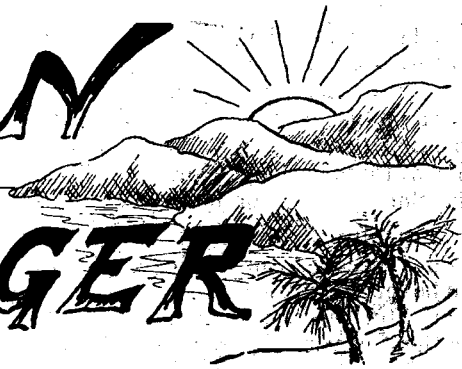


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Agricultural Shows.

IN every city in Australia there is a yearly agricultural show. This means that they make a show of all the different kinds of things that are grown on the white men's farms.

Agriculture and Farms.

The white men grow grain and vegetables on big fields; and they breed horses and cows and pigs; and they keep hens and roosters, and so on. This sort of work is called agriculture, and the place where the work goes on is called a farm.

When the time comes for the Show the farmers look around for their best animals and vegetables and send them along. The Show is a very big affair. There are vegetables of all kinds—potatoes, pumpkins, corn, fruit, and so on; and there are many kinds of animals. There are horses, big and little; cattle of many different kinds; pigs and other kinds of farm animals. There are poultry (hens and roosters) and dogs; and there are shows of beautiful flowers.

Beauty Competitions.

The white men are so fond of Shows that they sometimes have "baby shows" and "beauty competitions." At the baby show the mothers bring their children in arms, and the prize goes to the healthiest baby. At beauty competitions the people vote who is the prettiest girl. We do not think it would be wise to try beauty competitions in any Papuan village; there might be a row. But the white men sometimes have "ugly man competitions," and you could try

these if you like. The people vote who is the ugliest man. But remember

does not want to enter, there will certainly be a row.

The Prizes.

But we must get back to agricultural shows. When the farmers have brought along their finest horses and cows and pumpkins, they are put out for the visitors to see. Thousands and thousands of people come to the Show (they have to pay to get in). The horses and cows are led round in an open place for the people to see, and the judges decide which are the best animals.

The best horse of its particular kind will have a fine red, white and blue ribbon tied round its neck; this is to show it is the "champion." In the same way there are champion cows, and champion dogs, and so on. Other prizes are given and the winners have blue ribbons, or red or yellow. They don't tie a ribbon round the neck of the champion pumpkin; but they give it a prize all the same.

The owners of the prize-winners are very proud. They get a prize in money, but that is not the important thing. Everyone sees the fine animal or the pumpkin or whatever it is, and the people say, "That was grown on Mr. Jones's farm!" Then Mr. Jones is very proud of himself.

Papuan Feasts.

In Papua the people go in for gardens rather than farms, and they do not have agricultural shows. But they have something like them. When a man makes a big feast and piles up hundreds of yams, and hangs bunches of bananas on a pole, and kills a number of big pigs, then the



ARROWS FROM OROKOLO.

ber you must only vote for those who have willingly entered the competition. If you vote for somebody who

people look at all the food, and say to themselves, "My word, So-and-so is a strong man; he must have worked hard in his gardens to get all that food together." Then So-and-so, like the white man who wins a prize at the Show, is very proud of himself.

Agricultural shows are very good things because they help people to make good farms and gardens. As you know there is a prize for the best garden in your district every year, and the man who wins it should be very proud.

A Show at Baniara.

Some time ago Mr. Atkinson had something like an agricultural show in the Baniara district. When the people came in for the big dance at Christmas time he told them to bring their biggest taro and yams and so on; then he weighed ten of each together, and the man who brought the heaviest bundle of taro or yams won the prize.

The Champion Pig.

If the pigs at a *Soi* feast could be weighed and a coloured ribbon tied round the neck of the heaviest, then it would be like an agricultural show, and the owner would have something to talk about for the rest of the year.

Poor Old Joe.

Joe is a philanthropist. By that I mean he seems to like to live near us, and is always wandering near the house looking at the fowls and chickens, and the dog; and he moves about as if he owned the place. If he is not old, he ought to be, for he walks very slowly as if he found it very difficult to move at all; and he goes about with head bent, as if dreaming of happy days of long ago. I am sure he is poor, because he lives all alone, he seems to have no relations or friends, and I know he has not a bean in the Government Savings Bank at Port Moresby!

