

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER

Vol. 6, No. 4.

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Printing the "Villager."

IN this article we will try to tell you how *The Papuan Villager* is printed.

Copy.

First of all the "copy," that is the articles and stories that appear in the paper, are typed on a typewriter by the Editor, so that no time will be lost at the Printing Office in trying to read bad writing.

This copy is then sent to the Government Printer who marks it to show the native compositors what he wants. Such things as size and kind of letters, spaces, etc., are marked on the copy.

The copy is then given to the compositors, a page at a time. A compositor is one who sets type or puts the pieces of type or letters together into lines.

Type.

Every letter, space and punctuation mark is a separate piece of metal. The letters are about the height of a shilling standing on its edge (or nearly an inch), and of different thicknesses; the spaces between the words and lines are slightly lower so that they do not show in the printing but make all the white spaces. The letters are all reversed like this **g**. When they are printed of course they are the right way round. Each letter has a nick or mark on the front near the bottom to allow the compositor to feel which is the front and top without having to look at it. In large newspaper offices the type or letters are put together into lines by machines. There are over four thousand six hundred separate pieces of metal in this article, so

you can count up how many pieces have to be picked up and put together in the eight pages.

All these pieces of type are kept in cases which contain several shallow boxes, and there are boxes for all



Mr. Edward George Baker
A. B. K. GIBSON, PHOTO

the different pieces, so that the compositor knows where to get them. Each compositor has two of these cases in front of him—one has all the CAPITAL letters, SMALL CAPITALS, and figures in it, and the other has all the small letters (or lower-case letters, as printers call them), commas, full stops, spaces, etc.

Composing.

The compositor holds in his left hand a composing stick, which is a small shallow tray made of steel or other metal. The "stick" is set to the width of the column or line wanted.

The compositor picks up each letter or space and puts it in the stick, starting at the left-hand side until he reaches the end of the line, or until no more will go in the width of the stick. Between each word a space is put in. At the end of the line, if the next word is too long to go in that line it either has to be divided and part of it put in the next line, or thicker spaces have to be put between the words to make the line longer so that the lines are all the same length.

Proofs.

When the compositor has nine or ten lines in his stick he lifts them all out together and places them on a "galley" (a bigger shallow tray which holds several stickfuls of type). When the galley is full it is placed in a special machine called a proof press, and one copy is printed which is called a "proof." This proof is read by a white man and any mistakes are marked on it. When these mistakes have been made good, the lines are put together into pages and another proof made. This new proof is again read by a white man. If there are any mistakes in this proof, they are made good and another proof made to see that all the mistakes have been corrected. This last proof is called a "revise." One of the proofs is read by copy, that is, a Papuan reads the copy out aloud while the white man reads the proof to see that it is the same as the copy.

Machining.

The pages are then ready for printing on the machine. Four pages (the 1st, 4th, 5th and 8th) of the *Villager* are printed at one time.

These four pages are put together in an iron or steel frame called a "chase." The pages are fixed tightly in the chase so that no letters can fall out. When it is ready for the machine it is called a "forme."

The forme is then placed on the machine, and when the machinist (a white man) has seen that all the letters and pictures are printing properly, the machine is started. The sheets of paper are put in, one at a time, at one end of the machine and come out at the other end with four pages printed. You can see a Papuan feeding the sheets into the machine in the picture on page 28.

When these four pages are finished, the other four pages (the 2nd, 3rd, 6th and 7th) are printed on the other side of the sheets. These are then folded twice and make eight pages of *Villager*.

Distributing.

After the pages have been printed, all the type and spaces have to be separated and put back into their proper boxes in the cases. This is called "distributing." The type is then ready for use again.

To tell you how the machines work would take up too much room here, but if any reader would like to see how they work, perhaps if you saw the Government Printer it might be arranged for you to see them.

—W.A.B.

Mr. E. G. Baker Retires.

We are sorry to tell you that our good friend, Mr. E. G. Baker, the Government Printer, has retired from his position and gone to live in Australia. Mr. Baker, as Government Printer, was the publisher of *The Papuan Villager*, and besides doing this work he helped the Editor with many suggestions for the improvement of our paper.

When our paper was being talked about in the latter part of 1928, it was Mr. Baker who suggested that it be called *The Papuan Villager*—a very good name indeed everybody has told us.

