

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 5, No. 10.

Port Moresby, Monday, 16th October, 1933.

Price: 3d.

A Talk About Gardens.

A MONTH or two ago we told you that Apani Govea, of Pari, had won the prize for having made the best garden in the Port Moresby district this year. It was a fine prize that Apani Govea won, for £5 is a lot of money; but Apani Govea worked very hard to win the prize, so we are very glad that he got it. If there were more people like Apani Govea, there would be many more gardens made every year, and that would be good for everybody.

When you think a little, you will surely see how good it would be if you, and everybody else, made just one more small garden each year than you usually make. Sometimes the rain does not come at the right time, so a lot of the young bananas, yams, taro, corn and other things die. And sometimes grubs and other pests spoil the plants. And often, if the owner of the garden forgets to keep the weeds and grass out of the garden, or he does not tie up the bananas so that the birds and the flying-foxes cannot eat them, he finds, when it is too late to do anything, that he has lost a great deal of his crops.

Nobody can bring the rain at the right time. Nobody can keep the grubs and other pests from spoiling the plants. But everybody can keep his garden from being choked by weeds and grass.

But if you made a bigger garden, or even another small one, you would have more chance of getting a lot more food. But if you make one

garden or many small gardens, unless you look after the plants like Apani Govea did, you cannot expect to get all the food that you want.

There are some things, like rice, beans, cabbages and tomatoes, that you could try and grow. They are



Armed Constables at Goilala, C.D.

not hard to grow, but you must first learn how to grow them. On the flat ground at Mekeo, a lot of rice has been grown, so much of it that the Mekeo people will have plenty of this good food this year. They worked very hard to grow it, just as hard as you work to grow yams, taro, bananas and other things, but they were well

paid for their work by the large amount of rice they got. Rice keeps for a long time if it is dried well before it is stored away, so it is well worth trying to grow it.

Beans are not hard to grow, but you have to dig up the land and make it nice and soft before you plant the seeds in it. Beans have been grown in our country, so it might be a good thing if you tried to grow them in your gardens. They keep just as long as rice, and they are just as good to eat. In some parts of the world beans are the principal food of the people.

We hear somebody ask, "Where can we get the seeds of these new plants?" Well, you all know that the Government is always ready to help you in every way, so we are sure that, if you want some seeds or young plants to try in your gardens, the Government will help you to get them.

An easy way to get some other good food is to plant more fruit trees. Oranges grow well in this land of ours, and they are very nice to eat, as well as being very good if you happen to be sick. The doctors give orange juice to the sick people in the hospitals. You could plant the young trees near your houses, but, of course, you would have to keep the grass and weeds away from them. The small girls and small boys could do this bit of work for you. You could also plant some mango trees, and limes (*siporo*), and other fruits.

We hope you will remember what we have told you about the gardens, the new foods, and the fruit trees.

The Shaven Monkey.

There once lived in India a poor but kind-hearted man, who grew in his garden all the kinds of food that he and his family needed. It was a fine big garden, and if the animals could have been kept out of it, the man and his family would always have had plenty to eat.

The monkeys gave the most trouble. There were hundreds of them in the jungle around the garden, and nearly every day they came and ate up the bananas. They did a great deal of damage to all the other plants, too, so the man became very sad, for he, and his wife and the children, had worked very hard to clear the ground and plant it.

Monkeys always go about in families of twenty or thirty, the oldest male being the leader of the family. The man soon noticed that the monkeys that raided his garden were brought there by a big, grey-haired monkey, but, although he tried very hard to catch him, the old fellow was too quick for him.

The man could have easily killed all the monkeys, but this he would not do because he and all his people never killed any animal, no matter how much harm it caused them. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts to keep the monkeys away he decided to try another plan that he thought might save his garden without killing any of the monkeys.

Taking a spade from his house, he went to a spot some twenty feet away from the trunk of a big tree. There he dug a hole, about a foot wide and eighteen inches deep. Then he took a long rope, no thicker than a clothes-line, but very strong. In one end of it he made a slip noose, just large enough to spread round the hole; the other end he carried to the tree. Next he got three bananas. Two of them he put in the hole; the skin of the other one he laid on the ground near the edge. The he hid behind the tree, with the end of the rope in his hands.

