

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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The Native Affairs Department.

PERHAPS the greatest business of the Government in Papua is to see that the Papuans live at peace with one another. The Government make the laws; and the people have to keep them. If they do so they will get along well together. Each man must act fair and square towards his neighbour. He must not get angry and hit him with a club or poke a spear into him; he must not steal his pig or pull up taro out of his garden; he must not run away with his neighbour's wife. The Government has put Magistrates all over the country at different Stations; and it is a large part of the business of these Magistrates to keep the people peaceful and law-abiding.

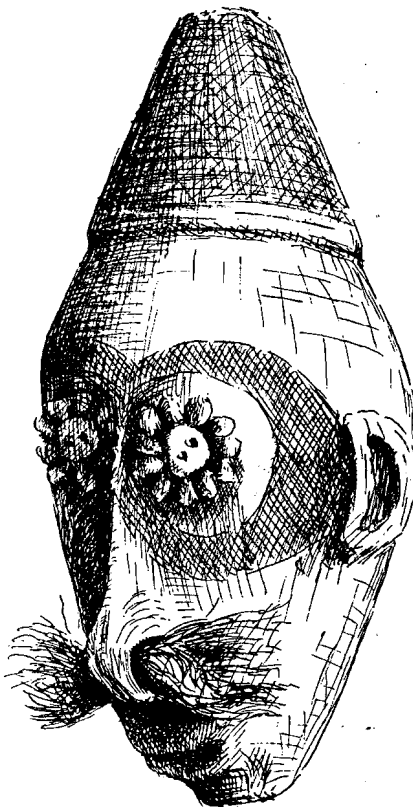
Cases between Papuans.

When two natives have a row they can go to the Magistrate to have it settled; they "make Court." Most of the Court cases in Papua are of this kind. They deal with disputes or quarrels between natives; or they come up because one native has done harm to another.

Cases between Papuans and Europeans.

Now in some Court cases the dispute is between native and white man—between Papuan and European. If a white man stole a Papuan's pig, or if a Papuan shot a white man with his bow and arrows, then the Magistrate would hold Court in much the

same way as for a native dispute; and the guilty man would go to jail or be fined.



GOGODARA CARVING.

Employers and Labourers.

But when there is trouble between white man and native, it is mostly between the "employer" and his "labourers." You know that many thousands of Papuans work for the

white man—on plantations, on the wharves, in the stores, and so on. The employer is the man you work for and who gives you your wages.

The Government is very anxious that there should be no trouble between the employer and the worker; they have named one man as Commissioner for Native Affairs, and it is his work to see that things are fair and square between them. The Commissioner for Native Affairs is Mr. O'Malley, and those who work under him make up the Native Affairs Department.

Two Sides to a Bargain.

When a village man decides to work for a European he makes a "bargain" (or a contract). He says he will do certain work for a certain wage. Now there are two sides to a bargain. On the one side the villager must do his work; he must not be lazy; he must not run away; he must do what he is told. On the other hand the employer must give the labourer good food; good quarters to live in; medicine and help when he is sick; a loin cloth to wear and a blanket and mosquito-net to sleep in, and so on; and when his time is finished he must pay him and send him home to his village.

The Contract of Service.

The work of the Native Affairs Department is to see that both sides of the bargain are carried out. You know that when you sign-on you must be fit for work (you must not be too young, and you must not be sick). Then there is a paper called the "Contract of Service"; your name and the

name of your employer are put on it; you both make promises, and you have to keep them. If either employer or labourer breaks his promises the law will make trouble for him. A copy of that paper is kept in the Native Affairs Department. It gives the date when your work is to finish, and on that date you must be signed-off and paid your money.

Inspectors.

While you are at work Inspectors come and visit the plantation from time to time. They see whether you are being well-treated. If you have "complaints" to make, you can talk to the Inspector when he comes round and he will see what is the matter. In fact the Native Affairs Department will always see that you get a fair deal.

But remember that most white employers will give you a fair deal anyway. If you carry out your side of the bargain they will carry out their side. Boys who are strong and willing and cheerful will have no trouble with their master.

LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

No. 2.

