

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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War Against the Mosquito.

THE *Papuan Villager* is always talking about mosquitoes. But it is worth doing. There are too many Papuan natives who don't worry about them enough.

Buying a Mosquito-Net.

The other day the Editor saw a Papuan lying down asleep in the middle of the day. When he woke up the Editor asked him why he was asleep in the day time. What did he do at night?

He answered that there were so many mosquitoes at night that he could not sleep, so he had to have his sleep by day.

When he was asked if he had a mosquito-net he said, "No." Why didn't he buy one then?

"What am I to buy it with?" he said.

That native and lots of others could buy a mosquito-net very easily if they wanted to. For one bag of copra he could get a mosquito-net; and it would not take him many days to make. The truth is that he is too lazy. He would rather be bitten to pieces every night than get busy and make one bag of copra.

Every grown up villager who reads this paper can earn some money in one way or another. He would be wise to start straight away and earn enough to buy a mosquito-net.

Sleep Under your Net.

Then when he has got one, I hope he will put it up at nights. There are plenty of natives who find even

this too much trouble. Unless the mosquitoes are biting very hard they don't think it is worth while.

be *anopheles*. If you have a net and sleep under it you will have a comfortable night; and you are not so likely to get fever.

Fishes and Mosquitoes.

The white Doctors are always thinking of new ways to get rid of the mosquito. In the *Pacific Islands Monthly* we hear of an interesting way that is being tried in New Guinea.

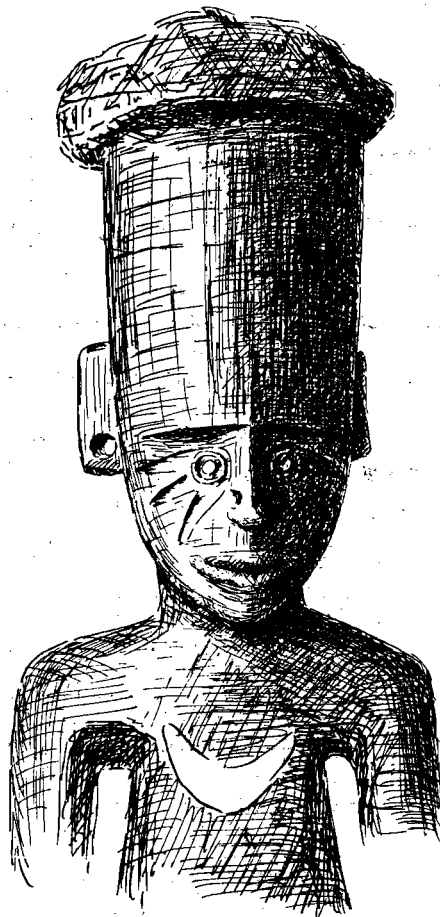
Around Kavieng and in other parts of New Guinea a lot of water lies on the ground in drains and pools. The Doctor there heard of a kind of fish that eats on the larvæ, or young, of the mosquito. So these fish were brought to Kavieng, and set loose in drains and ponds. They bred quickly and began to eat up the mosquito larvæ.

Now there are said to be few *anopheles* in Kavieng and the other places where this fish lives; and if there are less *anopheles* there is less fever.

Beans and Mosquitoes.

Another method of fighting mosquitoes is being tried in some places. They are planting beans.

You may wonder what beans have got to do with mosquitoes. It is because of a sort of smelly gas called "ammonia." Mosquitoes, they say, can't stand ammonia (if you want to know why, you should go to one of the medical men and ask him to let you have a good sniff at an ammonia bottle); and the beans collect gas from the air and turn it into ammonia on the ground. Then when it rains and the water collects in holes in the ground the mosquitoes won't breed there, because they don't like the ammonia.



AN OROKOLO CARVING.

Remember, though, that the fever mosquito, the *anopheles*, bites you at night. There may not be many mosquitoes about, but some of them may

We don't know whether the doctors are quite sure about this method yet. But it is worth trying on your own land. Even if it made no difference to the mosquitoes it would be worth while; for the beans are good to eat, and, by making ammonia, they improve your land. Ammonia may or may not be good medicine for driving away mosquitoes; but it is certainly good medicine for making plants grow.

Pigeons and Doves.

