

THE PAPUAN VILLAGER



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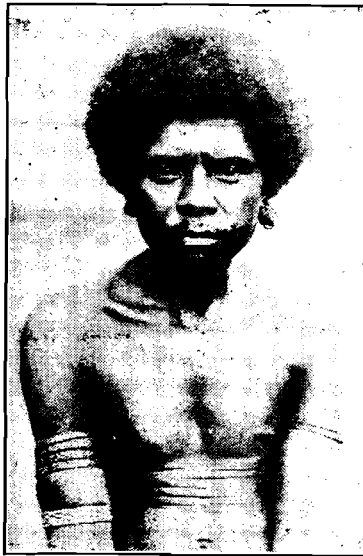
About Copra.

COPRA, as you all know, is the dried flesh—the kernel—of the coconut. It is dried in three ways in Papua—in hot-air driers, in the sun, and in smoke-houses. The best copra is that which is dried by hot air; sun-dried copra is the next best; and smoke-dried copra is the lowest quality. Most of the copra made by the villagers is dried in the sun, though in a few places it is dried in smoke-houses.

A great many Papuans own coconut palms, and for many years past they have planted many more because the Government wished them to do it. The Government made a law about the planting of coconuts because it desired the people to make money by selling copra. It is a very good law, and since it commenced very many thousands of coconut palms have been planted all over Papua. With the money that came from the copra that they sold, the people have for many years been able to buy the things that they needed—axes, knives, fish-lines, fish-hooks, calico for ramis, duck for canoe sails, tobacco, lamps, kerosene, soap, sugar, rice, flour, tinned meat and fish, mosquito-nets, tools to build houses and canoes, and all sorts of useful things. A lot of the money that came from the copra helped to pay the tax.

For a long time copra could be sold to the traders and the storekeepers for a good price. But for the last three or four years the price of copra has grown smaller. In the old days a man could sell his bag of copra for ten shillings, sometimes for even

more; but now he is lucky to get a few shillings for a bag of copra. This low price for copra cannot be understood by many people. They think that the traders and storekeepers are not paying them the right price for



Suau Man, Eastern Division

their copra. But this is not so; the traders and storekeepers cannot pay any more than they do because the price of copra has gone down in the market.

A "market" is a place where things are sold to the people who want to buy them. The market for copra is in Europe, for most of the copra goes to that country to be sold. The people who buy copra squeeze the oil—coconut-oil—out of it, and make

what is left into food for cattle and other animals. The coconut-oil they make into soap, margarine (a sort of butter) and many other things. The price they pay for copra is always changing. When there is plenty of copra in the market, the buyers will not pay as much for it as they will when there is only a small amount of copra waiting for sale. That is why the price of copra in Papua alters every week or so.

But there is another reason why the price of copra has fallen. There are other oils that are used to make soap, margarine and the other things that are made with coconut-oil. Peanut-oil, soya bean-oil and whale-oil are some of them. All these oils are sent to Europe, and while there is plenty of these oils waiting to be sold, the price of copra will not rise.

We have told you these things because we want you to understand why copra is so low in price. If you read this article carefully, you will, we hope, learn why you cannot get more than a few shillings for the bag of copra that you sell to the trader near your village. He pays you all he can pay; if he could pay you more, he would do so.

First Air Mail from Australia.

"Faith in Australia" Arrives at Port Moresby.

The first Air Mail from Australia arrived at Port Moresby at 9.10 a.m. on Thursday, 26th July, 1934. It was brought by the big aeroplane *Faith in Australia*. Lieutenant C. T. P. Ulm, the great airman who

flew around the world with Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, flew the *Faith in Australia* from Melbourne to Papua. The journey from Melbourne to Port Moresby took only fifty hours and thirty minutes. There were over 30,000 letters in the mail, of which about half were for the Territory of New Guinea.

Lieut. Ulm is the commander of the *Faith in Australia*; Mr. G. U. Allen is the navigator (the man who guides the aeroplane); and Mr. R. M. Boulton is the engineer. Two passengers came with them—Mr. J. R. Halligan and Mr. Barry Young; they returned to Melbourne with Lieut. Ulm.

