

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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The Western "Lakatoi."

LONG before the white man came to the country Motu people used to send their *lakatoi* to the Gulf Division and the Delta Division. They are still sending them from year to year; and when food is getting scarce in the Motu villages the *lakatoi* come back full of sago.

Every year too the people in the Gulf and the Delta look for the coming of the *lakatoi*, or as they call them, the *bevaia*. For pots get broken and even armshells get broken or lost; and they get their pots and armshells from the East.

Trading Canoes from the West.

But these people—or at any rate those of the Gulf—do not always first stay where they are and wait for pots and armshells to come.

Long ago they used to make big double canoes and paddle down the coast to trade. The people of Orokolo used to go as far as Motumotu in these canoes. They were not big enough to load sago; so they used to take bows and arrows to trade for Motumotu armshells and pots that had come from further east.

Oars Instead of Paddles.

Then came the Government and the Mission. They had whaleboats, which they used to row with oars; and they showed the Gulf natives how to use oars in their big double canoes. The double canoes were now made bigger and with the oars they could

go faster. Even long ago they used to rig up sleeping mats for sails to help them along when the wind was in the right quarter.

A Mast and a Sail.

Next they learnt to put up a mast and have a big sail which they could



A WOOD CARVER AT WORK.

haul up or let down as they wanted. Then they put a bulwark or fence round the middle part of the canoe; and made a little house at each end. The double canoe of the Gulf Division was getting more and more like the Motu *lakatoi*. These big double canoes with mast, bulwarks and

houses were big enough to load sago, and many of them went a long way. They could go to Hanuabada and past it to Kapa Kapa and Hula. They still used their oars.

Real "Lakatoi" from Orokolo.

But the Motu people who were always coming on their *hiri* were willing to teach the Gulf people. And at last they began to make real *lakatoi*, copied exactly from those of the Motu. For a good many years Vailala and other villages have been sending these real *lakatoi*. Now the villages further west, Orokolo and Arihava, have started.

Last year one real *lakatoi* went from Orokolo with a cargo of sago. It got as far as Yule Island and sold the sago there. On the way home the *lakatoi* went ashore at Karama and the people had to walk home the rest of the way; but they brought a lot of the trade home with them.

Wrecks of Orokolo "Lakatoi."

The Gulf people have not always been sailors like the Motu, but they are trying hard to learn. They have made five real *lakatoi* this year. Four have started and three of them have already come to grief. Only one has got right away.

One (captain, Ira) was wrecked at Kerema; another (captain, Horevuhu) only got as far as Auma, where it was smashed up; another (captain, Arape) was left opposite the Vailala River. The people of the last canoe had to make fire signals at night, and the Mission whaleboat and Vailala canoes went out and took the crew off. Their *lakatoi* drifted past with

the tide and has gone ashore away up in the Purari Delta.

There were still two real *lakatoi* to sail from Arihava. One of them (captain, Epe) filled up with water three times because it was overloaded; the other (captain, Maude) has filled up twice for the same reason. Each time they unloaded the sago and tried again but at last they decided not to go this year.

Vailala "Lakatoi."

Even the Vailala people, who have sent *lakatoi* before, have had bad luck. One sank at the Vailala mouth, and one was nearly lost near Dauko. You have heard of the last one (captain, Bevehere). Mr. Murray took out the *Laurabada* in a rough sea and started to tow it in; but the bow of the *lakatoi* gave way and they had to take all the people (75 of them) on board, and leave the *lakatoi* behind. One Vailala *lakatoi* has got through safely and there are still four to go. We hope they will have better luck than the others.

Motu "Lakatoi" in Difficulties.

At the Gulf, people are trying so hard they will succeed at last. They are not the only ones who come to grief. One Pari *lakatoi* began to sink off the Aivei, and the crew cut it up and came ashore on a double canoe that they had made up at sea. They were picked up at Auma and taken by the *Papuan Chief*. Another Motu *lakatoi* sank at the Vailala mouth, and one near Keuru. Even the Motu sailors do not always succeed.

It will be a fine thing for the Motu villages when the western *lakatoi* come regularly. Trade will then be going both ways, and there will be more sago for the Motu to eat. They will have to pay a lot more for it, of course, if the Gulf people bring it to their doors.

Two Mistakes.

