


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



Vol. 4, No. 2.

Port Moresby, Monday, 15th February, 1932.

Price: 3d.

Head-Hunting.

THE *Papuan Villager* has often told you that you should not be ashamed of your own way of living. Very many of your customs are good ones. They have been yours from the beginning. You do not need to throw them all away; on the other hand, you should keep them and be proud of them.

But *The Villager* has always said that some of your customs are bad ones. They cannot keep going now any longer. And the worst of all these bad fashions is that of killing other people.

The Raid.

In the old days, before the white men came, nearly all Papuan people used to go out now and again to fight against their enemies. It was not often a real fight. More often it was what we call a "Raid." That is to say, all the fighting men got ready on the quiet. Then they went by night to the village of their enemies, and killed as many as they could, before they were properly awake. Or sometimes they hid and waited for a man as he was coming down the track alone. Sometimes they killed a woman: it was all the same. They just wanted to kill someone.

Cannibals and Head-Hunters.

Some people were satisfied with killing their enemies; they left their bodies behind. Other people (called "cannibals") used to eat their enemies like bush pigs when they had killed

them. Others used to cut off their heads and bring them home (these people we call "Head-Hunters").

ought to finish. But there are still a few places where the bad custom of the raid keeps on.

Last year some people from further up the Fly made a raid on Weridai. They came down in canoes, and the Weridai people thought they wanted to trade. But, meeting these Weridai men on the river bank, the visitors suddenly got out their weapons and killed them.

It was not a fight; for the Weridai people had no bows and clubs to fight with. A number of them were killed and the raiders went back with their heads.

Capture of the Raiders.

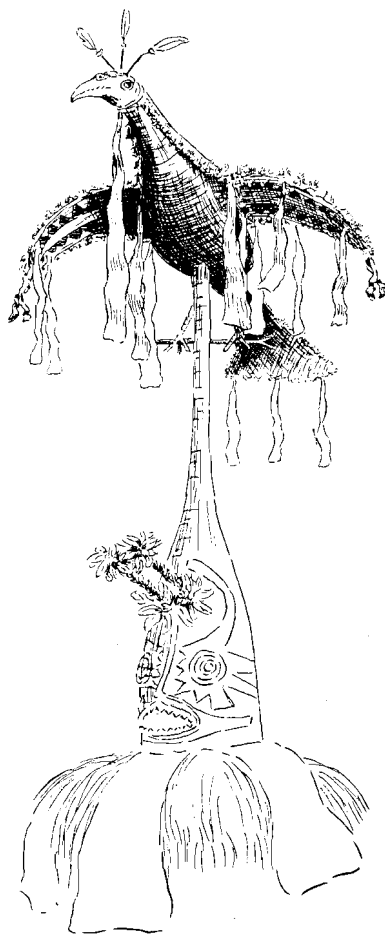
But now comes the second part of the story. Government officers went out from Daru to catch the raiders. They live round the Suki Creek, on the Fly. Two Government parties came to Suki—one from the land side, and the other up the creek in a launch. The raiders put up a fight against the Government, but they had no chance to win. Twenty-six prisoners were brought down to Daru.

Trial and Punishment.

By and by these prisoners will be tried in the Court. The Judge will find out those who helped to do the killing; and those men, I expect, will have a heavy punishment. We hope it will teach them their lesson this time, and never do any more raiding.

War.

The white men have had their wars in the past. We cannot say whether they will have any more wars, though we hope they will not. But anyway, the white man's war is a very different



A HORNBILL EHARU, OROKOLO.

The Raid on Weridai.

All these fashions are very horrible. Throughout nearly the whole of Papua they have finished now, as they

thing from the head-hunters' raid. There is some big cause for it. It may be a good cause, or it may be a bad one; but they do not kill just for the sake of killing.

Now that there are Government and Missionaries in Papua raiding has come to an end—except for a few people like those of Suki Creek.

I am afraid this article won't do much good. For those who can read it have given up raiding; and those who haven't given up raiding, can't read it. But, when next you feel like killing anybody, remember that it is against the law, and that the best people don't kill one another.

LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

No. 7.

More about Malarial Fever.

I HAVE now told you what malarial fever is, how to treat it and how you get it. I will now tell you how to avoid getting it.

