

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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CHRISTMAS.

ONCE every year we have our Christmas. It will be here in ten days' time, and if you live near any white people you will see that they are getting ready for it; for white people think Christmas is perhaps the best day in all the year.

Christmas is a Holy Day.

It is a holiday and a holy day. It is a holy day because it is the birthday of Jesus. You have been taught that Jesus Christ was born on this day, 25th December. For that reason it is kept as a holy day. Christmas has been kept up for 1931 years; and it will go on for a lot longer.

All good Christians go to Church on Christmas Day; they have special services and they sing special hymns. In every Mission it will be a holy day.

As a Holiday.

But Christmas is also a holiday. That means that we can knock off work and amuse ourselves. Most people are glad when they can knock off work for a while—white people as well as Papuans. And they all look forward to Christmas for it is a feast day when everyone is happy.

Christmas Eve.

First of all comes Christmas Eve, or the day before Christmas. During the night some people go from house to house singing Christmas hymns, or "carols" as they are called. If anyone comes to your house to sing carols, you have to open the door and let them in, and give them something

to eat and drink. Then they go off to another house, and sing some more carols, and eat and drink some more.

children go bare-legged and do without stockings, but if you think you are going to get any presents you can hang up a *kiapa*.)

Santa Claus.

During the night an old man called Santa Claus, or Father Christmas, comes round to every house. He has a large white beard and he wears a red coat and he carries a big bag full of presents. In cold countries he drives round over the snow with a pair of reindeer. Reindeer are something like active, large-legged cows. At any rate they have horns. Some of you who live near Port Moresby have seen the deer that were once let loose in the hills (I don't know if any are left). Well, Santa Claus's reindeer are something like those.

There is no snow and there are no reindeer in Papua, but Santa Claus manages to get round somehow; and there is no white boy or girl who doesn't get some Christmas presents. They wake up in the morning and look in their stockings and find them full of toys.

Christmas Dinner.

Then Christmas is a day of feasting. The white people eat roast turkey and plum pudding for their dinner. You should always have plum pudding; and you should capsize brandy on top of it and light it, and bring it in burning. Brandy burns like kerosene, but happily it doesn't taste like it. And the cook puts some sixpenny-bits in the pudding. If when you are eating the pudding you bite on a sixpence, you can keep it, and it will bring you good luck.



MODEL OF A DUBU POST, HANUABADA.

Christmas Presents.

On Christmas Eve you have to get your presents ready; for it is a custom of the white people to give one another presents at Christmas. When they go to bed on Christmas Eve the children hang up their stockings. (Native

Boxing Day.

The day after Christmas is called Boxing Day. It has something to do with Christmas presents, or Christmas "boxes" as we call them. It has nothing to do with the sort of fighting that we call "boxing." You are not supposed to do any fighting at Christmas time; or if you do fight or "box," you must not lose your temper or get wild. It is very bad manners to get wild at Christmas, for this is a time of good-will. You should feel kindly towards everyone.

The New Year.

Christmas comes very near the end of the year. A week after it is finished we shall be in 1932. New Year's Day is the time to make good resolves: that means to say you decide to work hard and do all sorts of good things. You have all the rest of the year to keep your good resolves.

When we meet our friends about this time we hope they will have a good day at Christmas and good luck after it. So *The Papuan Villager* will now wish all its readers a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

No. 6.

More about Malarial Fever.

Malaria Germs.

IN the last article on Hygiene I told you something about fever, and malarial fever, and the thermometer, and how to treat or cure malarial fever. In this article I will tell how malarial fever is caused.

Malaria is caused by a "germ." A germ is a very small thing, so small that it can only be seen by special glasses which doctors call "microscopes."

These small germs, or eggs, get into your blood; and the way in which they get into your blood is very strange.

Anopheles Mosquitoes.

Many of you know that there are two quite different kinds of mosquitoes. Some seem to rest flat on your skin; while others seem to be almost standing on their heads.

The mosquitoes which seem to stand on their head are called "Anopheles," and are the cause of malaria.

