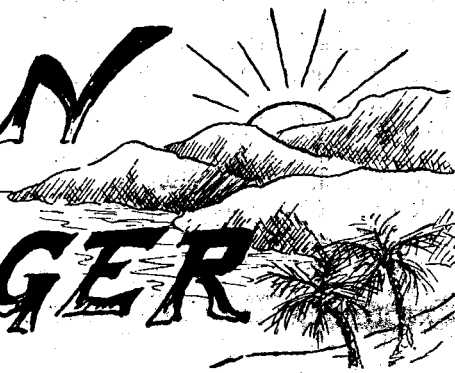


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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PEANUTS.

WHITE children often think of Peanuts as food for monkeys; and that is why they are sometimes called Monkey-nuts. But the white children (and white men and women too) are very fond of eating them themselves, and they make very good food.

Growing in the Ground.

The Peanut, or monkey-nut, has another name as well. It is called the Ground-nut. This is because the nut grows under the ground—not like an *Okari* nut, up in a tree. It is very small and has a soft shell. You can easily break it in your fingers. You don't have to get a pair of hard stones, as you do with an *okari*.

Peanuts all Over the World.

The Peanut's real home is in Brazil, in South America. But it has spread all over the world, because people like it and find it a good food, and also because it grows so easily. It has come to Papua, and it grows here very well.

In the Morehead District.

At Daru the Magistrate has planted big fields of it in front of the Residency. The prisoners have dug the land and planted the nuts, and there have been some very big crops. The Editor took some from Daru to the Morehead district, in the far West, a little while ago; and the people there were very glad to have them. I am afraid the people and the Editor ate most of them before they were planted; but there were plenty over, and the people planted them in lines near their village.

In a few months time they will dig them up and find plenty of nuts. If the people in a far-away part of Papua

near the Government Stations and Missions.

Good Food.

Peanuts or Monkey-nuts are very good food to make you strong and lively. Think how lively a monkey is! Perhaps if you eat more monkey-nuts you will be able to jump as far as he can.

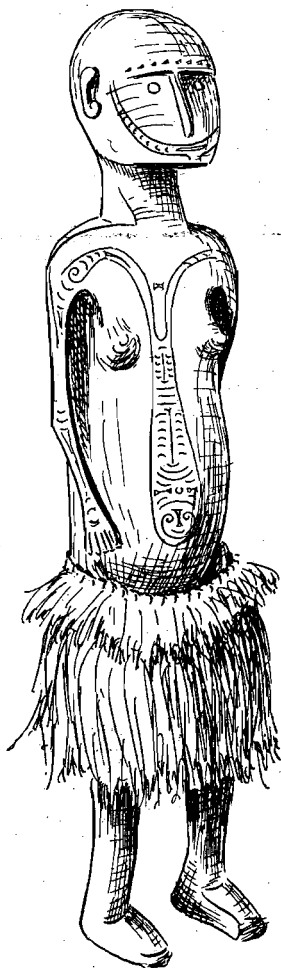
They are also used for cow's food, though in this case they do not make her very lively—and no one has ever seen a cow jump very far. But they are good food, there is no doubt about that, for men as well as animals.

Peanut Oil.

Peanuts have lots of oil in them, like coconuts. This can be pressed out of them, and it is used for making soap, just as coconut oil is. In some countries the natives have earned lots of money by making peanut oil and selling it to the white man. But you need not think about this at present. If you grow them for yourselves and eat them you will be doing very well.

Good for the Land.

There is another thing that makes peanuts very useful. They are good for the land they grow in. They are like beans and peas in this; for they breathe in "nitrogen" from the air and put it into the earth. When your crop of peanuts is ripe and you have dug them up, you can dig the leaves and stems into the ground and cover them up. The land will be all the better and stronger for it, and you can then plant taro or some other crop in it. Peanuts are not only good food; they are good medicine for the ground.



A TROBRIAND CARVING.

can plant peanuts, I am sure they could plant them in the big villages

Planting Peanuts.

When you plant peanuts you should put them in rows. You can plant two or three together, putting them about 3 inches down in the ground. The next lot should be about 10 inches (the length of your foot) away, and so on. The rows should be about 2 1/2 feet apart (or say three times the length of your foot). If you dig the ground first, and if you keep it dug round the plants, they will do better.

A Good Crop.

