

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Dr. Lawes Memorial Celebrations.

YOU have read before in *The Papuan Villager* about Dr. W. G. Lawes, or, as the Motu people used to call him, "Misi Lao." He was one of the first missionaries to come to this country, and the first white man to put up a house and settle here. He landed at Port Moresby on 21st November, 1874, just sixty years ago. The people of the Poreporena villages at Port Moresby are very proud of Dr. Lawes, and for some years now they have held a special service, on or about 21st November, in memory of him. A few years ago they put up a flagstaff to mark the place where Dr. Lawes first house was built, and it has been beside this flagstaff that the service has been held.

This year a very big service was held to mark the "diamond jubilee" of Dr. Lawes' landing. (Jubilee means fifty years, diamond jubilee means sixty years.) The missionaries at Port Moresby had been getting ready for it all through the year, and by 21st November, a fine Memorial Stone had been put up close to the flagstaff, on the spot where Dr. Lawes' house was built in 1874. This stone, which came from Australia, cost a lot of money, most of which was given by white people living in Papua, but some by Papuan people also.

The service was held, not on 21st November, but on the 24th, as this was a Saturday, and more people could come on Saturday than on a week-day. It started at half-past-

three, but long before that time people had begun to arrive. There were many white people from Port Moresby, a big crowd of Poreporena people, and quite a large number of people

L.M.S., spoke about Dr. Lawes, reminding the people what a brave and good man he was. Then came the most important part of the service. His Excellency, after speaking for some minutes in praise of Dr. Lawes, walked out to the stone and "unveiled" it. Up to that time the lower part of the stone had been covered by an L.M.S. flag; now His Excellency pulled this away and uncovered the writing which is carved on the stone.

This is what is written :

*On this site stood the house of
Rev. W. G. Lawes, of the L.M.S.,
the first white Missionary to
settle in Papua.
He landed on 21st November, 1874.*



Dr. W. G. Lawes

from other Motu villages. The Poreporena scouts and guides were there in their uniforms, and there was a guard of honour of Armed Constabulary. At half-past-three His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, arrived, and the service began.

After two hymns had been sung, one in Motu and another in English, Rev. C. F. Rich, Chairman of the

Next, the Poreporena Native Choir, led by Mr. John Spychiger, sang a hymn in English, after which there was a speech by a Motu man, Vagi Daure. Vagi Daure said that he was a boy when Dr. Lawes landed and told a very interesting story about those days. He said how pleased the Poreporena people were to see such a big crowd at this service, how grateful they were for all the help that white people had given them, and how proud they were of Dr. Lawes who was the first to come to them. Vagi Daure spoke in Motu, and when he had finished, Mr. P. Chatterton, of the L.M.S. explained to the white people what he had been talking about. The service finished with a prayer by Rev. B. T. Butcher and a Motu hymn.

After the service was over, everyone went down to the shore to watch a Play representing the landing of Dr. Lawes. Oala Rarua L.M.S. teacher

at Baruni, was dressed up as Dr. Lawes, and a number of Poreporena boys were dressed as sailors. They came ashore from the *Veiya*, which was anchored some way out, in a dinghy, and as they got near the beach canoes went out to meet them. The men in the canoes looked very fierce and waved spears and canoe paddles, threatening the people in the dinghy, which was very nearly upset. However, "Dr. Lawes" and his sailors got ashore safely and, pushing through the big crowd of people on the shore, made their way up the hill to the Memorial, where Mr. Gibson took their photographs. This Play was very well done indeed.

The white people went back to Port Moresby now, but the Poreporena people and their native visitors had a big feast and a sing-song to finish this day of remembrance.

So the "diamond jubilee" of Dr. Lawes' landing is over, but the stone will always be there to remind the Motu people of what they owe to a very brave man.

—P.C.

The Throne of the Kings of Kandy.

How the Throne was Captured.

When Prince Henry was on his way to Australia he stopped for some time in Ceylon. The natives of that country are called the Sinhalese, and of course they belong to the British Empire. But in 1815, more than 100 years ago, they wanted to break away from the Empire, and they had a war with the British. They were beaten, and the leader of the British soldiers captured the throne of the Sinhalese King.

