

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 4, No. 1.

Port Moresby, Friday, 15th January, 1932.

Price: 3d.

A New Year and New Volume.



THE *Papuan Villager* has finished three volumes, and now begins its fourth. The fourth volume will be very much like the first three; for the paper is still trying to do the same things for the Papuans.

Teaching English.

First of all it gives you something to read in the English language. You know that the Government wants the natives to learn to speak and read English, and the Missions are teaching you how to do so. You already have a School Reader and soon you are to have another one, and the Missions give you other books to read also. But if you learn to read easily you will soon know everything that is in the books; and you will want to read something else.

The Papuan Villager is something like the White Man's newspapers. The white man reads many books (and there is no reason why the Papuan should not). But he has his newspaper to tell him what is going on in his country and the rest of the world. *The Papuan Villager* tries to tell you something of what is going on in Papua, as well as something of what the white men are doing in Australia and England and other countries.

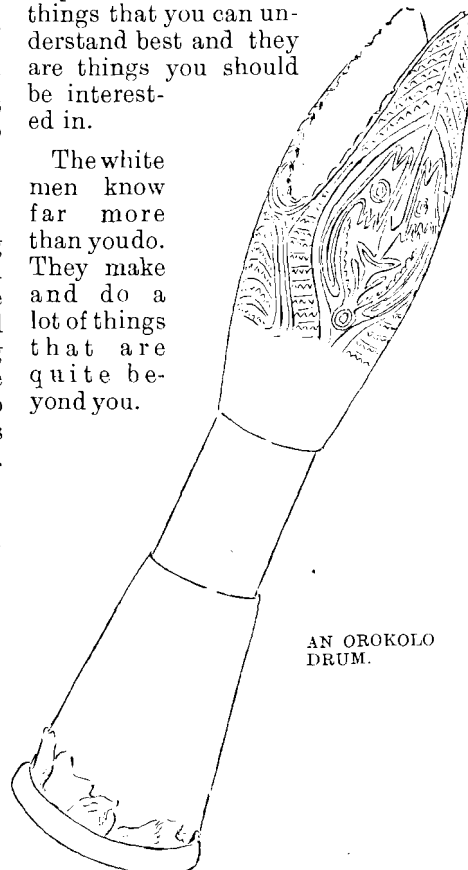
The more you read the easier reading becomes, and the more you want

to read; and there is no end to what you can learn by reading.

Reading about Papua.

The Papuan Villager is written mostly about things that happen in Papua. These are the things that you can understand best and they are things you should be interested in.

The white men know far more than you do. They make and do a lot of things that are quite beyond you.



AN OROKOLO
DRUM.

You cannot be the same as white men; and there is no reason why you should. It is true there are many of the white men's ways that you can copy. You

can learn to work hard and save money; you can learn to read and do arithmetic; you can learn to buy and sell and be "business-like"; you can learn to look after your health and guard your villages from sickness; you can learn to use tools in your gardens; and there are all sorts of useful things you can buy in the stores.

But you can never be quite the same as the white men; and you will only look silly if you try to be. When we see a native in European clothes we usually laugh at him.

Do not think you must throw away all your own customs in order to be like the white men. You have all manner of good customs (as well as some bad ones). Your ceremonies and your art and your dancing are your own, and you have no cause to be ashamed of them. *The Papuan Villager* is always talking about Papuan things, and the Editor hopes you will be proud of the things that are worth being proud of.

Native Contributors.

For three years the Papuans have been helping to write their own paper. Nearly three hundred different contributions have come in (apart from the work of the Native Correspondents). Some have been very good, as you can see for yourselves. Others have not been good enough to print. (One man sent in two sheets of paper covered with little straight pencil strokes; perhaps he was mad.) But most of the articles, with a little help from the Editor, have been printed.

Sometimes you have to wait a long time before you see your contribution

in the paper. But don't lose heart if you have to wait; and, whatever you do, don't get wild and say you will never send any more. Remember that for each article you get 1s.; and if it is the best for the month you get 5s. You will see that some "Competitions" begin this month. Have a shot at them.

Native Correspondents.

Papuans do more to write the paper nowadays than they used to. (Maybe in years to come they will write it altogether, and we shall have a Papuan Editor.) The Native Correspondents give a great deal of help; we must thank them for the news from the different Divisions.