All this time the monkeys had been watching him from the tree-tops, and, from the chattering they made, they were evidently talking about what he was doing. But as soon as he went away, they began to climb nearer and nearer, the old grey-haired one

always in the lead. At last, one by one, they dropped from the lower branches of the trees into the garden, where they squatted close together, while the old monkey went ahead to see if everything was safe.

He looked about and very soon saw the banana skin. He hopped a little nearer, and stretched out one paw to it. "Ha! Empty!" he said to himself, and threw it down. But he was now near enough to the edge of the hole to see the two bananas at the bottom. "This is better," he thought and reached down the whole length of his arm to get one; but before his fingers touched the banana something gripped him by the arm and began to drag him toward the big tree.



Monkey and Baby.

He screamed and scolded and caught at the grass, but it was no use. Nearer and nearer to the tree the terrible rope dragged him, till his shoulder bumped against the rough bark. Here at last, he felt, was something solid to cling to, so he threw his arms round the trunk and held on.

But the man was not now there at the tree; he was far out beyond it, still holding the rope. And as the monkey clung fast to the tree the man began to run round and round both him and the tree, keeping the rope always tight, until the monkey, before he knew what was happening, found himself fast to the tree.

Then the man's family rushed out of the jungle, bringing with them a basin of water, some soap, a brush and a razor. In a little while they

had the monkey's face and head covered with lather, and then, while everybody shook with laughter, the man gave the monkey a close shave. When he finished the animal was without a hair from the neck up; and then, without hurting the terrified monkey in any way, the man unwound the rope and turned him loose.

But the other monkeys, as soon as they caught sight of the old fellow's shaved head, set up a great screaming and began to run away. The old monkey ran after them calling, "Don't you know me? Don't you know your uncle?" But they shouted back, "Go away! We never saw you before!" and kept on running. And the faster the old monkey ran after them the farther they kept away from him; and the more he tried to tell them that he was the same old fellow that they had always known, the more they laughed at him and called him names. And so before night they had gone so deep into the jungle, and so far away from the man's garden, that they never found it again. To this day the people of that part of India use the same plan to keep the monkeys from their gardens.

(After E. W. Frenz in the "Treasure Chest." From *Listen*.)

The Dog at the Gate.

Bluey is a cattle dog who has been waiting expectantly at the gate of a hospital at Kogarah, near Sydney, for five years, always hoping to greet his master.

His long wait commenced in 1928, when his master became ill and was brought to the hospital. Bluey followed his master there, and when his master died nobody was able to make him understand what had happened. For five years now Bluey has chased every motor car and anyone leaving the hospital, but he pays no attention to the cars or the people that go in.

Many attempts have been made to induce him to live with people in good homes, but Bluey insists on remaining at the hospital. He allows women to pet him, but he will only let one man touch him. This is the attendant who feeds him.

— *The Children's Newspaper.*

Buried Word Competition No. 2.

A Prize of 2s. will be given to the winner of this competition.

We choose 15 words from Lesson 4 ("The Calendar") of the *Papuan School Reader*. But some of the letters are missing. They are shown by "dashes" (—). You must look through the lesson and find the right word, and fill in the missing letters in this way:—

— E — — M — E R
D E C E M B E R

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

J — — R — E —
— R — — S — S
S — M — H — W
C — — E — D — —
— A — U — D — Y
S — E — — G
C — — I — G
— I — — S I — N
E — C — P —
S — — S — N —
P — C — U — E —
— E — R — A — Y
T — E — — Y
— — N T — S
D — — I — E —

Only subscribers to *The Papuan Villager* can win the prize.

If more than one answer is right, the one which is written most neatly will win.

Answers must reach the Editor before the 9th December, 1933.

In order to give more distant subscribers in the Territory an opportunity of entering the Competition, the closing date has been extended as above.

Fifty Years In Papua.

Mr. A.C. English.

Mr. A. C. English of Barodobo, Rigo district, completed fifty years' residence in Papua on the 23rd June last.