How the Mosquito carries Malaria from one man to another.

When a female anopheles bites someone with malaria it drinks in some of the blood of the sick man. The sick man has the germs of malaria in his blood. If he has had malaria for a long time he probably has a special kind of these germs. This kind of germ, when it is drunk in by the mosquito, multiplies very fast in its stomach.

Now, if the same mosquito bites another man a week or two later some of the germs get into his blood. The mosquito puts them there when he bites him. In about a week, or more, this man may get malaria.

How the Mosquito puts the Germs into you.

If a mosquito bites a European who is not used to the country he is soon very uncomfortable; he finds that the place bitten itches for a long time. After a while a European who is used to the country is not made so uncomfortable, but still the bite itches.

You natives feel the bites less than Europeans. But even you do not like being bitten by mosquitoes.

Most of the pain of the bite is caused by a fluid which the mosquito shoots into the skin so as to make the blood flow readily. When the mosquito shoots in this fluid some of the malaria germs are shot in at the same time. After about a week they may cause fever of the kind which the doctors call malaria.

—W. M. Strong.

Pictures from the Morehead district.

Drums.

THE four men in the picture on page 92 are holding four fine Morehead drums. Here we find some of the biggest and best drums in Papua. Some of them are more than four feet long, and they are well carved, and painted red and white.

In the Morehead district they sometimes cover the end of the drum with snake or lizard skin. But more often they use the skin of the wallaby. I think it is only in the west that they cover their drums in this way.

Drinking from a Bamboo.

The Morehead district is very wet during part of the year and dry during the other part. In the wet season the ground is covered with water for miles and miles, and very often it is so deep that the people must travel from place to place in canoes.

In the other season, when the floods have all gone away, it is sometimes so dry that it is very hard to find water at all. The people have to leave their villages and go and camp by streams and waterholes if there are any left.

They have to carry their water a long way sometimes; and one of the best ways of carrying it is in a bamboo.

In the picture you see one man helping another to have a drink out of the bamboo. You must tip up the bamboo very carefully. If you have not tried this way before you will tip it too high, and you will give your friend a bath as well as a drink.

Papuan Noses.

NEARLY all the people in Papua like to alter their noses. We are all born with two noseholes in our noses, that is, our "nostrils." We breathe through them and we smell with them.

But most natives like at least one more, so they bore a hole through the thin flesh between the nostrils. You have to do this if you want to wear a nose-bone, or a piece of clam-shell with painted ends, in your nose.

Some others make two little holes, one over each nostril. You can poke feathers or pieces of grass into these small holes if you have them like the Kukukukus.

Then again some people make two more holes, quite big ones in the end of their nose; and through there you can stick a pair of pig tusks.

We have shown you a picture of this fashion in *The Papuan Villager* before.

Some of the men away in the west have all five holes in their noses. If we count the nostrils, then they have seven.

The old man from the Fly River shown on page 92 has decorated his nose in another way. He has cut a slit in the end of it.

The Story of Kivavia.

THE two men in the picture on page 92 are holding a very fine *waho*. A *waho* is a piece of wood carved and painted with a sort of man's face. You see many of them in the *eravo* (or *dubu*) of the Gulf Division. This one belongs to an *eravo* in Mei, and the man on the left side is Dyamu, who looks after it.

It is named Kivavia, one of the ancestors of Dyamu's people. There is a very long story about Kivavia and his adventures. He travelled from end to end of the Gulf Coast, but at last he settled on the River Purari, with his friend Epe.

Kivavia had quarrelled with a man called Api; and he played a dirty trick on Api's people. He asked him to send all his women up the river to fish. The good-looking women were in one canoe and the ugly ones in another. When they were passing upstream Kivavia pushed over a tree so that it fell on the canoes of the ugly women. Then he and Epe jumped out and cut them up. The good-looking women they kept at their village, so that Api's village had none at all.

On this big *waho* you can see Kivavia's face, and some of the arms or legs, and half a face, of the women he cut up, you can also see Kivavia's palm-wood knife, with which he cut them.

