

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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"Kaiva Kuku."

IN this issue we give some pictures of *Kaiva Kuku* masks at Kerema. Some Papuans have never seen real masks; but we all know that they are made by the Elema people and those who live further to the west. We usually call these things *Kaiva Kuku*, though that is not their real name. There are several different kinds—*Sevese*, *Harisu*, *Kovave* and *Eharu*. Those in the pictures are all *Eharu*.

The Journey to Port Moresby.

These masks were made at Uaripi and Mei, near Kerema. They were collected by Mr. Lambden, who also made the pictures. Then, some time after, they were put aboard the *Laurabada* and taken into Port. They had to go to Daru first, and they met some rough weather. (As some of them were fish, and others sea-birds, and others *Ma-Sevese*, who live under the waves, they should not mind a bit of rough weather.)

When they came to Port Moresby they were carried through the streets by some prisoners. Seventy and more of them went through Port Moresby up to the Museum. There were sharks and eels and crocodiles, horn-bills and parrots; there were young men with fine bushy mops of hair, and old men with bald patches on their heads; there was a girl, and a jelly-fish, and two fine cutters.

There were two at least of most kinds, and they went up into the Museum like the animals into the Ark.

They are all hanging from the roof now in a big room behind the Editor's

they will go to a big Museum in Australia or elsewhere.



A CARVED FIGURE FROM THE SOUTH-EASTERN DIVISION.

Museums.

The white people have many Museums. In them they collect all sorts of strange and interesting things, and the white people pay money to go in and see them. Among the things that white people like to see are the things that you make in Papua. There are Museums in England, France, Germany and America and in many other countries with Papuan things in them. And Europeans are always surprised at *Kaiva Kuku* masks. For the Europeans have nothing like them themselves.

White children often dress up in play; and grown-up people sometimes become children again and have a "Fancy Dress Ball." This is a kind of dance, not a game of football. The guests dress themselves up in all kinds of strange dresses. Some of them look very pretty, and some look very funny. But a Fancy Dress Ball is a poor affair compared with a *Kaiva Kuku* ceremony.

Yearly Ceremonies.

Year after year the Elema people of the Gulf Coast have their ceremonies, with tall *Sevese* masks, and big fat *Harisu* masks, and pointed *Kovave* masks, and *Eharu* masks, like all sorts of birds and fishes. *Eharu* is rather like play-about; but the others are very important. It takes a long time to prepare for the ceremony; the masks take a long time to make; and the gardens and pigs take a long time to grow for the feast. But then, when the strange things

office. They will stay in Port Moresby for some time; and then perhaps

appear in the village, it is a great sight, and all the people have a fine time.

Keep the "Kaiva Kuku."

Some years ago many people along the Gulf Coast got a strange idea into their heads. Some of them perhaps were a bit mad, and all the others listened to what these mad people said. They told them to smash up all the *Kaiva Kuku* masks and many other Papuan things. They should never make them again, but should "stop quiet along village."

We are very glad to think that they have come back to their proper senses. The Government does not want you to throw away your ceremonies. If you work hard you will have plenty of time to make good gardens and houses, and sell copra; and you will have time to make your yearly ceremonies as well.

THE GIRAFFE.

THIS is the tallest of all the animals in the world; and isn't he a strange creature with his long neck and short body! He lives in a country called Africa and he is yellowish white with orange spots and marks all over his body, neck and legs. As he gets older he darkens in colour and I have seen him a sandy colour with rather dark brown marks.

There are two kinds of Giraffes—those that live in the South of Africa and have two horns on their head; and those that live in the North and have three. But they both have long necks. How you would enjoy a drink on a hot day, if you had a neck as long as that!

It is the neck that makes the Giraffe so tall—often 19 feet high. But he has only just as many bones as the horse has in his shorter neck. This height is very useful, for the Giraffe eats almost all his food from the leaves and young branches of one special tree. The top leaves are only for him, for no other animal can stretch his neck so far.

