

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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GARDENS.

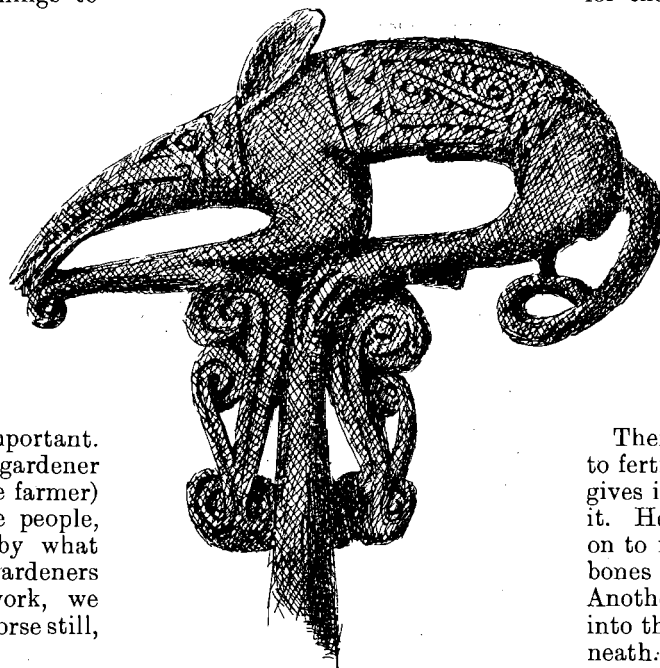
WE have spoken about gardens more than once in *The Papuan Villager*. But gardens are the most important of all things to the people of Papua; so there is no harm in talking about them again.

Pretty well all Papuans are gardeners. Most white men are not gardeners. They are carpenters and clerks and bootmakers and doctors and shopkeepers, etc., and they have many other "trades" and "professions," i.e., other ways of making a living. But I don't think any of these other trades or professions are as good as gardening, or as important. For we have to thank the gardener (or, as we often call him, the farmer) for keeping us alive. White people, like Papuans, live mainly by what comes out of the soil. If the gardeners and farmers all stopped work, we should probably starve—or worse still, have to live on fish.

There are a great many white men, therefore, who couldn't tell you much about gardening; in fact you could teach them far more than they ever knew about it. But there are a lot of things that the white gardeners or farmers could teach you. Some of them are very simple things and easy to do. They could make a big difference to your garden.

Tools and Tilling.

One of the reasons why white gardeners do so much better is that they use tools. The Papuan uses a digging-stick and his finger nail to till the ground. You cannot do it very



HANDLE OF A SUAU LIME STICK.

quickly or very well with these. The fact is that most Papuan gardeners don't till the soil at all. They just make a hole with the digging-stick; then they waggle the stick about to make the hole a bit bigger; then they pop in a taro shoot; and then they

cover it up and leave it. The next time they break the ground is when they dig up the ripe taro.

Fallow.

Now plants do very much better if the earth is loosened now and again; for they can get the air and water they want. The white farmer knows this so well that he breaks up the earth even when he is not using it. After one crop he may plough up the ground and leave it for a year to have a rest and get strong again for the next crop. This is called letting it lie "fallow." But he doesn't just leave it alone; he breaks it up with his plough or his spade.

Fertilizing.

Then the white gardener knows how to fertilize his soil. That is to say he gives it medicine to put strength into it. He puts cow manure or pig manure on to it, or ashes, or seaweed. Old bones are one of the best of fertilizers. Another thing is to dig the weeds into the soil and leave them underneath. That is called "green-manuring" and it is a thing any Papuan gardener could do. But he can't do it easily unless he has a spade. There are so many good things in gardening that you cannot do without tools!

Wasteful Methods.

Some day Papuan gardeners may work in a very different way. Nowadays they keep the garden only for

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one year, or two. When the crop is finished they leave the place to be overgrown by bush; and they go elsewhere, chop down a lot of trees, and clear a place for a new garden. This is really a wasteful way of gardening. It wastes your time and it wastes the forest land. So often when you leave your old garden it is not the bush that grows up, but *kurukuru*, the long grass. And *kuru-kuru* ground is not very good for gardening afterwards.

Gardening on One Piece of Ground.

