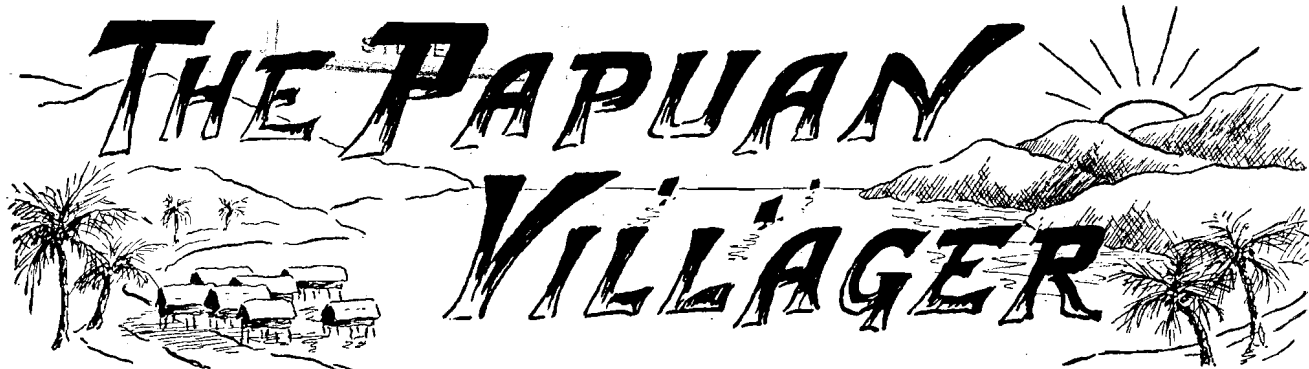


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Roads and Bridges.

IN the days before the Government came to Papua there were no roads here except the narrow tracks between the villages, and no bridges except the trees that had fallen across the creeks. In those days there was always a lot of fighting going on, for the people were not good friends like they are now. And as nobody ever went far away from his village, unless he had several of his own people with him, to protect him from being killed by his enemies, there was no need for good tracks.

But after the Government came to Papua and stopped the fighting, the people began to go about the country a lot. It was then that the Government made the law about the roads and tracks. It was, like all the other laws, a very good one. But the people did not know it was a good thing to make roads and keep them clean; they thought of the hard work they had to do to make the roads and keep them clean. They grumbled about having to do something that their fathers had never done, so the Government had to tell them why the making of roads was a good thing for them.

Roads Helped to Make Peace.

"Why should we make these new roads and tracks?" said the people. "We got along all right with our old tracks; though it is true that we did not go about the country very much before the Government came here."

"But that was in the bad days," said the Government. "Those bad days are ended now. You now live without the fear of being killed by the people who used to be your enemies.

You can now walk anywhere you want to, because there is now peace in your country. If you wish to go to some village, a long way from your homes, to trade with the people there, you will be able to go and come much



The Honourable H. W. Champion, C.B.E.

quicker and easier if you have good roads and tracks. And the more you go about the country, meeting the people who used to be your enemies, the sooner you will all forget about the bad days when you were always fighting each other. Thus the peace which has now come to your country will be kept up, for everybody will become friends—and friends do not fight and kill each other."

And so the people learnt how important it was to have plenty of roads. In a few years there was a road going right across the big mountains, a road which started at Port Moresby and ended at Buna. And all the time the Government was using these roads to travel about the country, bringing peace to all the people. At first the Magistrates and their police used these roads; then, later on, the Medical Patrols went along them, caring for the sick people in the villages. Thus a great deal of good came to the people for their care of the roads.

Main Roads.

But all the roads were not made by the villagers, for the big roads—the Main Roads—were made by the Government. There are many of these big roads, the longest one being from Port Moresby to Iavarere. A great part of this road is used by motor cars and motor lorries; from Itikinumu to Iavarere it is not wide enough for motor lorries or motor cars, so pack-mules are used to carry the goods and rubber to and from Iavarere. Some day this road will be made further into the mountains; perhaps even to Kokoda and Buna, and then one will be able to go by motor car right across Papua.

Every year the Government spends a lot of money on these main roads, repairing them, putting in new bridges, and keeping them clear of weeds and grass. The Public Works Department looks after the main roads. Mr. V. A. Williams, the Road Engineer, travels all the year, surveying new roads, looking after the old roads and bridges and keeping them in good order.

Village Roads and Tracks.