Then, too, he has a long tongue. In school you all use twelve-inch rulers for your work, and you will be surprised to hear that his tongue is

one and a-half rulers long. This is very useful to him when he is gathering his favourite leaves.

He might be called a wise creature—for he never utters a sound! Even when in great pain he is mute, or dumb.

When Giraffes are hunted by men they run to the thickest forest and dash amongst the trees, bending their long necks with great skill to save them from being caught in the lower branches. Their skins are so thick that they cannot be torn by the boughs. A hunter wears a thick coat when chasing them on horseback. They go as fast as a good horse; but as they gallop they rock from side to side like a cassowary.

There is one strange thing about the Giraffe. The Camel (the animal with the hump in last month's paper) can go a long time without water. That was strange enough. But this Giraffe wins easily; he can go many months without a drink.

—“C.W.”

A Brave Prisoner.

AN Australian blackfellow once made himself famous by a good deed. He and three of his countrymen had broken the law, and they were arrested by a policeman. This happened in a far-away place in the North of Australia. They had 230 miles to march to the nearest station. The policeman chained his four prisoners together. The chain was tied to their necks and then to his waist. The policeman rode his horse and the four prisoners walked beside him. It was hard walking in the hot sun, and the chains hurt their necks.

At last they came to a river. It was in flood, and they could not get across as they were. So the policeman unfastened the chains from his waist; and he unfastened the prisoners from each other; but he left each man's chain hanging round his neck. Then he told them to swim across.

The four prisoners went first. They got across safely and sat down on the other side. When the policeman saw this, he followed on his horse. But in the rushing water he was thrown off

and the horse, which was very frightened, kicked him and knocked him senseless. The policeman was now likely to drown.

But then the blackfellow did his good deed. He had walked 200 miles or so in the sun, and tied by a chain to a policeman on a horse; now he suddenly saw the policeman drowning. He might have said, "Let him drown!" Instead of that the prisoner coiled his chain round his body, dived into the flooded river again, and brought the helpless policeman to land. Then leaving the other prisoners to look after him, he ran to a Mission Station 3 miles away for help.

The policeman told the story of the way the prisoners had helped him, and he told all about the brave man who had saved his life. When he heard the story the Magistrate did not make Court against the prisoners; he set them free.

The story of that good deed of a prisoner in his chains travelled round the world. It came to the ears of the King himself, and the King has given this blackfellow a "Royal Albert Medal" to show that he is one of the world's brave men.

Learning to Care for Others.

HAVE you heard of the Methodist Mission Hospital at Salamo in the Fergusson Islands, Eastern Division? To this day nearly 4,000 native people have been cared for and hundreds have had their sores treated. Many injections for yaws disease are given out in the villages when the medical patrol is done by the white doctor, the sister, or a native student.

Part of the work of the white doctor and sisters is to teach native girls to take care of women and children. Also native boys are taught about the diseases in Papua so that they may know how to treat their own sick people.

The Sick Duck.

One day Esikaia V., a medical student from Misima, told the sister that his duck was sick. The sister said to give it a dose of castor oil. The duck was too sick to walk or fly away, so it just drank the oil that Esikaia and Wilisoni T. (Murua) poured down its throat.

The boys also decided that as the duck had sore eyes they should be treated too. So remembering what they had been taught, and what they had seen the white doctor and sisters do, they took some boracic-acid water and bathed the eyes; also put in some drops of argyrol. The next day the poor sick duck was no better.

At this time the sister was too busy to take much notice of the duck; but the boys thought it might have malaria fever. They put a thermometer under the duck's wing to see how much fever it had, and found that it measured 103 degrees, which showed that the duck had fever.

Again remembering what they had been taught to do for sick people, the boys decided that the duck should have quinine; and they had a long talk to find out how much quinine should be given to a duck. They gave the duck three grains of quinine, and she got better. You may guess that the boys were pleased that their treatment was a success.

A Girl Helps a Sick Mother.

We read a lot in *The Papuan Villager* about things boys have done, but not so much about the things girls do. Now here is one thing a girl was able to do because she had been taught in the hospital.