The first time I caught sight of Joe I only saw the end of his tail disappearing in a hole in the ground, so I wondered whether he was a snake or something else. And then a few days later I got a good sight of him. There he was, a lizard about two feet long, dark green in colour, so far as one could see, when he was moving

slowly with head nearly touching the ground. But one day I caught sight of him just in front of me on the path. When he saw me coming near him, he raised himself on his forelegs, and stretched his neck and head as high as possible, so as to see what I was going to do. And then I saw that his neck, shoulders and forelegs were greenish-yellow in colour with darker spots. I regret to say that he more than once put out his tongue, perhaps not at me, but because the sight of me made him rather nervous. Anyhow, his tongue is not like yours or mine. It is very long and thin, and is black. It is also bifid, that is it branches into two, just like a snake's tongue.

I think that Joe belongs to the *Varanid* family of Lizards. Some of his cousins are much larger than he is, as in length they may be six feet, and even seven or eight. Some years ago I used to see one of these bigger fellows, six or seven feet long. If you gave chase to him, he would move through the undergrowth making a noise for all the world like a steam road-roller going at full speed; and he could travel fast too.

Our friends Lucas and Dudley Le Souef in their book on *The Animals of Australia* tell us that the "Iguana" or "Goana" belongs to the *Varanid* family, and is a tree lizard. It climbs "the giants of the forest with ease in order to rob the nests of the birds of their eggs and young." But what is this they also tell us? They make their way into poultry-yards and fowl-houses, when nobody is looking, and eat the eggs and the chickens.

Can it be that Joe all this time has been fooling me! Sometimes people entertain angels, and do not know that they are angels. But here have I been making a pet of Joe, and he is nothing but a thief and a rogue! Now I begin to understand something of Joe's little ways. He climbed up that coconut tree to steal the eggs out of the nest at the top. He looked through the wire netting at the brood of chickens, and wished he could get through to eat them up. He has often prowled round the fowl-house in order to get inside and eat the eggs. It will have to be. I must take my gun and shoot him, and that will be the

end of Joe! And to think I called him a philanthropist! Why, I can't get over it yet.

—Kauli.

Buried Word Competition.

A Prize of 2s. will be given to the winner each month.

We choose 10 words from Lesson 2 ("The Earth") 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:—

O — A — G —
O R A N G E

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

S — A — L — R
T — — N — Y
— O — T — A — L
S — A — O —
— C — I — S —
— E — R — R
— O — A R — S
R — M — I — D — R
S — A — T — D
— — A C — E R

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

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

Answers must reach the Editor before 31st July, 1933.

The Drawing Competition.

The drawing competition has come to an end and the prize goes to William Tabua of Daru. His picture of three wallabies is shown on page 44. It is exactly as he drew it. The Government Printer sends pictures down to Sydney to have "blocks" made. Then the blocks (pictures made on copper) come up to Port Moresby and the illustrations of *The Papuan Villager* are made from them. William Tabua's drawing did not need to be altered: it went straight to the blockmaker.

Other Competitors.

A lot of very good drawings came in. The names of the people who did them are as follows:—

- Jack, c/o. Papuan Courier, Ltd.
- Nou Igo, c/o. Papuan Courier, Ltd.
- Tom Reid, Yule Island.
- I. Iduhu Eure, L.M.S., Hanuabada.
- Boe Lahui.
- Mea Opai, Public Service Club.
- Maraga Kabua.
- George Ovia.
- Nansen Kaisa, Native Clerk, Cape Nelson.
- Reuben Masiaresi, Government Printing Office, Port Moresby.
- Noi Tau of Hanuabada.
- L. R. Motu.
- Hoeke Ganiga.
- Daera Ganiga.
- Douvere of L.M.S., Kapa Kapa.
- S. Heni Puka, Government Printing Office, Port Moresby.
- Pipi Heni, c/o. Public Works Department, Port Moresby.
- Leonard, c/o. L.M.S., Mailu.
- Mark, c/o. L.M.S., Mailu.
- Morea of G.S.D.
- Ova Boge, Boy Scout.

The Wallaby and the Kangaroo.