Climbing Mount Kamet.

A PARTY of Englishmen have this year put up a record in mountain climbing. They have now reached the top of Mount Kamet in India. It is 25,447 feet high—nearly

twice as high as our Mount Victoria. Mt. Kamet is covered with snow and ice, and it is very heavy work climbing so high; for a man finds it hard to breathe up there in the thin air.

When the white men had nearly reached the top they stopped and told one of their two native carriers to go on ahead. Because he had served them so well they gave him the honour. He was the first man to stand on the top of the highest mountain that has yet been climbed.

The Oldest Man.

WE have spoken about Zaro Agha before in *The Papuan Villager*. He is the oldest man about at present—just 156 years (most of us will be lucky if we reach half that age).

The latest thing he has done is to take lessons in flying. He has been up in a Moth Aeroplane; and for a little while he was the pilot.

Zaro Agha said he liked flying very much. He did not think it was dangerous. At any rate it was not half as dangerous as marriage. He may not know very much about flying yet; but he has certainly learnt a lot about marriage in his 156 years. He has been married 11 times.

Stealing a Bun.

A BOY working for the Steamships Company in Port Moresby took a bun from under the counter and hid it in his *rami*. He was caught and taken before the Magistrate. The Magistrate said he must go to gaol for three days, or else pay a fine of 2s.

He stole a bun worth one penny, and it cost him 2s. He could have bought 24 buns with that and had a good feed.

A Maori Prime Minister.

ALL boys and girls who have been to Mission Schools know where New Zealand is; and they should know that the native people of New Zealand are called Maoris.

Now Maoris are much more like white people than you Papuans are. Many of the L.M.S. mission teachers are from Samoa and other islands. The Maoris are very much like these men.

Many of them have been for years at the best schools, and some of them have learned as much as the white people—much more than some white people.

Not long ago a Maori rose to a very high place in New Zealand. He was Sir Apirana Ugata (the King only gives the title "Sir" to very important men). This Maori not long ago was acting as Prime Minister. That means that he was then the first man in all New Zealand.

"Lakatoi" and "Bevaia."

"Lakatoi" at Arihava.

THREE *lakatoi* arrived at Arihava last month after a good voyage. Two of them came from Porebada and one from Pari. They are now in Hopaiku Creek.

I have also heard that a Pari *lakatoi* is at Auma; and one from Kido is at Kerema.

One Hanuabada *lakatoi* is at Karama and two are at Keuru. There are also one or two Boera *lakatoi* at Keuru. Some have gone to the Purari Delta.

"Bevaia" from Vailala.

In Vailala East the people are making some very fine dugouts. They will tie them together when they are ready, and sail down to the Motu villages, and perhaps as far as Aroma. Eight of them will leave Vailala.

These *lakatoi* from the Gulf are called *Bevaia*. Long ago they used to be paddled, and the crew changed bows and arrows and native-grown tobacco for pots and arm-shells. Now the Gulf people have learned to use sails; and they often take loads of sago to the Motu villages.

They have their captains, like the *baditauna* and the *doritauna*; only they call them the *oropa-paera* and the *aireke-paera*, that is, the "front man" and the "rear man."



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"ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST CURIOUS PUBLICATIONS"

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Dog Magic Among the Orokaiva.

Totoima.

A LONG time ago we told the story of Totoima among the Orokaiva. He was the man with the sharp tusks like a pig's; he went about killing all the people, and after a day's work of killing he would take out his teeth and grind them sharp on a stone. We told the story of how once Totoima left his teeth on the river-bank while he bathed; of how two boys got hold of them and ran away; and of how they led him, on, and at last threw them into a pig trap, so that Totoima ran in after them and was killed.

Totoima's Rock.

There is a big rock on the River Gira with a lot of grooves or marks on it. They say this is one of the places where Totoima used to sharpen his teeth. And there is a hole in it.

They say that if you put your dog into this hole he will become a good hunter; and there are some little plants on the rock that you can give your dog to eat. This, they say, will make him like Totoima. For just as Totoima was a hunter of men, so will your dog become a hunter of pigs.