The white gardener cannot work this way. He hasn't so much land that he can go from one place to another. He has to use the one piece of land again and again. But he can do this because he tills it, fertilizes it, and sometimes lets it lie fallow.

Rotation of Crops.

There is another thing he must be careful to do. He must not keep on planting the same sort of crop. The same piece of land will not go on growing yams for ever. But if you plant beans when the yams are finished; and corn when the beans are finished; and let the soil lie fallow when the corn is finished; then you may be ready to start with yams again on the same piece of land. This way of gardening is called "Rotation of Crops," which simply means that the crops go round and round, one after another.

Irrigation.

But plants will not grow without water. If we have plenty of rain the gardens usually do well. But sometimes the rain will not come down, and then you must get the water on to your land somehow or your plants will die. Those of you who have worked for white men as garden boys know that (in Port Moresby at any rate) you have to carry water round in a water-can or even a jug. That would not be very easy in a big native garden. But in many parts of the world gardeners have discovered how to "irrigate." That means to lead water into your garden from a river, so that your plants have plenty of water even when it won't rain. There are many kinds of irrigation, but the easiest perhaps is to dig a small channel, or race, from the river somewhere higher up the hill. Then it

runs down into your garden. At Wedau in Papua the natives used irrigation long before the white men came. Someday it will be used in many other parts of the country.

In years to come I dare say Papuan gardeners will do all these things that we have been talking about.

Return of the Governor.

HIS Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Murray returned to Papua by last *Morinda*. The Governor has been to Australia to talk with the Government there about Papua; and Lady Murray had been for a holiday to England.

A New "Motu" Grammar.

MR. Turner of Lawes College and Mr. Clark of Metoreia, Port Moresby have written a new Grammar and Vocabulary of the *Motu* Language. A "Vocabulary" is a Dictionary: it shows what *Motu* words mean in English, and what English words mean in *Motu*. A "Grammar" means a set of rules for speaking the language properly.

The first *Motu* Grammar was written long ago by Dr. Lawes, the first white missionary in Papua. The present one is much larger and fuller than the old one. It will be useful to everyone, since *Motu* is spoken in so many parts of Papua. It will help us to speak *Motu* more correctly than we do now.

Native Helpers.

Mr. Clark has sent a photo of four men who helped him with his part of the book. Through many years they worked with him on the Grammar and on the *Motu* New Testament. He writes, "I am always very grateful to these men who stuck to a tedious job for so long a time."

A Letter from Mr. Clark.

Motor-Vessel, *Rangitani*,
nearing Panama,
24th December, 1930.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Though many thousands of miles now separate you and us, we are still in the same Ocean, the Pacific, but to-morrow our ship passes through the Panama Canal into the Atlantic Ocean, and land will be between us. Our thoughts go lovingly back to Papua, and my wife and I want to wish you and all our friends, who are readers of the "Villager," "A Happy And Good New Year." May the "Villager" grow more and more useful, and be increasingly appreciated.

Since we left Port Moresby in October, we have had a good journey. The seas have been calm, and the different ships steady. From Sydney we were driven by motor-car through some lovely scenery by Mittagong and Goulburn to Canberra, the Capital of Australia. The streets are beautiful, with trees and gardens on each side of the road. Parliament House, with its Legislative Chamber and Senate Room, is a fine building in which is a beautiful carved chair sent from England by His Majesty, The King. We saw also the Prime Minister's house with its gardens full of wonderful flowers. We returned to Sydney by a road along the top of a range of mountains, where one could see for miles along the coast and out to sea.

We next came to Auckland, one of the main cities of New Zealand. It is built round a harbour bigger than that at Port Moresby, with a great island called Rangitoto in the middle of it.

In the Museum, built as a Memorial to the Soldiers who were killed in the Great War, there are many things belonging to Papua, such as *toea*, *gana*, *gahi*, and arrows; but most of the things, of course, belong to the Maori people who were in New Zealand before the white men came. The Maoris are like the Rarotongan teachers who used to teach in many villages in Papua. Some of their words are like Papuan words. *Mata* means eye; *mate*, dead; *rua*, two and so on.

"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.

