

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Hoisting the British Flag.

ON 6th November, 50 years ago, the British flag was hoisted at Port Moresby, and Papua came into the care of the Empire.

The flag had been hoisted before; but it was a mistake. The proper hoisting was on 6th November, 1884, when Commodore Erskine came with his warships. He had been sent by Queen Victoria.

The flag was hoisted at nine different places: (1) Port Moresby, (2) Delena, (3) Motumotu, (4) Kerepunu, (5) Argyle Bay (near Bonabona) (6) Suau, (7) Dinner Island (Samarai), (8) Killerton Islands (in Milne Bay), and (9) Teste Island (Wari). We shall see what happened when it went up at Port Moresby, the the first of these nine places.

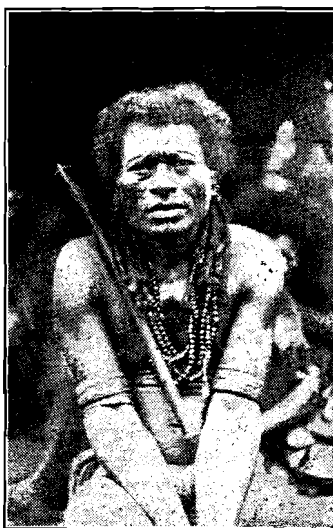
The Chiefs come to Port Moresby.

Five warships were lying in the harbour, the *Nelson*, *Espiegle*, *Raven*, *Swinger* and *Harrier*. The biggest of them was the *Nelson*: that was Commodore Erskine's ship. On Tuesday, 4th November, the *Espiegle* and the *Raven* went out to call the chiefs from the tribes and villages near. One went as far as Redscar and the other to Round Head, beyond Rigo. The next day they came back, bringing about 50 of the big men to Port Moresby. (Two of them had been fighting one another the day before; in those days the people used to fight very often.)

The Feast on board the "Nelson."

That afternoon the Commodore made a feast aboard the *Nelson*. All the 50 big men went over in canoes.

The biggest of them all was Boe Vagi of Gunina *iduhu*, Hanuabada. (An old man in Hanuabada remembers how Boe Vagi went out; his paddlers were Vaburi Arua, Arua Daera, Tupava Heni and Gabe Mumuta.



An "Old-Timer"

I expect they all felt very important.) The officers on the *Nelson* were dressed up in their best clothes, and they wore their "swords." (These were like very long trade knives, and were used for chopping people up in war. Of course the officers did not mean to chop up the chiefs: they wore their sword because it was a great day and they had to be in "full dress.")

No doubt all the chiefs were in "full dress" too, with feathers and shell ornaments. But I am sorry to say that two or three of them wore old shirts. Even Boe Vagi, the

biggest chief of all, had an old shirt on. He also had some green leaves stuck in the hole through his left ear. The green leaves in his ear probably made him look better, like some green lettuce on a plate of sandwiches. But I'm sure the old shirt did not. Think of a plate of sandwiches covered with an old shirt. What would your *Sinabada* say?

Well, the chiefs had a good time on the war boat. They walked round the decks and looked at all the wonderful things. Then they all sat down together and were given a tub of boiled rice mixed with brown sugar; after that some ship's biscuits.

The Commodore's Speech.

Then the Commodore spoke to them. He said that he was going to hoist the Union Jack on shore next morning. By doing that he would take this southern part of New Guinea for the Queen. It would become a "protectorate." That means that the Queen would protect, or look after the New Guinea people. They would keep their own lands, but they were not to fight among themselves. If ever they were in trouble, or bad men wanted to hurt them, then they should tell the Queen's officers. "Always keep in your minds," he said, "that the Queen guards and watches over you, looks upon you as her children, and will not allow anyone to harm you."

The Chiefs' Presents.

Mr. Lawes translated the Commodore's words into Motu so that the chiefs should understand. Then Boe Vagi was called up. The Commodore shook hands with him and gave him

a heavy black stick with a silver top. In this silver top was a two shilling piece with a picture of the Queen's head on it. That stick is still in the village. His grandson, Motu Nonuka, looks after it.