There are now thousands of miles of narrow roads and tracks which go from village to village all over Papua. These are made and kept clean by the people—though sometimes they are not kept as clean as they should be. The Government helps the people to make and look after these roads and tracks, and a good deal of money is spent in this work. Picks and shovels, crowbars and mattocks and a lot of other things—wire rope, nails and tar for the bridges—are given to the villagers by the Magistrates, who also show the people how to do the work. Many of these village roads are so good that horses are used on them; perhaps, later on, motor cars will run along them.

Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E.

We are very happy to tell our readers that His Majesty the King has given the Honourable H. W. Champion an honour for the great services he has given to Papua and the Empire. This honour is called "Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire"; Mr. Champion is the first to win it in Papua.

Mr. Champion has worked for His Majesty for the last thirty years in Papua. When he joined the Public Service Papua was then called British New Guinea; in 1906, when the Commonwealth of Australia took over the Government, the old name was altered to the Territory of Papua. He was Treasurer for many years, and for the last twenty years he has been Government Secretary. He is also Director of Native Taxation and Commissioner for Lands. And many times when His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor, has been absent from Papua, he has been Acting Lieutenant-Governor, as he is now.

His Majesty always knows what his people are doing in every part of his Empire. He heard about the good work that Mr. Champion has done in Papua, so he gave him this great honour.

We congratulate Mr. Champion on his having won this honour, and we feel sure that all our readers will

wish that, later, he will receive an even higher honour from our beloved King.

Mr. F. E. Williams.

We print an article, about Colombo, in this issue which was sent us by Mr. Williams. It will give you some idea of the things he saw in Ceylon. He and Mrs. Williams and their small son are now in England. We hope to soon hear further news of them, also something of the interesting places they will visit while they are in Europe. They were all well when Mr. Williams wrote.

A Visit to Colombo.

Colombo is the first city, or capital, of Ceylon; and Ceylon is the big island that lies just south of India. It is a country of dark-skinned people, like Papua, and many of them look very much like you.

In Colombo though, they live rather differently. It is a big city of stores and offices and Government buildings, with paved roads and gardens. The dark people who live there work mostly in the city itself; there are clerks and shopkeepers and motor mechanics and every sort of tradesman. They go about their work very busily; and at half-past five the streets are crowded with men and women hurrying homewards. They are dressed in white or coloured calico—very clean clothes, for the people of Colombo are great washermen.

Rickshaws.

Among the people you will see here and there a rickshaw. This is a little carriage for one person to sit in. It is on high rubber-tyred wheels, and it is not pulled by a horse or donkey; it is pulled by a man. It is very pleasant to sit in a rickshaw and be pulled quietly along the street. The man who pulls you is in very good training and he is usually a very "willing horse." He is paid one rupee for an hour (that is about 1s. 6d. in Australian money). Perhaps some of the Poreporena natives will get rickshaws to pull the Europeans out to the Golf Links, or some of the Samarai boys will have rickshaw races round and round the island.

Bullock Carts.

Then you will see some Bullock Carts. These are much bigger. The Sinhalese use them to cart their goods round. Two or three people may be sitting in the cart, under its big hood, or cover; and it is pulled along by two tiny bullocks, with humps on their backs very like the *Zebu* cattle on Giligili plantation.

Native Police.

In Colombo there are very smart native police. They wear Khaki uniforms with short trousers; their buttons shine brightly and they twist their moustaches.

There are many beautiful houses where the rich people live, and one of the most beautiful public gardens in the world, called the Cinnamon Gardens. There we saw mangoes and papaws and bamboos and poinciana, and many of the plants that grow in Papua.

A Hindu Festival.

While our boat was at Colombo there was a Hindu festival in the city. It was for the 77th birthday of a famous Brahmin holy man. He was called His Holiness Sri Narayana Guruswamy. He died four years ago but they still keep up his birthday.

The streets were full of people and bright with the light of torches. Many men carried gas lamps on their heads. The streets might have been lighted by electricity. As they went along they let off fireworks, and "big bangers" went off like cannon. Then came an elephant with three men riding on its back. Now and then they all stood up together and waved great fans. Behind the elephant came a bullock cart, drawn by two very fine white oxen, with long pointed horns, and on the cart was a high "shrine," all alight with electric bulbs. Inside this shrine was a big frame with a picture of His Holiness Sri Narayana Guruswamy. I believe the procession was on its way to the temple; but it was getting late, so I had to let it pass and hurry back to the boat in my rickshaw.