A throne is a very special seat for a King to sit on. And as the Sinhalese Kings lived at Kandy, a city in the hills of Ceylon, this was called the Throne of the Kings of Kandy. It was taken to England and kept in one of the homes of our own King, Windsor Castle. There it stayed for nearly 120 years. It is a very beautiful throne, of carved wood covered with gold and precious stones.

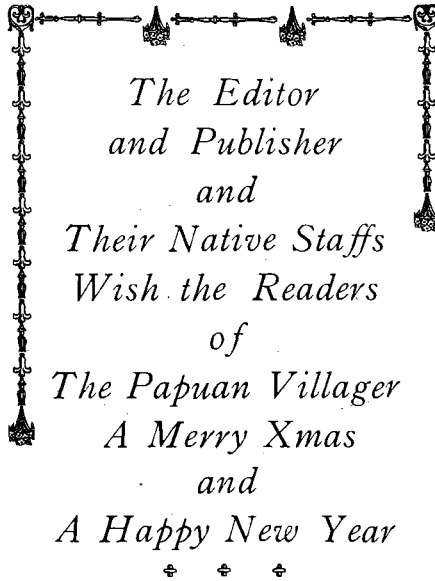
It is sent back by King George.

But our present King has now given it back to the people of Ceylon.

When his son, Prince Henry, was sailing to Australia in the *Sussex* he took the throne with him. And when he reached Ceylon he gave it to the Governor for the people. And so they have the throne of their old kings back again.

Welcome to Prince Henry in Ceylon.

The Sinhalese gave the Prince a great welcome. He stayed at the beautiful city of Kandy, and it was so thick with excited people that he could hardly move about. But the chiefs—fifty of them—came to see him in their finest clothes, and he met them and was photographed with



them all. Then they went through the crowded streets to the great hall, and there he handed over the throne to the Governor.

The people were all in high spirits. They let off fireworks and waved flags and beat their drums. And by night time there was a wonderful procession of twenty elephants all wearing gay clothes and carrying little houses on their backs. And there was a great deal of talking and shouting and waving of torches. I should not be surprised if Prince Henry had a headache before it was all over, but we may be sure he was glad to bring back their throne to the people of Ceylon.

Marriage of Prince George and Princess Marina.

The fourth son of King George has been married. He is Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund, though we always call him just Prince George. And his wife is Princess Marina of Greece.

When a son or daughter of the King gets married there is a very big ceremony. All the lords and ladies come in their robes; the soldiers are there in their uniforms; and thousands and thousands of people come to look on and see the procession pass. Whether they were there to see them get married or not, everyone in the British Empire will wish Prince George and Princess Marina a long and happy life together.

Of course Prince George does not have to pay in ornaments or money for his bride. That is not the white man's fashion. But there are lots of fine ornaments given as presents; for when two white people get married their friends give them these gifts, which are called "wedding presents."

The Wedding Cake.

There is a big feast also at every European wedding, just as there is at a native wedding. Every European bride has a wedding cake all covered with white sugar. When Princess Marina married Prince George her wedding cake was over 9 ft. high and weighed 800 lb. There is a wedding cake fit for a Princess!

Prince George.

Prince George is 32 years old. He has been a sailor, like his father the King, and has worked on some of the biggest ships in the Navy—The *Iron Duke*, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Excellent*.

Early this year he visited South Africa, just as his brother, Prince Henry, is now visiting Australia. The King's sons go from place to place to see and speak with their father's people. They all work hard for the Empire. Perhaps someday one of them will visit us. In the meantime we wish Prince George and Princess Marina, Good Luck!

The Last Big "Papuan Villager."

This issue is not the last of *The Papuan Villager* by any means, but it is the last of our paper in its present form.

Next month you will have a smaller paper with fewer pictures in it. In other ways it will be just the same.

We do not think you will find it too short. Does any man read the paper right through in its present form? And there will still be plenty of room for native contributions.

Keep sending your letters to the Editor; and try to get us some more subscriptions. The new subscription will be only half what it used to be. Therefore we want twice as many—or we shall be losing money.

Water Too Much and Too Little.

In some parts of the world the people don't get enough water; in other parts they get too much. Even in a small country like Papua it is the same. While the Motu people are waiting for rain for their yam gardens on the hill-sides, the Kikori people are wishing it would only stop raining.

Floods in China.