One night some months ago, when it had been raining, a young dove not yet full-grown flew down from the top of a mango tree near my house on to the veranda rail. He seemed to be in some trouble, and allowed me to take him up in my hands. Then I found he had many green ants on him, and probably they had disturbed his sleep in the tree-top, and made him fly down. He was one of those doves that we often see feeding on the ground near our houses. Their colour is mostly brown, but the cock-birds have a blueish-grey coloured neck and head, the eyes, if I remember rightly, being of a brown or reddish colour.

I took the ants off the little chap, and as he did not seem to wish to fly back to his mother that night, I put him in my office. In the morning I found him feeling so much better that he was trying to fly out through the closed window. So I took him out on to the veranda, and let him go. He at once flew straight back to the place from which he had come the night before, and in less than a minute his father or mother, I do not know which, hopped down beside him, just as much as to say, "Hullo, Johnny, you have come back again. You have given me no end of a fright, and I'm jolly glad to see you again."

It is not known how many kinds of pigeons and doves there are in Papua, but we all know there are very many. The largest is the Goura pigeon with its slate-grey plumage and crest. Then we have many others, brown, blue, green, and so on. The Torres Straits pigeon, and the large blue pigeon, are well-known, and many of us have eaten them. There is also a small green pigeon, which is

fond of eating the small figs of the *Ficus Rigo*.

We are told by those who know that where the birds of both sexes—not only pigeons but other birds too—are of the same colour, each bird usually does its share of sitting on the eggs, feeding the young and so on. But when the male is more brightly coloured, he does not, as a rule, sit on the eggs, because he would be seen by a hawk or other bird of prey flying overhead, and so would probably be killed and the eggs taken.

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—one more month. The winning picture will be put in "The Papuan Villager."

Most birds feed their young by getting their food for them and then bringing it to the nest and putting it into their mouths. But it is said that young pigeons when hatched do not need any food for the first three days. During this time the mother bird never goes out of her nest except for a few minutes to take a little food. After this they are fed for eight or ten days with grain of different kinds, which the old ones gather, and keep stored up in their crops. From these they throw it up again into the mouths of their young ones. How is it done? That is another story, and it would take too long to tell you here.

—Kauli.

More About Strong Men.

Some men are strong with their bodies; the men who carry bags of copra to load the boats are strong men. No weak man could carry a bag of copra.

Some men are strong with their hands; the men who make swift-sailing canoes out of tree-trunks are strong men.

Some men are strong with their legs; the men who live in the hills, and can carry heavy loads up and down hills are strong men.

Some men are strong with their heads; the men who do work in which they have to think are strong men.

All these are good; that is what our bodies, and hands, and legs, and heads are for, to be made strong for useful purposes.

But we can be strong in another way: we can be strong in character. That means, we can be strong in always trying to do what is right, and strong in refusing to do, or to think, or to say, what we know to be wrong.

If you think about it a little, you will see that a man who is strong in that way could not tell lies, could not steal, nor do wrong things.

These things are done only by men who are weak in character. All of us want to be strong, and none of us likes to be weak.

It is men of strong character who become "boss-boys"; men who can always get a job at good wages, because every white man is on the lookout for them. They are the men whom white men desire.

—A.W.

Reading English.

A famous English writer named Priestly said the other day that "to be born an English-speaking reader is like coming into a million pounds."

To be born an English-speaking reader means to be the child of people who can speak and read English. If your parents can speak and read English, you will be able to.

To come into a million pounds means to be the child of a father who leaves you £1,000,000 when he dies.

You all want to leave your children something. You won't be able to leave them a million pounds. But you can leave them a knowledge of English, if you learn to speak it and read it yourselves.

As Mr. Priestly says, that is worth a million pounds.

Mistakes About Our Country.

White people, who never see brown-skinned natives, are very interested in them. The customs of the white people and the natives are very different, so the white people who live in cities like to hear about the brown people who live in the bush.

Many strange stories are told about Papua in England. We don't know whether the English people believe them, but we hope not.

Suckling Pigs.

The other day a man writing in an English paper said that native women gave milk to little pigs just as they do to their own babies. Sometimes native women do suckle their little pigs, but we are sure they don't treat them just the same as their babies. The writer also said that the Papuan mother thought a piglet worth more money than a baby. We hope the English people won't believe it.

A Week's Work for a Packet of Epsom Salts.

The same man said that a Papuan native would work for a week to get one packet of Epsom salts, and think that he was well paid. Epsom salts are very good medicine, but nobody is very fond of them. I don't think any native would work very hard to get a packet. But if you work a whole week for a white man, I am sure he will give you more than a packet of salts when you have finished. He is more likely to give you the packet of salts at the beginning of the week for nothing.

