

# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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## Work, Thrift, and Rain.

**I**N the last issue we spoke about Hard Times; and we said that hard times in Australia did not mean that the Papuan natives need suffer much. Remember that for you there are three important things. On the one hand there are Work and Thrift (or Saving); on the other hand there is the Season (or the Rainfall). You have to trust to luck about the Rainfall; but there is no luck about Work or Thrift. They are always good things and necessary things. If you work and save, you will be more ready for the bad Season when it comes.

### A Bad Season About Port Moresby.

Now in most parts of Papua the people always get plenty of rain. (In many parts they get far more than they want). But there are other places where they sometimes get too little rain. And this year there has been too little rain along the coast above and below Port Moresby.

It has, in fact, been a "Bad Season." The hot sun has burnt up the gardens, and the yams and taitu have in some places died in the ground; and some of the people are feeling anxious about food. The Councillors from Porebada and Eholasi, from Kilakila, Pari and Vabukori, and from Gaile have come in to see the Magistrate in Port Moresby and to tell him all about it.

This is all very bad luck for the people whose gardens have failed.

It is not easy to suggest anything to help them at present.

### Storing Food.

I hope that someday the people of Papua will learn to grow the sort of

the hungry-time comes you can go to your store and take out some to go on with. But at present Papuans don't seem to want to grow rice; and they grow very little corn; and at any rate they would not know how to use the corn seeds if they did store them. So what is there to do?

### Sago and "Lakatoi."

As for the Motu people and their neighbours, we hope that later on this year they will not fail to send away their *lakatoi*. There is always plenty of food in the Gulf and the Purari Delta. If the women make pots and if the men take the trouble to make *lakatoi*, you can get enough sago to carry you through the hungry time.

Some villages sent no *lakatoi* this year. Why? Some men said they were afraid of the *puripuri* of the Koiari men. That is all nonsense. Big men who could be captains of *lakatoi* turn into silly old women when there is talk of Koiari *puripuri*. The Government are sad to think that after so many years the Motuans still believe that *puripuri* could spoil a *lakatoi*.

Then there are some who say they fear the rough sea itself: they think of the *Vaiviri*, and say, "Not for me!" Well, that is a great pity too. Your fathers used to send *lakatoi* long before the white man came. They were not afraid of the wind and the waves. It will be bad luck for the Motu women of to-day if their men are frightened of the sea.



KAIVA KUKU MASK.

food that can be stored for a long time. When they have learnt to grow rice and corn they will not need to go hungry. For you put your rice and corn in a safe place; you don't eat all of it in a hurry; and then when

Perhaps it is too much trouble to make a *lakatoi*. But that can't be true. It is worth a lot of trouble to get enough to eat; but you must think a long way ahead. You must take the trouble of sending the *lakatoi* in October so that you may not be hungry in February. We hope then, that this year some strong men will get up in the Motu villages and offer to be captains of *lakatoi*; and we are sure the other people will help them. Plenty of sago from the West always helps you through the hungry-time.

### Saving Money.

But if people cannot store enough food for a bad season there is another way of saving. This way is by saving money. Of course you have first to find ways to make money and you have to work hard. Then when you have got the money you can put it in your box (or, better still, in the Bank) and keep it. When your food is finished you take out some of your money and buy rice or flour.

But here again you must think a long way ahead. Do not wait till you are hungry before you begin to make money. Make it whenever you can, and put it by.

Some of you can make copra, or dive for shell; some can sell fruit and fish and vegetables to the white *Sinabadas*; some can cut firewood and carry it up to the houses; some can make ornaments or toy canoes or model houses which visitors to Papua are glad to buy; some of you have been taught to do carpentry and cane work, and you can make chairs and tables for the white people. You should take every chance you can to make money, and not only when you happen to need it; make money at other times when there is plenty to eat and you are having an easy time. Save your money. The time may come when you will need it badly.

### Medals for the "Vaiviri" Heroes.

THE Lloyd's Medals for Igua Kevau and Gari Dai have been sent to His Excellency the Governor. He will present them to these two men when he comes back by the next *Morinda*.

## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WHAT a strange creature he is with a big clumsy body and very short legs! He is almost the largest of the animals and I should think almost the ugliest. He is found in Africa, nearly always near a river; and, big and heavy though he is, he swims well and rapidly. He can submerge himself, that is go right under the water, and can stay there easily for five minutes. If he is frightened, and wants to hide, he can stay down twice as long.

The almost black skin of the Hippopotamus is thick and leathery and is a protection to him from other animals. Even the lion finds his thick hide too tough! He himself feeds only on vegetables and what a lot of sweet potato tops it would take to fill his great mouth! What a mess he would make of your gardens should he come one night to feed there! For he tramples down as well as eats the crops, making a snorting noise as he goes. His huge feet do far more damage than all the food he eats; and when he comes he does not come alone, for these animals live in families and packs, sometimes as many as 40 at time. Just think what your gardens would be after such a visit. One Hippopotamus is as big as perhaps 20 bush pigs.

During the day they nearly always stay in the water. They may lie near the banks only partly under water, or they may sleep in pools with only their eyes and noses showing, something like crocodiles. At night they do all their travelling and can go long distances. Such short legs for such long walks! They have been known to go 25 miles in a single night. The mother animal when crossing the water places her baby on her back. If frightened she goes under the water, but can only stay down 2 minutes for she must rise for the baby to breathe! It must be a very strange sight to see a herd of these big fat creatures swimming across a river with their eyes and noses just above the surface.

—"C.W."

[Hippopotamus is said to be "the largest representative of the non-ruminating artiodactyle ungulate mammals." This only means it is a distant relative of the pig. Ed.]

## A Porebada "Lakatoi."

ON page 21 we show some pictures of a Porebada *lakatoi* at Uaripi near Kerema. The *Baditauna* of this *lakatoi* was Bodibo Bemu, and the *Doritauna* was the young man Sisia Guba. All the people of Uaripi and Mei had their sago ready by 19th January, and on that day the *lakatoi* sailed for home. The string or *boi* which Sisia was keeping showed that the *lakatoi* had been 46 days away from home; for it had 46 knots tied in it.

One of the pictures shows Rakatani Maraga of Porebada counting up the bundles of sago with Marasi of Uaripi. Rakatani had given him 35 pots and an arm-shell; and he had in return 35 *kokohara* bundles of sago and a big *gorugoru* of sago. You can see these men in the picture sticking the *kahi* or tally-sticks into each bundle as they count them.

The *lakatoi* had 5 big dug-outs and it was well loaded. Bodibo and Sisia had been burning their *keikei* pots every day; and we hear that the *lakatoi* got safely home to Porebada.

### The Scout Rally.

THE Chief Scout, Lord Baden Powell, has visited Australia with Lady Powell; and the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides will be joining in "rallies" to meet him. Two scouts from Poreporena have gone down by the *Morinda* to the rally at Brisbane. The two lucky boys chosen are Arua Gavera (who works in the Government plumber's shop), Lohia Udu (who works in the B.N.G. Company). In next issue we hope to tell something of what they saw and did in Brisbane.

### Steamers in Port Moresby.

DURING March there will have been five big boats in Papuan waters. The *Morinda* arrived on the 5th, the *Le Maire* on the 7th; the *Carisso* will arrive on the 17th from America, the *Havre* on the 18th from Singapore and the *Barracombe*, a copra boat, about two days later.

## Earthquakes, Tidal Waves, and Hurricanes.

### An Earthquake in Papua.

ON Tuesday, the 24th of last month, an earthquake was felt in Port Moresby. It happened during the night, and it was big enough to make the plates rattle on the shelves and to wake some people out of their sleep. It lasted half a minute.

We are very lucky in Papua. We do not get bad earthquakes and hurricanes and tidal waves. But see what happens in other places in the Pacific Ocean, sometimes not very far away.

### An Earthquake in New Zealand.

New Zealand once again has been visited by terrible earthquakes. Many big villages or towns have been damaged, and many people have been killed.

The town of Napier has suffered most. Within nine hours there were more than 55 earthquakes, one after another. You know, that in the white men's towns most houses are built of stone. In Napier all these stone houses were shaken down to the ground. There were many wooden houses, and these too were destroyed.

