

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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The Legislative Council.

IN Australia they have a lot of parliaments—one for each State and one for the whole of the Commonwealth as well. Their business is to make laws. They try to think what is the best thing for Australia; they argue about it a lot; and when they have finished arguing they take a vote. If most of the men in the parliament agree, then they “pass” the law, and everyone in the country has to obey it.

it is about them we are going to talk, because we have a picture of them in this issue.

The Members of the Legislative Council.

In the picture you will know many of the faces. (Two members, by the way, are away. They are Mr. Bunting, Samarai, and Mr. Clark, of the L.M.S., Port Moresby.)

The Governor “presides” over the Council. That means that he sits at

Bills and Laws.

Now, when they come together, the Council talk about “Bills.” (These are not the sort of bills you have to pay: the members of the Council probably talk about those at home.) But the Bill in the Council means somebody’s idea about what is good for Papua.

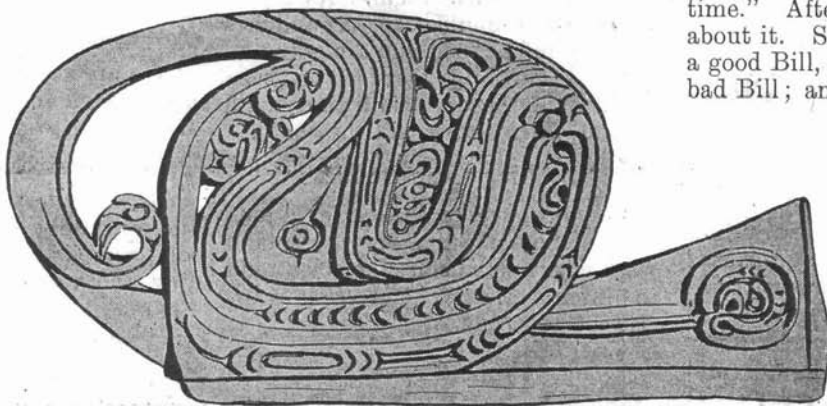
This is all written out on paper; and somebody in the Council says, “Let us hear the Bill read for the first time.” Then it is read out, and everybody listens. Then somebody says, “Let us hear it read a second time.” After this they begin talking about it. Some members think it is a good Bill, and others think it is a bad Bill; and they say so. When at

last they have done talking about it they read the Bill out a third time and take a vote. Each man says “Yes” or “No,” as he thinks, and they see who wins. Then, if there are too many “Noes,” the Bill is thrown out. If, on the other hand, there are enough “Yesses,” then the Bill becomes a

“law.” Once it is a law you have to do what the law says or you may have to pay a fine or go to gaol.

The Papuan Parliament.

In Papua we have something like a parliament, only they call it a Legislative Council. It is the work of the Governor and the Legislative Council to make the laws; and it is for the white people and all the natives to obey these laws.



A CANOE ORNAMENT.

The Executive Council.

We have also an Executive Council. There are not so many men in the Executive Council (or the Ex. Co., as it is often called). It is made up of the Governor and the Heads of all the Departments. It is not their work to make laws, but they meet once a week to look after the business of the country. The Legislative Council meets only twice a year, and

the end of the long table in “No. 1” (the Government Secretary’s office in town) while the other members sit along the sides of the table. There are seven official members besides the Governor; they are the Heads of the Departments. And there are five “unofficial” members, i.e., men who do not belong to the Government.

The Estimates.

They work very hard in the Legislative Council and talk about all sorts of things for the good of Papua. They have, for instance, to consider the “Estimates.” The Treasurer counts up all the money the Govern-

ment has got, and all it is likely to get next year. So they have to work out how much the Government can spend—so much for the Government Secretary's Department, so much for the Medical Department, and so on. It is often a very tight fit, especially nowadays because of the bad times when all of us are pretty poor.

Helping to Pay for the Government.