Mr. Baker has been Government Printer for over 22 years, and during all those years he has made many good friends in Papua, friends who,

like us of *The Papuan Villager*, will regret his departure from our country.

We, and all our readers, wish Mr. and Mrs. Baker and their family all good luck and happiness in their Australian home, and we hope that, perhaps later on, we will see them again in Papua.

Mr. W. A. Bock has taken over from Mr. Baker as Acting Government Printer, and you will see his name on this issue as the publisher—not for the first time, for he has published it many times before when Mr. Baker has been absent from 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 Waterspout at Baniara.

Barton Diritanumo, the native clerk at Baniara, has sent us an account of the waterspout which struck Baniara on the 6th March last. He says a heavy wind commenced to blow from the south-west at about 2.30 p.m. that day. Some little time after the wind commenced, a waterspout passed the island and broke about 300 yards from the beach. The rain had been very heavy until the waterspout broke, but after it broke the rain became a deluge. Barton writes: "The station gardens were greatly damaged, and some of the village gardens also were spoiled. Three coconut palms were blown down on Baniara; the wharf was damaged by the seas; and the roofs of some of the station houses were also damaged. The wind was very strong, and the coconut-leaves were cut as if a man had cut them with a knife. At Abuaro, a village on the mainland near Baniara, the people had just finished building a nice new house. They had finished it that morning, but a little after 2.30 p.m. the wind blew down a big coconut palm—right across the new house. There was nobody in the house, so nobody lost his life."

(A waterspout is caused by a violent whirlwind over the sea or other water which causes the water to be drawn up in the form of a solid pillar or column. Waterspouts are very dangerous, for they can destroy large vessels. Ed.)

Village Council Notes.

These notes have been printed in English, and in fifteen Papuan languages and dialects for the use of the Village Councillors and other Papuans. Their purpose is to explain very briefly how Papua became a part of the British Empire; also the work of the Government, how the Revenue is collected, and other matters that every Village Councillor and villager should know. Ed.

Many years ago the British Government in the British Islands heard about PAPUA and other lands far away, and they sent men and ships to these places. When these men came to Papua they hoisted the British Flag. Afterwards the British King sent Governors, like Governor Murray, to look after Papua and to help the Papuans.

If the British Government had not done this other Governments would have sent men to Papua, and their flag would have been hoisted in the land.

Now you know how and why the British came to Papua.

But listen! the British King and the British Government do not now guide and look after Papua and the Papuan people. They said: "We are very far away from Papua, but our own true kinsmen (relations) in the land called Australia are very close to Papua."

Therefore they gave Papua to Australia, and the Government of Australia now guides and looks after the Papuan people, for the British King.

What is the Papuan Government—what does it do?

The Government Councillors now are white men who make the Government laws.

Q. Who makes these men Councillors?

A. The Governor of Papua selects (chooses) them and the Government in Australia says "Yes" or "No."

Q. Who are the Council men now?

A. Mr. Bunting is Councillor for Samarai side; Mr. Nelsson is Councillor for Woodlark side; Mr. Guttridge and Mr. Jewell are Councillors for Port Moresby side; Mr. Turner is a Councillor for the Missions.

Besides these five men there are eight Government men Councillors, and they all help the Governor of Papua to make the laws for Papua.

Q. Now, who or what is the Papuan Government?

A. The Governor (Judge Murray) and his Councillors.

Q. What do these Councillors do?

A. They help the Governor to make the laws for Papuans and white men.

Remember the laws must be obeyed by all white men and by all Papuans.

The Magistrates are men who see that everyone—whether Papuan or white man—obeys the law.

Q. Who makes the Magistrates?

A. The Governor.

Village Councillors.

Q. Who makes or chooses the Village Councillors?

A. The village people choose them. The Magistrate gives them the badge or mark.

Q. What is their work?

A. They help the Papuans to understand the Government laws.

They help the Magistrates to understand the Papuan—their ways and customs.

They teach the people not to fear the Government.

They teach them why they have to make roads.

They teach them why they have to carry for the Government.

They teach them why they have to pay tax, and why they have to plant coconuts, etc.

They teach them why the Government want the people to grow more and better food.

The Village Councillors know that the people all like good roads.

The Councillors also know that good roads help the Magistrates to get about and look after the people.

The Councillors know that the Government want to help the people, and when the people make good roads and carry for the Government they are helping the Government.

A father knows what is good for his children. A good Village Councillor knows what is good for his people.

