

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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On Learning English.

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER said, in June, 1930, "The most important thing you learn at school is the English Language."

In the years that have passed since we said this, many thousands of Papuan children have been learning English in the schools. Some of these children have learnt to read and write and speak English very well. Many of them have written articles and stories which you have read in our pages. Last month we printed an article that was written by a schoolgirl at Delena; it won the prize for the best article written by a Papuan in that issue.

But sometimes we receive stories and articles that are so badly written that they are no use to us. We want to print many more stories and articles that are written by Papuans, but we want you to write them properly—spell the words correctly, and so on. We know that many of you can write very well and, as *The Papuan Villager* is your paper, we want you to help us by sending in more stories and articles about the things you do, the things you hear and the things you think about.

This writing of English is a very important thing, and we want you to do all you can to learn to write it properly. Your teachers will help you to understand the language, but unless you try very hard to remember what they teach you, their hard work will be wasted.

The Government has had school books printed in English, and these books are full of useful knowledge

which you should read and remember. But some foolish children never look inside these books once they are away from their school. They say, "These books are only to be read by us while we are at school." This is



Lovikia, a man of Karama, G.D.

quite wrong. You should read your books when you are not at school, for if you do this, you will soon find out that you will remember your lessons much more easily when you are in school. "Practice makes perfect" is a very wise saying; the more you practise reading English the quicker you will learn to speak and write proper English.

English is a language that is spoken and written and read by many millions of people all over the world. There are many languages spoken in Papua, so many that it would take a man all his life to learn only a few of them. But if everybody in Papua learnt English, not only to speak it but also to read and write it, then there would be one language in use all over our country. This would be a very good thing, for you would then be able to speak to every person you met, no matter what part of the country he belonged to.

Another very good reason why you should learn English, is that it will help you to learn a lot about the other countries away from Papua. There are not many books printed in the Papuan languages, but there are a great number of books and papers that are printed in English. And if you learn to read English properly, you can read these English books and newspapers and thus know about the things that are going on all over the world. You will be able to do what the white people do, take up a newspaper or a book and read everything that is in it—and understand every word that you read. And so your education will go on long after you have left school; that is why it is so important that you should learn English.

Some of you, who read this article, will say, "But it is very hard work to learn English." We know it is hard work, but so is everything else that you learn at school, or are taught by your people in the village. If you want to make a canoe, you have to be shown by your father the best wood,

how to cut down the tree, shape it and dig it out. This is hard work, but when you have made your canoe you will feel very proud of your work. It was worth all the hard work, you will tell yourself when you go about in it. And you will have the same thought if you learn English, for, once you have learnt to speak and write and read it, you will know that it was worth all the hard work you did to learn it.

The Papuan Villager gives a prize of five shillings to the writer of the best story or article it prints every month. Perhaps you can write a story or an article that will win this prize? If you think you can do this, just sit down and write your story or article, put it in an envelope and ask your teacher to send it to us. Remember that it is not always the longest story or article that wins a prize; it is the one that we think the best written and the most interesting that wins the five shillings prize.

A Great Feast at Evesi.

In Central Papua, among the big mountains, there is a great tribe (as big as the Binandele) called Fuyuge. They are a fine lot of people, and they have some strong customs. Six or seven years ago they were often fighting with the other tribes, and sometimes they fought the Government. To-day the Fuyuge are quiet and peaceful. They do not kill anybody in "pay-back" fights; and they are the good friends of the Government, because they know the Government is the friend of all the people.

But now that they are at peace with all the other mountain peoples, they still keep up some of their strong customs, one of which is the giving of big dances. I saw one of these dances the other day, at Evesi, in the Ononge district.

Early in the morning I went to Evesi and saw 157 big fat pigs tied to pegs in the ground and lying in two rows down the middle of the village. I waited a little while. Then came Goma-Bode, the dance chief, with fifty or sixty strong men armed with heavy wooden clubs. Goma-Bode is not a real chief; he is only a dance chief, and he opens a lot of the big

dances in the Fuyuge villages. If he was a white man in Australia, he would make money as an actor for the moving pictures, for he has a very loud voice and is able to speak very well.