A Man Steals an Elephant.

Papuans would be very much interested in Colombo if they could see it. I read in the morning paper that some fishermen in a canoe had met a whale

and had their canoe smashed up seven miles out at sea; also that a man had stolen an elephant! So you see some strange things happen there.

—F.E.W.

Colombo, Ceylon.

Buried Word Competition No. 3.

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

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

— E — R I — O — Y
T E R R I T O R Y

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

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

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

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

Answers must reach the Editor before the 10th February, 1934.

We have received answers to this competition from people who are not subscribers to *The Papuan Villager*. This is a pity, for their answers cannot be considered unless they are subscribers. We mention this, in case somebody, who sends in the correct list and does not win the prize, may not understand why the answer was not a winning one.

Flying Cricketers.

Port Moresby Plays the Wau Team.

A very good cricket match was played at Port Moresby during the New Year holidays, when the Wau Cricket Club came over, in aeroplanes, to play the Port Moresby team. We think this is the first time a cricket team has travelled by air, and we hope the Port Moresby team will be able to fly over to Wau, later on, to return the visit.

The game was won by Port Moresby by three wickets and five runs. The Wau team batted first and made 275 runs. The scores were: J. Ireland (Capt.), 40; Moran, 42; Owers, 27; McCay, 26; Leydin, 9; A. Ireland, 15; Denny, 43; Jones, 9; Campbell, 24; Cooper, 23 not out; Gofton, 4; Sundries, 13. Bowling for Port Moresby: O'Malley, 5 for 59; Harris, 2 for 81; Wyatt, 1 for 30; McGrath, 1 for 49; Baldwin, 0 for 19; Andersen, 0 for 23 and McKenna, 0 for 5.

Port Moresby scored 405 for 8 wickets, and declared their first innings closed. The scores were: O'Malley, 90; McKenna, 143; Andersen, 5; Willis, 21; Harris (Capt.), not out 74; Flynn, 2; Wyatt, 3; Hartley, 5; Baldwin, 8; Smith, 1 not out and Sundries 53. Bowling for Wau: J. Ireland, 4 for 119; A. Ireland, 1 for 57; Owers, 1 for 74; Leydin, 0 for 32; Denny, 0 for 29 and McCay, 0 for 60.

Wau, 2nd Innings: J. Ireland (Capt.), 119; McCay, 20; A. Ireland, 7; Denny, 1; Owers, 10; Leydin, 1; Campbell, 12; Jones, 1; Cooper, 10; Gofton, 4; Lockrey, not out 4 and Sundries 6. Total 195. Bowling for Port Moresby: O'Malley, 5 for 52; McKenna, 3 for 39; Flynn, 2 for 25; McGrath, 0 for 26 and Baldwin, 0 for 52.

Port Moresby, 2nd Innings: Andersen, 17; Flynn, 3; Baldwin, 0; Wyatt, 9; O'Malley, 11; Willis, 13; McKenna, not out 6; Hartley, 0; Smith, not out 6 and Sundries 5. Seven wickets for 70. Bowling for Wau: A. Ireland, 3 for 7; Owers, 2 for 22; Leydin, 1 for 16 and J. Ireland, 1 for 20.

The Wau team played a splendid game, and the Port Moresby people were very lucky to beat them. The fielding by the Wau people was very

fine. It was the best game that has been played in Port Moresby for a very long time.

A Fishing Adventure.

Two Vabukori men had a narrow escape from being drowned on Natara Reef during the Christmas holidays.

The two men, Tau Vaira, and Taugau Agarau, went out in a canoe to fish on the reef. After they reached the reef, they tied the canoe to a pole and went along the coral to search for shell-fish. While they were away, a strong wind came from the south-west and broke the rope that held the canoe to the pole. When they started to go back to the canoe they could only see the pole, and when they looked about for the canoe they saw it drifting through the big waves which were dashing on to the reef. They waded after the canoe, but the wind blew it away on to the ocean before they could reach it.

The two men were very frightened when they found themselves left on the reef, for the tide was rising fast and in a little while the reef would be covered with water that would be over their heads. It was a very nasty position to be in; but they are strong men, so they did the right thing. They waded through the water, swam across the deep places, and managed to reach the steamer *Pruth* which was wrecked many years ago on the reef outside Manubada Island. It was a long swim to the wreck, and the wind was blowing very hard all the time, so there was a big sea most of the way.

