

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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“Puripuri” or Sorcery.

A Murder at Efogi.

LAST month a native was murdered at Efogi in the mountains. Two men waited for him and speared him. Then they hid his body and said nothing about it. But another man had seen them. For a long time he said nothing, for he was afraid they would kill him also if he talked. But at last he did talk. Then the two murderers were arrested, and they have been tried and sent to gaol.

The Reason for the Murder.

The two prisoners said that they had done this thing for “pay-back.” They said the man had killed their father by *puripuri*, or as we call it, “Sorcery.” But they were probably making a big mistake; I don’t suppose the poor man had anything to do with it.

The Mistake about Sorcery.

Papuan natives are always making the same big mistake about *puripuri*. Some men may try to kill others by *puripuri*, but they are not many. Some pretend that they have made *puripuri* when they have done nothing of the kind: there are a good many of these, but they are all liars, and you should not believe them. Yet when anybody dies someone nearly always thinks that he died by *puripuri*. That is the big mistake that so many people make.

The Causes of Death.

We all have to die some time or other. Some die by accidents; some

by disease; and some just of old age. The white man says, “Well, the poor fellow is dead.” He doesn’t always think that somebody killed him. He died by himself.

to punish the people they thought were sorcerers, and they made many terrible mistakes. The people were not sorcerers at all.

Now they Know Better.

But nowadays the white men know better. They have been more or less educated, and they know that people nearly always die from natural causes. If a man said he was a sorcerer nowadays, the white men would not be afraid of him; they would not want to kill him; they would just laugh at him.

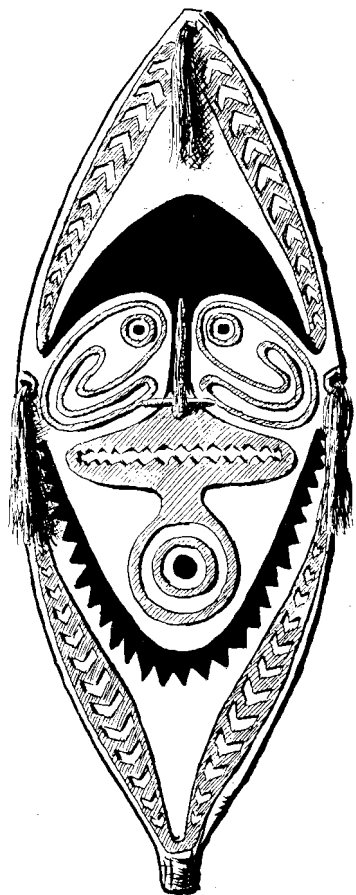
Education Means the End of Sorcery.

Someday, perhaps, you will learn how to laugh at sorcerers. And you may be sure that when you learn to laugh at them they will give up work.

It seems a funny thing to say, but the best way to treat sorcery is to go to school; or if you are past the school age, to send your sons and daughters to school. You get educated at school; that means, you learn things. You learn how this happens and how that happens, and when you have learnt enough you will find that you have been making a mistake about this sorcery. You will find that you have been afraid of nothing.

Trouble Comes of Believing in Sorcery.

The belief in sorcery brings all sorts of trouble. You can think of this affair at Efogi (there are many affairs just like it in other parts of Papua). A man is killed. Then the police come; they look round, and they find the murderers. The murderers are arrested and come before the Court.



AN OHAU FROM OROKOLO.

Once White Men Believed in Sorcery.

The white men used to believe, as you do now, in sorcery. They used

They are sentenced, and now for three years they will be able to think about sorcery in gaol. Their belief in sorcery made them commit a murder, and now they are paying for it. It is a great pity that a wrong belief should lead to so much real trouble.

LESSONS IN HYGIENE. No. 8.

More about Malarial Fever.

IN previous articles I have said all mosquitoes come from mosquito-eggs in water. Therefore if we want to get rid of mosquitoes we must keep the grown-up mosquitoes away from water. If we do this the mosquitoes would die out; for they only live a few months.

Leave no Place for the Mosquito to Breed.

It is impossible to get rid of all mosquitoes. But something can be done. The villagers themselves should look round and find where mosquitoes are breeding. You would find that many of their breeding-places could be very easily removed; for example, by digging small drains to take the water away. Or you might fill in small swampy places without much work. Or you might find that mosquitoes were breeding in holes which you yourselves had dug for one reason or another. You should then fill up the hole.