This man said a lot of funny things about the Papuans. Among others he said that at Rottler Island (where is that?) each woman had three or four husbands. I am afraid somebody must have been "pulling his leg." Or perhaps he is trying to pull somebody else's leg.

Football in Central Africa.

We read in the *Children's Newspaper* that the negroes are playing football hard in Central Africa. When a team goes off to play against another village they may all ride bicycles. Flags are flying, and the "band" goes in front, beating drums.

When some of the natives were having a match they started it with a hymn. Both sides sang "The Son of Man Goes Forth to War." When they had finished they sang another, "The Fight is O'er, The Battle Done."

The match may last from three to five hours. Whenever a goal is kicked there is an interval for rejoicing. That means that they stop playing and cheer. The interval lasts about 20 minutes. Then they go on playing again.

If one side wants to honour the other side, they let them kick a goal. And at the beginning and end of the match they spend a long time shaking hands with one another.

This is all very nice and friendly. But we hope you will never waste so much time over a match in Papua.

As for hymns, sing them as often as you like. Singing hymns is a good thing. But don't sing them at a football match. You will play a better game if you save your breath for chasing the ball.

A Native Tax-Collector.

The Sydney Morning Herald, one of the big newspapers of Australia, published the following paragraph about Nansen Kaisa:—

The Minister controlling the external territories of the Commonwealth, Mr. Marr, stated to-day that he had received with interest and pleasure a report from the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua (Sir Hubert Murray) of the appointment of a Native of Papua, named Nansen Kaisa, as a Government tax-collector in the Territory.

This is believed to be the first instance in which a native has been placed in a position of financial responsibility. The young Papuan was educated at the London Missionary Society's school at Fyfe Bay, and is said to be very intelligent, and to possess an exceptionally good knowledge of English, as well as a fair knowledge of the native taxation ordinance, and the native regulations.

Nansen Kaisa is *The Papuan Villager* Correspondent for the North-Eastern Division.

It is a great honour for a native to be made a tax-collector. It shows that the Government think he is an honest man and a capable one. He must know how to read and write, and he must know the rules about taxes, and he must certainly know how to count the money.

How a Nurse Killed a Lion.

In parts of Africa the white nurses and doctors visit the villages to look after the sick just as they do in parts of Papua.

One day a nurse came to a village in Nyasaland, and she found the people very excited. They asked her to kill a lion for them. A "man-eater" had been visiting their village and had killed three people.

This was not in the ordinary day's work of the nurse, but she had a bright idea. She told the villagers to kill a cow; and she injected a lot of "morphia" into its body. Then the dead cow was put down for the lion to come and eat.

Morphia is a poison that will kill you if you take enough of it; at any rate it will make you very sleepy.

Well the lion ate the cow and though the morphia did not kill him, it made him so sleepy that he didn't care when the villagers came up and stuck spears into him and finished him off.

The Wreck of the "Southern Cross."

The *Southern Cross* was the new boat of the Anglican Mission in Melanesia. She was wrecked on her first trip out from England. On a dark night she was blown on a reef. Rain was falling and there was a big wind and sea.

Swimming Ashore in the Darkness.

The boat began to break up and the officers and crew had to swim for the shore in the darkness. One of them could not swim, but the Captain helped him and brought him to shore after 20 minutes in the water.

Going for Help in a Whaleboat.

Then they found themselves on a small island called Aneityum. One or two white people looked after the crew while the officers sailed off in a whaleboat for Vila. This was a dangerous voyage, for the weather was very bad and they had to keep bailing the boat all the time. They got as far as the island of Tanna, and then after a lot of trouble they got to Vila.

Then the Captain tried to get back in a bigger boat to pick up the crew at Aneityum. But the engine broke down. At last they sent a wireless message to the *Morinda* and she called at Aneityum and picked up the crew.

The Captain Not to Blame.

They always hold a Court when a boat is wrecked. This Court found that the Captain was not to blame, and it praised him and the other officers for their bravery and their hard work.

The Captain was named Stanton. Many Papuans will remember him, for he sailed in our Papuan waters not many years ago. Since then he had been to the Antarctic, the icy seas round the South Pole, as Chief Officer on the ship *Discovery*.

Collecting Animals and Birds.