Then we sometimes have floods and the gardens are spoilt. But ours are not bad ones. In China they do have bad floods. Some few years ago the River Yangtze was in flood. About 30,000,000 people lost their homes, and 10,000,000 lost their lives. That is, thirty or forty times as many people as live in the whole of Papua, died because of floods.

Draining the Swamps in Italy.

Sometimes water lies about in swamps. We have plenty of these in Papua. Some are too big to drain; but we shall someday get rid of the smaller ones.

In Italy they have had engineers and workmen draining a big swamp called the Pontine Marshes. For many years it has been useless and a breeding place for mosquitoes. By and by they will make it good land.

It is 40 miles long by 12 miles broad. You may have a little Pontine Marsh near your house 40 inches long by 12 inches broad. It is useless, and it will breed enough mosquitoes to give you and your friends malaria. Drain it, or fill it up.

Irrigation in India.

Where there is not enough rain the people sometimes bring water on to their gardens by "irrigation." They make a dam to hold the river water in a valley, then they lead it on to their gardens by means of canals or races. As you know the people at Wedau do this already.

There are many big irrigation works in the dry parts of the world. Some of the biggest are in India. Near Madras they are going to make a dam and canals; and they will be able to turn the water on to a million acres of useless land. Then that land will grow rice and trees and garden vegetables. Perhaps in some parts of Papua the people will be able to think out their own irrigation.

The Wicked Flying-Fox.

It was a time of hunger and a man could not find enough food for his wife and children. So he left them at home while he went to make sago. He said he would be away for a few days; and the children must not touch a bunch of bananas growing near to his house.

The Flying-Fox Steals the Bananas.

But a bad flying-fox used to come to eat the bananas. Flap, flap, flap, every night the flying-fox was there. The children would try to frighten it away. They would swear at it, and say, "Why do you come to eat our bananas? We are keeping them to make a stew when our father brings home the sago."

It Eats the Children's Mother.

The flying-fox was not a real flying-fox. It was a devil-devil, and a very clever one. When he heard that the father was going to bring some sago, he got a lot of mud and tied it up with sago leaves and put it on the veranda.

That night the mother came out of the house and found this on the veranda. She could not see properly

in the dark and she thought it is real sago; so she began to break it in lumps and put it straight away into the pot to cook. While she was doing this the bad flying-fox flew down and gobbled her up whole. Then he flew away slowly, for he was very heavy after eating such a meal.

It is Caught and Eaten.

But the son came out and saw him enter a hole in a tree.

Soon after the father came home with the real sago. The son met him and said, "Oh, Father, a flying-fox kept coming and eating the bananas. Now it has eaten mother too."

The father was very sorry. He called all the people, and the son told them what had happened. Then they took their axes and sharpened them. And they all went to the tree where the flying-fox had gone into the hole, and they cut it down.

Hundreds of flying-foxes came out of the hole and they killed every one. But each time the son said, "No, not that one."

At last a very big ugly flying-fox came out. He was the devil-devil, and the boy said, "That is the one." Then the people killed it and cut it open. And inside they found the body of the poor woman. So they buried the woman and ate the flying-fox.

A Printing Press at Hula.

There is another printing press in Papua. This one is at Hula, and Mr. Short has sent us one of the first pages it has turned out. It is a blue cover for the "Agenda" for the District Committee Meeting of the L.M.S. (The Agenda means the list of all the things they must do and talk about at their meeting in Port Moresby.)

On this cover we see that Mr. Rich is to be this year's Chairman. We also see, "Welcome to Harold L. Schlencker, Stanley H. Dewdney, and H. Leonard Hurst, three new missionaries."

The Agenda is printed by the Hula Mission Press. We hope this press will go on printing things for the white men and the Papuans to read

The Biggest British Ship.

The biggest of all British ships has been built and put into the water. It took a very long time to finish her: thousands of men—boat-builders, carpenters, rivetters, painters—have been at work on her. But at last the heavy part of the work has been done and she has been put into the sea.

Her Name.

While she was being built her name was kept secret. She was called "Number 534"—perhaps because 533 boats had been built in these ship-yards before her. When she was ready to go down into the water they asked the Queen herself to launch her and to give her her real name.

So the King and the Queen came along, and there were many thousands of people looking on. And the Queen said, "I am pleased to name this ship *Queen Mary*."

