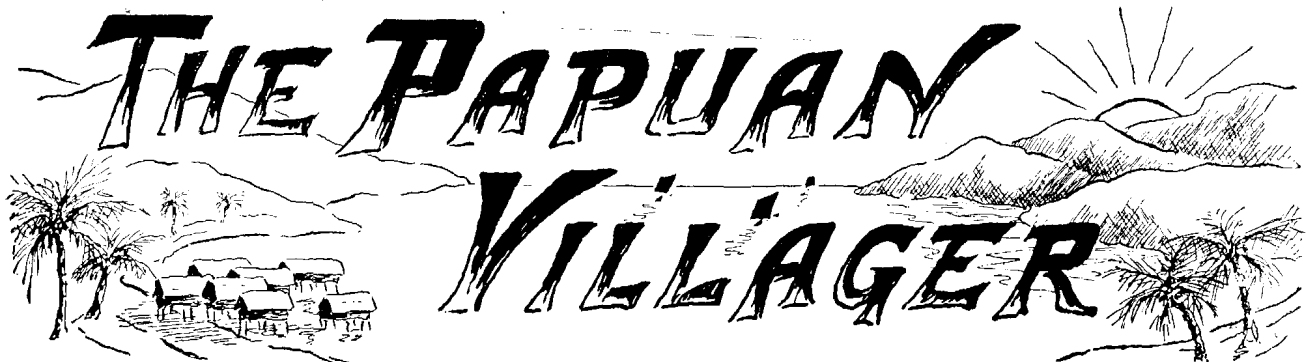


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Fifty Years of Government in Papua.

PAPUA will be fifty years old on the 6th November. It was on that day, in the year 1884, that Commodore Erskine hoisted the British Flag at Port Moresby and put part of New Guinea and the islands near it under the protection of Great Britain. We should never forget that day, for it is the day on which the Government started to look after and help the people of British New Guinea, as Papua was then called.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent Commodore Erskine to hoist the British Flag here. Her Majesty told him to tell the people, when he hoisted the Flag, that from that day onwards they would be protected and cared for by the officers that Her Majesty would send to New Guinea. The Commodore hoisted the Flag at Port Moresby and at eight other places on the New Guinea coast and the adjacent islands. At each of these places he gave the people Her Majesty's message. In the fifty years that have passed since then, this promise has always been carried out; and it will be carried out as long as Papua is a part of the British Empire.

Fifty years ago this country was a very wild and lawless land. There was no peace here, for the people were always at war with each other. If a man wished to go even a short way from his village, he had to carry weapons to defend himself from his enemies. The strong people oppressed the weak people, for there was no

Government to look after the people. No man, woman or child was safe; anybody could kill them, or take their goods, for there was nothing to stop these evil things from being done.

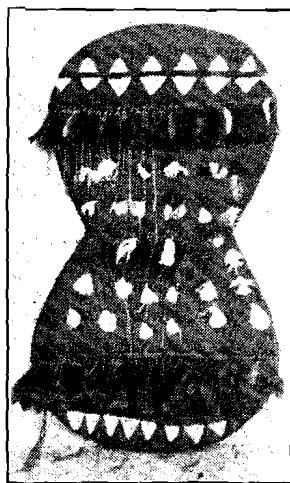
But when the Government came here, a great change took place. A change for the good of everybody in the country. The Government

and many other evil things, and as these evil things were stopped, the people became happy and contented.

The Government worked all the time to make the country better than it was when Commodore Erskine hoisted the Flag over it. Roads were made from village to village, so the people could go quickly from one place to another. Hospitals were built in many places, so that the doctors could look after the sick people. The children were made to go to school, so that they could be taught to read and write and do arithmetic and other useful things. Many Papuans were given work as policemen, gaol warders, boatmen, etc.

The people's lands were not taken from them. Any land that the Government needed, or that the white people needed, was bought from the Papuans. Only land that was not needed by the Papuans, or that was not likely to be needed by the Papuans, was bought by the Government. If the Government thought any land was likely to be required by the Papuans, even if the owners wished to sell it, it was not bought. That is why, to-day, fifty years after the British Flag was hoisted at Port Moresby, only a very small amount of land has been bought from the Papuans. Thus the promise made by Commodore Erskine, when he said to the Motu and other people who saw him hoist the British Flag here, "your lands will be secured to you," has been truly kept by the Government.

