

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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CREDIT.

Cash and Credit.

THERE are two ways in which you can buy things. The first way is to pay your money when you get your goods. We call this "paying cash." Cash is money, either silver coins or paper bank-notes. This is the best way of buying for you Papuans. When you have paid, the thing (a tin of meat, a piece of calico or a trade knife, or whatever it is) is yours, and you have no more trouble.

The other way is to buy things "on credit." You go to the store and say you want a piece of calico, but you have no money at present. The store-keeper may give it to you and tell you to pay later on. This is called obtaining goods "on credit." For you Papuans it is a bad way of buying.

Receipts.

Now credit is sometimes a very useful thing. You may need something very badly straight away, but you may not have the money to pay for it straight away. In that case it is a fine thing to be able to get it from the store on credit. But credit should only be given to people who know a lot about money, and know how to keep their promises. When a white man gets money on loan or goods on credit he may have to give a "receipt." That means that he writes a paper saying that he will pay by and by, and he puts his "signature" to it, i.e., he writes his name. When the white man does this he knows that he will have to pay, or he will get into trouble.

Debts.

Now the Government thinks that buying on credit is a bad thing for the natives; for they know very little



A TROBRIANDS LIME-MORTAR.

about money, and they spend it very easily. When a Papuan goes into a store he sees all sorts of nice things that he wants. If he has money in

his hand he can buy them if he wants to, and there is no trouble for anybody. But if he can get the things on credit, then he asks for this and that, whatever he wants. He may buy more than he can afford, and then he goes away "in debt." To be in debt means simply that you have got things you cannot pay for. You may have to work a long time to get the money to pay for the things you have already eaten or worn out.

The Store and the Native

The Government does not want this to happen. Therefore they have said to the stores, "You had better not give things to natives on credit." The Government does not say, "You must not give things on credit." They say, "It is your own business; but if the native refuses to pay, you cannot make him pay." A natives' signature is no good as a receipt, and the law will not compel him to pay his debt.

A Shameful Thing Not to Pay Debts.

Now listen to the other side of the question.

The Government does not tell a native he must not pay his debts. You *should* pay them. What the Government says is this: "The stores should not let the native get into debt. If he will not pay, then the stores must suffer."

But remember, although the law does not make you pay, it is a shameful thing not to do so. Among your own Papuan friends you know that you must always pay back. You would be ashamed of yourself, and other people would think badly of you if you did not.

A Case in Poreporena.

Not long ago a well-known native of Poreporena died. Shortly before his illness he had sent some of his people to cut timber for a new house. He had bought food for their journey and one of the stores had given him the food on credit (this was a case where credit was very useful). Then the man died. He was a very honest man himself and I am sure he would have paid. But his friends found that the law could not make them pay the debt, so they did not pay it. That is very wrong.

Stopping Credit.

What will happen if Papuans do not pay their debts? The stores will have to stop giving credit. As we have seen, credit is sometimes very useful. But if some dishonest boys make a wrong use of it, then it cannot go on. Already one of the big stores in Sydney has stopped sending goods through Value Paid Post. This was because some of the people who had ordered the goods could not pay for them. It may soon be the same with credit in the stores here. If it is stopped, then many honest boys will suffer because a few dishonest boys refuse to pay.

Remember two things: (1) it is far better to pay cash always; (2) but if you ever get goods on credit, the only honest way is to pay for them.

The King's Sons in South America.

THE Prince of Wales and his youngest brother, Prince George, have lately been on a visit to South America. They went to the British Empire Trade Exhibition in Buenos Aires. This city is the capital of Argentina. The Exhibition is a big show. All sorts of British-made things were there. The idea is to show the South Americans what British people can make and do. When they see these things the people will want to trade with the British.

The Prince flew from place to place in aeroplanes. Everywhere the people did their most to honour them.

Native Dances.

In Peru they saw a bull-fight in the Indian fashion; and Inca dances, as they were done by the people of long ago in Peru. They also saw a dance by the Chimcho Indians. Their Chief wore a head-dress made of silver and carried a club decorated with silver. You see that in Peru, as in Papua, they show native dances as the most interesting thing to a stranger.

An Old, Old Woman.

In Bolivia the Prince of Wales met a very old woman. She is said to be 130 years old. The Prince took her photo in old-fashioned dress with his camera.