Since the mosquito is the cause of malaria, you have to avoid being bitten by the mosquito. If there are mosquitoes about this is very difficult, even if you own a mosquito-net. But if you can keep mosquitoes away you can keep malaria away.

It is no use trying to catch mosquitoes. While you are catching one or two, a whole lot of others will be biting you. But if you know how a mosquito is born and how it lives, you will find there is a way which can often be used to keep down the number, even if you cannot kill them all.

How a Mosquito is Born.

After a feed of blood a mosquito goes away and lays very small eggs (you can hardly see them without a magnifying glass). The mosquito lays its eggs in water. After a day or two these eggs "hatch out" and very small snake-like bodies are produced from them. These grow; they soon become visible to the naked eye, and probably most of you know them. If water is left in a pot or a pool, a mosquito is very likely to lay her eggs in it, and in a few days the water will become full of small wriggling snake-like bodies which are called "mosquito larvæ."

In a few days the larvæ become quite big and then change into a less snake-like form. These do not wriggle so much. They are called "mosquito pupæ." In another day or two the skin of the pupæ breaks and a mosquito comes out of it and is soon ready to bite either a native or European.

How it gives you Malaria.

If it is a female anopheles mosquito, and if it bites someone who has had malaria, it will very likely take some of the malarial germs into its body with the blood it drinks. These germs will multiply in the mosquito, and when it bites you they will go into your body. This is how you get the sickness called malarial fever.

In my next article I must talk about how to prevent these dangerous anopheles mosquitoes from breeding in the houses.

—W. M. Strong.

"Eharu" at Orokolo.

THE picture on the front page shows you *Baiva* the Hornbill. It is an *Eharu* from Orokolo.

All along the coast of the Gulf Division the people have *Eharu*. They are one kind of *Kaiva Kuku*. Not long ago there was a big show of *Eharu* at Orokolo. There were all sorts of birds and fishes; two big cassowaries; two butterflies; and two very clever spotted dogs; and all sorts of other things too.

The *Eharu* are beautifully made and painted in red, white, black and grey; and they have bright *ramis* made of sago leaf, dyed red and yellow. Hundreds of dancers came with them to Orokolo, and it was altogether a very fine show.

The *Eharu* dance together in twos or threes. If the Orokolo people want an *Eharu* to stay, they tie up a pig and put it on the ground in front of the *Evavo* (or Men's House). Then the *Eharu* jumps over the pig, and after that goes up into the *evavo* and stays there. The boss of the *Eharu* and his friends take the pig home and eat it.

Crocodiles and Lions.

Seizing the Crocodile's Tongue.

SOME time ago we wrote about a native of Papua who was seized by a crocodile. He put his hand down the crocodile's mouth (or at least he said he did) and grabbed the crocodile's tongue. Then when he held on to the tongue his friends came up and killed the crocodile and saved him.

Seizing the Lion's Tongue.

A white man in Africa was taken by a lion the other day, and he got off in the same way. He hung on to the lion's tongue until his friends came to his help.

A Lion Under an Anaesthetic.

You know when you go to the hospital for an "operation" they give you an anaesthetic. That means that they put some medicine to your nose, and when you smell or breathe it you go off into a very deep sleep. Then while you are in this deep sleep the doctor cuts into you with the knife and you don't feel it. When you wake up the operation is all over.

Not long ago in Germany a lion got into a fight with a tiger. His eye was very badly hurt; and they thought that he would die unless they did the operation.

So they gave the lion an anaesthetic, and he lay quiet and never moved while the doctor cut out his eye. When the operation was over the lion woke up, and he is now quite well again.

A Missionary Aeroplane in Australia.

THE Church Mission Society in North Australia has bought an aeroplane.

It is a Gypsy Moth, and is named the "Sky Pilot." One of the Missionaries, Mr. Langford-Smith, first thought of getting the aeroplane, and he himself has learned to fly it.

Right up in the North of Australia the country is like much of Papua. There are rivers and swamps and crocodiles and grass plains. It is in

the far North that most of the Australian blackfellows now live. There are several Mission stations there, and Mr. Langford-Smith hopes to find a good place for another one with his aeroplane.