Then fire broke out and swept through the town. More than 2,000 people lost their lives.

### A Tidal Wave in New Guinea.

We read (in the *Pacific Islands Monthly*) of a tidal wave on the shores of New Guinea. (This is not Papua, but the country to the north of us). As usual the tidal wave came after an earthquake. It swept the coast for 40 miles and wiped out a mission station and a trading settlement. Six natives lost their lives and three were hurt. On a small island named Awinn the houses were washed away and cattle were carried out to sea. The manager and the plantation boys had to climb coconut palms to save their lives. This happened on Christmas eve. We can feel thankful that this Christmas present did not come to Papua.

### A Hurricane in Fiji.

Towards the end of last year a terrible wind swept over part of

Fiji. The sort of wind that knocks everything over, lifts the roofs off houses, and pulls trees up by the roots, is called a "hurricane." We don't get them in Papua. A good blow from the South-East may pull a bit of your hair out, and it may wreck a few canoes, but it doesn't knock your village to pieces. This hurricane in Fiji did a great deal of damage. It wrecked some European houses; but perhaps the worst thing it did was to spoil a great deal of the banana crop.

## Play at Lawes College.

SOME time ago when the Governor visited Lawes College, the students performed a Play. They dressed up and gave their Play in the Papuan style. First an old woman was seen sitting down by herself and making string. Then four fighting men appear. They creep nearer and nearer to the old woman, who goes on making her string. Suddenly she sees them and jumps up; and they are upon her in a moment. The widow fights hard against the four warriors but they soon kill her. Then one of them, a *vada* man, brings her back to life. He nearly succeeds, for the woman sits up again. But then she falls back in a heap.

Now one of her relatives comes up, and the four bad men take to their heels. The Village Policeman is called and he goes to get the Armed Police and a Magistrate. The four men are soon caught and then we see the Magistrate holding Court, with a talkative interpreter to help him. The Magistrate's cook boy and the witnesses are all there; and the four bad men are sent off to gaol in Daru.

The Governor and all who saw the Play enjoyed it; and they agreed it was very well done. We publish some pictures of the players kindly sent by Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Turner sent another picture which we have not been able to publish. It shows Tom Naugaleva, Gomara, Tano, and Raka Edea, all of the Central Division.

When Mrs. Turner wrote in January, she and her husband were in Sydney. They hoped soon to go off to New Zealand.

## GLIDING.

WE have seen so many flying machines in Papua that we are sometimes quite tired of hearing about them. Yet whenever we hear one we rush out to see it fly overhead.

All the flying machines which we have seen here have engines inside them. The engine sends a propeller round very fast. It is something like the propeller of a launch, but instead of pushing a boat through the water it pulls an aeroplane through the air. And the engine makes a very big noise.

But now they have been trying a new method of flying and this new kind of aeroplane has no engine and no propeller and it makes no more noise, in fact less noise, than a bird flying through the air. Another nice thing about it is that you don't have to pay for petrol.

It is called a "Glider." You have all noticed how some sea-birds can travel without beating their wings up and down like a pigeon. They can go faster than a launch, for they sweep past it, and turn round and catch it up again. And they do this with hardly any movement of their wings.

Whitemen have always been puzzled over this. And we all envy the sea bird. Some of us in the night time can fly through the air; and very pleasant and easy we find it. But then we wake up and find it was all a dream.

Now the white man is making that dream come true. He has invented the "Glider." It is something like an aeroplane to look at. It has wide wings and a box for the pilot to sit in. He starts from the top of a hill; runs down the slope; and finally makes the glider leave the ground and rise into the air. Then he can somehow make the air and the wind lift and carry him.

A great many people are trying this new method of flying in Europe. Recently an Austrian pilot travelled 93 miles in one flight in his glider; and he reached a height of 7,000 ft. That is more than half the height of Mount Victoria.

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## FIJIAN DOCTORS.

FOR many years there have been native doctors in Fiji. It is more than 40 years since the white doctors first began to train them; and since that time many Fijians have worked as doctors among their countrymen. One of them, Dr. Wilisoni was for some years at Salamo, the Methodist Mission Head-quarters in Papua.