He was born in England in 1863, and at the age of eighteen he left home and travelled to Australia, where for

the next two years he spent his time collecting Natural History specimens for the Australian Museums. In 1883 he turned his attention to the then almost unknown island of New Guinea, coming from Cooktown, Queensland, in a small ketch, to Kerepuna, where he landed on the 23rd June. For the following five years he travelled extensively in various districts, and during this time he made many very valuable collections of birds, insects, etc., many of which were the first of their kind to be found in New Guinea.

He and Mr. Robert Hunter, of Hitau, Port Moresby, are the only two white people now in Papua who were present when Commodore Erskine, R.N., hoisted the British flag at Port Moresby in 1884, and when Dr. (after Sir William) MacGregor, C.M.G., annexed British New Guinea in 1888.

Mr. English entered the Public Service in 1888, and he accompanied Dr. MacGregor on many of his expeditions into the then unknown interior. His name is perpetuated by the English Peaks, a group of high ranges not far from Mt. Victoria. He also explored a great deal of the country during the many years that he was a Magistrate, and his maps and photographs may be found in many of the Annual Reports. He resigned from the Service in May, 1907, and took up planting interests in the Rigo district, where he now lives. With him are his wife, a son and two daughters, whose warm hospitality, added to his genial personality, make Barodobo an irresistible magnet to all who pass that way.

The Papuan Villager hopes that Mr. English may enjoy many more years of health and happiness in Papua.

Death of Corporal Osborne Gurawa.

The Armed Constabulary suffered a great loss when Corporal Osborne Gurawa died at Port Moresby on the 17th August last.

Osborne Gurawa was a native of Mukawa, Ari district, North-Eastern Division. He joined the Constabulary on the 1st May, 1928, and after

a little more than three years service was promoted Lance-Corporal on the 1st September, 1931. He proved himself such a reliable man that, only a year later, he was promoted Corporal, and there is no doubt that if he had been spared, he would have received further promotion.

He had learnt to read and write when he was a boy, and this knowledge he made good use of at Headquarters, Port Moresby, where he conducted classes in English and other subjects. He was well liked by everybody he served with, and he will always be remembered by his mates as a loyal comrade and a good friend. A marching song that he wrote (we print it in this issue) is known all over Papua; it is a fine song, and we hope it will always be sung in memory of the good man who wrote it.

The Headquarters Officer (Leonard Logan, Esq.) told us that Corporal Gurawa was one of the best corporals he had had in the Force, and he was very distressed by his untimely death. "His death," he said, "has made a vacancy in the Force that will be very hard to fill, for men like Corporal Gurawa are hard to find. We miss him very much."

The funeral was a large one, the Headquarters Officer, Sergeant-Major Simoi and all ranks at Headquarters, and a number of natives from the town and the villages, were present at the graveside. The Reverend Henry Matthews, the Rector of St. John's Church, Port Moresby, of which the dead man was a member, conducted the Service, after which the Police fired a volley of three rounds over the grave.

Marching Song.

Composed by L.-Corp. Gurawa.

1. Left, right, left, marching is a pleasure,
Head up straight, minding tune and measure,
Shoulders back, and chest throw open wide,
Fingers close, and hands down by your sides.
2. Left, right, left, hold your foot quite ready,
Heels down fours, keep your shoulders steady,
Point toes out, and mind your knees don't bend,
Round the room with careful steps you wend.
3. Left, right, left, moving feet together,
Eyes in front, striving to do better,
No bent backs to spoil in straight line,
But just like a soldier stepping all in time.

Government House News.

His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., has been at Government House for the past few weeks.

Lady Murray left by the *Macdhui* on the 28th ultimo to spend a holiday in Australia. She is expected to return to Port Moresby about April next, after visiting friends in the various States.

Movements of Officers

Mr. H. W. H. Huntington, Assistant Resident Magistrate, Port Moresby, who has been on long leave for the past year, has retired from the Service.

Mr. T. K. Bowes, Manager, Government Plantation, Kemp Welch River, returned from twelve months' leave on the 29th September, 1933.

The Hon. W. M. Strong, M.D., D.T.M. & H., etc., Chief Medical Officer, left for Australia on the 28th September, 1933, with the twelve Papuan Medical Assistants who are to spend six months' study at the University of Sydney.