When Goma-Bode was a small boy, his father told him that, as he was not the son of a real chief, he should learn well the dance customs, also how to speak well, so that he could become a dance chief when he became a man. And so, to-day, Goma-Bode is the best dance chief in all the Fuyuge villages.

The dance was a very good one; it was attended by a great number of people from the villages in the mountains near Evesi. Goma-Bode came into the village; he was dressed in all his best ornaments, and he wore a big cassowary-feather head-dress. Everybody admired him as he spoke to the real Chief of Evesi. He told the Chief that the time had come to kill the pigs. The Chief told him to go ahead and kill the whole 157 of the big pigs.

But before the pigs were killed by the strong men with the big wooden clubs, Goma-Bode stood among the pigs and made a speech to all the people. He told them how rich the Fuyuge were in these big fat pigs; how they had plenty pigs because they had plenty of big gardens; and how they were a strong people because they always worked hard making these big gardens, and so had plenty of good food always. The people listened to every word he said and, when he finished speaking, they cheered him and clapped their hands very loudly.

Then Goma-Bode and his mates killed all the pigs, and the village men cut them up and piled the fat meat in big heaps in the middle of the village. Goma-Bode then stood beside the pile of pork and gave it to all the visitors, who took it away with them in their net-bags, to cook and eat it at the first stream they came to on their way home.

Kambisi, C.D. —Jack G. Hides.

Acknowledgments.

We omitted to acknowledge four photographs which appeared in our January issue.

The photograph of the yams in the village of Wabutima, Trobriand Islands, was by Mr. L. Austen.

The photograph of the *Strathnaver* was supplied to us by the liner's owners, The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.

The view of the interior of the Bromilow Memorial Church, Dobu, E.D., was sent to us by the Rev. J. Dixon, of Dobu.

The photograph of the London Missionary Society's New School, Delena, C.D., was by Mr. R. V. Oldham, of Kairuku, C.D.

We regret the omission of the donors' names when we published these photographs; the acknowledgment was left out when the page was made up, and the Editor now hastens to express his thanks for the use of these photographs.

Death of the Hon. Staniforth Smith, M.B.E.

We are very sorry to tell our readers that their old friend, the Hon. Staniforth Smith, M.B.E., died at Perth, Western Australia, on the 14th January, 1934.

Mr. Staniforth Smith was Commissioner for Lands and Director of Mines and Agriculture for many years; he came to Papua in 1910, after having been a Senator for Western Australia in the Australian Parliament.

On several occasions, when Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, was absent from the Territory, Mr. Staniforth Smith was Administrator of Papua. He travelled all over Papua, and he was very well known to our readers, who, we feel sure, will be very sorry to hear of his death.

The Acting Lieutenant-Governor Visits Samarai.

His Excellency the Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E., Acting Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, visited Samarai on the 30th January; he was accompanied by His Honour Mr. Justice Gore, the Hon. H. L. Murray (Official Secretary) and Mr. E. B. Bignold (Crown Law Officer).

Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G.

Returns from Holiday in Australia.

His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, who has been spending a short holiday in Australia, returned to Port Moresby on the 9th instant by the *Montoro*.

Sir Hubert will be returning to Australia by the *Montoro* on the 27th instant, to attend a Conference of the Administrators of all the Australian Territories—Norfolk Island, North Australia, Territory of New Guinea and Territory of Papua.

A Papuan Attacked by a Shark.

On the 12th January twelve Hula men went out to Nu-u Reef, off Gaile, to dive for trochus shell. They anchored their canoe on the reef, in a place where the water was about nine feet deep. While they were diving, a big shark seized a man named Igapa by the left arm. Igapa's brother, Kila Pa, swam over to his brother and tried to pull him away from the shark, while the other men tried to drive the shark away. The shark pulled Igapa under the water several times, but at last Kila Pa and the other men drove the shark away and got Igapa on to the canoe.

Igapa's left hand and arm had been torn away at the elbow, and he was in a very low state from loss of blood and shock. The Hula men wasted no time in taking him to the Native Hospital at Port Moresby; they had to go against a strong westerly wind, but they reached Port Moresby at 7 p.m., just about nine hours after the shark had bitten Igapa.