The aeroplane called at Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville, Cairns and Port Douglas on its way to Port Moresby. It left Port Douglas at 3 a.m., and took six hours and ten minutes to fly from that town to Port Moresby. It was dark when Lieut. Ulm left Port Douglas, and the beach was lit with flares to let him see his way along it when he started off. On the flight over the Coral Sea the aeroplane ran into a storm and was tossed about a lot by the strong wind. The storm was soon left behind, and fine weather was met for the rest of the way to Port Moresby.

Two of the New Guinea aeroplanes, flown by Mr. Orm. Denny and Mr. Kevin Parer, flew from Port Moresby to meet the *Faith in Australia*, and they led Lieut. Ulm to the landing-ground near Kilakila Village. Many of the Port Moresby people went to the landing-ground to meet the big aeroplane and welcome Lieut. Ulm and his companions to Papua.

The *Faith in Australia*, accompanied by three of the New Guinea aeroplanes, left Port Moresby for Lae at 7.30 a.m. on Friday, 27th July. On Monday morning (30th), the *Faith in Australia* commenced the return flight from Lae to Australia. Mr. Orm. Denny, in one of the Guinea Airways aeroplanes, accompanied the *Faith in Australia* to the Papuan coast. There the two aeroplanes parted company, the *Faith in Australia* going to Australia, and Mr. Denny to Port Moresby.

At 5 p.m. on Wednesday, 1st August, the *Faith in Australia* landed

at Melbourne, after having carried the first official air mail from Australia to Papua and New Guinea, and from New Guinea and Papua to Australia.

Another Aeroplane Arrives from Australia.

Mr. R. O. Mant arrived at Port Moresby at 11.40 a.m. on Thursday, 2nd August, in a De Haviland "Dragon" biplane (a biplane has two wings; a monoplane has only one wing). This biplane has two engines, one on each side of the place where the pilot sits. If one of the engines happens to stop while the aeroplane is flying the other engine will keep the aeroplane in the air.

Mr. Mant left Sydney at 7 a.m. on Tuesday (31st July). He called at Rockhampton that afternoon; on Wednesday he arrived at Atherton; on Thursday he left Atherton at 6.50 a.m. and, after a short stop at Cairns, flew right on to Port Moresby. His flying time from Sydney to Port Moresby was 52½ hours.

Mr. Mant was alone on his flight from Cairns to Port Moresby. He and Mr. S. D. Marshall are the only two airmen who have flown alone across the Coral Sea.

The new aeroplane is owned by Messrs. W. R. Carpenter & Co., Ltd., of Salamaua, Territory of New Guinea. It will be used to carry passengers and cargo from Salamaua to the landing-grounds in New Guinea. Once every three weeks it will carry the mail and passengers between Port Moresby and Salamaua. It is a big aeroplane. It can carry 2,000 lb. of cargo, and it has seats for ten passengers.

Death of the Rev. J. H. Holmes.

We are sorry to tell our readers that the Rev. J. H. Holmes died in England in April. He lived many years in Papua, and his old friends will be very sorry to hear of his death.

Mr. Holmes was one of the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society in Papua. He came to

British New Guinea (as Papua was then named) in 1893—over 41 years ago. He went first to Delena, and then, after the Rev. H. M. Dauncey (Donisi) took over Delena, he moved to Moru. After some years at Moru, he went on to Orokolo, from which place he shifted to Urika, a flat, swampy island in the Purari River Delta. He left Urika in 1920, and went to live in England.

Urika was a bad place when Mr. Holmes first saw it. It was just a swamp full of mangroves and nipa palms, the only land being some patches of wet ground. Mr. Holmes and his helpers drained the swamps, filled in the low parts, planted coconuts, made fine gardens, and built many good houses. Urika soon became a pretty place, and Mr. Holmes and his helpers were justly proud of it.

One of the Purari men, who worked with Mr. Holmes at Urika, says: "Homu, as the people called him, could do any sort of work. If we were unable to do some task, he was always there to show us how to do it. He taught us many good things. He was a very kind man, and we loved him. We will always remember him as the good friend who helped us so much."

The Two Mules.

A Fable.

Two mules were tied together by a strong rope. Two piles of grass were near. The first mule said, "I will eat the pile over there." The second mule said, "I will eat the other pile."

They pulled in different directions but neither could reach the grass because the rope was not long enough. After they had pulled and kicked for a long time they sat down and looked at each other.