In the picture you see the Editor's dog sitting in the hole. But I can't say it ever made him any better as a hunter.

A Model "Dubu" Post.

THE *dubu* post on the front page is a "model" made by Leke-Boio and his son Maba-Leke of Hanuabada. It is said to be a copy of one of the posts of Ahuia's old *dubu*.

Ahuia hopes to put up his new *dubu* early next year.

This model is only about 1 foot 6 inches high. It was very well carved and coloured, and was bought for the Museum.

Koiari Villages.

ON page 92 is a picture of a house in Haveri Village above Sogeri. The two men are Warita (of "14

mile") and Aroa, the Village Constable of Sogeri. If every village was as clean and pretty as Haveri, Papua would be a nicer place to live in. In many of the Koiari villages the natives have planted crotons and flowers; and after Christmas they will have more oranges and mandarins than they can eat.

The woman bringing home the firewood has her baby hanging in front of her in a *kiapa*, to help balance the load of wood.

Treatment of Influenza.

WHEN you first feel ill with influenza take some salts medicine, also take a five-grain tablet of quinine three times a day for two or three days. It is also a good thing to take some cod-liver oil. It is also good to eat the juice of a few oranges or limes or papaws. You should not eat too much of your ordinary food.

It is a very bad thing to get wet or to get in a cold place or in a cold wind when you have influenza. It is good to lie by a fire and not to go out till you are better. In a few days' time you should be better, but if the pain and fever does not go away you should go on taking five grains of quinine three times a day for two or three days in each week, and lie by the fire. Take salts if needed and some cod-liver oil and you will slowly get better.

If you have influenza, or if others have it, you should not go into houses where there are many people. If you do this the influenza will be worse.

Until the influenza has quite gone no one should go to school or to church unless held outside in the open air where people are not crowded together.

It makes the influenza worse if you spit about the house. If you want to spit you should spit into a coconut shell which your friend should wash out in the salt water. If there is no salt water near, use fresh water.

Earthquake in Gulf Division.

ON the night of Monday, 2nd November, there was a bad earthquake in the Gulf Division. They often have little earthquakes there; but this was a big one. I am told that it shook down some houses in the villages near Kerema. It seemed to be worse at Kerema than at other places on the coast. The Magistrate's house was shifted on its piles, and Mr. Massy-Baker's, across the Bay, was badly damaged.

Visit of the "Malolo."

A BIG American boat, the *Malolo*, visited Port Moresby on the 19th November. She had about 130 passengers, and they were very interested in what they saw here.

There was a fine dance at the Barracks which they nearly all went to see; and some of them went along to Poreporena and others to the Museum. When visitors like this come to Papua they want to see what the natives can do and what they can make.

In the afternoon some Poreporena people went aboard to see what the *Malolo* was like. She is a boat of 22,500 tons—nearly five times as big as the new *Macdhui*. She has a swimming pool and a gymnasium; and some of the Poreporena boys showed what they could do on the "horse" in the gymnasium.

Flying—England to Australia.

THE record has been broken again. An Australian airman named Butler has done the journey in 9 days, 1 hour, 17 minutes.

South African Cricketers.

THE South African team has reached Australia and begun to play matches. They beat South Australia; they were beaten by Victoria; and they drew with New South Wales.

The first Test was played in Brisbane and finished on the 3rd December when Australia won by an innings and 115 runs.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

DARU.

(Correspondent—William Tabua.)

Flying.

CAPTAIN Moody arrived here on the 20th of November on his flying machine. On that same evening he gave several people rides. And on the next day nearly 30 natives had a ride besides a few Europeans.

Patrol.

The R.M., Mr. Woodward and Mr. Faithorn have been away for several days to the western part of Mabudawan. In their absence the launch *Alele* arrived from Kikori.

Fighting.

Word was brought in by some of the natives that there had been some fighting going on in the Turama River.

Medical.

Mr. Sharp, E.M.A., arrived here yesterday late in the afternoon from Tonda to meet the *Papuan Chief*. He left two of his medical boys behind to look after the sick people; he will be going back there shortly.

