

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

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Papuan Medical Students.

Papuans at the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine, Sydney.

ON 28th September, 1933, I left Port Moresby in company with twelve Papuans for Sydney. The Papuans were composed in part of those who had previously worked in the Medical Department and in part of younger selected natives who were engaged with a view to their being trained as Native Medical Assistants. They were also accompanied by two "cook-boys" who were engaged for the purpose of keeping their quarters clean and to act as cooks.

We travelled by the m.v. *Macdhui* and reached Sydney on the morning of 4th October, 1933. We were met by reporters and photographs of the party on arrival were taken. Mr. E. H. Adams, Travelling Medical Assistant, also met the boat and assumed immediate charge of the Papuans.

The first business to transact was to obtain clothing for the Papuans for use in Sydney. The party then went to David Jones, Ltd., and arrangements were made for procuring suitable clothing. Mr. Adams and the Papuans then returned to the arrival wharf. The quarantine authorities had very kindly provided a launch for taking the party to the Quarantine Station at Manly. All then embarked on the launch with their baggage. The journey to the Quarantine Station took about half an hour. The route travelled was through the fine harbour which Sydney possesses.

Routine at the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine.

The general routine of work while the Papuans were in Sydney was that, during each week on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the Papuans left their quarters



The Hon. W. M. Strong, M.D., D.T.M. and H.
Chief Medical Officer of the Territory of Papua.
[A. & K. GIBSON, PHOTO]

at Manly in company with Mr. Adams about 7.30 a.m. A walk of about half an hour took them to the Manly wharf. Here they embarked on one of the public ferries. A journey of about half an hour brought them to Circular Quay. Here they disembarked and took an electric tram for the University. A journey

of some twenty minutes brought them to the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine where they began to work about 9.30 a.m. They continued working all the morning with about fifteen minutes interval at 10.45. They began again at 11 o'clock. At about 12.45 one boy started a billy and work ceased at 1 o'clock.

They had an hour for lunch from 1 to 2 p.m. For lunch they had tea, sugar, bread and jam. A part of the hour was often spent in practising with a cricket ball and bat, and the assistants of the School often joined in.

At 2 p.m. work started again and went till about 4 p.m. Dr. Clements of the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine was the tutor of the Papuans. That is he did the actual teaching and in consultation from time to time with myself. Soon after four o'clock the Papuans with Mr. Adams caught a tram to Circular Quay and from there went by ferry to Manly and then walked to their quarters on the Quarantine Station. Here they had their main evening meal and for the rest of the evening were free to revise the day's work or to rest, before they retired for the night at about 9.30 p.m.

On Saturdays the Papuans remained at Manly. I visited them each Saturday, arriving at their quarters about 10 a.m. being driven from Manly wharf by Mr. Adams in his car. Here the work done during the week was discussed and all were given an opportunity of bringing any matter before me which they desired. I also checked with Mr. Adams the expendi-

ture during the past week, went into the question of how the Papuans were to spend the weekend and attended to any other matter which may have arisen.

Saturday afternoon and Sundays the Papuans were at leisure to fish, practise cricket, go to church or to attend picnics and cricket matches which the Rev. J. J. Mountain of the Manly Congregational Church, and the Secretary, Mr. Wigney, very kindly arranged for them.

Special Excursions and Amusements.

From time to time the Papuans were taken on various trips, some of which were definitely for instruction and others definitely for amusement and sightseeing, while others again were partly one and partly the other.

Soon after arrival one Sunday I met the Papuans at Circular Quay and walked over the Sydney Bridge with them. A return journey was made by a train which travelled over the bridge and then went in a tunnel to the Central Railway Station. From here the party walked via the Botanic Gardens to Circular Quay and thence by ferry to Manly.

Early during our stay in Sydney the Eveleigh Workshops section of the N.S.W. Railways Ambulance Brigade very kindly offered to send a party with the Papuans and show them just how they would handle injuries, such as result in a serious railway accident, away from medical aid. At eight o'clock one morning we all met at the Central Railway Station. We were accompanied by Dr. Clements and the railway men under the leadership of Mr. Funnell.