After that each chief was called into the Commodore's cabin and got a present—a tomahawk, a big knife, a coloured shirt or a piece of coloured cloth, some figs, and a stick of tobacco. Then they left the cabin one by one. As they passed through the door they came up against a long looking-glass; and those big chiefs saw themselves for the first time in their lives, I can tell you they were surprised.

Before the chiefs went on shore, the sailors fired off some of the big guns. They fired at a target more than two miles away. After dark the ship was brightly lighted; they sent up rockets into the sky; and they blew the *Nelson's* "siren," which made a very loud noise and frightened everyone.

The Soldiers and Sailors on Shore.

Next day in the early morning the officers and sailors came ashore in boats. A tall flagstaff had been put up ready in front of the Mission House. Now the sailors and soldiers came marching along. There was a band playing and some men carrying the flag. Altogether there were about 250 men. The Commodore and his officers stood on the veranda of the Mission House. Mr. Romilly was there, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, and Mr. Chalmers, or Tamate.

Then the Commodore read the "Proclamation." He said, for all to hear, that he was taking over this part of New Guinea in the name of Queen Victoria.

Hoisting the Union Jack.

When he had finished they hauled up the Union Jack, and the band played "God Save the Queen." All the five warships put up their flags at the same moment, and the *Nelson* fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Then some soldiers on shore were told to fire their rifles, and they fired three "volleys," the band playing some of "God Save the Queen" between each volley.

Then the Commodore said that he hoped the Protectorate would have the blessing of God; and that it would bring peace, happiness and welfare to the people of this land.

Last of all everyone gave three cheers for the Queen, and the soldiers and sailors marched away.

Buried Word Competition No. 5.

Won by Posu Semesevita.

Ten people sent in answers for this Competition. Seven of them were quite right.

The prize of 2s. goes to Posu Semesevita, L.M.S. Teacher at Savaivili, Gulf Division, because his words were written best.

The words were:

SEPARATED, HUNDREDS, FURNACES, WORKSHOP, BLACKSMITH, YESTERDAY, BELLOWS, KNIVES, SURFACE, HAMMERS, TUNNELS, SOFTER, SHAFT, KEROSENE, HANDLE.

Speak Up! Talk Strong!

Many Papuans know quite a lot of English. They often know more than the white man thinks. But they do not use the English they have.

This is partly because they do not say the English words clearly. You ought to pronounce your words sharply, as if your tongue were a knife. This is called "pronouncing" them properly. They teach you to do it at school.

But the main reason why you do not speak as well as you really can, is this, you are a little bit afraid.

Now it is not easy to speak up in another language. You may think that people will laugh at you, because you pronounce the words in a funny way. But I don't think the white man will laugh. If he does, you can think to yourself, "Well, I know more of English than you know of my language, anyway." And so you can really laugh at him. (Though you had better laugh "up your sleeve,"

or "behind your back.") If you want to talk English well, you must be brave enough to talk it clearly and boldly. Don't hang your head and mumble. Try not to be shy. Speak up, and talk strong!

The Melbourne Centenary.

This year the city of Melbourne is very gay and lively. There are big shows, big feasts, big dances; and thousands and thousands of visitors are there.

It is Melbourne's "Centenary." That means that the city began 100 years ago; this is their 100th "anniversary."

The special visitor is the King's son, Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester. He has been to Perth and Adelaide already, and now he is in Melbourne.

The streets are full of people who come to see the Prince drive by. Bright flags hang out of all the windows, and by night the city is lit up as bright as day.

What should we do if the King's son ever came to Port Moresby or Samarai?

The Air Race.

The aeroplane race from England to Australia is finished. The prize for the winner was £10,000.

Twenty planes started from England at early morning. At first Mr. and Mrs. Mollison led the way. But they had some trouble, and were passed by Scott and others.

Scott then led all the rest of the way. He stopped at only three places before reaching Port Darwin. One of his two engines went wrong, and he flew over 300 miles of the Timor Sea with only one engine going. But he got his engine mended, and reached Melbourne first.

He flew from England to Melbourne in under three days—in 71½ hours. It was a great thing to do.

Airmen from several nations took part in the race. A Dutchman came second, and an American third. We are very proud that this great race

was won by a subject of our own British Empire. It was an Englishman in an English machine.

In 1932 Scott flew from England to Australia. He then took 8½ days, and this was the quickest time up till then—it was a record. In 1934 the record was under 3 days. The aeroplanes go faster and further every year.