Dr. Giblin had to cut off part of the arm above the elbow, and he had also to attend to about a dozen cuts and bites on Igapa's body. For some time Igapa was very sick, but now he is well and strong again.

It was a very brave thing that Kila Pa did when he tried to drag his brother out of the shark's mouth. The other men also were very brave, for if they had not jumped into the water and driven off the shark, Igapa would have been taken under the water by the monster.

A Papuan Hanged at Port Moresby.

On the 29th January a Papuan was executed in Port Moresby Gaol. He was a Mamban. Stephen Mamadeni, and he had been sentenced to death for having committed the crime of rape on a little white girl.

Stephen Mamadeni was a Sergeant of Armed Constabulary; he had been about eleven years working for the Government. He was a married man. Until he did this dreadful thing he had always been looked upon as a good and a reliable man.

The Tongan Choir.

The picture of the Tongan Methodist Boys' College Choir was made during the singers' recent tour of Australia.

Nearly every Tongan is a good singer, but these boys from the Methodist College at Nukualofa (the capital of the Kingdom of Tonga) are such fine singers that it was decided that they should come to Australia and give concerts in the cities and the larger towns in all the States. They sang all kinds of songs and choruses at these concerts, some in English and some in their own language, and as every concert was listened to by large numbers of people, their tour proved a great success.

They spent several months travelling all over the Commonwealth.

When they were not busy with the concerts they saw all sorts of interesting sights, so that they will have many pleasant memories to remind them of their stay in Australia.

The Memorial at Dobu.

In 1891 the first party of missionaries, sent by the Methodist Church in Australia to Papua, landed at Dobu, a small island in the D'Entrecasteaux Group. With them were several Fijian, Tongan, Rotuman and Samoan missionaries.

Three weeks after the first landing, the wife of Nehemiah, a Fijian teacher, fell ill and died.

The site for the burial was chosen on the top of a hill near the station and overlooking the straits to the west.

Since that time many missionaries have come from the South Sea Islands, and their work among the people of Papua has been very successful.

In addition to teaching and helping the people, they have introduced to Papua several kinds of food hitherto unknown—sweet potatoes, different kinds of bananas, tapioca, pumpkins and other food-plants. Mat making and basket making have been taught to the Papuan women by the women from the South Sea Islands, while improved methods of house building and gardening have been taught by the men.

Buried Word Competition No 4.

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

We choose 15 words from Lesson 9 ("Water") 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:—

— E — R — — R Y
F E B R U A R Y

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

- B — — O — I — G
- A — O — R
- T — G — T — — R
- O' — — A — S
- A — — W — T — R
- F — O — E — S
- T — — M B — E
- S — — E A — S
- C — O — — S
- C — — I — G
- U — N I — G
- S — — I — G — N —
- O R — I — G
- C — N — O —
- C — — P — S — T — O —

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 8th June, 1934.

The Papuans owe a great debt to the people of Fiji, Samoa, Rotuma and Tonga.

It was therefore fitting that a fine memorial should be built on the site of the first burial-ground at Dobu, a memorial chiefly to the memory of the people from the South Sea Islands but also to all who had died in Papua.

The memorial is made of reinforced concrete, and it was built by Maikeli Kuniwai, a student from Salamo, under the supervision of the Rev. M. K. Gilmour, who designed the memorial.

It stands 10 feet 6 inches high, inclusive of the bases, which are 8 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 6 inches wide, respectively, and 9 inches in height.

The printing is carved into the monument, one side bearing the names "Samoa Tonga," another, "Dimidimu," the third, "Fiji Rotuma," and the fourth side, "Papua."

It was fitting that a Papuan should build this memorial chiefly to the memory of those of whom the late Dr. Bromilow wrote: "I can choose from my staff of South Sea teachers a number of names worthy of a place in the Church's calendar of saints."

—M.H.

Story Competition.

Our Friend the Dog.

Perhaps somebody can send us a story about "How the first dogs came to live in the villages with the people"?

We want plenty of people to send us stories, so we will give a prize of Five shillings for the best story about these dogs that we receive before the 30th May, 1934.

