


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Coffee Plantations.

Growing Things and Selling Them.

THE Government is always trying to teach the Papuan natives to do something useful. You know how to grow food to feed yourselves, and how to make things that you use in your own villages. But you should also be able to grow things or make things for other people to use. Then these people will buy what you grow for them, and you will get the money. If you like to work hard enough you can get quite rich; then you can buy European things—knives, billy-cans, mouth-organs, motor cars, and so on.

The people in other countries mostly want the things that you can grow in Papua. They want copra and rubber and rice and coffee. So the Government tries to teach you how to grow these things. But many Papuans are rather lazy; so the Government sometimes has to make you grow them. You have nothing to grow about; it is very good for you to do some extra work and earn some money for yourselves.

Native Plantations.

Most of you know what Native Plantations are. Where there is a Native Plantation the tax men can work on it instead of paying their tax in money. They have to work a certain number of days each year. Then the things that are grown on the plantations are sold to the white man. The money is divided between the natives who work on the plantation, and the Tax, or Trust Fund. (Remember that the Government

takes none of the money for itself. The Trust Fund is kept for the natives, and the money in it is used only for them.)

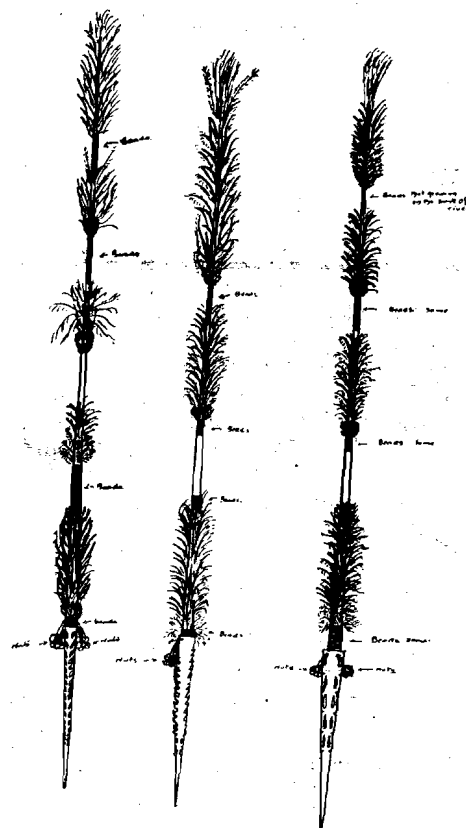
the Sangara district. At first cocoa and cotton were tried as well as coffee. But the coffee grew best; so they finished with cocoa and cotton. Now all the plantations in the Sangara district are coffee plantations.

The first coffee was planted in 1925. The seed was used to plant more ground, and now there are about 140 acres. Mr. Wurth asked for the plantations and Mr. Murray and Mr. Dawson started the work. Later Mr. McNamara was in charge; now it is Mr. Headon. The Editor paid a visit to Sangara not long ago, when Mr. Smith was looking after the plantations (Mr. Headon was on leave in Australia). The plantations all looked very well, and the native workers were very pleased with themselves.

Work on the Plantations.

They do not pay their tax in money; they work on the coffee plantations instead. They may have to work 60 days in the year. But really they do not work so long. They have to keep the plantations clean and pick the berries and get them ready for selling. You should read the article by Charles Balagau on page 23 to see what work they have to do. It is not very much.

At first, when they had to clear the bush and plant new coffee the work was hard. But now the coffee has grown up, and there are big shady trees covering them. The weeds do not grow quickly, and it is easy work to keep the place clean. The picking and "pulping" and washing are not hard work either. And the "hulling" is done by paid boys. When the coffee is all ready it is put into bags and carried to Buna.



DANCING SPEARS OF THE "ASISI,"
CALLED "BEGO."

(Drawing by Barton Diritanumo, native clerk, Baniara.)

The Sangara Coffee Plantations.

Some of the best Native Plantations are those in the Northern Division. They are the Coffee Plantations of

The plantations have done so well that some mules have been sent to Sangara to carry the bags down to Buna. They will go backwards and forwards with loads. And soon the mulling is to be done at the Rice Mill in Port Moresby because there will be too much coffee for the machine at Sangara.