IN the last article I explained how very small living things, too small to be seen without special glasses ("microscopes") caused disease if they entered a man's body and grew and multiplied there.

You have all heard of dysentery, and how much sickness and how many deaths it caused in Papua some few years ago. Dysentery is caused by one kind of these very small living things getting into the body and living and multiplying there.

These living things which cause dysentery are called dysentery "bacilli." These bacilli grow in your intestine—inside the body—and when you ease yourself they are given out in very large numbers with your faeces (*kukuri*). If now, any of these bacilli get inside the body of someone else, they may perhaps grow there and cause the other person to also have dysentery.

Let us now consider how such bacilli may get into someone else's body. If the faeces with the bacilli are passed

on the ground, rain may wash some of the bacilli into a waterhole. Any one who then drinks the water will take some of these bacilli into the body and may therefore get dysentery.

Another way of getting dysentery is by the person who is looking after the sick person getting his hands soiled with bacilli. If then he puts his hands in his mouth, or if he touches food he is going to eat, the bacilli gets into his mouth and into his body.

Another way of the dysentery bacilli getting into a man's body is by the faeces drying up and being blown about as dust. If this dust blows into a person's mouth, or if it blows on to food which a person is going to eat, the person again may get dysentery.

Still another way the bacilli can get into a person's mouth and cause dysentery is by flies settling on the faeces. Some of the bacilli, too small for you to see, stick to the fly's legs, and then perhaps the fly next settles on rice you are going to eat, with the result that you also eat the bacilli and may get dysentery.

In my next article I will tell you how the bacilli multiply inside your body, and how you can avoid getting dysentery.

—*W. M. Strong.*

A White Man Honoured by the Aborigines.

CHARLES Sturt was an explorer in Australia. In the early days, much of Australia was unknown to the white men (some of it is still unknown). Sturt was one of the men who first travelled through the bush and over the wide plains of Australia; and who found some of its big rivers.

Sturt met many of the aborigines, i.e., the dark-skinned men of Australia. And they often thought he was their enemy and wanted to fight him. But though he was often in great danger, he never lost his nerve and never fired at a native to kill him. Sturt was a sensible man and a kind one and he must have had very good manners, for he always managed to make friends with new natives.

Some while ago the aborigines at a place called Point McLeay in South Australia made a monument for Charles Sturt. They have put up a big pile of stones, called a "cairn," to remember him by.

Birds and Beasts of Australia.

ON page 61 is a picture of some of the well-known animals and birds of Australia. Many of the Australian animals and birds are found in Papua also; but not all of them. Just as the aborigines (or the first men who lived in Australia) are different from the Papuans; so many of the birds and animals are different too.

You all know the Kangaroos or Wallabies very well, for they are found in all parts of Papua; though we never find the real "Old Man" Kangaroo here. He stands as tall as a man and can easily knock a man over. The second picture is of the "Native Companion," which we also see in parts of Papua—at least in the West. He is a very big bird who walks about in the swamps, you might mistake him for a Cassowary until you see him rise up in the air and fly away.

The third picture is of the Platypus and this is an animal that is never found in Papua, I think. He is called a Platypus because he has broad flat feet—that is what the name means. But he is also called a "Duck-billed Water Mole," which is a long name but a good one, for the Platypus is something like a Duck and something like a Mole. He has a mouth like a Duck's bill; and he (or rather she) lays eggs like a Duck. And yet he is more like an animal than a bird. He is called a "Water Mole" because he lives mainly in the water, but digs holes in the ground also, and sometimes lives in them like a Mole. Altogether the Platypus is a very strange creature. In Papua we have the Echidna or Hedgehog, another animal that lays eggs like a bird.

The fourth picture shows two Emus. They will remind you of Cassowaries, and they are very much the same. The Emu is one of the birds that has forgotten how to fly, and must always

run about on the ground. He is a bit taller than our Cassowary.

The next picture is the Pelican, which is also found in parts of Papua. A very big bird he is. He swims on the water and catches fish in that big mouth, or beak. It is this beak that is the funniest thing about him.

"A marvellous bird is the Pelican whose beak can hold more than his belly can."