If you know how to plant peanuts you will get a good crop. If you put in a pound of seed nuts, and look after them well, you can get 10 or 15 pounds or more to eat. You should put them in at the beginning of the rainy season, and after 4 or 5 months you can dig them up.

The Riley Memorial Church at Mabadauan.

In the last issue William Tabua, in his news from Daru, told about the Church at Mabadauan.

This month we can give some pictures sent by Mr. Ure. They show the new church and some of the people who came to see the opening. In one picture you can see them sitting down to the feast with all the new enamel plates. It was a great day for the L.M.S. in the Western Division and for the people of Mabadauan.

A Memorial to Mr. Riley.

The church was built by Mr. R. S. Munro with the help of the Mabadauan people. It has a piece of granite with the name E. Baxter Riley on it. The church is called the Riley Memorial Church, so as to remember the L.M.S. Missionary who worked so many years in the Western Division.

A Church of Concrete.

In an Annual Report of 7 years ago Mr. Oldham (then Magistrate of the Western Division) speaks about the Mabadauan Church. The people of Masingara had just opened their new church, built of native material. Some of the Mabadauan people were there; and Mr. Oldham suggested to them that they should build one like it, not a church of expensive concrete.

"But," he said, "they shook their heads, and said they wanted a proper European Church, even if it did cost a great deal of money."

Now they have their proper European Church. It has cost a lot of money and a lot of work. But the great-grandchildren of those who built it will go to church in it, and be proud of it.

The Tallest Houses in Papua.

The tallest houses in Papua are the ravi of the Purari Delta. In the picture you can see the bare bones of one that is being built. If you look at the man standing near the top you will see how tall the house is.

The Delta people are very proud of their houses; and the bigger the house the prouder are the men who build it. They say that once some visitors came to see a new ravi at the village of Iari. When they looked at it they burst into tears, because it was so much bigger than their own ravi at home.

There is also a picture of a small Purari Delta house—not a men's house.

Many Papuan buildings are very pretty. There is no need to give up your old fashion of house-building. You can make your home more comfortable in lots of ways and still stick to the old style. You don't have to build a square box like a Government "barracks."

Sir Ronald Ross.

Sir Ronald Ross died a little while ago. He was the man who found out that malaria was carried by the mosquito. All Papuans and all people who live in the tropics should be thankful to this great man; he did a great thing for us.

He worked long and hard in India before he found out the truth. When you get malaria, or fever, you have the malaria germs in your blood. It was thought that the mosquito put them there by biting you. Sir Ronald Ross used to catch mosquitoes and look at them under a "microscope"

(a kind of glass that makes things look much bigger than they are). One day he found the germs in the body of a female anopheles; and so he found out that the female anopheles can give you malaria.

He told people again and again that they should fight against mosquitoes. You should do your part in fighting against them.

A Pilot Killed at Wau.

Many Papuans have watched the plane flying overhead when it came from Wau to Port Moresby. And the people in the mountains at Efogi and Kagi used to see it coming and going between Port Moresby and Kokoda. The man who used to drive this plane was Mr. Drayton. You will be sorry to hear that he struck a tree at Wau; the plane fell down and burst into flames and he was killed.

Our Friend the Mosquito.

The mosquito gives us a lot of trouble. Even if he just bites us it is bad enough.

But some mosquitoes do more than that. They give us malaria, or fever.

Some others can give us elephantiasis. Many Papuans have this disease. Their legs and arms get very swollen and large.

In other countries the mosquitoes carry yellow fever. It is a very deadly disease. We are lucky not to have it in Papua.

Our friend the mosquito is responsible for all these things. It is a pity we can't get rid of him altogether.

But you can do something to stop his game. You can drain the land about your village.

And if you have some money to spare you can buy a mosquito-net. It is worth while.

Another thing: if you have a mosquito-net, sleep under it. Some Papuans I know are so lazy that they will be bitten all night rather than go to the trouble of hanging up their nets.

Long-Distance Telephones.

If you ring-up on the telephone at Rouna you can talk to a friend in Port Moresby. This is the longest call you can make in Papua. It is about 25 miles.

The other day a man in Melbourne wanted to talk to someone in America. They heard one another very well. The distance was 19,800 miles.

A Growing Church in West Africa.

Achimota College is a big school for natives on the West Coast of Africa. They are making a church for themselves. It is not built of concrete, like the new church at Mabadauan; it is to be made of palm trees and creepers.