A Distant Talk on the Telephone.

When he reached Chile the Prince of Wales rang up his father, King George, on the telephone. They talked together for ten minutes. And yet the King was 7,000 miles away. Their voices travelled a thousand miles by wire, from Santiago to Buenos Aires; and then six thousand miles by wireless, from Buenos Aires to Rugby in England; and lastly by wire again to the King sitting in Buckingham Palace.

THE TIGER.

A LARGE striped cat! So he is, but a very dangerous one. You have seen another animal very like him in the December number of the *Villager*—the Lion. The Tiger is a member of the same tribe, and often bigger than the Lion, and quite as dangerous. He is found only in Asia. The people are very much afraid of him.

His coat is sandy-coloured or reddish, striped with black. He has no mane like the Lion's, and no tuft of hair on the end of his tail. He has a very strong forearm and a blow from this would be enough to tear a boy's arm away from the shoulder. The Tiger's usual method of attack is to seize the foreleg of his victim, and throw a paw over the animal's shoulder; then with his teeth he seizes the throat and with a sudden pull tries to break the neck.

Tigers are noted for their stealthy cat-like attack. Have you ever seen a cat kill a bird? He creeps low on

the ground, almost dragging himself along till he is near his prey. Then a sudden spring, and it is all over!

Tigers eat deer and pigs and cattle and so on. They do not usually eat men. But once they have got the taste for human flesh they become very dangerous, and the natives are helpless against their attack. They have often frightened the people so much by eating one man after another that they have had to leave their villages altogether and go away.

A man was once out hunting wild pigs, and was driving the animals from the wood into open country. Suddenly he heard a tremendous grunting and out rushed an old pig. Just as he was about to shoot he heard a roar like thunder and a great tiger sprang out and alighted on the pig's back. A fine fight took place, the boar squealing and the tiger roaring as they rolled together down the hill. The man fired at them and wounded the pig. It struggled away into the bush. The Tiger looked defiantly at him and then sprang into the bush after the pig. —"C.W."

The Armed Constables and Anzac Day.

THE 25th April is remembered in Australia as "Anzac Day." It was on that day that the first soldiers from Australia and New Zealand really entered the fighting in the Great War. They landed from boats on the shore of Gallipoli and fought against the Turks, who were then our enemies. They fought in many other places during the four years that followed. But we always keep that first day, to remember our brothers and friends who died in the Great War.

There is a Memorial Gate in Port Moresby with the names of all the men and women who went to the war from Papua; the men as soldiers, the women as nurses. There are nearly 130 names on it.

Some have a cross against their names to show that they died for their country. On Anzac Day the Armed Constables marched to the Memorial Gates and left there a wreath of flowers to do honour to their memory.

Wreck of the "Malabar."

ONE of B.P.'s big boats, the *Malabar*, went on the rocks near Sydney not long ago. The waves were very heavy, and in a few hours the big boat was broken into three pieces; and before long she disappeared altogether. All the people were taken off and no lives were lost.

The *Malabar* had a big cargo and it was floating about in all directions. Thousands of Sydney people went to see her, and to pick up tins of meat, condensed milk, butter, biscuits, etc. Barrels of beer and whisky were floating about, bags of flour, and bodies of sheep. We are all very sorry the *Malabar* was wrecked, but we wish she had been wrecked in Port Moresby instead of at Sydney.

A Widow's Seclusion.

WHEN a Papuan dies, his wife goes into mourning. I think widows do this all over the world, but the mourning is harder in some places than in others. In parts of India, where they burn the body of the dead man, it was the custom for a widow to get into the fire and get herself burnt up too. Nearer Papua the widow was sometimes strangled with a rope round her neck. We have nothing so severe as this in Papua.

Among the Orokaiva the widow is shut up in her house for many months. In the pictures on page 44 you see her coming out for the first time. She is in the middle of the row, or procession.

Frozen Mutton.

ON page 45 are two pictures showing the way Papuans and white men treat their meat. All the skinned sheep are in the freezing chamber. They can be kept a long while there and eaten when they are wanted. They are even taken to England in the freezing chamber of a big boat. In Papua, when you want to take a pig a long way you can't very well freeze it. The only way is to tie it to a pole and carry it there alive.