The new Mission will be at Caledon Bay. The blackfellows there are "cannibals." That means that when they kill their enemies they eat them just as some natives still do in far-away parts of Papua. Mr. Langford-Smith is not afraid that the blackfellows of Caledon Bay will eat him.

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.

Chess in Sumatra.

PAPUANS are great players of draughts nowadays. If they haven't got a proper draughts board, they make black and white squares on a piece of wood, and they use the metal tops of ginger beer bottles for draughtsmen. Kabua, the Central Court Interpreter, is a great player. He says he is fond of the "French game" in which you can move in all directions.

Chess.

There is a much harder game played on the same sort of board. It is called Chess. In Port Moresby only

the wisest men know how to play it. Most people never learn.

But in Sumatra, an island to the west of Papua, the natives play a great deal. The game was brought to that island so long ago that nobody knows when.

Nowadays all native boys learn it. Some of the best players sit down on the road with a board on their knees and offer to play anybody a game for money. Unless a European is a very good player indeed he will be beaten by these native players.

Election in Australia.

THERE has been another election in Australia, and the old Government has been thrown out. There is a new Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, whose picture (loaned by *The Papuan Courier*) is below.



MR. J. A. LYONS.

Papua, as you know, belongs to Australia; and the Government in Australia can make some difference to you. We shall wait and see what Mr. Lyons says about Papua.

Nearly Ten Miles Up in a Balloon.

LAST year a balloon went higher into the air than ever before—nearly 10 miles. Some of you have seen toy balloons made of rubber. A good big one is about 9 ins. across. This balloon that we are talking about was nearly 100 feet across.

The Aluminium Ball.

It is filled with a kind of gas, lighter than the air. When you let it go, it sails up and up. Hanging underneath

it was a ball of "aluminium" (aluminium is a kind of metal like iron, but very much lighter). Inside this ball there were two men closed in all round.

They would not be able to breathe the air 10 miles above the earth; so they closed themselves up inside the aluminium ball, and they had their own air ("oxygen") all bottled up. They used it as they wanted it.

The Moon at Middy.

There were thick glass windows in the ball and they could look out and see the moon. It seemed very much brighter up there than it does from the ground; they could see it shining brightly at midday. The colour of the sky was different also—a dark blue. Outside the ball it was very very cold.

Coming Down.

When you want to come down in a balloon you pull a string and this lets out some of the light air. Then the balloon begins to descend.

The two men were 17 hours in the balloon. They came down at night on top of a mountain. Their oxygen was nearly finished.

An Orokaiva Wedding.

IN the Northern Division, as elsewhere, you have to make a big pay when you get a wife. In the picture on page 13 you can see the husband's people getting ready to pay the wife's people. There is a high stack of taro there, and a big pig (which you can't see in the picture) and a whole lot of native ornaments.

When the bride's people come, the husband's people get up, and they rush at one another as if they are going to fight. There are plenty of spears and clubs and shields, but usually it is only play-about.

When that is done the bride's people come and take the taro and the pig and the ornaments and go home.

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

Whales and Whale-Oil.

THE whale is the biggest of all animals. He swims about in the sea, but he is not a fish. He has warm blood and he has to come up to the top to breathe now and then. In this he is like our dugong and porpoise. He is very big and fat. An elephant is a chicken to a whale.

Whale-Oil.

The whale, like a very fat pig, has a lot of "grease"; and the white men catch him, cut him up and melt the grease into oil. They get many barrels or casks of whale-oil from one whale.

Catching Whales.

Great big ships go to catch whales near the South Pole. Small ships go to find the whales and shoot harpoons, or spears, at them. (They don't throw them, but shoot them out of a good big gun.) Then they tow the whale to the big ships, and there it is cut up and melted down to oil. Some of these big ships have crews of 300 men.



A WHALE.

Many big ships are doing this. One of them caught more than 1,300 whales in one year. Altogether in one year the whaling ships in the South got more than 2½ million casks of oil.

Whale-Oil and Coconut-Oil.

That is one reason why you don't get so much money for copra as you used to; whale-oil is used for the same things as coconut-oil; and there is such a lot of it that people don't want copra so much.

They have been killing so many whales that people are afraid they may kill them altogether.

A Whale at Napanapa.

Whales are found in many different seas. They don't all live in the cold waters near the South Pole. They have been seen sometimes round Papua.