The little animal sitting on the stick is the Koala or Native Bear. He is not a real Bear, and he cannot do any harm to anybody. In fact he is a very good-tempered little thing, and lives mainly on leaves of trees. Australians are very fond of the Native Bear and Australian children have toys made just like him, which they call "Teddy Bears."

The last picture is the Lyre Bird. He is called that because his beautiful tail is like a musical instrument called the "lyre." He is one of the birds (like our Papuan Bower Bird) which makes a little house for itself on the ground and dances near it.

A Lesson in Magic.

THE following, written by Ali, the Agricultural Assistant; will be rather hard for most readers of *The Papuan Villager*. But it is worth trying to understand. It was sent in a good long time ago, when the people thought the crops were being *puripuri*. It will do the people of Poreporena good to read it now, when they think that some of the recent deaths were caused by Koiari Sorcerers. [ED.]

A Lesson in Magic.

My comments about the general belief in *puripuri* or sorcery prevailing amongst the Hanuabada and Elevala natives. Since the two gardens, Hohola and Nesemana, have been badly afflicted with pests and other destructive insects, the cause and source for such a scourge being a puzzle and worry to them, they have come to the conclusion that someone in the village is a *Babalau* or Sorcerer, and that the destruction of the various crops by the pests is due to his or her influence. Now I want to

make the people understand, and not to be led by the foolish and ridiculous belief that any human could do such disastrous work to plants and also to human bodies. I will therefore quote an instance, which happened in Singapore and in which I was a personal witness.

A newly-arrived European was a Schoolmaster at the Raffles Institution School of Singapore; and he had for his servants five or six Indians (Bengalis) who were of the Buddhist Faith and had for their Gods Ram, Vishnu and Siva. Now this European was always losing some article of jewellery from his dressing-table, and always accused his servants of the theft, which one and all denied. This constant pilfering had been going on for some time till at last a pair of gold sleeve-links, a parting gift from someone dear to him, was lost; the previous loss was nothing compared to this one, and he was determined to recover them if possible.

He sought the advice of some of the old residents, and an old one advised him to go to his servants' Temple-keeper (a Samy, or Fakir), and to ask his help to recover the things stolen. He did so, and the Samy told him to bring his servants to the Temple. When they arrived the Samy addressed and threatened them with the anger of their Gods; that the punishment he would call down would be very severe and painful to them, unless they returned the stolen articles. The servants did not heed threats of the Samy and they still protested their innocence, upon which, after a final warning to them, he entered the Temple to invoke the power of Ram, Vishnu and Siva to reveal the thief.

After being away in the Temple for some time, he came out and told the servants to enter it one at a time, and to take the stone on the sacrifice table into their hands and to put it back again; those that are innocent may take the stone, but those that are guilty will do so at their peril and to the danger of their person. The servants entered the Temple one after another, and on coming out the Samy smelt their hands. He said nothing till all of them stood before him, then he went to the first man, pointed his finger at him and denounced him as

the thief. The first man trembled, turned pale, and confessed to the theft, and said he would return the stolen articles.

Now you Hanuabada people after you read this will think that the Gods, Ram, Vishnu and Siva, helped the Samy to find out the thief, and that he got some power from them to help him to point out the guilty man. This is because you are superstitious and will believe things that you cannot understand, and that other people try to make you believe. Such was the belief of the servants, because they have a strong faith in their idols and what the Samy said must be the truth. But the Samy when he entered the Temple only put some drops of sandal-wood oil on the stone, and threatened the guilty man with very severe punishment, should he handle it; and he, under the belief that what the Samy said must be true, did not handle the stone. When he came out the Samy, on smelling his hands, did not smell the sandal-wood, so he could tell which of the servants was the thief. Thus he was given the credit of being a very wise man and a chosen one by his Gods.

By this you can judge and see that there is not one person, male or female, that is endowed with supernatural power, or more powerful than the other; they all get an exalted place in your estimation by being crafty, cunning, domineering and witty. If anyone was to tell you that a certain person could perform certain things, let the person do so to prove that he could do it. Seeing is believing.