After spending some hour and a-half in the train we arrived at a station called Glenbrook. Here we left the train and went into a wood close by. The Papuans were then taught how to make a bush stretcher for carrying people who are sick or injured, and how to give first aid treatment to the injured. We all had a midday meal and after further instruction caught a train back to Sydney in the afternoon.

Later on we were all invited to attend the competition held at Glenbrook between five teams. Four of the teams were railway men and one a team of tramway men. We again

met at the Central Railway Station at 8 a.m. and travelled to Glenbrook. Dr. Clements, the tutor of the Papuans, was one of the examiners. Each team in turn was questioned about imaginary accidents and had to put on the appropriate bandages and splints. Marks were then given for the work done. The Papuans also made a bush splint which did not suffer by comparison with some of those made by the competing teams.

Early during their stay in Sydney and again later on I took all the Papuans and Mr. Adams one day to the Zoo. I think the Papuans all enjoyed this very much. They saw many strange animals, elephants, bears, tigers, lions, many birds and monkeys. Some of the Papuans ventured to have a ride on the elephant. But I think the animals which interested them most were the monkeys. The monkeys and especially the bigger ones are something like men but are hairy. Two seen had been trained to sit at a table and wash things up. But I am afraid if a Papuan cook-boy behaved like the monkeys he would not please his taubada.

Another thing which interested them was the Aquarium. An aquarium is a place where fish are kept. In this particular aquarium the fish are kept in tanks with one side made of glass, and are illuminated by electric light and the fish can be seen swimming about in the tanks just as if they were in the sea. Many fish like those seen in Papuan waters were seen there.

Another interesting visit was made to the works of Parke, Davis & Co., Ltd., in a part of Sydney called Rosebery. This firm have very big works in Sydney as well as in other parts of the world where they make all kinds of medicines. Various machines were seen where huge quantities of medicine were made up. One machine turned out or made about one hundred pills or tablets every minute. The party were split up into groups and a member of the firm took charge of each group and took them over the works. After going over the works, tea was provided for everybody and a photograph taken. Later on each visitor received a copy of the photo-

Another very interesting visit to works was made near the end of the stay in Sydney to the office of the *Sun* newspaper. This paper is like the *Papuan Courier* but of course is much larger. Sydney is also much larger than Port Moresby, so many copies of their newspapers have to be printed each day. The population of Sydney is about one million. A million is a thousand times a thousand, more than all the people who live in the Territory of Papua and the Territory of New Guinea added together. Hence very many copies of the *Sun* newspaper have to be printed. This is done by many very big engines or machines and many men have to attend to the engines.

Just before leaving Sydney a very interesting visit was paid to the Hawkesbury Experimental Farm. As in the case of the visit to Glenbrook an early morning start was made from Central Railway Station.

The Papuans were also entertained by Mr. Wigney, Secretary of the Manly Congregational Church, at his house; by the London Missionary Society at their office and rooms in Pitt Street, and by Rev. Gray of the Presbyterian Church in Margaret Street, Sydney. I am sure they all enjoyed these trips very much. But even more than all I have mentioned did they enjoy the picnics which the Congregational Church, Manly, invited them to. In all they were invited to three picnics. The Papuans walked to the Manly wharf and were then taken by lorry or tram out to Narrabeen. There they played cricket, swam in the Narrabeen lakes, had dinghy races, gave a native dance, and partook of numerous meals and afternoon teas. After a very enjoyable day they returned to Manly in the evening.

Cricket was not neglected. The following matches were arranged in which the Papuans played, and played very successfully:—

1. Against Manly Congregational Church—(arranged by Mr. Goddard of Manly Grammar School).
2. Against North Shore High School—(arranged by Mr. Vincent of School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine).
3. Against Newtown Congregational Church—(arranged by Rev. F. Searle of Lawes College, Fife Bay).