"I am hungry," said the first mule. "I also am hungry," said the second mule. "If you pull against me I get no grass," said the first mule. "If you pull against me I get no grass," said the second mule.

Then they thought for a long time.

The first mule said, "Without food we shall both die of hunger." "That is true," said the second mule. "I

will tell you what we should do. Instead of pulling against each other let us go together to one pile of grass and eat it up. Then let us go together to the other pile of grass and eat it up. Thus we shall live and not die."

This they did and were filled.

The first mule said, "By working together we have driven out hunger." The second mule said, "You speak true words. I am indeed very full of grass."

—From *Listen*.

The World We Live In.

Winds and the Weather.

One interesting fact about air is that as it becomes hot it tries to rise. If you visited a hot place you would find that the air was being lifted up, and cold air was coming in from the colder areas to take its place. That is how a wind forms, blowing from a cold area to a hotter one.

Now at the same time the heat arriving from the sun is helping to dry up any water that happens to be in the hot area, so the hot air lifts up water vapour, and in the cold upper air a cloud forms; finally the small drops of moisture join to form big drops and these fall to the earth as rain, hail or snow.

At different times of the year, different parts of the world get heated, and so winds change their direction, and, as the winds carry the rains, so different winds bring different types of weather. Usually we get our wet winds from one direction, and winds from the opposite direction have often lost their moisture before they reach us, so they are dry winds.

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, and 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 water vapour so it stays behind. Rain water is therefore pure, but each time the rain water completes this journey it takes a little more salt to

the sea and leaves it there. This explains that interesting fact that sea water contains much salt.

Some regions are hot, others are cold; but some hot places are quite pleasant, while others, actually no hotter, are uncomfortable because they have what is called a "damp heat." That is to say they have a lot of water vapour in the air, while the more pleasant places have a "dry heat," only a little moisture in the air. The coast towns of the tropics are hot and damp, and are unpleasant and also unhealthy to those who are not used to them.

Other towns inland are actually hotter at times, but since they are drier, they are healthier. Very often inland towns are higher up—some on the sides of mountains, some in the so-called "Highlands," where there is something else which makes the climate healthy, called altitude.

Snow in Africa.

We measure the altitude of a place by the number of feet that you would have to travel down through the earth to reach sea-level. The peak of the highest mountain in Africa—Kilimanjaro—is nearly 20,000 feet, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, above sea-level, and a large area of this mountain is so cold that snow stays there all the year round, even in the hottest seasons. Other snow-capped mountains in Africa are Mount Kenya, and the Ruwenzori Range; all these three mountains are near the Equator.

So we see there are many things that help to make up the different climates of the world, and those who wish to become good farmers have to study the weather of their districts as best they can, in order to know which times of the year they will have good weather for planting, and also good weather for reaping.

[By James Shillito, of Nyakasura, Uganda, Africa, in *Listen*.]

Mr. F. E. Williams, M.A.

Our readers will be glad to hear some news of Mr. F. E. Williams, M.A., the Editor of *The Papuan Villager* for so many years. He and Mrs. Williams and their small son have been living in England for the last year. Now word has come along

that he has been awarded the Wellcome Gold Medal for Anthropological Research. This is a very great honour, and we congratulate Mr. Williams and hope he will win many more high honours. We hear that he and Mrs. Williams and their son will be returning to Papua in about two months time.

The Oldest Man.

Zaro Agha, who was said to be the oldest man, is dead. He was over 160 years old. His home was in Turkey, a country on the eastern side of the Mediterranean Sea. He was married 13 times; his last wife died many years ago. His youngest daughter, aged 65, says he was a soldier in the Turkish Army for about 70 years. After he left the army he worked for about 30 years on a farm.

Zaro Agha visited England and America when he was 156, but he said he did not like those countries because the cities and towns were too noisy. He liked aeroplanes and motor cars, but he did not like travelling in ships or trains.

Fourth Test Match.

England v. Australia.

This match was played at Leeds on the 20th, 21st, 23rd and 24th July, 1934, and it ended in a drawn game. England won the toss and batted first. The scores follow:—

ENGLAND (1ST INNINGS).

