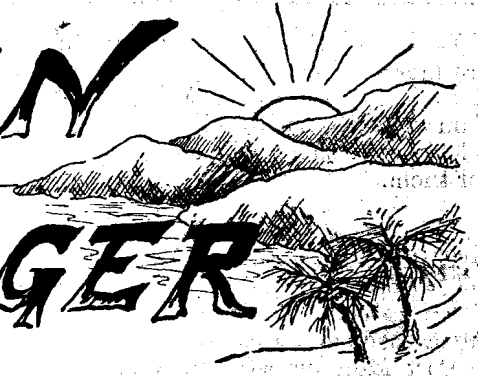


# THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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## CARPENTRY AT HOME.

### Technical Schools.

**M**ANY of the Missions have Technical Schools. The Government helps the Missions with these schools, because they want the boys to have a "Technical Education." This means that they learn to use tools properly.

The boy who is lucky enough to be in a Technical School learns to build tables and cupboards and desks, and even boats and houses. He uses plans, and handles the best of tools; he may even learn to use a lathe; and his work must fit exactly. When he has finished his training, he is a skilled carpenter. He can work for the white man as a carpenter, and he will get good wages.

And of course, he knows how to make things for himself too. He could make a four-post bed or a writing desk for himself if he liked to.

### Everyone Can be a Carpenter.

But you can be a carpenter without going to a Technical School. You will not be quite such a good carpenter, but you can still learn a great deal.

### Learning from the White Man.

If you have worked for a white man you will probably learn a lot from him. Most white men like to do a bit of carpentry for themselves. They may not have had any training, but they are good enough to knock up shelves in the kitchen, or build a hen-house in the back yard. They have

some tools of their own, and they work for themselves, so as to make

boards and boxes. You can make these places for yourself; you do not have to pay a trained carpenter; and it is good fun doing the work.

### Improving your House.

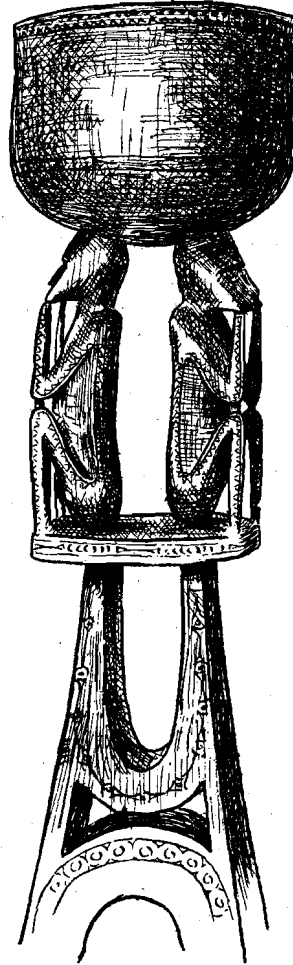
Now a native can do the same sort of thing in his own house. Very often the inside of a Papuan house is very untidy; things are lying about all over the place; there is nowhere to put them away. Many of you have your own trade boxes, but you can have shelves along the walls; you can make cupboards; you can fix a swinging door to your house; and, if you get a hasp and staple and a padlock, you can lock the house up when you go away. You can do all sorts of things to make your house better to live in.

### Watch the Carpenter at Work.

First of all keep your eyes open and watch how the white man or the native carpenter does it. Then try yourself. If you have any brains at all you will find that you are some sort of carpenter yourself.

### A Few Tools and their Prices.

Secondly, you must have some tools. Look in the last *Villager* or the *Papuan School Reader* and you will see some pictures of them. Now, one of the best ways of spending your money is to buy a few carpenter's tools. You can get a cheap hammer for 2s. 6d. in Port Moresby. Nails will cost you 6d. or 8d. a pound. You can buy a saw for 10s. 6d. With those three tools you can do a great deal. You can buy chisels and planes and other things if you want them, and if you have the money.