We stayed a week in a town called Rotorua, where we met many Maoris, and we were interested in all we saw of their ways. Beside their villages, boiling water springs out of the ground, and steam rushes out of holes; so they put a box in the steamhole, and cook their food in it without making a fire! At some places, the boiling water spouts up as high as an Ilimo tree. These are called geysers. We were shown where a village had been covered over by mud and ashes, when a volcano blew up on the other side of the lake, and we were told that at any time one of these volcanoes might blow up.

Staying at Rotorua at the same time was Miss Walker, the first single lady missionary at Dobu.

We left Auckland on 6th December, and to-day is the 24th. During all this time we have seen no land, and only one ship which was a long way off. To-day we saw a big heron, (*boge*), which told us that we are near America.

This big ship of 17,000 tons has an engine like the *Laurabada's* but its cylinders are the biggest of any motor-boat in the world. The holds are well packed with meat, butter, cheese, wool, and other things to feed and clothe the people in Britain. All these articles are kept in cold storage in many different rooms, so that after the long voyage they will still be good. One day the Doctor of the ship took us both down into the cold rooms to see them all.

In one week, after we left Auckland, we had eight days, instead of seven. Each day, while the ship travels eastward, the clocks are put forward, and at one place, called the 180 meridian, one side was Tuesday, and the other Monday. So they put a day in between Monday and Tuesday and called it Antipodes Day, and now our reckoning is right.

To-morrow, Christmas Day, we go through the Panama Canal, cut across the neck of America. Our big ship is pulled along the canal by an electric tractor. I know that some of my old boys would just love to see this canal and the ships going through.

We hope to meet our friends in England on January 8th, but remember that we shall always be

thinking of our many good friends in Papua, and, by reading the "Villager," we shall learn from time to time how things go amongst you all.

May God bless you and help you all to be strong in the New Year 1931.

Yours very sincerely,

J. B. CLARK.

The New "John Williams."

THE old *John Williams*, which we saw so often in Papuan waters, has done her last run for the London Missionary Society. She is too old for hard work in the Pacific, so she has been sold and now she will go away to China. For 37 years she has worked for the L.M.S., and in that time she has covered more than a million miles at sea.

But when one *John Williams* is finished there is always another to take her place. This time it is *John Williams V*; and once more she has been paid for by the children who give money to the London Missionary Society. Fifteen thousand pounds, more or less, they have paid to build her.

Last year she was launched at a place called Grangemonth in England. She is a three-masted schooner and she will carry the well-known flag of the L.M.S., showing a dove with an olive branch in its mouth.

Launching the New Boat.

When the white people launch a new boat they sometimes break a bottle of "champagne" over the bows before she goes into the water. This is an old custom, and it means that they hope the boat will always have good luck. Champagne is a very excellent kind of ginger beer; I don't suppose any kind of Papuan has ever tasted it. But the people who launched the *John Williams* thought of another kind of drink to pour over her bows. Since coconut milk is drunk instead of champagne by the islanders of the Pacific, they filled the bottle with coconut milk and broke it over the new *John Williams*. Then she slid down into the water, and we hope she will always have good luck in her sailing.

After her launching, *John Williams V* sailed from port to port in the British Isles, so that the children who had helped to build her should see her before she went out to the islands to begin her work.

The new *John Williams* will not come to Papua. Her head-quarters will be in Fiji, and she has already arrived there and begun work.

The Brave Cook.

On her trip out to Fiji the *John Williams* ran into a bad storm. She is only a small boat and she was having a rough time. One of the sailors was sent out to do some work on the jib-boom, when a big wave washed him off. There was a cry of "Man overboard?" and the ship's cook named Jenkins, jumped into the water to help his friend. He swam with a life-buoy towards the sailor, but the sea was too rough; and the man sank before the brave cook could reach him. Meanwhile a boat had been launched. But all it could do was to save the cook himself. He was in the cold water for an hour before he was picked up.

THE CAMEL.

IN last month's issue you read of an ugly animal called the Hippopotamus who lives in or near the water. This month I will tell you of a strange animal who certainly does not live in the water; indeed he can go long distances and live many days without any water at all.

The Camel is the horse of the desert. In Papua where you have plenty of rain you have no deserts. But in Central Australia it is dry and there is no rain for years sometimes, and the land is all a desert for long distances. The Camel comes from Asia where there are many places like this. It is like a sea of sand, no trees or bushes—just sand.