A Letter from Mr. Saville.

Dear Readers of *The Papuan Villager*.

I mean Papuan Boy and Girl Readers. Your Acting Editor, Mr. Armit, asked me when we were leaving Papua if I would write you a letter sometimes. This is my first letter to you.

We came "home" to England in a very big steamer called the *Ormonde* 12,000 tons. After leaving all the big cities of Australia in the South, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth in each of which we found many kind friends, and where we took on a great many more passengers, 800 altogether, and a lot of cargo of wool, flour, fruit and frozen meat, we said "Good-bye" to Australia and started on the lonely journey of eleven days across the Indian Ocean. We saw very few ships and no land during those eleven days. But the passengers chose a Sports Committee and these men and women arranged all kinds of games—tennis, cricket, deck quoits and many other games. We had a sports day for the little children who ran races of different kinds, and one day all these little 60 children dressed up in what they called "fancy dress."

In the evenings there was always music and dancing for those who liked it. With 800 passengers on board there was always something going on, and always a noise of talking and laughing and walking about.

There were two saloons where the passengers had their food. But there was not room for all to have their food at the same time so some had their food after the others had finished. It was like living in a big hotel.

On Sundays we had Services in the saloon for the Worship of God. All the time while we were enjoying our-

selves in the day time and sleeping at night there were men working the ship and the engines so that we might get to England safely and well. There was a crew of officers and men of two hundred, so we were one thousand people altogether on the ship, and the Captain was in charge of us all. Sometimes we forgot the Captain and officers and engineers and 25 cooks and many sailor men when we were playing and happy.

On Tuesday evenings we all went to the "pictures" which were very good. And there were pictures for the children too. We had newspapers every day printed on the ship, so we knew what people on land in all countries were doing—the news came to the ship by wireless.

During the eleven days when we were crossing the Indian Ocean the weather was very good and we had no big wind and sea, the time went quickly and we soon began to feel it getting hotter again like Papua. Then one morning we saw land again and all the passengers got very excited. Many of them had never been to Colombo in Ceylon before, nor had some of them seen tropical places before. The people belonging to Colombo are dark like Papuans. But white people have lived there a very long time so that it is a fine, beautiful large city.

The trees and flowers are the same as in Papua and we were so glad to see them again. It was their rainy season and everything looked nice and green. There are hundreds and hundreds of motor cars and motor boats there.

We were glad to get back to our ship again. We got very tired on shore because we had not done any walking about for nearly two weeks.

When we got to the Red Sea it was very hot. Africa and Egypt were on one side and Arabia on the other. Then we entered the Suez Canal. It was very narrow, and most of the time in the canal we could see no trees or grass, only miles and miles of sand. We could see people riding on camels over the sand.

Then we came into the Mediterranean Sea and for a long time we were travelling along the same way that the Apostle Paul travelled in his

small ship which was wrecked on his journey to Rome. For us the sea and wind was very calm. We went through the Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily. Some of you know Mr. Pilotti who has lived at Orokolo and now lives in Cloudy Bay, well, he comes from the beautiful country of Sicily and we thought of him as we were looking from the ship to his country. We remembered the time he was with us on Mailu when he had the bad accident to his knee and we were afraid he would have to have his leg taken off

After calling at Naples in Italy we called next at Toulon in France then at Gibraltar in Spain and the next place was Plymouth in England. We were all very excited the morning we saw the coast of England and only had a short way to go to get to London. The Australian people on the ship were very glad to think that they would see the Cricketers from their country play the Test Matches while they were in England. You know that Australia beat England at Cricket in 1934 by two games to one.

We reached England early in the morning and there were great crowds of our friends to meet us all. So many people came on board it was very difficult to find our friends. But in rushing to get off the ship and see our luggage through the customs we did not forget to say good-bye to the many people we had lived with on the *Ormonde* for six weeks. As we all separated to our different towns and cities and homes, I wonder how many thought of the Captain and crew who had brought us safely such a long way. We had only two bad days to remember on the journey. Some of the strong port holes were broken by the seas during those two days, but we can only remember the happy days we had had on board.

We often think about our Papuan friends and wish we could see you again. We often wonder what you are all doing and how the old places are looking.