All the work of the Government costs a lot of money. Some of this



Shield, Koiari Tribe, C.D.

started to keep the promise that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had told Commodore Erskine to make to the people. Good laws were made, and Judges, Magistrates and Police were appointed to see that the laws were obeyed. Peace came to the country, for the people were not allowed to fight each other, for those who broke the laws were punished by being put in gaol for many months, sometimes even for many years. Many laws were made to stop stealing, sorcery

money is given to the Papua Government by the Government of Australia. The rest comes from taxes—customs duties, land rents, etc.—that are paid by everybody here. For many years the village people did not pay any tax except customs duty on the tobacco, axes, knives, calico, etc., that they bought from the stores. Some years ago, the Native Tax was started, so now most of the coastal and island people pay this small tax every year. The money from the Native Tax is only used for the good of the people who pay it, so they get it back in many ways—hospitals, water supplies, seeds and plants for the gardens, etc.

If we had more space to spare in *The Papuan Villager* we could mention many other good things that the Government has done for the people of Papua. One thing we can mention is the teaching of some young Papuans to be medical assistants. Last year fourteen of these young men were sent to Sydney for six months' study at the Sydney University. These men are now working in different parts of the country, looking after the sick people in the villages. Fourteen other young Papuans are now in Sydney, learning medical work at the University. It is a fine thing to know that the cost of their teaching is paid from the Native Tax money. You, who pay this tax, should be proud to know that your money is used for such a good purpose.

Last month we told you about the Papuans who are taught carpentry, boat-building and other work at the Technical Schools and the Government Workshops. These men had to learn to read, write and speak English before they could learn any of this work. If the Government had not made a law that all children should go to school, those young men could never have learnt anything. The schools have also taught many men to do other things—work in offices, stores, boats, etc. Many thousands of men also work on the plantations, in the mines, on the roads, and at many other things. All these people earn money with which they buy the things they want from the stores. In the old days there was no work for anybody except what he did in his garden or village,

so he had no money to buy an axe, or a knife, or a sail for his canoe, or anything else.

We hope you will read all the words in this article and tell your friends about them. We wrote it to let you know something about the many good things that the Government has done for the people of Papua in the last fifty years.

It was a very happy day for us all when Commodore Erskine made our country British territory.

Mr. F. E. Williams Returns.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. F. E. Williams, the Government Anthropologist, has returned to Papua.

Mr. Williams left Papua in July, 1933. He went to England, and while he was there he wrote another book. This book is about the people who live on the western side of the Fly River, the big river in the Western Division of Papua.

While Mr. Williams was in London he was given a great honour—the Wellcome Medal. It was given to him for trying to help Government and Missionaries to help the Papuans and other people like them.

Mrs. Williams and her small son are still in England. Mrs. Williams will visit Canada for a few months before she comes back to Papua; and the little boy will stay at school in England.

Notice to Correspondents.

Please send all letters and stories to Mr. F. E. Williams, in future, as he is resuming his work as Editor of *The Papuan Villager* after this issue is printed.

Mr. L. P. B. Armit, who was the Editor while Mr. Williams was away, takes this chance to thank all the people who sent him news and stories for the paper. He hopes they will send even more contributions to Mr. Williams, and so help him to make *The Papuan Villager* of more interest to its readers.

An Explorer in the Antarctic.

The region round the South Pole is called the "Antarctic." It is covered with snow and ice all the year round. A great part of it is still unknown. The only people who go to this cold land are whale fishers and explorers. The whale fishers only go there in the Summer, but the explorers often stop there for a year or more.

About four years ago, a party of Americans, led by Admiral Byrd, went to the Antarctic to explore and map some of the unknown country. They made their camp at a place that they named "Little America." They did a lot of exploring there.

Last year, Admiral Byrd took another party of Americans to Little America. It was the beginning of Summer when they arrived there. For the next few months they were very busy. Some of them used aeroplanes to travel over the great ice-capped mountains, and some went on foot across the country to look at the rocks, collect fishes, birds and other things. And all the time they made maps.

