

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

THE Governor has suggested that *The Papuan Villager* may publish some lessons in "Hygiene." Hygiene is a word which means everything we do to keep people healthy and well. Dr. Strong, the Chief Medical Officer, is going to write a number of articles, one every month. We hope that you will read them and think hard about them. The most important thing is to do what the article tells you. If you learn how to make your water-supply better or your village healthier by reading one of Dr. Strong's articles, then get up and do it. Don't be satisfied with just reading.

The first of these articles follows.

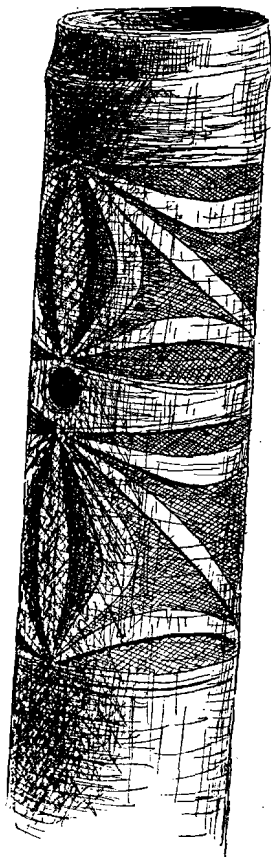
[Ed.]

Introduction.

At one time doctors only concerned themselves with sick people. Then it was found that it was much easier in many cases to prevent sickness than it was to cure sickness when it had begun. It is easier not to break the bone of your leg than to mend it when it is broken.

Doctors then began to study how they could prevent people from becoming sick. The knowledge they have acquired from this is now contained in many big books; and only a very small part of it can be written here. It is not one thing which prevents people from becoming ill but many. This paper will each month take each health thing one by one

and show how it helps to cause good health. To be in good health means to be without sickness.



BAMBOO PIPE, FLY RIVER.

Communicable Diseases.

Doctors have found out that many diseases are caused by very small living things which get inside the body and live there. These living things are too small to be seen by

everyone. But doctors have special glasses called "microscopes" with which they can see these very small things. When the Hookworm Commission was here many Port Moresby natives saw very small worms with the microscope, and also their eggs which could not be seen otherwise. Now these very small "microscopic" living things get inside your body and live and multiply there. In doing so they make bad medicine which soaks through the whole body and makes a person sick. Each small microscopic living thing makes its own particular kind of bad medicine. Some make bad medicines or poisons which give you a headache; others that give you diarrhoea or dysentery; others make you vomit; others make your skin hot or cold; others give you a pain in the chest and make you breathe quickly and others in various ways make you ill.

In the next article I will tell you about bad water and how, if it contains some of these bad very small microscopic things and if you drink it, you may get dysentery or another disease, typhoid fever.

The Bravery of Two Police.

WE always like to read about men doing brave things. The bravery of two men of the *Vaiiviri* made somebody think about another shipwreck in Papuan waters. It happened 10 years ago in Hall Sound, between Yule Island and the mainland. It was only a canoe that tipped over, yet many lives would have been

lost but for the bravery of two police named Toweta and Taupi Gori.

Fourteen prisoners were being brought down from the mountains to Kairuku. At Bailaba the two, A.Cs. got a big canoe to cross the water. There was not much wind and the canoe was going nicely.

But a little puff of wind made the outrigger go under for a moment, and the prisoners were frightened. They were mountain men who knew nothing about canoes. The police had told them to sit still, but when they saw the outrigger go under they all jumped to the other side. Then, of course, the canoe turned right over.

These mountain men could not swim. Some of them hung onto the capsized canoe; others sank; some were right underneath the canoe and still clinging to it. The two police hauled them aboard. They went down into the water and had to tear the hands of the drowning men away from the canoe before they could pull them up. They dived down and brought some of them up from the bottom. Two were drowned. One was brought up dead, and the other could not be found. But these brave policemen saved the lives of twelve prisoners.

Toweta and Taupi Gori were just about done when they had them all on board. They fired off their rifles and a canoe and the station whaleboat came to help them.