Death of a Village Constable by Snake-bite.

TOWARDS the end of last month a well-known Village Constable was killed by snake-bite. He was Waiako, of Sogeri. When the Editor was in the Sogeri district, Waiako was looking for some carriers for him. He was bitten about three o'clock in the afternoon. He tied some creepers round his leg above and below the knee; and he cut himself with his knife where he had been bitten. But he did not cut very well and he did not tie the creepers tight enough. It was a good while before the white men heard of the accident. Then it was too late. Waiako made a hard fight; he hung on for 40 hours before the snake's poison got the better of him. He was a good policeman who had been in the service a long time.

Treating Snake-bite.

Lagani-Namo wrote about how to treat snake-bite in one of the earliest issues of the *Villager*. He told you to tie tight above the bite and to cut the flesh on the place of the bite so that the blood would run. You want to stop the blood from carrying the snake's poison into your body. So you tie the limb, so that the blood can't get past on its way to the body; and you cut, so as to let out the bad blood which carries the poison with it.

But it is most important to do these things quickly and well. You must not lose a minute, or the blood will get past, and you may die.

You must tie really tight. If you are bitten on the foot you should tie above the bite, and put a second binding above the knee. The best way to make them tight is to tie a half-knot in the creeper (or string or whatever you are using) then to lay a stick on top of this half-knot, and finish the knot over it. Then you twist the stick round and it makes the binding very tight. After twisting the stick round, tie it in position so as to keep the binding tight.

Try this on your own leg, so that, if ever a snake bites you, you will know what to do.

The other thing is to cut. Cut quickly and hard, so that the blood runs out. Cut over the holes the snake's teeth has made, and just above them too. You want the poison to

pour out of your body. If you have a friend near, get him to suck the place, and spit out the blood and poison.

If you do these things quickly and properly you will not die of snake-bite. But tie hard and cut hard if you want to save your life.

An Aeroplane Missing in New Guinea.

A PLANE has been lost in the bush near the goldfield at Edie Creek. Six other planes, and parties of natives on foot, are looking for it.

Death Sentence Changed.

THE two murderers, Urebu and Koabu, were sentenced to death by the Governor, and the Executive Council agreed that they should be hanged. The Commonwealth Government has asked that the sentence of death be changed. The two men will be in gaol for life.

Death of V.C. Rabura.

ON Tuesday, the 2nd June, one of our oldest Village Constables, Rabura, of Kila Kila Village, passed away. He was a very old man and the cause of his death was probably some chest complaint. He was Village Constable of Kila Kila for a period of 29 years, having been appointed on 18th October, 1902. Old Rabura was one of the old type of natives, respected by all who came in contact with him, faithful and conscientious in his duties, and the natives of his own and surrounding villages will miss him very much, as he was the "father" to them all, and had great influence amongst his people.

—Contributed.

"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.

The Medals for the "Vaiviri" Heroes.

ON the fifth of this month the Governor presented the Lloyd's Medals to the son of Igua Kevau and to Gari Dai. It was a very sad thing that Igua, the Captain of the *Vaiviri*, died before he could receive his reward.

When giving the medals the Governor said that everybody looked up to a brave man, no matter what colour he was. Long after we were all dead, people would tell of Igua Kevau and Gari Dai; and tell how the white people across the seas thought so much of their bravery that they sent them their medals. He hoped that Gari Dai would live many years and show his medal to many people and he hoped that the little boy Kevau Igua would live to be as brave a man as his father.

Some of the speeches were published in *The Papuan Courier*, and we have taken parts of them from that paper. Igo Erua's speech was in English. The others were in Motuan.

Garia Vagi, Chairman of the Village Council:

... On account of the brave deed of these two men, the good name of Papua has been raised much in the minds of the people of many countries.

Many years have passed in Papua, but never before have we seen, or has there been, such a presentation as has been made to-day, and we look upon these medals as the biggest things that have ever come to Papua. It is, our Governor tells us, only men with the greatest name for some brave deed at sea who ever get this medal, and when the people in London heard of how Igua Kevau and Gari Dai had saved the life of Mrs. Berge at sea, they sent the best things they could, these medals, to our Governor to present to the two brave men. We have great sorrow that Igua Kevau is not here to receive his medal—he is dead, but his widow and his small son are with us, and the father's medal has been given to the son to keep forever.