Selling the Coffee.

When the coffee has gone down to Buna the Sangara men have finished with it. They then have to wait for their money. The coffee is taken in ships to Australia and sold. Then it is roasted, and ground down very fine. Then it is put in packets or tins, and sold to different people. They mix it with hot water and milk and sugar and drink it like tea.

By and by the money comes back to the Sangara district. Half of it, as we said, is kept for the Trust Fund; the other half is divided among the natives who worked to grow it.

More Coffee, More Money.

In the first years these men did not get much money. But each year there is more coffee, and, of course, more money. The men on the older plantations get the biggest share; those on the newer ones don't get so much. But each year it gets better.

The first coffee was sold in 1927. There were 126 lb., and they were sold for £4. Last year there were 22,961 lb., and they were sold for £668. Mr. Headon has come back and will give out the money.

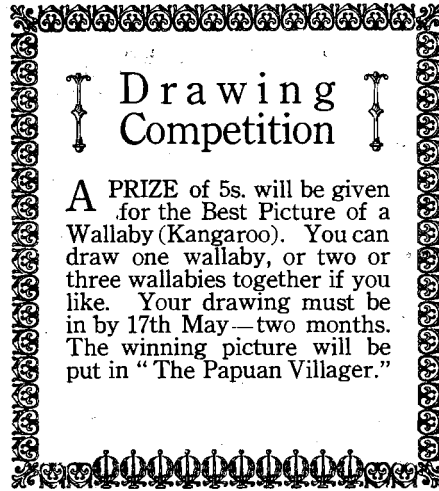
Statutory Workers and Voluntary Workers.

The money is divided among a lot of men. Some of them are called Statutory Workers: these are the boys who would have to pay tax, but who work instead. The others are called Voluntary Workers. These are older men, who are past the tax age. They do not have to work; but they know it is worth doing, so they help and get their share of the pay.

"He Laughs Best who Laughs Last."

When the plantations were first started in the Sangara district, other natives used to laugh at the Sangara men because they had to work. But now when the plantations are bringing in money it is the Sangara men who are laughing; and these other men

have asked the Government if they could work on the plantations and share in the money. But the Government said, "No; if you want a plantation, you can start and make one for yourselves." I expect the Sangara natives are laughing at them now.



Drawing Competition

A PRIZE of 5s. will be given for the Best Picture of a Wallaby (Kangaroo). You can draw one wallaby, or two or three wallabies together if you like. Your drawing must be in by 17th May—two months. The winning picture will be put in "The Papuan Villager."

The Flying-Fox.

The other evening, shortly after sunset, from my front veranda as I looked out to sea, I saw against the skyline an immense flock of flying-foxes all going in a northerly direction. The flock was so great that it could be seen through my glasses stretching from a point away to the south as far as the north-west. Many had already disappeared beyond the high hill that lies to the north. I have often seen them flying past in this way, and it must be an hour or more from the time the first of them are seen until the last have disappeared out of sight.

It is probable that night by night at this time of the year they make their way to Mekeo, which is a good food-growing district, and there do a great deal of harm in native gardens and elsewhere. Probably also in the early morning before sunrise they all fly back again to their camping-grounds.

How can they tell at what time of the year to fly to Mekeo, and that there will be plenty of food for all of them? I cannot tell you. This is only one of many things that we see happening in the world about us, but

why or how they happen we do not know. But that they do come and go to their feeding-grounds in this way is true. Dr. Ramsay of Australia tells us that flying-foxes constantly cross from the mainland of Queensland to the islands in the Torres Straits, and go back again in the early morning to the scrub.

Flying-foxes are animals, not birds, and they are called flying-foxes because they have dog-like or fox-like heads, and are reddish in colour. They are very bold, and I have known them come to eat bananas off a bunch hanging on the veranda, when I was sitting only about six yards away. Some of you like to eat them, but you will not find white people doing so, the musky odour being quite enough for them, although it disappears in cooking. Another unpleasant thing about flying-foxes is that they are covered with vermin, and are never known to take a bath. Something like some Papuans I have met!