Then she cut a wire holding a bottle of Australian wine, and the bottle smashed against the side of the big ship. (This is how the white people "christen" a new ship). Next she pressed an electric button and the *Queen Mary* (the ship, of course) began to slide down toward the water.

Preparations for the Launching.

The *Queen Mary* is such a big ship that they had to be very careful about putting her into the water. There is a long slide-way down which she must run, and they have to make it nice and slippery. They used 150 tons of grease and soap, and a ton of oil so that the big boat would slide properly.

Then she goes down so fast that when she reaches the water she may keep on and bury her nose in a mud bank. They had to dig out a lot of ground to make the river big enough to prevent this.

And they have to tie a lot of long chains to the sides of the boat so that she will not run too far. As she shoots out on to the water she pulls the long chains behind her, and they are like drag anchors. Each chain weighed 1,000 tons.

And when she hits the water she makes such a big wave that the people standing on the banks might get washed away. So they had to put

up big fences to keep the people a long way back and out of danger.

But everything went very well. The big ship was not harmed, nor were any of the people. Now she is safely afloat, and the workmen are still at work on her as she lies in the water.

The Size of Her!

She is a ship of 72,000 tons—the biggest in the world, except for a French ship of about the same size. Some of you saw the *Strathaird* when she visited Papua. Well, you would have to multiply the *Strathaird* by 3 and add a few thousand tons to make a ship as big as the *Queen Mary*. She is more than 1,000 feet long. She could hang the *Papuan Chief* over her stern for a dinghy.

The Medical Students.

On another page we give a picture of the second lot of Medical Students. They are photographed with His Excellency the Governor and with Dr. Strong, who has gone with them to Sydney. At present they are working at the School of Tropical Medicine. They will be away for two more months.

The American Cup Yacht Race.

Some of you may not know what a "yacht" is. It is not a new way of spelling "sneeze." It is pronounced "yot," and it means a certain kind of sailing boat.

You will see a picture of a small one on another page of this issue. Some yachts are very much larger, and they carry tremendous sails, like clouds.

A big yacht race has just taken place between America and England, the race for the America Cup. Years ago America beat England and took the Cup over the Atlantic Ocean. Again and again England has tried to get it back. They have sent over many different yachts, but each time they have failed.

This year the English yacht was called the *Endeavour*, and the American was called the *Rainbow*. They have to sail a course of 30 miles. The

Endeavour won the first two heats, but the *Rainbow* won the next four, and that was the end of it. The Cup still stays in America.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents)

DARU

(Correspondent—William Tabua)

News from Daru.

Just a few lines to let you know how things have gone on since I wrote to you last.

Three weeks ago some Fly River men brought in a man who had killed one of his fellow men. It was said that they had been quarrelling among themselves in the village about some matters. Then the former got angry and struck the later with a piece of iron bar on the head.

Last week an aeroplane came here and flew above us for a few minutes then went away eastward.

On the 12th of October at 7 p.m. we saw a star shoot from North toward the South with a great noise; and at midnight another shot from the West toward East.

A Trip up the River by Launch.

Last month the people of Mabudawan celebrated the feast of the second anniversary of Riley's Memorial Church on the 16th of September. There were a lot of people present. Before the day of celebration the Rev. Harold Schlencker and I with the other teachers went up the river in the launch to visit some bush villages. It was a beautiful river. All along both sides of the banks we could see beautiful flowers of all shades, and clinging vines hanging from one tree to another; water lilies and ferns growing all along the edge of the water, and beautiful birds flying across from one side to another; and cuscus sitting on the shady branches and looking down on us, to say nothing of the flying foxes and wild ducks, they were in hundreds. On the edge of the bank we could see ahead of us crocodiles dash into the water as the boat came near, and freshwater turtles pop their heads up from every side.

We had a nice trip in going up. But in coming back the engine broke down. We got to the river mouth at midnight.

That is all I have to say.

MISIMA

(Correspondent—N. Raho Rakatani)

Visit of the "Laurabada."

The Governor came by the *Laurabada* and tried some cases. One man was convicted for inflicting grievous bodily harm and went to gaol for 3 months. Two others, from the Baniara District, were convicted of murder, and each got 3 years hard labour.

While the *Laurabada* was here the boys played us cricket and beat us by an innings and 57 runs.