After all, the reason for the pest being in the two gardens, Hohola and Nesemana is easily explained; they were brought into the place by the other plants, such as the taro and others taken out of old gardens, that had the eggs of these pests in them; also the dryness of the surrounding country would entice these pests to a place where water is found in the sap of the plants in the garden.

—"P. P. Ali."

STORIES, etc., only to be sent to the Editor, F. E. Williams. All other communications to be sent to the Government Printer.

A Gogodara Man.

ON the front page of this issue is a picture of one of the little figures made by the Gogodara. The Gogodara people like to carve funny little faces out of pith, or very light wood. The Editor cannot tell you what they make them for, but they make them very well. This one looks like a Turk with a hairy "moustache." The Turks were our enemies in the Great War, and wore little red hats very much like the one in the picture. But no Turk ever came to the Gogodara. The hat is really no more than the *jiba*, or pointed hat worn by the Gogodara; and the moustache is only a piece of frayed bark stuck in the man's nose.

Riding Horses.

THE horse in the picture on page 61 is trying to throw its rider off. Most readers of *The Papuan Villager* have seen white men riding horses; some may even have ridden horses themselves. I don't expect though that many Papuans would be able to sit on the horse in the picture. Not many white men could.

Every horse has to be "broken-in" before it can be ridden. It has to be taught to obey its rider, to go quietly, and to go where he wants it to.

Sago Making.

THE Gulf and Delta peoples live mainly on sago. That is why the Motu people can always get a full cargo when they send their *lakatoi* to the West.

The picture on page 60 shows you some women at Ukiravi making the sago ready. They dig out the pith from the sago log; then they put it into a trough and beat it with a stick. They pour water on it and the sago runs down with the water to settle in another trough underneath.

Bow and Arrow Games.

IN the picture on page 60 you see some little boys shooting with toy bows and arrows. The arrows are

made of the "midribs" of coconut leaves, and they are shooting at a piece of sago branch on the ground. By and by these boys will be men and then they will shoot at pigs and fish and crocodiles.

Fishing at Iari.

THE villages of the Purari Delta are built on the river-banks. The ground is all mud, so that the houses are built up on piles and you have to walk about on gangways or "wharves."

At low tide the water runs out of the side creeks, so that is the time to fish. On page 60 you see a net drawn across the mouth of the creek, and the women are fishing in the shallow water with their string nets. They walk about up to their knees or thighs in the soft mud.

Iari is one of the biggest villages in all Papua. It has about 2,000 people.

Death of a Papuan Teacher.

ON Sunday, 12th July, Koani Miki, a L.M.S. teacher, died at Porebada, near Port Moresby. He was a very old man, for he was one of the first Papuans to become a teacher for the L.M.S.

Koani was born in the village of Elevela. One day, when he was a young man, he was playing in the village street with some of his friends. One of the young men was injured in the game, and died from his injury. His relatives blamed Koani for the accident; they seized him and were going to kill him.

But at that time the famous Missionary, James Chalmers, known to Papuan people as Tamate, was living at the Mission Station just above Elevela. When Tamate heard what was happening he went down to the village, pulled Koani away from the people who wanted to kill him, and took him up to the Mission Station.

Koani stopped on the Mission Station, and by and by made up his mind that he would help the people who had saved his life by becoming a teacher. He was sent to Porebada,

and he remained there as village teacher for forty-two years. Everybody loved Koani and listened to what he said, not only in Porebada but in all the Motu villages. They respected him because he was truthful and honest, because he stuck to his job, and because he never talked big about himself.

Last year Koani retired, that is to say he stopped his work, and the L.M.S. gave him a pension. His son, Gorogo Koani, who had just finished his training at Lawes College and Port Moresby School, was appointed village teacher in his place. But Koani was very old and weak, and he did not live long to enjoy his pension.

All the Porebada people were very sad when Koani died. The Missionaries from Port Moresby went out to Porebada to conduct the funeral, and there were people there from all the villages between Port Moresby and Redscar Head.

We hope that the Motu people will always remember Koani and will try to live as he did. And we hope that Gorogo will be a strong man too, and will carry on the good work that his father began at Porebada.

—“P.C.”

Salamo Hospital.