Over this travel a long string of Camels carrying their burdens strapped on either side of their hump! Arabian Camels have one hump, or lump on the back, and others, called the Bactrian Camels, have two.

These humps are like storehouses. Here the Camel can carry extra food and 1½ gallons of water. As he journeys

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through the desert the hump gets smaller every day. A driver looks at his Camel's hump very carefully before he starts; just like a boy who drives a car, when he sees to it that he has plenty of petrol for the trip.

The Camel's body is pale brown, almost sand-colour. The hair is valuable and is sold to make very good cloth. Camel's hair is also used for paint brushes (not for house-painting but for making pictures that you see in books). Now a Camel has a bad temper, and can be so disagreeable that there is a saying in English, "You have got the Hump," meaning you are in a bad temper. So never let them say this of you.

—“C.W.”

Australia's New Governor-General.

MANY Papuans remember how Lord Stonehaven visited this country. He was then the Governor-General of Australia but he has now finished his time and gone back to England.

The new Governor-General is an Australian. Sir Isaac Isaacs, the first Australian to hold that high place. For a long time he was the Chief Justice, or the Chief Judge. That means that he was the leader of all the Judges and Magistrates in Australia.

He is also a Privy Councillor. A few of the great men in the British Empire are made Councillors by the King. They belong to his own ("Privy") Council. Only the wisest men are chosen for this honour. Sir Isaac Isaacs is wearing the uniform or dress of a Privy Councillor in the picture.

Papuan Speaking by Wireless.

WHEN the two boys Arua Gavera and Lohia Udu were in Brisbane they were asked to speak over the wireless. So one of the boys spoke to Mr. Chatterton in Poreporena, telling him that he was having a good time in Brisbane and the people were looking after him well.

When anyone speaks over the wireless only those who are "listening in" can hear him (that means only those who are near a "receiving

apparatus," which can catch the message in the air). I don't suppose Mr. Chatterton happened to be listening in; and since no Papuans have wireless sets, I don't expect any Papuan heard the voice of the Boy Scout from Brisbane.

But many people in different parts of Australia heard it, and since he spoke in the *Motu* language they must have been very puzzled. Probably they thought he was swearing at them.

Flying to the North Pole

FOR many years white men of different nations have been very keen on getting to the North Pole and the South Pole. You know that these are the places furthest north and furthest south on the earth. (They speak of the North Pole or the South Pole, but the man who got there first did not find a pole sticking in the ground. The "pole" is just a spot on the earth's surface. If you want to understand it you must go to your *Papuan School Reader*).

Men have reached the North Pole and the South Pole by sailing in ships, and then getting out and walking over the ice. This is very hard and dangerous. For there is nothing much to eat in the polar regions—only some animals and birds. No plant will grow there amid the ice and snow. And the ice is slippery and full of great cracks. If a man falls down into one of these cracks he can't get out. And it is terribly cold. Many men have died looking for the North Pole and the South Pole.

But lately a man has flown over the North Pole. It was Commander Byrd, an American. Plenty of birds have flown over the Pole, but only one Byrd has done it so far. He flew in an aeroplane.

Not long ago a party of men under General Nobile tried the same journey in a "dirigible." This is an "airship," like a great big balloon. It is filled with a kind of gas that is lighter than air, so that when the dirigible is pumped quite full it rises off the ground. The engines start and off she goes. But General Nobile's airship came to grief in the polar regions, and several men lost their lives.

Long before this some daring men tried to sail to the North Pole in an old fashioned balloon. This was 34 years ago, when there were no airship or aeroplanes. The balloon was filled with light gas and rose into the air; it had no engine and you had to hope that the wind would blow you in the right direction. The leader of this party was Dr. Andre. Soon after leaving they sent out a message by a pigeon. A little letter was tied to the pigeon and the bird flew to its home, taking news to the people there about the balloon. But this was the last news of Andre.