But when they reached the wreck, they were so tired that they had to hang on to the rudder for a long time to rest themselves. At last, after a hard climb up the rusty sides of the steamer, they reached the deck. They had no food with them, but there was some water lying about the deck, so they were able to get a drink. After they had rested a little while, they climbed one of the masts and tied a rami to it, hoping that the Vabukori people would see it and come over for them.

It was Tuesday afternoon when they reached the *Pruth*, but they were

not found by their friends from Vabukori until Thursday afternoon. The people thought the two men had been blown away in their canoe, so they did not think of looking for them on the *Pruth* until they had spent Wednesday and most of Thursday searching for them along the reefs and the coast to the eastward. By Thursday morning they began to fear that the two men had been drowned, but, as a last chance of finding them, they went out to the *Pruth*. It was lucky for the two men that their friends came when they did, for if they had not come then, they were going to try and swim to Manubada Island. After two days without food, they were very weak, so if they had tried to swim the two miles between the wreck and the island, it is very certain that they would have been drowned on the way.

We think Tau Vaira and Taugau Agaru were very lucky to reach the *Pruth*, for they had to swim about one and a-half miles from the place where their canoe was blown away. They had good luck, but we think they would be very wise to take a good strong rope with them, to tie up the canoe, the next time they go fishing on Natera Reef.

Our Friend the Dog.

We have printed many stories about how fire was first found and used by the Papuans, and in some of these stories a dog was said to be the one that found the fire and brought it to his master. We know fire has been used in this country for a very long time, so, if the first fire was found by a dog, then dogs must have been here before the fire was first found.

Some people say that the dogs you see in the villages (*not* the dogs that the white people brought here, but the native dogs) are the same sort of dogs that are still running wild in the big mountains. We do not know if this is true. Perhaps somebody can send us a story about how the first dogs came to live in the villages? We will give a prize of Five shillings or the best story about these dogs that we receive before the 30th May, 1934.

Papuan Guilty of Forgery.

A Papuan was recently before the Central Court on a charge of forgery. It appears that he was sent with an order for goods to one of the Port Moresby stores. The order was written by his employer. Before taking it to the store, John Barnabas added another item to it. He received this extra item, but he did not deliver it to his employer. Later on, when the store sent John Barnabas's master the account for the month, John's master noticed that he had been charged for an item that he had not ordered, or received. He saw the storekeeper about it. The storekeeper showed him the order, and John's master thus found out the evil thing that John had done.

This adding of an item to the order was a crime, the crime of forgery, so John Barnabas was arrested by the police and, in a little while, was before the Central Court to answer for the crime that he had done. He was convicted, and His Honour Judge Gore sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Sir Ronald Ross.

A Benefactor of Mankind.

On 16th September, 1932, a very great man died. This was Sir Ronald Ross. He was a doctor, one of the wisest and best doctors, and the work he did should be known to all the people who live in Papua. For this doctor found the cause of malaria, and he taught everybody how to prevent its occurrence, and how to cure it. All the people who lived in the countries where malaria is found are very glad that this great man lived, for his teachings have made these countries better to live in.

Ronald Ross was born in India in 1857. His father was a soldier, and the son, after he had learnt to be a doctor, went to India and worked in the hospitals of that country. There was a lot of malaria in India—fever we call it in Papua—and at that time the doctors knew very little about this sickness. The hospitals were always crowded with people who were sick with this fever, and Dr. Ross, after a few years work among all these poor

people, began to wonder if he could not do something to prevent all this suffering.

Malaria is one of the worst diseases that people can have. In many cases it causes death, and even if the sufferer does not die, it weakens the body so that even the strongest are unable to carry on their daily work.

Dr. Ross had very little money, and he had nobody to help him, but he spent all the time he could spare from his work in studying the cause of malaria. He thought that if he could find what caused the fever, it would help him discover a way to cure it. Many people, both coloured and white, thought at that time that mosquitoes had something to do with the disease, but no one was sure. Dr. Ross, after he had studied the disease for several years, went to England on leave, and talked the matter over with his friend, Sir Patrick Manson, another great doctor. The result was that he found out for the first time what everybody now knows—that malaria is caused by a germ (a living thing that is so very small it can only be seen through a strong magnifying glass) that is carried from man to man by the mosquito.

