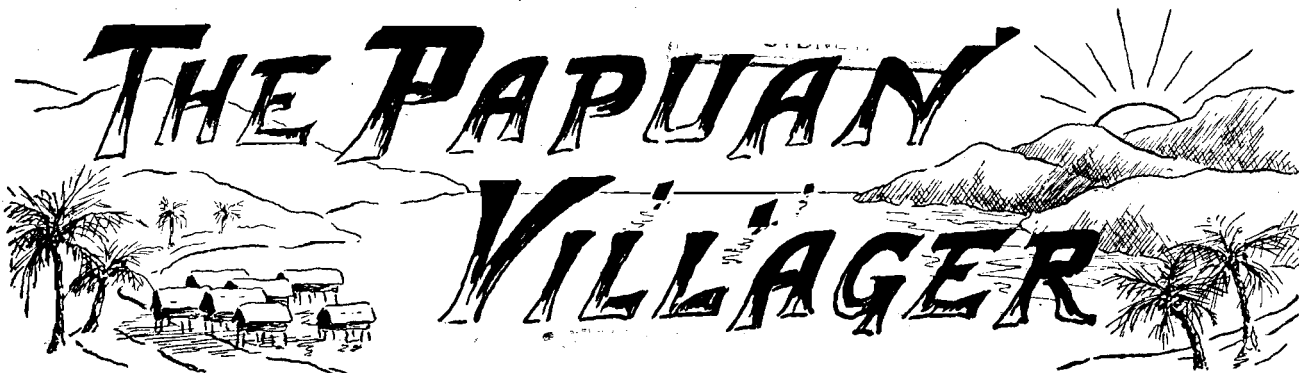


THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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Better Villages.

THE Government gives a yearly prize of £5 for the best village in every Division. Sometimes the prize is won by a big village, and sometimes a small village wins it.

There are many villages in a Division, so it is a fine thing to know that your village is the best one. You should be very proud if your village wins the prize, and you should do all you can to make it win the prize every year.

But if your village has not won the prize, it is because you and all the other people in it have not made it as nice as the one that won the prize. Have a look at your village and see if there is anything that you can do to make it look better.

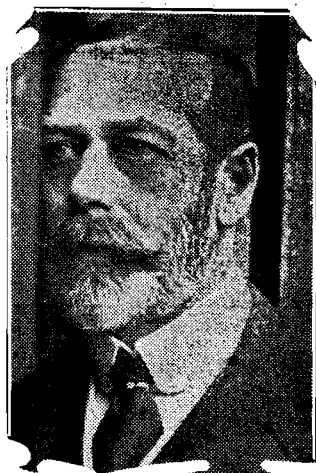
Good Houses.

No village can win the prize unless all its houses are kept in good order all the year. It must always be kept very clean and neat.

Look at your house. Does it need a new roof? Are its walls in good order? Does the veranda need some new boards? Is there anything that you can do to make it look better?

If the roof leaks, or the veranda boards are broken, or anything else needs doing to the house, do not delay doing the work until the house starts to fall to pieces. There is a law about houses, and if you do not keep your house in good order you will be taken to Court and fined, perhaps sent to gaol. All good men obey the law, so let everybody see that you are a good man. Keep your house in good order all the time.

If your house is old, it will be better to pull it down and build a new one. An old house takes a lot of work to put it in proper order, so it is much better to do a little more work and build a new house. And a new house is much nicer to live in than an old shaky house with a leaky roof. Old



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

houses make a village look very bad—and they stop it from winning the prize.

Plant Trees and Pretty Plants.

Trees and pretty plants make a village look very nice. Some villages have plenty of trees and plants growing in them, but there are many villages that have very few trees and plants. If your village has room for some trees and pretty plants, you

should get your friends to help you plant them. Fruit trees grow very easily, so if you can get some lime, orange, lemon and mango trees, put them along the village street or around the village. If there are pigs in the village you must not forget to put fences round the young trees to keep the pigs from digging them up and killing them. When the trees grow big you will be able to eat their fruit—and fruit is very good food.

Many villages have crotons, hibiscus, frangipani and other pretty plants growing in them. If you have none of these plants in your village, you should get some and put them in. They will make the village look very nice.

If there is room around the village for some big trees, you should get some—badila, poinciana, bread-fruit and rain trees—and plant them. They grow while you sleep and in a few years time you will be able to rest under them in the hot part of the day. If you want seeds of these trees, ask the Magistrate to get them for you; he will be very glad to do so.