Thirty-three years later some men were walking about in Franz Josef Land, an icy place north of Russia. The sun had been hot for some days (the sun can sometimes shine strongly near the poles) and it had melted the ice. Thus it was that these men discovered the bodies of Andre and his friends. For all this long time they had been kept by the coldness of the ice. Their clothes and other things were there too. And the "diary" of Andre was found, i.e., the book in which he wrote down what happened every day. Strangest find of all was a camera, in working order after all that time. Some of the photos. taken by Andre's party have been "developed," and after 33 years in the ice, they have been made into pictures.

West Indies Cricket.

THE West Indies won the last Test against Australia. Bradman was bowled for a duck.

Parer's Fokker Lost.

THE plane in which Joe had a ride crashed soon after reaching the New Guinea goldfields. Lucky Joe!

Aeroplane Lost in Australia.

LAST month a big aeroplane was lost in Australia. It was called the "Southern Cloud" and it made many journeys between Melbourne and Sydney. When it was lost it had a crew of 2, and 6 passengers. Many planes have been looking for the Southern Cloud, but now people have given up hope.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

General.

FEBRUARY has been a very busy time here. The coastal people of the Ethel River (Bailala Village), murdered three unfortunate mountaineers whilst on their way down to the coast on trading business.

The four murderers were convicted and are now in Kairuku Prison awaiting trial. Two of them are well known and of the four, two are from Delena, one from Mekeo and one is an Orokaiva who is married to a Delena woman and is living locally here.

When the murders were found out the Delenas were all very afraid of the mountain people. Every night they went out to sea in canoes to sleep, till some few days ago, when the A.R.M. went up the mountains and settled the matter with the mountaineers, telling them that the Government was the only man here who can and will pay for their three friends who were unfortunately murdered.

Hard Times.

The Nara and coastal people are hard up for food, as it has rained very little these few months and everything is very dry. The Naras can and are trading (smoke-dried kangaroo meat, for bananas, sago, etc.) with Mekeo, Rapa and Bioto. These villagers are not hard up for food as they have gardens by the river and they have any amount of food for trading. The Delenas, Keabadas, Pinupakas and Chirias trade with pots and smoke-dried fishes, crabs and shell-fish.

Chiria "Lakatoi."

The Chirias sent out three *Lakatoi* and a *Puapua* (double canoe), to the Gulf last month for sago. They have returned lately with a good amount of sago, each *Lakatoi* having a few hundreds of sago and this was distributed among friends. Now they have sent out again two *Puapua* for more sago so I think that the Chirias are quite stored up for this hard time. I hope so. The Captains were Aisi-Aia of oné; Obara Koeva of another and Bite Naime of the third one.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

HIS Excellency Sir Hubert and Lady Murray returned to Papua by the *Morinda*. Reverend R. L. and Mrs. Turner also returned to Papua by the same boat after their leave in New Zealand. They are now at the Mission House, Metoreia; but they will go to Delena district in the next few days.

Mr. Turner preached in the Poreporena Church on Sunday afternoon last, and said, while he was in New Zealand, a big earthquake occurred, and there were many people killed and many injured by this dangerous earthquake.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Turner have been a long time in Papua. This is the time for them to return to their home city, but they are wanting very badly to help the Papuan people, and they always do their best to teach the people in good ways.

Boy Scouts Arrived.

Last month two of our Poreporena Boy Scouts Arua Gavera and Lohia Udu were sent to Brisbane to attend the big Scout Rally and Welcome to Lord and Lady Baden-Powell.

They said, they have met this man and wife, and saw their faces, and heard their voice, and saw thousands and thousands of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in Brisbane. And the lord was very interested in them.

The Scouts returned to Port Moresby healthy and safe.

Rainfall.

We have had a very good rainfall recently, but the gardens are quite destitute owing to the delayed rainfall.

Cricket.

A match was played at Kavari Ground on Saturday, 21st March, between a Poreporena team and a Koki team. Poreporena was captained by Igo-Erua and the Koki team by Henry Exton. The toss was won by Poreporena who decided to bat; Poreporena, 3 wickets for 205. Heni Heni, 81, Boe Gavera, 75, both not out.

Koki team (half-castes), have not yet batted, but they will come over one Saturday afternoon and try for this number.