In a village house a woman was very sick after her baby was born. The village women did all that they had learned from their customs, but they could not help this sick mother. Some of the people knew that this girl, who had learned many things in the hospital, was living near, and they tried to persuade the people to allow this girl to help the mother. For a long time they refused; but when they found that their own customs failed, they said, "Let the girl come."

So she came. But she was very much afraid, because the woman had been sick a long time, and, if she died, the people might say that the hospital girl was the cause of her death. However, the girl remembered well the things she had been taught in hospital; and she did them for this sick mother, who soon got better.

Because the Papuan boys and girls are learning all these things in hos-

pital, they will be able to care for their own people much better. And we hope that their own people will trust them and allow them to help their sick friends.

—"H.M.P.," *Salamo Hospital*.

Flying to Australia.

AN Englishman named Scott has broken Kingsford Smith's record in flying from England to Australia. Kingsford Smith took just over 10 days. Scott has done it in 9 days and 4 hours.

Now another man, Guy Menzies, means to break Scott's record. He has left for England, and he thinks he may be able to fly back to Australia in 7 days. He will sometimes fly by night as well as in the daytime.

Deaths of Well-known Natives.

Toua Gau.

TOUA Gau, clerk to the Government Anthropologist, died on 28th April after only a short illness. He caught a cold and died of pneumonia.

He was educated by the L.M.S. at Metorea. After leaving school he went to work as a clerk in the Post Office in Port Moresby. He stayed there from 1919 to 1926. Then he was transferred to the R.M.'s office in Samarai. But he did not wish to work away from his home, so he left the Government and came back to Poreporena.

Soon after this Mr. Clark recommended him to the Government Anthropologist, and Toua worked in his office for nearly three years. He was getting a big wage, and he well deserved it. All his work was done carefully and thoroughly; in fact he was one of the people who do their work always as well as they can. He was a quiet man, with not much to say. But everyone liked him and respected him.

Readers of *The Papuan Villager* should know that Toua Gau typed nearly every word of it from the beginning until last issue.

Kukuna Morea.

Kukuna Morea, the driver of the Public Works car, died a few days after Toua. He had been in the Public Works for six years, and was a good driver who always looked after his car.

Igua Kevau.

Igua Kevau, Captain of the *Vaiviri*, died on the 11th of this month. All Papua has heard of the wreck of the *Vaiviri* and the bravery of the two men, Igua and his friend Gari Dai, who saved Mrs. Berge. The news of it had travelled to England and the two men were to get Lloyd's medals.

The Governor was going to give the medal a week ago; but Igua was ill, and it was decided to wait till he got better. Mr. Champion, the Government Secretary, visited him on the 11th, and took the medal to show him. But Igua could not see it, and a few hours later he died. The medal was placed on his coffin while Mr. Chatterton read the burial service. It will probably be given to his eldest son Kevau, aged 7 years.

Igua belonged to Elevala and was a deacon of the native church. He leaves a widow and four young children.

Sergeant Bomena.

Sergeant Bomena came from Budika, in the Rigo district. He became an A.C. in 1918. He had done service at Rigo Station and at Kambisi; but the greater part of his time he spent in the Abau district. He had patrolled every part of that district with the different magistrates. He was very useful to them because he spoke a number of native languages as well as his own. In his record with the Head-quarters Officer it is written that he was "honest and reliable, and a good bushman." Sergeant Bomena was very much liked by the A.Cs. When he died they all marched with his funeral to do him honour.

A.C. Bodigamai.

A.C. Bodigamai had not been long in the force. He came from Ebaidi in Fergusson Island, so that he was one of the good "Gosiago" police. When at Daru he had his leg broken playing football. He was brought into Port Moresby on the *Laurabada*, but got a sickness called *tetanus* and died.

Death Sentence for Murder.

LAST December some men came down from Kuni to trade on the coast. Three of them came to Bailala Village. They had no weapons to fight with. They only carried the things they wanted to sell.

In Bailala the people were unfriendly to them, so they left. While they were going along the road, when it was nearly dark, they were overtaken and killed by four men. It seems that these four men only wanted to rob them of their goods.