Playgrounds.

Very many villagers play cricket and football. These games are very good fun, but they require a good deal of ground on which to play them properly. If there is a piece of flat ground near the village, get the people to help you clear the trees and long grass off it and make a playground on it. It will not take much work to do this, and once it is cleared properly the people can easily keep it free of grass and weeds. Many villages have already done this, but there are still a

lot of villages that have no proper playground. If you want to make your playground better than any other village's, build a big shed on it and put seats under the shed for the people to sit on while they watch the games. With a proper playground you will be able to have a lot of fun playing cricket and football with your friends from the other villages.

Be Proud of Your Village.

Two years ago we said, "Every village in Papua should be good enough for the people to be proud of it." And we say it again because we want you all to remember these words. Try and make your village much better than it is. Even if it does not win the prize it will be a very much better village if you do whatever you can to improve it.

The World We Live In.

The Weight of Air.

Of course the air does not push, nor resist things, as much as water does, because it is lighter, or, as we ought to say, less dense. "But surely," someone may say, "air is not heavy at all, it has no weight at all." It is true that the weight of a tinful or a cupful of air is very, very little, but there is such a lot of air that its total weight is very great.

Weighing Air.

This is how its weight has been found: a very special pair of scales (able to weigh even a hair one inch long!) was taken, and a glass bottle put on it and weighed very carefully. Then all the air was pumped out of the bottle, using a pump like a football pump, but made to take *out* air instead of pushing it in, and the bottle was weighed again. This time the weight was a little bit less than before, because of the air that had been taken out. In this way it was found that the air in an "empty" 4-gallon petrol (benzine) tin weighs about 3 oz., while the air in a small room, say 20 feet by 20 feet and 10 feet high, weighs about 300 lb.; that is, about as much as two fairly tall boys.

Just as the water in the sea presses down on the bed of the sea, so the air above us presses down on us. The air extends for many miles above our

heads, just how far, no one knows; for, of course, no one has ever reached the surface of the sea of air that we live in. But it presses down with a force of about $14\frac{1}{2}$ lb. on every square inch of our bodies. We do not feel it because we are built so as to withstand it, just as the fish in the sea are built to stand the pressure of the water around them.

Air on High Mountains.

If we go high into the air in an aeroplane, or climb a high mountain, there is not so much air above our heads as when we are on the ground, so we should expect that it would press less. Those who have done this have found that it is so. Not only do the instruments which they carry tell them that the air is pressing less, but also they can feel it in their bodies in certain ways. One way is that they find that they have to breathe much more quickly, just as you do when you have been running a race. The reason is that the air, very high up, is thinner than it is here on the ground. Imagine a deep pile of leaves; the leaves at the bottom are pressed closely together by the weight of those above them; near the top, the leaves are not packed so closely, because there is little weight above them. So it is with the air. And where the air is thin, we have to breathe much more quickly to get enough air to keep us alive.

[By F. E. Joselin, of Achimota College, Gold Coast, Africa, in *Listen*.]

Story Competition.

We want plenty of people to send us stories about fishing, hunting, voyages along the coast, and other things. We will pay Five shillings for the best story that we print each month. There are many stories about crocodiles, sharks, pigs, fish, birds, dogs, canoes and other things. If you know any of these stories, write them down and send them to us. We have printed a lot of stories and we want to print a lot more. Ask your father or your grandfather, your mother or your grandmother, to tell you some of the stories that they know. It does not matter if these stories are long or short; the best one printed every month will be worth Five shillings to you.

Remember, "*The Papuan Villager*" is your paper, so why not write for it? Just write your story as well as you can; if there are any mistakes in the spelling, the Editor will correct them. All stories that are printed will be paid for; the best story each month will bring you Five shillings, and the others will give you One shilling.

King George and Queen Mary.

The 6th of May is "Accession Day." On that day King George ascended the throne of England 24 years ago.

On the 3rd of June the King was 69 years old. We had our holiday on the 4th, but the flags were flown on the 3rd and 4th in honour of His Majesty's birthday.

The 26th of May was Queen Mary's birthday. On the first page you will see a picture of King George.

The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales will be 40 years old on the 23rd of June. His picture on page 44 shows His Royal Highness wearing the uniform of a naval officer.