If you want to drain a swampy place the Chief Medical Officer will always try and lend a few digging tools. He will lend you tools for this work, that is, to prevent mosquitoes from breeding.

Where the Anopheles Mosquito Breeds.

I have said that by no means all mosquitoes can cause malaria—it is only the anopheles kind which do. There are not so many of these as the other kinds; and their larvæ are quite different. These larvæ are not so easy to see. Still, if there is fever in a village, the villagers should look round to see if they can find larvæ of the anopheles kind. If they do find them they should try to get rid of their breeding-places. Small swampy areas may be drained; small holes filled in; and grass cleared from the

edges of watercourses or drains. The anopheles are usually found in quite small pools of water protected from the wind but yet exposed to the sun. Around Port Moresby they have often been found in the hoof-marks of animals, in small puddles in muddy places, in waterholes used for obtaining drinking water, among the grass at the side of small streams formed by heavy rains, and the wet places

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. Send your story to the Editor now. Don't be too 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.

near troughs of water. Another place I have found them in is in canoes which have been partly filled with water during the rainy season.

Native Medical Assistant and Mosquitoes.

Morea Toua, and other Travelling Native Medical Assistants, can tell the difference between the anopheles mosquito and others and between the larvæ of the two kinds of mosquitoes. They will be told to look round and try to find where mosquitoes are breeding if the village people want them to.

In the next article I will tell you more about malaria and how, after one attack, you may go on getting many attacks.

—W. M. Strong.

Pictures from the Gulf Division.

The "Kovave."

THE little boy in the picture on page 21 is having an *apakora* bound round his forehead by his uncle. He has just been through the *Kovave* or *Kaiva Kuku*. Now that he knows about it he is getting his present.

The "Marupai."

The carved coconut charms are used all along the coast of the Gulf and you can see them in other parts of Papua. They say they can sometimes fly through the air at night, and that when they are put in the water they sometimes turn into crocodiles. The one in this picture was sent to a lady in Australia. It is to be hoped she doesn't drop it in the bath.

The "Sevese."

The big pig took four men to carry it. Scores of pigs were killed at Orokolo when the *Sevese* came down from the *eravo*. This is not the only one that took four men to carry it.

All the girls are having a great time now at Orokolo. Morning and afternoon they dance in the village and along the beach with the *Sevese*. These girls are waiting for a *Sevese* to come out so that they can dance with it.

Death of Famous Papuan Missionary.

Rev. H. M. Dauncey.

NEWS has just come to Papua of the death of a famous L.M.S. Missionary, Rev. H. M. Dauncey, or, as Papuan people called him, "Donisi." Very few white men have lived in Papua for so many years as "Donisi." He came here in the year 1888, and lived at first with Dr. Lawes at Port Moresby. After a few years he was sent to start a new station at Delena. He spent the rest of his life in working there. His children had to go away to school, so that he only saw them now and again when he went on furlough. His wife died some years ago. Sometimes "Donisi" was sick, and often he was very lonely, but he stuck

to his job. He was Secretary of the Papuan District Committee of the L.M.S., and he was Missionary representative on the Legislative Council of Papua. He was a friend to everybody, and white people and brown people alike took their troubles to him, because they knew that he would listen patiently and give them good advice.

In 1928 "Donisi" became very ill, and the doctor said he must go back to England. He had worked in Papua for forty years, and needed a good rest and a cool place to live in. He got a little better in England and was able to meet his friends again. But his body had been worn out by working for so long in this hot country and he never got quite well again.

Now he is dead. White people and natives in all parts of Papua will be very sorry to hear this news. But they will be glad that he lived for so many years in this land, and they will not forget the good work he did for Papua.

—Contributed.

Another War.

China against Japan.

THERE is another war going on in the world. It is not the white men who are fighting this time, but the yellow men.

The Chinese and the Japanese have had a row about a piece of land called Manchuria. This land is really in China, but many Japanese live there; and the Japanese have spent a lot of money on it. Now the two people are fighting one another, to see who is going to look after Manchuria.

The League of Nations.