Lohia Kamea, V.-Chn. of Village Council:

... Whenever some of our people work in the boats, or in the fields, or at other work for the white man, it must always be their duty to respect the white people, and to do their work properly and well, so that we shall never have a single bad spot on the good name of our people or our country—Papua. We all know that Igua Kevau and Gari Dai have gained a good name as well as given their people and their country a good name. They have gained the greatest and highest name possible for bravery, and that is why we are all here to-day to see them receive the

reward of their bravery, and we are very proud of them. So, my people, we must all strive to follow their example, and, whenever we find anyone in trouble or danger, let us help them as much as we possibly can.

Igo Erua, Secretary of Village Council:

... Many years ago, the Papuan Government tried its best to make peace throughout the country, and spent thousands and thousands of pounds for Officers who worked outside the fields to enlighten the people from their cannibalism and savagery.

Until now, many white people in other countries are very frightened of the Papuan people, they think the people who live in Papua are cannibals, savages and uncivilized, but I shall say most parts of the country are not living now as such. Both Government and Missionaries are working together, and teaching the people in peace, so they are now living respectfully, honestly and as faithful people. Sorry for Igua Kevau is everybody here, he is missing from us this day. He was a very good seaman, never seeking for his own safety, but helped Mrs. Berge by putting her on a hatch cover and swimming with her to the beach.

This gives a good name for the Government of Papua, and the country of Papua as well. In future some of the white people will be employing our boys on boats as seamen without doubt, and such happenings occurring in the sea, our boys will be their protectors.

Aro Lohia, widow of Igua Kevau:

Governor Murray and heads of the Government, I thank you very much for the gifts presented to Igua Kevau. It has given us all much happiness, but I am very sad because my husband is dead, but he has left me his little son, Kevau Igua, and I will care for him and try to make him a brave man like his father. When he grows up to be a man I will always have someone to care for me and to support me. I trust there is no one who will ever do him any harm, as he is the only son I have. I will trust the Government as I trust my own father and mother, and my son Kevau says, 'Thank you very much for my brave father's medal. I will try to grow up to be as brave a man as he was. I will always keep his medal and care for it.' That is all I wish to say.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Catholic Mission.

THE Catholic Mission again built a fine new big Launch at Arapokina, where their sawmill is. The builders were Brother Camillo and two natives, Camillo Auo, and Andrea (Camillo Auo is a Chiria boy and Andrea is a Matulu boy).

The launch is called after the name of the two Camillos.

Coastal District News.

As the season was bad this year all coastal villages are making markets with the inland villages, pots, fishes, crabs and shell-fishes, in exchange for food.

Station.

We play cricket nearly every Saturday when we are at home. The Delenas come over to play the station but are always beaten.

Mountain Roads and Rest Houses.

Our station sent out 1 Lance-Corporal and 1 Armed Constable with 11 prisoners to the road camp. They are building Kubuna Rest House, which was accidentally burnt down by miners' labourers when passing. They are also employed at road repairing when the road needs it.

MISIMA.

(Correspondent—Naio Igo.)

THE *Vailala* came here on Saturday 11th April, with the new Resident Magistrate Mr. Rentoul and Mrs. Rentoul and baby. Mr. Whitehouse came too to give the boys here their medicine and look after their sores.

The *Guitana* is away with Mr. Vivian and we are all waiting for him to come back.

All the gardens want rain very much here so that they may have plenty of yams soon, but it is very dry.

This is a long way from Port Moresby and we think often of our people there, but the people here are very kind to us too.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Protection of Native Villages.

THE Poreporena Villages are now well protected by the fence. It was suggested to the Resident Magistrate, by the present Village Councillors, that a fence to stop motor-traffic through the villages be erected. The Resident Magistrate then put the matter before the Honourable the Government Secretary for his consideration. It was also accepted by the Government Secretary, that the fence work could be carried out at once. We sent out number of boys to the 5 and 6 Miles, to cut some posts for the fence, and all the posts were brought in from the 5 and 6 Miles by the Public Works lorry.

The Government Secretary also provided us with the European materials, ordered from the Government Stores. The articles ordered for fence are: 3 iron gates (1 for double, 1 single gates); coils of barbed wire; packets of staples, etc. The netting wire which was obtained from the old Hohola Gardens.