The church is to be 120 feet long and 60 feet broad. Palms will grow in the middle to hold the roof up. The roof will be of purple bougainvillaea (the plant that grows so well in Papua) and the walls will be of pink bougainvillaea and a flowering creeper called Morning Glory.

The floor is of thick green grass, cut short.

A Vacuum Cleaner for the Crown Prince of Ethiopia.

Poreporena has Electric Light, though so far no one has a Vacuum Cleaner.

A vacuum cleaner is a sort of machine for cleaning up dust. You just switch it on, like the electric iron, and run it about the floor. It picks up the dust better than any broom.

The Ethiopians are black men—a great deal blacker than most "black" men. But their Crown Prince keeps his palace clean. He must have a lot of money too, for he keeps it clean with a vacuum cleaner.

When you are as rich as he is you can think about getting a vacuum cleaner. In the meantime you can keep your house clean with a broom. If you really want to do the thing well you can buy a scrubbing-brush.

Bull-Fighting and Football.

Bull-Fighting in Spain.

In Spain they still fight against bulls. They turn the bulls into a big field, like a cricket field, and then men come out with swords to fight them.

They want to make the bulls wild first; for the people of Spain think it is great fun to see a bull get angry. But the poor old bull has no chance. He puts down his head and rushes at the man with the sword. This man just steps aside and gives the bull a prick in the rump as he passes. This makes the bull wilder than ever. He swishes his tail and snorts and rushes at the man again and again.

When everyone has had enough the bull-fighter runs his sword into the bull's neck and kills him.

Man-Fighting in Papua.

There aren't any bulls in Papua for bull-fighting. (There are a few, but I am sure you would not think it much fun fighting them.) But the Papuans used to get their fun by killing one another, and that is a great deal worse.

Will Football Drive them Out?

They say that football is now played a great deal in Spain. It is played so much that it is taking the place of bull-fighting. We hope it will drive bull-fighting right out of Spain.

And we hope it will help to drive man-fighting right out of Papua. When you feel very wild, go and play football. You will probably be able to quiet yourself down without killing anybody.

Brains and Weighing Machine.

A short time ago Mr. McIntyre (at B.P.'s Bulk Store) told a boy to weigh a long iron bar. It was 15 or 16 feet long, and the machine was low. When the boy put the bar on, it bent; each end rested on the ground, so it could not be weighed.

The boy thought a minute; then he picked up the rail in his arms and stood on the machine. He saw what he and the rail weighed together. Then he put the rail down and weighed himself alone. The difference was the weight of the rail.

Looking After Wild Animals.

When a Papuan sees a wild animal in the bush he usually wants to kill it. That is all right. Your forefathers were hunters, and so are you, and you should not forget how to hunt. A tin of preserved meat, or "Bullamacow," is not half as good as a wallaby. So take your spear, or your bow and arrows; and go out and kill one to-morrow.

Reserves for Wild Animals.

There are plenty of wild animals in Papua. I don't suppose Papuan hunters will ever kill them all. But in some other parts of the world the men have been hunting so much that the animals have died out. But white people are often fond of animals. (They look after them better than Papuans do.) And they think it would be a pity if all the wild animals were killed. So they make "Reserves."

This means that they mark off a big piece of land for the animals. No man can go on to the Reserve and kill or catch any animals there: there is a law against it. The animals have the place all to themselves.

One of the biggest of these reserves is Kruger Park, in Africa. There are lions there, and elephants, and antelopes with sharp horns. They can chase one another if they like; but no hunter can chase them with guns or arrows.

The Teddy Bear.

Even in Australia some of the animals are dying out. One of the nicest Australian animals is the little *Koala*. He lives in trees, like our cuscus. He is sometimes called a Teddy Bear. They call him a bear because he is something like a real bear. (I don't know why they call him Teddy.)

But the Teddy Bears are getting very scarce. So the Government in Australia has protected them. No one can kill these little animals now. And there are some small islands in Westernport Bay, in Victoria, that they have given to the Teddy Bears. They have said, "These islands belong to you, and to the other Australian animals and birds. No hunter will ever come to hurt you."

Birds of Paradise.

In Papua the animals are not in danger at present. But the Government has made a law against shooting Birds of Paradise with guns. In the old days Europeans used to be able to hunt these birds, and sell their beautiful feathers. If this went on there would be no Birds of Paradise left. That is why there is a law against shooting them.

Natives may still catch them: they can shoot them with arrows or catch them with a strong noose. You will never kill all the Birds of Paradise in these ways.