We Wish You All A Very Happy Christmas and hope that you are all trying to get your friends to subscribe to *The Papuan Villager*.

Your Friend,

W. J. V. SAVILLE.

A Japanese "Sampan" at Hula.

On 19th October the *Laurabada* was passing Aroma when she saw a strange ship. It was a Japanese *sampan*.

Japanese must not land in Papua without permission, and they are not allowed to fish for shell. It was thought that these men on the *sampan* might be breaking the law. So the *Laurabada* went up to her and made the Japanese captain come aboard.

He could not speak a word of English. But his crew did not seem to be breaking any laws, so he was sent back to his boat.

Later the *sampan* visited Hula and some of the crew landed for water. They were friendly with the Hula people and changed some rice for native food. They also had some friendly wrestling matches with the Hula men. The Japanese are great wrestlers. I don't know who won.

Later on the *sampan* left and travelled to the West.

Anniversaries.

When something important happens we remember the date. When twelve months have passed and the same date comes again, we say it is the "Anniversary," and we remember that important thing once more.

Please to Remember the Fifth of November.

We are having a lot of anniversaries in this month of November. One of the oldest is that of Guy Fawkes. More than three hundred years ago Guy Fawkes and some others tried to blow up their parliament. They had a lot of barrels of gunpowder in a room under Parliament House, and Guy Fawkes was going to set fire to it. It would have been like blasting the House of Parliament with dynamite. But they caught Guy Fawkes in time. They made a big court case, and condemned him to death. In those times they were rather cruel in their punishments, and they burnt poor old Guy Fawkes on a heap of wood.

That was on 5th November. Every year since then the little boys let off

crackers; and they make a figure of old rags, like a man; and then they sing, "Guy, Guy, Guy, Stick him on high"; and then they burn it. That is keeping the anniversary of Guy Fawkes and his "Gunpowder plot." Perhaps we do not often think about Guy Fawkes; but we still like to let off crackers and big bungers and send up rockets on 5th November.

5th November, 1884.

If you read the article about hoisting the flag you will see that Commodore Erskine send up rockets the day before. That day happened to be 5th November. I expect the real reason for sending up the rockets was to give the natives something to look at; but you may be sure that the men on the *Nelson* remembered that date, and that they sent up one or two extra for Guy Fawkes.

11th November—Armistice Day.

Then there is a very important anniversary on 11th November. It was on that date 16 years ago that the Great War came to an end and the armies stopped fighting. It was the day of the "Armistice." It was on the 11th day of the 11th month of the year, and we have a very good way of remembering it. At 11 o'clock in the morning we stop quiet for two minutes. We can think hard about war during those two minutes, and hope we never have another one. All over the Empire we keep the "Two Minutes' Silence."

21st November—Landing of Dr. Lawes.

Then there is a Papuan Anniversary on 21st November. For on that date a great Missionary landed here. He was Dr. Lawes, the first L.M.S. missionary to settle in this country. On this anniversary they hoist the flag at the Poreporena Mission, for that is where he used to live. This year they are going to put up a stone at the Mission to remember him by. We shall tell you about it in next issue.

Motu Grammar & Vocabulary

PRICE: 12s. 6d.

Posted within Papua :: 12s. 9d.

Obtainable from the Government Printing Office, Port Moresby, Papua

How the Ugly Boy Won the Pretty Girl.

Gatatari was a pretty girl. She had been shut up in a house for some months. For she was waiting to come out and put on her paint and feathers. Then the boys would look at her, and perhaps she would marry one of them.

Abigata, the Ugly Boy.

There were plenty of fine boys who wanted to marry Gatatari, and there was one ugly boy called Abigata. He too wanted to marry this girl, but he seemed to have a very poor chance.

The other boys laughed at Abigata. While they sat on the floor of the house, he sat underneath, and they let pieces of betel-nut and food fall on him. And when they scraped the mud off their feet it fell on his head.

Abigata's sister was sorry for him. She rowed at the other boys for being unkind. But Abigata said, "No matter; just wait and see."

Now it was nearly time for the girl to come out of the house. There was to be a feast and a dance and the boys were all getting ready.

The Hornbill Beaks.