Mr. R. S. Willis, Medical Assistant, returned from vacation leave on the 29th September, 1933, and resumed duty at Port Moresby.

Mr. A. S. Petersen, Medical Assistant, who has been on duty at Port Moresby while Mr. Willis was on leave, returned to Cape Nelson via Samarai on the 30th September, 1933.

Dr. W. E. Giblin, Government Medical Officer, Port Moresby, has been appointed Acting Chief Medical Officer.

Overhaul of m.v. "Laurabada."

The *Laurabada* has been undergoing an overhaul of her engines for the last few weeks, and now, after being on the slip at Napa Napa for a few days, her engines are being replaced in her. It is expected that she will be ready for sea in a few more days.

Buried Word Competition No. 3.

A Prize of 2s. will be given to the winner of this competition.

We choose 15 words from Lessons 5 and 6 of the *Papuan School Reader*. But some of the letters are missing. They are shown by "dashes" (—). You must look through the lessons and find the right word, and fill in the missing letters in this way:—

— E — R I — O — Y
T E R R I T O R Y

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

— U — — E — T — O —
— — A — — B — A — D
C — — C — — F — — E — C —
S — — S — — R —
— U — — H — — T
M — D — — G — —
Q — — R — E — S
— — W — Y S
S — I — N — — G
— O — T — M
F A — — E — E —
— T — A I — — T
T H — — S A — —
T — R — — N G
— U — D — E —

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Papuan Appointed Tax-Collector.

Raho Rakatani was appointed Tax-Collector on the 2nd ultimo. He is Native Clerk, Bwagaioia, and his name will be known to all our readers as the man who writes the district news from Bwagaioia. We wish you all good luck in your new position, Raho Rakatani.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and the Hon. H. L. Murray arrived here on *Laurabada*, from the north, on the 9th August, and left the same day for Samarai.

On 28th August, about 1.30 p.m., we were all surprised to hear the noise of a flying machine. After going round the island it descended near the boat-shed. We saw it was seaplane V.H.—U.N.Y. Mr. W. J. Duncan was in charge of it. He went on to Tufi next morning, and is going to New Guinea. The prisoners from the mountains had never seen a seaplane before and they were very excited about it.

Colonel Hooper, School Inspector, is at present visiting the schools of the Anglican Mission. I hope many scholars will pass the examination.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

Rice.

In September all our transport work of bringing down the paddy rice from Bioto to the Station, and then on to Port Moresby, is now ended. The last lot of about 600 bags has been loaded aboard the *Goodwill*.

Patrol to Mount Yule.

Messrs. J. G. Hides and O'Malley, P.O.s., went on patrol to the Mt. Yule and Karuama country last month. They returned on the 19th instant with all the police and 19 prisoners; the prisoners are from Komu, Ivirupu and the surrounding district.

Village Feasts and Dances.

The Pinupaka held a feast on the 23rd instant for two young women (*ulato*). They had for their feasting 300 bunches bananas, 300 taitu and yams, 100 young sprouted coconuts. Of cooked food they had 400 taitu, 200 yams, 300 bunches bananas, 200 pounds rice, 10 pounds tinned fish, dried fish and meat, 20 cod-fish, 30 wallabies, 2 or 3 wild pigs, all of which was distributed amongst the villagers, and they had a full day and night-dancing plus 24 hours without stopping. Writer was there dancing the whole night.

On the 12th September the Delena-Pokama-villagers also had the same feasting (*ulato*), and they had as much food as the Pinupaka people had for their feast; they danced a whole night and half a day.

The 14th instant the Chiria had the same feasting of the young women. They had as much food as the other villages had, but only a few hours of a singing dance (*kovea*).

Next month there will be many feasts and dances here, a big one at Delena, two at Chiria and one at Bioto; Rapa, Babiko, Bereina, Waima Group also will be feasting and dancing.

General.

On the 19th the *Goodwill* took 628 bags of paddy rice to Port Moresby—about 28 tons.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fraser, of Angabunga Plantation, went to Hisiu in *Goodwill*. The *Veimauri* and *Ronald S.* arrived during the month, and the *Goodwill* made another trip to Port Moresby with another 600 bags paddy rice: Mr. P.O. O'Malley, two police and a cook went in the *Goodwill*.