The Prince has travelled all over the world, and there are few parts of the Empire that he has not visited.

Dry Countries.

Some parts of the world have very little rain. There is a desert called Kalahari in the west part of South Africa that has had only one shower of rain in the last forty years. It is a very dry country, for it is just a great patch of sand on which only small bushes and thorny trees grow. There is no water in this country, for when the rain falls there it is quickly soaked up by the sand.

Another country called Chili, in South America, is also very dry. In some parts of it rain only falls once every six or seven years.

In the centre of Australia there are some places that have had rain only once in seven years. There is water in some parts of this dry country, but most of it is saltwater.

Buried Word Competition No 4.

Won by Safua Frank, of Duabo, E.D.

Twenty-two entries were received for this Competition; four came from people who are not subscribers to *The Papuan Villager*. These non-subscribers, of course, had no chance of winning the prize.

Seventeen answers were correct, so the prize was given to the most neatly written one. This was sent in by Safua Frank, a schoolgirl at the Kwato Mission School, Duabo, via Kwato, E.D. There were many very nicely written answers, but Safua Frank's was the neatest, so she is the winner. We congratulate you, Safua Frank, and we hope you will win many more prizes.

The buried words were:

BECOMING, VAPOUR, TOGETHER, OCEANS, SALTWATER, FLOWERS, TREMBLE, STREAMS, CLOUDS, COMING, TURNING, SPRINGING, MORNING, CANNOT, COMPOSITION.

And they are all in Lesson 9 ("Water") of the *Papuan School Reader*.

Where the Medical Students are Working.

Perhaps some of you may like to know what has happened to the twelve Papuan students who went to the Medical School in Sydney.

Six of these students had worked in the villages before they went to Sydney. Now nearly all of them are doing this work.

Veratau Rubena and his wife have gone to Daru to take charge of the Native Medical Assistants there. Veratau Rubena was formerly at Rigo, but Gideon Genokei, who was in charge at Daru before he went to Sydney, has taken his place at Rigo.

Boe Morea has returned to his old job at Kikori; and Leke Koa has gone back to his old job of Native Medical Assistant-in-Charge at Abau.

Boko Navo has been given charge of the N.M.As. at Kerema; and Rarua Oala, who is now on leave, will soon go to the Native Hospital, Samarai, for some experience in hospital work.

The six students who had not done medical work before they went to Sydney have been allotted as follows: Igo Arua and Gavera Baru go to Kerema with Boko Navo. Puka Oala and Toua Kapena have joined Morea Toua's patrol and are now in the Galley Reach district. Lohia Udu is with Mr. Adams's party for the present. Hera Ganiga is assisting Dr. Strong in preparing the next class (the next lot of students) for Sydney and is making a good job of it.

So these twelve Papuans have settled down to their lifework of looking after the sick people in the villages.

W. M. STRONG,
M.A., M.D., D.T.M. & H.,
Chief Medical Officer,
Territory of Papua.

Bwagaioa.

Bwagaioa is the headquarters of the South-Eastern Division of Papua. It is a very pretty place. The houses are built on the western side of a deep and narrow inlet. This inlet is the only safe harbour on the south coast of Misima (St. Aignan) Island when the strong winds blow from the south-east.

The Resident Magistrate who looks after the South-Eastern Division lives at Bwagaioa. Until 1920 he lived at Kulumadau, but that year the houses were pulled down at Kulumadau and taken to Bwagaioa. The Resident Magistrate's house, office and all the other Government buildings are built on a ridge that looks down on the harbour.

After you leave the jetty, you walk along a road that is shaded by tall coconut palms. The sides of the road are fringed with pretty plants. This road takes you to the Government Station.

There was a swamp between the higher ground and the beach when the Government went to Bwagaioa, but this swamp is now drained and planted with many prettily-coloured plants. A lot of this ground is covered with hundreds of yellow flowers (cosmos).

A straight, white road runs past the Government buildings. This road is bordered on both sides with neatly trimmed hedges (fences made with

living plants), and the entrance to each house is through a fine white gateway. There is a nice piece of flat ground on which the police drill; this ground is where cricket and other games are played. Sometimes the cricketers from the Methodist Missionary Society's Station, a few miles away, come and play a match with the Government people.

A shelter has been built near the entrance to Bwagaioa Harbour, and from this house people can watch the great waves breaking against the cliffs for many miles to the eastward.