The other day Mr. Stewart, who owns the slip at Napanapa, caught one outside Port Moresby. It measured 30 feet. He had it towed to Napanapa, and there had it boiled down.

Measuring "Taitu."

THE people in the far west of Papua grow very fine yams, and they are very proud of them. They measure the biggest of them. You see the man in the picture doing it.

All those little strips of cane beside him are measure-sticks of *taitu* that have been given away at a feast. When his friends ask him to a feast in return, he will measure their yams with those same sticks. Then they will be able to see who can grow the biggest *taitu*.

Catching Sharks off Dauko.

MR. Wilson, of Port Moresby, has been catching sharks off "Fisherman Island" or Dauko.

In some parts of the world catching sharks is quite a business. They are useful for many things. The main thing is that their skins make very good leather.

Mr. Wilson is going to skin the sharks and sell the skins.

Animal Traps.

ON page 12 are pictures of two kinds of animal traps. Both pictures were taken in the Morehead district; but these traps are common in many parts of Papua; and no doubt many readers have made them themselves.

The Spring and Noose Traps.

The spring and noose trap has a loop, or noose, of cane on the ground. It is tied to the tall stick by the rope you can see in the picture. This rope is pulled tight and fastened to a stake. When the wallaby comes by and walks into the noose he knocks a little "trigger." This lets the rope go. The stick springs straight, and the wallaby is kicking in the air with the noose round his neck.

The Bandicoot Trap.

The other picture is called a falling-log trap. Perhaps you have made a big one like it for the pig that breaks into your garden.

This is a small one meant for rats and bandicoots or birds that walk about on the ground. You can see how small it is by the hat lying next to it.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

DARU.

(Correspondent—William Tabua.)

Welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Ure.

THREE weeks ago, there was a great rejoicing. People came from all parts of the villages to this meeting, especially to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Ure.

The Suki Prisoners.

About fortnight ago the A.R.M., Mr. Faithorn, brought in fifteen Suki prisoners. More than a dozen stuffed heads had been found in their village. Two police were wounded and one corporal.

Christmas Carols.

Early on the Christmas morning our little Mission band went round singing Christmas carols from house to house. Our little kids got some sweets, ginger beer bottles and biscuits; the big men got some tobacco.

Before our band got to the town, they met another band of outside boys on the way, lead by Mr. P. Hinds.

Everybody was singing very well indeed that morning.

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau.)

Influenza.

IN the last *Papuan Villager* you heard of the Influenza epidemic in the district. Well it is now at its ending so far as we have heard, but has caused a lot of deaths.

Gardening.

The district villagers have started planting and gardening now as we had a good drop of rain from 23rd to 31st December, and the old plants, bananas, etc., etc., are looking well again, the fields green. Everything looks green.

Cricket Match at Kairuku.

On the 25th and 26th December Kairuku Station played the Mondo Police Camp. Each had their Taubadas who played also. Kairuku, 1st Innings, about 120 runs; Mondo, 1st and 2nd Innings, about 112 runs. Mondo played twice on this time but was beaten by 8 runs.

On the 26th each side played two games and this time Kairuku was beaten by 6 runs.

Cricket Match in Mekeo.

The Yule Island Technical Schoolboys of the Mission here had a few days off for Xmas holidays, so they went to Inawaia via Arapokina in one of the Mission launches. Inawaia is where Rev. Father Connors lives—many of you know him. While at Inawaia they played many games of Cricket with the Mekeos. Here is a summary of the results which I got from them for *The Villager*.

Yule Island v. Inawaia, 7 games. Yule Island won 5 and lost 2.

Yule Island v. Jesubaibua (Yeku), 5 games. Yule Island won 2, lost 3.

Yule Island v. Eboa, 3 games. Yule Island won 2, lost 1.

You can see now that the Mekeo are trying to play games, since Rev. Father Connors is trying to teach them the rules and ways of playing. The best players were the Jesubaibas out of the three Mekeo teams which played Yule Island.

The T.S. Boys were greatly entertained during their few days stay at Inawaia.

PORT MORESBY.
(Correspondent—Igo Erua.)

Township of Port Moresby.