The work was carried out by the Department of the Public Works. They sent one of their native carpenters, his name is Igo-Gau of Hanuabada. He is a well-known fence maker, and he has completed his work now. The fence is properly made, and it is very good and strong, and it will probably last for many years.

All the native pigs will be kept inside all the time, and so those gardens nearby will not be destroyed again by the pigs.

Cricket.

A match between Poreporena and the Port Moresby house-boys, was played at Kavari Cricket Ground on the 2nd, 9th and 16th May, 1931.

The toss won by Poreporena who decided to bat. The wickets of Poreporena's first innings were very slow, they played all that afternoon, all out for 118 runs (Rea Mea, 38). On the 9th May, P.M. house-boys started out for their 1st innings, but the wickets were easily fallen, all out for 43 runs (Handeuff, 13). Poreporena opened their 2nd innings, only 4 wickets down for 106 (Igo Erua, 24; Peter John, 6; both not out). The innings continued on the 16th May, and all out for 217 runs (Rea Mea, 35; Igo Erua, 27, and Heni Puka, 24). Port Moresby house-boys opened their 2nd innings, and wickets were good in 2nd innings, but most batsmen were bowled, all were out for 125 runs (Oina, 40; Penuela, 36). The team of Port Moresby house-boys was defeated by the Poreporena team by 167 runs.

Port Moresby house-boys have had a very good team, strong as well. I hope if they do much practice every afternoon they'll be improved.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Story of Ufa (Night Owl), Mangua (Charm Stone) and Two lovely Twin Sisters, Kima Lopi-lopi and Kama Lopi-lopi.

ONCE upon a time, as this story runs, there lived two boys Mangua (Stone Gem) and Ufa (Night Owl) in the days of olden Mekeo. Mangua (being the Gem) his parents died when he was quite a little boy; so he could not afford to collect riches to buy himself a wife. Both lads grew up to be strong boys so Lai-Napa (Hornbill), a black bird not quite the size of Turkey, but with a wing spread of three feet six inches (3 ft. 6 in.), with strong claws like an Eagle, and white bill about nine inches (9 in.), bent like a cow's horn. It can break anything with its strong bill—even a chestnut fruit; very dangerous when wounded, as it will give a nasty bite. Anyhow I will proceed with my story. Being the Chief of the village he arranged a festival with dancing, so that girls from the neighbouring villages abroad could come together enabling both young men to choose wives.

After gathering all the bananas, taros, coconuts, betel-nuts, sugar-cane, etc., the chief fixed the morrow at sunrise to start the dance. All night the villages prepared for the *Cher vouz*, so that Mangua the Gem could shine forth with the rays of the glorious sun. The dance started as proposed, and both lads appeared when the dance was in full sway. Young beauties from everywhere were present painted and decorated in their gayest, but the pair had their eyes on the two beautiful sister twins Kima Lopi-lopi and Kama Lopi-lopi, the two loveliest maidens from abroad in the Clean Streams and rivers of Lapeo (Lapeo in

Upper Mekeo under Mount Yule). The two sisters are known as the two stars we see in the heavens, in countless numbers in the sky. After the dance was over, and everywhere people from afar returned to their homes, both lads missed the two sisters and it left them broken-hearted and in grief for their loss.

Ufa the Owl gave up, but Mangua the Gem travelled high and low into perils and dangers of the forest. But he did not give in, asking every passer-by he met, and in every village, of the two sisters, the star twins. But no one could tell him anything.

One day he came to a village in the region of Lapeo beside a clear stream; he was amazed with the beauty of the region. He saw an old woman fishing, stooping and grey with age with no one to care for her, and asked her. She looked up with surprise and answered, "Lovely young man, where are you from, and travelling to, like the brave warriors of the coast (*Roro*)?" "Old mother," he said, "I am Mangua (Gem) from the crystal beach of the sea, its roar you hear so much, in quest of the twin sisters, Kima and Kama. I cannot find."

"Worry not and search not, as the two sister come to fish on the earth of a night, in the clear streams of Lapeo only." With this the young man disarrayed his ornament and getting into the stream, helping her with her catch. "I pity you old mother," he said, "but as you have told me I will help you till evening; then I will proceed into the Interior and look for them."