These Correspondents do not get much pay. They get their *Villager* free, and a special rami to wear. Apart from that they only have the honour of writing. But it should be some reward to think that they make the paper more interesting to other Papuans.

Subscribers.

Each month 480 copies go to the Missions, and these are read in the schools. But we hope that boys and girls will still want to read the paper when they leave school. *The Papuan Villager* is specially for those men and women who have learnt to read and who want to keep on reading.

We have now 153 Native Subscribers (that is, people who pay 2s. for the year and get a copy each month). The European subscribers number 175. Your *Papuan Villager* goes to many parts of the world, and it has been spoken of in many of the white men's newspapers; and they always praise the stories and articles written by the natives themselves. But we do not care so much about our European subscribers. *The Papuan Villager* is for the Papuan villagers; and we want to see the native subscribers beat the European subscribers.

Influenza Epidemic.

THE influenza has travelled all over Papua. It began in the Northern Division (it came down from the Mandated Territory).

Many people died of it in the Northern Division. It soon reached Sama-

rai travelling down the coast. It also crossed over the Main Range along the track to Port Moresby, and also along the track to the Mekeo. At Mafulu and Dilava it caused many deaths. Wherever it went, almost all New Guinea people became ill, and many white people. In some districts a few New Guinea people died and in other districts many. In the Mekeo district proper (where there are about 2,600 people) some 51 died—that is about 2 in every 100. In the Yule

likely to die when they do get sick than if they are fed properly.

Another reason why many New Guinea people died is that they are accustomed when they are hot with malarial fever to go and cool themselves in the sea or a creek or river. If they are only sick with malaria they do themselves no harm. But influenza is different. If when they have influenza they go and swim in the cold water the sickness often gets worse and they frequently die.

Perhaps you will now say what has the Government done to help you with regard to this severe sickness. Well, in the Northern parts of the Territory it began too quickly for the Government in Port Moresby to do anything. But Dr. Bellamy in the N.D. attended to as many cases as he could, and is still attending to those who did not get well quickly; and Mr. Petersen did the same in the N.E.D. Likewise Dr. Williams around Samarai, and Dr. Heaslip of the Methodist Mission attended to as many cases as possible in the E.D. and the d'Entrecasteaux Islands.

When the Government heard of the trouble, many cases of cornflour and milk were sent out to the Magistrates at Rigo, Kairuku, and Port Moresby for the very sick. The L.M.S. helped the Magistrates distribute it where it was needed. The Medical Department also distributed salts, quinine, cough mixture, eucalyptus, turpentine liniment and cod-liver oil to the same districts until supplies were finished. Supplies of "invalid" foods and medicines were also sent to the Gulf Division, Delta Division and the Western Division. In fact so much was sent that no more cornflour could be bought in Port Moresby.

Mr. Littlechild was just going on leave when the news came in that the influenza was very bad in the Mekeo district. After going to the Mekeo and treating many cases, he was sent back to Kerepuna because the influenza was bad there (and they had dysentery as well). He is still there and has not yet been able to go on his holiday. Mr. Minogue, whose work is really in Port Moresby, went down to Kerepuna to find out about the dysentery there. Later on news

Story Competition.

PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS.

THIS year there will be 3 Story Competitions. You will be given a Subject, that is, something to write about; and the man or woman who sends in the best story or article on that subject will get a prize.

The winning story will be published in May. That gives you more than two months to write and send your story to the Editor. Don't be late.

The prize will be 10s. for the best story or article. The others will be published in the paper at different times if they are good enough; and the pay, as usual, will be 1s.

The Subject for the First Competition is:

"HOW DID FIRE FIRST COME TO PAPUA."

Keep on sending in stories and articles about other subjects of your own; but send in one about Fire, and see if you can win the prize.

Island district (where there are about 3,468 people) some 123 people died—that is about 4 in every 100. In the Port Moresby villages I am told 25 died. In Samarai 9 of the people working on the Island died. None of the white people in Papua died from the influenza.

We had influenza here in about 1918 but not many died then. Last N.W. Season there was very little rain. Because of this, very little native food grew, and for some months past many New Guinea village people have been short of food. This has caused many more deaths. If people are not fed properly they are more

came in that the influenza was very bad on some of the plantations around Galley Reach, so he was sent there for a few days till the influenza got better. Mr. Adams went down to Kikori Station and arrived to find the influenza just breaking out there. It was lucky he went since nearly all on the Station, including the R.M., were sick with it. Mr. Adams stayed there a month and then came back to Port Moresby and is now going up to Sogeri district. When he returns from there he may go to the Rigo district.