A TROBRIAND CARVING.

their houses better. It is a great thing to have places to put things away in your house, shelves and cup-

Remember that you may have to pay more if you buy from a trader who lives away from Port Moresby or Samarai. He has to bring his stores a long way, so he will charge more for them.

### Timber.

Thirdly, you must have some timber. You can make your own timber if you have an adze, and you can buy a good one for 5s. to 7s. 6d. in Port Moresby. If you want to make the timber look really nice you need a plane. This is rather more expensive; about 15s. 6d.

But you can get lots of good timber from old packing cases. It will make good boxes and shelves, and a white man may sometimes be able to give you some for nothing.

With these few things you can do a great deal to improve your house.

But you must *want* to improve it. If you really want to improve it you can do so without any tools at all; you can just bind the timber together with strips of cane.

But you will do better work if you have some tools.

## CRICKET.

### English Team in Australia.

THE English team is already playing in Australia. They beat South Australia by an innings and 128 runs, and they beat Victoria by an innings and 83 runs. Then they played an Australian Eleven at Melbourne: England (first innings), 282; Australia (first innings), 218; England (second innings), 60; Australia (second innings), 2 wickets for 19.

It was a great surprise for everyone when England were down for 60 runs on a good wicket.

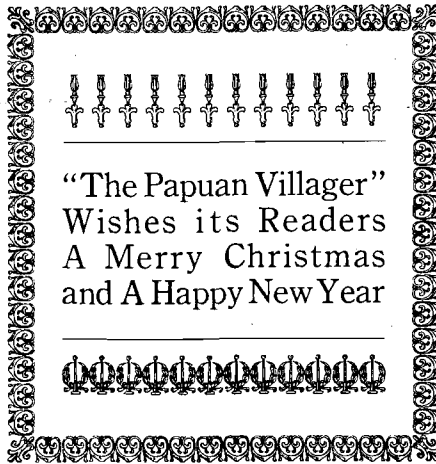
In the last match England beat New South Wales by an innings and 44 runs.

[The results of the First Test cannot be given as this month we have to print the *Villager* early in order to catch the Christmas Mail South.—ED.]

## Sangara Sugar.

THE Company growing sugar-cane in the Northern Division have cut 76 tons to the "acre" (a piece of land). This is a very good result, far better than they get in most countries where sugar-cane is grown.

The cane used is called *Badila* and it belongs to Papua itself.



"The Papuan Villager"  
Wishes its Readers  
A Merry Christmas  
and A Happy New Year

## Wireless Messages from Kokoda.

MR. Mack Rich had his own wireless at Kokoda. He could send messages and receive them and he had exchanged official messages with the Government Secretary in September.

In October the Governor walked from Buna to Kokoda, and when he was there he sent a message to Samarai, and the Samarai wireless sent it on to the Prime Minister at Canberra.

This was the first "official" message to Australia by wireless from Kokoda station. It went on the 21st October.

In a very short time an answer to the Governor's message came back. The Governor had already left Kokoda, and was camped at the River Kumusi 20 miles away. A native was sent with the answer, and on the night of the 22nd caught him up.

The Prime Minister said he had received the message, and gave a word of praise to Mr. Rich.

## Papuan Rovers.

### Rovers at Daru.

THE other day the Editor saw the Rovers at Daru. They were working very hard indeed. First of all they were having a skipping match. Each boy had to skip as many times as he could in a minute. Then they stood in a circle and jumped over a rope which Mr. Ure swung round and round. The rope had a bag on the end of it, and those boys had to keep jumping very fast. Then they began to turn somersaults one after another. Then they got up on one another's backs and made a "pyramid." Then they got out the "horse." Some readers may not understand this. It wasn't a real horse, and it did not buck about. It is made of wood.

The Rovers were leaping and flying over that horse like birds (some of them were good big birds too). Some fell over, but if they fell they did not lie on the ground and think about it. They had to get out of the way as quick as they could, or the next Rover would jump on top of them.