Just before the Winter commenced, Admiral Byrd and some of his mates built a house on the ice at a place many days' walk south from Little America. They put enough food and other things in this house to last a man all through the Winter. Then, when all the things were in the house, Admiral Byrd sent his mates back to Little America. He stopped in the house. He did this because he wished to learn what the weather was like there in the Winter. And there he remained all through the Winter, his only companion a dog.

In a little while the house was covered with snow and ice. The sun does not shine in the Winter in the Antarctic, so it is night all the time there in the Winter. The Admiral had a radio with him in the house, so he was able to talk to his men at Little America whenever he liked. But it was a very lonely life for him there. He could not go very far away from his house, for it was dark outside all the time, and if he had lost his way among the snow and ice, he would have been frozen to death. When the weather was stormy

he had to stop inside. If he had tried to go outside while the storms were blowing, the wind would have blown him off his feet, and he would have died in the snow.

It was a very brave thing that he did.

A Terrible Storm in Japan.

There has been a terrible storm in Japan. It was the worst storm that has come to Japan for over a hundred years.

The typhoon (as it is called) smashed up many towns, wrecked thousands of boats, and killed a great number of people. The rain was so heavy that the rivers rose over their banks and flooded the country. Railway lines, bridges and roads were washed away, and thousands of gardens were torn up and ruined by the floods.

Japan has been very unlucky, for it is only about two years since a great earthquake destroyed a lot of towns and killed a great number of people there.

Mr. Don Bradman Sick in England.

Mr. Don. Bradman, the Australian cricketer who made so many runs in the Test Matches, has been very ill in England. For several days it was feared that he would die, but now we are very glad to hear that he is getting better.

Mr. Bradman is the only man who has made 452 runs in a first-class cricket match. He made this great score when he played for New South Wales against Queensland, four years ago. He was not out in that innings. Playing for New South Wales against Victoria he made 340 not out.

In the Test Matches against England he made 334 and 304; these are the two highest scores that have been made in these games.

The Fire-walkers of Fiji.

The people who live on the island of Beqa, in the Fiji Group, are able to walk on heated stones without

burning their feet. They lay a lot of large flat stones on the bottom of a big hole in the ground. A pile of branches and logs is placed on the stones and set alight. When the fire has burned all the wood to ashes, the ashes are swept off the stones, and the Beqa men then enter the pit and walk up and down on the hot stones. Nobody knows how they do this without burning their feet, for the stones are so hot that a piece of meat placed on them is quickly roasted.

Many doctors have seen the Beqa men walk on the hot stones, but they could not find out how they escaped being very badly burnt. The Beqa have nothing on their feet when they walk on the stones.

The Story of Helen Keller.

If we were to lose the use of both our eyes and our ears, should we not be very unhappy?

In America there lives a woman called Helen Keiler, who became both blind and deaf after a serious illness when she was a year old. She grew up as a child in a world of darkness and silence. Sometimes she knew in her heart that other people lived in a different way from her, but she could not speak to them nor hear them. She was all alone.

Then a wonderful teacher came to lead her out of this world of darkness and silence. She spelled, by tapping into Helen's hand, the names of many familiar things—doll, cup, water. But Helen did not know at first that these things had names, for she did not know what words were. One day the teacher held Helen's hand under a stream of water, and went on spelling water until Helen understood that the stream of water and the spelled word were the same.

At last light had come to her! Now people could tell her what things were called. She could not learn quickly enough the names of all the things which she had before only known by their touch. Soon she could both listen with her hand and speak with her hand. She could at last tell people about the thoughts in her heart. Then she was taught to

read books written for the blind in raised letters. She could make friends with people by speaking with her hand. She could make friends with people in books through reading. She was no longer alone.

Her teacher knew how much she wanted to be like other people, and she helped her to study, until she was able to pass examinations and go to school and college. She went to see pictures, she went to the theatre (a house where people perform plays), she went to see museums (houses where interesting things are kept), she listened to concerts (music and songs).