There is no need to tell the readers of *The Papuan Villager* about wallabies. They know far more than the Editor. In fact the Editor would like some men to write articles about the *Habits of the Wallaby*. There are many white people who would be very interested to hear what you know about the animals in your own country. Perhaps we shall have a competition on the subject by and by.

The people who know all about animals say that the wallabies are *Marsupials*, because they carry their young in a pouch. They also call them *Diprotodontia*, which means that they have two long teeth sticking out of their lower jaws; and they also call them *Macropodidae*, another long word which simply means that they have long feet.

Perhaps you can think of some of your village friends who are *Diprotodontia* and *Macropodidae*.

The Biggest of the Family.

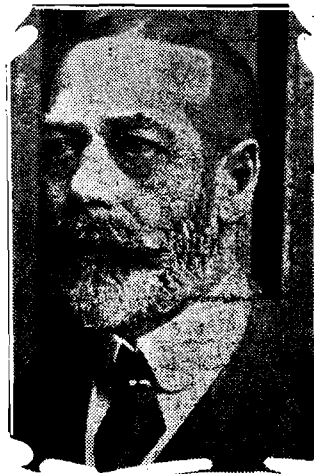
In Australia they have kangaroos, which are very much like wallabies but a good deal bigger. The Old Man Kangaroos in Australia stand as high as a man (without measuring their tails of course, which would not be fair). They can fight, and they often kill hunting-dogs with a kick of their big feet. And they can run, or hop,

very fast. A big kangaroo when he is going at top speed clears more than 25 feet in one hop, and one has been known to jump over a 9-foot fence.

Birthdays in the Royal Family.

We have had several holidays lately in honour of the birthdays of the King and others of the Royal Family.

King George the Fifth's birthday was on 3rd June. He has been our king for 23 years, for he first wore the crown on 22nd June, 1910.



KING GEORGE V.

His eldest son, the Prince of Wales, has his birthday on 23rd June and we shall soon have a holiday for that too.

24th May was Empire Day. It was the birthday of Queen Victoria, the Grandmother of the present king. She was a great queen, and ruled over the British Empire for more than sixty-three years.

A Present to King George from a Cannibal Chief.

Miss Cheesman, who is at present in Papua, has taken a present from a Chief in the New Hebrides to King George. The story is told in the *Children's Newspaper* and we quote some of it here:—

Ringapat asked Miss Cheesman if she would take some presents and a message to King George for him: so she brought home a

necklace of beads worn by Ringapat and a carved spear which had been used for generations by the kings of the Big Nambas.

"If you are only scratched by the tip you will die," Ringapat warned her; so before it was sent to the King the spear was cleaned at the Natural History Museum. The message ran thus:

"Ringapat, King of the Big Nambas, wishes King George to know that he will never eat man's flesh, white man or black boy; that he will never kill man, either white man or black boy; and that he will be good to all white men so long as they are good to his boys and do not steal them."

It is a kingly message.

Miss Cheesman's work is to collect insects and learn all about them. She is in the Kokoda district.

Lions in Kruger Park.

We have written before about the animals in Kruger Park in South Africa. It is a place where they are free to go their own way; and where men cannot hurt them with guns. It is like a great big open-air Zoo without any cages.

The funny thing is that the lions in Kruger Park are getting quite friendly to human beings. It is possible to drive in a motor car quite close to the lions. They do not run away but stand quietly while their photographs are taken. There are lots of other animals in Kruger Park—antelopes and zebras and other animals of South Africa. Of course lions don't live on grass; they live by eating other animals. And as there are more than 1,000 free lions in Kruger Park the other animals have to look alive or they will be eaten. The men who look after Kruger Park are rather worried now because there are too many lions and the other animals are being eaten up.

A Papuan Detective.

The other day Mr. Gibson of the Government Printing Office sold his bicycle to Reuben Masiaresi, who soon learned to ride.

But one day Reuben left it at Poreporena, and there another boy, Virobo, saw it. Virobo did not know it had been sold to Reuben, but he recognized that bicycle so he took it all the way back to Mr. Gibson.

Tourist Boats to Visit Port Moresby.

Two very big boats are coming from Australia to visit Port Moresby. They are full of "tourists"; that is people who travel round to see things; and what they want specially to see is the native life of Port Moresby.