Abigata was not with them; but his uncle took him away to a quiet place all by himself, and dressed him. He gave him a head-dress of hornbill beaks. They clattered together, and as his uncle gave them to him, he whispered, "*Gatata, gatata!*" Those words were like the sound they made clattering together, and they were like the name of Gatatari.

When the dance came, Abigata put on his hornbill beaks and danced with the other boys. And all the time as he moved the hornbill beaks clattered together and seemed to say, "*Gatata, gatata!*"

Gatatari listened. "Who is calling my name?" she said to herself. And she took a betel-nut and dropped it on the ground behind her. Next time Abigata passed in the dance he just picked up the betel-nut with his toes, and nobody saw him.

Gatatari goes Home with the Ugly Boy.

When the dance was over Gatatari was sitting on a platform with all her feathers and ornaments. The boys

were going home, and with them Abigata, still wearing his hornbill beaks. As he passed the platform they clattered together *Gatata, gatata!* and Gatatari said, "Ah, there is the boy who was calling my name." So she got down and followed him home, and they were married.

Then Abigata's sister clapped her hands and cried to the other boys, "Ah, who used to laugh at Abigata? See who has won."

Fishing with Birds.

The "Cormorant" is a bird that lives on fish. It is found in China and Japan. The fishermen of those countries use Cormorants to catch fish for them. They catch the young birds and tame them. When they go fishing, they take the Cormorants with them. Each bird has a long string tied round its body under its wings; the end of the string is tied to the boat. When the fishermen come to a place where there are plenty of fish, they pick up each bird and tie another string round its neck. They tie this string just tight enough to stop the bird from swallowing the fish.

When the fishermen reach the place where they wish to fish, they drop the birds into the water. Then they sit down with the strings in their hands and wait until the birds catch the fish. The birds go under the water, and when they see a fish they catch it. The man in the boat feels the string shake as the bird tries to swallow the fish, so he hauls the bird up and takes the fish from it. When the bird has caught several fish, the man gives it one for itself. Then, after he has tied the string round its neck again, he puts it back into the water.

It is an easy way to catch fish. A man with eight or ten Cormorants will catch a lot of fish in a day. All he has to do is sit down and wait until the birds catch them for him. But if he forgets to give the birds some of the fish that they catch, they get sulky and just swim about until he gives them one.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents)

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Memorial to Dr. Lawes.

On the 21st of this month there will be another gathering of the people to celebrate the anniversary of the introduction of Christianity to the Motuan people by the late Reverend Dr. W. G. Lawes.

The memorial has been erected on the site of the first house he built. This will be opened by the Ministers of the Papuan District Committee on the above date, and a big feast will be prepared by the church members and non-christian people in Poreporena. We hope to see a very nice and wonderful procession.

Lakatoi—1934.

It is too late for preparing *lakatoi*, because the North-West wind is standing at the door, to object to the *lakatoi* going west for loading sago. The Poreporena *lakatoi* should have sailed for the West in September, or October last, but they have been threatened by a word received from Roku Village, telling the people not to make any *lakatoi* this year, because they heard some *Vada* Koiari men have been badly wounded from arrow points by the Motuans. So when this was heard, the people were frightened to make *lakatoi* this year.* One *lakatoi* is assembling at Tanobada village,—the captains of this *lakatoi* are Heni Hekure (*badi-tauna*) and Guba Gege (*dori-tauna*). This *lakatoi* will sail away some time this month. We hope that a good wind will keep them going through.

Ieremia-Nahuno in an Accident.

On Friday morning, a poor destitute man was walking on the Ela Beach Road towards Port Moresby to collect his weekly rations from the office of Department of Native Affairs. He is an infirm and destitute native who always receives a weekly ration from the Government.

While he was walking on the road, a man driving a motor car behind him ran him over, and one of his legs was badly cracked. He was taken to the Native Hospital immediately for treatment. I do not think that he will be able to collect his ration by himself in future, but will have to send somebody for it. He was already a bit of a cripple and had bad sight. The present accident will make him more crippled than before.

*[If the Motu people believe this they are very silly. How could Koiari bushmen harm a *lakatoi*. What do they know about the sea? Ed.]

Native Contributions

The Story about Hula School.

Our school at Hula is in a big building with many windows, near the shore. It is cool. There are pictures on the wall and many things to read.