It seems that the people who sail in the *lakatoi* (Motu sailors as well as Gulf sailors) often make two mistakes.

They try to put too much sago on board. Sometimes they load the *lakatoi* at low tide when she is resting on the bottom. Then as the tide rises she still rests on the bottom. Even old Motu sailors have made this mistake. But even supposing the *lakatoi* gets out to sea, it will have a poor

chance against bad weather if it is overloaded.

The second mistake is that they sometimes leave things too late. They may not get away from the Gulf till late in March. This may be the fault of the Gulf people who have not brought in the sago quickly. But the *lakatoi* crews are sometimes rather slow themselves; they sit about instead of hurrying up. If the *lakatoi* is too late in starting home or setting out for the east, it may strike a south-easter and then good-night *lakatoi*.

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.

LESSONS IN HYGIENE.

No. 9.

More about Malarial Fever.

I HAVE told you that no one can get malarial fever unless he is bitten by the right kind of mosquito (anopheles). And this mosquito must have first bitten someone with malaria. I have also told you that quinine and salts will cure malaria.

Malaria Lasts a Long Time.

You may think that all you have to do is to take a few doses of quinine and then avoid being bitten by the anopheles mosquito. But this is not

so. When you have once got malaria quinine will cure your sickness for a time; but the malaria germs still remain hidden in your body. Then if you suffer from cold, or if you get ill otherwise, or if you cannot get much to eat, the germs begin to multiply again, and in addition to your other troubles you get another attack of malaria.

Still, bit by bit and after some few years you begin to get used to malaria and, even if you do get further attacks, they get less and less if you keep using quinine. At last you do not suffer from malaria any more.

Quinine and Salts.

In some cases, as you know, people die from malaria. Or you may be sick for a very long time if you do not take quinine. If you can get it, you should take three tablets a day while you are sick from malaria; and continue for two days after you are well. And you must not forget to begin the treatment with a dose of salts. Malaria is an evil in another way.

A Pregnant Woman with Malaria.

If a woman is pregnant with child and if she gets a bad attack of malaria the unborn child very often dies; the woman then gives birth to only a dead child, before the time the child ought to be born. The woman herself may be very ill because of both the malaria and the birth of the dead child. It is very important therefore to do all you can to stop the anopheles mosquito from breeding near your village.

Malaria in the Mountains.

There are no anopheles mosquitoes in the mountains and therefore no malaria is caught there. But mountain people often suffer severely from malaria when they come down to the coast and return to the cold mountain villages. When they are near the coast they are bitten by the anopheles mosquito. They have never had malaria before so, as the doctors say, they are very "susceptible" to it—that is, they easily get malaria and in a severe form. When they get back to the mountains, which are often very cold at night, they keep getting one attack of malaria after another. They have no quinine and perhaps do not know how to take it. The result is that they get very sick and often die.

—W. M. Strong.

Orokaiva Ornaments.

THE little girl in the picture on page 29 has just got some presents of ornaments from her uncle. She is standing with her mother, and one of the two men is the uncle who has just given her a new bark-cloth skirt. It is painted like nearly all the bark-cloth skirts among the Orokaiva, cut into patterns, and decorated with shells.

Her mother is wearing the jacket of *baja*, or "Job's tears"—the little grey seeds.

Among the Orokaiva the men sometimes hold their ornaments in their teeth when they dance. You can see two kinds of these ornaments hanging round the necks of the men. (The Koiari also hold ornaments in their teeth when they dance. You can see one of them on page 28.)

The Orokaiva have armlets of pearl-shell instead of the white *toiea*, and they wear long streamers of cuscus fur from their armlets.

Pig Catchers at Abau.

THERE are two kinds of pig-shields used in the hills near Abau. The men in the picture are just standing to have their photographs taken. If there were a bush pig there they would not be looking so pleasant.

One of the shields has netting across it. When the pig charges you he gets his tusks caught in the netting and you hold his head down while another man spears him.

The smaller shield has no netting, but some tassels of string. When the bush pig runs his nose into the loop of cane, the tassels cover his eyes so that he will not be able to see the man holding the shield.

FISHING.

Hoop-Nets.