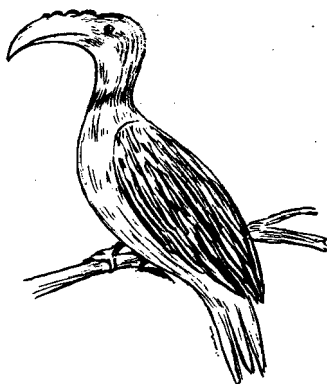
The Magistrate told the Governor of what the police had done, and the Governor talked about it with the Executive Council and gave the men £2 each.

The Hornbill.

THE Hornbill is one of the biggest birds in Papua. It is called a "Hornbill" because its bill, or beak, is like a horn. Some of you have seen a cow. It has two horns that stick out of the top of its head. Some of you have seen a billy-goat. It also has two horns. Well, the beak of the Hornbill is something like the horn of a cow or a billy-goat; it is big and hard (though it is a good thing for the Hornbill that it is not twisted like a billy-goat's).

Sometimes many Hornbills fly about together; but more often you see only two—a man and his wife. The male bird (or the man) has a fine red head; the female bird (his wife) only has a black head. Both of them have long white feathers in their tails; and the young Papuans like to put these big white feathers in their hair when they dance.

When they fly, their wings make a noise and you can hear them when they are high in the air. It is like a carpenter sawing wood.



THE HORNBILL.

They eat fruit and are very fond of the bush figs. A man once saw 37 of them sitting in one tree and eating figs. When they are very hungry they eat mice; but that is not their proper food.

When the female bird is sitting on her eggs the male bird brings her food. She makes her nest in a hole in a tree, and sometimes the male bird makes a wall of mud to keep her in. But he leaves a hole, and she pokes her head out, and he puts food into her mouth.

When the small birds are hatched he feeds them too. He keeps on feeding them till they are quite big; and he works so hard that he gets very thin. The Hornbill is certainly a good father.

Sometimes the Papuans keep Hornbills in their villages. They get very tame and hop about on the ground, and they have little houses to live in. But they are always eating bananas, for the Hornbill is a very hungry bird.

When the Papuans used to fight and kill one another the beak of the

Hornbill was a mark of the fighter. When a man had killed somebody he took the beak of a Hornbill and stuck it up in his hair. Then, if you saw him, you would say, "Ah, he has killed a man." But those bad days are finished. Now the mark of a fighter is a pair of handcuffs. And that is a good job. You can wear the beak of a Hornbill for nothing, and look fine when you dance; but you would not look very fine dancing in a pair of handcuffs.

The Hornbill and the Kingfisher.

THE Hornbill is a big bird with a big curved beak or nose. The Kingfisher is a smaller bird with a small sharp beak or nose. But long ago the Hornbill had the small sharp nose, and the Kingfisher had the big curved nose. And this is how they changed.

The Hornbill wanted to go and see a girl he liked. He wanted to look nice, so he said to the Kingfisher, "Lend me your big nose, please." The Kingfisher said, "Yes"; and they changed noses. The Kingfisher said, "My nose looks very well on you"; and the Hornbill answered, "Yes, and you look very nice with my nose."

The Hornbill then went and saw his girl. Later on the Kingfisher sent word to the Hornbill and said, "Kindly let me have my nose back." But the Hornbill said, "No, I think I will keep it." So the Kingfisher, who is a small bird, had to let him have it. He kept the small nose himself and that is how they changed.

FOWLS.

IN some parts of Papua fowls were kept in the villages before the white man got here. These are pretty little fowls; the roosters have long feathers in their tails; but some natives pull them out to put them in their head-dresses, so that you often see a rooster walking about with hardly any tail at all. This is certainly very cruel to the rooster. How would you like feathers pulled out of your tail?

Sometimes Papuans kill and eat their fowls. But they don't know much about the real use of them. Fowls are worth keeping because they lay eggs. White men are always eating eggs in one way or another, and they are very good food. The girls who stay on the Mission should learn how to cook eggs. Then when they go back to the village they can keep fowls and give their husbands an egg for breakfast every morning—boiled, poached, scrambled or coddled.

The Fox and the Stork.