4. Against Manly Congregational Church—
(arranged by Mr. Goddard).

On one occasion a cricket team of Newcastle teachers were short of a man and were playing a team of Sydney teachers. One of the Papuans, Gideon Genokei, was asked to join the Newcastle team and to keep wickets for them.

[Note:—This article by Dr. Strong describes the visit of the Papuan Medical Students to Sydney. It is a brief story of how the Students spent their holidays, the places they visited and the many kindnesses they received from various good people during their stay in Australia. Another article will appear in a later issue, which will describe the work the Students did at the University of Sydney. —Ed.]

The Chief Medical Officer Returns.

The Hon. W. M. Strong, M.D., etc., Chief Medical Officer of Papua, returned from Australia by the *Macdhui* on the 2nd March.

Dr. Strong took the Papuan Medical Students to Sydney, and remained in that city while they were studying at the Sydney University.

The Students returned with Dr. Strong; you will see some photographs of the University, the School the Students attended, and a group of them and their teachers, on pages 20 and 21 of this issue.

Kindness to Animals.

“We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.”

There is in East Africa a Society which has this motto. All children can join it. It is called the East African Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Junior Branch). It aims at teaching children a love of animals, and encourages them to study the habits of the birds, animals and all the other wild and tame creatures.

This Society gives out printed papers, in English and the native language—Swahili—that contain a list of “Do’s” and “Don’ts,” such as:

Don't pluck a fowl until it is quite dead.

Don't twist the tail of an ox.

Do give water to the chickens that you hawk or carry for sale.

Here are some of the rules of the Society:

“You should show kindness to all animals as you do to your children, just as much to your dog, your cat, or your chickens as you would to your cow or your goat.

If you leave your house empty for more than a few hours, you should arrange with a neighbour to see that your animals get the food and water that they are accustomed to.”

We have no such Society in Papua, and there is no reason for one, for the Papuans are almost always kind to their dogs, pigs, cats and fowls. But there are a few people who sometimes forget to give their dog or their pig its food regularly. This is only carelessness, for the owner of the dog or the pig is not really cruel or unkind. Still, it would be much better if he gave his animals food and water regularly, for it is not nice to see thin dogs and pigs in a village. And so we hope that when you read these few words, you will tell your friends that it is a bad thing to forget about feeding the dogs or pigs regularly. The poor creatures cannot tell you when they are thirsty or hungry, so you should never forget them when you eat or drink. Always see that your pig or dog or fowls have enough to eat and drink, and then nobody will be able to say that *you* are unkind to your animals.

Government House News.

His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, left for Australia by the *Montoro* on the 1st March to attend a Conference of the Administrators of the Australian Territories which is to be held at Canberra, the capital of Australia, about the middle of this month (March). The Hon. H. L. Murray, Official Secretary, accompanied His Excellency.

During Sir Hubert's absence, the Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E., the Government Secretary, will be Acting Lieutenant-Governor of Papua.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO “THE PAPUAN VILLAGER”

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All Subscriptions should be sent to Government Printer, Papua

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.

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*.

A Boy's Adventure.

Swimming Under the Streets.

A ten-year-old Australian boy has just had an adventure that he will remember for many years.

He and another small boy were playing with a ball in the street near their home. It had been raining heavily, and the gutter was full of water which was running into a big drain that went a long way under the streets and the houses to the Yarra River.

The ball fell into the gutter and was being swept into the drain. The boy who owned the ball leant over and tried to pick the ball out of the water as it rushed into the drain. He slipped and fell into the water, and he and the ball were swept into the drain. His mate ran off and told a policeman what had happened, and the policeman telephoned to another policeman to watch the river where the drain emptied into it. This was done, and when the boy was washed into the river, the policeman jumped in and brought him to the shore.

The boy had a few bruises and cuts on his hands and feet, but he was otherwise uninjured. He said that he was very frightened when he found himself in the drain, but he managed to paddle and keep his head above the water while he was carried along under the streets and the houses to the river. All the time he was in the dark, for the drain was many feet under the ground. The boy fell into the drain about a mile away from the river, and the water ran so swiftly through the drain that it carried him to the river in about ten minutes.