Mission.

There are a lot of people coming in sometime this week from all parts of the coastal villages, for the May meetings, and also to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Ure. There will be lot of feasting and dancing.

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Outbreak of Influenza.

THERE is a big outbreak of influenza raging round the district here, and very many deaths. I can give a number of deaths in villages here about the district, as listed: Chiria, 13 up-to-date; Delena and Pokama, 2; Keabada, 6; Pinupaka, 4; Mou, about 4; Bioto, about 18 or 20; Waima Group, 5 were reported to have died of the 'flue at Hisiu, while there at a festival dance, also 1 Kivori added to their number total 6. In the Kuni and Fu'uge district, about 500 deaths which number was given by the Missionaries of that district; Nara district, Oro and Ala-Ala have lost about 8.

The influenza is raging violently, and spreading from village to village up Mekeo, and down Roro (Coast). Hisiu, Kabadi and the plantations round, have it also.

Mekeo—Rice Planting.

A.R.M., Kairuku, has warned the Mekeos of the coming year's taxes, and told them to make Rice Plantations each village. They have now cleared several acres of land each and making ready for planting when the rainy season comes.

Rain.

There has been a big drought this year. It hadn't rained enough during the last six months since April. May rain, 44 pts.; June, 14 pts.; July, 1 pt.; August, 121 pts.; Sept.,

81 pts.; Oct., 10 pts.; which was nothing at all, but November rain was 479 pts. May to Oct. total 271, which is a great difference to November rain alone, and so expect more in December, then the gardens will spring up once more again.

Station Gardening.

Our Station prisoners have hoed up some 2 or 3 acres of land, prepared for planting rice, etc. Now we had a good drop of rain this month—479 pts.—so we are now planting.

Trading Sago.

The Delenas and Pokamas are sending out 2 *lakotoi* to the Gulf to trade sago this year, in about 3 or 4 days time. No Chirias this year.

Xmas Greeting.

It is drawing very near to Christmas now, readers of *The Papuan Villager*. I wish you all a very Happy Christmas, and my Compliments for the Coming Year.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

His Excellency's Journey.

HIS Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, accompanied by the Government Secretary, Hon. H. W. Champion, and the Official Secretary, Hon. H. L. Murray, left Port Moresby on the m.v. *Laurabada* on the 13th ultimo, for the East and North-East Divisions of the Territory. Visits of inspection were made to Abau, Samarai, Misima, Woodlark Island and the north-east coast Government Stations. His Excellency was away on this trip for two weeks, returning on the 29th ultimo.

American Tourist Liner.

What a fine morning dawned at Port Moresby on the 19th ultimo. A beautiful Matson liner, the *Malolo*, on her special Pacific pleasure cruise arrived and she had aboard about 130 tourists from America. Everything had been prepared in Port Moresby for their welcome on arrival.

A village dance took place at the Police Barracks parade, Konedobu, from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. And on the afternoon a canoe race was sailed for the entertainment of the visitors. The *Malolo* visitors were, I understand, properly welcomed by the townspeople, and their short stay here was both interesting and enjoyable. At 4 p.m. she left for Sydney, New Zealand ports, Fiji, Pago Pago, Honolulu and San Francisco.

Memorial Day of Dr. Lawes.

The 21st day of November, 1931, was celebrated as a memorial day of Rev. Dr. W. G. Lawes, because on the same date in 1874 he first landed at Poreporena, Papua—57 years ago.

A flag-staff was hoisted at the place where the late Doctor Lawes's first house was built; and the L.M.S. flag of three white doves on a blue ground was raised on the staff. And all the old people were invited to make a speech on that afternoon to let the young people hear them, but only two old men stood up and made speeches, Gavera-Gavera,

of Poreporena, and Mahomet Ali, who is not a Papuan. The latter made his speech in English because he is not a good Motuan linguist.