ONCE there were two friends named the Fox and the Stork. The Fox was an animal like a big dog and he was very cunning. The Stork was a bird something like your bird the cassowary but his beak was not so thick and it was longer. The Stork thought he would ask his friend the Fox to dinner and he got ready a splendid feast and put it in tall thin pots that he used for his food. The fox arrived hungry expecting to enjoy a good dinner. He smelt the good food and put his nose into the small opening of the pot, but poor Fox he could get his nose in but he had no room to open his mouth. He said nothing of this and told the Stork what a good dinner it was. Then he asked him to dinner with him one day next week.

The Stork arrived on the day of the Fox's dinner just as hungry as the Fox had been the day he came to dinner with him. The dinner arrived and this time it was served in plates. The poor Stork. He, like the Fox, tried to eat but his long bill would not pick up anything from the plate.

The Fox taught the Stork a lesson but I hope they still remained friends.

The Fastest Bird.

MOST Papuans have seen a Cassowary while hunting. And they all know that it can run very fast. The Cassowary is the fastest-running bird in Papua, but not the fastest in the world. He would come off very badly in a race with an Ostrich.

The Ostrich is the biggest and strongest of all birds. He lives in Africa. Like the Cassowary, he cannot fly, but he can race a motor-car going at more than 40 miles an hour.

A man was driving along a road in Africa some time ago. Two Ostriches came and began to run beside him. He put on speed until he reached 42 miles an hour. The Ostriches easily beat him and they did not seem to be trying very hard.

A Brave Corporal in New Guinea.

A MOROBE native named Nudaba did a very brave thing some time ago. He is a Corporal in the Armed Police of the Mandated Territory (Rabaul).

A prisoner named Magalor in the Kavieng gaol attacked one of his fellow prisoners with a 16-inch knife and killed him. Then Magalor shut himself up in his cell (or small room) in the gaol and would not let anybody come in. The white men did not want to shoot the mad prisoner; but when the police tried to rush him he beat them off and wounded a lance-corporal.

Then Corporal Nudaba made a shield of corrugated iron and attacked Magalor single-handed. The prisoner made a cut 12 inches long in the iron shield, but Nudaba closed with him and overpowered him.

Earthquakes.

IN this issue we give one or two pictures of the white mans' cities destroyed by earthquakes. We told you some time ago about the terrible earthquakes in New Zealand which had shaken down the two cities of Napier and Hastings, killing many people.

You can compare the fallen buildings and the cracked roads of these New Zealand cities with the fine buildings and roads in Sydney.

We hope no earthquake will ever make such a mess of Sydney or any other Australian city.

Travelling Fast.

THE fastest flying-machine, the fastest motor-car, and the fastest motor-boat are all British made. And the British Empire holds the records. Each year they have an aeroplane race, called the Schneider Trophy. The winning aeroplane went at a speed of more than 300 miles an hour. Captain Campbell has driven a car at more than 240 miles an hour. That means that in one minute he covers more than 4 miles. The King made him a knight. He is now Sir Malcolm Campbell. Mr. Kaye Don drove a speed boat called *Miss England II* at over 100 miles an hour.

In Papua the motor-cars seldom if ever go more than 100 miles an hour; and the speed boats not more than 50 or 60. Most of us still go on our feet and we find 3½ miles an hour quite good enough.

Sergeant Gegera's Garden.

SERGEANT Gegera has been in the Police Force for a very long time, and is very popular with everybody. He has been stationed at Kerema for nearly 3 years now and, owing to constant patrolling, has very little time to spend with his garden. The Sergeant has just harvested his yams and he tells me how he started his garden and of the produce that he got from it:—

I have no ground at Kerema but I wanted to make a garden. Soravira who lives at Ipsi has some ground that the Lorabada people had loaned him so he loaned me some of this ground to make a garden on. The ground is on the Cupola and the soil is very heavy.

Last December I started to clear this ground, it was covered with big timber and I was not able to finish the clearing. When I had got it half done I had to go away into the "Kukukuku" country with Mr. Middleton. I got 10 boys from Karaita Village and they said that they would finish the clearing for me. I bought one big bag of rice which cost me £1 10s., 10 tins of meat that cost 10s. and 15 sticks of tobacco that cost 3s., and, one Saturday afternoon before I went away, I gave these 10 boys a feast. My wife cooked the rice and the boys took it down to the village to eat it with the 10 tins of meat.