The World We Live In.

Experiments with Air.

If someone told you he could live at the bottom of the sea, you would probably think he was mad. Yet it is true that we all live in a sea, not of water, but of air. Because it is invisible we sometimes forget about it, but it is just as real and useful as water. Here are some things which you can do to show how real air is.

(1) Take a deep basin or pan, and fill it with water. Take an empty tin—a cigarette tin will do—and push

it down into the water till the water nearly runs in. You can feel the tin trying to come up; if you release it, it will come up. The water is pushing it up, as you push it down. Water always pushes things up; if they are light, it can even push them up more than their own weight pulls them down. Then we say that they float.

Now find an empty glass bottle, and place it, mouth down, in the water, so that the water covers the bottle completely. Why does not the water run into the bottle? We have just seen that water pushes upwards, so it is trying to get into the bottle and something must be stopping it. Now tilt the bottle a little; a few bubbles escape, and the water goes in a little way. As you let more bubbles escape, so more water can go in. Evidently the bubbles are stopping the water from going in. The bubbles are air. So the "empty" bottle was not really empty, but full of air.

(2) We are accustomed to pouring water, this is how to pour air. Take the same basin, full of water, as before. Take two glass jars or drinking glasses; place one in water so that it fills, then hold it, still full of water, bottom up and lift it a little out of the water, keeping the mouth of the glass *under* the water. Now push the second glass, upside down, into the water, allowing no air-bubbles to escape from it. Now bring its open end under the first glass; tilt the second glass so that the bubbles coming out of it rise into the first glass. If you do it properly, the air-bubbles will all rise into the first glass and push out all the water. Thus you will *pour* the air from the second glass into the first glass.

(After F. E. Joselin, in *Listen*.)

Red Rain.

Sand that Travels 3,000 Miles.

Red rain has fallen again in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, in Australia. This is the tenth time that red rain has fallen since the white people first came to Victoria, over a hundred years ago.

A man writing about this last fall of red rain said: "The sky suddenly became very red, and rain started to fall. I was playing tennis, and so

hot had it been that we kept on playing in the cool rain. Suddenly we noticed that our clothes were marked with tiny splashes of red. Each raindrop had left a round spot of red where it fell; even the flowers and leaves and grass were speckled with red."

The red rain is caused by red dust which is blown into the air by the strong winds in the centre of Australia. A great part of this country is very dry, the ground being mostly red sand. The wind carries this red dust up into the clouds. The wind blows these clouds to the south, and, hundreds of miles from where the dust was blown, the rain falls with the red dust mixed with it.

The wind often carries this red dust right out to sea. It falls on ships that are often over a thousand miles from the Australian coast. It has even been seen in New Zealand, a four-day steamer journey from Australia and 3,000 miles from where the red dust was first blown into the air by the wind.

Why the Sea is Salt.

Rain falls on to the land and dissolves some of the salt that is to be found in all soils. The water takes this salt to a river, which then carries it to the sea, thus adding a little more salt to the sea. At the same time, the heat of the sun is drying up some of the sea water, but the salt cannot be taken up with the water vapour so it stays behind. Rain water is therefore pure, but each time the rain water falls on the land and runs into the sea, it takes a little more salt to the sea and leaves it there. This explains why sea water contains much salt.

(After James Shillito, in *Listen*.)

H.M.S. "Suffolk" to Visit Papua.

The British flagship on the China Station, H.M.S. *Suffolk*, will make a cruise among the islands of the Central Pacific during March and April. It is expected that she will leave Darwin, North Australia, for Papua and New Guinea ports about 1st March.

The last man-of-war to come to Papua from China was the small sloop

Bluebell, in 1928. The *Suffolk* is a large warship, and as she is the "flagship" (the ship the Admiral travels on), she will have a large number of big guns, and a very big crew.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanumo)

Feasts at Abuaro and Menapi.