Misima Island has several gold mines on it. Gold was first found on the island in 1888.

Cricket in England.

Australia Wins First Test Match.

The First Test Match was played at Nottingham. Mr. Walters captained England, and Mr. Woodfull led Australia. Mr. Woodfull won the toss and decided to bat.

AUSTRALIA (First Innings), 374 runs.

ENGLAND (First Innings), 268 runs.

AUSTRALIA (Second Innings), 8 wickets for 273 runs (declared closed).

ENGLAND (Second Innings), 141 runs.

Australia therefore won the match by 238 runs. The following were the best Australian scores—

First Innings:	Second Innings:
Chipperfield ... 99.	McCabe ... 88.
McCabe ... 59.	Brown ... 73.
Ponsford ... 53.	Bradman ... 25.
Grimmett ... 39.	

The best Australian bowlers were: Grimmett, a slow bowler, 8 wickets. O'Reilly, a spin bowler, 11 wickets.

The best batsmen for England were:—

First Innings:	Second Innings:
Hendren ... 79.	Walters (Capt.) 46.
(the oldest man in the team)	
Sutcliffe ... 62.	Sutcliffe ... 24.
Geary ... 53.	

The best bowlers for England were: Farnes, a fast bowler, 10 wickets. Geary, a medium bowler, 4 wickets.

The Australian's first innings score was the highest made in a Test Match at Nottingham.

Empire Day.

The 24th of May was Empire Day. This day is kept as a holiday all over the British Empire, for it was on the 24th May, 1819, that Queen Victoria was born. This great Queen ruled over the British Empire for more than sixty-three years.

Story Competition.

How the First Dogs Came to Our Country.

This story was told me by my beloved grandfather. It is a story that everyone knows. And it happened very, very many years ago.

There were two children living in the bush. Their father and mother were both dead, and they had nobody to look after them. Their names were Eronarai and Purinarai. Eronarai was a boy and Purinarai was his sister. They lived a long time in the bush.

One day Eronarai and Purinarai left their home in the bush and went down to the beach. They cut down a tree and made a canoe, a small canoe, and they went in it to an island out in the sea.

Only a big snake lived on the island; his name was Kapatu. The boy and girl found Kapatu asleep under a tree. Kapatu awoke and saw them near him. He asked them where they had come from. They told him they had come from the big land in a small canoe. Then Kapatu wanted to know if they had a father and a mother. They told him their parents were dead.

Kapatu then said they could cook their food there. They did this, and after they had eaten their dinner they walked about the island. After some time Eronarai went to sleep under a tree. Purinarai was walking about while he slept.

Then Kapatu came along and saw Eronarai asleep, so he went and hit him. Eronarai woke up when Kapatu bit him. He jumped up and saw Kapatu crawling up the tree.

Then Purinarai came along and saw that her brother had been bitten by the snake. She was very sorry for her brother, and she kissed him and cried loudly.

Eronarai said to her, "You are my loving sister. My poor sister, the snake has bitten me, and I will soon die! You will be left here with the snake! There will be only you and the snake here!"

Purinarai was crying a lot now. She said, "Who will look after me now?"

The air was going away out of Eronarai; he was close to his death. But he wanted to talk to his sister. He came close to her and said, "Purinarai, you are my poor loving sister. When I am dead, never mind about my body. Take it away and put it in the rubbish place; I do not care. But first take out my tongue and cut it into four pieces. Put the pieces into a basket and hide it away

for ten months." Then Eronarai was dead. But Purinarai did what he had told her.

Then Kapatu, the snake, married Purinarai and lived with her until she had two babies at one time. One of the babies was a lizard and the other was a crocodile. Purinarai was very afraid when she saw her two babies, so she took them away and threw one into the river and the other into the bush. The one that fell into the river was the crocodile, and the one that fell into the bush was the lizard. This is how the crocodile came to live in the rivers and the lizard in the bush.

After a little more time had passed away, Purinarai went to the place where she had hidden the basket with the four pieces of Eronarai's tongue in it. She swept the leaves away and opened the basket. The four pieces of tongue had become four little dogs. And that is how the first dogs came to our country.

[By Arthur Daniela, of Hula-Kamali, c/o. London Missionary Society, Hula, C.D. This wins the 5s. prize.]

DISTRICT NEWS

(From our own Correspondents)

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Bicycle Accident.