When I came back from the Kukukuku country I bought some yams from the Lorabada people. Altogether I paid 1 tin of kerosene, 20 sticks of tobacco, 4 fishing-lines

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and one packet of fish-hooks. For 1 stick of tobacco I got 1 yam, 2 yams I paid 1s., 3 yams one bottle of kerosene and 4 yams 1 fishing-line. My wife and I cut these yams up, from one small yam we made 5 pieces and from one big yam 10 pieces. It took us 3 days to do the planting.

In January my wife and I planted these yams and until June my wife kept the garden clean. Every day she worked, sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon. I helped her on Saturdays and on Sundays. In March I had to go away on patrol with Mr. Lambden and I told my wife to get some woman to help her until I came back. The wife of the V.C. at Lorabada helped her for two weeks and I paid her 10s.

In May we started to dig the yams up but before we finished I had to go to the Kukukuku country again with Mr. Middleton. I got back in June and helped my wife to finish digging the yams. As we dug the yams up we put them in big holes and covered them up with earth, about 30 yams in each hole. When we finished digging the yams I gave some to the Lorabada people, the Ipsi people and the Karaita people and I had 527 left. I sent a message to the Lorabada people to come and help me take these 527 yams to my house but there were not enough Lorabada people so the Karaita and Ipsi people came and helped too.

We made 9 big platforms to carry the yams on, about 25 yams on each, and 4 boys carried each platform. We had to make two trips. On the platforms full of yams we flew flags and put coloured leaves and bushes. When all the yams were carted to my house I bought one big bag of rice that cost £1 10s. and 20 tins of meat that cost £1, and I made a feast for all the people who carried the yams. My wife cooked all the rice and she used 1 big iron pot, 2 big billicans, 2 big iron saucepans and 2 kerosene tins. When all the *kai-kai* was cooked I put it out on the parade ground, Ipsi in one place, Karaita in another place and Lorabada in another place, and I stand on my veranda and tell them all which *kai-kai* belong them. They ate all the rice and the meat and then I give some more yams to Karaita, Ipsi and Lorabada and I keep some for myself.

—“W.J.L.”

Salamo Hospital.

PART of the work of the hospital students is to go to the different villages and give injections for yaws disease, also other medicine for sickness. This month Esikaia V, with Dr. Heaslip, went from Bunama to Cape Pearson on Normanby Island. They visited many villages and gave 387 injections. Also gave medicine to 253 other people. Eutycho Mau-ma went to Nade and Morima on Fergusson Island and gave 69 injec-

tions. Also he gave medicine to 110 other people.

Caring for Babies.

In February a little baby was born at Nade. The mother died. Then the Papuan Missionary said to take the baby to the Mission hospital. The mother's sister took the baby to hospital where the white nurses taught her how to care for and feed the baby with tinned milk. Bokauiole loved this baby very much and she learned quickly how to take care of it. This baby has very fair skin and ginger-coloured hair so the nurses called it Fairy. The people liked this name and they have given it to her. After three months Bokauiole took Fairy back to Nade and is taking good care of her there, that is because of what she learned at the hospital. We hope more women will come to hospital to learn how to care for babies.

—“H.M.P.,” *Salamo Hospital.*

Native Doctoring.

ON page 53 is a picture of a sick man being treated in the Northern Division. A lot of medicines are put into the wooden dish and mixed up into a stew or soup. Then a hot stone is put into the stew. The sick man squats over the dish, and a big mat is put over the top of him. He stirs the stew, and the steam rises from it. He stays under the mat as long as he can, and comes out in a sweat.

This is a Papuan way of treating the sick, and I dare say it is really a very good way, as long as the sick man does not let himself get cold after it.

But on the whole Papuans don't know much about making sick people better. They know a lot of things, but this is not one of them. When you can go to a white doctor you will be very much wiser to go, and take his advice.

Sarai's Trip on "Morinda."

SARAI, native boy from a village near Port Moresby, is in a new world. He is a modern Rip Van

Winkle, but if you told him so he would merely show his white teeth in an uncomprehending smile.

Sarai is a hard worker. He is also a heavy sleeper, and that is why he arrived here yesterday on the steamer *Morinda*. He did a hard day's work loading cargo into the *Morinda*, and then fell asleep in a warm spot abaft the funnel.