Three men have come to Papua to study the animals and birds and trees. They are Mr. Archbold (from America), Mr. Rand (from Canada) and Mr. Brass (from Australia).

They are not going to take away the animals and birds alive; only their skins.

There are some very rare creatures in this country; some of them are found in no other part of the world.

The expedition will spend about a year in Papua and they are going to work in the mountains. They hope to make a camp on the top of Mount Albert Edward. The birds and animals and plants up there are very different from those that live down in the warm places.

A Japanese Steamer Lost.

The *Kinsen Maru*, sailing from Australia to Japan, has been lost. She met a cyclone (that is a very big wind), and the water got into the hold and the engine-room.

She sent out wireless messages for help, and a Norwegian steamer came as quickly as she could. But when she got to the place there was no *Kinsen Maru*.

There were 37 in the crew and all were drowned except 17 who managed to get to a whaleboat floating upside

down in the water. They were able to turn the whaleboat over and then got into her, and thus saved their lives.

An Exciting Match.

One of the last cricket matches played by the Test Team was against Victoria.

In the first innings England made 321 and Victoria 327. Then the Englishmen made 183 for 9 wickets and declared.

Victoria had 178 runs to win, and 109 minutes to make them in.

They had made 177, and wanted just one run off the last ball of the match. The batsman hit the last ball, but he hit it into the hands of the man at mid-on, and so the match ended in a draw.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

DARU

(Correspondent—William Tabua)

Prisoners from Morehead River.

About three weeks ago the A.R.M., Mr. Faithorn, brought in several men and two women from the Morehead River who were said to know all about the two Europeans who passed there last year. But when they were brought in to be questioned in the office, by the R.M., they said they did not know anything at all about these white men. So they had to be taken back again.

One of the prisoners escaped from the prison yard on Saturday evening. The police had been searching for him through the whole night, and the whole day on Sunday, but they could not trace him anywhere, until Sunday night he came home by himself.

Canoe Races.

It was said that the Mabadauan and Tureture people are going to have big canoe races with Saibai people in May.

Missionaries.

Another white Missionary for the Unevan-gelized Field Mission arrived from Thursday Island a few weeks ago. So there are three of the U. F. M. Missionaries up at the Fly River district now.

Rain.

We have had a good lot of rain through these few months since December. We've never had such a lot of rain for a long time.

LOSUIA

(Correspondent—Inosi Togaiuiu)

Christmas in the Trobriands.

On Tuesday, 27th December, many people came to Mission Station at Oiabia to take part in the sports, or watch.

At ten o'clock they all went into the Church, and one of the Missionaries preached about Christmas.

Then they came out, and the first race was on, the canoes with paddles. The people of Vakuta won and got the prize, 15 sticks of tobacco. Kavateria was second. They got 12 sticks.

Then some races were run for men and boys, and women and girls, and also for village policemen.

The greasy pole was very funny. The boys slipped down, but some got to the top.

Everybody was very happy, especially the people who won a prize.

Dance at Losuia.

On Wednesday, 28th December, all the people came to the Government Station at Losuia for the dancing.

Last year the dancing was not good because there was sickness, but this year the Magistrate said we will have a good dance, and dresses too, and when the village dance is finished we will make Kaisawaga dance which is different.

The people danced for two days. Every day the Magistrate gave yams, betel-nut and tobacco to the people. The big chief Mitakata danced on Thursday morning with his people. He told the people to make fine dresses. He put 12 large red feathers on his head and also some others showing his rank. The rich chiefs wore four large red feathers and smaller chiefs three, but some who were poor, only one. The dresses of the people were very good.

Uwailasi with his people from Tubowada danced the Bwaiteni dance (called after Mr. Whitten who came to Tubowada a long time ago).

The people were very happy. There were about 4,000 people at Losuia.

The Magistrate killed one pig for the dancing, and gave the people one case of tobacco and two bags of betel-nuts, besides yams and taitu.

The Mission Dance at Losuia.

The Methodist Mission boys gave a Biblical dance about David and Goliath, and also about Paul going to Rome, and the big storm on the sea. The boys had very nice dresses.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Investigation of the Gardens.

Last month all the Poreporena gardeners investigated their gardens at Laloki Native Reserves, and the gardens near to the villages.

The words have been told out by the investigators that the gardens near-by (back of the hills) will win with their productions this year, but those gardens made on Laloki Native Reserves will fail, because they have been damaged by floods which occurred on three occasions.