Government money—where does it come from?

Tools and clothes and tobacco and food, timber and engines and a lot of other things called cargo come to Papua in ships from other lands across the sea. These things are put ashore in Samarai and Port Moresby, and the owners—the men who sent for them—must pay to the Government a tax on these things before they take them from the wharf. The tax is not paid on everything that comes into Papua; some things are taxed, some things are not taxed.

The money the Government gets from this tax on cargo is called IMPORT TAX money, or COMING IN tax.

This money is put into the Banks at Samarai and Port Moresby, and the Government uses it. I will tell you presently how it is used.

Now some things that go OUT of Papua are also taxed, and the owners—the men who send them away to other lands—pay the tax. Some things that go OUT of Papua are taxed, and some things are not taxed. The Government gets this tax money too, and because it is a tax on things GOING OUT of Papua it is called EXPORT TAX.

This Export tax money is put into the Bank with the Import tax money.

Now you know about the taxes on cargo.

Q. What are they called?

A. Import Tax and Export Tax.

Q. Why are they called Import Tax and Export Tax?

A. Because IMPORT Tax means COMING IN Tax and EXPORT Tax means GOING OUT Tax.

These two taxes you may call Customs taxes because they are paid to the Government Customs men by the cargo owners—the Storekeepers, the Plantation men and other men in Papua. The money from these taxes is Government money and the Government put it in the Banks at Port Moresby and Samarai. It is called Government money or REVENUE. But this money is not enough for the Government of Papua. The Government in Australia know it is not enough, so every year they send money to help Papua. They do not ask the Papuan Government to send it back; they send it as a gift to help Papua.

What does the Government do with all this money?

Answer: They pay the Governor, the magistrates, the office men, the surveyors and the engineers; they pay the doctors for looking after the hospitals; they pay the Commissioner for Native Affairs and the men who help him (it is their business to look after the signed-on labourers); and they pay the rifle policemen, the village policemen, the interpreters, the native clerks, the warders, the boat crews and the carriers. All these men, natives and white men, get their pay from the Government money. The Government money also pays for the *Laurabada* and other Government boats and launches, and the Government houses and wharves. Food and clothes too for the police and the prisoners are paid for out of this Government money. Some of the money also pays for the big roads.

Now you know how the Government gets their money and how it is spent.

NATIVE TAX.

Many, many natives in Papua pay a tax. You all know about this tax. You pay it every year to the Magistrate, and the Magistrate sends it to Port Moresby where it is counted and kept apart from the Government money.

Q. What does the Government do with this Native Tax money?

A. The Village Councillors know what the Government does with this money. They know it helps to pay for:—

Native Hospitals.

Medicine for village people.

Native Schools.

Doctors who look after natives.

Garden seeds and fruit trees.

Footballs for village natives.

Pumps that give you better water in your villages.

Yes, and this native tax money also helps to pay for other things for the Papuans: it pays the baby bonus to women with four or

more children, and it pays for the prizes given for the best village and the best garden in the district.

Now you know what happens to the Native Tax money. It is all spent on things for the Papuans.

Assessors.

Assessor is the Government name for the native who sits in the Court with the Magistrate. The Magistrates teach these Native Assessors all about the laws for the Papuans. They teach these Assessors how to make Court.

Q. What is a Native Assessor?

A. An Assessor is a Papuan who is learning all about Court work.

Q. Why do the Magistrates teach these Assessors?

A. Because the Government wants natives to be Magistrates in the Native Courts of Papua.

There are no Native Magistrates now. You have—

Native School Teachers,
Native Carpenters,
Native Priests,
Native Clerks,

and by and by in years to come—not soon—you will have Native Magistrates.

If Papuan boys want to become good Assessors and in time good Magistrates they must go always to school and learn to read and write and understand the English language because all the laws of Papua are written in the English language.

A Papuan Swordfish.

You will see on page 29 a photograph of a large swordfish and its captors. This big fish was caught on Enoka Tom's line when the London Missionary Society's launch *Ainauia* was going from Fife Bay to Samarai in November last. Mr. Walshe, father of the European Medical Assistant at Samarai, is standing at the stern of the launch, holding the fish's tail; Simo, the veteran captain of the launch, is next to him, and Aila, a Delena man, is holding the "sword" on top of the launch. The photograph was taken at Samarai by Mr. J. N. Walshe, the E.M.A. at Samarai.