The *Spectacled Flying-Fox*, so called because it has a ring of pale brownish-yellow round each eye, is found at Yule Island, and is also found in North-East Australia and the islands off the coast there.

Besides the *Spectacled Flying-Fox*, there are the *Grey-headed Flying-Fox*, the *Dusky Flying-Fox*, and the *Collared Flying-Fox*, most of which are found in N.E. Australia, and I expect in Papua also. The *Grey-headed Flying-Fox* has grey fur on its head with a yellowish tinge; its neck, shoulders and forepart of the breast are a bright reddish-yellow; the breast from shoulder to shoulder is blackish-grey; and the back, greyish-black. The *Dusky Flying-Fox* has fur mostly yellowish-brown, the neck above brighter. The general colour of *Gould's Flying-Fox* is very black with a few greyish or yellowish hairs, whilst the colour of the *Collared Flying-Fox* is mostly reddish, or yellowish-brown, with a much paler collar round the neck.

The next time you catch a flying-fox, see if you can tell which kind it is. Perhaps you might find a new one, and then Scientists might call it after you.

—Kauli.

"Asisi" Men at Baniara.

A few months ago some men made a good deal of trouble in the Baniara district. They called themselves *Asisi* men and they travelled from village to village, showing the people what they could do.

It seems that these *Asisi* began their work at the village of Biniguni. But a man from Ruaba went up to Biniguni, and was taught there what to do. Then he came back and taught some other men who were to help him. They called themselves *Asisi* and began to travel round the country.

When they came to a village they would tell all the women to "fall-in." The *Asisi* were dressed up with plenty of feathers, and they carried feathered spears (three of these spears are shown in a picture on the first page drawn by Barton Diritanumo).

The Women Lose their Senses.

When the women were all standing in a line the *Asisi* began to dance in front of them. One pretended to take something from his side. You could not see what it was of course. Then he pretended to throw it to another of the *Asisi* men, and he threw it back again, and so on. After this had gone on for some time the women began to feel light-headed, and one after another they fell down on the ground. As Barton said, they "died."

They Wake Up Again.

But they were not really dead. The *Asisi* men came along the line and bent back the toes of the women, or pulled them. This brought the women to life again. As Barton says, "They woke up. So the women were afraid and said, 'We had better pay these men something so that we would not die again.'"

They Pay the "Asisi" Men.

It is not quite clear why the villagers paid the *Asisi* men; but they certainly did pay them a lot of ornaments. For when Mr. Grist brought the *Asisi* men before the Court they had about £50 worth of native things. All this had been given them by the villagers. Besides that they had killed and eaten a lot of pigs.

Nothing to be Afraid of.

The people of the Baniara district were very much afraid of these *Asisi* men and they were rather foolish. Papuans are often ready to believe anything they are told. The women were not dead at all; they had just lost their senses for a little while because they were watching the *Asisi* men at their tricks. To tweak their little toes was a very good way of making them wake up. And when those *Asisi* men were throwing "something" from one to another, they were really throwing nothing at all. There was nothing to be frightened of. If the women had seen that the *Asisi* men were only pretending to throw the thing about, and if they had not been so frightened, they would not have fallen down. And if they had not fallen down I am sure their husbands would not have given away a pig and an armshell.

A word of advice! If any men ever come to your village and make the people fall down, or stagger about, or run round in circles, you just chase them out of it. Don't give them pigs and armshells. Try and keep your wits about you.

Rats on Lord Howe Island.

A few years ago there were no rats on Lord Howe Island, and the people there used to grow lots of corn.

But in 1919 a ship was blown up on the island, and the rats came ashore. They began to increase. And as they grew in numbers they ate the corn. The people used to grow 300 bushels but there were so many rats that in one year they grew only 6 bushels.

Then they began to hunt the rats. Any man who brought in a rat's tail got 6d. (I suppose that if a man brought in the rat's tail, he had first killed the rat); and in this way they got rid of a lot of rats.

But someone thought of bringing some owls to Lord Howe Island. And the owls, although they did not get 6d. a tail, killed more rats than the men did.

Now the people are growing their corn again.

The Cuscus.