Cricket—Bwagaia v. Loaga (Methodist Mission.)

The first match was played on our own ground. The day was very fine and bright. Bwagaia won the toss and decided to bat. Bwagaia won the game by an innings and 105 runs. Duncan, Kenneth and Teddy being the chief scorers. Loaga made 57 runs only.

The second match was played on Loaga Mission ground. The day was very fine and sky slightly overcast. Bwagaia won the toss and elected to bat. Duncan and Pipi Gabe went to wicket. After scoring 37, Duncan was dismissed. Play continued briskly, and the remainder of the team raised the score to 83, Duncan, Pipi Gabe and myself being the chief scorers. Loaga then went in and made 66 runs only.

Visiting Boats.

The *Oriomo*, *Ferry* and *Nusa* have arrived bringing on "sign-on" boys for the mines. There are also three motor lorries here now, two for Quartz Mountain, the other for New Misima Gold Mine Ltd. All the native labourers are working at carrying cargo out and in.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Imitation of Dr. Lawes' Arrival.

After prayer Mr. Rich said that everybody must go down to the shore and see the imitation of Dr. Lawes' first arrival in Poreporena. There were four war canoes decorated with banana leaves, and all the paddlers were dressed up nicely, and waited for the dinghy to come off the *Ronald S.* As soon as they saw the dinghy come off they paddled to her and surrounded her. And some of them held their paddles up, trying to strike.

But the four crew-boys and the captain pulled away among them until they came to the shore. "Dr. Lawes" was a Baruni teacher, Oala Rarua. He put a helmet on, and with a long beard on his jaw he was very like Dr. Lawes (for which see his photos. on the wall). On their arrival at shore a crowd threw pieces of wood and some kind of rubbish at them; and some stood with spears, bows and arrows, and clubs in their hands for trying on the game. Some big men stopped them from doing it, and "Dr. Lawes" was led up to the top of the hill, where the first house was built. And the game was ended here.

After the games were over, all the women ran back to the houses for bringing the cooked foods. Poreporena killed 9 pigs, Tanobada 1, Pari 2; and the other villages, from Merabu to Kido brought very large food for this feast. They placed them in front of the church to be shared out. L.M.S. brought their bullock (bought it from Mr. Lampo) and put it together with ours. Everybody had very good share, and all had a good dinner in the evening.

The same game will be on after 10 years' time, or I am not certain.

Native Contributions

The Story of Mr. and Mrs. Saville in Papua.

Mr. Saville and Mr. Rich came from England together in 1900. They looked for the right places to work, sailing along the south-coast in the *Olive Branch*.

Mr. Saville said he would serve God and the people in Emere Abi, or Millport Harbour. He and Mrs. Saville lived there for a few years and built a house and work-shop and school and cricket ground.

Then they went to Mailu Island, because there were many people. They built many places there and a very beautiful church. He made a whale boat and a dinghy. Then a launch was made at Kwato and called the *Daba*.

He taught people to play many games and sing part-songs with the organ and all were happy. He made good schools and churches, and went round to see them all very often in his launch. All people were made better in the power of Christ.

Every day we had school or church and worked hard at many things. *Taybada* always worked and played hard. He taught us games in the house, and made many pictures. Some moved, and he showed them to us with his machine. When the people danced he made pictures. He made God's Book in Mailu language, and a book about the country and ways of Papuans.

When he was leaving, everybody was very sad, for they were our father and mother in every way. Some of his boys are in stores and offices and Lawes College and the Technical School, and some are teachers.

Everyone of us will remember Rev. and Mrs. Saville until we are dead, and then we will see them again.

[By Dauge Genia, Mailu, London Missionary Society boy. This story shares the 5s. prize for the best article.]

The Artful Tricks.

One night a Samoan Pastor, Tauoa, showed ten of his artful tricks to the natives of Poreporena.

But, before I go any further, I wish to tell you all about how he became a trickster. He said when he was a young boy he used to knock his friends about in the school; he never obeyed any order from either his father or schoolmasters in Samoa. So his father was getting very tired of him, and took him to an Englishman named Mr. Charles Moore, who was a schoolmaster in American Samoa. He worked for this man for seven consecutive years satisfactorily. He said that after four years working for this man, the man saw that he was a useful boy, but he was sorry that he was working for nothing. He did not pay him anything for work done. So the man said that he would teach him some tricks; and he learnt a few tricks in three years' time from this man.