In the Medical School at Suva, (Fiji) there are now 35 students. They have to work hard and long before they are allowed to go out as doctors. For they are not "medicine men." They have to learn to do the same sort of work as the white doctors do; and for four years they are under very wise and skilful teachers.

Someday we may see Papuan doctors as good as these Fijians.

In the meantime you have some good medical boys who do very well the work they have to do.

## Climbing Mount Victoria.

MR. S. E. Smith, the Patrol Officer in charge of Kambisi, climbed to the top of Mount Victoria not long ago. The two highest mountains in Papua are Mount Victoria and Mount Albert Edward. They are of very much the same height, but perhaps Victoria wins by a little bit, or as they say, by a "short head." You will find them on your new map between the Central Division and the Northern Division.

Mr. Smith took with him Lance-Corporal Pakai, Armed Constables Biri and Ibara, and 18 carriers—10 from Boini and Gosisi, and 8 from the Dilava Valley.

To climb a Papuan mountain means hard work. You have to cut the way through the thick timber, for there are no good tracks. In the higher parts you have to climb over the fallen tree trunks, which are covered with moss, like whiskers. But the very highest parts are open country, covered with grass.

The party reached the top of the mountain on Sunday, the 2nd November. You can tell the height of a mountain by boiling water and seeing at what heat or "temperature" the

water begins to boil. Mr. Smith did this and found that he and his men were 13,175 ft. above sea level.

## Goods Through the Post.

THE Post Office is still having trouble with boys who order things from Sydney or Brisbane by post. The goods come by V.P.P., that is Value Payable Post. This means that you pay when the parcel reaches the Post Office in Port Moresby or Samarai.

But sometimes a parcel comes for a boy and he has no ready money to pay for it. Then the Post Office will not let him have it.

When you ask a store to send you anything by post you must have enough money to pay when it comes. If boys fail again and again to bring their money, then by and by the stores may get tired. In fact one store wrote by this mail and said: "Owing to the number of V.P.P. Parcels that have been returned from the Islands and the postage on same being very high we have discontinued sending goods by this method of transit to the Islands."

If you write a letter to a store and order something for another boy, see that he gives you the money first. It sometimes happens this way; you send orders for your friends, and then when the time comes they have no money. Then probably you cannot get your own parcel.

When your order things by V.P.P. you are not getting something for nothing. You must be able to pay.

## A Fall from a Telephone Post.

THE other day one of the telephone boys had a narrow escape. Helai Morea of Porebada was at work on top of one of the poles near the school in Port Moresby. He was helping to strain the wires when the post began to fall over. Helai might have been killed, but instead of that he came down like a bird in a tree; for the fall of the post was broken by this tree and by the wire netting round the school tennis court. Helai was not hurt and was soon at work again.

## The Biggest of all Maps.

AT Chicago, in America, they are going to hold a "Century of Progress Exhibition." That means that they are going to have a big show, so that people can come and see the wonderful things that have been done by America in the last hundred years.

Part of the show is a map of America. It is not drawn on paper; it is laid out on the ground. That is to say, the earth is built up and shaped like the United States of America. A whole island in Lake Michigan is used for the map. There will be mountains and rivers, volcanoes and waterfalls. And they will all be working. The lakes will be filled with real water, and real water will be running through the rivers. Little trains will carry the visitors here and there across this map.

The scale of your map in *The Papuan Villager* is about 60 miles to one inch, or 720 miles to one foot. The map of the United States is on the scale of one mile to one foot. The island is 3,000 ft. long and 1,500 feet wide.

## Government Officers.

MR. Bastard has gone on leave and Mr. Horan is in charge at Buna. Mr. Woodward has returned to Daru and Mr. Zimmer is on leave. Mr. Claude Champion has returned from leave and gone to Tufi. Mr. Smith has gone on leave and Mr. Middleton goes to Kambisi in his place.

Mr. Faithorn from Kairuku relieves Mr. Middleton in charge of the Gaol in Port Moresby. Mr. Sands has gone to Kokoda to relieve Mr. Healy, who goes on leave.