The League of Nations have tried very hard to stop this war. The white people got so tired of killing one another and being killed that they have decided that war is a very bad thing. They don't want any more wars.

But the Japanese will not listen to the League of Nations now. We all hope that the Japanese will soon get tired of fighting and that this war will stop.

The "Southern Cross."

A Mission Boat in the South Seas.

THE L.M.S. has had a number of ships, one after another, called *John Williams*. The Melanesian Mission, i.e., the Anglican Mission, in the South Seas also has its Ship. It is called the *Southern Cross*; and there have been five boats of this name one after the other. The last one is 28 years old, and she will have to give place to a sixth.

Golf Caddies.

IN January we wrote about the Competitions and the Christmas treat for the Caddies of the Port Moresby Golf Club.

In the picture on page 20 (which was taken by Judge Gore) you can see Boge Nao driving off the first tee.

A Letter from Lord Baden Powell.

SOME time ago two of the Poreporena Scouts, Lohia Udu and Arua Gavera, went to the big Rally in Brisbane, and they wrote about it in *The Papuan Villager*. Mr. Chatterton sent a copy of the paper to Lord Baden Powell and he has received this letter from him.

The Boy Scouts Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
20th November, 1931.

Dear Mr. Chatterton,

This is just a line—rather belated I fear—to thank you very much for your kind thought in sending along the page from *The Papuan Villager*, giving the impressions of the two Papuan Scouts who were present at the Rally. I am very glad indeed to have it and to see these boys' essays.

I hope the Troop will continue to make good progress, and needless to say I shall be specially interested at any time to get news of it and of you.

With all good wishes,
Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
(signed) Baden Powell.

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

Loss of a "Lakatoi."

ON Tuesday afternoon a *lakatoi* was seen outside the reef, so at about 5.30 the *Laurabada* went out and some miles beyond the passage she found a *lakatoi* from the Gulf Division with 75 men, women and children on board. The *lakatoi* was taken in tow but the sea was so rough that one of the canoes broke its lashings and filled with water and the *lakatoi* had to be abandoned. All the people were taken on board the *Laurabada*, but not without much difficulty and danger owing to the rolling sea.

Story Competition.

ON page 18 you will see all about a Story Competition for a prize of Ten Shillings. Some natives have already sent their story of "How did fire first come to Papua." If you have not yet sent in your story send it now. Don't be too late.

Big Ships at Port Moresby.

ABOUT the end of last month and the beginning of this one there were a lot of big boats in Port. Besides our *Montoro* and *Macdhui*, and the *Lemaire* which we often see, there were the *Stella Polaris*, the *Mariposa*, and the *Pentyne* (a copra boat).

The *Stella Polaris* has been taking passengers for a voyage about the Pacific and down to the Antarctic. She did not stay long in Port, for she came at 7 o'clock in the evening and had to go again at 10.30 o'clock the same night. But the tourists saw a native dance by torchlight and moonlight on the Parade Ground.

The new American boat *Mariposa* arrived in Port Moresby at 11.30 on Wednesday, 2nd March.

This fine vessel is on her first cruise. She brought about 250 passengers. Most of the visitors went to see the big dance on the Police Parade Ground and also visited the Poreporena Villages.

They were greatly interested in all they saw.

The *Mariposa* sailed for Macassar at 5 p.m.

Poreporena Gossip.

Laloki Gardens.

LATELY the people have been considering the problem of making a living out of the soil, around and behind the range of hills near their village. They have come to consider the place is not good for gardens; and they have decided to seek for a place in which the soil will be fertile and near water.

Hence they have selected the two Native Reserves at Laloki, one of 640 acres, and the other of 475. They have been scrubbing, clearing, fencing and planting. Some of the gardens are already planted with yams, taitus and bananas; others are only just