Another match between Port Moresby and Poreporena, played at Port Moresby Oval on the 6th instant, resulted in a draw. Port Moresby, 4 wickets for 245. Bowling: Igo Erua, 1 for 81; Rarua Tau, 1 for 46. Poreporena, 6 wickets for 164. Teina Boe, 52 (not out); Gavera-Arua, 28; Boe Gavera, 26. Bowling: Mr. Faithorn, 3 for 44.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Three Iokea Men go Looking for Sandalwood.

ONE day three Iokea men said among themselves, "We go to bush now; we cut some sandalwood." They say, "All right?" They walk about 13 or 14 miles. They visit a small village, Apararipi. They met a Village Councillor on the river bank. One of them says, "Who are you?" "I am Councillor." "Please send your canoe take us; we would sleep in your *Elavo*."

That Councillor said, "You go up to my *Elavo*. I go tell my wife she make some food for you."

Councillor's wife made some food and gave it to them. They ate it. After night came they slept until daylight. One man wake up first and cooked some rice. They all wake before their breakfast.

Afterwards they talked to the Councillor about the canoe. Councillor said, "This is big canoe." One of them said, "Oh we not small boys; we all men. This is not rough sea; this is river. River is not sea!"

Then Councillor gave the canoe to them. They went on. They pulled the canoe on the bank and left it there. They go up to hill, look round for sandalwood. They did not see it. They wanted to go down to the canoe. They were going down, then one man looked on the hill, and one sandalwood grow there!

He stopped and called to his friends, said, "Our words! You two come here, look this wood, sandalwood or some other wood?"

One said, "Better we go near look what wood."

After they looked at the wood they all very glad, and singing out.

Then they cut it. It fell, and one says, "We measure first, because we are three men." This boy (Forova his name) he measured 36 ft. long, 24 ft. wide (?) Forova said to his two friends, "I will divide 36 by 3: we will get 12 ft. long. We will all have the same." They said, "All right, we do that."

Then they went down the river. They saw two canoes on the bank. They said, "Whose canoes are these?" they called out. Nobody answered. They sat on the river bank and waited till 5 o'clock.

They talked about it. They said, "We leave this big canoe here; we take this small canoe." They took the small canoe and went to Apararipi.

First they made food, and when it is all ready they eat it. Some Apararipi men came and said, "Why did you take our canoe away?" They said, "Friend, Don't you angry. We left big canoe there. What you think, we buy that canoe?" That men he said, "Yes." "What things you want?" He said, "Money, I want 5s."

They sang out to Councillor because they did not know Apararipi people's words. The Councillor said, "Don't you sell! If they buy this canoe they will take it to Iokea." That Apararipi man said, "Councillor, I not angry." Councillor said, "True?" That man said, "Yes."

Then they went to the Councillor's *Elavo*. Councillor said, "You dance and sing Iokea dance."

Then one man stood up and took branch of tree and danced round. And one Mekeo old man stood up again and danced too. Somebody laughed, because old man he did not know Iokea dance. Mekeo old man said, "Because you shore people dance every time in your village we did not see you." These three men very happy for old man's words.

After 9 o'clock they go to sleep until daylight. In the morning they asked the Village Policeman (Poemar-Kaipu his name) and said "We will go to our village now."

They did not go in a canoe. They cut two big trees and make string very tight (*a raft*). They left Apararipi at 10 o'clock; 5 o'clock to the sea. They were all very glad and said, "Thank you! God help us to-day. Long way we come down."

These three men's names were Forova, Ovasuru and Fo.

[By Mirisa Raepa, of Iokea. 2s. 6d. for this article.]

Native Boy on the Plane.

ON the afternoon of 7th March, a boy named Dagara-Morea (white people called him Joe); he is working for Mr. P. H. Leigh for many years; he has helped Mr. Leigh satisfactorily. This Joe was flown on the

Fokker Machine (Air-ships). He stated that he was very glad while he was on the plane, and when he looked down from the air, he was very surprised, because he saw all the houses lying flat like the boxes, and all the places were flat, nice and smooth all over. He said, when the plane first started to get up on the air, he felt his head was too heavy, the same as a piece of lead, and he also closed his eyes. But a few minutes after got better and looked everywhere with gladness and joy. He said sometime the plane entered into the thick clouds. He was then very frightened, and unable to see anything, but the Pilot Parer is a very clever man in driving his plane. When they came down at the Aerodrome, he (Joe) shook the pilot's hand, and many white men there asked him how he was getting on while he was on the plane in the air, and he told them that he was very well and full of joy, and nothing was wrong with him. He was very lucky to be flying about that afternoon, because he was the first Poreporena native who has gone up the air by the plane.