Many of the Laloki gardens were washed away by floods, and all the yam crops were gone; but the trees such as bananas, coconuts, manioc, sugar-cane, etc., were growing very

well in the damaged gardens. But those gardens made on the highest places were good with all their productions, and the owners of those gardens were full of gladness.

Approaching Yam Harvests.

When the yam harvest starts, the four gentlemen, Garia Vagi, Pita Vagi, Kabua Gairo and Lohia Kamea will get plenty of yam crops from their Laloki gardens, because theirs were not damaged by floods. So Pita Vagi promised the month before last that he was going to make his dancing festival, because his Laloki gardens were doing very well. Now he started his dance on the 23rd ultimo. I haven't heard anything from old Ahuia Ova, but I understand that he will be equal to the four names mentioned as above.

In my knowledge the people will not fail badly this year, but they must get less yam crops than they got last year.

Clever Dugong in Net.

On one Saturday morning, the 11th ultimo, Elevala fishermen cast their big net (dugong and turtle) down near the Government Wharf, and they closed up a dugong. The poor dugong drifted about in the net; and it refused to be caught by the net; and the fishermen did their best by bringing the net closer and closer until they doubled the net; and they all jumped down into the water and tried to chase it. While they chased, the dugong broke the old nets, and got outside with exceedingly happy, because he had his lucky by getting outside like a prisoner who ran away from gaol. All the fishermen quarrelled amongst themselves because their labour was unsuccessful.

Invitation of Boera Cricketers.

The Boera Cricket Team visited Taora Cricket Club on the 10th ultimo. This is for payment of the visitation made by the Taora Cricket Club in 1932—that was in the Easter holidays. The team was accompanied by the teachers Toua Oda and Ako Oda. The latter was a teacher of Papa Village.

It was arranged that two sides (Taora and Boera) should have two teams each, and the first team have their turn in the morning hours, and the second team have theirs in the afternoon; this arrangement was accepted.

The match was commenced early on the Saturday morning, at 8.30 a.m. (11th March, 1933). The toss was won by Boera who decided to bat. The individual scores are as follows:—

BOERA (1st Innings), all out for 31; no one made double figures. The highest score was 5, made by Toua Oda.

Bowling: Rarua Tau took 5 for 18; Morea Toua took 4 for 9.

TAORA (1st Innings), three wickets for 203. Rarua Tau, 101; and Bari Morea, 80 not out.

Bowling: Toua Oda took 2 for 88, Oala Daro took 1 for 34.

The match was won by Taora's 1st team.

Just about 1 p.m. the second team commenced their innings. Boera again batted first, and scores as under:—

BOERA (1st Innings), all out for 34. Thirteen men batted this innings. Ako Oda and Gana both made 10 runs each.

Bowling: Pipi Heni took 4 for 22, Lohia Udu took 3 for 6 and Hera Ganiga took 3 for 6.

TAORA (1st Innings), six wickets down for 66. Mea Lahui, 17; and Teima Boe, 13.
Bowling: Ako Oda took 4 for 22, Lohia took 2 for 23 and Gana took 1 for 13.

The match was again won by Taora's 2nd team.

The visitors were not very good cricketers. They always played on the ground, so when they played on the cement pitch they said the balls were very very fast on the pitch.

They returned to their village, Boera, on the Sunday evening, the 12th ult., and removed a very large amount of food from Poreporena; I think about £10 to £15 worth of goods.

Native Contributions

The Story of the Flying-Fish How They First Lived in a Tree.

The Two Boys Find the 'Modawa' Tree.

In the olden days there was a village East of Wamira, named Taupota. Here there lived two old men, named Duagau and Irobia. Once they were hunting in the bush with two dogs. And while they were hunting, the dogs found some fish falling from the hollow of a big tree, called *Modawa*. So the two dogs began to eat the fish; and they ate till dark.

But the two men couldn't find their dogs; and they thought their dogs were lost.

They went back to their home, and were very sorry for their dogs, and were talking to each other.

Then soon the dogs come in, in the middle of the night. And one of the men said, "What have those dogs been eating in the bush, that they came in at this hour of the night? They may be killing a wallaby, or a pig, we must get up early in the morning and go, and we will find our meat."

And they went to bed; and rose up early on the morning, and followed their dogs. And they went to the bush and found a pig tree, called *Modawa*, and under the tree many flying-fish were lying on the ground.