## A Feast at Kewansasaf.

RANDOLPH Namuri, Teacher at Kewansasaf has written that some of the people lately made a feast there to mark the new Barracks beside the Mission Station. They provided 3 pigs, 100 fishes, 2,054 yams, 140 banana bunches, 1,510 potatoes, 81 taro, 3 wallabies, 10 pots of rice and 10 pots of food.

## DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

## KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

## Station.

OUR Station gardens are growing fairly well now. In the new garden the rice has sprung up now and looks well, and we hope the result will be good. Our private gardens are also doing well, and will bear in some few months time.

## The Station Staff.

One *Taubada* (Mr. W. H. H. Thompson, A.R.M.); 1 Corporal, Kadi and 10 Armed Constables of which (3) three are locals of Karuama, Mount Yule District; 1 Interpreter; 1 Warder; and myself (Native Clerk.)

## Patrolling District.

In January, Mr. Thompson visited the Mekeo and Roro (Waima and Kivori Districts), collecting taxes. But many of the people had no money (as they say). All were warned to make Copra and get the money, for the next coming round of the A.R.M.

## General.

The people of Waima, Kivori, and Bereina, have made something now of their Village Plantations. The Waima, and Kivoris have planted a good many, which were inspected by the A.R.M., and in a few years they will look very nice. In between the coconut lines, the people have planted taitu, yams, sweet potatoes, etc.

The *Laurabada* arrived from Port Moresby on the 27th January and left the same night for Kerema, Kikori and Daru. They returned to Kairuku on the 2nd February about 6 p.m. and left on the 3rd with a load of coconuts for Badili Gaol from the Station. Our *Taubada*, Mr. W. H. H. Thompson, went into Port Moresby by her to see the Doctor, also Mr. S. E. Smith, of the Kambisi Police Camp, who was going on leave.

## PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

## Shortage of Food—Port Moresby District.

I wrote an article in the last *Papuan Villager* stating that the prospects for the year were good.

On the 6th December, 1930, I was accompanied by Jimmy Williams and Heni-Nioke and two other boys hunting, and I saw a few gardens at the back of the hills were producing well, and all the plants I saw were nice and green. But about a month later word was received by the R.M., C.D., that the Poreporena villages are short of food, and everybody will be hungry this year.

## Laloki Gardens.

The Government have already told the people to go to Laloki River. There are hundreds and hundreds of acres there for them to make gardens. But the people are too much afraid of *puripuri* (Sorcery). If the people make their gardens on the banks of Laloki River they can find plenty of water, and all the plants will not be dying out.

The soil near Poreporena and on the back of the hills is not very good. We had all better go to the Laloki and make our gardens there, and we will not be short of food. Garia-Vagi, Gavera-Arua, and Ahuia-Ova, have very good gardens at Laloki River, and I hope that all the plants which they have planted in their gardens are producing well, and they will find some food this year.

## People Can Help Themselves.

There are many things for people to do, to help themselves. All the villages, beach and otherwise, could surely get to work and cut firewood and sell it. But they sit on their back-sides and do nothing. They allowed Hula people to take hundreds of pounds a year from a market that, owing to its proximity to their villages, they could easily make their own.

There is plenty of trouchus-shell and bêche-de-mer on the reefs off Port Moresby. If they get them and sell them in Port Moresby, they will get good money, and they can support their wives and children, and they will find themselves living happily.

We must go on and do some work and help ourselves, instead of coming to the Government for help.

## NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

## Wild Pig Tracking in the Wilds of the Mekeo District.

FIRST of all I will let you know a bit about this Mekeo people before I relate my story on Pig Tracking.

Mekeo in the plains of Central Division is inhabited by numerous people known as the Pioufas and Fe-es. A river known as the (St. Joseph's) Paimumu River separates these two big tribes. And long before white people came these two tribes were very hostile against each other, always engaging in tribal warfare. And, as the saying goes, the Pioufas always had the upper hand, holding sway of the land, as they had some daring warriors, and being proud to be the owners of the biggest and most populated villages on the plains. From an official estimation, Be-eipa-a the biggest village contains about 1,100. But now the land is influenced by the Government. It leaves a big hunting land with numerous game, and the home of the beautiful Bird of Paradise and Goura Pigeon.