Deep Diving.

Many Papuans dive for pearl-shell. They can go down deep, and stay down for a long time. All they need to wear is a pair of glasses for their eyes.

The "Egypt."

But sometimes divers have to go very much deeper. You read the other day about the ship *Egypt*; how the divers went down to the bottom of the sea, where the wreck was lying; and how they found the gold there. Those divers wore very strong suits, with long tubes sending down air for them to breathe.

A Quarter of a Mile Down.

But divers have been down very much deeper than that. Two men have been down nearly a quarter of a mile. They get inside a sphere, or ball of steel, and it is lowered down to the bottom of the sea. The ball has windows of "quartz," like glass: they are three inches thick. The ball has to be very strong or it would smash like a bubble.

It is very dark down there. But they have electric light; and strange fish who live at the bottom of the sea come to look in the windows.

"Southern Cross" Wrecked.

Some time ago we told you in the *Villager* about the new *Southern Cross*, the ship of the Anglican Mission in the South Seas.

We are sorry to say that she has been lost on her first voyage. She went ashore in a squall at an island called Aneityum. No lives were lost, but some of the sailors were hurt on the coral.

Cricket.

The Test Matches.

The First and Second Test Matches have now been played between Australia and England.

The First Test was commenced in Sydney on the 2nd December and was won by England by ten wickets. Australia (1st innings), 360 (McCabe not out, 187). England (1st innings), 524 (Sutcliffe, 194; Hammond, 112; Pataudi, 102). Australia (2nd innings), 164. England (2nd innings), 0 wickets for 1.

The Second Test Match was commenced in Melbourne on 30th December and was won by Australia by 111 runs. Australia (1st innings), 228. England (1st innings), 169. Australia (2nd innings), 191 (Bradman not out, 103). England (2nd innings), 139.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

The New Office Building.

The new office building was started on the 9th June, 1932. The allhouse is 24 feet long and 24 feet wide, and about 22 feet high from ground to the top of the roof.

All the posts underneath the floors were Bendoro, 4 feet high, and all the planks and the joints Bendoro, pit-sawn.

All the plates were made from mangrove, the police adzing it into 4 in. x 4 in. and 12 feet long. There were 4 windows, 7 feet 9 inches long and 3 feet 6 inches wide, and two doors 6 feet high, one step, and one veranda with rails.

The rafters are all mangrove, and the roof of sago-leaves called *biri*.

The walls and the windows are clothed with bamboo. The office is very big and it is very much nicer than the old office. The new office was built by Mr. R. W. Grist, A.R.M., and his police.

The office is quite finished now.

Visit of Lieutenant-Governor.

Laurabada arrived 12.30 p.m. noon. On board were His Excellency the Lieutenant-

Governor (Sir Hubert Murray), Honourables H. W. Champion and H. L. Murray, and Mr. Patrol Officer Healy for Buna. And she carried many native passengers.

At 1 p.m. the Governor called for the Central Court. There were two cases held: One was about 7 native murderers; natives of Poudawana; and the other is about a native of Rauroba who unlawfully obstructed Bore No. 6, the property of the Vogel Petroleum Company, by dropping pieces of iron down the bore.

The seven native murderers were sentenced to 4 years. And the other case is discharged.

And *Laurabada* left at 4 p.m. for Cape Nelson.

CAPE NELSON

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaisa)

Wedding.

On the 6th instant a beautiful wedding took place in the church of St. Peter at Wanigela. Mr. W. R. Humphries to Miss M. Hain, of Manly, N.S.W.

The marriage was celebrated by the Rev. A. J. Thompson at 10 a.m.

The bride was given away by Capt. L. E. Austen. Miss Turner attended as bridesmaid and Mr. C. H. Karius as best man.

After the service was over the procession was led through a guard of honour. Then after a good dinner at 1 p.m. the same day Mr. and Mrs. Humphries left per *Nusa* for Cape Nelson for their honeymoon.

Eleven Europeans and about a thousand natives from Korapi, Wanigela and other districts attended the wedding.

SAMARAI

(Correspondent—Roy Namuri)

The First Football Match between Church of England and Isuleilei.

In last month's *Villager* I wrote about the first football match between the Church of England team and Isuleilei team. I did not tell about it, but I just showed the names of those who had played. Now, in the Church of England team we dropped one boy, and Mr. D. M. Rutledge took his place.