What did Dr. Ross do then? He started to find out how to get rid of the mosquitoes. In 1899 he commenced this great work, a work that has spread to all the countries where this carrier of malaria is found. And while he did this work, he was also trying to discover a way to cure malaria. He visited many parts of the world, giving advice and helping the people. Other great doctors joined him and soon, under his guidance, a cure was found for the disease. Millions of people all over the world have benefited and are still benefiting from his discoveries.

But his work did not end there. He got many people to provide the money to start a school where doctors could study malaria and other diseases that are found in the warm countries (the tropics) of the world. This school was called after him, and doctors from all over the world go to the Ross Institute in London, England, to be taught how to cure malaria and many other tropical diseases. Dr. Ross spent his life in this great work of bringing health and happiness to

mankind, and although he was for many years a very sick man, he continued to work until he died.

Cricket at Yule Island.

On the night of the 29th November, 1933, the *Laurabada* came from Thursday Island to Kairuku, and the next day her crew, though tired through lack of sleep, played a match with the Yule Island cricket team. And here are the scores of this very pleasant and enjoyable game.

YULE ISLAND (1ST INNINGS).

W. H. H. Thompson, c. Maba, b. Badu	1
Bodau Mea, b. Guba	38
Eno, b. O'Malley	0
Mariano, b. Badu	4
Joe, run out	18
Itsi, b. Guba	0
C. J. A. Adamson, b. Guba	4
Albert, b. Father McEncroe	0
Randolph, b. Badu	14
Borua, not out	4
Luka, b. Guba	16
Piri, b. Guba	4
Sundries	2
			105

(2ND INNINGS).

W. H. H. Thompson, b. O'Malley	15
Bodau Mea, b. Guba	1
Eno, b. Guba	16
Mariano, c. McEncroe, b. Guba	14
Joe, b. Morea	6
Itsi, b. Guba	0
C. J. A. Adamson, not out	0
Albert, c. and b. Hekoi	7
Randolph, b. Hekoi	3
Borua, c. and b. Guba	9
Luka, c. Hekoi, b. Guba	0
Piri, stpd. Hekoi, b. Guba	4
Sundries	4
			79

LAURABADA (1ST INNINGS).

Guba, b. Thompson	8
Seri, b. Bodau	5
Siri, b. Thompson	2
Hekoi, b. Thompson	0
Camea, c. and b. Bodau	0
Badu, h.w., b. Eno	12
Father McEncroe, b. Albert	19
L. J. O'Malley, b. Eno	4
Maba, b. Eno	0
Tom, c. Adamson, b. Eno	0
Gau, not out	1
Tom Lamont, b. Eno	0
Sundries	5
			56

(2ND INNINGS).

Guba, c. Randolph, b. Bodau	0
Seri, b. Thompson	0
Siri, b. Bodau	0
Hekoi, b. Bodau	0
Camea, c. Adamson, & Thompson	17
Badu, b. Albert	0
Father McEncroe, c. and b. Thompson	1
L. J. O'Malley, b. Eno	12
Maba, not out	0
Tom, stpd. Thompson, b. Eno	0
Gau, b. Eno	5
Tom Lamont, b. Albert	0
Sundries	0
			35

Yule Island won by 93 runs.
Messrs. J. C. H. Waldron and A. A. Williams very kindly acted as umpires.

—W.H.H.T.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Women's Cricket Feasts.

A number of feasts for cricket games have been held early this month by the Poreporena women. They usually arrange for these games at the end of each year, because they say cricket is the only game that they can play without trouble. So they play the game and also collect the money for the feasts. Every game started well, but soon there was much talking, so the end was not as good as the start.

Men Thrown in Water.

Another custom which the women do every year is throwing men in the water. On the 2nd instant, Tuesday, all the women threw the men in the water, except those men who had gone to work in Port Moresby. It was the fault of the women that these men escaped being thrown in the water; but the women caught them as they went home in the evening. Some of the men ran away, but the women chased them and caught them, and then threw them in the sea. These women are strong runners. Some of the men hated this game, because the women threw them into dirty water, decorated them with dirty copra bags and painted their faces with black stuffs before they threw them into the water. But it is a good custom, though the right idea of this game has been forgotten by the people. They think it is a game, but I am told that there was a big thing behind it.

Gardens.

We have had a very good year, a good yam crop, and the good rains have made the gardens very nice and green, so the next crop will be fine.

"Lakatoi" away West.