ON page 29 you can see a picture of a lot of women fishing at Wedau. The same picture might have been taken in almost any part of Papua; for the women are using the

round hoop-nets. These nets are made in nearly every part of Papua. Sometimes they are quite small and sometimes they are so big that two men have to hold them. In the Western Division they are sometimes 7 or 8 feet across.

Hand-Traps.

The boys running along the beach in the other picture are using the hand-trap called *Orea* at Oroko. Men and boys use these nets in the shallow water, and they get a lot of fun at it. They get far more fun than fish.

The boys in the picture have seen a shoal of little fish slashing further along the beach, so they run as fast as they can to get there. There is a hole in the top of the *orea*, and if you can put the trap down on top of a fish, then you put your hand down through the hole and catch it with your fingers.

The Opening of Sydney Bridge.

THE great bridge over Sydney Harbour has been "opened" at last. That means that the Government at Sydney has said that people can come and go across it as they please. They can drive in motor-cars or ride in trains or tram-cars. Some people will even walk across it.

The Size of the Bridge.

The bridge has taken years to build and it has cost a great lot of money. It is so high (170 feet above the water) that the biggest ships that come to Sydney Harbour are able to pass underneath it. It is 1,650 feet across the water. Sydney will be very proud of her bridge: it is the biggest of its kind in the world.

The Procession at the Opening.

It was a great holiday in Sydney when the bridge was opened on 19th March. Mr. Lang, the Premier, was the man who declared it open, and people came from all over the place to see the fun. A lot of aeroplanes flew round in the sky. There was a procession of children more than a mile long.

While the procession of children was passing over the bridge a proces-

sion of ships was passing underneath it. There were some very big boats—the *Maloja*, the *Orford*, the *Nieuw Zeeland*, the *Kitano Maru* and hundreds of others.

The Carnival.

In the evening there was a "Carnival." Boats crowded with people sailed about the harbour. There were big searchlights to light up the buildings all round, and there were rockets and all sorts of fireworks.

Sydney has been waiting a long time for this bridge and everyone is very glad it is finished.

In the picture on page 28 you see the *Morinda* (the B.P. boat which used to run to Papua) passing under the bridge before it was finished.

An Earthquake at Aitape.

SOMETIME ago there was an earthquake in the Aitape district in the Mandated Territory. It must have been something like the earthquake at Kerema; though perhaps not as bad.

At Aitape the houses are all built on ridges or hills. But the earthquake was not bad enough to shake any of them off. The natives ran for their lives; so did the dogs and cats and chickens. The only one to be killed, as far as people know, was a little cat.

The War in China.

THE war between China and Japan is still going on. But they are not fighting very hard. So far the Japanese have had the best of it. They are still arguing, or rowing at one another; and it is to be hoped that they settle things in that way instead of fighting any more.

Test Cricket.

THE South African Team of Cricketers has gone on to New Zealand from Australia.

They have won the first two Tests against New Zealand.

A Race Meeting at Raratonga.

IN the *Pacific Islands Monthly* we read about the yearly races at Raratonga. Here in Port Moresby it is the white men who go in for horse-racing; but in Raratonga it is the natives.

A great many people come out to see the races and the native women dress up in their best clothes. You don't have to pay to get in. The race is held on the beach, so anyone who wants to can come and see it.

The Jockeys.

The riders or "Jockeys" are natives; and they don't have saddles, or seats on the horses' backs, as white men do. They ride bare-back. And they don't have bridles over the horses' heads. They just have a rope with one end knotted round the horse's lower lip. Some of the jockeys are big men, and some of them are small men. It doesn't make any difference.

The Dogs Join in.

There is a flag-pole with a Union Jack for the starting point and the winning post. The horses start from here and race up the beach. They have to turn round a post at the far end, and come back; and the first one past the flag-pole is the winner. A lot of dogs joined in the race without being asked to. They kept the tired horses from getting too far behind.

Some natives climbed trees; others waded out to sea and sat on rocks so as to get a good view of the race. And there was a shop where you could buy ice-cream, apricot pie, and watermelon.

Rubber Roads.

THERE are so many Rubber Plantations and they make so much rubber that people hardly know what to do with it. They are always thinking of new uses though; and nowadays they put rubber all over the floors of some houses and they even make roads of it.

This making of rubber roads is not so very new. There was a rubber road in London more than 60 years ago.