A furry little cuscus lived
Upon a great tree tall,
And his eyes were bright and happy
Although they were but small.
He roamed about from branch to branch
His food he sought to find.
Though he was often up-side-down,
He never seemed to mind.
His coat was soft and made of fur,
His claws as sharp could be.
And from his lofty leafy home
Afar off he could see.
He saw the jumping wallabies,
Cassowaries running,
The birds that fly from tree to tree,
Crocodiles sunning.
But then there comes a cruel man,
And he to prison takes
The little cuscus which he caught.
A bamboo cage he makes.
And far from home and loved ones
And all that made him glad,
The furry little cuscus lives,
And so his eyes are sad.

—Contributed.

Poetry in the Schools.

A friend of *The Papuan Villager* has suggested that we should put some poems in the paper, and he has sent this one along himself. He suggests that we should have a competition for native poets. He points out that the Government wants pupils for Standards IV and V to be able to recite a poem; so we shall see if we can put a poem in the *Villager* now and then, to give you some practice. If any native reader can write a poem and send it to the Editor he will promise to put it in the paper. But you will have to show that you can write poetry first. Then we will try the competition.

Dr. Lawes.

Each year, on 21st November, a service is held at Poreporena to remember Dr. W. G. Lawes. He was the first L.M.S. white Missionary to live in Papua.

A flag-pole has been put up on the place where his house was built. The sailors of the *John Williams* built that house 58 years ago.

Test Cricket.

The Fifth and last Test Match of this tour has been played. England has won four and Australia one.

Fourth Test.

The scores in the Fourth Test Match (played in Brisbane) were: Australia (1st innings), 340 (Richardson, 83; Bradman, 76; Woodfull, 67). England (1st innings), 356 (Sutcliffe, 86; Paynter, 83; Jardine, 46). Australia (2nd innings), 175 (Darling, 39; Richardson, 32; Bradman, 24). England (2nd innings), 4 wickets for 162 (Leyland, 86; Jardine, 24). England won by 6 wickets and 2 runs.

Fifth Test.

The scores in the last Test Match (played in Sydney) were: Australia (1st innings), 435 (Darling, 85; McCabe, 73; O'Brien, 61; Oldfield, 52; Bradman, 48). England (1st innings), 454 (Hammond, 101; Larwood, 98; Sutcliffe, 56; Wyatt, 51). Australia (2nd innings), 182 (Bradman, 71; Woodfull, 67). England (2nd innings), 2 wickets for 168 (Hammond, 75; Wyatt, 61). England won by 8 wickets and 4 runs.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

Wreck of Menapi Canoes.

On Monday, 9th ultimo, natives of Menapi went to Boianai in two canoes. They took sago for their friends. When they were returning, heavy seas and wind broke the canoes. One canoe-deck drifted away with the pigs and taro on it. The natives had a long swim to shore but no one was lost. On Friday the deck of the canoe with the pigs drifted on the shore at Baniara Station. They were dead and smelt, but the taro was good. The pigs were thrown away and the taro was kept for the owners, but they did not want it.

Canoes should be well tied before going to sea because the heavy seas can break rotten rope, and if the canoes break apart the people might get drowned. This time no one was drowned but pigs and food were lost, and they were wanted for a feast. We were all sorry for these Menapi people. They will make their canoes strong next time I am sure.

Native Taxes.

Many natives do not think good. They do not think about their tax money until they see the collector coming for it. Then they try to borrow from boys whose heads are

good, because they worked and kept money in their boxes. When they cannot get the money they go to prison. It is better to work and keep the tax money ready for the collector every year, when he calls for it, than go to prison.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

Coconut Planting—Waima and Kivori.

The Waimas and Kivoris have enlarged their Coconut Plantations; several acres each village clan (*iduhu*) fenced and planted with 10 nuts each adult.

During the month the A.R.M. went out tax-collecting and saw that they didn't complete the work properly, so L.-Corp. Jimhoro was sent to see if they had completed the work, after being warned. The L.-Corp., after a few days there, returned with 13 boys from the Kivori Poe Village, and two Waimas who had done nothing in their plantations, so the A.R.M. punished 13 of them with 14 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

Mekeo Rice.