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitisi Parau)

Mr. A. C. Hall, Assistant Resident Magistrate, arrived by the *Papuan Chief* from Daru on 14th February last. He will be the Magistrate here while Mr. W. H. Halford-Thompson, A.R.M., is away on leave. Mr. and Mrs. Halford-Thompson left for Port Moresby, in *Lawrabada*, on 21st February,

and went away from Port Moresby by the steamer *Van Rees* two days later.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir J. H. P. Murray, K.C.M.G., visited Kairuku, in *Lawrabada*, on the 19th February, stopped a day, and returned to Port Moresby. His Honour Mr. Justice Gore held Central Court while he was at Kairuku; he returned to Port Moresby with His Excellency.

On the 23rd February the *Van Rees* passed Kairuku; she signalled to us, and we knew that our old friends, Rev. R. L. Turner and Mrs. Turner, and Mr. W. H. Halford-Thompson and Mrs. Halford-Thompson were aboard her going away to their villages in England. The signal from the steamer was "Good-bye" to us here.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Village Council.

A meeting of the Poreporena Village Council was held on the 9th March, and C. T. Wurth, Esq., Resident Magistrate, Central Division, accompanied by the Hon. W. M. Strong, M.D., etc., Chief Medical Officer, attended the meeting.

The Chairman welcomed the two visitors, and he mentioned how proud everybody was at the success of the Papuan Medical Students who had been taken by Dr. Strong to study at Sydney University. He hoped that soon another lot of students would be taken to Sydney to be taught the same things.

Yam Harvest.

The harvesting of the yams was started in March, but, owing to the very heavy rain of the past few months, a lot of the crop has been spoilt by the water.

Death of Igo Gabe.

Igo Gabe, the well known teacher of Elevala, passed away during the night of the 20th March. He died after a long illness.

Igo Gabe was a native of Tatana, where his father was a teacher for the London Missionary Society. When this good man died, Igo Gabe was brought to Metoreia by Ruatoka, the pioneer teacher, who trained him as a teacher until Igo Gabe married. Then Igo Gabe was sent to Vatorata for further training, and, after passing his examinations there, he returned to Tatana and took over the work that his good father used to do there. For fifteen years he worked at Tatana, then he went to Poreporena for several years, and then to Gaile for eight years. In all these places he did steady and good work for the Mission, and all the people respected him because he was always so kind and good to them.

Igo Gabe was a very good carpenter, and he built many houses, boats and other things, including furniture. He was a very good man, and I am very sorry that he has gone from us all, for he was my uncle.

RIGO

(Correspondent—Lohia Toua)

Weather.

The last few months have been very wet, rain falling nearly every day. There were

many days when the south-west wind blew very strongly; and on some days there was no wind, and the heat was very great, so many of us perspired a lot and tried to keep cool in the shady places.

Snakes.

Two people were bitten by snakes during December last. Corporal Karea went out shooting one day, and a snake bit him on the left ankle. He ran as fast as his legs could, carry him to the station, where Native Medical Assistant Gau Morea attended to him. Karea was quite all right in a few days.

Saisu, the Interpreter, while taking a mail bag to Mr. A. C. English, was bitten on his right ankle by a snake. Gau Morea also looked after him, and Saisu is now all right again.

Everybody on the station praised Gau Morea for his good work with these two snake-bite cases.

Christmas Day.

It is a little late to write about the Christmas Feasts, but I will tell you all about how we spent Christmas Day here.

Gau Morea, Miamo and I gave a tea party on Christmas Day. It was attended by all the people on the station, and a few visitors from other places. We had sponge cakes, jam-tarts, sweets and a big Christmas cake; the cake attracted all eyes, for it was nicely iced and decorated.

The day after Christmas Day, Mr. A. C. English gave a big feast at his place. He had a big pig and goat killed and cooked on a fire, the meat then being shared to all the people and the visitors. Heavy rain fell before the feast was over, but everybody enjoyed the feast all right.

General.

All the people are busy making new gardens, and with the ground well soaked with the heavy rains, we expect a good crop of food in the coming year.

Native Contributions

The Story of the Coconut.

Long, long ago there was no coconut at all known, only other kinds of nuts such as the okari, etc., which were eaten by people of long ago. Now this is how the story of the coconut runs. Listen!

Warrior of Kapa (Koinga) Mekeo.