When Sarai woke up, rubbing his eyes, he was at sea, miles away from his little village. The *Morinda* in motion did not trouble him, for he had travelled to Yule and Woodlark Islands on her with other boys to act as a dusky "wharfie."

But when the *Morinda* entered Sydney Heads Sarai gasped. His eyes popped as Mr. A. Russell, the chief steward, pointed out to him the big buildings.

He gave vent to a long-drawn-out "Phee-ee-ew," and relapsed into silence. Then a Manly ferry passed. Sarai got excited. He thought it was a war canoe! "Big canoe! Big canoe!" he yelled.

The Harbour Bridge puzzled him more than a Sydney man can realize. His eyes goggled more than ever when it came in sight, and, gazing spellbound at it, all he could say was, "Im big fella!"

Sarai has been used to a loin-cloth. But to-day he stumbles about the deck awkwardly respectable in a pair of trousers and a coat, and wearing a pair of shining black boots. Sarai is already sighing for the Islands!

[Daily Telegraph, Sydney.]

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent — Barton Diritaunimo.)

Fishing.

ON Friday, the 24th April, one Iagirua Councillor, named Warigi, took the New Guinea dynamite like string down to Avorevore Creek. First he put the net in the mouth of the creek. Then he crushed the dynamite, and squeezed it in the river. All the fish were dead, hundreds of them. You see them heaps and heaps. You cannot see the mud or stones to walk on. But you walk about on top of the fish.

The Councillor sent Boajari to tell all the station women to come to get the fish. All the women took baskets, dishes and tins

which they filled; they returned to the station and they smoked fish till 10 o'clock night.

The station people had enough fish for a week, 2 weeks, or 3 weeks, the village people for about a month. The mountain people got some and many were left in the creek to rot.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Kavari Cricket Club v. Taora Cricket Club.

MATCH was played on the 29th ultimo, between Kavari and Taora.

Before the commencement of the play, two sides are agreed that the game will be played two innings, according to the Rules of Cricket, No. 1.

The toss was won by Kavari, who decided to bat, but the wickets fell very freely, and all were out for 83 runs. Heni Heni, 19; Heni Puka, 15; Igo Erua, 14 not out. Rarua Tau, 7 wickets for 23; Teina Boe, 4 wickets for 24.

At 11.35 a.m. Taora opened their 1st innings, their wickets were good, but all out for 174 runs. Rarua Tau, 54; Vagi Mavara, 30; Pipi Heni, 19. Igo Erua took 5 wickets for 41; Kohn Dogodo, 2 wickets for 41; Ovia Ikupu, 2 wickets for 31.

The Kavari team made 50 runs in the second innings and no wickets fell. The game then finished.

Village Conference.

On the 1st instant a large number of Village Councillors attended at the Village Conference. About forty-nine (49) Village Councillors attended, representing every coastal village of the district, excepting Tatana, Baruni and Gorohu who had been delayed.

The meeting was opened by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor at 10 a.m. Hon. H. W. Champion, Government Secretary, and C. T. Wurth, Esq., R.M., C.D., also attended this meeting.

His Excellency addressed those 49 Village Councillors, and explained in a brief address the object of the meeting and exhorted the Councillors to retain their good customs but to discard those that were bad. When they had any doubt on any matter the Council could always see the Resident Magistrates who would bring to His Excellency's notice any matters of importance and they would get every assistance in carrying out their duties as Councillors.

His Excellency and the Government Secretary left the Conference at 10.45 a.m.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Story of Manubed the Eagle.

THE lot of people in one village, with many houses—about three lines.

One man took his dogs and went to the forest. The dogs bit a pig and two dogs ran into the forest near a big tree. On the tree was a big nest, and in the nest was a big eagle, Manubed. The dogs ran, and the man ran

after them and the eagle heard dogs' voices. It flew down with its two big wings and took the man up to the nest and did eat him. Only the bones fell to the ground.

The dogs went to the village. But his people wait and wait, and no man came. So they went to forest to look for him. They came to the tree with the eagle's nest and that eagle came down and killed them all. Manubed, he would blow about in the sky; and when he see the smoke up in the garden, he would come down, down, and kill the man or woman. And all people were frightened of the eagle.