The rice growing in the Mekeo district is doing very well. It is quite possible that there will be 300 tons of Paddy Rice produced after harvesting, and about 100 tons or so will be kept by the natives for consumption. All this big amount of rice will be milled at Jesubaibua, Mekeo, where Mr. A. A. Williams is putting up a factory for milling same.

Waima—Dancing Feast.

A well-known sorcerer of the Waima-Kivori district, Tata Kou of Miria Taroba, made a big dancing festival on the 20th February. He had killed 12 big pigs, and had lots of native food such as sago, taitus, bananas, taros, yams, etc., which he distributed to his dancing guests from Bereina, Mou, and the Waima Group villages. The dance ended on the 23rd instant.

Rapa—Dancing Feast.

The Rapa Chief, Aitsi Aburu, also made a big dancing festival. He invited Mou, Bioto, Babiko, Nikula, Pinupaka and Inawabul villagers. This dance commenced on the 20th February also, and ended on the 23rd.

The guests said that they had no pig meat (pork) to eat, as the ones at the sorcerer's dance at Waima had. When they came back some of their friends who stayed at home expected to receive some meat but were surprised when they brought nothing; while the ones who went to Tata Kou's dance brought pig meat (pork) and food which they brought after their dance and invited their stay-at-home friends to partake of.

Tata Kou's dance feast was better than Aitsi Aburu's; that's the saying of all who went out dancing at Rapa.

Station.

On the 14th instant the *Laurabada* arrived here at about 3 p.m. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor held Central Court, and visited the station, and left for Daru at about 7 p.m.

R.M., C.D., Visits Station.

The R.M., C.D. (Mr. Wurth), came by the *Laurabada* on the 14th instant. He visited the office and went with A.R.M. Mr. Thompson round the gaol and station.

R.M.'s Departure.

On the 16th instant the R.M. (Mr. Wurth), accompanied by A.R.M. (Mr. Thompson) and Mr. Goodyear left in our station whaler at about 8 a.m. for Obu (Moika-Alua) the B.N.G.D. Co., Ltd., Plantation. On the way we had little *guba* with rain till we got ashore at Obu where Messrs. Wurth, Thompson and Goodyear went up to Mr. F. D. Boss's quarters, and were welcomed with a hot cup of tea. Then Messrs. Wurth and Goodyear left in the lorry in which Mr. Ross kindly took them to Hisiu and the latter to 'Tou-Tu' River. The R.M. left Hisiu per canoe to Gorohu where he is on his district tax-collecting on the way to Port Moresby.

Station Gardens.

Our station gardens are all doing very well indeed with the good weather we are getting this year. We have lots of bananas, manioc and pumpkins growing and in bearing. We have been feeding our native prisoners on native food now for weeks.

The private gardens are very good too. We get a good amount of food all the weeks around; bananas, corn (maize), water-melons, etc.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Fighting.

A fight occurred on the afternoon of the 13th ultimo, between Toaripis and Goaribaris, and again on the next morning at Koki. The latter one was very very serious, because some of the Toaripis were badly wounded by Goaribaris. That morning the Goaribaris got up early in the morning and went to the Compounds where the Toaripis were, and chased them in the bush, and made a very big noise. I heard one boy was badly cracked on his head, and some had only several scars on them. I understand that two boys were admitted to the Native Hospital for treatment.

Tourist Boats.

In last and this month we have been visited with three tourist boats. The names of these boats were *Lurline*, *Stella Polaris* and *Carinthia* from America.

A native dance was arranged for the *Lurline* and *Stella Polaris* at the Police Barracks, but not for the *Carinthia* because she arrived here on Sunday, the 5th instant.

The *Carinthia* was here in 1926, and she is about 22,000 tons. I suppose she could take aboard the whole of Poreporena without sinking.

Rainfall.

We have had plenty of rain this time. One good shower fell from 8 p.m. on 27th ult., to 8 a.m. on the 28th ult.

So all the gardens that are near to the villages are producing well, and all the plants

growing well and happy; but not the ones at Laloki River. They have all been washed off by a flood. I understand that there will not be many yams this year, because everybody said that all their yam seeds planted at the Laloki were washed off, and they are all very sorry for wasting such a lot of seeds. They have not very many seeds for next year.

Cricket.