On the afternoon of 1st June, Morea Morea, a native clerk in the Government Secretary's Department, had an accident with his bicycle. He was riding along the low road to Poreporena. He met his wife and small daughter on the road, and he put the child on the bicycle and went along with it at a moderate speed. When he came near the stone-breaker the bicycle ran off the road and dropped on to the big rocks below. Morea was very lucky, for he only received a small cut on his head. The child was not hurt at all. Mr. Logan saw the accident, and he came and put Morea into his motor car and took him to the Hospital, where Mr. Willis dressed the cut on Morea's head.

Morea is now very happy and joyful that he and his little daughter did not get badly injured.

Poreporena and Pari Play Cricket.

Two cricket matches were played on Kavari Cricket Ground on the 4th June. There were very many players from Pari, so two games were played by them against Poreporena that day. Before the Pari cricketers came to Poreporena they arranged with Poreporena that they should have a concert after the games. Play commenced at 10 a.m. Pari won the toss and decided to bat. The scores follow:

FIRST TEAM, PARI (1ST INNINGS).	
Gaba Matagu, b. Hila Tutuhi	1
Nou Uda, b. Kohu Dogodo	4
Puka Oru, c. Arua, b. Hila	4
Vagi Tomu, c. Gaudi, b. Hila	5
Momoru Vagi, b. Hila Tutuhi	0
Matagu Kevau, c. Heni, b. Kohu	3
Ranu Biri, b. Kohu Dogodo	1
Mataio Nou, b. Hitolo Hekure	22
Raho Maraki, b. Hila Tutuhi	2
Oala ² Toua, b. Hila Tutuhi	0

Kidu Gaudi, b. Hila Tutuhi	19
Godó Taboro, not out	1
Sundries	11
	73

BOWLING: Kohu, 3 for 14; Hila Tutuhi, 6 for 27; Hitolo Hekure, 1 for 18.

FIRST TEAM, POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS):

Hila Tutuhi, c. Vagi, b. Puka	46
Hitolo Hekure, c. Gaba, b. Matagu	7
Kohu Dogodo, c. Kidu, b. Puka	75
Sam Boga, run out	12
Hila Morea, b. Vagi Tomu	1
Arua Puka, b. Vagi Tomu	0
Gavera Daroa, run out	46
Virobo Tamasi, run out	14
Agalu Tutuhi, c. Momoru, b. Gaba	25
Morea Gavera, not out	11
Gaudi Dogo, b. Gaba Matagu	0
Nugini Seri, b. Vagi Tomu	1
Sundries	13
	205

BOWLING: Matagu, 1 for 62; Kidu, 0 for 31; Puka Oru, 2 for 48; Vagi Tomu, 3 for 29; Gaba Matagu, 2 for 32.

The second team commenced their innings at 3 p.m. Pari again batted first. The scores were:—

SECOND TEAM, PARI (1ST INNINGS).

Vagi Kevau, b. Toka Gaudi	0
Eisa Qalabu, run out	8
Igo Ovia, b. Toka Gaudi	13
Rarua Oala, c. Ovia, b. Rea	41
Lona Daure, b. Rea Mea	1
Daure Govea, b. Toka Gaudi	2
Tau Legu, b. Rea Mea	1
Iubu Airi, b. Rea Mea	1
Morea, G., b. Rea Mea	1
Nao, c. Willie, b. Heagi	1
Gaudi, b. Heagi	5
Airi, not out	1
Sundries	16
	91

BOWLING: Toka, 3 for 25; Rea Mea, 5 for 35; Heagi Gavera, 2 for 9; Igo Erua, 0 for 12; Heni Puka, 0 for 5.

SECOND TEAM, POREPORENA (1ST INNINGS):

Heagi Gavera, c. Uda, b. Rarua	15
Rea Mea, c. Nao, b. Rarua	19
Heni Puka, retired	49
Vaburi Gavera, stpd. Iubu, b. Eisa	15
Willie Gavera, c. Igo, b. Rarua	1
Toka Gaudi, c. Kohu, b. Rarua	26
Ovia Ikupu, not out	5
Willie Tamarua, not out	3
Sundries	3
	136

BOWLING: Daure Govea, 0 for 45; Rarua Oala, 4 for 69; Eisa Qalabu, 1 for 12; Airi, 0 for 4.