Gavera-Gavera, of Poreporena, said:

"When Dr. Lawes came to Papua I was only a boy, and did not understand him properly, but I knew him a little bit. He was a good man who led the old people away from their bad customs to the light of God, and now all you young people are living a Godly and happy life. So all you Poreporena children must keep this up and all of you become true and faithful Christians."

A large number of people from the Poreporena villages and the Rev. and Mrs. Matthews attended this ceremony. A large globe was taken to the Mission by Mr. J. G. Boileau and hung up on the flag-staff to show a good light to the people as a sign at night. The ceremony was a very nice one.

Cricket.

Remembrance v. Memorial.

A match was played at the Kavari Ground of Hanuabada, on the 21st and 28th ultimo, between the teams of Remembrance and Memorial, for the memorial day of late Rev. Dr. W. G. Lawes. The toss was won by Remembrance who decided to bat. The scores were as follows: Remembrance, 243. Igo Erua, 50; Heni Heni, 29; Heni Puka, 27. Willie Gavera took 5 wickets for 31; Arua Gavera, 4 for 27; Arua Puka, 2 for 17. Memorial, 217. Ronnie Virobo, 73; Rea Mea, 38; Maraga Davaea, 33. Vaburi took 4 wickets for 47; Heni Puka, 3 for 47; Eno Oala, 3 for 41; Agalu, 1 for 22; Toua, 0 for 26; Arua Miria, 0 for 21.

The match was won by Remembrance by 26 runs.

Influenza.

There are plenty of people in Poreporena sick from the influenza, every house has got it, just a few people are free of it. Most of the sick people are working boys in Port Moresby. The Poreporena hospital boys and the medical boys are busy going from house to house giving medicine to the sick people. We hope this influenza will have gone in the next two weeks.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Story of a Man and the Dog.

ONCE upon a time there lived a very brave and good man who was known as Meifeae. His home was in a land far away from our own.

One day he rode out his war canoe, and went a long way till he came to a certain city. Near this city there was a great pond or marsh, full of dirty water; and here lived a dog, which filled all the people of the city with great fear. It had a long body, on which was bone as hard as iron; and it had also wings, with which it could lift itself up into the air. Its eyes shone like balls of fire, and its breath was full of poison.

It would often leave the marsh and come to the city. Then, if it met any people, it would kill them with the poison in its breath. The people fed it with the flesh of sheep for long time. Then someone came to the King or King of the city, and said, "The King will never leave your city till you give up your child to it." The King was very sad at it, and he said, "Take all my gold and my flocks and my herds, but do not leave my dear, dear child, the Princess." But the men of the city said she must be given up to save the others.

So the fair girl was dressed in white, and taken to the place where the dog lay. Then the men of the city ran away and left her alone. But before the dog could touch her, Meifeae came by in his strong war canoe. He asked the girl why she wept or cried, and she said, "Leave me to die alone, and go quickly away from this dog, which will soon kill you."

Meifeae Attacking the Dog.

But Meifeae was a brave man, and would not do so. "Fear not," he said to her, "I will help you, in the name of (Ualare) God." Then, all at once, the dog saw them; it came at a run to the place where they stood. Meifeae took his spear in his hand and rode to meet it. And he struck the dog with a strong blow that it fell down to the ground. Then he called out to the Princess, "Take off your belt. Bind it round the neck of the dog. Have no fear." And the maiden, full of wonder, did as she was told to do.

Then, all at once, the dog lost its fierce anger, and became very quiet. And Meifeae led it, and cut off its head.

The people of the city were full of joy when they saw what had been done. The King decided to give Meifeae a great sum of gold, but he would not take it. "It will please me best," he said, "if you will teach the men of our city to be brave and good." Then he took leave of the (Pukari) King and went on his way.

Now, this good deed of Meifeae was in time told in all lands Gulf Division. And the people of Toaripi took him for a pattern. They did up their minds to try to be as brave and good as he was.

So when they went to fight their foes they would cry, "Meifeae for merry Toaripi!" the end of Story.

[By Posu Semesevita, student, Lawes College, Fife Bay. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Story about the Three Brothers Stealing the Coconuts.