If you do not know how the dogs first came to your village, ask your father or your grandfather to tell you the story, and then you can write it down and send it to *The Papuan Villager*.

Buried Word Competition No. 3.

Won by Avasa Eka, of Moru, G.D.

Fifteen entries were received for this Competition, but only five of them were sent in by subscribers to

The Papuan Villager. As the prize could only be won by a *subscriber*, the answers received from those who are not subscribers could not be considered by the Editor. This was a pity, because many of these answers were correct.

The buried words were:

SUGGESTION, BLACKBOARD, CIRCUMFERENCE, SCISSORS, FURTHEST, MIDNIGHT, QUARTERS, ALWAYS, SPINNING, BOTTOM, FASTENED, STRAIGHT, THOUSAND, TURNING, HUNDRED.

As most of the subscribers sent in correct answers, the one that was written most neatly was given the prize of Two shillings.

Avasa Eka, of Moru, G.D., is the winner; his answer was very well written, and there was not even a finger-mark on it. We are glad you won, Avasa Eka, and we hope you will win many more prizes.

Swallows.

Dear Mr. Editor:

In one of my articles to your paper last year I said that the Swallow migrates, that is it comes to Papua, and stays a few months, and then goes away again.

But I wish to say that in 1933 the swallows hereabouts did not migrate, and are still here in January, 1934. Why this should be so I cannot say. But in 1933 there was a great deal of rain, and there were more insects accordingly. So perhaps the swallows stayed on in Papua, because they had plenty to eat.

Yours faithfully,

KAULI.

10th January, 1934.

Rice Growing in the Trobriand Islands.

If you look at the map of Papua you will see a group of islands, north-east of Goodenough Island, that are called the Trobriand Islands. The biggest island in this group is Kiriwina. It is a very flat island; the highest part of it is only about thirty feet above the sea.

The Trobriand people are great gardeners, and they grow a lot of fine yams, some of which they sell to the white men, who take them to Woodlark Island, Samarai and Misima. The yam gardens are made on the good land; the wet and swampy ground is used to grow taro, which, like rice, needs a lot of water. There is a lot of this swampy land in the Trobriands, very much more than is needed to grow taro.

Mr. Leo Austen, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, Trobriand Islands, thought it would be a good idea to try and use some of this swampy land to grow rice. He was given some rice seed by the Rev. M. K. Gilmour, of the Methodist Missionary Society, Salamo. This seed came from Fiji, where the Indians grow a lot of rice on the wet lands beside the rivers. Mr. Austen planted this seed in several different pieces of wet land, and it grew very well and produced a good crop of rice. The people who had been shown how to dig up the ground, plant the seed, and care for the young plants, were very eager to grow a lot of rice. They talked to Mr. Austen about it, and he wrote to the Government Secretary, at Port Moresby, and asked for some rice seed.

The Government Secretary sent Mr. Austen 800 lb. of seed that had been grown at Mekeo. This seed was divided among the people of several of the Kiriwina villages. The photographs show the fields that were planted with this Mekeo seed. The pictures were taken at different times, and they show the plants when they were small, when they were about half-grown, and when they were ready to be reaped—that is, when the "ears" (the part on the top of the stalk that holds the seeds or grains of rice) are cut off. The crop would have been much larger, only a lot of the young plants were eaten by rats. About 7,000 lb. of winnowed rice was produced by these small fields.

You have all eaten the rice which is sold by the stores. This is white rice, for the husk (the brown skin that covers the grains) has been rubbed off the seeds, and the reddish-brown skin under the husk has also been removed. This is called "polished" rice; it is not as good to eat as the rice that has

not been "polished." When rice is reaped, it is called "paddy"; after the husk is taken off the grains, it is rice. The husk is not good to eat, so it has to be rubbed off the grains before you can cook and eat them. It is a very easy job to take the husk off the grains. You can do it quite well if you have a wooden bowl or a hollowed-out log to hold the "paddy," and a heavy piece of wood to beat the "paddy" with. You pour the "paddy" into the bowl, and then beat it with the piece of wood. When you have broken all the husk off the grains, you then throw the rice into the air, and the wind blows away the light husks, and the grains of rice fall back into another bowl or on to a mat spread on the ground. This is called "winnowing" the grain.