Both games were won by Poreporena.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

The month of April was very wet. The Mekeo country was flooded and many coconuts were washed away from Angabunga-Plantation.

There were many feasts and dances in the Kivori and Mekeo villages, and there are many more still to be held in some of the other villages.

We have built a new house for the warders at Kairuku, and the floor is now being put in. It is a nice house.

The gardens are looking well, and we hope to harvest a fine crop of yams. The rains have done a great deal of good to the other crops, so there should be plenty of food for everybody.

I told you about the new launch that the Catholic Mission was building at Arapokina sawmill. This launch is now finished; it was put into the water on the 30th April, and it has been named *Gem*. Some day it will go to Port Moresby, Samarai and Daru, so many of the readers of *The Papuan Villager* will see it. This fine boat is built of timber cut by the Arapokina sawmill. It was built by a European Brother and some Papuans. A very fine bit of work.

The *Laurabada* arrived from Port Moresby on the 23rd April, and, after landing the mail and some cargo, went on to the West the same day. She called again on the 29th April. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., the Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E. (Government Secretary) and the Hon. H. L. Murray (Official Secretary) were aboard.

Native Contributions

A Story About the Old Days.

I will tell you a true story. Many years before the white people came to Papua some inland people lived at Tati, a place that is now called Miaru. Three of these people were brothers. Posa was the eldest of these three men, and his brothers were Savora and Laraovo. Laraovo was a hunter, and he was always out in the bush looking for pigs and wallabies.

One day he met some men from Sepoe, and they killed him. Laraovo had three dogs with him when he was killed. One of the dogs ran home with blood on one of his ears. Posa and Savora saw the blood on the dog's ear, and they knew that their brother had been killed. They mourned him very much.

Next day Posa went out into the bush and found the dead body of Laraovo lying on the ground. He went back to the village and told the people that Laraovo had been killed. The following day Posa took all his fighting things and went with Savora to Sepoe, to kill some of the Sepoe people as payment for his brother Laraovo.

Savora was very frightened of the Sepoe people, so Posa told him to go back home. Savora did this. Then Posa went to Sepoe and saw some food on the floor of a house near the beach. He sat down near the food and waited for his enemies to come along. He soon saw some of the Sepoe men returning from the bush; they had been hunting wallabies.

The Sepoe men came up to Posa and said, "Is that you, Posa?" Posa said, "Yes, I am Posa."

Then a Sepoe man climbed a coconut and threw down some coconuts to his mates. One of the Sepoe men gave Posa a green coconut, and Posa opened it and drank the cool water.

After he had had his drink, he put away the coconut meat. Then the Sepoe men gave him a betel-nut to chew. Posa took the nut and began to chew it, and while he was chewing it one of the Sepoe men threw a spear at him and missed him.

Posa was very wild then; he jumped up and bit the Sepoe man with a wooden club and killed him. Then one of the Sepoe men speared Posa. After that the Sepoe men and Posa fought, and Posa killed two of the Sepoe men. But the Sepoe men speared Posa many times; they speared him six times. And Posa killed six Sepoe men, but his strength failed him, so he fell down on the ground.

The Sepoe men then stood close to Posa and said, "We will now kill you."

Posa looked at them and said, "Wait! You killed my brother. But I have killed six of you as payment for him. If you want to kill me, do so. I do not care what you do now!"

Then the Sepoe men killed him. They left his body there on the ground, and went to their home.

Posa's sister, who had married a man in Sepoe Village, then came with her husband, and they buried Posa.

This happened before the Government came to Papua. It was a very bad thing that the Sepoe people did, but they did it because they did not know it was a bad thing to do. Now, with the Government watching over all the people, these evil things are not done any more. Peace has come to Papua. And peace is a very good thing.

This is the end of my story.

[By Oaive Ivarapou, of Iokea, G.D.]

Fishing for Sarevela.

There is a fish that we call sarevela. It is a very nice fish to eat. There are many fine fish—swordfish, catfish and other big fish—but the sarevela is the best of them all. It has plenty fat in its flesh, that is why everybody likes to eat it.

This lovely fish comes to the Lakekamu River in April and May. The river is then full of sarevela. We catch them at night. We catch them in nets. Sometimes one man will get a hundred of them in one night, and many men catch twenty or thirty, sometimes forty or more, as they swim up the river.