We came out to the field about 4.45 p.m. We had put our singlets on, and the Managerate, Mr. O. J. Atkinson, came out and called all the Church of England team to him and explained things to us before we started the game.

Game Started.

When everything was ready, we brought the ball to the centre of the ground. Rev. C. F. Rich came out and kicked off. The first ball was ours and he kicked off to the Isuleilei side.

Mr. D. M. Rutledge played on the full-back because he always plays there; and he was very good too. This is the last football match Mr. Rutledge played in Samarai, as he went South by the *Maodhui*. He used to work for the Bank of New South Wales. Mr. Bain has taken his place.

Now in the middle of our game Michael Nainai had a fall and twisted his wrist; the trouble was he jumped up to get the ball, and the other boy came and pushed him. So we had to put him out of the game, and we only had ten men on our side. We finished the game about 6 p.m. Church of England team made 4 goals and Isuleilei made 1. We gave three farewell cheers to Isuleilei and they did the same for us, and we all gave three for the Umpire.

Native Contributions

The Mosquitoes at Baniara.

I hope to tell you one sadness about the mosquitoes at Baniara. During this last two months, December and January, Oh, my friends there were hundreds and hundreds of mosquitoes born here. Now this month, Oh, you cannot sleep well at night. They cry in our ears and sting us in every part of our body. Therefore we cannot sleep well at night. They go through mosquito-nets.

Opening the Office.

We cannot work well at office; the room is full of mosquitoes. When I go over to office at 6 a.m. early, and when I open the door I see plenty of mosquitoes inside the room. When inside the room, they come and sting me all over my body, legs, arms, and also they cry about in my ears. So I open the doors, and windows, and so I sweep the room.

When we are walking on paths or anywhere, my friends, our legs, arms, and all over our body, all mosquitoes! And our hands cannot stop quiet; always moving and hitting the mosquitoes.

All Over the Island.

There were hundreds and hundreds of mosquitoes all over the Station, swamps, gardens, crabs' holes, houses, kitchens, small houses, paths, and all through the plantation. Wherever you went there were mosquitoes. We cannot breakfast well in the morning; our rice is covered with mosquitoes. We cannot have dinner well; we cannot supper well at 6 p.m. Our rice all mosquitoes! Our barracks too; also kitchen. Our hands cannot stop good, always moving, hitting. They sting us all over the body, legs, arms, back, neck. How very, very dreadful insects they are! And make our bodies feel tired and sore.

Baniara in the Wet Season.

Once when I was walking round the island, I looked round and I was seeing mosquitoes all over my body. I hit and squashed them and my body was sore and I said, "Oh! Baniara! Bad island!" Baniara is good island; but, one thing, no good at the time of mosquitoes.

In the Dry Season.

In the dry season, my friends, you will sleep well; you can do your work well outside or in the office; you can eat well; you can sit well, and you can walk about well.

In the wet season or rain time, you cannot sleep well, you cannot do your work well, you cannot sit well, you cannot walk about well in the evening. At Baniara the wet season is no good at all.

The rain is very good to grow bananas, fruits, and flowers well. But one thing, too many mosquitoes at wet season. Now Farewell! Farewell, all my friends, I am going to have a holiday, at my village: I spend 14 days. I send my greetings to all my readers. Best Christmas and Happy New Year. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country.

[By M. D. Barton, native clerk, Baniara, N.E.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Football and Cricket.

Fife Bay v. Wedau.

On the 10th October, Rev. J. Bodger brought his football teams from Dogura to Isuleilei. His first team had a game with the white men at Samarai. Result: Samarai, 1 goal; Wedau, 2 goals.

We sent our Isuleilei launch to fetch the Dogura team from Samarai. The Dogura second team with lots of their friends walked overland, about 70 in all arriving at Isuleilei.

When our launch came back from Samarai, the men who went in her told us about the Dogura team, how they had won their match with the Samarai team. Then we were all afraid, because we thought to ourselves, "We did not play as well as the white men, so how could we win in our game with Dogura?"

On 11th October we began our games. Dogura second team against Isuleilei second team. Dogura won, 2 goals to none.

Then a team of Wedau village boys played a team from Lawes College, which was won by Lawes College, 4 goals to 2.

Then we played the big match, Dogura first team against Isuleilei first; and Isuleilei won, 3 goals to 2.

Next day we played a cricket match against one team from Dogura; and Lawes College played another team from there.