This time the Government needed some more money to keep the country going. So the Legislative Council had to put on an extra "duty." This means that we all have to pay a little more for the things we order from Sydney. The little bit extra goes to the Government; and when it is all added up it comes to a good lot: it should come to more than £7,000 next year. Since we all depend on the Government to help us, we all have to help pay for it.

But there are all sorts of other things the Council has to discuss—the laws about native labour, about loading ships, about electric light in Sainarai, about the goldfields, about selling the launch *Kismet*, and so on. These and a hundred other things are what bring the Legislative Council together twice a year.

LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

No. 3.

The Cause of Dysentery.

IN the last article you learnt how dysentery is caused. It is caused by small living bacilli (too small to be seen without special arrangements of glasses called a microscope). They get into your inside and grow and multiply there. You also learnt that the bacilli may get into your inside with water, food or dust.

I will now tell you how you can avoid getting dysentery bacilli in the water you drink, and in the food you eat, or in the dust which blows into your face.

Water.

First, as regards water. You should never ease yourself (*kukuri*) near a waterhole. You should also surround the waterhole with a bank of earth.

Then if heavy rain comes, it will not be able to wash any bacilli from the ground outside into the hole. You should never put your feet into the waterhole or wash clothes in it, or let pigs and dogs get into or drink at it. It is possible that your feet, or dirty clothes, or the feet of animals may have dysentery bacilli on them. Then, if you walk or wash in the waterhole, the dysentery bacilli may be washed off into it. You will then drink them with the water, and you may get dysentery. If you have to drink dirty water you should always boil it first or make tea out of it.

Dust.

Another way you may get dysentery is from dust with dysentery bacilli being blown into your face. You should never ease yourself close to villages and houses, and never in the bare space round the village. Go away some distance from the village; or, best of all, do it in the sea or where the rising tide will wash the *kukuri* away.

Flies.

Another way you may get dysentery is by dust or flies getting on your food. They may carry dysentery bacilli with them. As far as possible you should keep dust and flies away from the food you are going to eat. If you think your food has been spoilt by dysentery bacilli you should cook it again and so kill the bacilli.

Looking after the Sick.

If you have to look after a sick friend who has dysentery you should wash your hands each time you attend to him and always before you yourself eat anything.

Typhoid Fever.

There is another disease which, like dysentery, causes diarrhoea. It is caused in the same way as dysentery but by a slightly different bacillus, called the typhoid bacillus. If you have typhoid you do not pass blood, but you are ill and have fever for several weeks. But this fever is not cured by quinine. If you protect yourself as I have told you above, you will also protect yourself from this disease, which is called typhoid fever.

—W. M. Strong.

News from Salamo Hospital

How one Man Gives his Blood to Another.

LAST year I read in *The Papuan Villager* about a boy who had blackwater fever and Dr. Giblin took some blood from another boy and that made the sick boy better.

There was a boy very ill with blackwater fever at the Salamo Mission Hospital. Doctor said if he had some blood from another boy injected into his veins that he might get better. Some of the Papuan students willingly offered to give some blood. The doctor tested their blood and found that Wilisoni T. had the right kind of blood. So doctor took some and injected it into the sick boy. But I am sorry to say this boy had hidden his sickness and did not come to hospital till he was very ill. The blood did not help him, and this boy died.

Last month the wife of a Rotuman Missionary was very ill indeed with blackwater fever and doctor asked for somebody to give some blood. Esikaia V. was found to have the right kind of blood so doctor took some out of his veins and injected it into the sick woman. This woman is better now and doctor said it was the injection of blood which made her better.

We are very glad that these boys are so good and ready to give some of their blood to help these sick people.

A Patrol from Salamo.

Dr. Heaslip and Mr. Dixon left at the beginning of September to do a long patrol. They go up to Hughes Bay and return to Salamo through the middle of Fergusson Island.

—H.M.P.

The Children's League of Nations.