The four murderers are named Koaba Oa, Urepu, Bakai and Philippo. Koaba Oa had been a native clerk; Urepu had been a Lance-Corporal of police. They had seen a lot of white men, and they knew that murder was the worst of crimes. They were sentenced to death.

The other two murderers are to go to gaol for 10 years.

A Children's Game.

THE six little Orokaiva boys on page 37 are playing a game called *Kikino*. One of them has a small pebble hidden in his hand and the thing is to guess which of the ten closed fists has got the pebble in it.

A Native Correspondent.

ON page 37 is a picture of Leo Aitsi Parau, Native Clerk at Kairuku. He has been with the Government since 1925. He belongs to Chiria, and was at the Yule Island Mission School from 1911-1919. Leo Aitsi has been one of the most regular native Correspondents and has written some good stories for *The Papuan Villager*.

Riley Memorial Church.

THE fine concrete church built by the people of Mabadauan is to be called the "Riley Memorial Church." This means that those who see the church should remember the Rev. E. B. Riley, who was for many years the L.M.S. missionary at

Daru. A piece of marble, a kind of stone, is to be built into the front wall of the church. On it will be written the name of Mr. Riley and some of the things he did in the west.

Canoe Racing at Port Moresby.

THE Poreporena natives will have something more to keep them busy on Saturday afternoons. The Aquatic Club has decided to begin canoe racing again this month. The first race will be to-morrow, the 16th.

An Autographed Bat.

ON page 37 we give a picture of a cricket bat with the names of the English and Australian cricketers on it. This is called an "autographed" bat because it has the written names or autographs of these famous men on it. When Mr. Guttridge was in England he bought this bat at Jack Hobbs's shop. Then, through Hurwood, one of the Australian players, he got all the autographs of the men of both teams.

He brought it back to Papua with him and gave it as a present to the Port Moresby Cricket Club. The club have decided to keep it. It is much too good to play with. It will be put in a glass case and kept in the Papua Hotel. Every year a little shield will be put on the bat; and on the shield will be written the names of the best batsman, best bowler, and best fielder of the season.

On pages 36 and 37 you see some of the players who wrote their names on the bat.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent - Barton Diritanumo.)

The New Flag-Pole.

AT Cape Nelson there is a new flag-pole. It is made of *Bendoro*. It was made by Taubada and Sgt. Gaiberi. When all was quite finished, we called out the village people. They all came on Saturday morning. We lifted it up at nine o'clock. All the people wondered at it, and said, "Before the flag-pole was too short. But now it is very tall and good."

The flag-pole was lifted up on the 11th April, 1931, when the *Matoma* arrived from Baniara. It is very tall; you can see it a long way off.

DARU.

(Correspondent - William Tabua.)

Draining to Prevent Mosquitoes.

THERE were a lot of mosquitoes in this district all through the last year; and it seems to get worse at Daru this year. During these last few months the mosquitoes were bad; you can see or hear them through the day as in the nights. It has not been like this in the past years, except in the wet time of the year.

The R.M. is busy now draining out all the swamps and all the lower places where they are breeding. They have been draining out one of these swamps opposite the Mission place lately.

Caring for Babies.

The Government officers and doctors have found that a lot of new babies died last year in some villages in this district. So they have asked Mrs. W. A. Maidment to show some of the native women how to look after themselves and their babies.

She comes up to the Mission twice a week and gives them a few lessons. We should be very grateful to Mrs. Maidment, who has given her time to help us, and to our Government and doctors and missionaries who are trying to help us. Mrs. Maidment is an Australian nurse, she has been at hospitals for many years and she knows a lot.

MISIMA.

(Correspondent - Peter John.)

Sinking of the Ketch "Albert Maclaren."

ON the 11th November, 1930 (Armistice Day) in the morning we saw the Ketch *Albert Maclaren* lay sunk at her anchorage in Bwagaioia Harbour. All captains and crews will be sorry to hear this, for she was a very splendid ketch; travelled on the sea in rough weathers in former days. In this year, 1930, she was sunk on account of being too old. I couldn't tell how long she had been in Papua.