On the 23rd Sergeant Meamu and his police went to Port Moresby with nine prisoners for the Badili Prison.

A Mou Lad Fatally Bitten by a Snake.

On the 15th a boy named Bahau, of Mou, was out getting betel-nuts (*bua tau*) for a dance, and he was bitten twice by a black snake. He died a few hours later.

Station and Private Gardens.

The coconuts planted on the Station a few years ago are looking well; the five and six-year-old palms are now bearing. The Station garden is bearing well, even though the weather is very dry. The Warden and some prisoners are planting the area that was under rice last year.

Private gardens are also doing well. I got 600 taitu, 100 yams, 50 humi (another sort of yam), and many seed yams for next year; some of the latter are now planted but require rain to help them on.

Centipede Bites a Prisoner.

On the 20th a prisoner named Saseri was bitten on the leg by a centipede while he was weeding in the garden. He was administered with medicine, but was so hurt by the pain that he cried all night.

Native Medical Patrol.

Bodau Mea and Teau Veata, Native Medical Assistants, were sent out by the Assistant Resident Magistrate to visit all the villages between Pinupaka and the Biarua River, and thence by Maipa and Imounga to Bioto via Kai. The patrol left on the 18th instant.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

m.v. "Laurabada."

Our Government vessel *Laurabada* has been having an overhaul for the last few weeks. Her two engines were removed, the old beds on which they stood have been taken out and new ones fitted in. She was on the slip at Napa Napa for some days, but she is now back in the water and her engines are being replaced in her.

Accident to a Motor Lorry.

On the 9th ultimo (it was a Saturday morning) some Poreporena people hired one of the B.N.G. Trading Co.'s lorries for carting their bananas from the Laloki Gardens, but as the lorry was on her way back to Port Moresby one of her tires was punctured. Another lorry went out to bring in the bananas; this lorry was driven by a Suau man named Jim. When the lorry was entering the gate in the fence at Poreporena, coming down the slope, the driver turned to the left and the lorry capsized, throwing the people who were on it to the ground. Only

one man named Bogamase Podi was injured, all the other people including the driver escaping without hurt.

It was good for the people that the accident happened in the middle of the village instead of far out on the road, because they were able to quickly carry their bananas to their houses, just about forty yards from the scene. I thought Bogamase was badly injured, but about two or three days ago I saw him with feathers on his head and at a dance.

Native Dances.

The people are talking a lot about the dances which will soon be happening. There will be four dances in Poreporena, one in Tanobada and another one in Elevala.

Papuan Medical Students.

Twelve medical students, with their two cook-boys, sailed by the m.v. *Macdhu*, on the 28th September, 1933, to commence a medical course at the University of Sydney, New South Wales. They were accompanied by the Honourable W. M. Strong, M.D., D.T.M. & H., Chief Medical Officer of Papua.

I give the names, villages and districts of the students, so that all the readers of *The Papuan Villager* will know about them.

Name.	Village.	District.
Hera Ganiga	Hohodae	Port Moresby.
Leke Koae	"	" "
Boko Navo	"	" "
Igo Alua	"	" "
Boe Morea	Poreporena	" "
Lohia Udu	"	" "
Gavera Baru	"	" "
Toua Kapena	"	" "
Raru Oala	Pari	" "
Puka Oala	"	" "
Gideon Genokei	Saroakei	" Rigo.
Vera Tau	"	" "
Arua Puka	Poreporena	Port Moresby.
Araidii Movivina	"	" "

The last two are the cooks; Araidii Movivina is a Suau man, but he has been domiciled in the Port Moresby district, so his name is on the Poreporena census paper. None of the students or the cooks are half-castes or quarter-castes; they are all pure-blood Papuans.

They will be in Australia now, and we all hope that their training at the Sydney University will be very successful.

Native Aquatic Club.

The Poreporena Native Aquatic Club was formed during last July, after a good deal of discussion by the intending subscribers. Three races have been held already. I hope this club will stand as long as cement piles do.

Tug of War.