The Abuaro people held their big feast in December; it lasted nearly all the month, and it was attended by very many people from the villages. There was much dancing, and the people ate 159 bunches of bananas, 8 fat pigs and a lot of yams and taitu.

On New Year's Day (1st January, 1934) the Menapi people had a feast. All the Abuaro, Paiwa and other people went to it and had a big dance. I was there, and I counted 265 bunches of bananas, 6 fine fat pigs and a great amount of yams and taitu.

Good Rains.

December was a very wet month for it rained heavily on twenty days. This will make all the gardens grow well.

A Crocodile at Pem Village.

I went to Medino with the A.R.M. (Mr. C. Healy), and from there we went to Pem. While I was standing on the jetty there I saw something floating in the water. I called out to the police, "See! That something floats like a crocodile!" One of the police said, "True, it's a crocodile!" Several shots were fired at it but it went away. About 7 p.m. the crocodile came out of the water in a little creek close to the Rest House. Mr. Healy's two dogs were walking near the kitchen, and the crocodile rushed at them and caught them. I was walking down to the creek to wash my clothes. I had a lamp with me. As I came along I heard the dogs call out. I called to the people that the crocodile was killing the dogs, and I ran to the edge of the creek and saw the crocodile fighting the two dogs. Then all the people and Mr. Healy came along, and the crocodile ran away for his life. The wounds on the dogs were sewn up and medicine was put on them. I thought it was lucky I did not go to the creek before the dogs, for the crocodile might have caught me.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitisi Parau)

General.

During December we had plenty of rain at Mekeo and along the coast. The lowlands were flooded and many a garden was under water.

The coast villages of Waima and Kivori, and those along the beach, have now good gardens. Their village plantations are doing very well; in the next three years you will see some good coconut plantations near the Waima and Kivori villages.

The Mekeo and Roro people are still dancing; they never seem to stop dancing until somebody dies. And when there is a death in these villages, for a time there is no dancing; then the relatives of the dead one make a festival in memory of the date he died. Then the mourning is over, and the people can start dancing again.

The Mekeo have done a lot of hard work in their rice gardens, and we all expect they will have a good crop.

Accidents.

On the 29th January two houses in Pokama village were burnt down. Two little boys carelessly left fire in a house after they had cooked some food. They went off to school at Delena, and when they came home that evening they were surprised to find their houses were burnt. The owners of the houses were away that day.

Kairuku Gardens.

Our station garden is coming on well, and we hope to get plenty of food from it later on. Our private gardens are also growing well, and we expect to get a lot of yams and taitus from them. I am sure of that.

Trading for Sago.

The Chiria people sent two double canoes to the Gulf to buy sago. They were away three weeks; they brought back plenty of sago. Two more canoes went to the Gulf on the 25th January for another cargo of sago. Two canoes also went to Oiapu and Iokea, to trade for sandalwood with cooking-pots.

Looking for Tax Money.

These people are all anxious to get money to pay their tax, so they have taken betel-nut and food as far as Port Moresby and sold it. Money is scarce now, so it is hard to get a pound with so many canoes trading to Port Moresby. Some Chiria people have gone to ask the Nara people to let them cut sandalwood there, but the Nara may want the wood to pay their own taxes and meet their other wants.

Mission Boat.

The Roman Catholic Mission are building a big launch at Arapokina. It is being built of good New Guinea timber.

Mr. Thompson Goes to England.

Mr. W. H. Halford-Thompson and Mrs. Thompson are leaving here on the 15th February. They will visit their villages in England, the Mother Country of the British Empire. Mr. Thompson is Assistant Resident Magistrate at Kairuku. We are very sorry to see him and his good wife go away from us. Mr. Thompson lived five years with us; he taught us to play cricket, and he also got the Mekeo people to grow plenty of rice. The Waima and Kivori native plantations were made while he was here.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Return of the Elevala "Lakatoi."

The 9th February was a good day for Elevala, because that day saw their *lakatoi* return with all aboard safe and sound. All

the people, men, women and children, were very glad to welcome home their friends and relations who had made the voyage in the *lakatoi*. All the voyagers said they had been well looked after and treated very kindly by their friends in the Delta villages. They also said the journey to and from the Delta had been a good one; it was a first class trip with fair winds both ways.