When the sarevela is going up the river the people do not sleep very much. They take their nets and stop all night looking for the sarevela. After many nights the sarevela stop going up the river, and then all the people do not sit up all night waiting to catch them.

The sarevela always go up the river in April and May. It is like a man; it knows the proper time to swim up the river every year. Last time the sarevela was going up the river I was working, but one night I went and tried to catch some. I only got one, but it was a very lovely sarevela; it had much grease in its flesh, like a fat pig. That's all.

[By Romate Aitarapo, of Kukipi, c/o. Mr. Ernest Jones, Kukipi, G.D.]

How Mosquitoes Came to Papua.

A very, very long time ago an old man named Viliwakoko lived in a village. He was the chief man in that village. He had nine sons and a lot of pigs. These nine boys lived in the bush and looked after the pigs.

One day Viliwakoko went to the bush. He left his wife to look after all his things in the village. Early in the morning he went to where the boys were in the bush. He saw the boys and he said, "How are you getting on? How are all the pigs?"

The boys answered, "Some of the pigs have run away. We did not see them go away because we were all sleeping very hard."

Viliwakoko was very angry when he heard that the boys had slept so hard that they did not hear the pigs run away. He said they had lost the pigs because they had not looked after them properly.

He then left the boys and went away into the bush. He went to a mountain called Koriholo. He went up the mountain, and he found three nets there. One of the nets was full of flies, one was full of hornets, and one was full of mosquitoes. He picked up the three nets and went back to the boys. Then he called them to him and said, "You will come under a tree." The boys did that. Then Viliwakoko went up the tree. He took the three nets with him.

The boys stood under the tree. Then Viliwakoko dropped one net and the boys caught it. Then he dropped another net and the boys caught it. But when he dropped the last net he dropped with it and knocked all the boys down on the ground. The net fell on the ground and was torn open and all the mosquitoes fell out of it. That is how the mosquitoes came to our country.

[By Mareko Wari, Kamali, C.D.]

A Trip from Hula to Kapari.

On the 25th April, 1934, I left Raukele in company with the Reverends H. J. E. Short and H. L. Schlencker, on the launch *Mary*, to visit the villages along the coast as far as Kapari.

Two Hula men came with us; one of them was the captain of the launch, the other was the engineer. Three of the Raukele boys also came with us; one of them helped to look after the engine, one cooked for the Taubadas, and the other was a crew boy.

We arrived at Paramata at 4 p.m., and slept in the teacher's house. The teacher's name is Tom. Mr. Short and Mr. Schlencker were looking at the schools and seeing how the scholars were getting along. We went from Paramata to Maopa and other villages, and then went on to Vilirup. In all the villages Mr. Short and Mr. Schlencker held Service and saw how the children were doing in the schools.

Then we went to Waiori, Wanigela, the Gold Camp and Kapari. Coming back from Kapari we sailed through narrow passages in the reefs to get to Keapara. At noon a strong

south-east wind blew and the sea became very high among the reefs.

The sea inside the reefs behind Keapara is called Oneqaluna. There was no place where we could anchor our boat there because the sea was too rough. Soon a boy jumped out to search around for a passage that the launch could go through. The tide was out, and he led the launch for his masters and mates right through the deep water. He found the deep passage and he called, "Come this way," and the boat went right through it at about 4.45 p.m. We slept at Keapara. Mr. Short and Mr. Schlencker taught in the school and held Service in the church in that village. After they had finished, we went on to Raukele.

[By Vele Ravn, of L.M.S. School, Raukele, C.D.]

Coconuts in Papua.

There is little known about how the coconut came to Papua. There may be some old brown friends or Papuans I hope, who can let us know how it came to Papua.

In these days it is hard to guess and find out, as you can guess yourself by seeing the trees from years and years ago.

Pondering about this and calling up in my own mind the words and pictures of Captain Cook's voyage to Papua, I know he did not bring the coconut to our land.

In the course of many years Malayan travellers have also been in Papua. These people are coloured brown and yellow, and we easily know that there are many of them now in Papua.

I have dwelt on this experience and realized that these travellers had plenty of provisions with them besides coconuts. However some of you dear friends may be puzzled how this coconut was brought to Papua.

Two schooners were wrecked on the coast of Papua, near Kerepunu Village. Well as I say these coconuts were floating all about the seas from these schooners. The west wind blew some nuts to the east, and when the south-east wind came, it blew some to the western side; so I consider that's why all over the Papuan coast there are plenty of coconuts.