Long ago, there lived a man in a big village called Kapa, behind Mekeo, upper Biaru (now known as Koinga). Well, in this village there was a big man, or rather, a warrior named Aoai-kapalai. This warrior was dreaded by the neighbouring villagers, for whenever he went out head-hunting, he would go out to the neighbouring villages of that swampy country, and would kill anyone he met.

One day he went out head-hunting and came face to face with two warriors of Duifa, a village also near the Biaru River. Now think how terrifying it was for the

three who met at an unexpected moment. In a few seconds the two Duifas started upon the Kapa, throwing spears. But Aoai-kapalai dodged them.

This went on until Aoai-kapalai was struck on the leg by one of the Duifas. He soon pulled the spear off, and started on them.

Now the two Duifas had hardly any spears left then, when he struck one of them on the left side with a big spear. The other seeing this ran away, leaving his companion to be killed by their enemy.

Aoai-kapalai then chopped off the head and buried it near a Pandanus (*Gere Gere*) tree, for a time when he would come and take it away to his village, by and by.

Coconut Tree Found.

When Aoai-kapalai got to his village he was very ill with the wound he had received during the fight with the two Duifas so he stayed for a long time away, till he got right again. Then he thought of the Duifa's head he had buried.

So one day he went out again, this time taking his dogs with him; for he only wanted to dig up the head he had buried and take it to his village. He came to the place where the head was buried near the Pandanus tree. Great was his surprise to see another tree that looked very different to any trees or palms he ever had seen in all his life.

This is a mysterious palm tree with such fine large nuts hanging on. And seeing many that had fallen under and now sprouting up, he said to himself, "I will cut open one and see what it looks like." So he opened one and found the nut to be very white, and also water in it. He also opened a sprouted one and found the kernel. He tasted the nut and the kernel and then gave the rest of the nut to his dogs, which the dogs greedily ate.

Aoai was afraid to eat much of the nut, thinking it was a poisonous nut. He went back very worried because he lost the head (skull) of the Duifa. (As you know that in olden Papua, the heads of enemies were always collected and put away in the *dubus*, where the old men would show the young ones how valiant and brave they were, and ask them if they will be like them by and by.)

Coconut Found to be Very Good Food.

As the time went on, Aoai-kapalai didn't die after eating the mysterious nut (now known as the coconut), but saw that his dogs were looking well. And so he said to himself, "That must be something good to feed on." So he went out again to see the coconut tree. This time he husked the nuts and to his surprise he found the nuts to have an image, like the face of a human man, with two eyes, nose, and a mouth, very small and round.

Now he said, "This must be the head of the Duifa, which I have buried here near this Pandanus tree, and now it has changed and grown into a nut tree. Well, well! I never thought anything like it would happen."

But with great joy he jumped about here and there, and then opened the unhusked nuts and devoured them with the dogs. He also knocked down some green ones and found the milk to be sweet and good to drink.

He hurried back to the village where he told his people to get ready for a little feasting, when he will show them something he had found; and also sent word round to his friends of other villages to come for the festival.

The Coconut Shown at the Festival.

Now by the time the festival day came, many and many a chief of other villages came to Aoai's village for the ceremony of his new found nut food. He had already many sprouted nuts carried to his house, and now he brings some green nuts also, to show what the milk was like, and how it tasted.

At the festival all the chiefs were assembled on a big platform where they were served with big dishes of bananas, yams, taros, pork, fish, etc.

Aoai-kapalai then brought out to them the mysterious nut, and showed it to his chief friends, and gave them some to eat. When they had done so, found it very good to their taste. They asked him where he had discovered such a fine nut; he told the story of it all, and then shared to them the sprouted ones, telling them to keep this and plant, so as by and by to see what it would give them. They gladly took and with many words of praise to Aoai they departed.

End of Story of Coconut.

I now conclude the story of the coconut; and have to leave out some, as it is too long; I will never come to its end if I go on.

So now, you readers of *Papuan Villager*, you see where the coconut comes from, and how it began, and at what village, and from what village it had been distributed to other villages.

The coconut is really from a human head which mysteriously grew when it was buried by Aoai-kapalai, for the purpose of taking the skull for his *dubu* collection by and by.

Koinga is a name given to this village Kapa after the festival of the coconut. As you see the name comes to a pronunciation of Konga, which name is "coconut" in the Mekeo dialect, and Koinga is nearly the same.