He filled her baskets with fishes and got wood for her fire from the nearby scrubs and carried it to her poor lodgings further up stream on the banks of Lapeo. In return kindness the old woman said, "Behold, young man. You will find these two sisters only in the quiet running stream of Lapeo at night. But now noble young man, take my advice and swallow your ornaments you are arrayed with. *Kapungu* (dog-teeth necklace), *Mobio* (shell necklace the size a button), *Ao-ao* (arm-shell), *Ngovo* (bracelet and armband made from a kind of heavy vine), and *Egeva* (red paint), and *Penga*, (Goura and Paradise feathers). After you have done that, with this reed I give you will instantly turn into a little baby. They will find you on this stream and take you home, but of their abode I do not know as they are invisible during day except at night."

Everything happened as the old woman had said (the twin sisters found Mangua as a baby and took him home). Then, one moonlight night both sisters took their brother and went our fishing. Their mother *Gnava* (the moon) warned them saying, "Beware my darlings, and return early before sunrise, as an oracle of old had said, 'One day will come from the coast of the Crystal beach, Mangua the Gem in quest of the twin sisters.'" They went in hurry, huddling their orphan brother in his cosy basket and left him with their repast while he sleeping. As they had vanished downstream again, Mangua took the reed and instantly he was again in his normal form. As the signs of morning were coming both

sisters returned. But, alas, their brother was missing! They wailed aloud with grief and searched for him, but of no avail.

While they were crying on the spot they left him. The sun was already rising over the tree tops with its glorious rays illuminating the dark forest and vanishing the stars and their mother, moon, in the heavens. Mangua the Gem shone forth and stood motionless with his reed before them. Kima the eldest then spoke, "Young warrior, where are you from and travelling? Have you seen our little brother?"

"Wail not his loss, lovely maidens, because I was that baby you both adopted, Mangua the Gem, from the crystal beach of the sea in quest of the twin sisters, Kima and Kama, of the clear stream of the Lapeo Regions I have come." With this he outstretched his arms, and into his arms they both clasped smiling into one another. Instantly their mother (*Gnava*) moon wailed their loss, shedding her tears (the rain) streaming in drops from the heavens, and leaving them drenched with love. They travelled back in haste to the coast (*Roro*) with her shower of tears dropping in torrent over them. When they arrived at the dusk of evening, Ufa the Owl heard of it and in haste he hurried to the abode of Mangua and asked, "How it came to be that you won the twin sisters?"

"O! Wiseful Ufa," said he, "Swallow all your ornaments you are arrayed, and you will marry two sisters like Kima and Kama." He tried but in vain; and the results were, he tore his mouth wider. When everyone of the villagers heard it they mocked him and in his shame he took to the bushes, never more to show his form during day except at night, he will perch on a bower of a tree. You can hear its frightful mockery, "Hoot, Hoot!" in the dusk of the evening under the dark bushes nearby.

A young bachelor up to the present day when a festival begins, will always have a reed in his right hand in token of the Mangua. But if he acts the goat they call him an Ufa. As for the Mangua, young men when they find a stone glittering and shaped like a diamond they treasure it and keep it, rubbing it with coconut oil to make its sparkled ray attract beautiful maidens of the village. The end.

Good-bye and with my best compliments to all my white and brown friends readers of *The Papuan Villager*.

[By Emmanuel Albaniei, O.L. Carmel Station, Inour, Mekeo district. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Illness of Igua Kevau.

AT the beginning of his illness, he told his relations that he would not be taken to Hospital as he knew that he was going to die. The Sister of Poreporena Hospital helped him all she could, but her help was unsuccessful. Sometime our Schoolmistress, Miss Milne, accompanied her to bring some soft food, soup, milk, and some other kind of European foods. They wanted Igua Kevau to eat some of them,

but we don't know whether the stick man ate some of them or not, as he had a very bad sore throat. This gave him a very bad pain, and could not eat anything at all.

Visiting of Dr. W. E. Giblin.

One or two afternoons Dr. Giblin went out to the village to see him, but it was too late for Dr. Giblin for doing anything to the sick man, as the sick man was worse than anything. He only instructed Sister Morley to give him some soft foods to eat, so she did as she was instructed by Dr. Giblin.