—W. M. Strong.

A Newspaper for Native Africans.

WE have just received a copy of the first issue of a new paper for African Natives. It is called *Listen*, and it has "News from Near and Far" for those Africans who can read English.

Listen is very much like *The Papuan Villager*, though I expect it will be read by far more people. For Africa is a great big country and the natives there have been learning English much longer than the Papuans. It is written in the same sort of simple English and has some very good pictures of native life.

This is what the Editors of *Listen* say to their African readers:—

A New Friend.

THIS paper comes to you as a New Friend. Its name is "LISTEN: News from Near and Far." It wants every reader to be its friend. In this country of Africa, strangers often visit us, and they say they want to be our friends. We first try to learn something about them. If they are good and true people we are happy to have them as our friends and we are glad when they come to visit us. So we ask you to read this paper and see if it is not both good and true. It will come to you six times a year.

A Friend Brings Greetings.

It is a friend because it brings greetings and news from other friends. There will be messages from different parts of Africa. By this means Christians in one part of Africa can speak to their friends in other parts of Africa. Christians are friends to all peoples. So by means of this paper friends will speak to friends.

A Friend to the Teacher.

This paper will be a friend to the village teacher. It has in it articles which will tell him how to teach the boys and girls. It will also tell him how he may help the community. He will learn from this paper what other teachers are doing, and so it will give him new ideas which he can use to make his school better.

A Friend to Women and Children.

This paper is also a friend to the women and children. It will tell how to keep sickness away. It will tell of new foods and of new ways of cooking. It will have stories for children, and news of other children.

A Friend from Afar.

When a friend goes to a far land and returns we are eager to hear about what he has seen. This paper will tell of customs and conditions in many parts of the world. It will also have pictures to show you how people live in Europe, in America and in other countries. It will show you and describe for you the different things that are found and used in these lands. . . .

Rock Paintings.

IN many parts of the world we find pictures or patterns painted on rocks. The painting has been done by the men of long ago, and the natives of to-day often know nothing about them.

Perhaps the best rock paintings are found in Africa. They are often hidden away in strange places, and they are very very old. There are little brown men in Africa called Bushmen, who still paint in much the same way. Their pictures are very good, for the Bushmen are artists.

We have quite a lot of rock painting in Papua. Some are found in the Koiari country, and anyone can go to see them. But probably there are many other of these old paintings that no living man has ever seen.

In the picture on page 5 you see Wagava, a fine rock that stands near the Laloki River at Aghoberi. There are some paintings in red, yellow and white on the face of it; but nobody can tell why they were made, or who made them.

The other paintings are from a small rock shelter at Yoiworo, close to the road to Rouna Falls. (They are done with red paint, but have been outlined with chalk so that a photo could be taken.)

If you know of any rock paintings where you live, the Editor would like to hear of them.

Dart Shooting.

MEN and boys on the Morehead like to shoot darts of *kurukuru* grass. It is a game that many people in the West of Papua know how to play, and they are very good at it. If there is a cork tree, with soft bark, by the track it will have dozens of darts stuck in it. For when a Morehead man walks about he likes to shoot his dart and see it go straight. They don't shoot at one another and perhaps that is a good job. If they began by shooting grass darts at one another they would probably end by shooting arrows.

Golf Caddies at Port Moresby.

THE Golf Club has had another day for the Caddies on the Port Moresby Course. On Boxing Day (the day after Christmas) about 30 caddies entered for the competitions. They all used home-made clubs.

The results of the competitions were:—

Longest Drive:

- 1st, Ova Boge.
- 2nd, Gavera Baru.

Stroke Competition (Big Boys):

- 1st, Guba Hanua.
- 2nd, Eno Gamu.
- 3rd, Puka Ao.

Stroke Competition (Small Boys):

- 1st, Dikana Inogo.
- 2nd, Kora Kabua.

The Stroke competition was over four holes. "Bogey" for these four holes is 16 (that means that a very good player would do them in only 16 strokes). The winner, Guba Hanua, only took two more strokes than Bogey.

To finish, there was another Driving competition: 1st, Pipi Morea; 2nd, Vaika Nou; 3rd, Toua Mavara.

After that the boys had buns (nine each), jam, tinned fruit, biscuits and ginger beer. This is far more than the white men get when they play their competitions.