A cricket match was played at Taora Cricket Ground on the 4th instant between L.M.S. combined with Kwato, and Taora Cricket Club. The Mission won the match by 2 wickets and 50 runs. Merari of Kwato made 25.

SAMARAI

(Correspondent—Roy Namuri)

The Anglican Church of St. Paul.

Our Church seems to be very old now. Mr. Jones and his work boys started to pull everything down and build the new one.

Now we are having our Sunday Services in the Memorial Hall, and the boys are having their Ordinary Evensong (or *Taparoros*) at Mr. Leck's house. Mr. Jones is working very hard now to put the new Church up.

Our vessel *MacLaren King* worked pretty hard too when she came back from the North-East Coast trip. On the 24th instant she went to Milne Bay and had to load many tons of pebbles for the cement. She also brought some sand from a small island near Rogea (Dekadeka).

The new building probably will be finished in about six months time.

Native Contributions

Coffee Plantations at Sangara.

All of you know about coffee. It is very good for drinking, and it is nice to taste.

Some of you might like to know about the Coffee Plantations at Sangara. I can tell you. I teach at Sangara School. When I came here the coffee work was started six years. The first plantation was Imanituru. In some places cocoa and cotton trees were planted. By and by they think coffee is best and all places planted coffee. There is no cocoa and no cotton now, only at the Mission Station there are some good cocoa trees. There are 14 Coffee Plantations now, and they nearly all have berries. Village men do the work, and Coffee Taubada tells them the proper way.

Picking the Berries.

Sombou Plantation is in front of the Mission, and to-day I can see people picking berries. First they put the berries in wooden plates, billy-cans and meat tins; then they go out to the road and put them all in tubs, boxes and kerosene tins, and carry them to the machine in the shed at Amoogo River, not far away.

Pulping, Washing and Drying.

The machine cuts the outside stuff off the berries. They call that pulping. Then they put them in boxes for one day.

Next day they wash the rubbish off, and put coffee beans in iron trays in the sun. Every day they put them in the sun until very dry.

Hulling.

After that they put them in another machine, and take the skin off the beans. They call that hulling.

Then they put all the coffee beans in bags, and the village men carry them to Buna, and the Government sends them in ships to Australia, and the people there buy them.

The Pay.

When the Government gets money for coffee the Taubada gives pay to the village men who did the work. The work is not long and not hard, and the pay is big. One year plenty men took pay £4 8s.

Mules for Carrying.

By and by mules will carry the coffee to Buna. The mules came in the ship *Nusa*, and now they are at Popondota, not far from Sangara.

The flowers of coffee trees are white and have nice scent. The coffee berries are red.

All the year round I think Coffee Plantations very good to see.

[By Charles Balagau, Mission teacher, Sangara, N.D. This wins 5s. prize.]

The Story about the Vine Ladder at Budmap.

A long time ago in August, 1931, we went on patrol with Taubada, L.-Corp. Gaba and four A.Cs. We came to a village called Budmap, about 3 hours travel beyond Kwagila. We found a wonderful vine ladder, up to the tree house, in the centre of the village (built in a big breadfruit tree, about 30 or 40 feet high). It was erected some time ago, when the people were in fear of the alleged Doriri raiders.

Biniguni—where two people were killed—is about an hour's travel further on. We halted for a while, and Taubada talked to villagers. There appeared no reason why the ladder should have been rebuilt, so far as I could discover.

Much vague talk about "Doriri," but nothing tangible. We told the people that we intended to camp to-morrow at Biniguni, and wanted them to come in and tell us all their troubles.

When I looked up, I saw many small baskets of stones hanging down; and some weapons too. And I asked the police, "When the people go up and down, by and by is the ladder broken or not?" They said, "No, it can't be broken." And I said to the police again, "This ladder, I have never seen in my country, or elsewhere. Now in this village or place, for the first time I see one."

All Readers, when I saw this vine ladder I'm very, very frightened to climb up.

[By M. D. Barton, N.C., St. Paul's School, A. Mission.]

First Fire Stories.

An ugly old woman with her three grandsons lived in the bush. They had no house, just a big tree called *Irimo* (this tree which our natives make into canoes). The woman had that for her house. She stayed there and slept inside the *irimo*. She had fire and water with her too. Always other people looked around for fire and water but never found any at all.