The Chief man said, "All you make canoes"; and they made them. And all people left their old village and went on the beach to go in canoes. Chief man had two wives. One and the other got on canoe with other people; and canoe sank so they tell one Chief's wife, no room for her.

She did not stay in house but in a big tree there (*Irim*), and there was a big hole in the tree. And at night she go to gardens and get her food and water; and daytime she stayed in *Irim* tree. She got two babies there, and they grew big, and asked where all the people gone; and she told them of the eagle, Manubed.

By and by children made small spears, for they were bigger. And they went and speared a rat in the grass. "Shall we eat this mother?" "Yes," she said. And at other times a handiocoot or a wallaby, or a pig; and always asked, "Shall we eat this or not."

Then they made spears, about four bundles, and then said to mother, "Where is that bird? I want to fight with him." The children looked for him, and found him in the forest, in the big tree, and they said, "Manubed are you strong? Come down and kill us if you are strong. I want to see you." The eagle came down and fought with the children. And he was very very strong and the children were very very strong too. The sun went down, and the eagle go back to his nest and the children to their mother.

Another time they went to fight the eagle; and the eagle came down to fight them. The eldest said to his brother, "Are you strong?" and the second said to his brother, "Are you strong?" Then fought with Manubed, and the second-born threw the spear and brake off the eagle's wing, and the first-born threw the spear and brake off the other wing and the eagle fell to the ground. They ran and cut off the eagle's head, and bring it to their mother; and she was very happy, and they danced with their mother.

Then they paint the eagle's face with red and black paints and said to it, "Go down the beach to our father's house and hit the step." It did as they said, and Chief man heard and came down and found the eagle's head. He took it in to the house by the fire and saw it was Manubed's head. Then he said "Who sent this?" and he think his wife was there (? and his) children and they kill it.

So he blew his shell, and call for feast. At feast he took Manubed's head and said, "What is this?" And he told them his children who had been left there grew up and

killed the eagle and sent it's head to the father. All people were very very happy, and painted and danced. Then the Chief man went to see his wife and children. When they saw their father they said, "Who is that?" And the mother said, "That is your father." They said, "We will kill you. Why you leave our mother?" and she said, "No, let your father live." Then the Chief man came back and took all people home again to their village. And they were very glad and stayed there.

[By Randolph Namuri, Anglican Mission teacher at Wanigela. This story wins the 5s. this month.]

The Letter in the Bottle.

SUNDAY night on the 28th September, when I was coming home from Hanuabada to start my work at 10 p.m. in the night. I entered into the boy's house; and there were six boys in the room talking away and also laughing and joking at the same time. And so I sat down on the stool, and asked what they talking about. And one, the Power House boy, by name Oina Kabo, told me that one boy from Suau (his name is Lasarro) told all his people that a bottle fell down from Heaven. And in that bottle was a letter, and when he picked up the bottle he found that the bottle has no lid on to it. So he tried all his best to open it. But he couldn't, so at last he broke the bottle and he took the letter and read it. And what was written in the letter is, "In few months time that will be the end of the world and we all must die." So he told all the people at Suau what was written in the letter. And all the people at Suau believed his words and they were so frightened so they never go very often in gardens to work; the only thing the people in Suau do is they always praying and watching for the end of this world. They were worried and they don't know what to do. They thought that the end of the world is coming shortly.

Well last month (that's on August) when the *Elevala* was going to Samarai to bring the Samarai teams in to Port Moresby to play Cricket matches they anchored at Suau. And one of the Village Policemen asked the *Elevala* Engineer, a Suau boy, if it's true about the letter in the bottle. And the Engineer told them that's all lie. And when the Suau people heard that is all only stories they were very pleased and they start to go in their gardens and work. Well dear friends we all must remember this that nobody in this world will tell us when the end of the world will be coming, not even the King of England or the great people in this world will tell you.

Well dear friends I must not go too far, so I am ending it.

[By Moses Pupuka, the assistant of A. D. Williams, Power House, Port Moresby.]

Murders.

DURING the last patrol, the Resident Magistrate, Mr. Humphries, arrested 21 men from Doma and Iomedii Villages in the Main Range. It is said that these men had killed 2 women and 1 boy. The V.C. and a

man of a village called Kulie in the Main Range reported to Mr. Humphries at Iomedi that a murder had happened at Kulie but the Resident Magistrate and party had to return to the coast so Mr. C. Champion, the Patrol Officer, will proceed on to that district in about a fortnight to investigate the murders and apprehend the offenders.