All the Poreporena youths have had a meeting, and they decided to get the villagers to have a tug of war contest during the coming holidays at Christmas and New Year. They are planning to have a big feast on both these days. All the people unanimously agreed to the tug of war on these days. The results will be put in the January, 1934, issue of *The Papuan Villager*.

"Lakatoi" Voyage to West.

No *lakatoi* have been got ready this year on account of the dancing festivals. It is a pity that the voyage could not be made.

Native Contributions

The Story of the Coconut.

Once upon a time there lived a woman and a man. They had only one child whose name was Sina. She was the fairest girl of all. When she grew to be a big girl, her parents told her that she must not go and play about with the other girls, and also she must not carry water from the well; she must stay in the room.

After her parents told all these things, she soon forgot them so quickly, because she was very tired of staying all the time in the house. She thinks in her mind, "Why have my parents told me that I must not go about with my friends?" She says, "I am a big girl now. I must do some work for my dear Mama."

So one day her father and mother went to their garden. After they had left her in the room she looked out through the window. She saw some girls coming with their water-pots. She says, "I must go with my friends to fetch water for my mother."

So she took her mother's water-pot, and went with the girls. One of her girl friends told her, "Friend, you fill all our water-pots, because you only just come with us to draw water in this place."

So she said, "Yes, I will fill them all." While she was drawing the water up, she dropped her coconut shell into the well. Sina called to her friend, she said, "Friend I dropped my shell into the well."

Then her friend sent a small girl to take the shell from the water-hole. The little girl went down in the well, but there was a great huge eel (*dagwala*) in that hole. The little girl left the coconut shell in the hole.

Sina said, "I must take the coconut shell out from the well, in case my mother will get cross with me." Afterwards Sina went down into the hole; the great huge eel got hold of her and she did not come up again.

Poor Sina she never came back again to her friends. She went down with the eel into his hole and stayed there for three or four days. After that Sina became his wife. But Sina did not like it, she thinks in her mind, "What shall I do to get out from this nasty hole?" She said, "Yes I can try my best to get out of this dark hole and nasty place. I cannot stay any longer here, I will run away to my father's house." The old eel was very kind to her, because she was the nicest girl of all. But Sina did not like the eel at all.

How She Got Out from the Eel's Hole.

So one day Sina said to the eel, "Please dear, will you let me go up to the top of the ground?"

Eel said, "Yes dear, I will let you go up, but I will tie a rope round your waist then I will let it go slowly and you will go up to the top of the ground."

Sina said, "Thank you, dear, I will go by the rope."

But she was liar. She wanted to run away. Eel let the rope go slowly when Sina was going up to the top. Sina called to the Eel, "It is enough, my dear. Tie the end of the rope on our door," she said.

So he did it. Sina undid the rope from her waist, and tied it to a tree called *Budobudo*. Sina said to the *Budobudo* tree, "You must answer when the eel calls me."

Budobudo said, "Yes, I will answer for you."

Sina ran into her father's house, but her father would not let her come into the house because they were afraid of the Eel. All the villagers were afraid of the Eel, so no one took Sina into their house. Then Sina ran to another little village. When the village people saw her they were afraid. They would not let her come into their house; also they were afraid of the Eel.

How they Got Rid of the Eel.

In that village there was a brave man. This man was an unmarried man; he said to Sina, "Where are you going?"

"I am running away from the Eel," she said.

He said, "Come into my house; we will wait for the Eel."

They waited until the Eel came. The Eel said, "Where is my dear wife?" The young man said, "Here is your wife."

Then the Eel also went into the house. He coiled himself into a ball and rested there.

The brave man said, "I will make you a wedding feast."

The Eel said, "Thank you, if you like to."

The brave man made coconut oil in the tub, and this big huge thing dived into the tub after him. They threw fire sticks and hot stones, until they killed the Eel in the tub. Then after they had killed the Eel, Sina married that brave fellow.

People cut up the poor eel into little bits. His head was thrown into the rubbish heap place. After two or three days were over, Sina was clearing by round her house in the midday time, when there were no people in the home. It was quiet and lonely by herself, and it was cool breezes blowing. She heard somebody's voice. It was a very small and quiet voice. That was the Eel crying out of the rubbish to Sina.

It Becomes a Coconut Tree.