THE Port Moresby town is now very nice and beautiful looking, because it is regularly cleaned up, and many parts of it have been altered, and some broken parts filled up with earth, and the gutters are made with concrete (cement), and there are trees growing in the middle of the streets; they are all growing in line nice and straight.

Plenty of motor-lorries and cars are running about the streets, so you people must be very careful when walking on or past the roads. If you don't look out for yourselves, these dangerous things will be running over you, and giving you very serious wounds.

Port Roads.

The two Port Roads, one on top and the other down below, are being widened out. The Works labourers and prisoners were put on to these roads, and they are working very hard every day, and up to the present month these roads are very wide indeed. Casuarina trees are now growing on the side of the Lower Road, very nice and green, and we hope that they will give a very good shade to everybody in the hot sun. The same kind of trees grow on the sides of the Ela Beach Road.

Hanuabada Men Die in G.D.

On the 14th ultimo, a very sad letter was received here from G.D. that Sere Aro and Noi Vani had died in Keuru Village. These men went there by the *lakatoi* for their annual expedition in October last year.

We shall all be very sorry on the arrival of the *lakatoi* not to see these two men present to be welcomed by their friends or relations.

Tanobada "Lakatoi" Arrives.

At 1 p.m. on the 15th ultimo the Tanobada *lakatoi* was sighted at Hunter's passage (Kou-Lalo).

This *lakatoi* had aboard plenty of sago, coconut, betel-nut, pepper-fruit, etc.

All the friends and relations of the *lakatoi* people are very glad to have their people back safe, but the welcome of the *lakatoi* wasn't very nice, because sbe had some sick men on her.

The other *lakatoi* are expected here this month and will be properly welcomed except that one which lost two men in Keuru Village.

Hula Markets.

Very nearly every year, the Hula people leave their village, and come to the villages in the Port Moresby district for fishing. Every day they go out to Fisherman Island to catch plenty of fish, and exchange them for sago with Poreporena women.

A very good number of canoes arrived recently from Hula for this purpose. They caught 700 fish on the 2nd instant.

Deaths.

Fifteen deaths occurred during the months of October and December, in the Poreporena villages, including seven (7) infants, from "Influenza," and two from "Tuberculosis" (Peter John and Hila Au).

Cricket.

A cricket match was played at the Taora Cricket Ground on the 16th ult., between the teams of Married and Single. The toss was won by the Single who decided to bat.

The scores are as follows:—

SINGLE (1ST INNINGS).	
Baru Morea, stpd. Ovia Ikupu, b. Igo Erua ...	20
Teina Boe, c. Morea Hila, b. Pipi Heni ...	16
Raka Igo, stpd. Ovia Ikupu, b. Igo Erua ...	14
Arua Kapena, b. Igo Erua ...	5
Morea Dago, c. Morea Hila, b. Igo Erua ...	20
Mea Logona, c. Toua Lohia, b. Igo Erua ...	0
Clem Movivina, stpd. Ovia Ikupu, b. Igo Erua ...	11
Nou Igo, not out ...	9
Lohia Udu, c. Bodau Mea, b. Igo Erua ...	1
Lahui Ako, stpd. Ovia Ikupu, b. Igo Erua ...	4
Tau Vagi, c. Hera Ganiga, b. Igo Erua ...	1
Sundries ...	11
	112

BOWLING: Igo Erua, 9 for 33; Pipi Heni, 1 for 30; Nou Goru, 0 for 9; Dago Morea, 0 for 40.

MARRIED (1ST INNINGS).	
Hera Ganiga, b. Raka Igo ...	27
Dago Morea, stpd. Teina Boe, b. Raka Igo ...	28
Ovia Ikupu, c. Morea Dago, b. Clem Movivina ...	54
Toua Lohia, b. Raka Igo ...	0
Ava Mavara, b. Lohia Udu ...	0
Bodau Mea, c. Arua Kapena, b. Raka Igo ...	0
Pipi Heni, not out ...	32
Morea Hila, not out ...	9
Sundries ...	5
	155

BOWLING: Raka Igo, 4 for 69; Lohia Udu, 1 for 16; Clem Movivina, 1 for 31; Morea Dago, 0 for 39.

The match was won by Married by 6 wickets and 43 runs.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Story of Norae and Wife.