Rice is a very good food, and, once it has been properly dried, it will keep for a long time. The Trobriand people have plenty of yams and taro and other good foods, but they want to grow a lot of rice, so this year they are making more rice gardens. We hope they will have good luck with these new gardens.

We hope to hear of many more people starting to grow rice, for there are plenty of places all over Papua where it will grow well.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

DARU

(Correspondent—William Tabua)

On the 14th December a great number of people came to Daru for the May Meeting of the London Missionary Society. There was a big feast, a lot of dancing, and everybody was very happy. The people came from all parts of the district.

On the same day the *Aramia* arrived from Thursday Island. The Resident Magistrate (Mr. Woodward) and his wife came on the *Aramia*.

The Fly River district churches are very sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Ure are leaving Daru to go to Port Moresby. They have only been here a little while, and they have done much good work. The little children love them very much. We had a very happy time with them this Christmas.

Mr. Harold Schlencker will be in charge of the Daru district after Mr. Ure goes to Port Moresby.

A Mabudauan man, Billy Kevere, was killed by a shark near Thursday Island last November.

LOSUIA

(Correspondent—Inosi Togaiuiu)

Pearls.

In the month of October, when the calm seas commence, the people start to swim for pearls. One morning they all take their paddles and poles and scoop-nets, and go down to the sea to look for the pearls. From the villages to the place where the pearls are found is over ten miles. There the canoes anchor in the shallow water. The men then dive from the canoes and look for lapi shell on the bottom of the sea. Some of these lapi shells have pearls inside them. The lapi is like a small oyster; its flesh is very good to eat.

In the days before the white people came to Kiriwina, the people did not keep the pearls they found; they thought they were just small white stones. They used to throw them away. Often I think about the pearls that were lost like that.

The men swim along the bottom of the sea and pick up the lapi shell. Then they bring it to the canoe, open it and look for the pearls in the flesh of the shell. If they find any pearls they take them to the traders and sell them. If the pearl is very small, the trader pays some tobacco for it. If it is a big pearl, a nice round one, the payment will be money and other things. One man this year found a good pearl that he sold to the trader for £13 in money and trade somethings. He was a lucky man, because many other men who dived for pearls did not find any.

How to Make Mona Pudding in the Trobriand Islands.

When we cook Mona pudding, first the women crush the taitu yams, and then roll them in their hands. They make small parcels of this taitu and cover them with banana leaves and then put them into the cooking-pots and boil them. After, they are taken out and cut into small pieces and put into a Papuan large, round dish. The men scrape the coconuts and squeeze the scraped coconuts with water into a pot. If the pot is a large one, he will scrape about 10 bundles of four coconuts. If the pot is a little bit small, eight or seven bundles of coconuts are scraped. When the pot boils and the oil comes out on top, the pieces of taitu are dropped down into the pot and cooked until there is no water left in the pot. Then we take the taitu out. We call this Mona Taitu.

Mona Uri.

The taro is cooked differently. Not like taitu. The woman cooks taro in water in a pot about 6 a.m. in the morning, and after they are cooked they are taken out and cut into four pieces and knocked with a piece of stick on a flat piece of wood. After that, it is rolled like a jam-tart and cut into small pieces. The old water in the pot we throw away, and we put in squeezed coconut mixed with water. When the pot is boiling, the pieces are thrown into the pot, one by one, and a long pudding stick, we call *Kaineva*, is turned between the taro in the pot. When the water in the pot is finished, we take out the taro and put it in a dish, and it is ready for kaikai. We cannot eat very much of this because it is full of coconut oil. This the Trobriand Island people call Mona Uri.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Small "Lakatoi."

The small *lakatoi* belonging to Poreporena arrived here on the afternoon of the 12th ultimo. The Captain of this *lakatoi* is Seri Seri of Poreporena. He left for the Gulf just before the end of November with nine others, including one of his daughters and a grandchild. He said their journey to and fro was very good, because they sailed with good winds, and they never had any trouble in getting the sago, etc., from the Gulf natives.

This small *lakatoi* was full of sago, coconuts, betel-nuts and other Papuan needs, which will help all his blood relations here.