Cats and Rats.

WE read in the *Children's Newspaper* about how a Chinaman visited London not long ago. He saw all sorts of new things, but what struck him most was the number of cats. They were running about anywhere. He thought this foolish; for cats are very useful animals, and they ought to be kept tied up, or they might get lost or hurt. In China, he said, you keep your cat tied up by day; and you let him loose at night only, when he can catch rats.

Rats are very much commoner than cats. They are all over the world. Wherever men make houses, rats come to live in the holes and corners. They eat all sorts of things; and they are dirty animals that spread sickness.

There are too many in Papua, as there are too many everywhere else. But nowadays we see puss-cats in plenty of Papuan houses; and where you have a puss-cat you will not have so many rats.

Mind you don't eat your cats as some Papuans eat their dogs. They are more useful as pets and rat-catchers.

Cricket in Australia.

The South Africans.

AUSTRALIA has beaten South Africa in all the three Test Matches.

In the first innings of the Second Test South Africa made 153, and in the second 161. Australia made 469 in the first innings. You can work the sum out for yourself and see how much Australia won by.

Rigg and Bradman made centuries for Australia. In the two innings of the South Africans Grimmet took 8 wickets for 72.

In the Third Test Australia won by 178 runs. Bradman made 167 and Woodfull 161.

The Aboriginal Bowler.

An Australian aboriginal named Gilbert is playing for Queensland in the Sheffield Shield matches. He bowls very fast and sometimes knocks the batsmen over. The other day

he clean bowled Bradman for a duck, so he must be pretty good.

The umpires are arguing about his action. Some of them think he throws the ball instead of bowling it. To see what his action really is, a "slow-motion" picture has been made. Those of you who have been to the pictures may have seen one of these slow-motion pictures. Though a man is moving very fast, he seems to be moving slowly, and you can see exactly what he does. The people who saw the moving picture of Gilbert thought his bowling was within the rules.

You don't need a slow-motion picture to see that some Papuan cricketers throw when they bowl.

Prizes for Native Gardens and Plantations.

PRIZES are given in each Division for the Best-kept Village, for the Best-kept Garden, and for the Best-kept Plantation. Each prize is £5.

In the Trobriand District the best village was Mawatawa; the best gardens belonged to Kavataria; and the best plantation to Kapwapu.

The prizes for gardens and plantation were given at Losuia by Mr. Hall the A.R.M. The Chiefs came to receive them, and there were nearly 1,000 natives there, as well as 7 white people. The natives did some fine dances, of which we show some photos on page 5.

The prize for the Best-kept village was given to the Mawatawa people at Toboada. About 1,800 natives came, and there was dancing and a football match.

A Football Match.

On the same day a team from Kai-bola came to play against Toboada. The game, says Mr. Hall, was very fast and very rough. A number of players had to be ordered off the ground for fighting, and at last they had to give up the game altogether, because one side refused to play any more. But it was a very good game all the same, and the white people enjoyed watching it. It is a pity that some of the men thought more of fighting than playing. You really

play better football if you think about kicking the ball rather than kicking or hitting the man.

But the footballers in the Trobriands will learn this for themselves, and in the meantime a bit of rough play will not stop the game. We hope that more and more Papuans will turn into footballers.

Another Australian Flying Record.

MR. Bert Hinkler, who flew alone from England to Australia, has now flown across the South Atlantic. He is the first man to have gone by this route. He was 22 hours alone over the water between South America and West Africa.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaiser.)

The New Sugar Company.

MR. W. R. Humphries, the Resident Magistrate, is surveying 20,000 acres of land which is applied for by the above Company in the Wanigela District, Collingwood Bay, N.E.D.

The Resident Magistrate commenced the work in last May then postponed it. In July and August he went to Samarai for medical attention. He came back from Samarai and started again in September. Since then a Staff Surveyor, Mr. W. T. Pantou, has arrived and joined him. On the 12th November the Resident Magistrate returned to the Station. He completed 19,000 acres.

Plane "VH-UPO."

On the 11th November a crowd of lookers were very amazed at the arrival of the above plane at Cape Nelson at 1 p.m. After one hour's stay she left again for Samarai. She came from Rabaul via Salamaua.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Rainfalls and Thunder-Storms.

ON the 22nd and 25th ultimo there was a heavy rainfall, and the "thunder" gave a heavy rattled sound; also the flash of lightning entered into the Poreporena Church, Mission House, and the Institute House, and all the electric lights were put out, destroyed, and broken into pieces.