Getting our Own Wealth.

I am very pleased to see that natives of Misima search for gold when they need to pay their taxes. The natives of Papua should get the wealth in their own ground, not remain idle while white men take it all.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent - Igo Erua.)

"Laurabada's" Tour to Eastern portions.

HIS Excellency and Lady Murray, accompanied by the Official Secretary, Hon. H. L. Murray, left Port Moresby on the vessel *Laurabada* on the 7th instant for the eastern portion of the Territory. The party will visit all the Government Stations where His Excellency will make inspections and hold sittings of the Central Court.

N.C.S. Dying from Pneumonia.

Native Clerk Toua Gau (clerk to Mr. F. E. Williams), died on the 28th ultimo from pneumonia. Driver Morea (he has driven Public

Works car for many years), he also died from the same sickness. Toua Gau's funeral was very good, and big crowd attended at the Lolokomu cemetery. His master, Mr. Furler, Rev. O. G. Parry, and Mr. P. Chatterton attended too. Morea was put on the six wheels, and a big crowd followed the lorry to the cemetery.

Illness of "Vaiviri" Hero.

Igua Kevau is very sick from pneumonia. We hope that he will get better, and we will see him get his Lloyd's Medal, which has already been sent to His Excellency for presentation. On 1st instant, C. T. Wurth, Esq., R.M., C.D., informed Village Councillors that the 5th inst. would be a presentation day; they should tell all the people in the villages to attend and see medals. Councillors have asked the R.M. that the presentation be postponed until Igua Kevau gets better, because he is very sick, and unable to come in the presentation day. Gari Dai was present on that day, and heard all what R.M. had said to the Village Councillors.

R.M. also said that he met the brother of Mr. Berge in Brisbane. This man told Mr. Wurth to tell these two brave men that he was very proud for such great help they gave to Mrs. Berge in saving her from the sea.

[Igua Kevau died on the 11th inst.—Ed.]

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Widow and the Nut.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old widow beside the sea. But she is not a poor widow and she got an orchard which she used to keep for her life, the old orchard that was her husband's acre. Inside the orchard there were bananas, mangoes, bread-fruit, etc. But she has no one to live with her. Her three children were dead when they were born.

She had one nut seed. It was in the fine evening she wished to go out and plant the nut seed in front of her hut. While she went to bed the nut tree grew up, and spread all over the hut. In the daybreak the widow got up to fetch the water ready for the evening, as usually did. As she step out from the hut, she stood and was astonished at the nut tree. After she saw wondrous sight she went and drew the water for the next day and evening.

The Nuts Turn into Boys.

Then she went and brought her food and meat; but remember, she is not a good woman, she is a cannibal or man-eater. She searched for very small children and killed them for her supper. At the next night the nut tree had borne the three nuts, and the flying-fox flew over them and the nut fell down on the ground and in the morning the woman got up as usually did. She dropped the water-pots down and picked it up and immediately out from the torn skin stepped out a handsome youth. The widow smiled with joy because she knew her first-born son.

The boy grew up on that same day. The boy was very smart and did some work for his mother, and the next morning the boy got the fish spear and took the canoe and paddle

over the sea. When he came back to his cruel mother she took all the fish which he had caught.

The Two Eldest Boys are Killed.

She asked her son to climb up the coconut before it was dark. When he reached it he picked the bunch down, and when he wanted to come down to the bottom the cruel widow cried out, "Now you can come down on your head, so you will not hurt yourself, on the ground," in a rough voice. So he came down on his neck. While he was doing this she rose up with her sharp shell "the Kai" and cut off his neck, and cooked him and ate him up with the fish in one night.

At the second night, the nut fell down; and he did the same duty as his brother had done before. And she killed this brother in the same way.

The Youngest Boy Escapes.