That afternoon we had another football match with the first Dogura, and there was no goal for either side.

Next morning we had our service; Rev. C. F. Rich gave our thanks to Mr. Bodger, and all his men and women, boys and girls. When he ended his speaking, then Mr. Bodger also stood up and spoke to us. He said, "I wish you to bring your team to Dogura again next year. But think, boys and girls, of this word. 'Play hard. Work hard. Pray hard, all the days of your lives!'"

After service we all went down to our wharf with Mr. Bodger and his people. They filled up our two launches and whaleboat, and we all shouted our Good-bye. The boats took them round to Mullens Harbour, and from there they walked home to Dogura, over the hills.

[By Lameka, Native Hospital, Isuleilei.]

A Visit from Torres Straits to Papua.

It was one of the loveliest days of October when we visited the garden-village of Dap, Strachen Island, Mai Kassa district.

My impression of that district was astonishment at the garden fences. I had heard of them, but didn't see one until this visit. There were two of the fences which the natives had built for the next year supply; standing at the height of five feet, with entrances to each division, which were marked out for each family. But the length of the fences is what I was impressed with. I guessed them to be fully 500 yds. long with widths varying at 100 yds. or more. I wonder how this handful of men can work it inside three weeks. Well, the men built the fences and the women planted, and cleaned up stumps, weeds, etc.

Gardening.

Comparing the Torres Strait Islands, we don't do anything such as fences; we have no need of them. But as to gardening I'm very sure that the Papuans are strong workers. Although having not the proper gardening implements, yet they can bring their sowing into perfection, by hard work, and they have fruitful years of plenty. The dews at night and the mists in the morning, these help the soil and climate of that country a good deal.

Timber.

Then there was another wonder on the road passing to or out of Dap. We saw good timber trees of 60 to 70 feet and over. They were ti-trees, we called them *ribu*; the sorts we get from Yarrabah Mission, near Cairns, in Queensland.

Fellow Villagers, I've seen these places and things. Some of my readers would find only "blanks." But they are the people who don't understand or who have not seen this kind, interesting people of Papua.

Develop your Country.

I think last year (1931) there was an article on gardening. *The Papuan Villager* is doing its best for the natives; and I can only commend the articles printed at times in the *Villager*. If kept and used by readers they would be helpful. For instance, the Papuans are industrious from ages long ago; the Australian aborigines were not. Papuans, yours is the richest country; and if you make use of the instructions you have from employers or from the Government and then the Missionaries; you could develop your country into an El Dorado.

Use the ideas of the white men; how they plant, prepare soil, clean weeds, keep plants free of insects or grubs, and many other ways. Everything would be successful and labour would be inexpensive. You can make use of many things which we in the Straits have not. But by listening to your friends, the white men, they'd lead you to things hidden below, which you didn't notice before.

Then, by and by, your country I believe would have machinery for making house-timbers; and a day will come when you will

sit on a house whose floor would be made of Papuan timber. No more would you buy from Australia if you cut or saw your own timber from your own soil, and maybe our islands would if possible trade with you.

You must understand that in Torres Straits there are Papuan breeds, and they are just as your own kin, just as all subscribers and contributors of our "grand paper" are your friends too.

Camped for the Night.

Well, we camped that night under dark foliage for blankets by the light of stars for light and the dews of the Heaven to cool and refresh our hot bodies. Palm leaves spread out for ground sheets, we slept the sleep of the wearied, until our hosts waked us for breakfast which was before the sunrise. Our breakfast was of roast yams and hot baked kangaroo meat.

Coming away, we promised to visit them again another time as we have been permitted for three months.

[By H. A. Captain, formerly Teacher-Deputy.]

[This very good letter comes from a native teacher in Torres Straits, where *The Papuan Villager* goes every month. ED.]

Story About a Man and a Giant.

Once upon a time a man went to seek some bush yams; and he went down by the road. As he went on he saw a bush yam beside the road, about 5 yards between the yam and the road. We call it *Kiroma* (the name of the yam) but we do not plant it in our gardens. It grows by itself in the bush. And the man sat down and started to dig it out.

But while he was digging he found one little hole in the place where he was digging. He did not know what it was, and he did not stop digging, but so on.

In the Giant's House.

And while he was digging on, the giant got ready to catch him. And the man put his right hand down to get a yam near the hole, and the hole is one of the windows of the Giant's house. And the Giant caught him by his right hand and pulled him down in his home (in Giant's home) and the man lived with the Giant for many days. But the Giant did not loose his hand from the man's hand, but led him wherever he wanted to go, and in the night time too.