LAST month Wili Sabwate walked to Basima on Fergusson Island. Setebeni, the new medical student from Kiriwina, was with him. They were only able to give 72 injections and treatments to 68 other people because the people were very much afraid. They ran away and hid in the bush. Sometimes the Papuans tell us they are afraid of the Government white man or the white doctor, but this time only two of your own Papuan boys went—and only to help the sick people. Do you know why the village people were so much afraid?

Wilisoni T. went to Morima and Kukuia where he gave 127 injections and treatment to 62 other people.

Wili S. with Dr. Heaslip also went to many villages on Goodenough Island. There they gave 326 injections and treated many sick people.

—“H.M.P.”

Deep down under the Sea.

MANY Papuans know all about diving for pearls. They go down a long way and can stay under for a long time. They don't wear any clothes when they dive—unless it is a pair of glass goggles over their eyes.

White divers can go down much further and stay under much longer. But this is only because they wear special diving-suits. These are very heavy clothes that will not let the water through. Their heads are enclosed in helmets; and the diver's helmet is like a big round iron pot, with glass windows in to see through.

A long tube leads from the helmet to the surface of the water; and those who are on top send down air for the diver to breathe. When the diver, walking about on the bottom of the sea, wants to come up, he pulls a rope. Then the men in the ship haul him up. They turn a windlass, and up he comes like an anchor.

Lately two white men have gone further down into the sea than any man has ever been. They went straight down for quarter of a mile, or more than 1,400 feet. When you go deep under water the pressure gets very heavy. That means that the water seems to squeeze you in from all sides. Even if you had air pumped down to you, you could not keep alive if you went down very far. So these two men were shut up in a ball of steel. It was 5 feet across and its walls were of steel, several inches thick. It had windows made of quartz, a kind of stone that you can see through. The two men could see the queer fishes that swam by the windows of their steel ball. It was nearly as dark as night down there, but the queer fishes carry their own lights. They are like big fireflies swimming about deep down in the sea.

From Burma.

Man Swallowed by Snake.

THERE are plenty of stories about men being swallowed by snakes in Papua; but I don't know that any of them are true. But a true story has just come from Burma. The man

was named Moug Chit Khine. He was a salesman employed by a big European store; and he was shooting in the bush for a holiday. Then Moug Chit Khine was lost; and one of his friends found his hat beside a hugh "python." The friend killed the python, cut it open and found Moug Chit Khine inside. The snake had swallowed him feet first.

Rebels in Burma.

Burma is ruled by the British. Some of the natives have banded together lately and fought against their British masters. People who do this thing are called "rebels" and fighting against the Government is called "rebellion."

It is a very foolish thing to do. The natives are ruled justly by the British and they should be well content; and when they rebel they only come to grief, for the Government is far too strong for them.

It is only a few of the Burmese who are in rebellion. The other people are against them and with the Government. The other day a number of villagers were led out by some women against parties of rebels. The rebels turned round and ran.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Station Kairuku.

OUR Station gardens are quite fair, although the weather is very, very dry this season of the year.

Our rice, which I told of some time ago in one of *The Papuan Villagers*, was very poor; at this harvesting we had only one sack which is kept for seed for next rainy season.

The P.O., Mr. S. G. Middleton, of the Police Camp, Kambisi, was down here on Sunday, the 28th June, with Sevese (Sgt.), some A.Cs. and about four or five little mountain boys. They leave again for the Camp on or about the 6th July.

Missions.

The Roman Catholic Mission are going to celebrate the 30th Anniversary of the first Holy Mass said in Papua by the first Roman Catholic Missionary who landed in Papua. On 4th July this will take place with a Service on the top of a little hill, with a Procession, Chants and Holy Mass said on the spot. This is done every year in memory of this Missionary. Some of you readers will remember the day when once you were in this School of the Mission.

New Bell at the Mission.

This is a very big fine bell ever brought into Papua I think, which came from Europe, the White Man's home or country. It was brought by the *Morinda* to Yule Island, for the Roman Catholic Mission. For this bell the Mission are erecting a kind of tower on which to hang it; it will be ready about end of July. A Brother with the help of four or five Technical School boys are doing this.

General.