It was made of rubber "slabs," 2 inches thick, all laid down neatly. They have re-laid the road more than once; but some of the slabs they laid down 60 years ago are still being used.

At present it costs a lot to make these slabs. But someday they will find a cheaper method; and then there will be rubber roads all over the place; people will want to buy more rubber, and the price of it will go up.

Aeroplanes at Wau.

THEY are still finding a lot of gold at New Guinea (the Mandated Territory). Now they have been taking machinery up to the goldfield, for they are using a dredger to get the gold out of the ground.

The goldfield is a long way from the coast, and it is in very mountainous country. To carry the heavy machinery up by native carriers takes a long time and costs a lot of money; so they are taking it there by aeroplanes.

In the *Pacific Islands Monthly* we see that the aeroplanes have carried 1,700 tons up to Bulolo, where they are putting in the dredger. One of the aeroplanes has carried as much as 3½ tons at a time. Three and a-half tons is the same in weight as 60 or 70 Papuans.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents.)

KAIRUKU.

(Correspondent — Leo Aitsi Parau.)

General.

DURING March we had 18 days rain, amounting to 689 points; in February 505 points, so our people will not starve this time.

Gardens.

Very fair now and should be bearing in two or three months' time. Everybody here in the district will have any amount of food.

Native Marriages.

Plenty of marriages have taken place in the district, in which some took second wives, by which the first wives are angry, and fight the second. It is a silly thing to do: the man only makes more trouble for himself, or gets more worried.

A Trip to the West.

On the 15th March the *Laurabada* arrived here from Port Moresby. His Excellency and

the Government Secretary were on board her. His Excellency held Court.

On the 16th March, I took a trip by the *Laurabada*. We left Kairuku at about 5.15 a.m. and reached Kerema at about 2.30 p.m. On the *Laurabada* were many Gulf passengers whose *lakatoi* was swamped, and so the Government took them and landed them at Kerema, where they made their way to their villages.

Here at Kerema His Excellency held a Court, and I went round the station.

17th March, His Excellency and the Government Secretary went to Kerema and Keuru on the beach, whilst the *Laurabada* stayed all day at Kerema.

18th March, *Laurabada* left Kerema for Vailala at about 7 a.m. On the way to Vailala we caught 4 big fishes, 3 Daes and 1 Kidu-kidu. At Vailala His Excellency and the Government Secretary came aboard, thence on for Kikori. Reached the mouth of Kikori at 7 p.m., all Goaribari passengers were landed on shore by their friends, who came at calls from their friends in the *Laurabada*. I was very amused to see their canoes without any out-riggers.

19th March, to Kikori, His Excellency held Court, and that afternoon we left and came to the mouth of the river.

20th March, Sunday, at about 5.30 a.m. sailed for Daru and reached Daru at 7.30 p.m.

21st March, all day at Daru. I went round the town, and did some shopping.

22nd March, left Daru at 1.30 p.m., sailed to Bramble Cay where we got two turtles and took them aboard, of which we had one and the other gave to the Kikori police.

23rd March, at Kikori, then to Ogomobu Plantation for some time, then back to Kikori, and out, towing the Kikori launch *Alele*; anchored at the mouth.

24th March, left at 4 a.m. for Kerema, with launch *Alele* in tow. Reached Kerema at 2 p.m. His Excellency went down to Station and A.C. Salufa also who was on leave from Daru.

25th March, at 6 a.m. left for Kairuku, here we struck reef just on the end of the Island; the Ore'a-Ame Reefs just close to Bava Bore Reef. The Captain, Hon. Mr. Murray, managed to get her off; reached Kairuku at about 3 p.m.

Oh! it was a fine trip. I must say Thank you to *Laurabada* for taking me round, and bringing me back safe. Her crew were very kind to me and my wife, so I say Thank you to them too.

Rice Growing, Mekeo.

During last month, A.R.M. and writer took a patrol round the Mekeo district. A good many acres of land have been cleared and rice-planted which looked very well.

Wedding at the Mission.

A Wedding took place in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart on the 9th. The bridegroom being a native brought up by the Mission since his infancy (his mother died of eating a poisonous fish). The bride a girl from Thursday Island.