The one *lakatoi* we sent to the west is expected back very soon, and we all hope the people who are on her will have a safe trip home.

Native Contributions

Our New Schoolroom.

Our schoolroom was built by Kaleba. And it was opened on Wednesday afternoon, 6th September, 1933, by Mrs. Thompson.

It is not a very big school, but it looks very nice with its white paint. On Wednesday, after Service, Mr. Turner and the boys put flags in front of the school-house, so it looked very beautiful.

There were four visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Oldham and Mr. Adamson—for the school opening. They arrived at two o'clock, and they all had dinner together. After dinner, at three o'clock, Mrs. Turner rang the bell, and all of us went and fell in on each side of the road.

The school-house has no door. Mrs. Turner tied a red ribbon across the entrance. When we were all together Mr. Oldham took a photograph of us. Then Mrs. Thompson cut the ribbon with scissors, and we all went inside and sang a hymn. Then Setu gave a prayer. After this all we girls and two boys did some semaphore signalling to thank the visitors for opening our school, and to Kaleba for building it. After that Mr. Thompson stood up and talked to all of us. When he had finished, all the kindergarten boys and girls stood up to do their dancing. It was very nice. All the people were happy. After this all we girls did our dances; we did three dances. Then the boys came in with their first-aid bandages. After that we girls sang some Australian songs.

Then Luaao stood up and gave thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson for opening our school-house, and to Kaleba for building it. Then I went to Mrs. Thompson and gave her a little present, a small towel instead of a silver key to open the door with.

We were very glad it was a lovely day. We were all very happy. When we finished our meeting we sang "God Save Our Gracious King." Then we stop.

After the opening all we girls stood in front of the school-house with Mrs. Turner, and Mr. Oldham took our photograph. We said thank you to him for taking the photo and we then went down to the feeding-place they had made at the Teacher's house, and there we had our food. Afterwards we played Vigoro with the village girls. We played inside the fence. The boys and the men played cricket outside. The feast was for the boys and girls for helping to make the school-house.

[By Alice Tom, a schoolgirl at London Missionary Society, Delena, C.D. This Story wins 5s. prize.]

The Story of the Fire.

Long, long ago, now many years, there was an old, old woman who lived in her village called Iamarera. The fire and the pot lived underneath her rami. When the villagers went to garden or to hunt, then she stayed in the village by herself. At noon she would look round to see that no one was in the village, and then take the fire and pot from under her rami, and cook her food and eat. Then she put it under her rami again. But the villagers used to take all their pigs, food, wallabies, etc., and spread them in the hot sun, and when they were dry they picked them and so ate.

One day all the villagers were away; some went to the garden and some went to hunt. So they caught pigs and wallabies, and they came to the village from the hunt. They cut the pigs and wallabies with the hair on because there was no fire to burn them. They gave some to the old woman, and kept the rest

or themselves. The villagers put their food and meat in hot sun, and when it was dry they gathered them and ate. But the old woman put her pigs in her house.

When the people went to the garden, and she stayed in village by herself she took the fire and pot from under her rami, and cooked her *kaikan*. Afterwards she put them back. The villagers said, "How does the old woman eat good food, and we eat had food?"

How the Man Took the Fire.

The people decided to lie in wait for the old woman. All the people went to the road, and three boys came back on the road and they came to the old woman's garden, where the old woman was. They hide their one friend; first they cut off the string by the bundle of sugar-cane, and one man tied him up inside the sugar-cane, so he stayed there and watched the old woman.

The man watched the old woman, she took fire and pot from under her rami and made the fire, then she took her pot and going down quickly to the fountain, she drew the water, and she came quickly (she thought might be somebody would take her things). She cooked her food, and start to boil.

The man hiding in the bundle of sugar-cane watched her; and his friends broke one sugar-cane. The old woman called out and said, "Who are you, stealing my sugar-cane?" She ran to see her garden, and she turned back quickly where the fire was (she thought somebody might take away her things). In a moment those two men went a little further and broke another sugar-cane. She ran back and called out, "Who are you, stealing my sugar-cane?" And she ran back where her fire was. In a moment the two men went a distance, so they broke another sugar-cane. That time the old woman ran a distance far, and that time the old woman lost her fire.

The man inside the bundle of sugar-cane quickly broke the string and ran as fast as he could where the fire was. He took the fire; and when he saw the old woman was coming back from her garden, then he called out and said, "A! A! I took your fire. Yourself cooked good food and so you ate."