Last of all the youngest nut fell down, and she picked up and in a moment it turned into a boy and grew up in a second, not like his brothers. The youngest fellow is very very much smarter than his brothers and clever too. He is not like his foolish brothers. His mother arranged for him what he can do. He did the same duties as his brothers. Then the cruel widow asked him, and he climbed the coconut. He picked a bunch down. When he got at the top the widow said, "You can come down on your head." She rushed up and stood against the coconut in a bad queer-looking way, with long ears, red eyes, and long tongue. And he was very frightened, and kept still. And he made up his mind, and repeated by himself and said, "I think in this way she killed my brothers."

"I want the young coconuts, mamma, and I can get some for myself; and then I can try and come down on my head." Then he got right up on the leaves, and cut bunch to bunch, and tied them together, and sang out to his mother, "Come near the tree!" While she was gazing up to the sky he threw a heavy weight down on her, and she died.

The Dead Boys Come Back to Life.

He went and put the dead body in her hut and in the house he found all his brother's bones and put them out and a big pot too. And everything he burned up with dead body and the hut. In his cleverness he put all his brother's bones into a Papuan cooking-pot, and cooked them till they boiled. In the moment the pot was boiled it was broken. There came out two brothers.

They all Go on a Journey.

The youngest brother got ready all his brother's food. While they sat eating, he made ready all their burdens to start the journey. He told his brothers to leave this village. They set them free (*set down their burdens?*) at the Trobriand Islands. There they sell their things and jewels. While they sat buying and selling in the market-place it was dark; and they stopped and slept there.

The Youngest Left Behind.

Early in the morning they woke up. There is a river-bank. It was a very sandy river; they wanted to count their treasures in the sand, and they can get the same share, each

of them. They spread out their treasures and the youngest brother got more than the others. While he was spreading out, they were jealous of him, and gathered theirs quick; and two of them started their journey. And the poor little youngest brother, packing up all his cares with tears cried, "Please will you wait for me for few minutes." They did not listen to him and got on top of the hill; and start again on another hill; and hill after hill. And the poor little fellow cried out, "Why you disobey me who look after you when you at the hell?" But they did not listen to him till they crossed the thick forest. And he could not see them any more. So he stopped and think with his tears.

The Ending

At last he tried to follow their foot-marks; and he could hardly see them any more. He followed a small part and he entered at the moon's gate and married a beautiful girl and dwelt for ever. And two of his brothers they followed the big road, they entered at the sun's gate; they get more heat than ever.

[By Reuben Masiareti, Government Printing Office. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The School Girl who Broke her Hand.

ALL school girls said, "Our school finish, we always go to the reef, get some shell-fish." They came back to the home. And one small girl say, "We play on the rock," and some girls said, "No, we will not play, we will clean our shell-fish." And Abobo says, "I am going up on the rock; I want to play."

Some are playing on the rock. Then Abobo fell down on the rock. The small girl said, "Oh girls, I have fallen down on the rock!" She called, "Girls, help me! girls, help me! I am left hand broken, I am left hand broken!" And some girls say, "Abobo, yourself! We say we would not play." And Abobo said, "Come to help me Pine!" And Pine ran, help Abobo's hand. And Pine said, "Stand up Abobo, I am pulling your hand." Abobo said, "Don't pull my hand, Pine!" The small girl said, "My hand is very sore."

Then three girls ran fast to the village, I asked the three girls, "What for you run fast?" And the three girls say, "School small girl fell down on the rock; that is why we run fast. We tell Abobo's father." I said, "Where are the girls?" And the three girls say, "They will not come yet."

Three girls ran to the village. Then old man say, "What for you three girls?" They say, "Abobo fell down the rock!" Old man say, "Where it broken place?" And three girls said, "Broken left hand." The girls say "Where is Varakani?" The old man say, "Varakani gone to the garden." Then Varakani 3 o'clock came back to the village, and Omuru tell fast to Abobo's father, "Your daughter fell down on the rock." Varakani say, "I am very sorry my daughter!" Abobo says, "Ho, my father! ho, my father! I am very sorry, my hand is broken."

[By Huri, of Mailu.]

The Story of two Friends, Blind and Lame.