### A Carpenter Standing on His Head.

The Daru Rovers can stand on their heads, and they like practising it. The other day Mr. Maidment was at work on a boat. One of his boys (who belongs to the Daru troop) was standing just behind him helping him. Suddenly Mr. Maidment sang out "Here my boy, you give me a hammer." But there was no answer. Mr. Maidment looked round, and there was the Carpenter standing on his head.

### The Wolf's Head.

In this issue we give a picture of the Wolf's Head that belongs to the Rovers at Poreporena. Once the Poreporena boys saw the pole that belongs to the European Wolf Cubs of Port Moresby. They had none of their own, but Dago Morea said he could copy it; and now they have the very fine pole that you see in the picture.

□  
"THE PAPUAN VILLAGER" BOUND  
VOLUME, 1932, 3s. NOW OBTAINABLE  
FROM THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER  
□

## Tree-Houses.

ONE of our new Papuan Stamps (1½d.) has a picture of some tree-houses on it. It is taken from the middle of the big picture on page 93.

These houses used to be common in many parts of Papua; but you would have to go a long way to see one nowadays. In olden times, when the fighting men came, the villagers would leave their houses on the ground and climb up into the trees. They went up by the long ladders you see in the picture. Then they threw the ladders away, so that the enemy could not climb up. They would throw stones and spears at the people down below. Sometimes these people tried to cut down the trees; but you can't do that very well if big stones keep falling on your head.

The people sat in their houses in the trees, just like birds in their nests. And they blew shell trumpets for their friends to come and help them against the enemy. When the friends came along the enemy ran away; and then the tree-people came down again.

## More Flying Records.

READERS of *The Papuan Villager* will remember Miss Amy Johnson. She was the first woman to fly from England to Australia.

They will also remember the famous pilot, Mollison.

Miss Amy Johnson is now Mrs. Mollison, and she is busy beating Mr. Mollison's records.

The other day she flew from London to Cape Town and beat his record for that trip by 11 hours. I wonder what Mr. Mollison thinks about it.

## A Tidal Wave in Cuba.

A TERRIBLE wave has swept away the city of Santa Cruz del Sur in Cuba. The sea came right over the city, and the water was twenty feet deep in the streets. Hundreds of people were drowned, and the sharks came in with the sea and tore many people to pieces while they were swimming.

## Wood Carving.

IN this issue you see three pictures of Papuan wood-carving.

### The Wamira Aqueduct.

The little figure of a man sitting with his elbows on his knees comes from the old Wamira "aqueduct." It is one of the oldest pieces in Papua. You know that in the olden days at Wamira the people knew how to water their gardens. They used to dig trenches or races to bring the water down from the hills. But there was a deep gully, or valley, that they had to cross. What were they to do?

They built a bridge from one side to the other, and they hollowed out logs, like canoes. They laid these across the bridge, and the water ran along the hollowed logs.

At each end of this bridge, or aqueduct, they set up a figure, carved like an ugly little man sitting with his elbows on his knees. These two little men always sat there as if they were looking after the bridge.

Some years ago, with the help of Mission and Government, the Wamira people made a new aqueduct, because the old one was getting rotten; and they gave the two figures to the Government to be kept in the Museum.

### Tools to Carve With.

The men who carved these figures did not have hammers and chisels. Nowadays the wood-carver can have plenty of tools if he wants them; and they will make his work a lot easier. They will make his work better too, if he knows how to use them.

### A "Dubu" Post.

The second picture shows you one of the posts of Ahuia's *dubu* at Hohodæ. It was carved a good many years ago, and it is beginning to break up now. But the posts of that *dubu* were made of very strong wood, and they still stand. I think this old post is still the finest of all in Poreporena, even though he has lost all his paint. The man who carved this post used a chisel, and it is all the better for it.

### Keep on Carving.

The third picture shows you Ova Tau, of Hohodæ, sitting behind a

new beam he has carved for Ahuia's *dubu*. Ova Tau is a trained carpenter; he knows how to use his tools; and, what is more, he likes using them.

The old-time people of Papua used to make a lot of wood carvings. I hope the people of to-day will keep on making them. It should be easier nowadays, because you can get mallets and chisels and saws and augers; and you can do better work with tools like these.