MOST of the big nations of the world—Britain, France, Germany, and so on—are now joined together in a League of Nations. When nations had rows between themselves they used to settle them by going to war. They killed as many people as they could, till one nation would get tired, and say to the other, "All right,

you win!" Now the League of Nations want to do away with war; they want to settle their rows peaceably.

There is a Children's League of Nations too. Many children from all over the world belong to it. The idea is that the children of the nations should learn to agree. Then when they grow up, they will not be so keen to go to war and kill one another.

The Papuan boys and girls have joined the Children's League of Nations, or, as it is called for short, the C.L.N.

Douvere, of Lawes College, writes about it here. We give something that is published in a well-known paper about the Papuan members; also a letter that came to Douvere from Japan. It was written after a Japanese had read about Papua and the C.L.N. in *The Children's Newspaper*.

About the Children's League of Nations.

DEAR Readers of *The Papuan Villager*, I hope you are all well during this month. Please Readers, I just want to tell you about the Children's League of Nations. I heard of it when I was at L.M.S. Training College at Fife Bay. Most of you know about this thing.

About when I was at Lawes College.

I was at Lawes College for five years, I started in 1925. In 1930 I ended my school, and at the end of my school I heard this lesson. I heard of it from Mrs. Turner. On some nights she called all the boys and the girls to tell us about the C.L.N. and she told us about it, the meanings, and how it begins, and all about it. And she told us to join too if we want to. So I just joined the C.L.N. and I wrote a letter and gave it to Mrs. Turner, and she sent it away to England to be published in *Children's Newspaper*. And also I gave sixpence for my C.L.N. card and badge.

Now a little about C.L.N.

This C.L.N. is a lesson for all of us in Papua. So I write this article and I want us all to join it too. That would be very best. Now the C.L.N. is like this: That we all be friends to each other or love one another. Mrs. Turner told us like this, that there was a big war, and in that war there were hundreds and hundreds of people died. And that is very bad; so, after that war was over they thought there should be no more war again. So started this Children's League of Nations. (This means we have to make friends to each other and to love each other.) Let us think between killing and just to stop quiet. I think stop quiet is very good thing. So the white people think, this very good thing. And they begin and come on and on, till now. And the people want us to join too, so that

there be no more war again, all be finished. Please, if you want, ask your masters or Taubada, and they will tell you clearly, and you will join too. And you first write a letter to tell them you are wanting to join the C.L.N. And tell him how you hear it and put your address and name of school, class, or your place.

Readers, when I joined I wrote a letter and I gave sixpence for card and C.L.N. badge (please Editor help me in this) and that letter was published in a London Newspaper and was sent back to me, and a letter in post card.

Members of the C.L.N. in Papua.

These are some Boys and Girls who have joined. Mailu Boys and Girls I know who joined: Ronnie G., Tim A. and four girls. Lawes College: Kede Tom, Lekei Tom, and some I don't know. Boys, Domore G., Harry Jones, John F. Those, I know have joined the Children's League of Nations. They also gave sixpence.

Now Dear Sir, I am quite pleased and I thank thee very much to write this article. Never mind if my English is bad; please write it in our copy. Please do not forget or do not forsake me I pray you. Please send me back the card and C.L.N. paper will you.

[By H. B. Douvere N., Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

The following is taken from *The Children's Newspaper* :—

C.L.N.

Two Dozen Friends From Papua.

Number of Members—21,680.

Two dozen Papuan boys and girls are among the latest recruits to the Children's League of Nations, and the number of countries with members is now over thirty.

Douvere Nouairi, one of the Papuan boys of the L.M.S. College at Fife Bay, writes: "First we think the Children's League of Nations is for the white people, but our Master's wife told us that it is for all over the world, and Papua too, so we are just wanting to join it. Sir, we Papuan girls and boys are just silly boys and girls, but now the L.M.S. missionaries are teaching us wise and giving us new life!"

The Post Card from Japan :—

25th January, 1931.

To Mr. Douvere Nouairi,
L.M.S. Mission College,
Fife Bay, Papua.