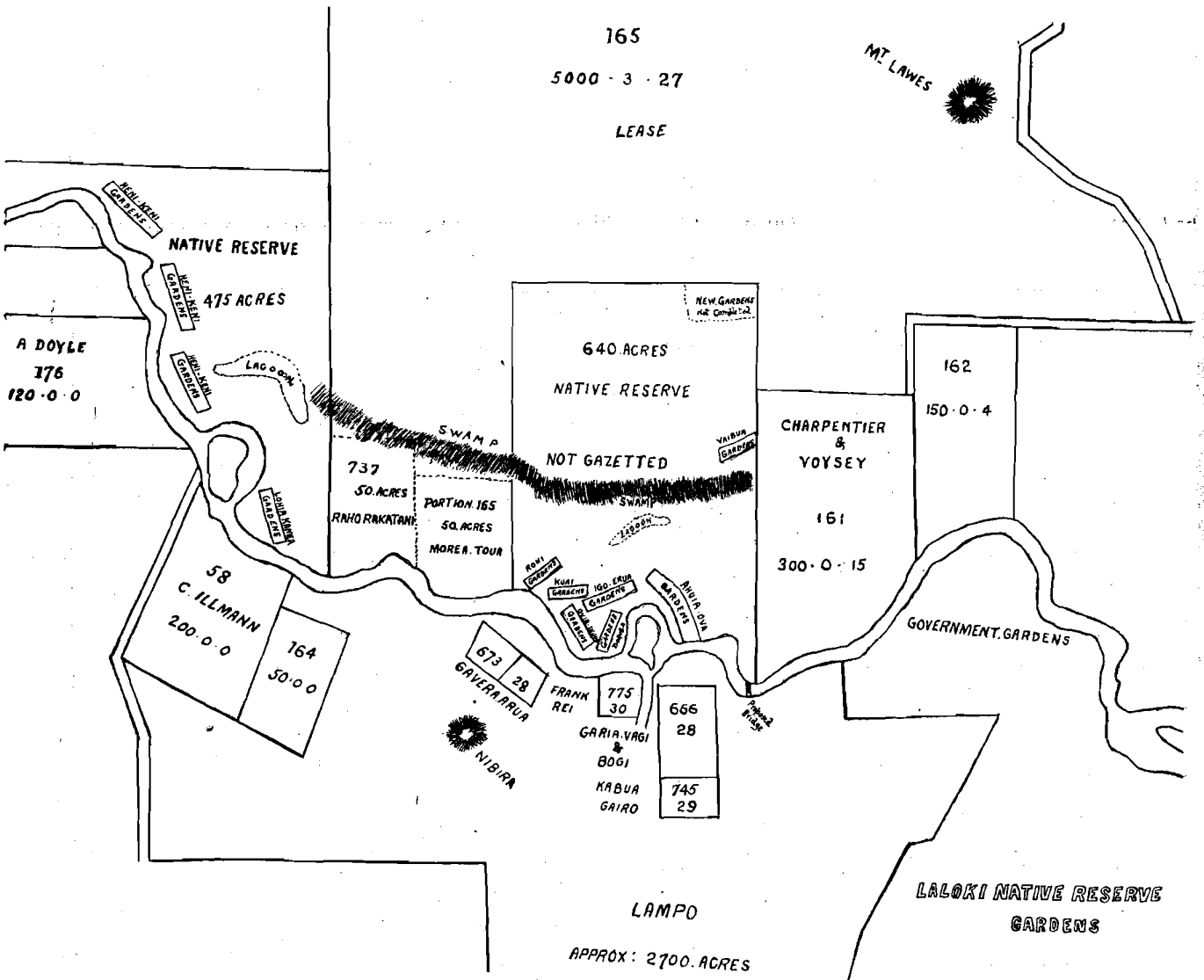
being worked upon. The Government have helped them by distributing some corn seeds, taro suckers and tomato seeds, which are being planted on suitable soil. Being some distance from the village, the people have to carry their food and plants on lorries. The crossing on the river will soon be done by a canoe, and later on by a lawyer-cane suspension bridge. They also intend to build some substantial houses near their gardens; they will leave someone behind in charge when their work is over and they have to return to their own houses in Port.

Sago.

Once more the people have received a warning not to venture on a voyage West for sago. It seems that one of

the big canoes that will be used as a part of a *lakatoi* had been cut and hollowed out at Doura Village. The stump is still there; it is supposed to be bewitched, and will cause some danger or misfortune such as suffering from shipwreck or being delayed by calms, or blown off to the ocean, or unlucky by not obtaining a return cargo of sago. But the leading men of the village have now seen how silly it is to take any notice of such warnings. It is because they did not make the yearly trip West for sago that they are now short of food. So now they are not to be put off by any more nonsense or *puripuri* humbug. They will and must go West for sago.