Now, all the things are getting on very well and happily; they have been well bathed by

the rain, and clothed with green. All the gardens at Laloki and nearby are getting on very well also. We are hoping it will be good for next year.

Governor's Journey.

His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray and Lady Murray left by m.v. *Macdhui* on the 1st inst. His Excellency will visit Canberra for some official business. Both His Excellency and Lady Murray will be absent from the Territory for about two months.

Cricket.

A Black-Letter-Day match was played on the 1st inst., for the honour of Peter John's death, because he is the man who worked hardest on this cricket ground. The ground is Kavari Cricket Ground; we have played on it every Saturday afternoon.

The match was between the Married and the Single. The toss was won by the Married, who decided to bat. The individual scores are as follows:—

MARRIED: 1st Innings, 241 runs (Boe Gavera, 43; Igo Erua, 34; Heni Nioke, 30; Vaburi Gavera, 30; Heni Puka, 28; Heni Hila, 13 not out.

Bowling: Hila Tutuhi, 5 for 47; Kohu, 3 for 19; Irua Puka, 2 for 17; Rea Mea, 1 for 29; Daera Ganiga, 1 for 28; Virobo Tamasi, 1 for 17.

SINGLE: 1st Innings, 9 wickets for 52 (Rea Mea, 26; Hila Tutuhi, 7; Kohu Dogodo, 6.

Bowling: Peter L., 4 for 9; Heni Nioke, 3 for 8; Heni Puka, 1 for 4; Jimmy Williams, 0 for 20; Ovia Ikupu, 0 for 11.

The result was a draw. Peter John was one of the best players in our team. We are sorry for losing Peter from our team.

Death of Peter John.

All you readers will be sorry for death of Peter John, he was one of the Correspondents of *The Papuan Villager* while he was at Misima Native Labour Office. You have read the news he sent in from that Station.

He was educated by the London Missionary Society, and attached to the Government Secretary's Department for 12 years and 9 months, and gave every satisfaction to his masters and carried out his work carefully and steadily until he got a bad T.B. (Tuberculosis), and was admitted to the Native Hospital for two months, and discharged from hospital without getting any better. His sickness is hard to cure. He died at 7.30 p.m. on 18th ultimo. He was about 27 years of age.

RIGO.

(Correspondent — Lohia Toua.)

Native Medical Assistants.

THREE Native Travelling Medical Assistants, H. Bodau Mea, Rei Boko and Boe Morea, arrived at the Station on the 22nd October, 1931. They came from Port Moresby with medicine for the sick people. These three medical boys Dr. Strong sent them to Rigo, and they have been travelling around the Bush Villages of the Rigo District.

Instructions for H. B. Mea.

H. B. Mea, the N.T.M. Asst., received instructions from Mr. A. E. Cridland, the

Asst. Resident Magistrate, C.D., on Saturday morning; and they inspected the Station Police and Prisoners. Then they gave a few boys an injection. They stayed at the Station about three days. Then they left the Station for the Bush Villages of Rigo Distract.

A Letter from Mr. Dihm.

About two hours after the boys had left the Station Mr. Cridland received a letter from Mr. Dihm saying that Kerepuna Village had dysentery. When he had read that letter he spoke to me about the medical boys. We told him they had gone. Then he asked me if I could run after these boys. I said, "Taubada, I will do what I can." I ran after the boys and brought them back from Kwalimarupu Village (from the Station to Kwalimarupu about 4 or 5 miles). The Asst. Resident Magistrate told Mea about the letter from Mr. Dihm, and read from Dr. Strong's book all about dysentery to the medical boys. And they left for Kerepuna on the next morning.

The Asst. Resident Magistrate Receives a Letter.

The Asst. Resident Magistrate received a letter from Mea. He said about 28 people had dysentery and 7 were dead in Kerepuna.

A Boy Bitten by a Snake.

On Sunday, 15th November, at Ginigolo, the Mission Teacher's wife asked her son to go with her to draw water at the pool. The boy said that he wouldn't go. The woman told her husband about their son's disobedience, but the father wouldn't say anything to the boy. When the man went away to the village for afternoon service the mother was getting angry with her son and talked with a hard tongue. Then the boy said that he would go with her. They went to the pool and drew water. The boy was bitten on the leg by a snake on their way back home. The boy was walking ahead and shouted for help. His mother ran to him, but instead of tying his leg, she carried him home, about an hour or more. His father came home, and then he tied a string round the boy's leg. But it was too late. The boy was carried to Station for some medicine (Pot. Permang.). When they got to the Station the boy died about midnight. O poor Kila Solomona! Readers, when we get the snake bite, do not forget to tie up the leg or hand before the poison gets into our bodies.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Story of Crocodiles.