How the Papuans Found the Nuts for Food.

After growing on the coast, native dwellers would not climb the tree or eat the nuts. They were frightened to touch it.

It happened that a man and his dog went out hunting in the bush one day. By missing the track to his village, he found himself by the sand beach.

Coming on his way with his dog, he saw the coconut tree, and ran to it, calling his dog by its name (Niu), he said, "Come here, Niu. We'll have a bit of a rest and then we'll find our way home."

On looking up at the tree, he saw the nice fruit hanging down, and said to himself, "I will get the fruit and see what it is like." So he stoned one down first and broke it and found water inside, and was surprised with the white of the stuff, and said to himself, "I'll try to give the dog a bit to eat; if the dog Niu won't die, it's very nice for food and drink."

So he gave the dog some, and his dog liked the meat very much, ate it, and did not die. So he called the tree after the name of his dog Niu (Niu means Coconut) because, this dog Niu was very faithful to his master, and ate the nut first and found out that it was very useful food; as the Papuans now use the coconut for their daily bread.

It is known in Papua that the natives lament when their favourite dog dies. That's the reason why every Papuan loves his dog.

You will find, should you travel in Papua, that the western divisions are known to be highest users of coconuts.

I have known a village by the name Waima where coconuts are used. It seems to be their daily food. It is used for breakfast, lunch and tea; also for painting themselves when dancing days approach.

[By Abraham P. Ahwong.]

A Story on Fire and How it Started.

Now readers listen and I will relate to you the story of How Fire First Came to Papua, and who were the Fire Makers.

Long long ago a giant (man eater) or as he was called Iange Laulau by name (Evil Spirit) lived in the regions of the Lapeka Hills, behind the Mekeo. He used to go head hunting, and when he got any human flesh or any wild game, he would come home and devour it, with his dogs and pigs. This he did every now and then, when in want of flesh meat.

One day he went out as usual on his head-hunting expeditions. He left his dogs and pigs at home, and this time he did not return that evening, but stayed away for four or five days. The dogs and pigs became hungry, as no one was there to feed them. So the dogs and pigs began to eat anything they could find lying about.

Fire Starts.

Now this Iange Laulau (Evil Spirit) had not yet returned. The dog and pig were fighting over a bone, the dog on one end, and the pig on the other. The two were pulling the bone to and fro, the dog on the ground and the pig on top of a log lying near the house.

The pulling to and fro had been done so long and hard, that the log on which the pig sat was rubbed so hot that it kindled fire. The dog and pig, when they saw smoke coming out, were greatly surprised, and ran away singing out to their friends, "Lo-lo-lo-lo," which in English means fire, fire, fire, fire.

Iange Laulau (Evil Spirit) Comes Home.

On the fifth day the giant was now nearing home. When on top of a hill near his home,

where he had views of the few villages around, he saw smoke coming up from his home, going up into the clouds. He couldn't make out what it was. Running in full haste he came to his dwellings and to his great surprise found that this strange thing was fire. This was the first time he ever saw such a thing, red, hot, and so he determined to touch it, and on doing so found that he nearly roasted his fingers. This made him yell, and say "A'i, Aoai!"

This time Iange Laulau's home was nearly burnt down. He had some bananas hanging up in his house, and by the time he turned his thoughts to his goods and house, he found his bananas well roasted, so he said to himself, "I must try to taste those bananas." When he had done so, he found that they were very good, and was very glad to have such a thing as fire (or *to*) and was very sorry now that he had chased away his dogs and pigs, just the creatures who had kindled fire into the country. Now he had lost all, but was glad to have fire, whereon he roasted as much meat and food as he wanted, and ate, and was more satisfied than when he ate raw meat and ripe bananas.

Well, from this story you now understand how fire first came to Papua, and who were the fire kindlers. You see it's the dog and the pig. That is why in any village of Papua, you may be sure to find at any time a dog lying near a fire, or on top of the fire-place. And sometimes when near a fire, if you venture to get a fire-stick out on a cold day, you may be sure to hear the dog growl. He is saying, "Are you the finder of the fire, that you take it away from me?"

[By Leo Aitsi Parau, N.C., Kairuku, C.D.]

Buried Word Competition No. 5.

The details of this competition will be printed in the next issue, there being no space available in this issue for the list of words.

The Papuan Villager

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