The Wife in Mourning.

The woman waited for her husband many days; something like a week and half. But she did not see her husband in any places at all, and she thought in her mind that her husband may be killed by an animal.

So she honoured her husband. She put some black stuff on all over her body and one of her husband's *ramis* she hung on her neck to give honour to her husband.

The Man Escapes.

One day, it was middle of the day, and the Giant wanted to sleep. He did not think anything at all in that day, so he went fast asleep. He loosened his hand from the man's hand, and the man stepped up quietly, so the Giant would not hear the noise of him until he got right on top. And he ran away as quick as he could until he found a tree called *Tareko*. And he climbed the *Tareko* tree to hide himself in there, and lived on top of the tree and waited for the Giant there, if he would follow after him or not.

The Giant goes in Search of him.

Then the Giant woke up and looked in every place; but he could not find the man. And he smelled all the places up to the ground, and he found the smell on top. And he followed after the man by the smell until he found the *Tareko* tree. But the man is on top of the tree. And he wanted to start another journey. But before he went away from the place, he heard a noise on top. So he looked up and saw him on top of the tree.

And he was very glad because he found his good meat again, and he called him and said, "Make your wings like a bird and fly away from me. Now I will loose you." And poor Giant did not think he would lose his life in that day. But that man did not give him any answer at all, but he thought in his mind how he was going to kill the Giant. And that tree was full of many hard fruits and the man is on top of them.

The Giant is Killed.

Then the Giant started to climb the tree until he got nearly to the man. And the man threw one of the fruit down to the Giant and he hit the Giant's right hand and broke it and the Giant fell down to the ground.

And he called up again, "You have broken my right hand; would you break my left hand too?" said the Giant. And he got up and climbed the tree again. And the man broke his left hand too, and he fell down again.

And he called him again, same words. But he said, "Would you break my two legs too?" And he climbed the tree again by his two legs and the man in the same way broke his right leg. And the Giant fell down again, but still he gave the same answer to the man.

And he climbed the tree again by his left-side leg. And the man broke this leg too, and he fell down again. But the poor Giant did not feel his wound and now climbed up by his body. And he lost his body too.

And again by his ears, and he lost both his ears too. At last he climbed the tree by his two poor eyes and he lost both his eyes too. Then the poor Giant lost his life in that day.

Then the man went down from the tree and he ran away to his home and he found his wife with the black stuff on her body, thinking she had lost her husband. But she did not lose her husband; he was still alive. And the man found his wife and his children and his parents again and they all lived in joy and in happiness at the end.

[By Raka Mahuta, student of Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

The Great Feast at Toaripi Village.

There was a very big feast at Toaripi Village. I saw it when I went on a holiday in October's month. A man Tamasi was boss of the feast.

This is a Feast Story.

First of all Tamasi told all the village people to make plenty of safo. Therefore men and women made plenty of safo, as he told them. Then Tamasi told them again to make their canoes ready and go to visit their friends at other villages, and bring some pigs for feast. So the people took their canoes and went away, as they were told.

Then some days after some canoes returned on 8th November, and some on 9th November.

Each canoe had a few pigs on it, some had one and some had three and some had five. When these canoes enter into river of Lake kamu passage on their return, they blow the shell. That means there are pigs on the canoes and plenty of yams and bananas, and different kinds of food; so the people who stayed at home shall know it and go down and carry up the pigs, and put them into the fence where the other pigs are kept for the feast.

All the canoes returned from their visiting. Then some more people who were living at another part of Lake kamu brought several pigs from their villages. So all the pigs and 200 also bananas—many, many, like hundred—and yams; just the same for bananas.

The number of men and women from different villages who had gathered together at Toaripi Village was 608, and children.

On the 11th November at night-time there was a big dance in the Motumotu or Toaripi Village. I saw it. Their dances are different from the native dances at Port Moresby. They danced men and boys standing enclosed round, holding their hands one to another; or both stand in one place, and sing with beating drums. This dancing is called *Evore* (some Motu people said *Imouri*).

And in the next morning, on 13th November, they killed the pigs and divided food, and gave to the people, those who came from other villages.

I was very surprised at this plenty of food and happy to tell of it. End.

[By Posu Semesevita, of Lawes College, Fife Bay.]

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