We heard that our large *lakatoi* is on her way back here, and she should arrive some time this month. We hope her cargo will be a big one, like the small *lakatoi* brought us.

Wau Cricketers.

The Wau Cricketers came to Port Moresby at New Year and played a good game, but Port Moresby won the match. The scores were printed in last issue of *The Papuan Villager*.

Gardens.

A lot of the gardens on the flats were under water for a big part of the month. It was a very wet month. Some of the people who owned the gardens said the flood was caused by the people who owned the lands the gardens were on. They said the owners of the land were angry their lands were used for gardens, so they made plenty of rain to spoil the gardens.

Native Hanged.

A native named Mamadeni (Stephen), formerly a Sergeant of Armed Constabulary at Port Moresby, was hanged at the Port Moresby Gaol on 29th ultimo at 8 o'clock in the morning. He had been convicted for doing a bad thing to a little white girl. A great number of people from the town and from all the villages came to see this execution; but it was not possible to see it, because the gallows was screened from view.

Native Contributions

A Trip to Australia.

On the 4th September, 1933, I left Samarai with my master on the steamship *Montoro*. We went to Port Moresby. Then we left again and went south to the coast of Australia. The steamer went through the entrance in the Great Barrier Reef, and passed many small islands in the calm sea along the Australian Coast.

We came to Cairns. The ship went to the wharf, and some passengers went ashore. We went for a walk about the town. My master showed me some new things in the town. I saw a shed that holds the sugar. It was a wonderful work, for there was a machine in the shed that took up the bags of sugar and carried them up to the top part of the shed, where the men stacked them. Nobody carried

the bags; only the engine did this work. The people only put the bags on the machine and it carried them up to the top of the shed. And there was another engine that carried the bags of sugar from the shed to the steamer and it was to take them away. I was amazed when I saw this clever work.

I saw the railway engine and the track it is on. And we went and looked at the shops, which were full of all kinds of things.

Islands and Lighthouses.

All along the coast of Australia there were many islands and inlets. And in the night they made light in lighthouses; they shined all along the coast to show the steamers their passages at night.

Our steamer came between the many islands, and sailed near to Brisbane. The steamer came inside Moreton Bay; there were many buoys in the sea. The buoys marked the passage. The steamer went into Brisbane River, and the ship sailed up to a wharf. Some passengers went to Brisbane. And some of us went on the wharf to walk about in town. I saw a meat shop, and I saw a train that was running very fast on the rails.

Sydney.

We were three days going from Cairns to Brisbane, and two days from Brisbane to Sydney. On Tuesday, 12th September, we sailed at Sydney and went to Burns, Philp wharf. We went off there.

The Sydney Harbour Bridge is very big, it is one mile long or more, I think. It has paths for people, two paths for trams, two paths for trains and one large path for motor cars.

If persons are too weary to walk, they can go by tram to take them and make easier their burdens. The trams are not steered; they run on the rails. There are two rods on the tram, one on each end. When the tram goes one way they put up the rod at one end of the tram; that rod had a wheel which ran on the wire above the rails. When the tram goes the other way, the wheel on the wire is changed. We went over the Bridge to the other side.

There are very big buildings in Sydney, and they have high roofs. And very many houses in the town. Many houses were made of bricks and cement. There are very many trees in Sydney. A wonderful work is being done for the trains under the ground to her part of town.

There are many brick factories in Sydney, and many different kinds of factories.

The Zoo Park.

On Saturday, 16th September, we went to the Zoo; we rode in a tram to that place. A man looks after the Zoo and collects the money. That means if anybody likes to see the animals he gives money first, then he can go to the animals.

There were any amount of creatures, big and small; they keep them very well, and feed them every afternoon about 3.30. Some of the animals were fierce and some were tame.

Many of the different kinds of creatures in the world are kept in Sydney Zoo. The different animals are arranged inside fences. The monkeys were very funny animals. One sat like an old man, then it quickly climbed a tree, then it ran about on the rocks. It hung by its tail with its head down and swinging round. The seals are sea animals; they lived in the water and they ate fishes. One man brought two kerosene-tins of fishes; a man threw the fish in the water, and the seals swam and got them. And one leopard seal had a pain in its body; it did not eat its food.