Explained to the Friends.

When he came to the village, we are all in cricket ground to play the cricket, and we called him, if he can tell us all about the plane or what he saw from the air while he was on top. And he said, that he was lucky man to go on top the air, and he saw all the houses lying flat on the ground and there is no hill alike; all the place were nice and smooth all over.

And he told all the people, not be afraid, the plane is a good thing for us to fly about in, we are all afraid for nothing. When he finished his talk we all screamed and yelled, because we are all very glad to hear a very good news from Joe about the plane.

I think that we better have a join with Joe for the joy he had on the plane; because he is one of our very good friends; and he is also a lucky man to have flown about in the plane for about one and a-half hour.

Joe is Good Native Mechanic

Joe is taught by Mr. Leigh all the time. So when some lorries, cars, and planes brought

here from South, Joe gives hand to Mr. Leigh, until now, I think, Joe is very good native mechanic. And he gives all his work good and satisfactorily to Mr. Leigh, so Mr. Leigh took him up by the plane for the sign of his gladness to Joe.

We better give our thanks to Mr. Leigh for Joe, which Joe has already given to Mr. Leigh and Pilot Parer.

I may add this few lines too, I wish every one to hear it. Some of you boys know about Joe's walking. He is a quickest walking fellow, sometimes when he is walking on road or field, tumbling and hobbling along all the time till he reaches his place of work or village (home.)

[By Tou Gau, Native Clerk, Government Anthropologist. 2s. 6d. for this article.]

Two Boy Scouts in Australia.

About our Journey.

WE left Port Moresby on Wednesday, 11th of March, 1931, by s.s. *Morinda*. We leave about 12.30 p.m., we were on board and keep watching the land of Papua, until at evening we only saw just a very little. As soon as getting dark we didn't see any more Papuan Island at all. Both of us have very heavy minds and tears for the last of our own Island.

At morning we saw nothing at all, no islands or lands or hills or trees. We look all round but can't see anything; only saw a blue Ocean. I should say it was very nice trip; because no wind or storms or big roughs or waves. Just go safely in a calm until after the couple days we reach land of Australia.

Landed at Cairns, I am surprised! Because how nice is that wise of you white people. And then leave for the Brisbane in that same day. But we keep seeing the big hills and forests until, after three days, we reach Brisbane where we went to.

Meet the Friends.

The District Scout Master, Fewell Smith, he came to meet us and brought us to his

house, at Sandgate. We stay there and and he is very nice man. He keep us very nicely and also feed us well as our own mothers. And he brought us to the town. There was a house called Town Hall, very very long, longer than all the houses in that city. We get in there and stand on a leaf (*lift*) and went right up to the top and saw all round the place.

And we go into one house where making the lollies: plenty of women are making them. They made all sorts of ways like we see in the stores in Papua. We saw the rubber house, the people making plenty things—motor-car tyres and shoes and some others. Baker house too. And we went to see the moving pictures: funny is that, making me very surprise too, because I saw the picture moving about, also heard them talking. Very great thing!

I am going to say, very beautiful city! I am very lucky to see that village.

Meet of the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell.

The Chief Scout, Lord Robert Baden-Powell came by an aeroplane from Sydney. We held our meeting on Friday night, 27th of March, 1931. Arua and I were very glad to see him, and hear his voice. He said, "I was very much glad to see you two Papuan natives. And when you go back to your home you will tell all the others about meetings, and what you have seen in this village; and also tell them I hope some good time in future I will come to Papua and all the others will see me."

He is very fairly and gentle man; very old man but, by the look of him, is still going strong.

We came back by s.s. *Montoro* to Samarai and have very nice friends with Kwato, Mr. C. Abel and his boys; and we have a very good time; spent two days, and came to our own home by s.s. *Morinda* and see our friends and fathers and mothers happy and well.

[By Lohia Udu and Arua Gavera, 1st Papuan Native Rovers.]

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