The *Otranto*, of the Orient Line is a 20,000 ton ship; and she carries about 500 tourists. They should reach here on 15th June in the morning.

The *Maloja* is still bigger. She is a P. & O. ship of 21,000 tons, and is 630 feet in length. She carries the same number of passengers and should reach Port Moresby on 24th June.

Big native dances will be held on the Parade Ground for each boat. There will be a canoe race of 15 canoes, and some of the tourists will go out on each canoe. Trips in motor cars and launches are arranged for the visitors and so they will be able to go to see some of the native villages.

A Keen Cricketer in Gaol.

Last month a native of one of the villages near Port Moresby stole a cricket bat. He wanted a good one while he was about it, so he took the bat belonging to Mr. Harris. He said in Court that he meant to return the bat after he had used it, but the Magistrate did not believe him and sent him to gaol for 14 days.

A Papuan's Story in an English Journal.

Leo Aitsi Parau, our correspondent at Kairuku, has sent some copies of a Papuan story printed in an English paper, or journal. The story is about the Nara people and was written by H. P. Obi who used to be clerk at Kairuku.

The journal is called *Folklore*, and it is specially interested in the old-time stories. Many white men like to read the legends and stories of Papua.

Visit of Major Marr.

Major Marr, the Minister in charge of Territories, passed through Port Moresby on his way home last month. He had been to Rabaul to open the new Legislative Council there.



MAJOR MARR.

He had business in Port Moresby with the Government and with other white people; but he had time to visit the young men who are being trained by Dr. Strong for medical work in Sydney.

Body-Line Bowling.

The cricketers of England, Australia, South Africa and the West Indies are still thinking hard and talking strong about "body-line" bowling. By that we mean bowling at the batsman.

The Australian cricketers want to stop it, and they say the umpire should "no-ball" any ball that is bowled at the batsman so as to hit him.

Larwood, the great English bowler, whose picture we show here is writing a book called "Body-line." A lot of cricketers will read it.

In the meantime I hope Papuan cricketers will continue to bowl at the wicket.



DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

Village Councillors.

Village Councillors should meet and talk about what is good for people. If the water is bad they should say, "We will ask the Government for a pump." If their roads are bad they will say, "All the people should make good roads." They should say, "We will plant food, coconuts, make copra and have money and plenty of food."

Papua is our country and the Government and Mission want us to make it good, so we will hear all their talk and do what they say.

Councillors are not policemen but like Fathers of the Village.

Football Match, Menapi v. Kirikirikona.

There were fifteen men on each side. They played very well; but one thing, the rain damaged the playground and made it slippery and muddy. We fell to the ground when we ran or hit the ball or dodged. Menapi scored 3 goals and Kirikirikona scored 2 goals.

In another match Menapi women and girls scored 6 goals and Kirikirikona women and girls scored 3 goals.

Noah Rui.

Noah Rui is a very kind man. He is a teacher at Menapi. He looks after the people very well. He made a good meal in his house and called all the Mission Councillors. And then they had a good meal for Easter.

The Anglican Mission at Boianai.

The Rev. W. Light and Mrs. Light have gone to Australia. We hope they have a good holiday. The Rev. Thompson is in charge now at Boianai Mission Station.

Anzac Day.

On the 25th inst., we had no work. At 9 a.m. five Armed Constables got dressed up in their clothes and marched up to the Residency and saluted the flag.

The Wreck of Boianai Canoes.

Two canoes came to Menapi to visit their friends. The Menapi people gave them much food, and some New Guinea pots. An old man spoke to Nicholas Kadiama, an ex-Councillor, and saith, "Nicholas, more better we go by a shoal of water down to Giwa, then we cross from there to Uga Point, thence to our home." The old man means, "By and by we may happen upon a trouble, because the canoes are full of things." And Nicholas saith, "Oh, no! that is much too far. From Menapi to Giwa, then Giwa to Uga Point then to Boianai is too long a way to go. Straight from Menapi to Boianai is closer to our village."

The old man and his people went down to Giwa, and there they crossed to Uga Point, so they went to Boianai, and nothing happened in the sea. But Nicholas, the three women, and one man, they crossed from Menapi to Boianai. They met heavy seas and wind and they sank. The tides carried these

people right away towards the Glind Island near Cape Vogel by day and night. Some of you know this distance from Baniara to Glind Island and you think it is a long way. These poor people floated about the big blue sea about three days and three nights.