Use the new tools if you can; but one last word—you might stick to the old designs. There is nothing the matter with them.

## Snake-Bite "Muramura."

THE weather is now starting to get warmer, and snakes are coming out of the places where they have been sleeping during the cold months.

All natives should be careful when walking about, for if they do not look out, they may get bitten and die, as happened to *Vedine Dauron* on 27th of August. When he was hunting, he got bitten by a snake, and died at his village.

Many white men when they walk about carry *muramura* to use if they get a bite from a snake. This *muramura* is called Permanganate of Potash and is very cheap to buy. To use it when bitten by a snake, the first thing to do is to twist a cord tightly above (nearer the heart) the bite. Then cut the two bites with the point of a knife, and next fill the cuts with the *muramura*.

After that, get the man to the doctor as soon as can be done. The cord should be slackened off every 20 minutes for a few seconds then made tight again. If this is not done, the blood will get too thick and will not walk about in the leg, and it may be very bad then.

—Mamba.

## New President of the United States.

THE election is over in the United States of America. Mr. Hoover is out, and Mr. Roosevelt is in.

L.M.S. Conference.

THE Papuan Chief came in from the West last month with 17 white passengers. Most of them were Missionaries, and they were coming to the yearly Conference at Port Moresby.

Others had come from the East beforehand. Mr. and Mrs. Saville travelled all the way from Mailu in the little launch Daba. They did the journey under 3 days.

Mr. Butcher of Aird Hill is the Chairman for this year.

Dancers at Orokololo.

EARLY this year there was a big Sevese at Orokololo, and guests came from many villages to dance. On page 92 you see a picture of three men from the Vailala River in all their paint and feathers.

On the opposite page is Idave of Hohoro. Idave is one of the men who knows how to sing; or rather, he knows the words of the long songs. And they are very long. They go on nearly all night. Idave must have a very good memory

Result of Competition DEPOPULATION

The result of this Competition is Nothing at All. Nobody sent in an article, so nobody wins the prize

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

BANIARA.

(Correspondent - Barton Diritanumo.)

Water Supply.

ON the 26th October we set out to the villages of Cape Vogel to put up spear pumps for the water supply. We left the Station in the whaleboat. It was heavy pulling against the tide. A strong south-east wind blew up, but after beating against it for three hours, we decided to run back to Kerikerikona and anchor. It was impossible to get round Sibiribiri Point before dark, and Baku is a bad place to make in darkness and heavy seas. The boat was leaking, and all the gear sodden.

Next day we walked along the track to Baku. When we got there all the people were away hunting wallabies. We called out for the councillors, and one boy blew the shell trumpet.

All the people came, then after lunch we set about finding a water supply, and succeeded in finding it about 250 yards from the barracks, about four feet deep.

We put in the pump and got a good supply of water. Taubada told the villagers to build a small shed over the pump for shade, because it is in an open place. Taubada also talked to the villagers and said, "This pump the Government gives you for your present."

On the next day we put in a pump at Boga Boga.

\*The pumps are paid for by Native Taxation. ED.

CAPE NELSON.

(Correspondent - Nansen Kaisa.)

Native Gatherings at Cape Nelson.

ON the 26th September last, four or five hundred people from Southern and Northern parts of the district came into the Station awaiting the arrival of the Laurabada. There was to be a football match to show the Governor. But the Laurabada didn't come so they returned to their villages.

Football Matches.

On the following morning matches were played and the scores were: Winiafi v. Arifamu, 3 goals to nil. Winiafi v. Wanigela, 3 goals to nil. Maisin (2nd team) v. Korapi (2nd team), no score. Maisin (premier team) v. Korapi (premier team) 3 to 1.

Maisin won by 3 goals to 1. The presentation flag is now held by Maisin team. Arrangements have been made that the Korapi team will be visiting the Maisin in the near future to try again.

On the 15th October the Laurabada arrived here at 8.30 with the Governor and Mr. Champion and Mr. Murray.