—Mohamed Ali.



Archery at Bebedeben.

LONG ago the forefathers of the English people used to fight and hunt with bows and arrows. They used a long bow made of wood, which was very much like the bow which many Papuans use to-day.

They could shoot a long way and very straight. Sometimes they used to have competitions to see who could shoot the straightest; and, in fact, shooting arrows was a sort of sport or game, which they called "Archery."

Robin Hood.

There was a famous man in the old days called Robin Hood, and no one could shoot straighter than he. Once he was having a match with another man. They set up a stick in the ground and the other man shot first. He sent his arrow right into the stick, and it stuck there.

This was a good shot to beat, but Robin Hood did better. He drew his bow and sent his arrow fair into the middle of the arrow that the first man had shot.

The Match at Bebedeben.

The Editor once arranged an archery competition at Bebedeben in the Morehead District. He got a big sheet of bark for a target about 6 ft. by 3 ft. and drew a circle on it in the middle. To make this circle he drove in a nail and used a piece of string for a "compass." Then he pulled out the nail, leaving a little hole right in the centre of the circle.

Takom.

When Takom, a big man of Bebedeben, got up to shoot he stood 50 yards away, and sent his first arrow fair into the hole where the nail had been pulled out. Robin Hood could not have done better. But with his second shot, I am sorry to say Takom missed the target altogether. So perhaps Robin Hood was a better shot after all (though I dare say Robin Hood made some bad misses sometimes; they don't tell us about them in the stories).

An Orokaiva with a Bow and Arrow.

The man shooting in the picture on page 20 is not a Morehead man.

He is Gaindi, a Northern Division native, who was formerly an Armed Policeman. He married a wife on the Morehead and now he lives there. When he was a young man he used to throw spears like other Orokaivas; then he became a Policeman and he used to shoot with a rifle. Now he uses a bow and arrow, and he can use them as well as anyone in his village.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent - Igo Erua.)

Supply of Sago from Kikori.

C. T. Wurth, Esq., the R.M., C.D., informed the Village Councillors of Poreporena that there is no more tobacco at Kikori Station for the purchase of sago, and he also then read a detailed statement of the position, viz.:

Three cases (94 lb.) trade tobacco were purchased and shipped to Kikori for the purchase of sago. The cost was £24 9s. 11d., including 7s. 6d. freight. With this tobacco the R.M., Kikori, purchased 1,205 bundles of sago, weighing 18 tons 14 cwt. 2 qrs. 1 lb., and shipped to Port Moresby at various periods. The freight on the sago amounted to £46 10s. 3d., making a total cost (tobacco and freight on sago) of £71 0s. 2d. From the sago received and sold in the Hanuabada villages, the amount of £77 18s. 6d. was received. Therefore a profit of £6 18s. 4d. was made.

An amount of 14s. and 15s. for the last two shipments of sago is still to be paid. This would make the total profit on the sago as £8 7s. 4d. The R.M. further informed the Council that the Bank credit amounted to £97 12s. 7d. which included 14s. 3d. interest. Thus amount of £30 credited plus interest 14s. 3d., plus profit on sago £6 18s. 4d. makes up the amount of £37 12s. 7d.

Owing to the *lakatois* returning in the near future from the west with sago, it is desired that the matter of purchase of sago remain in abeyance; that is, no further tobacco to be purchased for sago. Should the Council wish for more sago at later date, the Council to advise the Resident Magistrate, C.D.

The Poreporena Village Councillors said they were very well satisfied with the result of the sago purchased.

Water Supply of Poreporena.

When there is a very good wind blowing a supply of water is obtained, but when there is no wind or very little, all the pipes are not supplying the water properly, and the people of Poreporena and Hohodae generally had to go to the one pipe at Tanobada; this is the only pipe which supplied the water properly all the time.

Poreporena "Lakatois" Arrived.

On the 19th ult. one of the Poreporena *lakatois* was sighted at Hunter's Passage at 3 p.m. But I regret to state that the welcome of this *lakatois* wasn't very nice at all, because a woman died just on her arrival at the village, and the women's usual dance for the welcome was not danced on account of this death. Everybody on this *lakatois* were well and healthy. She had aboard plenty of sago, coconuts, betel-nut and pepper-fruits, etc.