How was she able to see and hear these things? Chiefly through the eyes of her teacher who described everything to her in "hand-talk." But Helen also learned to feel people's faces as they spoke and laughed and to feel the music on a piano. Her hands and her teacher's hands became to her both eyes and ears.

—From *Listen*.

Prince Henry Visits Australia.

His Royal Highness Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, has arrived in Australia. He came from England in H.M.S. *Sussex*, one of the finest warships in the British Navy.

Prince Henry will attend the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations as the representative of His Majesty King George the Fifth.

Prince Henry is the third son of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. He has visited many parts of the British Empire, but this is the first time that he has come to Australia.

From Melbourne the Prince will travel through New South Wales and Queensland, after which he will spend about a month in New Zealand. From there he will go to Fiji for a short visit, and from Fiji he will return to England, calling at Honolulu (Hawaii), Panama and the West Indies on his way home.

The Guinea Fowl.

The Guinea fowl is one of the most interesting of birds because of its quaint and almost human ways. It is, of course, not a Papuan bird, but you will see some on a plantation here and there, and perhaps at other places as well.

There is a district on the west coast of Africa called Guinea, and that is where the real home of the Guinea fowl is. In many parts of their native country they are seen in great flocks together, feeding their young, and leading them in search of food.

This bird has a coloured fleshy horn on each side of the head, and is of a dark grey colour, speckled with white spots. It has a wattle on both sides of the head under the bill, and this gives it a funny look. It is about the size of a common hen, and has a round back, with a tail turned downwards. The question which are the hens and which are the cocks is one very difficult to decide, but it is said that the wattles of the cock are bluish, the wattles of the hen being red.

Now your ordinary farmyard fowl would not turn a hair, or rather I should say a feather, if his own grandmother suddenly took ill, and died alongside of him. Not so the Guinea fowl. One hot morning some time ago, one of the Guinea fowls here took a fit of some kind, ran round in circles for about a minute, flapping its wings at the same time, and then dropped dead. Immediately, all the other Guinea fowls came and formed a circle round their dead companion, and gazed down at her. Now you know that is just what the people in your village street would do, if somebody suddenly took very ill and died there. I cannot say I saw any of the Guinea fowls shed a tear over the dead body of their companion, but I am quite sure they felt very sorry. Of course they could do nothing, for poor Susan was dead.

Another day a strange dog came inside the fence. The Guinea fowls saw her at once, formed a half circle, and moved towards her, stretching their necks forward, and bobbing their heads up and down. When they got near her, Lady Dog began to feel

rather hot and uncomfortable under the collar. Then she put her tail (what there was of it, which wasn't much) between her legs, and began to back away. And the Guinea fowls, still with out-stretched necks and bobbing heads, kept moving on towards the dog, as if to say, "You don't look very fierce, but we are not taking any chances, and we don't like your face; so, if you please, go back the way you came." I should not be at all surprised if the dog liked their faces just about as little as they did hers, perhaps much less, for probably she had never seen anything with a face at all like theirs before. Funny and often not very creditable to us that we should think it is the other fellow who has the ugly face or the ugly something else and not we!

At last Lady Dog turned right round, and began to move off more quickly. And the Guinea fowls kept following her up, until, in the end, the dog walked right out of the compound. Then the Guinea fowls turned back satisfied, no doubt saying to each other, "Well, and that's that. Something attempted, something done."

—Kauli.

The World We Live In.

More Experiments With Air.

You know how, if you are standing in a lake, with the water up, perhaps, as far as your chest, it is much more difficult to walk along than it is out of the water. If, instead, you are in a river, the water pushes you, and tries to carry you along with it. It can easily carry small sticks or even stones. In both these examples the water tries to stop you moving through it—it resists you. Now in many ways, air is like water. Like water, it can flow, and it can resist things moving through it. Flowing air is wind, and we have all seen how the wind pushes things—leaves, branches, trees, the sail of a boat, the cloth that you hang out to dry. If you are travelling in a fast lorry and you put out your head, the air rushing past may take off your hat. In all these cases the cause is the same—air moving.