Mr. Healy also came to take the place of Mr. Smith, who has gone to Sangara, N.D.

At 2 p.m. a football match was played and the Laurabada left for Buna at 3 p.m.

DARU.

(Correspondent - William Tabua.)

The New Mabudauan Church.

ON the 16th September the Riley Memorial Church was opened at Mabudauan by the Rev. D. E. Ure.

The service was held at 9 a.m. outside the Church, because there were too many people to have it inside.

There were about 3,000 people: some came across from Torres Straits, some from the inland, and some from the other villages.

Here is a list of what was done at the opening.

First, Hymn 36 was sung in Kiwai, then Mr. Drysdale (Madiri Missionary) read Psalm 100. Nawe, V.C., had a little talk, and Koria (teacher) had a little talk.

Then the Rev. D. E. Ure opened the Church. When the door flew open, the Daru and Parama Choirs began the hymn "Captain and Saviour" in English, while at the same time the R.M., Mr. Woodward, stepped into the porch and unveiled the monument.

After that, Dabu had a little talk in Torres Strait, and David (teacher) had a little talk in English. Amos (teacher) had a little talk. Then there was a collection.

During the collection the Choirs sang a few anthems, and then the service was closed.

About midday there was a big feast; everybody was very busy then.

At evening the dancing began, and it lasted until daybreak next day.

They didn't have any canoe races because there was no wind.

Two White Men Lost.

About three weeks ago, three white men tried to cross over to Daru from Thursday Island in a little vessel. They got as far as Saibai Island all right, but the day they started to sail for Daru they couldn't, because every time they "went about" the boat drifted back to where they started.

For two or three days they were going along like this. At last the boat sprung a leak. Then they had to run her ashore to a little village called Sigahaduru near Mabudauan.

A few days later one of them, who was an Australian, walked across to Mabudauan. Then the Mabudauan constable took him across to Daru in a canoe.

A few days later the other two, who were Englishmen, sailed from Sigahaduru to Merauke in Dutch New Guinea. But news reached Thursday Island last week saying that they had been killed by the savages.

The Suki People.

The R.M., Mr. Woodward, got home last week. He had been to the Bamu district, and also to the Sukis' Village. The Suki people were very glad when he landed there. They did all they could to help him by giving his men food and water.

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent - Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Using Old Rice Land for Gardens.

THE natives of the district have good gardens this year from the last year's work. They are using the lands they had cleared for the rice planting. Now you will see these blocks of land with bananas, taro, sweet potatoes, pineapples, etc., growing very well.

The Mekeo are clearing more and bigger lands for rice planting. I think we will have more rice produced from the Mekeo than last year: and after that they will have more gardens still.

The Roro people are gardening very well too, while the Waima and Kivori are extending their coconut plantations, or "Companies" as they are called: and by these companies they get more food.

### Missions.

The Catholic Mission at Yule Island have put up a little Chapel on the little hill where the first Missionary that came to New Guinea said Mass. The walls are all of concrete, and the roof of slate with a tower. It is a very nice sight from far off.

On the 8th November a marriage took place in the pro-Cathedral Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Pedro Torichiba was married to Katrine Albaniel, both of the same school of the Mission. They were married by His Lordship, Bishop A. de-Boismenu. After the ceremony the party was led to the Sisters' Convent where they were entertained. Now you will see Mr. and Mrs. P. Torichiba in a nice little house built for them at St. Ann's, Opa, living happily together.

### Station.

The station gardens are extended and planted with bananas, and the new hoed-out one is ready for rice-planting when it rains. Our station prisoners are fed from what our garden produces for days and even weeks, without touching any rice or wheatmeal.

### New Cricket Pitch.

During the last month H.E. the Lieutenant-Governor sent us six casks of cement, with which we have made a nice cricket pitch. It will be ready very soon. All the station staff send their thanks to the Governor for his kindness, and say Three Cheers for him. Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

Our Taubada, that is Mr. W. H. H. Thompson, on the last trip of the s.s. *Montoro*, came from Port Moresby with his wife. We had fixed everything, the house, roads, and the whole station for Mrs. Thompson's coming. We took her down in our whaleboat to the wharf, then to her house—her new home. She was very pleased with the house-work, as it was very nice and clean, and well arranged.