The Men Find the Fish.

And the two men were very surprised, and talking to each other said, "What kind of fish are these, that they lived in the hollow of a tree? If we found these fish where the water had dried up, they would be good for us to eat, but we found them in the hollow of a tree. They are not good, and if we will eat them we will die. But we better just take two of them; and carry them to our home; and let old women taste them."

This is the way they talked; and they took two fishes and wrapped them in the left and went back to their home, with their dogs.

They Try them on an Old Woman.

And they brought the fish to the old woman by the name Kemiana, and she cooked it and ate it, and she went to bed. But the next day the two old men sent a boy to the old woman's house to see if the old woman was

alive. So the little boy went to her house, and shook her up. She said, "What is it?" And he answered, "We thought that you are dead."

She answered, "Why?" Little boy said, "Because you ate that fish last night." And the old woman laughed and said, "Oh the fish is very good and where did you get it?" And the little boy said, "I don't know, but we'll ask those two old men." And the little boy went and told all about what the old woman had said. Then the two men talked over themselves, and afterwards told all the people; and they got their stone axes ready sharpened.

Two Tribes Set out to Cut Down the Tree.

The two tribes of Lavarata and Aurana set out to cut down the tree, and they took with them stone axes, and food to eat, when they were weary of their work. And first the Aurana tribe cut at the trunk of the tree, while the Lavarata tribe make ready food, that they who laboured might eat when they were tired.

Then the men of Aurana having cut mightily into the trunk of the tree, sat down to eat. But as they ate, the Lavarata tribe rose secretly, and with few blows smote the tree until it fell.

The "Modawa" Gum Turns into a Creek.

And the *Modawa's* gum turned into a big creek; and the creek became red, because the *Modawa's* gum is red.

And the people said, "How can we see the fish and catch it?" And they brought some lime, threw it all over the creek; and the creek turned into white. The lime did not make it good. So they mixed the fire ashes, and threw it into the creek, and creek all cleared.

After that the woman caught the fish and went back to their home; and they made a big feast.

The Women are Too Fond of Fishing.

Time after time the women refused to go to their gardens, and help their husbands weed the grass; they all enjoyed the fish and went on fishing.

Then said on old man, "What shall be done that our women may leave this fish and do their work once more? I, even I, will send these fish away that they be no longer in our midst."

An Old Man Sends the Flying-Fish into the Sea.

Therefore he went to the flying-fish who were yet in the swamps, and said to them, "Go ye and dwell in the midst of the sea. Only in your seasons shall ye be caught. If any be offended because he hath no fish, be not caught. Only if all share alike shall ye come into their nets. If any search in vain for his food in the morning because the mouse hath eaten it, come ye not by night unto him. He shall search and shall not find."

Then he took a handful of broken coral from the ground and cast it upon the flying-fish, and drove them forth into the midst of the sea.

And if thou wilt look at the head of a flying-fish thou wilt see the marks of the coral which the old man cast at them when he sent them far from the land into the heart of the sea.

[By Roy Namuri, C/o. B.P.'s, Samarai. This story wins 5s. prize.]

Story of Sixteen Men and a Dugong.

Once upon a time sixteen men worked with Mr. Hunter of Hitahu. Those boys were crew for three boats: one cutter had eight boys; and there were two whaleboats, four boys for one whaleboat, and four boys for the other.

They went to Obu Plantation. They wanted to make sandalwood for their Taubada. They got rations from Port Moreshy, then they put up their sails. They sailed away from Hitahu, and went to Varivari Island, arriving about 7 a.m. in the morning, because a very good fair wind blew during the night.

Then they anchored off there because they wanted to fish. Then all boys pulled down their boat-sails and tied them with ropes.

They Get their Fish-Net and Swim Ashore.

They swam to the shore and talked about their fishing. Then one boy said, "More better we fish that side." So all the boys said, "Oh yes, we go that side."

Then all boys got their fishing-net and fish-spears; then they walked away to their fishing.

So some boys got their fishing-net, and other boys got their fish-spears and they walked on shore. One boy walked first on the beach. He wanted to see fish first before he spoke to netting boy.

They See a Dugong.

So he saw a dugong when he was walking on the beach. The dugong was floating near the beach. He ran back to the other boys and said, "I see a dugong near the beach."

So all boys said, "What are we going to do to catch the dugong." So one boy said, "We try to swim across to the dugong."