In the morning at half-past six the monitor rings the bell and opens the doors and all

the windows. Then at quarter to seven he rings the second bell, and all the boys and girls fall in in front of the school, waiting for teacher. When the third bell finishes, the teacher is standing in front of the boys and girls.

He says, "Good Morning, boys and girls." And we all say, "Good Morning, Sir." After that we read the Bible lesson and sing and pray for all the schools in the world.

After prayers we go to our rooms and do writing and reading and composition in the morning, all in English. In the afternoon we do sums and geography and drawing and pictures of the world's people and ways. At half-past four we go out and work in our flower gardens, or on some days play cricket and other games.

Our chief teacher calls us bounders, but sometimes he is glad with us.

We should learn English because very many books and papers are written in English, and if we can read them we can learn all about the world and what is happening everywhere.

Then too in Papua the people talk many languages and they cannot all understand one another. If they could all talk in English, they could understand one another.

All over the world people in every country learn to talk English, so if we can talk English too we can talk to people from any country in the world. One hundred and seventy-eight of our school passed the Examination this year.

The end of my story.

[By Raula, L.M.S. schoolboy, Hula. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

Remembrance of Dr. Lawes.

Living in Papua is better now than it was in the olden days. The first European to come here was Dr. Lawes. He was a great-hearted man who came to live amongst savages. With his good and great work for Christ, in Poreporena, he formed the "Foundation" of Christain Life about 60 years ago. Both by his great work and by the restraints he put upon us, we now have most wonderful living.

So we all must remember the great work he did for our welfare. He made us like one man's family in Port Moresby and elsewhere. Those from England, Australia, and different parts in Papua are now called friendly on account of him.

Memorial of Dr. Lawes.

The 21st of this month will be the day when Dr. Lawes first came to Papua just about 60 years ago. The Papuan District Committee decided to procure a Memorial Stone for him and put it up at the place where he had first built his house. The foundation was prepared by Mr. R. S. Munro at the Mission Station, Metoreia. It is a big stone which cost a great deal; but they don't mind about its high cost, because Dr. Lawes had done a great deal of work for the London Missionary Society during his lifetime.

On the 21st of this month will be the celebration day. Then the stone will be put up; so if anyone wants to come and see the celebration, there will be no objection to it. I do not know, probably some important officers from the Government will attend this celebration. Because he (Dr. Lawes) made a good friendship with both European and Natives; the door was open widely by him for anybody who could come in.

Poreporena Choir.

In that day, our Choirmaster, Mr. John Spychiger, and his party will sing a song to remember Dr. Lawes's great work. So we all have to go and sing it with all our mind and also with our heart, and to praise our Saviour for guidance and inspiration to continue to do his good work, and following in his footsteps.

[By Dago Morea, Native Clerk for Government Anthropologist, Port Moresby.]

News from Misima.

The last three months were very wet. This month is very dry and hot. The barracks and gaol tanks will be empty very soon.

The Assistant Resident Magistrate, Mr. Hides, and his wife left Misima last week. He is going to do a patrol in the Western Division, and Mrs. Hides is going to Sydney. The Resident Magistrate is looking after the station by himself.

During the last three months the *Veimaui* has brought things for Quartz Mountain Mine. The first trip she arrived here with a motor lorry. It is bigger than the Umuna one. The wharf is full of machinery now, and the Quartz Mountain work-boys are very busy with the road, carrying stones to make the road hard and strong, so that the motor lorries can carry the heavy iron things and take them to the mine.

There are four Gold Mines here now. Umuna, Sisa, Kulumalia and Quartz Mountain. Misima is an island full of gold, and every boat from Samarai brings some more white men. They still come for the mining here. I hear that plenty more are coming yet. I think it will soon be like Samarai town.

[By Kenneth Kaiu, c/o Mrs. A. C. Rentoul, Bwagaia, Misima, S.E.D.]

A Wedding.

Saturday the 3rd November was the wedding day for Rea Mea, who is one of our Poreporena XI. Our Poreporena Church was nicely and prettily decorated by his fellow-cricketers, to show their great pleasure and kindness.