ONE day these two poor men heard that a man of their people healed the sick who go to him; he made them well and better.

Two Poor Men Thinking.

One day both were talking. Poor Blind said to his friend, "What can we do? How can we go and see the man who looks after sick people, because we have no friends, to take us to him?"

Another day poor Blind said to his friend, "You cannot go yourself, you could not walk." And also Blind said to himself, "I cannot go myself; I cannot see."

One day poor Lame told his friend, "Blind my own plan is—what do you think of it?—to-morrow morning you carry me on your shoulders. I sit upon your shoulders, I tell you which way you go, right or left hands. You will listen what I tell you, until we find doctor." Poor Blind said to his friend, "That is a very good plan. We try to-morrow morning."

Poor Blind Carrying his Friend.

Poor Blind, carrying his friend upon his shoulders, just like a man riding a horse, go until both find the doctor. The doctor putting them in hospital until they got better, both parties very glad and happy; when they were well they went back to their home.

White Doctors.

I tell you who is a good doctor in Port Moresby for looking after sick people. You want I tell you? The name is Doctor Giblin: he is a white doctor, not native doctor.

Many Papuans they are afraid of doctors. When they have big sick or sore, they do not go to the doctors quickly, but wait until sick or sore gone badly.

I tell you these two men, Blind and Lame, saved themselves. We also try to save our

friends and ourselves. Do not forget to talk that a doctor is a good man over the whole world.

"Puripuri."

Some of us Papuans follow our old fashion when sick. We run to *puripuri* people, who make something from the sick, and do not heal them. It is only silly people who pay their something to *puripuri* man. If you bring your sick or sore to white doctor, he make better, you do not pay anything. The Government pay for it from out tax. Do not run after *puripuri* man, they *koikoi* (tell lies).

Government people are trying to stop that fashion, because they know it is all humbug. If Government find a man making *puripuri* upon somebody else, Government put him into the gaol, plenty dark inside; you work by day, locked up at night, and you cannot see your friends.

[By N. R. Rakatani, Buna.]

The Story of the Olden People of Tubumaga Tribe.

ONCE upon a time some of the olden people of Tubumaga Tribe went out fishing on the reef; the reef which we call Ladeara. After they had finished their fishing they returned to the village, but arrived in dark; and they had caught plenty of fish, which they brought to the village with them.

What Happened on their Arrival.

Just before they had arrived at the village that night was very dark. They cannot see one another, so they sang out to their wives to come and take the fishes from them as soon as they could. But the women do not like to go and take the fishes which their husbands called for them to come take; and no one would go down at all.

How they Lost all their Fishes.

In the meanwhile, the bushmen came out to meet them. But they wore some sorts of

leaves of *Cycas Palm* tree, disguised themselves as the Motuan women. They all went out together and blamed to those men. When they went out, they first asked for the fishes. So those fishermen did not look at them properly, on account of darkness, and never asked who are they?—because they thought they are woman. And they took all the fishes out of the canoe and shared out among them; and each man took his fishes and produced to those wicked hushmen.

Then these bushmen took all the fishes and away they ran into the bush; they were full of glad because they got plenty of fresh fishes.

These fishermen after went up to their houses and they first dried out their nets on the veranda, and one man first asked his wife to cook some fish as he was hungry, and the woman replied that she does not know anything about the fishes. The man kindled the fire, and looked in everywhere, but could found nothing in the house.

Where the Tribe is now.

Now this Tribe of Tubumaga is still going strong at Hanuabada Village: they are living in the middle of the villages, where our water tank is. Now they also tell all the people in the villages to dance every night for their approaching feast.

No Misgiving at Present.

But now, no one will in future be blaming anybody, as we have street lights throughout the villages, and also some of the boys have bought the electric light torch from the local stores in the Port Moresby so they can see everthing properly without misgiving to anybody.

I am sorry for the labour of these fishermen. They though that all the fishes were given to their wives, but they gave the fishes to those wicked bushmen, instead of their wives.

[By Nou Goru, Clerk of D.N.A., and 1st Papuan Native Rovers, Poreporena.]

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