Death of "Vaiviri" Hero.

Igua Kevau died on Monday night, the 11th May, 1931. When his end was coming near he told the people that he wanted very badly to see his medal before he died.

Producing the Medal.

Hon. H. W. Champion was accompanied by Messrs. Hilder, Lowney and Percy Chatterton. They took the medal to him. Mr. Lowney showed him the medal but we don't know whether he saw it not, because that time he was very bad, and unable to see anything properly. He died just few minutes after they left his house. On the afternoon Mr. Lowney sent his medal to Mr. Chatterton, and we put the medal on his chest until he was put in the coffin, and the medal was also attached to coffin and carried away to the cemetery.

Funeral.

The funeral was very nice indeed; big crowd attended at the graveside, amongst the crowd Hon. H. W. Champion, Rev. O. G. Parry and Mr. P. Chatterton attended too. We all very glad to see Mr. Champion, because he is one of the highest men in the Government Service who attended with us at the graveside. Sorry for losing one of our brave men (Igua Kevau). He was a great influence with his people, and kind hearted man too.

[By Doura-Raho, N.C.S., of D.N.A.]

Story of Koena Ewowo and Fairy Pig.

EVERY night the Fairy Pig came like young boy, eating all the taro, yam, bananas, and all food in the garden. Father said to his daughter, "Pita, you go, you look after my food in the garden."

Girl was gone. Night time about 9 o'clock moon coming up, shine brightly, Fairy Pig came in the garden, jump over the fence inside and digging up all food in garden. Girl does not know Fairy Pig coming. Girl calls the Fairy Pig and says, "Oe, Oe," and Fairy Pig came like young boy and said, "What you call?"

Girl is very frightened, and they think about what to say. Fairy Pig answer quickly and say, "I want marry you." Girl was very laugh (*laughed very much*) and say, "Go and, go and!" (*Go on, go on!*) Fairy Pig said, "My wife, you with me! You not come, I bite you!" Girl was very frightened. She went with Fairy Pig; got home. Girl is very sad. Every day and every night Fairy Pig going to steal in garden. Girl receives the two little babies, one boy, one pig.

Little boy is big, little boy try to find the village where his mother came from. Every day Fairy Pig goes to bush or stealing in the garden. Little boy try to find where his mother came from. To-morrow he began try to find the village; try and try again, and he climb up long tree (*Binandere language goro*), white tree; and he found small village named Tatai. Small boy was very glad. He came back home.

Fairy Pig going in the bush; little boy and mother began walk; come quickly to Tatai Village. Father and mother were very glad, poor girl came back village. Small boy said to grandfathers, "Grandfather, you and everybody lift up and build a house about 24 feet high, roof 60 feet long, wall 12 feet high." The house finished, one time all men and

women and the children climb up in the house; windows, doors, all locked in. Fairy Pig can't bite the people.

Fairy Pig tooth very long. He came round, came in the Tatai Village and say, "Where is everybody gone?" And he looked everywhere. And he found everybody in the long house and tried climb up. Fairy Pig was tired; was sleep. Two very strong men kill Fairy Pig. Everybody is very glad.

[By Herbert, Ambasi, N.D.]

A Story about my Father.

MY father is a Murray Island boy and Jack Bruce sent my father to Daru for teacher. And then after that our head-teacher, Rev. E. B. Riley, told him to go to another village called Paara-muba.

First time they called the island Sumai. I am going to tell you how it comes to be called Paara-muba. First time when my father came to this village there were wild people there at Sumai. But my father wasn't frightened much, only a bit, and he try to teach them. But they didn't understand what my father taught and they try to kill my father. But they couldn't, because some of the people believed what my father talk.

And some of the people killed one another. When father say to those people, "Come and hear what I say," they can't come. Then they fight themselves and killed themselves. When they killed somebody they cut a man's head and put a string through the head and hang it in the sun to make it dry and throw the whole body into the creek. When my father teach them long time, then it comes good fashion on the earth, and the fight was all finish. That's why they call Sumai this "Paara-muba," because *paara* is meaning "when they had a big fight or kill themselves."

[By Rachel Mapa, Murray Island cook-girl for Mrs. Cowling, at Mibu, W.D.]

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