Upon the arrival of the *lakatoi*, all the women welcomed the crew with their usual dance (*Upapa*). They danced from morning till evening. Everybody was very happy, because the *lakatoi* brought them plenty of sago, coconuts and other things for their keep during the year.

Last year we thought that Poreporena would not send any *lakatoi* to the west. The right time for the sailing of the *lakatoi* was rightly over, but then we heard that two *lakatoi* were going to Lese and Kaimare. We were proud to know this, because we think this yearly trip is a good thing. We hope it will always be kept up, and even more *lakatoi* sent away in the coming year.

Two "Lakatoi" Wrecked.

All you readers will be sorry to hear that two *lakatoi* were wrecked on the Gulf beaches. One belonged to Boera, and the other was from Kido. They were blown ashore and broken up; all the cargo on them was lost. It was very bad luck, but we are very glad that the people on these two *lakatoi* all came back to their homes. We hope they will have a really good trip this year.

Tourist Boats.

On the 20th February a big American steamer arrived at Port Moresby with 400 passengers. She was the *Lurline*; she visited here last year. She was making a trip right round the world.

On the 2nd March another ship anchored in our harbour. She was the *Stella Polaris*; she was here on two previous world tours.

The villagers gave dances to both of these big ships. A great number of the passengers from these two fine boats visited the villages and took many photographs of the houses and the people.

Village Pigs.

There are many pigs in the Poreporena villages. They break into the gardens, root up the tracks and spoil the drains. This matter of pigs was put before the Councillors by the Resident Magistrate; he asked the Councillors to find out what the people thought about keeping pigs in the villages.

The Councillors asked the people in one section of the villages to vote on this matter. The people voted 75 for keeping pigs in the village, and 83 against keeping them there.

This vote was made known to the Resident Magistrate. A special meeting of the Councillors was then held at the Court for Native Matters, Port Moresby, and the Councillors said the pigs should be taken away from the villages. The pigs, the Resident Magistrate said, should not be destroyed, only taken away to another place, so they could not spoil the village by making it dirty.

The matter is not decided yet.

Native Contributions

The Story of Fire.

Once upon a time they had not any fire at Sabara, the island in the S.E. Division near Sudest. They used to have their food raw. Sometimes they dried it in the sun, but they did not know that they had a hole down near the beach where an old Fairy Woman had her house. She had a fire down in that hole, but nobody knew that she lived there.

One day she came up from the hole, and went down fishing, and she caught some fish and went back to her hole. She lit her fire and was cooking her fish and the hole was full of smoke going out.

And one of the village women had also been fishing, and seeing the smoke coming from the ground, she trembled with fear. But she looked down the hole and saw the Fairy Woman, all bony and thin, cooking her fish. She supplied them with fire-flame; and she put some fishes on the fire and some on the cooking-pot; and the pot was boiling over. And when the flame went out, she blew and flame lighted again.

That village woman she sat down and watched her. Then the Fairy she took off one fish from the fire, and she brake it. It was cooked, done, no blood in it, and she ate it up. Then she took off the pot from the fire, and she put out some fishes on wooden dish, and she poured some fish soup in coconut shell. She ate some fishes and she drank the fish soup; then she put some away for the next meal.

And the village woman saw that. And she said, "That is proper way to have the meals." Then she went back to the village and she told all about it to her husband, what she had seen.

And the man said, "Where was it?" Then she said, "The way down to the beach." And the man said, "What about going down to show me?" And the wife said, "Yes, we will go, and I will show you. You might say I told a story to you."

Then off they go down to Fairy's house hole, and when they arrived on top of the hole they smelt the cooked food so sweet. They looked down in hole, and Fairy was sleeping; her back was against the fire, warming herself.

And wife said to her husband, "Would be better you go down and get the fire from her." And man said, "If I go down myself she might kill me, because she is looking not a bit nice" (her body was thin and bony). "Would be better we go back to the village, and tell all the people in the Village. They can come and get the fire, if they can." And they went back to the village.