Dear Douvere,

I saw your letter in the C.N. I think it is rather a wonderful thing. I expect you are the first Papuan who has ever had a letter or article published in a London Newspaper. You are not silly girls and boys at all. You are the beginning of a new race in Papua.

In a few hundred years time there will be no distinction between races. All the present races of the world will be fused together into a Universal race.

I believe that is bound to come in time.

Yours truly,

T. Ordé Lees,
Tokyo, Japan.

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

Government Boats.

THE *Vailala* has been at work in the Eastern Division and the *Guitana* in the South-Eastern Division. Soon the *Vailala* will probably be taken away and sent to the Western Division. She will have a new engine put into her. The *Guitana* will probably be sold.

The *Eleva* will go to the Eastern Division and do the work of both *Vailala* and *Guitana*.

Probably the launch *Kismet*, used by Dr. Leigh in the Delta Division, will also be sold.

The Poreporena Shark.

TWO fine sharks were brought in to Port Moresby from Porebada not long ago. They were not real sharks, but *Kaiva Kuku*, made of cane and bagging. The people brought them in to Mr. Würth for evidence in a case.

These two *Kaiva Kuku* were made by Dairi-Taumaku and Isai-Goata. They were to frighten away any people who wanted to steal from their gardens. But they were also used in dancing. A man can stand up inside the shark, for it has a hollow inside and a hole in the bottom. Then he can run at the men and girls as they dance.

They were used in a big dance at Boera. The Villages of Porebada, Papa and Rearea were all there. The Village Councillor, Morea Gau, says the Porebada people sang very strong at this dance.

Buildings in Sydney.

The Town Hall.

ON page 68 you see some of the big buildings of Sydney. The building in the middle with the high tower is the Town Hall. You can see a clock in the tower; and every quarter of an hour the bell sounds. They don't fire a gun at 1 o'clock from the Lands Office in Sydney, or blow a whistle at the Power House. Sydney is so big and so full of loud noises

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[Continued from Page 67.]

that very few people would notice the gun or the whistle.

Inside the Town Hall there is a very big room. All the people of Poreporena could sit in that big room at one time. It is used for meetings and "concerts." Some men and women can sing so loudly and well that they can make everybody hear at once. You pay 5s. or so to get into the Town Hall to hear them.

The Mitchell Library.

The building in the bottom right-hand corner (No. 5) is the Mitchell "Library." That means it is a place for books. The Mitchell Library has in it nearly all the books written about Australia and the Islands of the Pacific. All the books that have been written about Papua are there.

I don't know what the others are. Sydney is so full of big buildings that you can't remember them.

A Papuan House.

ANOTHER picture on page 68 shows you one of your own Papuan houses; and a very good one it is. Any white man would stop to look at a well-built native house, if it is built in the old-fashioned way. You cannot put up big stone buildings like those of Sydney; but you can still make a house of wood and palm-leaf look very well.

Purari Delta Men.

ON page 69 you see a picture of three men from Ia'i in the Purari Delta. Two of them are wearing their *pokiri*, or nose ornaments, made of shell. In the Purari Delta men still walk about a good deal with their *pokiri*. I don't know why, but in many parts of Papua the natives don't wear their nose ornaments much nowadays—except when they are dancing. Perhaps it is because they notice that white men never wear them. If that is the reason it is a bad one. It would be funny if white men stopped wearing coloured neckties because they saw that natives don't wear them.

The man in the middle has a belt of stiff bark called *ore*. Some of these *ore* belts are beautifully carved. They say that in the old days this kind of belt was a kind of armour. The bark is very hard, and it protected a man's middle when he was fighting.

THE MONKEY.

THERE are all sorts of Monkeys. Some are little things no bigger than a cat; others, called apes, are bigger than a man. All of them are really very much like men, though they are covered with hair or fur, and a great many of them have tails. There are no real men, as far as I know, who have tails; though it is often said in Papua that tailed men live somewhere or other in the mountains. The trouble is we never see these men.