This power of the air to resist things moving through it has been used in

a very interesting way. Sometimes an accident happens to an aeroplane while it is flying, high above the earth. Perhaps something breaks or the engine stops. If that happens, the man in the aeroplane has, fixed to his back, a parachute (parachute means, "against falling") and when he jumps out of the aeroplane, the parachute, which is like a big umbrella, opens and he comes down quite slowly instead of falling like a stone and being killed. You can make a little parachute from a large handkerchief or square cloth and some string. Tie a piece of string to each corner and join all the strings together. Then tie a stone to another piece of string, and tie the string to the others. Roll it all up carefully, with the stone outside, and throw it high into the air. As soon as it begins to fall, the cloth will open out and the whole thing will fall slowly, if your stone is not too heavy. The air resists the large cloth moving through it, so it only falls slowly. The parachutes used in aeroplanes are very large, even as much as thirty feet across.

This is one way in which the power of the air to resist things moving through it is made useful.

[After F. E. Joselin, of Achimota College, Gold Coast, Africa, in *Listen*.]

How Pearls are Grown in Japan.

A pearl is a small "stone" that is found in a shell that is called an "oyster." Some pearls are white and some are yellow. Black pearls are found in "black-lip" shell. The best pearls are found in the pearl-shell that the divers find in the deep water. Many pearls are found in the *lapi* shell that the Trobriand Island people find in the lagoon there. The *lapi* is an oyster. The Trobriand people eat these *lapi* oysters and sell any pearls they find in them. Pearl buyers buy the *lapi* pearls and send them to Australia and other countries, where they are sold to people who put them in rings and other pretty things. Sometimes the pearls have holes bored through them so that they can be put on a string and made into a necklace. A fine big pearl is worth a lot of money, but the very small ones, "seed" pearls, are sold for a small price.

All the pearls that are found in Papua grow themselves. This is how they grow, or form, in the oyster. Some very small thing, perhaps a grain of sand, falls into the oyster. This small thing hurts the flesh of the oyster, so the oyster covers it with a skin of lime. This skin slowly grows thicker and thicker until it becomes a pearl.

The people of Japan found out how the pearl grows, or is formed, in the oyster. They took oysters from the bed of the sea and put small things in them; then they put the oysters into wire baskets and put them back on the bottom of the sea. After the oysters had been back in the sea for some years, the people lifted them and found that the small things they had put in the oysters had grown into pearls. It took the people many years to find out how long it took for the pearls to grow.

Now, every year, the people of Japan take a great number of oysters from the bottom of the sea and put small things into them. To stop thieves from stealing these oysters they lock the oysters in strong wire-netting boxes. These boxes of oysters are then put back on the bottom of the sea. When six years have passed, they lift the boxes, open the oysters and take out the pearls.

Native Contributions

How the Coconut Came to Papua.

Long ago, a very long time ago, a man and his wife built a house on the bank of a creek. They had a little daughter. For many years they lived in the house beside the creek, and the little girl grew into a fine young woman. One day her father said to his wife, "Our daughter is now grown tall, so we will make a feast for her."

"Let it be a very big feast," said his wife. "We will ask all our friends to come to it."

"It will be a proper feast," answered her husband. "To-morrow, I will go to the bush and make plenty of sago, and you will go and dig yams and cut bananas in our garden."

And the man went and cut down a big sago-palm, dug out the pith and washed the sago from it. While he did this, his wife got the yams and bananas from their garden. They cooked all the food, put it into dishes, and called all their friends to come and eat it. There were many friends; they sat around the house, and the man and his wife gave the food to them. When the food was

all eaten, the man stood up and spoke to his friends.

"This feast is for my daughter," he said. "She is now a fine young woman, and this day I give her the name Morihava.

The friends said many nice words to Morihava, then, after they had danced and had eaten some more food, they returned to their homes.

The Young Woman Sees a Big Fish.

Some days after the feast, the young woman went to the creek and jumped into the water. She was swimming in the middle of the stream when she saw a big fish near her. It came to the surface and swished its tail, and the water washed over the young woman and frightened her. She quickly swam to the bank, and called loudly to her father, who was working not far away.

"Come quickly!" she called. "A big fish is here! It came close to me, and I am afraid of it!"