At 7 a.m. H. Lauma and C. M. Lauma went to Church. M. Fabila was the best man, and M. Scott was bridesmaid. There the marriage ceremonies were performed by Rev. Father A. Sorin, and after service was over the procession was led out to the School where they were entertained. After tea they danced the day out with a good dinner.

The married couple left on the 10th for their honeymoon to the Mission place, Terapo (Moviavi), G.D., which will be their future home.

PORT MORESBY.

(Correspondent — Igo Erua.)

"Lakatoi" Arrives.

LAST *lakatoi* belonged to Tanobada arrived here on the 13th ultimo, and everybody on her were well, and have been properly welcomed by their wives and friends, also usual dance for the welcome of the *lakatoi* was danced by the women. She load up with plenty of sago, coconut, betel-nut, pepper-fruit, etc.

The Poreporena people have been waiting for the two *lakatoi* that have just come in. These *lakatoi* were very late this year on account of south-east already setting in. They should have arrived here early this year. They only sailed during the night when the land breeze starts; the only wind to make them come all the way along the coast.

They were given a little help by the *H & S* when they were at Redscar Bay. She towed them in to Kido, at Redscar Bay, and left them. They arrived here on the 6th instant. On one of these *lakatoi* two men died in Keuru Village, Gulf Division.

P.M. Cricketers for Shield Match at Samarai.

This year, Port Moresby sent its team to play the Shield Match against Samarai's team. The following cricketers were selected from Port Moresby team for this match: Mr. Hilder (Captain), Mr. Hindwood, Mr. Paul, Mr. deGroen, Mr. Field, Mr. Healy, Mr. Leydin, Mr. Smith, Mr. Calcutt, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Washington. They left here on the night of 24th ultimo, by s.s. *Montoro*.

When they left for Samarai, the Port Moresby residents were wishing them best of good luck, to win the shield and bring it back to Port Moresby, but their wishing was unsuccessful, the Samarai team won the match by 9 wickets and 9 runs.

SAMARAI.

(Correspondent — Roy Namuri.)

The Cricket Match at Samarai.

SATURDAY at 2 p.m. a match was played between the white men and local boys. The white men made 160 runs for 11 wickets and local boys 154 for 11 wickets, so the white men won by 6 runs.

Captain Lindelof.

Captain Lindelof, who was captain of one of our B.P.'s vessels *Matoma*, used to travel to all the islands and up to North-East Coast, and do everything that B.P.'s wanted.

He came back from North-East Coast, and loaded cargo for Misima. Then went to Sudest to put out some cargo. But when he got there he was very ill; so Mr. Absolonsen, the *Matoma* engineer, hurried back to Samarai and reached there at 4.30 p.m. on the 24th February. And the boys carried Captain Lindelof up to the hospital where he died on Thursday morning at 1 a.m., the 25th February.

The Cricket Club Dance.

The Cricket Club Dance was held in the Memorial Hall on Friday night, 4th March. The m.v. *Macdhui* was here and some of the passengers of *Macdhui* joined in the dance. The dance was started about 9 p.m. and the *Macdhui* Assistant Purser played the piano. He was a very good player, and was very splendid; and some of the boys and I helped to carry the trays of coffee and cakes and sandwiches round.

It was a very good dance that night and everyone enjoyed it. But the rain was a nuisance. All the chairs and tables were wet, so they had to wait inside the hall till the chairs were dry, then they came out and had the coffee.

Then they started the dance again and they left off dancing about 3.30 a.m. The m.v. *Macdhui* left Samarai at 5.30 a.m. for Rabaul.

The Freezer Company.

Many years had gone and here in Samarai we have no Freezer Company at all. But many people had ice-chests, and others had "Icy Balls" to cool the meat, etc., and cold water to drink when the day is warm. But not nearly everyone.

Now Mr. McDonald has put up a Freezer Company at the back of the Cosmopolitan Hotel and put the engine on. Mr. Burrows was looking after the engine and he got two half-caste boys to help him, but it's not quite ready yet. Now the white people in Samarai are going to have cold things to eat and drink.

The Freezer Company is owned by Mr. Fitch and Mr. McDonald and is in charge of Mr. Bayer, the Cosmopolitan Hotel Manager.

The Cyclone in Samarai.