But there is no doubt that Monkeys are very like men, tails or no tails. In fact we may say that the Monkey is a far-away cousin of man. Long, long ago we had the same forefathers; but we have grown up differently.

Some Monkeys are called "anthropoids," which means that they are specially like men. They can stand up and walk like a man on their back legs when they want to. But they usually live in trees. They have long strong arms and can swing about in the branches.

The biggest of the anthropoids is the gorilla, who lives in the forest of Central Africa. He is very strong and fierce, so that all the other animals are afraid of him. The gorilla is said to be sometimes 400 lb. in weight; that is three times as heavy as a good big Papuan man.

The Monkeys, big and little, chatter a great deal. Some people think they can really talk to men; but they never let the men know it, for fear they would be made to work. Many native peoples think that Monkeys are sacred. In India they do not kill Monkeys, because it would mean bad luck. There is a famous place in India, called Benares, where they keep and feed thousands of these animals. In other parts of the world they think that the souls of the dead go into Monkeys; that is probably why the people will not kill them.

The Monkey is very clever and you can keep him like a dog and train him to do tricks. Old Navo, who lived on Fisherman Island, used to have a Monkey. (It was brought from another country, for there are none in Papua.) But one day the Monkey got bad tempered, and bit its master so badly that it had to be killed.

Government Officers.

MR. Dick, at present in charge of the Gulf Division, is retiring soon; so is Dr. Leigh, Medical Officer in the Delta Division.

Mr. Zimmer will take charge of Kerema. Mr. Lambden is soon to go on leave. Mr. Cawley has gone to Kikori. Mr. Austen is on leave.

Mr. Vivian, who was very ill in Port Moresby, is better and has gone on leave. Mr. Ivan Champion is going on leave and his place is taken at Ioma by Mr. Chance. Mr. Cridland goes to Rigo. Mr. Mac Rich goes to Baniara.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

BANIARA.

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo.)

A Kid in Pit.

ON Wednesday morning, the 17th June, 1931, one young orphan kid fell down to the dark pit in the policemen's small-house. When he fell down the goat-boy immediately came and told Micky, the Interpreter at North-Eastern Division, "Mick, one goat fell down to the pit."

The poor kid was crying in the dark pit. The two prisoners, mountain V.C. Eweba, Mick, and Murray (Asst.), they took the rope and pulled up the young poor kid. They took the goat and washed first with fresh water and soap. Then behind, the two prisoners boiled the hot water and washed with a soap.

Sunday News.

On Saturday, the 18th July, Corporal Nada and A.C. Bavoro, they bought a big pig cost £1. Also buy some taro, potatoes and bananas to make *kaikai*. This was because they finished their new house. On Sunday morning they killed the pig and cooked it with taro, potatoes and bananas. There were six pots altogether. So 12 o'clock noon, we had a good meal. Some we shared and gave to the prisoners. All police, the two cooks, and all of us we have a dinner at Corporal's house on the veranda. The end.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent — Igo Rua.)

Water Supply, Poreporena Villages.

THE Government has now erected a windmill and one 10,000-gallon tank for the Poreporena Villages. The windmill is working all the time pumping up the water, and conveys it to the tank through the streets in a pipe. The people can easily get their water from the tub of the pipe.

For many years Poreporena women found it very difficult to get their water. They carried the water from some distance back to the villages. But this time the children can do this work, because the water is now running through the villages, and nobody will have to walk out from his house for any distance. The water is just at the front of their houses.

Laloki Gardeners.

Many years ago the Government bought land at Laloki for the natives, and suggested to the people that they should go to Laloki, and make their gardens in the banks of Laloki River, where they can get plenty of water and food crops, etc., because the lands nearby are miserable soils for them to grow anything on.

The land is "Native Reserve." If anybody likes he can make his garden on the land without depositing any fees, because the land is bought for the people.