Her father ran to her. "Where is it?" he asked. "See! Over there!" She pointed to it. "It is a big fish," said her father.

"What fish is it?" she asked. We call it Miluka. It is a tabooed fish," he told her. "Better make a spear and kill it," she said.

"Yes, I will go to the bush to-morrow and make a big spear," he promised.

In the morning, after he had eaten some food, he took his stone axe and went to the bush. He came to a swamp and saw a sago palm lying in the water. He cut three pieces from its trunk—the hard shell—and took them back to his house. There he sharpened the three pieces and tied them to a long pole.

Her Father Spears the Big Fish.

When the spear was ready, the man and his daughter went down to the creek. Soon they saw the big fish in the water. When the fish came close to the bank the man lifted the spear and threw it at it. He threw it very strongly, and it hit the fish and killed it. Then he went into the water and pulled the spear and fish to the bank. They looked at the fish. The man said, "We cannot eat it. I will throw it away in the bush." Then they went back to their house.

The Man Dreams about the Big Fish.

That night the man was asleep. He had a dream, and in the dream he saw the big fish near him. It spoke to him, saying, "You will be surprised later on. A new food will be found all over this country (Papua). It will be named Coconut. There will be three spear holes in it that look like two eyes and a mouth." The fish then went away, and the man did not wake until the sun came up.

The Man's Dog Finds the Coconut.

A long time after the man speared the big fish, his dog found a coconut in the bush. The dog broke open the nut and ate the white meat that was in it. Every day that dog went to the bush and ate some more coconut. But the man and his wife did not know about it.

The woman said to her husband, "Always I put food in a dish for the dog, but it does not eat it. Why does it do that?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Better tie a long string to the dog's leg," she told him. "If the dog goes away into the bush, you can follow the string and see where it goes. It must be eating something, for it is never hungry."

The man did that, and the next time the dog went into the bush, he went after it. The dog ran fast, and the man had to hurry to keep up with it. When he saw it stop near a strange palm, he stood and waited to see what it did. Then, when he saw it start to eat something, he went close to it.

"It is a good food," he thought as he looked at the white meat in the broken nut. "But it may be bad for men to eat it," he said to himself. For a little while he watched the dog eat the coconut. "If the dog can eat it, I will taste a little of it," he thought. "If it tastes bad, I will spit it out."

And he tasted it, and it had a good taste like good food. So he ate a lot, and took some of the nuts back to his house and showed them to his wife. Then, when he and his wife looked at the nuts, he thought of the dream he had had about the big fish. There were three spear holes in every nut, so he knew then that the nuts had grown up from the body of the big fish Miluka.

And that is the way the coconut came to our country.

[By Kara Marase, of Moru, a scholar at London London Missionary Society's Technical School, Fife Bay, E.D. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

The Six Women Who Went Up Into the Sky.

My grandfather told me this story. He told it to me in his language, but I am writing it in English so that everybody can read it.

In the old times, long before my grandfather's grandfather lived, six women lived with their husbands in Nara. The women were very sad because their husbands were always beating them. If their men went fishing, the women would hurry to their gardens to get food for them, and if they were late home, their husbands hit them with a big stick. Every day was like that, so the six women talked of running away from their husbands. But they could not find any place to run to, for if they went away, they knew, their husbands would go and bring them back to their houses.

When the six women talked about running away, they asked each other where they could go to be a long way from their men. One of the women was their leader. She said, "Let us watch out for a good place to go. If one of us finds a good place, she is to tell us all so that we can all go with her." All the women agreed to this.

They Find a Ladder Reaching to the Sky.

One day a woman went into the bush. She was very sad that day and she was crying. As

she walked along through the trees she saw the ladder. It went from the ground through the tops of the trees and on into the sky. She looked at it for a long time. Then she went back to the village and told her five friends about it. They talked for a little while, and then, because their husbands were coming home, they ran and got the food cooked.

That night, after the men had eaten and gone to sleep, the six women took their baskets, packed their things in them and went away into the bush. When they came to the ladder, they climbed up it and went into the sky. Then as the last woman stepped into the sky she took her knife and cut the ladder away from the sky, and it fell down into the forest below.