THERE were once upon the time, a man and woman living at Buria, the mountain beyond the Redscar Head, near Lealea Village. They first lived in peace as wife and husband until the woman caused strife between them. She always used bad words to the man and never treated him well. So the man got very tired of her, and thought what he could do to be separated from her.

Unhappiness of Norae.

On one morning everybody had gone to the gardens, and some of them gone to hunting. But Norae was too unhappy to go to his gardens or hunting with his friend. He stayed in the village to pack up all his goods for departure. In the middle of the day, his wife cooked food for him to eat, but Norae didn't want to eat or drink. He cleaned up his body, and wanted to depart to another place.

Woman Followed Norae.

When she saw her husband was gone away, she then followed him, crying and with tears, and bade him to return to the place. Norae never turned his face to her, he walked on the road. He then thought, what could he do to make the woman return her place, as he didn't want her any more for his wife. He then took out one of the necklaces and put it down on the road, and said to the woman, "Take this necklace and go back to your place." But woman picked it up and put it in her bag (*kiapa*) and followed him crying. Norae put another one down and said to the woman to take it and go back. But she did the same. She picked it up and followed him still to the Nonu River, near Gorohu Village.

They Cross Nonu River.

And man threw a bit of stick into the river (this stick made the crocodile not to catch him). He swam across to the other side. The woman also crossed the river to the other side safely. When the man got to the other side he started to walk along the beach to Gorohu Village, and woman still followed. And the man looked back and saw that the woman followed him and cried.

He took out one of the boar's tusks, and put it down and said to the woman, "Take this tusk and go back to your place." But the woman did the same thing. She picked it up and followed him still, and they both entered in Gorohu Village. And Norae asked the woman to go back to her own place, as he don't want her any more for his wife.

And he started to walk on the beach, and the woman followed him, and Norae put one of the pearls down and said to the woman to take it and go back, but she refused to go back. She picked up the pearl and put it in her bag (*kiapa*) and followed him till they came to the Manumanu River.

They Come to Manumanu.

When Norae wanted to cross the Manumanu River, he did the same thing as at Nonu River. He threw a bit of stick into the river,


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and he crossed to the other side. Crocodile never caught him. This woman crossed the river and followed him. Norae entered in Manumanu Village and walked through the village, and looked back. He saw a woman followed him and cried, but he only had one arm-shell on hand. He told the woman, "This is my last thing for you. Take it and go back to your place." But woman refused to go back to the place: she followed him still to Toutu River.

End of Norae and his Wife.

They both sat down at edge of the river-bank, and Norae spoke to his wife, "When we first married, we lived in peace and happiness, and after that you used the bad words to me. That's why I left our place, and I don't want to go back there any more, but you must go back there and marry another, and may you both live good and happy and contented. I am no more your husband. Good-bye." And he threw another bit of the stick into the river. There were plenty of crocodiles floated up, and he dived into the river, and was caught by crocodile. And the woman wept bitterly, and she dived into the river. She also was caught by the crocodile.

[By Nou Goru, N.C., D.N.A., and 1st Papuan Native Rovers, Poreporena. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The L.M.S. P.D. Committee at Poreporena.

THE white Missionaries from Daru, W.D., to Isuleilei, Fife Bay, E.D., have gathered at L.M.S., Poreporena, for their year ending Committee for 1931, during last two weeks, from 17th October to 30th October under the Chairwoman, Mrs. R. L. Turner.

Scouts' and Guides' Service.

On Sunday, the 18th October, Scouts and Guides had a Service at Poreporena Church. There was over 100 Wolf Cubs, Scouts, Rovers and Guides. Many of them had put on their uniforms. We fell into troops, in front of the Church—Guides, Wolf Cubs, Scouts and Rovers. The Guide Bele Dago had the Girl Guides' flag, the Cub Arua Morea had the wood with Wolf head on, and the Scout Teina Boe had the Scouts' flag. They stood in front of the troops.

The Rev. W. J. V. Saville, of Mailu, made some pictures. After the people finished entering, Scout Master sent the Girl Guides' flag in first, and followed by the Wolf Cubs' head and the Scouts' flag. All the troops followed after them, with gentle drum by Toua Ako.