And it was first opened out by Ahuia-Ova, Lohia-Kamea, and the others; and they planted out on their blocks some *cocoanuts*, mango-trees, etc. And they found plenty of food at the time, but they gave the place up for some time on account of the death of Avaka-Rohi, and they all came out here, and they used the miserable soils again. But they always had trouble with cattle that entered into their gardens and destroyed all the plants and everything. And they are now getting tired with the beasts, and going back to Laloki; and they hope that the cattle won't get into their gardens again.

I heard a word from the Laloki, that everybody had pleasure up there now, and hope they may start to make one small village for their own.

Sago.

On the 1st day of this month, *Papuan Chief* arrived from western portions with 160 bundles of sago for the Poreporena Villages. The sago was removed from the Government wharf at 10 o'clock in the morning.

The Government is helping the people all the time, because this time no one will hire a cutter for his own, and this is a quickest way the Government offers to the people. The sago is a best food for the Papuan natives.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Betel-nut and its Concerns.

BETEL-NUT tree is somewhat like a palm tree, it grows after the manner of a coconut tree, only it's very slender. This

familiar tree grows mostly in the British Territory of New Guinea, and most of its population, not all, make use of its fruit nuts by chewing it with lime and some kind of a vine which we call *popo*; its leaves and fruits are made use of in the same way as the vine. The leaf is called *raurau*, and the fruit *vaga*. These three things—betel-nut, lime and *popo*—after being chewed together turn a dark red colour, and it also leaves a bright reddish colour on the lips. As for the teeth it makes them very black, not at once, but in time. People who do wish to have their teeth thorough black, have to do a great lot of betel-nut chewing; then it may take them months. Its stain is a very fast unfadeable dye, and I don't think that there's anything at all that would ever take its stain away, perhaps a fresh stain would, but not after its being set properly into the article.

There's about three kinds of betel-nuts; after the skin is taken off, some are black, some white, and some pink; and also various in shapes, some are round, some medium, and some are oblong; and again some are sweet, some tasteless, and some very bitter. I dare say that most white people say that betel-nut has the same effect as their whisky does. This I am glad to say, and would like to take the pleasure to impress upon everyone who do not understand the effect of betel-nut. Betel-nut does not in every way affect the head as whisky or other liquor does. It certainly knocks a person out, but not off his senses. You can always tell when a person is taken by betel-nut, he sweats up very much. A weak person may lie down with it for no more than five minutes, and may groan very much. But not as what they may say talk rubbish or read books. But with the aid of a drink of water the person would recover in more or less than a minute. But in no condition whatever would a strong, healthy person be knocked out. When the betel-nut does its part in a person, it some sort of chokes him and the feeling is very penetrating, and the one only cure for it is water. Betel-nut does not go to the head at all, and not every betel-nut does choke. Two persons may have one nut divided between them, one may get choked and the other still remain good; but sometimes it takes all who partake in the same nut.

If anyone may say that they have seen cases where people go off their heads after taking betel-nut, then those are odds. Only one thing which acts exactly like the whisky is *Gamada*.

Betel-nut cause no mortal harm to the body at all, but as we've now come to life of civilization we look on it as a dirty thing to be chewed about, especially amongst the whites and in the town streets and even in white's houses. Of course we can't blame the natives for doing such thing, as it's being their custom and also being handed down from their great-grandfathers to this present generation. But still we ought to know and understand by this time how to be polite and to respect every white whom we correspond to by cleaning ourselves before communicating with them.

[By Aincetus J. Regione, Samarai. This wins the 5s. prize this month.]

The Tea-Party.

St. John the Baptist's Day.

ON 24th June it was St. John the Baptist's Day. On that night the tea-party was held at the Rectory by Miss Kemp, and the Rev. Cecil J. King for the boys who had been educated, or trained at the Anglican Mission. We were very sorry that Mrs. King was compelled and had to return back to Sydney suddenly, after only a few days in Papua, owing to the serious illness of her mother.