### SAMARAI.

(Correspondent—Roy Namuri.)

### The Football Match.

MR. M. Rich and his boys arrived here from Fife Bay on the 10th November for the football matches against Samarai. They played against the White team the day they arrived.

The game started about 4.30 p.m. sharp. The ground was very slippery because of rain. The game was very good. The White team kicked 4 goals, and Isuleilei team kicked 2.

On Friday, the 11th, Mr. Rich took his team round to Kwato and played there. The day was not very fine, and they played in the rain. The Kwato team won by 5 goals.

On the 12th, Isuleilei played again with the White team; the White team kicked 2 goals and Isuleilei kicked 3. On the 14th they played again. The White team kicked 2 goals and Isuleilei kicked 3.

The following men were picked for the Church of England team to play against Isuleilei: Roy Namuri (Capt.), Michael Nai-nai (Vice-Capt.), Norman Tiriwa, Sylvester

Inaruke, Gordon Ganubela, Copland Raurela, Peter Kolauna, Barnabas Badirega, Jeffrey Bunari, Ernest Bagiau, John Guise (Goal-keeper).

The match was played on the day the mail closed, so I cannot tell you about it.

## NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

### The Old Woman Who Became a Beautiful Girl.

THIS olden time tale does not mention the names, and where, and exact places; but it is very interesting for your readers. So I will narrate it as the Mekeo people told me.

### The Widow and Her Two Children.

Once upon a time there lived a poor widow and her two children; the elder was ten years old, and the young one was eight years of age. They had no one to maintain them and their poor mother, so they had to do the catching and hunting to support themselves with meat, while their mother was busy making gardens.

### The Little Boys Catch Lobsters.

One day the mother went to the garden, the two little boys went to the river-bank to pull water lobsters. (This feat is done without hooks, not like the white people do. They tie little bits of coconut flesh to the end of line; and when they feel the pull of the lobster they give a quick jerk all of an instant; they bring their catch to the surface by surprise.)

They sat quite close to each other patiently waiting for results. The eldest had a good haul of lobsters, enough for a good day's meal while the younger brother was otherwise unlucky. The youngest was bringing house furniture and forks, spoons, plates and all sorts of cooking utensils to the bank instead of lobsters. It only amazed and surprised the kiddie. So calling out to his brother he said, "How are you getting on? But come over and see what I have got instead of fishes. I am only bringing all sorts of articles to the surface."

### They Pull Up Pots and Pans.

Then, going over, how delighted and pleased he felt when he saw all the beautiful and useful things his brother was taking out. "O! what nice things. We'll show to our poor mother when we go home this evening!"

Overjoyed with their luck, the big brother thinking he would have a hand in hauling up more things took his little brother's place. After a while to his amazement he got his line fast in the water. He tried with all his strength, but in vain. Then calling his brother over they both tried again with all their force. Thinking the line was tangled between the reeds they begin to poke about with a stick to clear difficulties, when to their astonishment some invisible being was pulling the other end of the stick in the rushing river. Sweating, heat, and perspiration, made it hard work. But still they tried in vain full of youthful spirits and eagerness.

Digging their heels into the soft soil of the river-bank they made one last effort until they succeeded. Pulling now with ease they hauled with vigorous force until to their great surprise on looking down they beheld a mysterious form in beautiful white clothes slowly coming to the surface. Astonished at this sight they fell pell-mell over each other, and getting up in haste they both fled for their little lives, running as fast as their little legs could carry them home to safety.

This mysterious form was an old woman wrinkled and old, gray with age and stooping. With her rod she climbed slowly over the bank and with magic steps she went as fast and swift as a deer behind the now terrified frightened youngsters.