The Villagers at Chiria and Delena seem to like sports this time. They come over to the Station nearly every Saturday to play cricket—they seem to be fond of it.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Sago Despatched from Kikori.

ON the 29th June, 1931, the *Papuan Chief* arrived from Western portions, she was loaded up with 400 bundles of sago. It was arranged that the sago be removed from the Government wharf by the Poreporena Councillors, and to be sold out to the people at cheap prices. These have been taken to the village as arranged by the R.M., C.D. (Mr. C. T. Wurth). The Councillors sold them out, and they got some £30. When the sago arrived here, all the people were very glad and happy, and were also very pleased with the Government for the help they offered to the people in such a bad time.

And again on the 19th July, the *Veimauri* arrived from the same district, loaded up with 159 bundles of sago, these have also been taken to the village, and we did the same with this sago. We got some £10 for our 159 bundles. All the money has been taken to the Resident Magistrate's Office to be banked.

Gardens.

All the Poreporena people are now following Ahuia Ova, Garia Vagi, Lohia Kamea, Gavera Arua, and others, in making their gardens on the banks of Laloki River; I am one of their number. Because we all know the soils of the lands nearby are not good, so we all want to go to Laloki and make our gardens there, and we might find something good to eat in next year.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Story of Snake and Rat.

LONG year ago at six o'clock in the morning all the people were awake. Some men were going to the garden, some were going hunting, and some fishing—all but Snake and Rat. They sleep and stay in village.

Snake said to Rat, "My friend, you stay in village. I go for swim." Rat said, "You go for swim, I stay here." And Snake took his walking-stick and went to the water.

Men who went to hunt killed three pigs and came home. They said, "Where is Snake?"

Rat said, "Gone to water."

Men said, "Snake is like woman; he stay in the village every day. We must kill Snake."

At 4 o'clock other boys came back to the village. One boy said, "I am very strong boy. I go to kill Snake." This boy took a big stick and went to water to kill Snake. Three boys and two girls were fishing in the water. One boy was not fishing but walking in the bush.

Village boy said, "Where is snake?"

Other boy said, "Snake not swim, he go to bush to look for girls."

"I will kill that Snake," said village boy.

At six o'clock the Snake came home, and Rat said, "Snake, all the people want to kill you. People said you are not a good man; you are like the women, you stay in the village every day."

Village boy heard Snake and Rat talk. All people come and with a big stick killed Snake.

Rat felt sorry. He said, "My friend is dead, I will kill the village people." Rat killed 13 people, and Rat felt happy.

He said, "I am Rat, Rat! I am a big very strong boy, I am a very big man, I am almighty." Rat ate very big meal and went to sleep. At 12 o'clock that night Rat got very bad sick and he died.

[By John Jibera, Sangara teacher. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

A Cricket Match.

ON the 6th of June we had a cricket match here at Mailu. We played on Saturday 10 o'clock a.m., and we stopped about 5 o'clock in the evening. In the morning we got up and waited for the *Papuan Chief* because she was leaving Mogubu to come down to Mailu. And she arrived here about 7 o'clock in the morning. And when she had gone away from here, we all got our play-ground ready; laid the mats on the cement, and put up the wickets on the ground, and collected all the rubbish from the pitch, and then threw it away on the beach. And at 10 o'clock when the bell rang, we all came together at one place. And we played with the village boys.

And Taubada was the captain of our team and Pau was the captain of the village team. And Taubada chose eleven boys to play in his team. And Pau too did the same thing as Taubada had done. Here are the names of Taubada's team: Taubada, Ianamu, Tavara, Nole, Leonard, Dauge, Libai, Ronnie, Tim, Roy, Mark and Mat. And here are the names of Pau's team: Pau, Loo, Gara, Kenene, Kori, Gara, Oani, Wagena, Oware, Kuku, Pikana and Dick. We got forty-one runs in the first innings. The village team got forty-two runs. And in the second innings, we got one hundred and seventeen runs. The village team got one hundred and twelve runs. A man who was getting the runs quickly in our team was called Ianamu. He was a Pastor in our Mailu district. The score was 158 runs altogether, what the Ogobada team got. And the village team got 154 runs altogether. If they got only four more runs—the same number we got. But they did not get that.