ONCE upon a time, a man with his wife had three sons. One day the man took his wife away to garden, and left the three children at home. They stayed in the garden very long, so these three brothers became very hungry and the small brother came to cry. In a little while said the elder

brother, "Let us go to the river-side and steal some coconuts."

Two small brothers are very happy to hear that, and away they went. But in a little while the small brother became unwilling and starts to walk hesitatingly.

At last they reach the place, and then the big brother starts to climb up on a tree; two small brothers are awaiting under the tree. This elder brother is very bad boy, he only knocks five coconuts off, two for his own, and two for the second brother. But the small brother had only one.

How Small Boy Reports his Two Brothers.

So the small boy began to cry and said, "I do not want this coconut at all. Both of us have two each, and I only have one; verily I do not want this coconut. I am going to tell the man who owns this coconut tree." And then the big brother is very frightened and calls down from the height, "Oh, brother, please come back; I am going to take another one for you." And he climbs up very quickly to get another one.

But the small brother did not take any notice of them, he just turned his face towards home and straightaway he got up into the man's house who owned the coconut tree, just crying very lustily not saying any words. Then said the man, "What are you crying for?" Still he was crying loudly. So the man began to doubt about it. And again said the man, "Of what thing you wish, I will give you."

And then he began to report all about it. "Our father and mother went away to garden; my two brothers and I stayed at home. They stayed too long in the garden so we are very hungry. And my big brother said, 'Let us go to the river-side and steal some coconuts out there. So we went there and my big brother climbed up and he only got five coconuts; both of them have a couple each, and I only have one, so I am coming to tell you we are stealing your coconuts.'"

The man was very sorry for that small boy, and he began to be very sad about those two boys. And he went away to fetch them and brought them to his own house with six coconuts, and he beat them with rope very badly. At last he took the six coconuts and gave to small boy; and he ate the coconuts. But the other two brothers are changed into crying.

[By V. Rea Mea, of Government Printing Office, Port Moresby.]

Mission Marriages in Baniara.

The Love Letter.

DEAR Friends,

I will tell you about our marriages. First of all the boy is going to see the girl first; then behind, boy returning back to his home,

and thinks by himself: "What I going to do about that girl?" And boy thinks good in his head, and says by himself, "More better I write her letter; send to her; what she can say, I can hear."

So the boy writes the letter and asking her, "Did you love me?" And girl she answers to him, "Oh yes! Oh yes; I love you always, because my love friend in the world."

So the boy sends letter to that girl. And so girl got the letter; read him all up that paper, what boy he says. And also girl takes the pencil and bit of writing paper; writes and sends to him. The girl she says, "Tomorrow we are going to tell our priest, and he can take our names on a paper."

The Marriage.

Both early morning they go and see their priest. Then behind, their priest says, "I give you now three weeks before married." This three weeks finished, then afterwards, our priest he will marry them in the Church; not any boy touch them and separate them; they both stay ever and ever, because they both married in the Church.

The boy married this girl; he never gave any payment to her father and mother, because we are N.E.D. people—our way! When they getting old, her husband will give two or one pig or other native article to his father-in-law and mother-in-law.

The Port Moresby Fashion.

Some of you boys read it and think in your brains, is it right or wrong? I have seen people in Port Moresby. A boy wants to marry one girl. First time he gives payment to girl's father and mother, about 250 pounds or 120 pounds. Is it good fashion that, or not? Boy work for nothing. He never got any money for himself, because he paid for his wife.

I think we got no idea for it. Look on our first Adam and Eve. Did God make Adam and then gave £100 to pay for Eve to live with him?

Oh, my dear friends, we have already seen your way and we were very surprised. We are not white staff, to earn £100 in few months, or we got plenty of money in the bank to pay for our wives. Dear friends, let us see, and stop it, or cut it out and follow our way instead of wasting and toiling for your wives. If anybody wants to receive my letter in any Division please receive it.

Well, Good-bye, Your unknown friend.

[By Stephen Mamadeni, Cpl., Head-quarters Office, Konedobu.]

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