The Collector of Customs had word from the Wireless on the 9th February, and said that the cyclone was coming from the south of Port Moresby, and will be here at 3 p.m. and will blow till 8 p.m. But we knew that white people weren't afraid, but we Papuan boys were very frightened, you know why? We think that Samarai is a very small island, and the sea will wash it down very easily. But the cyclone didn't blow till on the 12th February. Started at midnight about 12.30 p.m. and blew off about 3 p.m. Started again Saturday evening and blew all night and finished about 11 a.m.

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

NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

A Man and the Serpent.

ONCE upon a time the people of the Behori tribe lived near the river (the place is now called 11 Mile, east of the main road from P.M. to Rouina Falls). These people used to go to the river every morning to catch a pike (freshwater fish).

One day everybody went out with the exception of a man who had been left alone in the village. In the evening, everybody came home. They brought plenty of pike, and their wives cooked them for their supper. Then the children of this man came to him and asked for pike. But he told them that they must not ask for pike, because he had not been at the river for their pike; to-morrow morning he will go and get some pike for them to eat. Night came, and they all go to sleep. In the early morning, he got up and took his net (pike-catcher) and went to the river.

What Happened at the River.

When he came to the river, he first put his net down and caught plenty of pike. And he put the second time, and he felt that his net was heavy to lift up. And he was full of gladness; he thought that he is going to get some big ones. But when he lifted his net up, he saw a big serpent in the net, and he was very surprised about it. But the serpent told the man that he must not be afraid; but be very careful when he cooks and eats the pike, and not to drop a bit of the pike on the ground. He must eat them properly.

The man then took all the pike and left the river, with great fear. When he got home, he told his wife and friend about what had happened to him at the river. But he forgot to warn his children about throwing or dropping the pike on the ground. His wife cooked the pike, and his children ate them away, but splashed the pike in the streets. Then the night came, and they all go asleep.

Serpent Visited the Man.

In the middle of the night, the serpent came up from the river, for the fault of the man's children who splashed the pike about the place. When the serpent came up from the river, the village was covered up with the white fog, and all the fires were put out from the ashes, and everybody got very cold.

An old woman got up from her sleeping, and saw a little light from this man's house, and she wanted to get a fire from that house. She went out, and walked along the street and came to the house where she saw the light. But she saw a serpent. It put the first coil at the foot of the front step; second on the veranda; and third in the house, and its head on the man's chest, and its mouth was like fire burning. This was the light where she looked from her house; but this man, his wife and children were all dead-sleep; they all felt nothing about the visiting of the serpent.

So this old woman woke them up from sleeping; and she also woke everyone in the village, told them that misfortune had reached

the house of their friend. And everybody rushed to the man's house, and made inquiry of the man about his misfortune. The man then explained to his friend about the mistake that had occurred, when he was at the river for his children's pike. He caught the serpent in his net, and also was instructed by the serpent, that the pike must be properly eaten, and not washed about the places; and he had forgotten to warn that to his children.

Presents Offered to the Serpent.

All the people asked the serpent, if it wanted the armshells, *mairi* shells, or pig; but the serpent never made any reply. And they asked the serpent again, does it want the man's wife or children; it never made any reply. But they asked the serpent again, and again, at last they say, does it want the man? The serpent then shook its body from head to tail. That was what it came to the village for. So they all know, that their friend will go to die for the fault of his carelessness about the pike.

A Plan to Get Rid of the Serpent.

This man never ate or drank for two days. Every woman cooked food for him, but the serpent ate it all; or water he wanted to drink, serpent drank as well. About third day, all the people were gone out to prepare the feast for the man and serpent; men went out for hunting, and women went to garden for yams, taro, taitu, etc. On the afternoon everybody came back, and gathered in one place, and baked yams, taro, taitu with the pigs, wallabies. The people dug out a deep pit, and covered the pit with the dead wood, and made a small shelter above the pit, and told all the women to get small bamboo-pipes (which they used for their flute) and fill them with water.

When they were ready they told the man and serpent, that the people had prepared a feast for them, so they better come and see. The serpent crawled and man followed it to the place where the people prepared the feast. They told the man to sit down in the good place. Then all the women blew the water out of the bamboo-pipes, and they told the serpent to get under the shelter, rain is dropping. And the serpent got in, and it coiled up there, but they all got ready with the fire-sticks, or some hot stones. Then the piece of the dead wood was broken, and that bigserpent fell into the pit, and they all rushed and threw the fire-sticks and hot stones into the pit, and the serpent then burnt up.