[By Nansen Kaiser, Cape Nelson.]

Accident in Workshop.

LAST month an accident occurred in the shop of Mr. P. J. MacDonald; a boy named Sere Aisi cut his thumb by the machine plane. He was too careless at the time, when he was working the machine plane; he didn't know that it was a very dangerous thing, so he worked on it, and he didn't feel it when he was cut, and half of the thumb was cut off.

On the morning, we passed by the doorway, and a man named Kabua Gairo came out from the shop and he told us all about what happened. He said that poor Sere had lost the half of his right thumb, and we all went inside, and saw poor Sere sitting on top the log and his thumb bleeding freely and was washing it with water.

Sere showed us his hand, and said that he was very surprised, because he never felt when the plane cut him, he only felt after the minute over.

I thought that machine plane is the best thing for operation, as it was the fastest and quickest cut, because Sere said that it was very sharp indeed.

Mr. MacDonald has employed a number of Foreporena boys to help him in his workshop; they used to make tables, chairs and furniture, etc., and some of them are good carpenters.

All you readers will be sorry for the loss of Sere's nail and thumb, and if he doesn't take care again in future he will be losing one or all the fingers.

[By Dago Morea, N.C. to G.A., Port Moresby.]

Holiday.

JUST a few lines of the story of the Doctor Williams, who lived at Samarai. About couple weeks ago Dr. Williams been here; two of his little children, his wife, and a sister who helped him.

They have a good holiday in Lawes College. On Wednesday, 10th September, about 12 o'clock before dinner. Our master went first down to the coast and waited for them. They come across by the dinghy, and happy to meet them, because have not seen them before.

So that time Sinabada Turner rang the bell one time, and she told the monitor, who helped master each week, "Better you tell some of your friends, and go down to the coast now. I will send several boys and girls to help you to carry Dr. Williams's things up to my house please." Therefore they went down to the coast, and brought his things up. Thursday morning they enter into the church, and we all very glad to meet them and to say, "Good Morning."

Helped Mrs. Turner.

But Dr. Williams was here; some other days he went into the Hospital. We have built a new Hospital in L.C. looking very nicely. The Doctor helped very much E. E. Turner. Gave our medicine every morning. Also one of our students, his son was full of sick, nearly die. He was made alive again by him and Sinabada Turner. So we are very surprised.

But Dr. Williams—I thought this man was full of works and almsdeeds which he did.

His Work.

On Monday, 15th September, Doctor asked our master, "Better tell your Students, and question them. If a man could not see any things better come to me; want see their eyes, what trouble is." When our teacher told the Students, we only a few men gone.

At midday Taubada Turner rang the bell four times. We only six men went to the Hospital.

This is his Question.

"What is trouble your eyes?" This is our answer, "Taubada! because I could not see any things better at reading time." Then Doctor he pacify the eyes; see it, and said, "Better come to me this afternoon on Rev. R. L. Turner's house."

About 2 o'clock rang the bell. We went to Mr. Turner's house and sat on the veranda together. He call a man, and question him "What troubled your eyes?" But he don't know the Motu languages. Our master will help him. Our man answered saying, "Taubada, please I could not see any things better at reading times, because my eyes like a mist some time; therefore could not see best to read." He put the glass on our eyes and said, "You read the book." And he read the book. Dr. Williams said, "What glass you can see better, right-hand side or left? Tell me, I put the new one again." Then he put the glass on, and read the book. "Right or left, Taubada; this left-hand side not better, I could not see any letter, because little bit dark." He took off, put a new one again; and see, what is that? "Oh! Taubada this is very good one, better than the other. I see a book better to read now Taubada." Answering said, "Right." Then another man used the same. When all are finished, we go.

So this man, we Students are surprised at him. They went to the church every morning and say, "Good Morning everybody," the same as our teacher said. All answered to say them, "Good Morning Sir."

Rest.

On Friday, 19th September, they went to the waterfall, made picnic there and have a rest.

On Monday, 22nd September, early in the morning he went away. We all very sorry for him, when he is away.

[By Posu, of Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

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