The leader of the women was Oini Aua. The other women were Neme Aua, Lavui Aua, Budo Aua, Owate Aua and Palaika.

This is a true story. If you look at the full moon you will see the women in it: three in one line and three in another.

The women belonged to the Avo Orana Clan.

The six husbands were very lonely after their wives went up into the sky. They never married again, and they lived by themselves until they died.

[By Arua Oini, a schoolboy, London Missionary Society, Metoreia, Port Moresby, C.D.]

How we all got Dogs.

Once upon a time there was a man in a village who had the first dogs that ever lived in Papua. This was a long time ago. The man had a big dog and some small ones. The big dog's name was Roroma Kapina. The man used to take his dogs into the bush with him. He and the dogs hunted pigs and wallabies.

When they had killed some pigs and wallabies, they would go back to their home, and always the little dogs would say, "We killed the pigs and the wallabies. The big dog did not kill anything." The man heard what the little dogs said.

One day the man went hunting, but this time he shut the big dog in a case. He called the small dogs and took them with him into the bush. Soon the man and the little dogs saw a great big pig coming towards them, and they were very frightened. The man quickly climbed up a big tree, while the little dogs went down under the ground. The pig rushed to the tree and knocked it down, and the man soon climbed into another tree. When he got there he sang a song. This is the song:

"Roroma Kapina e! Roroma Kapina e!
Tano rau ai e, legi pae qara qarana
gilimo aua e,
Kepo auapa, pawa aua e kepi auapa,
Kope kopena, kope kaili."

Roroma Kapina was the big dog; the man was calling to it to help him.

Then the big dog heard his master's voice, and he broke up the case and jumped out of it. He ran as quickly as he could, and, when he saw his master up the tree, he called to him, "Which part of the pig will I take?" And the man said, "One of his legs."

Then the man climbed down and tied the pig's legs. After he had done this, the little dogs came out of the holes in the ground and said loudly, "We killed it!"

Their master took up a stick and drove them away, but very soon they went back to him.

The pig was so heavy that the man could not carry it, so he shouted to the bush people to come and help him carry it. A bush man came and helped him with the pig. The bush man walked behind the man, and, as they went along the track, the bush man pushed his hand inside the pig and tore out its heart. This he ate as he went along the track. When they came to the house they put the pig on the ground and cut it up. The man then saw the pig's heart was gone, so he said, "Where is the heart of this pig?" And the bush man answered, "I don't know."

The man then got some bananas, made a fire, and said to the bush man, "Come and lie down. I will cook the food while you rest." The bush man was soon fast asleep, and the man then came and tied his hair to the floor of the house.

When the food was cooked, the man took it off the fire and put it all into a basket. After that he took the basket and carried it up to the top of a coconut palm, where he sat and ate all the pig and all the bananas.

When the bush man awoke, the man had gone. The dogs were all sitting round the bush man, so he called them to him and took them away to the bush.

Some time after that some people went hunting. When they came into the bush they saw the dogs. They did not know that they were dogs. They asked each other what these strange animals were. Then they went home. On another day they were again hunting, and they saw plenty of dogs walking about. This time they each caught one of the dogs and took them to their village. They fed the dogs and were very kind to them, but some of them escaped and went to other villages all about the country. That is how all the villages got their dogs. This is the end of my story.

[By Taumata, schoolboy, London Missionary Society, Hula, C.D.]

BURIED WORD COMPETITION

No. 5.

A PRIZE of 2s. will be given to the winner of this Competition. We choose 15 words from Lesson 11 ("Metals") 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:—

L — G — S — A — I — E
L E G I S L A T I V E

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

S — P — R — T — D
— U — D — — D —
F — — N — C — S
W — — K — H — P
B — — C — S — I — H
— E — T — R — — Y
B — L — — W —
— N — V E —
— — R F — C —
H — — M — R —
— — N — E — S
S — — T — R
— H — F —
K — — O — E — E
— A — D L —

Only Subscribers to "The Papuan Villager" can win the Prize.

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

Answers must reach the Editor before the 9th November, 1934.

So Roroma Kapina bit one of the pig's legs, and the pig died.

The Papuan Villager

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