Exhausted by running, and thinking now that they were in safety behind the bushes, the little boys stood with tired legs for a rest behind a bend on the road. Satisfied at their safety they sat down looking the way they came. With swiftness the dame reached up to them; and feeling their presence she took slow tiresome steps, grunting and groaning with fatigue like an old wrinkled woman would do. Hearing her groans near them, with yells they took to their heels till they reached home and finding their mother home told her their excited little story, panting and crying with fright.

### The Old Woman Comes Home with Them.

Meanwhile the old dame arrived at the door and asked the mother to let her into the house. The kind mother would not at first, saying "Why did you frighten my poor little children?" "Well, said the dame, "your little children took away all my belongings and brought me to land and if I could be of any service to you I'll look after your little children and do all kinds of work for you and sleep beside your cooking fire to keep out of way." The mother was very sorry for her and took pity on the poor wretch and allowed her to stay as one of the family, carrying water and doing a bit of house work to help the tired mother.

### She Goes Bathing.

When she was alone, with activeness and contempt she did her house duties; but when in the presence of others she became again the old wretched woman; and when the maidens of the village went to the river for water she always followed with slow step, grunting and groaning with age, and swam apart from the rest to conceal her real shape.

### And Turns into a Beautiful Girl.

One day the little wood-mouse noticed that she kept away. She wondered why, and followed downstream unnoticed and peeping from her concealment saw her take off her garments.

Feeling quite safe the dame took off everything on her and placed them near. Then to the surprise of the mouse, before her stood a tall and beautiful maiden, with graceful and Madonna-like figure, the like of which she had never seen before. Her beautiful curly and shiny hair hung loosely with great locks



own her back. The poor mouse was very much surprised. She saw the beautiful girl jump down lightly to the water and enter it, splashing and swimming. Her locks of hair, loosely floating around her graceful body made shine like silver threads from the glimmer of the sun. Without the least notice of the mouse watching eagerly on her movements, he dressed again after her bath. Her old man came back again while the mouse ran back before she noticed her presence.

**The Night Owl and the Hornbill.**

Going home she told the chief of the village what she had seen at the river-bank. Ufa (night owl) laughed at this story but Lainapa (Hornbill bird) took all to be true and told the mouse saying, "If you go again to-morrow will follow a head to see her." The Great Lainapa, said the night owl, how can you be so foolish as to believe a senseless little mouse had have seen the woman, he is an old dame wrinkled and stooping with feeble age. The Lainapa satisfied with his arrangement with the mouse went down to see the exact bathing place at the river-bank to see the beautiful maiden on the following day.

Next day again they went as usual to the river for water. The Hornbill, perceiving the old woman, went ahead of them and observed himself right near the spot where the dame had her bathing. Anxiously the Lainapa waited patiently till at last he heard the racking of twigs on the pathway. He knew they were coming. The dame going out of sight of the other maidens went swiftly past and halted suddenly just where the Great Lainapa was in hiding. Perceiving nothing in safety, with haste the dame took off her garments to swim. She was no more the old dame, but the beautiful maiden the little mouse had seen.

Her beauty in the eyes of the great Chief Lainapa was wonderful. With delight and haste he came down a lofty tree, and creeping noiselessly stood erect before her near her clothes and called out, "Beautiful of Beauties, wim no longer. Behold the darkened water holds the enemy of man. The monstrous gligator loves no beauty. The dreaded shark bites not thy graceful form. Come hither in haste, for the secrets of dark waters fear not the strength of man."

**He Marries the Beautiful Girl.**

At the sound of his voice the maiden was astonished with great fear, and standing knee-deep in the silent water replied, "Great Lord Lainapa, I thank thee for thy heedful warning. But behold the land too holds the enemies of man. The fearful serpent loves of the beauty, the air with its countless pests pitiless not my graceful form. Nay, shall not the Great Lainapa with its angerous beak disperse the serpent and win my affection?" replied the Great Hornbill. "Come then great Chief of the air; for thy beak I will be as thou dost propose." Then with its terrible beak he had torn the garments

to bits and threw them into the rushing river to save the beautiful maiden.

The Ufa (night owl) heard of the Lainapa's marriage and inquired everything how he found her.