The elephant used to carry many children at a time on its back, but it is now ancient. The elephant is the biggest animal in the world. Some of the animals I did not see much of. I was anxious about the fierce animals, so I did not approach near to them.

It is a pretty place because they plant many flowers very neatly. It looks very nice. They plant each flower in a different bed; there are many flowers, so they look very nice.

[By John Fletcher, of Lawes College, Fife Bay, E.D. This article wins the prize of 5s.]

On the "Papuan Chief."

Collecting Firewood.

We left Port Moresby for Samarai. And we came to Kapa Kapa and Hula. And we slept there 4th (Saturday). We left Hula for Aroma and Abau. And we thought we would reach Abau. But Captain did not want to go to Abau, because the sun is gone down on the sandbank, so that we sleep there.

Sunday, 5th July, we came past Abau and Table Point and loaded some of that wood, it is 36 feet long, that wood. We call it *gea*. We sleep there.

6th, Monday, we came to Mogubu and Mailu Island and to Port Glasgow. We had no coal there—only 7 baskets more in the bunkers. So that our boss, Mr. B. Noel, he sent us, 2 oilmen (Haria and Sarufa) and three firemen (Noga, Paisi and Pasa) at nearly 5.30 p.m. We took 5 axes, and we went in the bush and we cut plenty of firewood. And we thought it would be two loads, but sun had gone down.

At 7 o'clock Haria, he said, "Ah! boys, we go back to the ship, I think." And we call out, "Aee! Boy! bring the punt, and you will take us in the punt." At 7.30 p.m. punt came to the shore. Then they loaded that firewood and they took us back to the ship.

We were very thirsty. Then we had kai-kai. After that we started again. Our job was to chop the firewood until 11 o'clock, and we slept there.

On the 7th, Tuesday, early morning, our boss he said to us, "When you make fire well, put in a little bit of coal and some firewood too." And we said, "All right Sir." Then we went to Samarai, and we got plenty of coal there.

[By Noga Koi, fireman of s.s. *Papuan Chief*.]

About Fishing Near Delena.

The Delena men and boys are very fond of fishing. They go out in their canoes early in the morning to the reef, and they fish there most of the day, and return home in the afternoon. They catch fish in many ways. They make big nets for dugongs and little nets for small fish.

Catching Crayfish.

We all know about the crayfish. It is like the crab, but the crab can live a few days out of the water. If we take the crayfish out of the water it will die quickly.

In Delena there is a time when crayfish are plentiful; the crayfish come in January, February, March and April, after which they go away again. When the crayfish come to Delena, all the rocks are full of them; you see them crawling all over the rocks.

The Delena men and boys do not go to their gardens when the crayfish are about, for they go out every day to the reef to catch the crayfish. Some strong men will catch 100 in a morning. Every Saturday the Delena people go to Viotou and trade with the Mekeo people. Mekeo give the Delena people bananas and taro and other things, and the Delena people give the Mekeo people pots and crayfish. The Mekeo people like crayfish very much. Sometimes the Delena people bring their pots back, but the Mekeo never let them take any crayfish back, because they like crayfish very much.

Fishing for Swordfish.

The swordfish is a long fish and it has sharp teeth. Delena people catch them at night with torches. They have some laws for catching swordfish. When two men want to go and catch swordfish, they must not eat sago, rice and wallaby, because if they eat sago and rice they cannot hit the swordfish with the spear. If they eat wallaby the swordfish will sting them, because we all know that when a wallaby wants to go about it hops along; that is why the Delena people say the swordfish will sting them.

When the Delena people go after swordfish, they take about fifty torches with them. They take a fire-stick and run with it, first to one end of the canoe, and then to the other end. They then put the fire-stick back into the fire, and start fishing. The people do not talk while they are waiting to spear the swordfish. After the fishing is over, they can sing or talk as much as they like. If you see many canoes fishing with torchlights, oh, they are very pretty, like the lamps of Ela town.

This is the end.

[By Jack Rabu, of London Missionary Society School, Delena, C.D.]

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