Innings, 6 wickets, for 199; Boe-Gavera, 73; Igo-Erua, 64; Heni-Heni, 33. Bowling: Harris, 5 for 73.

RIGO.

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua.)

Village Dance and Feast.

GARIMAINO and his brother Giniobe of Kapakapa have made a big dance. It took them 2 months to collect the food and bring it in for the feast. People from Gomori, Kemaea, Ginigolo and Unugau were invited to the feast; also some from Hanuabada. The dancing finished on the 18th November. After the last dance of the feast a lot of the young boys were married.

Station Gardens.

The prisoners are busy cleaning our old gardens of yam and taitu. It has been very dry, but the gardens have taitu ready for the raising.

"The Papuan Villager."

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

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Story of a Snake at Rossel Island.

A long time ago a Snake lived on Sudest Island. At that place it dwelt below a hill called Tuagu. It lived inside a rock. The rock was big and steep, so people who went to look at it could not get down; and if they did how could they climb up to the top? And there was a little creek with water, which was too cool and nice.

There was a old woman who lived there with her three grandsons. The old woman was the mother of the Snake. She lived on the hill called Tuagu. It was a good and healthy place, also plenty of produce from their gardens and very nice water. But those three boys got tired of eating yams and taros, so they had thoughts how they could get some sago to eat instead of yams and taro.

They made a plan between themselves and one of them said to his other little brothers: "It would be better to go and help the village people in cutting sago trees, that they may give us some sago." And the two little brothers replied and said, "Very well." So one day they told the old woman about it, and the old woman trusted them and sent them to go and do what they want. They went and found several people who were cutting the sago trees, and they asked if they could give a hand. The people were very glad when they heard that from them, and told them to cut some sagos for themselves, and taught them how to do it, and make sago. All people then presented some more sago to them, and they went back to their place with sago.

On the way going home the old woman saw them carrying sago and she was very glad. Then they arrived at their place and gave sago to the old woman and told her to cook it for them because they like it very much. The old woman took the sago, and cooked also yams and taro. When they were ready to serve, she served yams and taros to the boys and kept sago for her son, Snake. Then she called to the boys to come and have their food. At the same time she told them to go and carry some water. On their way she went and took the dishful of sago for her son Snake. When these three boys went to the place where their food been served and they found yams and taros were served for them instead of sago, they talked to themselves, one to another, and said, "Where is our sago? We are already tired of eating these yams and taros." And one of them, the first boy, said, "It would have been better not to have worried our grandmother. Reason is she is old woman and she might be keeping it for sometime." So they eat yams and taros.

The next day they would like to have sago, but no sago at all. It had been given all to the Snake and not to them. Day by day they cut sago, but the old woman only fed the Snake without them. So these three boys made a plan between themselves and said, "We might hide somewhere and find out what this old woman is doing with all the sagos." So one day they brought some more sago and give to the old woman and told her to cook it for them; also told her that they

were going to walk about somewhere in the bush, and they could have their food on their return. And the old woman said to them, "Very well." The way they went was the same track where to carry water to the Snake. They were hidden there. In a moment they saw the old woman going to them in the same way, and they hid very nicely, so old woman could not see them. The old woman passed them in the track with very large dish, full of sago, and they were very surprised and follow her to the place where the Snake was, and they were still hidden. Then the old woman put the dish on top of the rock and called the Snake. Then Snake came up to the top of rock with its gold head and eat the sago. These three boys had great surprise and said, "This is what the old woman is doing with all the sago that we had very busy time making and not smelling a spoon!" And they return home angry. Otherwise they don't know Snake is living with them, also that the Snake is their grandfather. The old woman not taught them there was Snake with them.

How the Snake went to Rossel Island.

One day these three boys would like to kill or shift off the Snake. So they made a plan and said to the old woman, "We go and make some more sago," and they went away in the bush. They cut sticks and made much noise trying to shift Snake. But Snake did not remove from its place. They again cut some more trees. Then they cut a tree for the Snake. That tree called *Kinai*. Then Snake tried to get out from its place. As they were cutting the trees, a tree fallen down on the ground and made great sound. The old woman heard it and ran down to the place where boys and Snake were, and saw the Snake which already had come up on the rock. She was very angry at the boys and said to them, "This is your grandfather. What is the matter, you trying to shift it?" The boys were very sad when they heard so. So the Snake tried to go out from that place to another place. It started to creep. The old woman tried to shut the track with the wooden dish, but Snake does not like to stay there at all. Consequently it went down from the creek called *Hioma* to the sea coast and told the old woman to bring a spathe of coconut and make a canoe and put its head on top of it and swim, so as to swim over to an Island called Piron. So it went away on the sea to Piron Island, but the place which it left was

not too far from there to see. Then tried for Rossel Island. On the way it went on the reef. There was a great big shark after it, and shark would like to bite the tail off the Snake, but the Snake was wriggling to keep the shark away. So that reef was made by the Snake. The passage since has been called "The Snake Passage," on the way going to Rossel Island. The Snake reached Rossel Island, and turned round to see the place where it left, but it was far away, and no hope to see the old place. It is now living at Rossel Island. The name of all the place were changed by him and he put the names same as what is done at Sudest Island. But the poor old woman sat on the hill of Tuagu and weep so much for her loving son Snake, and did not eat and drink until she became a white stone. That stone is living now since then. So people of Sudest Island made a Memorial of the old woman.

[By Peter John, Native Clerk, R.M. Office, Misima, S.E.D. This story wins the 5s. prize this month.]

The H.M.A.S. "Australia."

THE *Australia* arrived at Samarai on Sunday morning. She anchored behind Ebuma. On Monday most of us went over to see the man-o-war. When we got to the man-o-war, we all went up and waited on the deck, and one of the officers elected two men to lead us; and both of them came and told us to go round to the port side deck. And there they divided us; some of the boys followed the one man, and we followed the other.

And we went up and saw two big guns in front, after that we went and saw machine guns, for shooting the seaplanes. She had 8 machine guns, four in front and four behind. And they had two big tanks where they use to keep benzine and kerosene for their little launches, one on the port side and the other on the starboard side. And we went and saw torpedoes, she had 8 torpedoes four on the starboard side and four on the port side.

And we went right up, and we saw their boat builders building their new launch in their work shop. They had one handsaw like we have here. And we went and saw school boys having their school with one of the officers.

After that we went down inside the ship. We wanted to see the model of *Australia*, and we got down to the first room which the Navy use to keep their things. On the further side of the wall, they hang their drilling guns. And we went and saw the model of the ship. We were so excited when we saw that model; it looks the same as the whole ship. The measurement of that model is about six feet long. And we saw the photograph of our King and Queen. It was hanging on the wall.

Inside of that ship was so neat, it looked like big house, that is built on the land. And when we finished looking at the rooms, we went back home.

[By Joshua, Kwato. We are sorry this was overlooked. It should have been published when the Fleet was here. Ed.]

KATHLEEN GIBSON

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