I hope you see the story clearly enough to know where the beginning of coconut started, and how it had been tasted, and so on.

[By Leo Aitsi Parau, native clerk, Kairuku. This story wins the prize of 5s.]

Story of an Old Woman, Meauva, and Two Young Girls named Aiva and Ako.

Once upon a time there lived in a house an old woman named Meauva and two girls. The poor old woman lived outside in the grass, but she had a very big garden with plenty of yams, which she heaped up in the grass, because she never knew of any house before.

The Two Girls Steal the Yams and Potatoes.

A very long time ago, Aiva and Ako went to the garden, and Aiva took yams from her, stealing them, and Ako took some of the sweet potatoes.

While Aiva was taking the yams, one fell on top of her and Ako ran away.

And the garden woman came to the garden and followed Aiva, who ran away and hid in the grass and she didn't find her. Then the poor woman went to her home.

And afterwards, Aiva went to her old friend, Ako, and said "My dear friend, the old woman will be coming soon and she will kill me, so I had better run away."

They Run Away Together.

And Ako said, "Oh dear! I am sorry my friend," and Aiva said, "My friend, this is the best way. We will keep away from this place, or the woman whose garden this is will come, and she will kill us," and Ako said, "That might be true."

Then Aiva and Ako went to the beach and took their canoe. And they went to the Aivei River, and a big man came from Maipua, his name was Kiri-aa-nu-mere, and he overturned their canoe, and took them into the island named Arere Island, near Aivei River, and he kept them both for his wives.

[By T. Kiki Hereva, Hanuabada.]

The Coconut in Hohorita.

Once there lived an old woman in the Orokaiva district of Hohorita with her boy and daughter. The daughter's name was Sinehoi.

Once on a fine day the boy determined to take his sister and their dog to go out for the hunt. He entreated his mother and said, "Prepare our provisions and we set out tomorrow morning, both my sister and our puppy dog.

"Very well," said his mother, "Go and catch some wild pigs and cuscus." Then she gave them their provisions. Early in the morning they got up and set off about 7 o'clock a.m. to the forest far away from their home.

They Started Off Hunting.

They started off hunting about 3 o'clock noon, when they reached the bird's heap. But they caught nothing. Now I cannot tell in English the name of this bird. But I suppose she is of the fowl's family. She lays her eggs underneath the fallen leaves which she gathers with her web feet from very many yards away into one place for her heap. She lays eggs the size of turkey's eggs. By its native name was *nabiri*.

Then the boy said to his sister, "Let us stop here and I will dig this bird's heap." When he was digging he got five eggs altogether, and gave them to his sister. Then he said, "Light the fire and roast our food and some eggs if need so. I will hunt for a little while, and our dog can catch pig or the cuscus, and after, I will come back and we will sleep here for the next day.

Then he set off with his dog, and left his sister behind. And she roasted her food and some eggs. When she had done her supper, then she started on digging more eggs. As she was doing this her brother came back from hunting. Then he saw his sister in the bird's heap. He absolutely was tempered

(lost his temper) and stooped down and picked up a short piece of stick and speared her on the neck. And she was dead; and he buried her dead body on that same spot, where she was digging the bird's heap.

Then he Fled Away into the Bush.

Then he took his spear, and his dog, and set him again on hunting. He caught one pig and two cuscus, and went back to his village.

When he got home his mother said, "Where is your sister?" And he said, "Oh! I went with her and on the way she told me that she doesn't want to come with me, so she returned home. Perhaps she met some gentleman on the pathway and he married her."

But this is not true, he pretended and made deceit and deceived his mother. He had killed his sister.

After this his mother cried for days. And she was very sorry and mourned for several months, and wandered about from village to village though she couldn't find her.

Then a year after, her wicked son was married and had a son, and they lived till three years afterwards he was reminded of his sister's grave, and made up his mind and said, "I had a son, and I will go out tomorrow morning and I will see about my sister's grave."

As soon as he reached the grave he saw the lofty tree was standing up on that same spot where his sister was lying; and on the ground beside it there were pretty green leaves of young fallen coconuts growing.

He Found the Interest of it.

Even then he was very surprised and gazed up and down the tree and at its fruit. Then he said, "What is this? Is it good to eat, or does it form a poison?"