The Dabora people saw something like a big wood floating about in the blue sea.

They took their canoes, and went up towards it, and they saw a canoe with people. They put all the people on their canoes and brought them down to their village. But these poor people looked very sad; their eyes were all going inside; their faces were all very black; and also their bodies very thin. If no one had seen this wrecked canoe, all the people would have been lost in the sea. Everything in the canoe was lost, except the people were all alive. Only Nicholas broke his arm.

We Papuans sometimes disobey what our fathers or old men say, and we get into trouble. If we hear and obey what our fathers or old men say we do not get into trouble. Also like white children, if they disobey what their fathers say they get into trouble and get punished. Nicholas disobeyed what the old man said and he got into trouble; the canoe wrecked; they lost their things, and also broke his arm.

CAPE NELSON

(Correspondent—Nansen Kaisa)

Sugar Companies.

The sugar company at Wanigela is not yet in operation, and another big area at inland Sinapa Maisin, N.E.D., is now being surveyed by Messrs. R. M. Humphries and P.O. Healy. The land is said to be the same size as the Wanigela land—2,000 acres.

Non-payment of Tax.

In collecting the tax during last January from the Lower Bariji and Musa River villages, nearly all the taxable men had no money to pay their taxes. They were all brought into Tufi and there the Magistrate warned them, and gave them two months to find their tax money. He told them that they would come up again in Court at the expiration of the time (2 months) given unless the tax was paid.

Now they have all paid. No one went to gaol.

DARU

(Correspondent—William Tabua)

We had a great shock in the last few days by the loss of dear Maggie William. I believe some of my readers knew her very well. She had been in the Mission for many years, from the time of James Chalmers and from the time of Rev. E. B. Riley until now.

Last month the R.M., Mr. Woodward, brought home a lot of prisoners, and the A.R.M., Mr. Faithorn, went out last week again to Bamu River, to a village called Woiwoi where they have murdered one of the V.Cs.

Mr. Wilson visited us last month. He came over from T.I. and stayed here a few days and then went back.

Timbers were found round Bobo Island by the natives, it was believed to be some parts of a wreckage.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

Rice Harvesting.

Our rice from the Station garden is harvested and brought in to dry out. We had five copra sacks from the little area which was planted here. It is very good.

All Mekeos are now at harvesting. There's rice, rice all round the Mekeo villages. They will be able to get some money by and by for this rice and pay their taxes.

Last *Montoro* we received a nice lorry (British Ford) for the Mekeo Rice Transport.

Cricket.

Everywhere in the villages the natives are fond of cricket. They play games against each other and even go from village to village to play, to test whose village can play best.

Wedding at Mission.

During the month of May there was a wedding at the Catholic Mission between Andrew Auo, of Chiria, and Anna Taligatus, h.-c. Philippine. The two are from St. Patrick's School, Yule Island.

There is no dowry or marriage payment for this girl, so the boy is very lucky; for he is a native, and many of you know that we natives never marry a girl without paying the parents, or brothers for her. They have been brought up in the Mission and are married properly in white man fashion.

Feast at the Catholic Mission.

On the 31st May it was the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, so that was a very big feast for the Mission here. They had Parochial High Mass and Procession to the Mass Cross Hill. There the Bishop blessed the little Chapel, and also the sea. Many natives had come to the feast. In the afternoon they had races, paddling canoes and sailing to and from Yule Island to Delena. The Opa canoes won the races. The natives brought in many bananas (about 200 bunches), coconuts, dry and green, and sugar-cane. The Mission gave 200 lb. rice for the entertainment of natives and also a bullock which was killed for them. I must say that the native who was at the feast will never forget that day.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Natives First Experience at the Talking Pictures.

It had been arranged that the Talking Picture would be seen by the natives on Wednesday night, the 24th May, 1933. So there was a very large number of natives from Poreporena, and the villages near to the Port Moresby district, who attended to see this wonderful thing, because we heard from the white people, that the picture can talk on the screen just the same as a man talks outside on the veranda or in the streets. So when this was opened, we all rushed to the Show to see this wonderful thing. We all pay 1s. for admission.