The old woman sang out, "My son! leave my things there and I will get them." The man said, "I cannot leave your things." The old woman sang out again, "Good man, leave my things; I will get them, and I will show you one thing." The man took the fire. So he began to run, and the old woman behind ran. She chased him after him, but became tired. The poor old woman she returned back to her living place.

The Rain Falls.

The old woman made a (*mea-mea*) sorcery for rain to fall. A big rain began to fall, and fell until all over the place was covered by the water, and the big rivers overflowed. She wanted the fire to die out. The man went to the big stone. He went through and he stayed there in the cave. The man looked after the fire well. So he stopped and stopped, and the

old woman thought perhaps the fire had died out. And she made the rain cease, and the floods ceased, and all the places were dried up. The day was clear and bright, and the sun was very hot, so the man left the cave, and he started to burn Ebadidi grass, so the fire spread all over the place there.

The People Found the Fire at Ebadidi Grass.

The man went out of the cave and he burnt a big Ebadidi grass. All the people found the first fire there. This was the beginning of the fire. At first the old woman had told the man, "Leave my things and I will show you one thing." She wanted to show a hot water. Perhaps if that man had not taken the fire, all we New Guinea people could have put our food down in the hot water and cooked it that way. That hot water lives now close to a village called Numa-Numa. The Numa-Numa people sometimes dislike to cook their food by fire. Pigs or bananas, or fish, they put into the baskets and let it down to the water, and when it is cooked, they lift up the basket and so eat.

The Old Woman Left her Village.

The old woman was wild about her fire and she left her village Iamarere. And she went to a place called Kedidia, and stayed there underneath the ground. She stopped under the ground, and so she made the fire under the ground, and so the water boils.

That water always is boiling now. And when the day is clear and bright, the smoke of the fire does not come out of the water. When the rain falls, so a smoke of the fire comes up out of the surface of the water, and covers all the places. And so you will see the smoke. The water always bubbles up to surface.

Some people white and brown know that hot water. And sometimes in a launch or canoe they go up and see the hot water.

If that man had heard what the old woman talked, and had given back the old woman's things, so we couldn't have found the fire. We would have cooked our food in the hot water.

The man did not hear what the old woman said, so now we found the fire. That hot water lives now at Numa-Numa.

The launch or canoe doesn't go up close to it, to look at it. If people in a launch or a canoe went up close to it, they would lose their life for everlasting.

[By Barton Diritunumo, native clerk, Baniara.]

How the Coconut was Found.

There was a man in Iasa (Kiwai Island) who first found the coconut. His name was Kawaro, and his wife's name was Gaginabo.

This woman used to go to have her bath in the sea, and while she was having her bath, she used to see something in the water that came in the form of a fish and frightened her. So one day she told her husband that there

was something in the water which frightened her.

Shot.

So one day the man went with her. While the woman was having her bath, the man hid himself in a little scrub. From his hiding place, the man saw the coconut. He then shot the coconut with his bow and arrow (his arrow was made with three spikes). One of the spikes went right in, but the other two broke. That is why the coconut has three eyes, according to the arrow that Kawaro had when he shot it. Then he took it and threw it into the scrub and went home.

Hunting.

After a long while, he went to hunt with his four dogs. These are his dogs names: Domedome and Kakena (male) Waori and Bigama (female). Then the dogs began to bark at the tree; the man thought it was a pig, but when he came near, he saw the tree. Then he thought in himself, "This may be the thing that I shot and threw into the scrub." Then he came near and saw the tree in full. It was bearing some red, some green, some brown, some pink.

Good Food.

So he took one and split it with his stone axe, and gave it to his dogs to taste it, because he himself was afraid if he ate it he might die. But when he saw that the dogs ate it and did not die, he thought in himself, "It is a good thing that I have found." So he went home.

Dream.

He did not let the people know in his village. In the night Kawaro had a dream. In his dream the coconut said to him, "The thing that you found it was me. My name is 'Coconut.' All people shall call me coconut."

Letting Know.

In the morning Kawaro called all the people in his village and told them that he had found a good thing. "We must all go and see it."

Then all the village went with him. When they came to the place he said to them, "This is the thing that I have told you." So Kawaro divided it and they all took their share, and he said in a loud voice, "This is coconut. All people shall call you coconut."

[By D. Waipila Lifu, L.M.S. Teacher.]

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