LONG ago it is known and believed that there were no crocodiles excepting the male sex, in this district. So when one was killed it was an end of the crocodiles in that water. It wasn't a fierce creature in those times and didn't hurt any people.

The Woman Laments her Husband.

In a village there lived a widow, whose husband was dead, and she was living alone in a garden-house near by the banks of the

river. There she used to weep and weep over her dead husband from time to time during day and night.

In that river there lived a big large crocodile. The widow after weeding her garden used to carry the weeds and throw them in the river, and then sit at the banks of the river and weep. The crocodile would float on the waters, see and hear her weeping.

This was done several days, and one day late in the afternoon while the widow was alone in her house, the crocodile came up to the house and started knocking at piles of the house and making a big noise under her, at which the widow stopped crying, and came down out of the house. To her surprise she saw a big crocodile lying there. Then the crocodile looked up and said to the woman, "What are you crying about all the time that you have been living here? I have always heard you ever since. That's why I have come to see the matter and know from you, why are you crying."

The woman answered, "I have lost my husband. He has died lately. No one to give me fish, meat, or anything (kangaroo, pig, or cassowary meat). That's why I am crying nearly every day."

The Crocodile Provides the Woman with Meat and Fish, on a Promise.

The crocodile then said to the widow, "If you like, I could bring you fish every day and even meat, if lucky enough. But you must promise to marry me before I do this." The poor widow consented and said, "I am your wife from this day, if you will do so."

Then the crocodile, full of glee, jumped into the river, and out fishing. Came back in the evening with two big fishes, the woman (now wife of crocodile) took and cooked and ate. That night they were married. At dawn of day the crocodile would leave the house and wife for the day, with the exception of bringing fish or meat when caught.

The Widow Marries the Crocodile and How She was Found Out.

Well the crocodile had for many days and moons provided the widow with meats of pigs, kangaroos, cassowaries and fishes, since now he had married the widow. They had now lived together for many moons. He had been a very good fisherman, and a catcher of pigs, etc.

One early morning a man with his dogs went out hunting. On the way back to his village, he passed close by the so-called widow's house, when his dogs ran out to the rubbish heap and were fighting over bones (they were thrown there by the Mrs. Crocodile). The man called out to his dogs, but the dogs wouldn't come. So he called and called till he grew angry. Then he came out himself, to see what was keeping back the dogs, that they wouldn't hearken to his call.

The man then came, and to his surprise he saw that they were bones of wallabies, pigs, cassowaries and fishes. Then coming up to the house, he asked the woman who was giving her all this, that there were so many bones? The woman said, "I get them from my relatives."

When the man came home he related this to his relatives and friends. By and by it came to the ears of the widow's relatives, and they said, "We never have given anything (meat or fish) to our relative widow since she left us!" Words were passed around to the men, to keep an eye on the woman, when they chanced to pass by her house.

She is now Found Out.

One day a number of men set out and kept watch near by, where the woman could not see them. This time the crocodile came to the house with two large fishes. This was now evening. His wife took and cooked and ate. They talked and talked together. The men saw all this, that was going on.

How the Woman's Second Husband, the Crocodile, was Killed.

Now the men had come back to their village. They took their nets and spears, came back to the garden, where the crocodile and his wife were, and set their nets in readiness on the path that led to the river, which was always used by the crocodile, going and coming to and from the river to the house.

Early next morning the crocodile heard some talking outside close by the house. He ran and jumped out of the house, running down the path to the river, when at a sudden, down came the net upon his nose, and spears thrust into its body by the men that were there, by the nets waiting. After the crocodile was killed it was bound and carried to the village and presented to the chief, whose name is, I might mention, Aoai-Illaru. There before him, it was cut up into pieces and shared amongst the villagers for *kaikai*.

For the second time the woman became a widow again.

The Widow and her Children.