Then all boys said, "We do like that, we swim like a fish or what."

Then all boys said, "More better two or three boys run to the boat and take all the ropes from boat or cutter and we will make one net."

Then all boys said, "Oh! that very good."

So three boys went back to the boats and took the ropes from the boat and brought them back to them. Then they made a dugong-net from the ropes. So they made ready and sent one boy to watch the dugong. It was still there. So he ran back to tell all the boys, and said, "You boys make that net quickly, the dugong is still there."

Then all boys said, "This net is all ready now."

So he said, "All right, bring it quickly."

They got their dugong-net and put it in the sea and they pulled on the dugong.

Then all the boys pulled the net toward the dugong. Then four boys held the dugong-net, and all the other boys swam beside the net. The four boys held the net very good and strong too.

Then all the boys hit the sea by the pole (*Aivara*). Then the dugong heard the boys hitting the sea and noisily too, and tried to get out, but the boys hit the sea very strong. So that dugong ran straight to the net, then those four boys hit the sea too, so the dugong was caught in the net (*Toa* in motu). Then all the boys swam very quickly to the dugong, but the dugong was very strong, and broke the net.

And one boy said, "You boys swam like small boys, then that dugong got out from us."

Then that dugong ran to the reef.

The boys were very angry with themselves because the dugong got out from their net. So they pulled their net to the shore with a noise. They wanted to take those ropes and put them on the boat.

See a Dugong Again.

Now one boy wanted to walk round the beach because he wanted to see a fish. He asked the other boys to bring the fish-net. So he walked on the beach and looked out. Then he saw one dugong coming from the reef side, so he ran up the Varivari Hill because he wanted to look good. When he ran up to the hill and looked out he saw that dugong come nearer and nearer the beach. So he ran back to the other boys and said, "Bring that dugong-net quickly, I see a dugong near the beach."

Then all the boys carried the dugong-net and put it in the sea and pulled on the dugong. The dugong was still in the same place. Then four boys held the net again and the other boys swam to the other side and hit the sea with their hands and with sticks. One boy threw a stone to the dugong, and that dugong is very surprised because he heard the noise of the stone. He got up and ran quickly through the boys. They were all hitting the sea very strong, but the dugong ran straight into the net. Then those boys swam very quickly and caught the dugong with the net.

Then they walked to the shore with the dugong and also the net, and carried them up to the beach. They put the dugong there with exceeding gladness and happiness. Some boys stayed at the boat but they saw the dugong and the happiness and dance. Then those boys called out from the boat and said, "What is the matter, you boys dancing there?" And the other boys answered and said, "You boys are staying on the boat for nothing, we were going to the other side and we saw a dugong, then we sent boys to take the ropes from the boat; then we make the dugong-net. Then we caught the dugong and we carried it up on the beach and put it here and we are all very glad."

And those boys dived from the boat to the shore. Then they saw the dugong and they

were glad too, because they got fresh fish food for them.

I heard this story with gladness in my mind, so I write it down and send it to the Editor.

[By Igo Rahe, Tatana.]

The Boy Lost in the Cave.

On Thursday, the 28th September, about 6 a.m., a boy woke up from his bed and went out and sat on the veranda and said to his father, "I dreamed last night."

And his father said, "What did you dream last night?"

And his son said, "I dreamed some wild pigs had eaten our seed yams in the garden, and I want to go and see them."

His father said, "All right, dear."

The boy took his knife and some seed yams too, and went to the garden.

He prepared the ground and put in the seed yams. And after 2 p.m. he came back from the garden and saw some men cutting down the trees in their gardens. He went behind them, for he wanted to smoke. And so one man gave him a piece of tobacco.

Then he smoked; and when he finished smoking, the men in the garden arrived, and then the boy went to a cave.

At first he sat above the stone singing a sweet song. Then after the song was finished it was about 3 p.m.

Afterwards nobody heard him anywhere. His father and mother waited and waited a long time.

Some of the men saw him go to the cave and said to his father and mother, "Your son has gone into the cave."

So they went to the cave about 7 p.m. with some people to seek him. But they could not find him. They found only a knife and his comb inside the cave.



All the people thought that other people killed him; and some thought that one man killed him and threw him into the cave at high tide.

All the people of Kiriwina were very very sorry for him because he was a young boy and his name was Kuluwotu.

He has not been found.

[By Inosi, C/o. Methodist Mission, Kiriwina.]

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