When all those who attended were ready, Mr. C. Burke began. On his starting the machine, moving, talking and organ were all started at the one time. We all were very surprised about it because it was the most wonderful thing which we had ever seen in Papua. Of course, we had seen the "silent moving pictures" plenty of times, but this one is a very new thing for the Papuan natives to see, so that everything which we heard from the white men about Talking Pictures has been justified.

All the pictures seen on that night were very interesting to the natives. They all said that "Fun Picture," i.e. the cats, tigers, etc., made them laugh very much; and the ships travelling about in the stormy weather, and all the crews worked very hard in those tempestuous seas; and the dog races was another interesting picture; and all the natives also said, that they were very lucky to see Prince George, the last son of our King George V in that picture. They said they heard his sweet voice when he talked to the Captain of the boat. The natives said they never saw the fastest thing in the world until they saw the one in that picture; it was a motor car but it was very much faster than airships. At last, they all said, "Thank you very much for all the pictures shown to them."

I have being given to understand, that the number of people attending on that night were four hundred and two (402) natives.

All the natives want to know will this be seen on every Wednesday; and it is a very wonderful thing for them to see and hear it.

RIGO

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua)

Food for Babies.

There is a little baby boy at Rigo who would have died if Mrs. Cridland and Mou, the warder's wife, had not looked after it.

The baby's mother, a Gomori woman, was very very ill just a little while after her baby was born; this woman was so thin and sick she had no milk for her baby, so Tola (who is a warder, and that baby's mother is his sister) told Mrs. Cridland about the baby having no milk. Sinabada told Tola to bring the baby to the Station; so Mou and Sinabada are still looking out for this little baby.

Mr. Cridland sent a paper to Port Moresby and asked for some baby food. Now Dr. Strong sends some every month, and Bill Jones is a very fat and happy little baby.

Quarters Erected in the Station for N.M.A. Veratau.

A new house has been erected in the Station for the accommodation of the Native Medical Assistants (Veratau, Rage Nou and Gau Morea). They were helped by me and sometimes by the Interpreter Sereka.

The timbers were sent by the Chief Medical Officer; the top plates, rafters, bottom plates and studdings, and the rest of the materials were all pit-sawn by the Medical boys and a few Saroa boys. The roof is of grass (*kaurukuru*); the walls are of woven bamboos; the flooring of pit-sawn timbers.

There is only one room. The house is about 18 feet by 15 feet with a little kitchen about 12 feet long. It is a very nice house in the Station. Veratau was very proud to go to his new house on the 18th March, 1933.

Native Contributions

Story of the Giant Ray ("Reabada").

On the morning of Easter Monday, Mr. Turnbull (the Government Architect) told us (Heagi Gavera, Doura Gavera, Henao Ao and Puka Ao of Poreporena village; also Kaipu Igo of Kaimare) to have our breakfast quick before 10 o'clock.

So the crew got their breakfast in the time mentioned, and Mr. Turnbull came down from the camp with his fishing-rods and reels into the canoe and we left the shore. The crew put out the paddles and paddled the canoe to Hidodobi Point which is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the shore where we anchored first. The water is very deep and that is why we fished there.

Competition.

After anchoring, and before throwing our lines out, Mr. Turnbull gave out loudly to the crew about a prize of 1s. for the first fish and 1s. for the biggest fish to the boy who caught them.

Then each of us threw out two lines into the water; also Mr. Turnbull his rod, and we watched same until Henao Ao caught one small fish, which is called Red Rock Cod (*Balala-kaka*) and he won the prize for the first fish.

How Giant Ray is Killed and Power of Cutty Hunk Line.

The rest of our unlucky lines are still in the water. A flat fish which is called Giant Ray is lying on the bottom, and is biting Mr. Turnbull's bait very slowly until the bait is eaten, and the fish moved on, but not too fast. Mr. Turnbull's line ran out of the reel, which is Giant Ray taking it away. So he held the rod against his stomach and pulled back very hard (that means the hook has got fast in the fish's mouth). Then after the hook was fast Mr. Turnbull let the line out always, and watched the line, and as soon as the Giant Ray pulled hard again, Mr. Turnbull slacked out always.