It was indeed a splendid tea-party on Wednesday night at St. John's Rectory, Port Moresby. All of us departed at the Rectory 8 p.m. sharp for play the games, draughts, hide-and-seek, sing songs, and so on. After our games were done we sat quiet on the chairs and have our supper. And these foods were put them on the table: two dainty cakes (spun and ginger cakes), two plates of sandwiches, one dish of tinned fish, two jugs of tea with milk, buns, ginger beers, one saucer of melting butter, two saucers of lollies.

When the last supper's prayer was read, Mr. King had came in and talked to us and said, "Well all my chaps I'm glad to see you all here; for to-day is the birthday of my brother, a pioneer of Papua, being the late Rev. Copland King. He and his brave comrades were among the first famous Missionaries of New Guinea. And remember the foundation of a New Dominion in New Guinea Mission, for they came and sought for your great-grand-fathers and mothers, and you chaps too."

The Last Tea-Party.

I will proceed on to the second tea-party. The time is drawing shorter and the weeks are coming by to leave for Samarai and proceed from thereon touring the Anglican Mission Stations reaching all the coasts to Mamba, where is the end of the Mission station; and their coming back to Samarai accompanied by Mrs. King and Miss Kemp, after which Mr. King will relieve the Rev. R. Leek at Samarai while the latter is on furlough.

Well the tea-party was very much pleasure and sadful to us. It was held on Thursday night, 23rd July. Therefore we have had good games, and cheerful songs with the gramophone's voice, so I won't write down all lot of them; except the running round the chairs and while the gramophone stopped we sat on the chair again; and if a person lost his chair he won't play again. And the ring game is rather good and jokey. I think that you all have known these games. Lionel and Alquin the houseboys spread a table cloth and got ready the provisions. And on the table were laid the same *kaikai* as on the above first tea-party. On this tea-party Miss Kemp had made only one big oblong *cocoa* "farewell cake." And on the cake was written in Motuan language, "Cake boys, *Bamahuta*." After we saw these words merely burst into tears, for we are not allowed to come and sit on the chairs and supper on the spreading table.

We were very sorry for we got nothing to give. Levi Nuaclani is the only boy; he gave him a basket and a Trobriand Island stick for walking. He invited us to the first tea-party to remind us of his brother's birthday. He invited us to the last tea-party in fact of gathering us in and attending him every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. for the Bible-class Teaching, and as well for the farewell of their leaving us.

And we are glad for the Rector has come back from Australia on August boat, accompanied with Mrs. Matthews and their family. So I will say our own father and mother and sister Miss Kemp left us here on the *Mataram* for Samarai.

[By Reuben Masiareai, of Govt. Printing Office.]

The Hawk and the Crow.

LONG long ago a hawk lived with a crow. They used to go hunting, one day the hawk, one day the crow.

One day the crow came home and the hawk said to him, "Well, how did you get on?"

Oh, nothing, nothing at all," said the crow. But you look pretty full," said the hawk.

That may be true," said the crow, "but we were hungry, and we had to eat something, so we eat some ground. That is what makes you think I look pretty full."

The hawk did not believe this, so he started tickling the crow. He tickled the crow so much that the crow starting coughing and presently he coughed up a small piece of wallaby. Now when the hawk saw this he said, "Oh, Oh! and you say you got nothing from the hunt. You have told me lies!"

The hawk was very angry, so he took hold of the crow and rolled him in the hot ashes of the camp-fire. And the crow was burned and cried out, "Wah! Wah! Wah!" And this is now the cry of the crow.

[By Barton Diritanumo, native clerk, R.M.'s Office, Cape Nelson.]

Dog and Cuscus.

THERE were upon a time, two animals mentioned as above, who lived in separated houses, but they have their breakfast, lunch and supper in one house, because both of them are good friends.

Dog Tempt to Cuscus.

The dog and the cuscus both have long ears before; but the dog thought by himself, what he could do something bad against his friend cuscus. He thought a better plan, that he would try to tempt the cuscus, so that he will cut his ears off. The dog was thinking about his tricks day by day, and night by night, how he might tempt the cuscus and cut his ears off.