Cooking Food Without Fire.

The people used to cook their food by the sun—yams, or sweet yams, and fish or other meat too. They scraped off yam skins; then they cut them very thin and small; afterwards they put them out in the sun, to dry out like copra. They must wait long time; they wait all day along, till their food is cooked. But it was not cooked properly like our food is now; it was just half-cooked. They had to chew very hard; their bodies were very thin and very wrinkled; looked like old men or old people.

The Old Woman has Fire in the Tree.

The old woman had three grandsons with her in the forest dwelling there, under the big tree called *Irimo*. Those three orphans made a house, and the old woman dwelt inside the *irimo* tree. She had fire and water and a cooking-pot; she kept in the *irimo* tree by herself. She cooked her food in the pot by the water and fire. She always did this every day. She ate good food; and she hid the fire and water. Her grandsons never saw them at all.

Early in the morning these three orphan boys went out to hunting. The old woman got up from bed and went out to boys' house; nobody there. And she talked to *irimo* tree. The *irimo* tree door opened itself, and she went through *irimo*. She cooked her food first. She ate it all up and she was satisfied. She came out of the *irimo* tree. She talked to *irimo* again, to shut itself. Then she scraped yams and taro, cut them very thin like bread. Then she put them out by the hot sun to dry and cooked all day for her grandsons. Those three boys came back from hunting. She gave them this sun-dried food, to chew and to chew till dark, and go to sleep with hunger; and to-morrow do thus again. Always they do that.

The Three Brothers Find a piece of Cooked Yam.

One afternoon those three poor brothers sat together at a place in front of their house; they talked about to-morrow morning, what they shall do. Then their small brother lay prone on the ground. The two big brothers, one sits on one side, the other sits on the other side, near the head, to get or eat some lice on their brother's head. Their brother he takes a piece of wood, to write about something on the ground, playing about. Then he picks up

a piece of cooked yam, to rub with his hand, and feels and tastes by his tongue. It is very soft. Then they feel a piece of sun-dried; that is very hard. Then those three poor brothers say one to another, "This is the thing to do, to-morrow one of us will stay and watch this our grandmother." So they hid their last brother near their house to watch the old grandmother all day. Then two first brothers go to hunting.

The Youngest Brother Put in Watch.

Last brother he saw old grandmother, she came out early in the morning from their house to sweep the street; and after she went to stand near the *irimo*. She told the *irimo* to open the door, she went in the *irimo* to make fire. The boy was still hiding his body very well and his eyes always watch the old woman's conduct, till fire smoke came from *irimo* door. That time boy was very surprised by himself. "I think," he says, "our grandmother she always does this."

The old woman cooked her food in the *irimo*. She told it to shut the door by itself. Then she dried her grandsons' food by the sun. The boy he saw all about what old woman did.

The poor small boy came out from his hiding. Then the old woman saw the boy. She said to him, "Why did you come back?" Poor boy says to old woman, "Oh, my head is sore."

He went into house to sleep; he waited for his two brothers to come back from hunting. The two brothers came back from hunting. Then he told all about their grandmother's conduct, what he saw that day. They talk about what they shall do to that woman.

To-morrow they sharpen their axes all day. Their grandmother she asks them, "Why do you sharpen your axes?" They say to her, "We want to cut down our garden place to make new garden there."

They decided to Cut down the "Irimo" Tree.

Night time they explain to their small brother, "To-morrow you and our grandmother will go and get some food in the garden for us. When you go on the road, get a spear with you, and throw it about any way you like in the bush. Then you call the grandmother to look round. In this way mislead her on the way and in the garden. Do not come back quick, till we have cut down this *irimo*."

Then to-morrow early in the morning, they led to their grandmother, "Will you go with the small boy to get some food in the garden for us. We will cut our new garden down." She says, "All right."

They Get the Fire from the Tree.