The Church was filled by people of Poreporena, and a few from various local villages, the teachers and the students from Missions, and over 20 white Missionaries; and the few white Wolf Cubs from Port Moresby, have joined in the Church too.

Mr. P. Chatterton, S.M. of Poreporena, was in charge of the Service. The Rev. D. E.

Ure, new Scout Master at Daru, taught us some words, and advised us to be good Scouts and good Guides. And afterwards, Mrs. R. L. Turner, the Chairwoman of P.D.C., was the preacher, and by her preaching she also commanded us some more interesting words. We Scouts and Guides were very pleased to hear their thoughts. This was a very beautiful Sunday; which the people of Papua have not seen before.

Ordained Sunday.

On Sunday, the 1st November, 1931, nine Native teachers were ordained, as Pastors of the London Missionary Society. Their names are:—

Benoma Daguella, of Isuleilei, Fife Bay; Bua, of Mailu; Pat and George, of Hula; Nou Airi, of Saroa; Taunao Agaru, of Port Moresby; Naime, of Delena; Airi Valai, of Port Moresby; Poto, of Daru.

[By V. R. Mea, 1st Papuan Native Rovers, Stag patrol, Poreporena.]

The Story of a Sunken Canoe.

ON Friday, the 12th of June, 1931, some of village bigger boys and children they went to the Laruoro to catch fish. And wind blew hard too. When they had finished their fishing, they pulled up their sail; they wanted to go back to Mailu. As they went out to the sea, sea was too rough, and also the water was coming into the canoe. So they can't take out water. And bigger boys cut sail down on the sea, because the water was coming through in the canoe. That is why they cut down sail on the sea. And all the boys stood inside the water on the canoe, only they must still stop on the canoe. And the bigger boys tied a rami on the end of long pole, and lifted it up: meaning, they wanted somebody to go to help them.

Because we were working inside the workshop we didn't see them. They drifted along on the water. Some village boys came to us and told us, "Do you see a canoe drifting?" We said, "Where are they?" They said, "Oh, they went to the fishing at Laruoro."

And our teacher, Rev. W. J. V. Saville, he sent some of our L.M.S. boys in our little vessel called *Daba*. And they went to the sinking canoe to help them. And our launch *Daba* she brought back only people and some fish and fish-nets. And we were very glad too, because everybody got saved.

[By Lupa, Mailu schoolboy.]

Fishing at Mailu.

A Canoe Lost.

WHEN the Mailu boys went to reef to fish with a small canoe in the morning, it was very calm. One boy said to his friend, "My friend this day is calm. How about you, would you like to go to fish?" And his friend says, "Yes I like to fish." His friend said, "All right I go and ask these boys."

He went to the boys to ask them, "Boys, would you like to go fishing?" And they said, "Yes, we want to go fishing." And they all go and get their things ready. They got their food and nets and they went to the small island called Laruoro. They did not pull up the sail because there was no wind that day. They pulled with the oar. Then one of the big boys, named Taboro, said to his friend, "My friend, why didn't we tie this canoe? When the wind blows hard we shall be very bad, because this canoe it not tight." When they arrive at Laruoro the tide is low down, not high tide. They get down to reef. They get a lot of fish, big fishes and small fishes.

On 11th June, when they came back to their canoe, they pulled the canoe to the water and they pulled up their sail. They wanted to go back to Mailu. The wind is very hard (came from the east). Their canoe is not very tight. They were all very frightened and they did not come back to Mailu. They drifted far away.

Their canoe is not very fast; very slow, and goes slowly. Then they pulled down the sail. They were very cold, big boys and small school children.

Their canoe sank down into the water and they pulled up their flag. Some people saw their flag and they said, "Where canoe, where canoe?" One man came to Taubada, "Taubada, our boys are lost." Then Taubada sent the *Daba* to save their lives.

One boy went up the mast to look round. "O boys, launch is coming!" They are all very glad. They did not lose their things. Only the canoe was lost. They came back to Mailu with the launch.

There were twelve big boys and small school children. Their mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters were all very glad and happy.

[By Tavara, of Mailu Island.]

"The Papuan Villager."

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READERS of *The Papuan Villager* who live in Papua and paid their subscriptions for one year ending in January, 1932, were sent notices telling them that their subscriptions for another year should now be paid.

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