Death of Well-known Missionary.

The very sad news has been received recently of the death, in England, of Rev. H. M. Dauncey (Misi Donisi), a former Missionary of the London Missionary Society in this Territory for many years. Mr. Dauncey retired in 1928, after forty years' service in Papua.

Before he left for England, he preached in the Poreporena Church, he said: "You are all my children of Poreporena. I am getting very old, and unable to do anything, and this is the time for me to go back to my home in England. I wish you all young people to carry out the gospel of God in your Papua country, and do Christ's work day by day, and lead somebody into the light of Christ, and you will be called true Christian men in Papua. But it doesn't matter whether we meet again or not, but we shall all meet together in His Holy Place in Heaven above." He has now met in the Promised Place somebody who heard him preach at that time.

We Papuan children always called him "Grandfather" (*Tubumai namona*).

Elevala "Lakatois."

A big *lakatois*, belonging to Elevala, was sighted at Hunter's Passage at 5 p.m. on the 6th inst. She is the biggest *lakatois* for this year, made with 14 *asis* (big canoes) and loaded up with plenty of *gorugoru*, *dikea* (baked sago) and plenty other kinds which natives want very badly. The people of this *lakatois* all well and healthy, and they have been properly welcomed by their wives and friends in Elevala. The usual dance (*Upapa*) has been danced by the women. Every woman was dressed up nicely and danced from morning until the arrival of the *lakatois* at the village.

SAMARAI.

(Correspondent - Roy Namuri.)

First Football Match Between Samarai and Kwato.

ON the 9th of January the Samarai team went over to Kwato and played a football match against Kwato. But we are unlucky, for the weather was very bad and the ground was so slippery. The Kwato team won by 4 goals. Then Mr. C. Abel made a delicious dinner and we had dinner with them. We arrived at Kwato at 8.30 p.m. and came over by launch *Hinemoa*. And we asked them to come over on Monday to play against us; but Mr. Abel went to Milne Bay, so they excused themselves and they didn't come over until Mr. Abel came back from Milne Bay.

A Return Match.

Next time they came over to Samarai on the 15th of January. But we didn't play with Mazepa's Club that time. Just only Church of England's Club with Kwato. We started the play at 4.30 p.m. and we just went out to the field and immediately the rain came. But we didn't leave off playing. We played inside the rain, and the ground was very slippery; and the Kwato team made 4 goals and Church of England's team made 2 goals. Then afterwards we gave three farewell cheers to Kwato and they gave three cheers for us.

Cricket in Samarai.

We all enjoy our Practising Cricket Club every Sunday afternoon on account of Mazeppa, as well as football. We play against Suau team and Wedau team. The white people kindly gave us all the cricket needs and thus they play three times a week and so do we, but we have practice every Sunday too. Sometime we may be able to play the cricket well. We have made two Clubs in Samarai—Mazeppa's Club and the Church of England Club.

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Christmas at Lawes College.

My Dear Readers,

I hope that you had a very Happy Christmas, and I would like to tell about our Christmas here at Lawes College.

Hunting and Fishing for Christmas.

Friday 25th December was Christmas Day. Well before Christmas, on Tuesday very early, my father, one boy and three students went to the Dahuni side to shoot wallabies, and they came back on Thursday afternoon. I think about quarter to five. They had shot five wallabies and some birds. And all the rest of the students who stayed at home went out fishing on Wednesday and Thursday, so we had a lot of fishes caught for the feast.

Christmas Carols.

Very early on Christmas Day all the girls and all the boys went over to Isuleilei and we sang three Christmas carols to Mr. and Mrs. Rich. And when we finished we wished them a very Happy Christmas. Then Mrs. Rich came out to us and said, "Wait." So we waited, and she gave us half a tin of lollies and some biscuits. Then we divided them and we all had one each, then we said, "Thanks very much."

While we are coming out from underneath their house, Mr. Rich came round to us and said, "Go down and sing to Mr. Fisher and the boys down at the Technical shed." So we went down and sang to them. Then we came back the coast way, and we sang to our *Sinabada* and *Taubada* and Master Frank Searle and they gave the boys a tin of lollies and one to us.

Christmas Dinner.