During the night, the place was swallowed up, and they call the place now Hara-Tabu. This is how these people saved their friend from the hand of the serpent.

Those days, people went out for hunting the wallabies or pigs. When they speared the wallabies or pigs, or missed them, they must call out "Hara-Tabu," and then even those they missed would die.

[By Toka Gaudi, native clerk, G.S.D., Port Moresby. This story wins 5s. prize this month.]

Patrol of Fergusson Island.

ABOUT 9th December, 1931, one of our medical students, Wilisoni Tobisau, from Woodlark Island left here on Wednesday 11 o'clock a.m. with his friend Iuda. About 5 o'clock they arrived at Morima and in the morning after breakfast they went to Ailuluwai and they stayed at Igwageta. Next morning they started again, and reached Mufamoewa about 7 o'clock that Saturday night. On Sunday they stayed and rested at Mafamoewa.

On Monday they left there after breakfast. They visited many villages right around the Pagululu and Imalele. Both of them were very tired when they arrived at Imalele. In the morning they went right up to the place called Tanobutubutu. Many people live up there.

Wilisoni gave a lot of injections in those places, and they then came back to Pagululu barracks; and they stayed there that night. They left there about 8 a.m. and arrived in Salakahadi 5 p.m. Afterward they returned again to Salamo.

88 injections were given; other treatments, 474.

We do just as the doctor has carefully shown us; and so we are glad to be able to help.

[By Esekai Voundo, Salamo.]

Trouble about Poreporena Water.

A FEW years ago we had three tanks at our village. There was a little stream at Gogoino, and Government put pipes from there to the tanks. The water was running nicely, so the tanks got full of water, and the Poreporena women carried the water without any trouble. Last year it was a hard time, we had no rain for long time, so the stream ran very weakly, and the tanks were almost empty. The women got very busy carrying water from a little further away where they found little streams, and wells, and were kept a long time drawing water required for use during day and night. Doing this for a few months the Government heard the Poreporena people were nearly out of water, and they got the Public Works men to dig a well. The well was down beside the hill near the Mission Station at Metoreia, and put a windmill up, and they put the pipes through to there. They also put a big tank at the end of Tanobada Village, and put pipes from the tank right through the villages of Tanobada and Hanuabada, and they also put water-tubs. Again the Poreporena women were very happy, they got plenty of water, and they filled all their pots very quickly every day, and they were not tired to carry the water.

Trouble with Water Again.

Now again the women are unlucky, they are again seeking water very hard. The water was not running in the pipe in daytime. I do not know whether dirt is in the pipes, or some other trouble. Sometimes the water

only runs in the middle of night, and stops off before light. Some women have plenty courage and are wise; they keep waiting, and waiting, until about 12 o'clock in the night. The lucky women tried the water-tubs, and found the water running, and straightaway they filled their water-pots. After all they had only few hours to sleep, when on the morning, the other women went for water, and the wise women are just only cooking their foods, and whatever they like to do, without getting the water in a hot day. Always the Papuan women are getting very busy for carrying the water. Hope they will be more happy, by and by.

[By V. R. Mea, of Government Printing Office, Port Moresby.]

Story of Rat and Butterfly.

A LONG time ago Rat and Butterfly went to the garden; and Rat is eating the sugar-cane and Butterfly is eating the ripe banana.

While Rat was eating the sugar-cane, it fell on top of him; and Butterfly he ran away.

And the garden man came to the garden and followed Rat. But Rat ran away to hide in the grass and he did not find him. And then the man went to the village.

And afterwards Rat went to his old friend Butterfly.

And Rat said, "Dear my friend, garden man nearly killed me, and I ran away."

And Butterfly said, "Dear I am very sorry my friend."

And Rat said, "My friend, we go, I think. Afterward garden man will come. He will kill you and me."

Butterfly said, "Yes you talk true."

Rat and Butterfly went to the beach and took their canoe. And then they go to the Island and big wind came and turned it over. And Rat he is drinking sea, and he is dead. And Butterfly, he flies away to the Island and he lives there.

[The author of this forgot to sign his name. He had better write to the Editor about it. ED.]

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