After that he was sent back to his home, and he often did these tricks in his home and got a few pounds for his living. But later on he made up his mind that the tricks were not worth his whole life, so he gave them up and went to the London Missionary Society to be Pastor, and then he was sent to Papua in the year of 1930. He can speak very good English, and has learnt a lot about European life. And also he is very good to everybody in Poreporena.

The tricks he showed on that night are as under:—

First: *A Red Multiplication Ball*. He showed us the ball, and we felt it; it was proper ball. He said that he would swallow it, and it would turn into a silk handkerchief. Then he put it into his mouth for about one minute, and pulled out a new red silk handkerchief. We were all very surprised, and clapped our hands.

Second: *One Shilling (Silver)*. He said, it is heavy, but he will throw it up in the air, and it will stay up in the air until he calls it back again. So he threw it up, and took the $\frac{1}{2}$ -bucket of water and called the money by whistling about on the floor. He looked up in air and looked for it until it dropped into the bucket. We all heard it drop into the bucket.

Third: *A Piece of Bread*. He put the bread into his mouth and ate it. About one minute or so after he pulled out 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bandage from his mouth, length about 2 and a-half yards.

Fourth: *The Three Eggs*. He said that he is going to break one of them and he will get one white handkerchief from it. He also broke one egg, and we all saw it, it was a proper egg. Then he broke another of them and got one white handkerchief from it.

Fifth: *A Sheet of White Plain Paper*. He put one shilling in the middle of it, and said, someone can tear it and he will mend it again in two seconds. Rea Mea was the boy who tore the paper, and showed us the hole and all that. He mended it again and we all saw it was the paper which had been torn. It was a very wiseful thing.

Sixth: *A Boy With An Empty Box of Matches*. He said he is a very good thrower, he also said that this boy can stand and hold the box of matches up, and he would throw the shilling into the box. He showed us the box, and we found the box was empty. Rarua-Tau was a man who held the box. Then he threw the shilling in it, and told the boy to shake it. When he shook it, there was a shilling in it. It is another wiseful thing, because we didn't see the thing he threw, but we could hear it after the boy shook the box.

Seventh: *Five Cards*. He showed us five cards, four Jacks and one Heart. He said that the Heart had a power, and he could changed them into a Heart. And he did it; the other four cards were all changed into Heart, and afterwards, he brought them back to their usual forms. It was very hard to get it, how he changed them and how he brought them back to their usual forms. But, this is another wiseful trick.

Eighth: *Fifteen Shillings.* He put 15s. into the plate, and handed it to Rarua-Tau, and told him to count them; he counted them and found there were 15s. in the plate. He told him to give him 2s. back. In the plate there were only 13s. left. He gave another plate to the boy to cover it up. He then went behind the table and showed us the 2s. and said he can throw them into the plate. We all know there were only 13s. in the plate, but when he throw the money and when the boy opened the plate, he found 15s. in the plate. We were all very surprised about it.

Ninth: *Again Three Cards.* The three cards were one Heart, and two others. He said, "If one of you can pick the Heart, I will give you 1s. for picking the right card. Taunao-Agaru and Rarua-Tau tried to pick the cards, but could not get it, because he moved them about with his hand. We cannot see him move at all, he was not moved them in hiding. He was just in front of us, but we cannot see them moving.

Tenth: *One Arrow and a Taunao's Gold Ring.* He said this is the last. He said that he can put the ring on to the arrow. Two boys held each end, and the ring was in his hand, and he was in the middle, and three of them stepped three times forward and three times back, and he left the arrow and two boys. But the ring was put onto the arrow. It was the very hardest one, the people said.

After the game was over, he said that all the tricks he had made that night, were taught by an Englishman named Mr. Moore. But he thinks that people might think he was a devil; but he is not a devil. He only wanted to make people happy in that night. Mr. and Mrs. Ure, and Sister Fairhall were also present. The number of natives attending were about 400 to 600 at least.

[By Igo Erua, Poreporena. This story shares the 5s. prize for the best article.]

Father Christmas.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever heard of Father Christmas? He is a funny old man with hair as white as snow and a long white beard.

Now perhaps you think his skin is very yellow and wrinkled.