Then the crew pulled the anchor up and we followed the Giant Ray from the deep water to the shallow water until 4.30 in the afternoon. All the time the line was being slacked and pulled in by the reel, and the crew and Mr. Turnbull were very tired and hungry. Two of the crew, Kaipu Igo and Puka Ao were also nodding their heads with sleep and their eyes were very heavy. Kaipu is very good at sleeping.

Then Mr. Turnbull told three of us that the Giant Ray was nearly finished, and to hold on to the line not too strong until the fish

came up (the three are Doura, Heagi and Henao). Soon the Giant Ray came slowly up to the top and kicked about, and the crew threw ten fishing spears into it and speared it. Then we pulled together on the fishing-spear lines and put two paddles under the Giant Ray and brought it into the canoe.

Measurements and Weight of the Giant Ray.

At five o'clock we put our sail up and sailed down to the beach near the Government Station. Mr. McGrath was there, also Mr. F. L. Wockner and others. They came down to the canoe and Mr. Wockner took our photos, and Mr. McGrath lifted with the others and told us the weight is approximately 300 lb., and the measurements were seven feet six inches long, by five feet six inches wide. After which we left the Giant Ray on the shore.

[By Doura Gavera, native clerk, Public Works Department. This story wins 5s. prize.]

Garden Magic in the West.

No vegetables or garden foods are ever planted in a new garden without a charm in this part, as their custom is. No one must plant his crops, or whatever it may be, unless the person who performs the charm has planted his first crops. If anyone does they say he would get ill and die.

Each village has its own way of doing these charms, and they also have special men to make these charms. They use leaves of several plants, which they get from the bush or in the old gardens, and which they suppose make the garden more productive.

The performer takes these leaves and cuts them into small pieces; then he mixes them together in the coconut shell or a dish; then he goes to the garden. On his arrival he makes the hole in the ground in his own patch first; then he takes bit of the medicine and rubs all round the roots of the plants then he plants it. When he has done his own patch, he goes to the patch of another man's and plants one or two in the same way, and then he goes to another's and does the same until he has done everyone's. When he has finished planting, he walks round the garden and drives away all the evil spirits that he imagines to be living about near the garden.

While he is doing his work in the garden no one must be in the bush, everyone must leave his work and go home; if he doesn't the power of his charm would make him very sick and perhaps he would die.

They don't plant everything at the same time, but at different times. If suppose they plant their yams to-day, they would have to wait for couple days or weeks or months, before they plant their bananas. It all depends on what time the performer has done his little ceremony before planting anything.

Sometimes the performer is said to be very busy to go out into the garden, or may be he is

away from home. They would wait till he comes home and perform his ceremony before they plant anything, so wasting good planting times.

During the planting season no one would allowed to go out into the garden after he had eaten a turtle or dugong. If he does the insects or grubs would come and spoil the crops.

[By William Tabua, Daru.]

Tale of a Child who Cut his Mother with a Knife.

A few months ago in Chiria a woman with her three little children went out to their garden. The man (husband) stayed in the village and then went out fishing.

Whilst in the gardens the three (3) little boys were playing about the garden, while their mother was weeding. At about noon the husband came along carrying crayfish and called his wife, and told her to cook the fishes.

The woman came and cooked the fishes and sat by the side of the fire. She put the knife close by her, which she had at weeding. While she was pulling away at her bamboo pipe, with her leg stretched out, the youngest boy of the three (Aitsi Taita) picked up the knife and all of a sudden cut his mother on the leg, just under the knee. The woman with a surprised yell, fell on her back to the ground, fainted. The father seeing this got up and took the knife away from the child. Gave him a hard crack on the ear. The man was so angry with the child that he nearly threw the little boy into the grass.

Aitsi Taita Punished.

After some time the woman got right again and was helped by her husband to the village with the two eldest boys, sending them ahead and warning them to have nothing to do with Aitsi the little boy, who cut their mother.

The little boy Aitsi Taita was now left alone in the garden with no one to help. The little boy tried his best and got over the garden fence and through the long grass by, which the track leads to the main road and again over another fence, and made his way to the village.

Now you mothers who can read *The Papuan Villager* tell your friends, who are careless with such tools to be more careful. This is a true tale which happened here at Chiria of the family P. (the man) and T. (the woman).

[By Aitsi Parau, N.C., Kairuku, C.D.]

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