How the Cuscus has Short Ears.

Before the dog went to his friend's house, he bent his ears nicely down, and then went his way to cuscus's house. When dog entered into the house, and the poor cuscus saw him, that he had nice, pretty and round ears; so he asked the dog, "What have you done with your ears my friend, they look so nice and pretty?" The dog answered him, "I cut them off myself with a piece of stone." So the cuscus asked and begged, "Friend, will you please cut mine off too, so that we may have the same kind of ears, and look the same."

The poor cuscus never known that the dog was tempting him. At last the dog arose with a piece of stone, and cut his ears off.

We do not mind this, because it was the cuscus's entirely own fault, so now, wherever we go we find and see that cuscus's ears are nice and round too.

[By Morea Morea, clerk, G.S.D.]

Story of the Dog.

WHEN we give people the needle at Ravikevau No. 1, Delta, a village councillor bring along his dog for taubada to make *muramura*. He said he want taubada to fix up swelling in the scrotum. Taubada said, more better we shoot them, and all the village people make big laugh.

And next day we went to Kaimare Village to make needle. Some councillor brought his dogs for *muramura*. Then taubada told them to take those dogs away from here; all this *muramura* for people, not for dogs.

Next day we leave Kaimare to Ikinu and Kimiri; next morning we leave Ikinu at 6 o'clock to Akoma to make needle. We leave Akoma to Maipua Villages, Kapai and Kereva, and Apiope to Ravikevau No. 2. We finished those four villages in one day, then we take Arehava Village 12 o'clock night. All boys very tired.

[By Leke Koae, native medical assistant, C/o. Mr. Littlechild.]

The Repairing of the Lugger.

A BOAT with two masts called *Kanane* went ashore on the 7th October, 1929. I wish to tell you about it, because we never been repairing a boat, only now. It is very hard work in repairing an old boat; in taking the old ribs off it, and in putting new ones in the place of the old ones. Metua (H.C.) of Misima and me we were doing that work at this boat (*Kanane*), also the nose of the boat. Mr. C. F. H. Gow (or another name Mr. Florentino Panlisbo) he is only teaching us, is helping, or showing us which way to do in repairing an old boat. We worked hard for 9th month, in nailing and in putting copper on. It's finished.

It went down the slip. We put new ropes on it; pulled the riggings tight; put on the sails and rudder or steer. Last of all put on stones to make its weight—not to be wrecked when it finds big storms or hard wind. On 3rd August, 1930, on Sunday they try it.

Out for Trochus Shell.

On 3rd August, 1930, on Sunday evening out on the reef of S.E.D. near an island called Panamon; it's got plenty of small spots of reef. In this boat we are 17 boys altogether (crew) and, swimming the first week, got two bags of trochus shell.

We are out for another week again. We get about 1½ bags trochus shell. Out again two boats—*Kanane* and *Star of the Sea*—4½ bags trochus shell.

This is all I can write. I am one of St. Patrick's School, Yule Island.

[By Edmund, Mt. Nimoa Is., S.E.D.]

Mailu Island Boys bringing Mangroves.

ON the Monday, 6th October, our teacher Ianamu sent us to mainland by the big double canoe. We left Mailu at 9.30 and we arrived the mainland about 12 o'clock. And our boys want do the work quickly and also want go back Mailu.

So soon we finished cutting the timbers on the canoe all right. Then we started haul up our old mat sail. We thought the wind might be all right. Our Captain told the crew boys look after the timbers because the easterly wind blows very strong and the sea is made very rough. The waves looked like a mountain. Our Captain held the steer handle, let the canoe out to the wind. The wind drove us away to near the small island, and we arrived there. The waves broke one of our canoe knees. Captain thought the canoe will capsize. He ran to the axe, cut the rope, and the sail has gone. Canoe and we boys were all safe. We reached to an island called Luluoro. On the Monday we sailed again to our L.M.S. Station called Ogobada.

[By Nole, schoolboy, Mailu.]

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