Wedding was held at 7 p.m. and there were some hundreds of people there, including Mr. J. G. Spychiger and Mr. R. V. Oldham from Port Moresby, and the Staff of Metoreia (Rev. D. E. Ure and Mrs. Ure, Sister Fairhall and Miss Riley), five Samoans, and three Chinese.

Poreporena Choir.

The Poreporena Choir with their leader, Mr. Spychiger. The cricketers stood on the gang-way in the Church. As soon as the bridegroom and his bride entered the Church, the Choir sang a song, "Hail Heavenly Song." The Cricketers followed bridegroom and bride and sat around them.

One minute lightning and thunder.

After the wedding, all we Cricketers stood around the bridegroom and bride. Then Mr. Oldham took the photo. When the photo was being taken, there was, I should say, *one minute lightning and thunder* in the Church. (It was flashlight.)

Cricketers Donation.

Before the party and singing began the Cricketers went up and offered their presents to their fellow-cricketer, Rea Mea and his Bride. So the singing went on from 8 to 11 p.m. Then everything was quiet after 11 p.m. and we all the separated, and ran for our pillows.

Arch Decoration.

I wish to add this for our future interest and benefit. The best idea for us all is to do what our missionaries have taught us. On one occasion a decoration-door called Arch was put up in the middle of our Church, for Mr. and Mrs. Ure's wedding.

So I want our Island of Papua to follow this; and in every wedding the present and future generations must not forget this to make and keep this Arch all the time.

[By Toka Gaudi, Hon. Secretary, Poreporena Cricket Club, Kavari.]

A *Taravatu* on the Iokea Coconuts.

Dear Readers,

I am very pleased to tell you what my brother has written to me.

Some time ago the Iokea people put up a law (*taravatu*) about coconuts in their village. They have put up a law once before. But the law was broken that time by some untrue men who were stealing the nuts secretly. This time the law is made by the whole village, from old men down to young men.

This is how and where they have put the law. The place is some distance away on the west side of the village—about a half-mile from the village to the place called Favekiri; then from there all the way down the coast to the bank of the Miaru River. Some of you readers who have travelled there for business once or twice with your masters will know where the place is. Friend! I think the distance between Favekiri and Miaru River is something like 12 miles.

So they divided it into 8 parts, for 8 ages (in Motu *sih*) of men, so that each *sih* can look after their own side. (And also all these *sih* have different names in Toaripi language; I can't tell you what they are.)

The great reason for doing this is the tax. Because this year a lot of young men were nearly all sent to goal for having no money at all to pay their yearly tax. Their promise is the law will last for a year. Then after the end of that, there will be a great feast and dance for all the people. And many tons of copra for s.s. *Papuan Chief* to load to the Steamships Trading Co.

And I hope this will come true; and will save them in future from leaving their wives and children and going to gaol.

Readers, I am thinking myself a lot in this thing. Because many times we Papuans ourselves are not true. Will you please just think for a minute what I am talking about? Let us wake up from bed, and stand firm to take hold the truth by ourselves as men in our country Papua; and also trust God and King all through earthly life.

The end. Good-bye to all you readers,

Yours truly,

[Marebari Raepa, L.M.S., Port Moresby.]

The Village Councillors' House.

Not long ago the Tairia people built a new Council House, by the order of the A.R.M. of Kairuku. The leaders of the work were the three head Councillors: Oa Naime, Parau Aisi, and Koaba Bure. The helpers were the V.C. and the small Councillors. These are their names: Miria Arua, the V.C. Haurama Aisi, Kawo Koaba, Bite Naime.

It was a funny sight, to see all the men at work. They work, play, laugh, talk and yell in loud voices. Dishes of food were brought by women, and were quickly eaten up; and before the sunset a good deal of meals are eaten.

At evening after work, they are pleased to lie flat on their verandas, or sit, chat, and chew betel-nut. When it is night, you will hear them preaching here and there from one end of the village to the other.

The house is 22½ ft. in length, 18 ft. in breadth. The walls are made of sago palm branches. Some men carved their own Papuan boards and painted them with lime, and fixed them on the walls. Their fancy work, and their own Papuan way of carving make the walls look pretty. The roof is made of grass.

Now I think this is all I can narrate of the house, so I will say Good-bye, and good luck to you all readers.

[By Emmanuel, T. O., Catholic Mission Teacher.]

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