Later in evening, he sent his son out to tell all the men to come to him; and they sat down in front of his house. Then he said to them, "I wish you men to be strong, and we will go and get out the fire from the old Fairy

Woman. She is living down in hole, and she has a fire down in hole. So I want you to choose two men; then those two men, they can go down; and all of us we wait on top of the hole."

And then they chose out two men, and he said to them, "We cannot do it to-morrow; we can do it next day. To-morrow two men they can go down to beach, have drink of salt water, so that they can go down the hole without the Fairy hurting them."

Then the next day all the men went to the place of fire; and they looked down in hole. Fairy was sleeping. And then the two men who had drunk the salt water they went down in hole. And poor Fairy she heard the noise and she opened her eyes? there are two men standing on each side.

And she stood up with fear and suffering. Then she said to them, "Please do not hurt me; I will let you have this fire." And she took some of the wood and told them all about how they can use it. She said to them, "You can take the piece of wood; then rub against another wood. It will make fire and you can cook your food. Its taste is nice and good; and also in cold weather you can light the fire and warm yourself."

Then she gave them fire-stick and wood, which she had kept down in hole. Then they took it up to the others on top of the hole. Then they went back to the village, very excited.

And then they did as the old Fairy Woman told them. They cooked their food and ate it up, and drank the soup of it; and they said, "How nice it tastes when the food is cooked!"

And they gave great thanks to the woman. And poor old Fairy Woman she got nothing to light the fire again to keep her warm; and she felt cold; and she was dead.

[By Kenneth Kiau, c/o. Mrs. Rentoul, Bwagaioa, Misima. This story wins the 5s. prize.]

A Little Boy and His Mother.

A long time ago a little boy and his mother lived in the bush, because their village people had fought the people of another village, and those people had killed their people. Only the little boy and his mother were left, so they ran away into the bush and lived there. They had no garden, so the boy used to go out and hunt animals for food.

Bow and Arrow.

The boy knew how to use a bow and arrows; he used to hunt with his bow and arrows, and when he shot an arrow at something he never missed it. When some other village people burnt the grass, he would go there, and when a pig or a wallaby ran near him he would shoot it and carry it home to his mother. He always did that.

One day some people burned another lot of grass, and the boy went to that grass. The people saw him and asked, "Where that boy come from?" Then they ran after him, be-

cause they wanted to catch him. But the boy was very strong, for he shot some of them with his arrows, and he killed some of them.

Then the boy said, "Which village is strong enough to take me. The one that can do that I will give my bow and arrows to, also my strength." All the villages tried to catch him, but they could not do it. Elema people came, and he shot them in the legs, in the hands and in their backs; but they were not frightened. They came nearer and nearer, and then they took him and his mother along to their village.

We all know that the Elema people are very strong, because they can carry two or three bags of copra, or four or five bags of rice. Their bows and arrows are very big and strong, and when they shoot a big pig with their bows and arrows it dies at once.

This is the end of my story. Good-bye.

[By Jack Rabu, L.M.S., Delena, C.D.]

About the Mango Tree.

I wish to write a little bit about the Mango trees that grow in this country of Papua. It grows all about Papua, and its fruit is a very good food for the people.

Many years ago there were no mango trees growing in Papua; I mean the mango tree which the white people brought here. We have a mango tree that grows wild in the bush, but its fruit is not like the other tree's fruit. The one brought here by the white people is a very sweet fruit.

The wild trees are not looked after, for they grow in the bush. Some people get the seedlings of these wild trees and plant them in their gardens.

All the Papuan people are glad the white men brought this useful fruit to Papua. The people who grow this good mango tree get something of worth for its fruit. They sell the fruit for money, and with this money they buy food. I thank the white men for bringing this useful tree to Papua.

[By Karisora Tamasi, of Motu Motu, G.D., c/o. Burns, Philp & Co., Ltd., Port Moresby.]

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