We had service at 7 o'clock, and after service the women started to cook food; when the food was cooked my father came down and told *Taubada*. And we, the girls, carried down two bins and one biscuit-tin full of scones and tarts and cake and so on, and ten loaves of bread and four currant loaves and very nice Christmas pudding to the school-hall and there we had the feast. There were three places, one for men, middle one for boys and girls, and one for women. Oh! we had a jolly good feast that day. I like the boiled puddings very much.

After we had the feast we went to have our baths at the river, then came back to our houses and had a goot rest.

Father Christmas and the Presents.

After that, *Taubada* rang the bell at 3 o'clock. It was for us to go into the school-hall for our parcels. So we all went and sat down. Father Christmas was throwing our things down from the top and Mrs. Searle looked at the names of them and gave out to whoever's name it was. Oh! friend we enjoyed them very much. When the parcels were finished, Father Christmas came round to us and gave out writing-pads and pictures for us to hang up on the walls of our rooms. When it was finished we all said, "Thank you very much."

The Pig.

In the afternoon the men killed a pig which was given by Mr. Rich and they hung it up on a tree in front of my father's house. They cut it up in the morning and divided out for all of us. It was very good. And I forgot to tell you that we had three kerosene-tins full of tea.

I must now close my letter.

Good-bye, Friends.

[By Lekei Tom, Lawes College. This story wins 5s. prize.]

Visit of Flying Machine.

Daru,

22nd November, 1931.

To *The Papuan Villager*.

A little time ago a flying machine visited Daru and the people asked the Captain for a ride and he said he would give them one because he knew he would earn a lot of money. And he began to fly with each man and woman, and some children from two years to four years old. But one thing I want to tell you about the little children. They never thought it was dangerous; they went into it without fear. But some big people were very frightened. You could tell when they came out from the machine; their faces were changed and you knew then that they had been frightened while in the machine. From ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon the aeroplane was flying.

[By M. George T.]

Story of a Hungry Man.

A FATHER was very sick in bed. He was very hungry and called to his son; and he said, "You go and tell my sister I am very hungry. Bring me some sugar-cane."

His sister was very angry, and said, "I will not give him any food. You go back and tell your father." The little boy cried and went back to his father; and father was very sorry. The father said, "My son, you come with me, and I will go make sago."

They went to the bush. He cut down sago. Then a fighting man came and killed the father and the little boy went to the bush.

The sister was very sorry that her brother was killed. The fighting man tied the dead man's hands and feet and took him home. The sister cut off hands and feet and took them back to the village. At night-time she went to the village and got her brother to bring home the dead man. The sister was very sorry for her brother.

[By Moses Kumari, Sangara teacher.]

A Fight with a Pig.

AT nearly the end of the month of August, on 29th, one man named Oromo left Mabudawane, with three of his friends, to a place called Daburo for hunting. It is about a mile distant from Mabudawane. They left Mabudawane on Thursday afternoon about 3 p.m. and arrived at Daburo 5.30 p.m.

So they camped there for the night. They took five dogs with them for hunting. So next day early in the morning (that was on Friday) Oromo started for hunting with his five dogs and three of his friends. It took them a long time before they could find a pig or a wallaby. Then Oromo told one of his friends, "We better go home now; it's nearly 10 o'clock now."

While Oromo was talking to his friend, he heard dogs barking. Then he stopped speaking to his friend and began to listen. Because it was very far, they could hardly hear dogs barking; but when they knew it was the dogs barking they went as quick as they could.

When they came near they found that two of the dogs had been wounded by the pig. Then Oromo came with his spear and threw the spear at the pig. And he speared the pig just below the head. The spear came out, and then Oromo soon got the spear again.

Then he (Oromo) threw the spear a second time at the pig. But he missed the pig. Then the pig came running after him. The pig came very quickly to him, and soon got Oromo down on the ground and wounded him on the left leg. Then the pig came for him to give him another cut. But he pushed the pig away from him with his hand. Then the pig bit his hand above the ankle (wrist).

Then Oromo got up quickly and climbed a tree just near him. But he was only just in time before the pig could give him another bite.

Oromo is now at Daru in hospital. He is a little better now. We hope he will soon be better again and return to his village.

[By Bira, L.M.S. teacher, Baranapi, W.D.]

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