"Well," said his great companion, "two little boys of the village brought her to land when they went out to the river-bank to catch lobsters, and you know the rest from the little wood mouse."

So on the following morning before dawn of the early sunrise the foolish Ufa set out to see if he too could bring one out of the water. But he tried in vain, and by evening he had the banks strewn with lobsters. With rage at his ill-luck in not finding a fairy of the waters he cut the fishes to bits, and in shame he took to the bushes never to appear in broad daylight up to the present state. But at night when he searches for the little wood mouse for his meal you can hear his frightful hoot-hoot.

No wonder the night owl is a great enemy of the wood mouse and in native stories the night owl is known as the greatest fool.

[By E. A. Albaniel. This story wins 5s. prize.]

**The First Seaplane at Losuia.**

ON Thursday the 22nd September, 1932, a seaplane left the wharf, H.M.A.S. Australia at Gawa Island at 7.30 a.m. and arrived at Kiriwina Island at 8.10 a.m. When it came above here we heard a loud noise. Some of the students at the Mission were thinking a new launch was coming.

The seaplane came right near the island of Bomapou. It flew round Kiriwina Island, and all the people looked up. It flew across the villages. Some of the children and the old men and women were very frightened. Some of the men had gone to their gardens about 6 a.m.; and while they worked in their gardens they heard a very big noise, and they all said, "What is that big noise?" They all looked up and saw it fly, and some ran to hide under big trees or food houses, some ran to hide at the back of their gardens, and also some climbed coconut palms.

Other people thought God was coming to kill us and they all saw it fly and were troubled. Afterwards it dropped a letter and then anchored, because it was a seaplane.

They all came down to see the seaplane. Some of us stood by the wharf to see, and some sat on their canoes and went near to see properly. The people could not touch it because the Captain said, "Please don't touch because of paint." But the Kiriwina people wanted to look very much because we were excited, and we have not seen one before. All the people were very happy to see the seaplane.

The Mission Teacher, Mr. Dixon, told some students to pull down the dinghy. Mr. Dixon and four students went to the seaplane to bring those white men to the wharf, and they

went to the white teacher's house. They had breakfast; and when they had finished, went to the Government Station at Losuia, and then came back on a launch.

They sat in the seaplane and they left here about 11 o'clock. They first took off the cover of the propeller, then started the engine and ran to the Government wharf. Then it turned round, and back to the Mission wharf and went up flying. And all the people said, "That seaplane wings, because it flew like a big hawk." There were three men in the seaplane—the Squadron Leader was named Hewitt, and the other was Lieutenant-Commander Kennedy, and the other, Mechanic Holdsworth.

[By Ernest Togaitiu, Mission Student, Okia, Trobriands.]

[Alison Ruanimata has also written about the seaplane at Losuia. She says that some of the people were frightened; "they thought the angels had come down from Heaven." The Editor is sorry he cannot put her article in the paper.]

**Cricket Ground at Kikori.**

WE all had a very good time here in November and we are very glad because Mr. Cawley, the R.M. in the Delta, has made a cricket ground for us. He got two cricket bats and four cricket balls for our club, and we have been playing every Saturday.

Last Saturday, on the 5th November, we played a cricket match between Mr. Cawley's team and Mr. P.O. Cowley's team. Mr. Cawley promised ten sticks of tobacco if any boy made a good score.

On that Saturday Lahui Vai made 83 and Virobo Lahui made 75. Then Mr. Cawley gave five sticks of tobacco for Lahui, and five sticks of tobacco for Virobo, and we were very pleased too.

We have a lot of Port Moresby boys here now and they all like Kikori because Taubade looks after them well. I want to tell my friends the names of these boys: Lohia Tolana, Coxswain Alele; Morea Doura, Engine Boy; Dogodo Pipi, Seaman; Daghish, Head Medical Boy; Lahui Vai, Second Medical Boy, and Noi Doriga (his wife) Medical assistant for women.

[Boe Morea, N.M.A., Kikori.]

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