Then he broke one coconut with his stone axe, and his dog came and licked it all. Then it was good to the dog, and the dog was very satisfied with it. And the owner of the dog was very surprised and frightened, as if his dog will be sick and die. He said "Better I just watch him and see what happens to him."

During the next day the dog was quite all right. But while he was going home he hid two coconuts beyond his house. Then he went out by himself and broke one coconut in halves and tried again on his dog; and gave half of it to his pigs. But they were all right and he was quite satisfied.

His wife said to him, "Where did you find this food?" But he didn't answer, just closed his mouth and watched his pigs and dog, even then, when it was not harmful to them.

He Told his Wife about it.

Then afterwards his wife was very pleased so he said, "I will tell you; but remember don't tell the other people."

He Made Another Visit.

Then a few months were over, and he went again to his sister's grave. He got four coconuts and went home and hid them under his house.

After a while his son went out playing. He saw the coconuts hanging under the house, and cried to his father, "Father, can I have one of these things." This we know, every-one of us, when we are babies we want something good to play with or eat.

And his father said, "I won't let you have one." And his child didn't stop crying.

And in the other house his grandmother heard him crying, and she ran out and asked him, "What are you crying for, under the house?" and he said, "My father has hidden something under the house, so I want to have one, though he won't let me have it."

It is Unknown to Eat it.

Then the woman asked her son to let her have one coconut, although it is unknown to eat or use it. "Where hast thou found this food?" and begged him many times. Then he told his mother and his wife, and said, "I will tell you but don't let the other people understand how I found the coconut. (Pa in Wedau tongue and *mutari* in Orokaiva tongue) "Right away in the vast forest."

Then it was Known to Eat.

Then he broke one *mutari* and tasted. And it was very good as a fat of a pig. And it was called *mutari*, coconut.

They Send the Messengers all over Papuan Coastal Districts.

Then after the fourth night they called their village people and gathered together, and said, "I found this wonderful food, so tomorrow I will lead you up to the forest and we will then carry them down to the village, and we will harvest them. And then we shall send the messengers to the surrounding coastal villages of our island. And we will share them, and they will plant of their own."

It is Harvested in the Village.

So early in the morning, about 7 o'clock, they went out into the bush and brought home many hundreds of coconuts, both young ones for drinking, and many growing seeds. They took two days before they finished carrying.

The next day they sent the messengers to the surroundings of the island. And the villagers ~~blew the trumpet~~ for nearby villages, and everybody gathered together at Hohorita for sharing the coconut. Some people excused themselves from going to Hohorita and said, "What shall we do at Hohorita? It has no feasting time." Some said, "Let us go."

And the messengers proclaimed them well to come as guests, for the owner of the coconut will share the coconut—*mutari*.

All the guests came from the far south, east, north, west, by *lakatoi*, canoes, and mostly by land.

The Owner Stood up and Spoke to Them.

Thus he told them "It has no poison, although it is a good fat and cleared food. But I will share it with you, but don't you eat them all, keep the seeds and plant for your posterity."

Then they shared them, and carried to their villages and planted in their districts. And when they got fruit, some fell into the sea and the waves carried them away to the groups of islands.

So now only a few coconut trees are growing at Hohorita, because they shared them all with other district villages; and that is why there are only a few trees growing in the Orokaiva district. So I will guess the villages like Wanigela, Mukawa, Wedau, Wamira, Taupota, Milne Bay and further eastern districts have plenty. I cannot tell you about the Central, Western, Delta, and Gulf Divisions because I haven't seen them yet.

The End.

It is rather difficult to mention that many stories beginning like this, "As a woman usually went fishing by herself beside the sea," and many others.

In future when we want to drink, we bore the hole first at the mouth and above were two eyes. That was the face of his sister's head; the fibre was the hair. I forgot to tell you above when he shared them he did not tell them of his bad memory of what he had done.

[By Sylvester Inaruke, c/o. B.P. & Co., Ltd., Samarai. Translated into English by Reuben Masiarese.]

A Deep Pool.

Over the pool so deep,
On the branch of a tree
Where the Cuscus lies asleep,
That is the place for me.

It is so cool and bright
To lie above the stream,
And see the play of light
And think life is a dream.

The sun is hot and bright,
And the light is all its own;
The water is so cool at night,
But it flows by itself alone.

Let me find sweet rest
Near that pool's tall tree;
Without or in my breast
Is peace and joy for me.

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

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