[By Ronnie, L.M.S. boy, Mailu Island.]

The Story about Myself.

WHEN I was living at the village, I understood neither the Government fashion, nor the Government laws. I was appointed Native Clerk at Cape Nelson in the year 1930 by Mr. W. R. Humphries, the Resident Magistrate, Northern-Eastern Division.

He teaches us about the Government laws with my friends too. One is Murray Foremat and the other is Claude Rusi. These two boys are Assessors. Mr. Humphries teaches us about the laws in the "Native Regulation Ordinance." We have a small black-board we got from the Mission. Father A. J. Thompson he gave us. And Mr. Humphries teaches me typewriter, how to type the words.

He teaches us a lot of laws, and he teaches us how to hold Court: (1) first the complainant tells the Magistrate about his case; (2) then the Magistrate writes down the complaint; (3) then the Magistrate calls the defendant into the Court, and explains the charge. Then he says to the defendant is it true or not true?; (4) then the Magistrate hears all the witnesses for the complainant; (5) then the Magistrate hears all the witnesses for the defendant; (6) he writes down the words of all the witnesses; (7) when all the evidence is finished the Magistrate thinks about it, then gives his decision. And he gives us a lot of examinations. On Friday the 18th of June this month, I left Cape Nelson. I am very sorry for all my station policemen, my playmates and my friends. Also my Taubada, Mr. Humphries, and Sergt. Gaibiri and four police on patrol. I did not see their faces. Mr. Humphries is the first Taubada to teach me about Government jobs. Now I'm transferred to Baniara.

[By M. D. Barton, N.C. at Baniara, N.E.D.]

A Tragedy.

THIS story is what nobody knows about a dead man.

A child and his father they went to the garden. The father left the son in the house, and went and prepared the ground, and put in the seeds. And the child was very hungry, and he called his father but he did not hear his voice, and his father did not come, and the child was dead.

Then the father came, and he saw his son dead. The father said, "The child is sleeping." And the father waked the child, but waked in vain; and the father said, "Sonny, sonny, wake up and go." But this man was dead and nobody knew it.

The father he said, "My son is only sleeping." And then he took up his son, and put him on his shoulder. Oh dear, this poor child; but the child was not opening his eyes, and so he bring the child to the village, and put him down beside a coconut and said,

"Stop here; I will climb a coconut for you." Oh dear, the child was dead, dead. How could he hear his father's voice?

All right he climbed the coconut, and some nuts fell down and smashed the child and the child's blood came out of his body. The father saw his son, and the blood coming out. All right, his father said, "Why you not go away; why let the coconut hit you?" And the father husk the coconut and then he said, "Wake up and drink the coconut water." Oh dear, this child is dead and how can he bear what his father said?

And his father was very angry with his son and he picked up the child and put him on his shoulder and he bring him to a canoe. And his father said, "Koko, come out and sit down and I will pull the canoe. And then his father said, "Ah, you sleep too much." Oh dear, this child! And he pulled out the canoe again and they go out to the middle of the sea. Then he saw a shell-fish, and he tried wake up the child and tell him to swim to the shell-fish. Poor child he is dead. Poor dear child how can he swim for shell-fish? All right, his father took him up and throw him into the sea, but the child did not go into the sea. His father was angry with him because he not go down into the sea. His father said, "stupid" and then he jumped over into the sea, and the shell-fish hold his arm and he stop underneath the sea.

And the poor child float on top of the sea and then the big sea wash him up to the beach and he stop there and smell bad there. And his father dead inside in the sea. A high tide came up and the shell-fish opened his mouth and floated up, on top of the sea, and then the high tide wash him up to the beach where his son stop, and he stop beside his son.

A woman came out to fetch sea water and she found a man and his son dead. The woman wake the man and his son, but they not get up. And then she call to her husband. Her husband bring out a spear. He thought, enemies! And he want to spear the enemies, but he speared his wife. And he pulled out the spear and put it down and then he ran away. He came back to wake the woman but he waked her in vain. So he took her up and carried her up and then he slipped so that he fell down and died.

[By Daniel Dubur, Naniu, Collingwood Bay.]

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