Well, now I will proceed with my story of the several methods of wild hog hunting and how it is tracked. The first thing the Mekeon does when he gets up of a morning at the break of dawn is to give his eyes a good rub instead of a wash; a long yawn; a good smoke of *kuku*; and betel-nut chewing. He is ready for his day's task.

Conditions are more favourable for him if rain happens to shower of a night, which of course makes the animal's track visible. Then luck never prevails him against odds. Armed with a spear and knife he sets out for the

forest, searching high and low. Sometimes in vain, but if he comes across any tracks his excitement becomes great. With catlike eagerness he follows on all fours, making the least noise, through thick undergrowth, heavy vines, ferns, thorns, and even through water, to where the animal's tracks are leading to.

When he comes to a thick and wide stretch of heavy cane grass surrounded with heavy scrubs, he stands erect and motionless for a while to listen. Then he examines the tracks more carefully. By experience he knows that he is near the lair of the animal. With keen eyesight he watches for the least movement forward, keeping a distance away from its lair. He forms a sort of a circle round the lair, and if the tracks don't lead any further to the opposite end of the stretch of heavy cane grass he marks the spot for the pig-nets, and with confidence he makes haste for the village, to break his good news.

After he has told the villagers of the exact spot of the wild hog's lair and of the circle he has formed, in single file they start for their hunt, the tracker leading. When they arrive the tracker gives the positions for the nets. After they have brought their nets round the circle mentioned, they tie both ends against a tree and they put light sticks on their nets to keep them erect. The tracker then commences with his tracking until he sights the movements of the now bewildered animal. He beats it off its lair and with wild shouts the animal rushes with madness into the nets. It struggles with ferocity for liberty. After the pig gets exhausted, with bloodshot eyes it turns to meet its foes, who by then are wild with excitement. But by keeping cover in the nearby trees from behind the pig they crawl up to it with catlike movement. They pounce on it and with weight of numbers they bring it powerless to the ground. When a full grown pig gets tangled it is sometimes a dangerous task to tackle it, as it will strike with lightning rapidity at any object from its fearsome tusks, causing serious accidents at times. Then with war whoops and shouts of victory the conquerors return to the village.

After the tracker consults with the Chief, and, if he decides they bring it to the Ufu Api-e their next door tribes, with food, taros, sugar-cane, coconuts, bananas, yams and potatoes; next day the festival commences. The women get busy with the cooking while the men get decorated with shells and plumes and painted in the gayest.

Sometimes two or three home pigs are given with the wild one. When everything is ready the Chief from the next door tribe distributes the meat and food to one and all, never forgetting the spectators present from the neighbouring villages. The jaw and fattest portion of meat goes to the guardian of the village (the Chief Sorcerer) lest they die. Never do they deprive him, as that's a native custom.

After everything is consumed then the next door Chief gathers his people and then they consult about another hunt in return payment. Such is life in Mekeo, the home of the beautiful Bird of Paradise and Goura Pigeon.

Good-bye Readers.

[By E. R. Albanell, St. Patrick's School. This story wins the 5s. prize this month.]

### The Story of Kangaroo.

THERE were two men lived at Hanuabada (their names Io and Ae) with their mother; (and the mother's name is Avia-Auru-Kanikani). Their *iduhu* called Gunina. They lived at Hanuabada till their mother Avia-Auru-Kanikani died. Next morning the two men carried their dead mother and went to Gaire and Kapakapa. In the afternoon they bring the dead mother again to Hanuabada. A man Kohu Heni of Hanuabada got an arm-shell and gave it to the men, and they buried the dead mother there. And these two men sang a song for their dead mother. Kohu Heni asked them, "What did you eat?" They said to him, "We did not eat sweet yams and sago, but we eat only young cocconut." In next day the men dug up the dead mother, and came to Boera. A man, Homosi Daure of Boera gave them a necklace (*taotao*), and they buried the dead mother at Boera.