Walters, c. and b. Chipperfield	...	44
Keeton, c. Oldfield, b. O'Reilly	...	25
Hammond, b. Wall	...	37
Hendren, b. Chipperfield	...	29
Wyatt, stpd. Oldfield, b. Grimmett	...	19
Leyland, l.b.w., b. O'Reilly	...	16
Ames, c. Oldfield, b. Grimmett	...	9
Hopwood, l.b.w., b. O'Reilly	...	8
Verity, not out	...	2
Mitchell, stpd. Oldfield, b. Grimmett	...	9
Bowes, c. Ponsford, b. Grimmett	...	0
Sundries	...	2

200

BOWLING: Grimmett, 4 for 57; O'Reilly, 3 for 46; Chipperfield, 2 for 25; Wall, 1 for 57; McCabe, 0 for 3.

Fall of wickets: 1 for 43, 2 for 85, 3 for 131, 4 for 135, 5 for 168, 6 for 170, 7 for 189, 8 for 189, 9 for 200.

AUSTRALIA (1ST INNINGS).

Ponsford, h.w., b. Verity ...	181
Brown, b. Bowes ...	15
Oldfield, c. Ames, b. Bowes ...	0
Woodfull, b. Bowes ...	0
Bradman, b. Bowes ...	304
McCabe, b. Bowes ...	27
Darling, b. Bowes ...	12
Chipperfield, c. Wyatt, b. Verity ...	1
Grimmett, run out ...	15
O'Reilly, not out... ..	11
Wall, l.b.w., b. Verity ...	1
Sundries	17
	584

BOWLING: Bowes, 6 for 142; Verity, 3 for 113; Hammond, 0 for 82; Mitchell, 0 for 117; Hopwood, 0 for 93; Leyland, 0 for 20.

Fall of wickets: 1 for 37, 2 for 39, 3 for 39, 4 for 427, 5 for 517, 6 for 550, 7 for 551, 8 for 557, 9 for 572.

ENGLAND (2ND INNINGS).

Walters, b. O'Reilly	45
Keeton, b. Grimmett	12
Hammond, run out	20
Hendren, l.b.w., b. O'Reilly ...	42
Wyatt, b. Grimmett	44
Leyland, not out... ..	49
Ames, c. Brown, h. Grimmett ...	8
Hopwood, not out	2
Sundries	7
6 wickets for	229

BOWLING: Grimmett, 3 for 72; O'Reilly, 2 for 88; Wall, 0 for 36; McCabe, 0 for 5; Chipperfield, 0 for 21.

Fall of wickets: 1 for 28, 2 for 68, 3 for 87, 4 for 152, 5 for 190, 6 for 213.

Bradman made the huge score of 304, and Ponsford 181. They carried the score from 3 wickets for 39 to 4 for 427, Ponsford then having the ill-luck to hit his wicket after he had played a ball from Verity to the fence for 4. Bradman hit forty-three fours and two sixes; he batted for 403 minutes. Ponsford and Bradman made 485 of the 584 runs scored by Australia. The Englishmen played splendidly, but the bowling of Grimmett, O'Reilly and Chipperfield did not allow them to make many runs.

Rain fell heavily about 1 p.m. on Tuesday, and the match ended in a draw.

New Government Printer.

Mr. W. A. Bock is now the Government Printer. His name is very well known to our readers, for he has acted as Government Printer on many occasions. The Government Printer

and his staff print *The Papuan Villager*, and we hope you will see Mr. Bock's name on it as publisher for many years to come.

DISTRICT NEWS.

(From our own Correspondents)

BANIARA

(Correspondent—Barton Diritanjumo)

The m.v. *Lawabada* arrived from Samarai on the 11th June. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., His Honour Mr. Justice Gore and the Hon. H. L. Murray visited the Station. Central Court was held by His Honour Mr. Justice Gore. The *Lawabada* left next morning for Cape Nelson; she called again on the 15th, and went on the same day to Samarai.

June was a very wet month here; 927 points of rain fell on 17 days. The south-east wind blew very strongly all the month.

It has been a good season for the gardens. We expect a good harvest in August, September and October. Then all the people will be able to sell plenty of food to the store for tobacco.