But no, it is as soft and pink as that of a little boy.

His eyes are blue and they twinkle so kindly every-time he sees a boy or a girl.

His favourite colour is red. He likes to wear a long red cloak and red cap.

The most surprising thing to me about Father Christmas is the distance he can travel.

He is swifter than the lightning, because, you see, he likes to be in every country at Christmas time.

When he is in the cold countries the snow falls on him and clings to his red cloak. But this is such a hot country that it melts away before he reaches here.

He likes to bring a *Present* for every good boy and girl everywhere. I do not understand how he can carry such a heavy load. Perhaps he gets the birds and the animals to help him.

Now I am going to tell you a secret. If there is something that you want old Father Christmas to bring you this year you write a letter to him and then tie it to the leg of the "hird." The bird flies a long way across the sea. He is sure to meet Father Christmas somewhere on his journey and to deliver your letter quite safely.

If Father Christmas is too busy to get to Papua in time this year I hope that he will remember you next year. But, at any rate, you try to send that letter to him.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you all.

My love to you.

[By Tala, London Missionary Society, Hula, C.D.]

A Christmas at Hood Point.

A few weeks ago we had Christmas at Hula. People from Kaparoko to Raraura all came to Hula on 23rd December. On Sunday, Christmas Eve, they had Services, and on Christmas morning we had a Service in church.

After that we had running races, and *Taubada* gave presents. Then the big boys and men had a 440 yards race. After that rain fell and we did not have play again.

About 2 o'clock it was drill time. First the Girl Guides had drill, and then the Mission boys did club-swinging. Then the other villages had drill. At night there was singing for Christmas.

On Wednesday morning, canoe races. Some people went back on Thursday and others on Saturday, and we all said Good-bye. We were sorry because our Christmas was over.

New Years Day.

The following Sunday was the last day of 1933. We all went to church and had prayers, and after that the people in Hula said, Good-bye 1933! and they hit the drums anywhere.

In the early morning we all said, "This is 1934."

Another year has passed away,

Time swiftly speeds along,

We come again to praise and pray,

And sing our festive song.

[By V. Raula, London Missionary Society Raukele boy.]

[Better Late than Never! This article was sent in for last Christmas. No matter, it will do for this one. Writers sometimes have to wait a long time for their articles to appear in the *Villager*. We hope the people at Hula will have as good a Christmas this year.—Ed.]

The Woman Cooking the Rice.

In the olden days there was a woman. I don't know her name, but her village was Wamira.

One day her son wanted to go to the garden to work. First of all he gave rice to his mother. "Mother, you cook this rice, and when I come back from the garden I will eat it."

The woman cooked the rice, and when she saw it was dry, she poured on more water. Then afterwards the rice dried again; she poured more water. She was doing this when her son came back from the garden. But the rice had turned brown (burnt) and bad; no good to eat.

The woman did not know how to cook the rice. She thought, "When it is cooked the water will be left in it for soup." And when the rice dried she said, "Oh, no water! What will my son drink?" Then she poured more water and cooked. She saw again there was no water, and she said, "Ah, what kind this food? When it is cooked the water dries."

When the boy returned from the garden he saw the rice, with water. He asked his mother, "How did you cook the rice?"

"I don't know how to cook rice," his mother said. The boy laughed at his mother and she cried.

[By M. D. Barton, Native Clerk, Baniara.]

A Story About Fishing Men.

One Friday night I went to the beach. I saw three men. They got their traps. Then they got their coconut leaves and lit their torches. After that they went down to the sea.

Then they caught fish. One man had five fish; one man had seven fish; and one man had eight fish. Altogether twenty fish. Then they came back to the beach.

They sat round the fire and they said, "We are all very happy because we have caught many fish."

Then one of the men said, "My two very good friends, I saw a very big fish, but I left it in my trap. I took my spear and threw it at the fish. But the fish saw that spear and swam away. I missed."

Then the other two men said, "Why did you not speak to us?" One of them nearly cried. Those two men were very angry.

Then they went back to their village. These are the three men's names, Boe Au, Avu Aua, and Oa Umate. This last man is the one who nearly cried for that fish and was very angry.

This is the end of my story. Good-bye, you Printer people.

[By E. Arua Oini, schoolboy, London Missionary Society, Delena.]

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