In the night time when the man was asleep they dug up dead mother and went, and came to a village called Gabadi. One of the village men Ure Vato gave them some of the dogs' teeth (*dodoma*), and they buried the dead mother in that village. After one day they dug it up again, and came to a village called Ala-ala. There a man named Naime Arua, of Ala-ala, gave them birds' feathers; and they buried the dead mother there.

(This story has to be cut short. Io and Ae went on receiving presents and burying their mother and digging her up again. They did this at Orai, Abuku, Aravure, and many villages in Kivori. They got "*kiapas*," arm-shells, more feathers and necklaces).

After one day they dug it up again and came to another *iduhu* of Kivori. There a man Arua Naime Kaokaona of Kivori, gave them an arm-shell in Maiva language *Ma'avi* (the arm-shell is small and round); and they buried it in the place called Erme.

The two men, Io and Ae, told Naime, "You will come here to us on the second day." When the man came in that day there were plenty of Kangaroos in those places where

these two men's mother had been buried. This man Naime Arua Kaokaona marvelled when he saw these Kangaroos, there were so many. Io and Ae told the man, "These Kangaroos were our mother's blood. When you hunt and throw your spear we will dodge it. But the net is like spider's house. When we are in the net we will marvel."

[By Ome Ravao, Teacher, L.M.S., Geabada.]

### Buying Betel-Nut.

WE left Port Moresby for Daru. We came to Yule Island and we sleep there. Wednesday, 10th October we left Yule Island; came to Kukipi; we sleep there. Thursday 11th, left Kukipi for L.M.S., Auna. Some L.M.S. boys, their master too, they came to the ship with the wail (*whale*) boat, took their mail and some cargo too. Then three little boys they came to the ship with their canoe, to buy some tobacco. They got five bundles of betel-nuts and they thought they would get five sticks of tobacco. And one boy (his names is M——) he had half stick of tobacco. Then M—— said to them, "Ah! Bring it up, all that betel-nut to me." They said, "*Kara*." Then M—— he gave the half stick of tobacco to them. And they said, "Ah! why did you not give us five sticks of tobacco?" M—— said, "Ah, you go on, go on, I knock you minute." Then they cry and screamed until they had gone back to home. After, shouted and shouted to M—— until gone the home.

[By Noga Koi, of Maitu Island. We have cut out "M's." name. His manners were very bad. Ed.]

### A Trip to the West.

LAST year in November some of the teachers and myself had a very good holiday trip to Mabudawan. We slept there one night. Next day we left, then passed a little village called Sigabaduru, and landed at a certain landing-place.

Then we started to walk to the inland, to a little village called Tabatata. (That was in the district somewhere near the Dutch

Border). It was'tnt very far from our landing-place, or from where we started; it was something like 6 or 7 miles walk.

During our stay there, that first evening we noticed that, just after the sun set a conch was blown by one of the men of the village. We asked one of them the reason. He said, "That is to let everybody know that it is time for the Evening Prayer." We asked them how often they do this. They said, "Every morning and night." Next morning they did the same.

They had a teacher once at Buji who used to visit them regularly. Since that they are still believing in the Great Spirit. Not only that, they have also sent their young men out further into other dark villages with the news of this Great Spirit in whom we all believed.

[By William Tabua, Teacher, L.M.S., Daru.]

### From One Cricketer to Another.

REA MEA of the Government Printing Office has received a letter from his friend Mahuru Mark, of Kwato. The writer says, "And when I read my letter, I am very glad, because I heard you everybody trying very hard to play cricket. And I heard you play against white men, at Christmas days. And new cricket ground also! Will you tell boys to play well, and play carefully, so you will be good cricketers in the future. And follow what Mr. Furler said.

On Saturday we played Samarai. They went in first, making 123 runs, all out. We, Kwato, made 191 runs for 2 wickets, Merari, not out, 101. That is very good luck for Kwato.

Dear friend, try hard and make 100. Don't make too much duck eggs like you did on Christmas. Give my love to all boys, and also your sisters Lusi, and Konio, and to yourself. I hope you will call us to play, against you next year—Mahuru Mark."

At the top of the letter is a drawing of a cricket bat, and the words "Rea Mea, please, 100."

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