This time the woman was in a family way, when her husband the crocodile had been killed. Instead of having one child, she laid a great number of eggs, like a crocodile. She kept them in an old clay pot near by the fire, where they were always kept warm, until they were hatched out of the shells. When these little crocodiles were all hatched out of the shells, their mother fed them and kept them away in a creek near by, where she could go from time to time to feed and see them. Now they have grown big and one day their mother brought them *kaikai* (food). Some of them were hungry so that, when wanting to bite food from her hands, they bit her fingers and hands. And their mother said to them, "You bite my hands, but, will you be strong enough to pay back your father's death, by biting and killing men, who have killed your father?"

Mother Tries her Childrens' Strength.

One day the mother of the little crocodiles said to them, "I will see if you are strong enough now to go and try to pay back for your father's death." She cut down a banana stem and plunged it into the water. The crocodiles all went for it and tore the stem into

pieces. Then she plunged another big hard log into the river, and again they went for it, and got the big hard log into pieces. She also told them how to sink and float on the waters, and how to catch fish, pigs, etc., as their father crocodile did. With these instructions the crocodiles all left their mother for good.

The Chief Aoai-Illaru Killed by Crocodile.

The widow was now very lonely, living by herself. She made up her mind now to go home, and live the rest of her life in the village. One day the Chief, Aoai-Illaru, and some of his people went out hunting. After hunting, the men roasted some bananas and kangaroos for *kaikai* before they came home. After roasting and eating they all came to the river for a drink, and bath. The chief, Aoai-Illaru, went too far out, when at a sudden he was caught by a huge crocodile before his people. None had heart enough to try to help the poor fellow, but all ran away, and turning around saw the poor chief Aoai-Illaru carried down stream.

The Widow is Killed by her People.

The men came home and reported the death of Aoai-Illaru, and the body lost. It was something very serious, and the village was upset over such news. By and by they heard that crocodiles were bred by the widow at the river, after the one only crocodile which had been killed; and she was the mother of these now-living crocodiles. They got angry, took spears, clubs, and stone t'hawks, went and killed the mother of the crocodiles (the widow).

It is a very very long story but I have tried my best to make it as short as I can. The End.

[Leo A. Parau, N.C. to A.R.M., Kairuku. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Story of a Blind Woman at Orokaiva.

A WOMAN from Dobudura had blind eyes; she never walked about because her eyes were very bad. One day she asked the husband, "What about you going to find out some men who will make my eyes better?"

Morning time, husband he went out to another village to find out. Then *puripuri* man, his name Besoso, said to that man, "You go back to your village. I come to-morrow."

Next morning *puripuri* man came to see blind woman. He made something along her eyes. The husband he paid the *puripuri* man. Blind woman was very happy. She thinks by and by her eyes better. She waits three months. She never sees well. She very wild.

Another man's wife, she gets sore leg. He takes her down to doctor. Doctor makes leg better. Husband he takes wife back home.

The blind woman hears, woman's leg better. The husband asks the sore-leg woman, "How did you make leg better?" She says, "Last week I went down to doctor. He made my leg better."

Blind woman she hears that. She says, "Better we go to doctor at Buna." They come to Buna. The doctor he makes woman's eyes better. He puts medicine on, two or three days. Blind woman she very very happy to doctor. Blind woman she say, "New Guinea *puripuri koikoi*; white men *puripuri true*."

[By Tea'au Veata, C/o. Dr. Bellamy, Buna Bay, N.D.]

Exam. in Western Division.

ON 26th September the *Papuan Chief* arrived at Daru in the afternoon. The Inspector came to the Mission Station. Our Missionary (Rev. D. E. Ure) gave out the names of the children, and the Inspector wrote down their names in his book.

On Monday morning at 7 a.m. the school bell rang and the children all went to the school for their exam.

The Inspector then called their names and showed them where to sit. When I first saw the Inspector, I could tell by his face that he was a very strict man.

After the exam. I heard from the Inspector, that he had examined schools from the Eastern Division and the Central Division. He says that Daru is one of the best schools at Papua. Children can read English, translate in English, pronounce English correctly.

Why is that? Because Rev. E. B. Riley had put a true and firm foundation.

The Central Division has a lot of Europeans and they ought to speak good English. In the Western Division we have only 7 Europeans and the children can speak good English. And in the exam. they nearly all passed.

Schools.

Children, learn English better! While you are young, try always in school; give your heart to it. Then when you grow up to be men and women, you can do so many useful things by reading.

That is why I say that we ought to learn English and give our heart to it.

[By David Waipila Lifu.]

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