Eel's head-bone said, "Sina I loved you, but you did not love me. So you had killed me, and had thrown me into the rubbish place. But my love to you will be never end." Eel said, "But never mind that, come and take my head-bone and bury it by your step."

When Sina heard that, she wept bitterly. Sina went and took the bone and she buried it by her step. They slept in the night. The coconut grew from that spot. They awakened in the morning. They saw a coconut tree with fruit on it. Sina went and

picked one off. She took off the skin of the coconut and she drank it.

That is she was kissing him by drinking the coconut milk. When she drank the coconut milk she remembered him. That is why when we are drinking the coconut milk, we are kissing the old Eel.

This is the end.

[By Gae A., c/o. L.M.S., Lawes College, Fife Bay. This wins 5s. prize.]

The Little Boy and a Worm.

One night a little boy was sleeping. He was named Lore. That night he dreamed about a worm (we called *Measeseve*). The worm told him to go into the bush and dig him out from the ground.

So early in the morning he woke up, and walked on and on till he came to the place the worm had told him about. He dug out and took him in the ground and saw it was a worm. So he took the little stick and struck it. That worm he went away, and Lore did not see him again. He ran away to the place where he goes; we don't know, but he killed him. Lore was very sad, and said, "My friend is away or dead."

Lore went back to his own house, that was 5 p.m. Night came. He went to his bed and covered himself with mats. That worm came and talked to him and said, "What do you say? Well I can do things that you cannot do, though I am only a worm. I can make a hole in the ground with my head, and creep into it. You cannot do that.

I have no eyes, but I can tell when it is light, and when it is dark. Do you think you could do that if you had no eyes?"

I have no ears, but I know when anyone is walking near me. Then I creep into my home in the ground as fast as I can, you know.

I stay in my hole all day long. At night, I come out to look for food. Would you want to know what I eat? Well, I will tell you, this is the food I eat—leaves and soil.

That may seem a different kind of food to you, but it is what I like.

What do you say? 'I have no mouth!' Oh, yes I have; but you do not see it.

I have no teeth, it is true, but I can do quite well without them.

I am of great use, for I make the ground soft and loose. This makes it easy to dig, and helps the plants to drink up the rain.

My feet are not at all like yours. They are just like small sharp pins. I have a big number of them on the under part of my body. I can get along very fast with them. If you try to pull me up out of a hole, I touch the sides with my feet.

But I must tell you a very strange thing about myself.

If I lose my head or my tail, a new one comes out in its place.

If you lost your head, you cannot get a new one, can you? So you see that I am better off than you in some ways.

But I am not so well off in others. I have to take great care that no bird sees me, or he would soon eat me up. That is why I stay in my hole every day long.

Sometimes men and boys use worms to catch fish. They do not think what great pain the sharp hook gives to the worm.

But now that I have told you so much about myself, I hope you will not treat me in that cruel way."

The worm he told him that story; after a little while, Lore was dead.

End.

[By Posu Sesesevita, L.M.S., Meteorcia.]

Story of Hunting.

Sometimes the natives go out hunting.

They go out to the bush and set fire to the grasses, and while the fires are burning up the grasses the men keep standing up, holding their spears in their hands.

When a wild boar comes out of the burning fire, it gets very angry and rushes at the people, who throw spears at him and the wild boar rushes for his life and the people spear it and kill him for dinner.

Native hunting men always decorate themselves with all sorts of feathers.

When the men go out on the burning fire, all the people go out too, and keep standing with their spears in their (spear) hands and jump about on the burning fire shaking their spears.

Then they kill a pig and tie the four legs up and bring it home to be cut up, and when they finish cutting it up they cook it in the pot.

When the meat is cooked, one man gives it out to the people to be eaten.

When they want to hunt in the bush, the men send word out to let all the people know that the hunting day would be on Monday or Tuesday.

The people then get their food ready and some of them get coconuts for themselves, to drink in the bush.

August is the best time for hunting.

When the men are out hunting, their wives bring in fresh wood from the bush; and when the men kill a boar or a wallaby and bring it home for dinner their wives are glad to see the meat.

[By Nathaniel Mauti, Wanigela School Teacher.]

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