Then the old woman with the small boy goes house, and while they were away the big brothers cut the *irimo*. That small boy he did as his brothers told him. They were a long time in the garden till those two brothers had cut down the *irimo*. When it fell down the boy took fire, the other boy a pot. Water is running all over the place. They began raking the grass and other people saw fire smoke in the sky. Some people from other

Islands came by the canoe to look round or seek fire; some people sent dogs to take fire; some people swam themselves.

This is the first story of fire. Another story says dog got the fire; a third story how a boy swam and got fire.

[By Pastor Tauano Agaru, Poreporena teacher.]

A Medical Patrol.

On the 11th November, 1932, we started out and went to Rouna Falls. We started work at Rouna Falls, and when the work was finished, we got all Kojari carriers and went to Uberi to sleep. In the night nearly all our carriers ran away. We stayed at Uberi nearly one week before we got enough carriers. Then we went to Iori Baiwa to sleep.

The next day we went to Naura. Plenty people there.

Next day we went to Manari. Plenty work there. The people gave us plenty of food. We did not sleep well there. Too cold.

Then we went to Efogi and slept at the Seventh Day Adventist Mission. Plenty oranges there. From Efogi we went to Kagi. That finished the Port Moresby district.

The next morning plenty of carriers came along. Then we climbed over the top of mountains and made camp on the other side. It rained all the time.

The next day we went to Isurava. This started the Kokoda district. Next day we went from Biagi to Kokoda Station. It was very hard work walking; and too much rain. We made needle in all the Orokaiva villages near Kokoda, and then we started for Ioma. There was plenty of water along the road to Wasida.

When we got to Divinikoari, the people said we would not catch Ioma that way because there were big floods. Then Taubada said we catch boat there for Mambare.

The boat did not come for one week, so on Sunday we worked in the Buna villages, and went back to Buna on Friday. On Sunday, the 8th January, the *Matoya* came. Then we went to Mambare Beach.

When we got off the boat we made camp at Totoaidari rest-house. Taubada, Mr. Littlechild, got stores from Whitten's. He made Christmas for us (N.M.As. and A.Cs.). We had tins of meat, biscuits and ginger beer. We did not make Christmas before. We worked in the bush at Christmas, 25th December.

Then we got canoes and went to Mambare. We worked in the villages all the way, and in six days we got to Ioma. Then we walked through the bush to Wadi on Gira River. Then we worked in all the villages on Gira and Eia Rivers. In some villages on the New Guinea side we did not work.

When we came down the Gira River there were big flood waters up to the floor at

Dantutu rest-house. We saw white men looking for gold at Usi, Gira River.

We came down the river to German country, and when we tried to cross the Gira bar the canoe capsized and all the boxes went into the sea. We worked hard and saved nearly all the boxes and things. There was plenty of water in the boxes.

We N.M.A. boys did not know about these places: Kokoda, Buna and Ioma districts. But Mr. Littlechild took us all up to these places. Now we all know about Kokoda, Buna and Ioma districts; and Kerepunu, Yule Island, Mekeo, Elema, Purari Delta and Goaribari districts.

[By Boko Navo, N.M.A., C/o. Mr. Littlechild.]

A Wedding at Kwato.

On Wednesday, the 23rd November, 1932, Miss Marjorie Beatrice Abel was married to Mr. John Smeeton. The wedding took place on Kwato. It was a very beautiful day and full of happy sunshine. We were all exceedingly glad to see the wedding.

In the morning we adorned the hall with wild flowers and coconut palms. They decided that the wedding should be held at 3 o'clock.

A number of guests from Samarai were invited to the wedding. Presently the bells began to ring, and we got to our seats hoping to see the bride and bridegroom.

While we were watching, the bridegroom came down the aisle, and then the bride came.

She wore dazzling white satin, and two pieces of orange blossom beside her hair, and a long veil hanging down from her head to her feet, which was carried by her bridesmaids. She looked so beautiful.

We were so excited to see a European wedding. They were married by the Right Reverend the Bishop of New Guinea.

After the wedding was over, we all shouted with joy saying, "Hip hip hurrah."

There were multitudes of people laughing with bright faces with a joy for our two friends. The circumstance of joy was not only on Kwato, but round Milne Bay on behalf of Miss Marjorie Beatrice Abel and Mr. John Smeeton.

[By Joe Lebasi, Kwato, via Samarai.]

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