Several months ago I told you about the fight between two dogs and a crocodile. I went on patrol with Mr. Fowler, A.R.M., and we visited the rest-house at Pem. We arrived there at 5 p.m. Just as we were putting the swags in the house, a very strong wind came from the south-east. It brought a very heavy fall of rain. At 6.30 p.m. one of the village men was on the jetty. He saw a crocodile near the mouth of the creek, and he ran and told us about it. Mr. Fowler told Armed Constable Gaba to try and shoot it. Gaba went and hid in the mangroves, and soon he saw the crocodile coming along. It was nearly dark then, but Gaba is a very good shot. He shot the crocodile, and the village people carried it to the village and cut it up for their meat. It was, they said, the same crocodile that had fought with the two dogs. The village people were very happy because Gaba had killed their enemy.

KAIRUKU

(Correspondent—Leo Aitsi Parau)

General.

The ground around the Kairuku Lighthouse was cleared and planted with sweet potatoes. The vines will prevent the grass from growing there, and, later on, we will have plenty potatoes from this ground.

We had a holiday on the 5th June in honour of King George's birthday (3rd June).

Mr. Speedie, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, arrived from Mondo on the 9th June. He brought four prisoners from the mountains. On the 13th he went on a patrol to Vanuamai, in the Nara district, and returned to Kairuku on the 15th June.

Mr. A. A. Williams took 4,000 bags to the Mekeo Rice Depot on the 14th June. These bags will be used for the next rice crop.

The *Montoro* arrived from Port Moresby on the 16th June, and, after landing cargo and taking on copra, left the same day for Port Moresby.

On the 18th June, Mr. A.R.M. Speedie left for Mondo with Native Medical Assistants Gabe Virobo and Teai.

Mr. Hall, Assistant Resident Magistrate, Kairuku, visited the Mekeo district on the 21st June. I went with him as Interpreter. We went with Brother George to Kubuna. It was a rough road and the motor lorry shook and bumped about a lot. After about five or six miles of this road I felt I would much sooner walk than sit on the lorry. From Kubuna to Dieni we found the road much better, there being not so many stones on it to make the lorry jump about. Coming back to Arapokina we came to a soft place on the road and the lorry was bogged, but we pulled it out of the mud after a lot of hard work.

PORT MORESBY

(Correspondent—Igo Erua)

Prize for Best-Kept Village.

At the last meeting of the Hanuabada Village Council, Mr. Wurth, Resident Magistrate, Central Division, told the Councillors that Tanobada had won the prize of £5 for the year ending 30th June, 1934, for the best-kept village in the Port Moresby district. He said he would let the Councillors know as soon as possible when the prize would be presented.

The 1st August was fixed as the day on which the prize would be given to Tanobada. The Councillors and Village Constable Hitolo decorated the village with banana leaves, tree ferns, etc., and they had a shelter built under the coconut trees on the edge of the village. All the people gathered near this shelter to welcome the visitors. The Hon. H. W. Champion, C.B.E., Government Secretary, and C. T. Wurth Esq., R.M., arrived first. At 10 a.m. His Excellency Sir Hubert Murray K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, accompanied by the Hon. H. L. Murray, Official Secretary, arrived. His Excellency took a seat in the shelter with Mr. Champion, Mr. Murray and Mr. Wurth. His Excellency was warmly welcomed by the people.

Mr. Wurth spoke to the people and said before handing the prize to the Councillors he would ask His Excellency to say some words to them.

His Excellency then spoke to the people, and said he was very pleased to see such a nice village, and he was glad that Tanobada had won the prize.

Mr. Wurth then handed the prize of £5 to Councillor Rakatani Keki, who said how pleased they all were to have won the prize, and he expressed thanks on behalf of the people. Rakatani also spoke on native taxation, and he said that at first the people were very doubtful about it, but now they knew what the natives get back from the taxation, which they knew was for all the native people of Papua. Councillor Lohia Kamea also spoke for the people. It was explained that owing to a death in the village a dance would not follow.

The people loudly cheered His Excellency, and gave three cheers for Mr. Champion, Mr. Murray and Mr. Wurth.

Yam Crop.

About two years ago the Government gave the Poreporena, Tanohada and Elevala people a lot of seed yams. These seeds did very well, and this year the people planted a lot more of these yams. This year has been a good one for the gardens, and a great deal of food has been harvested.

Native Contributions

The Dog that Talked.

A long time ago there was a dog that could talk. This dog belonged to a man and a woman who lived in the bush. When the man and his wife talked about anything, the dog always had something to say to them. If the dog heard anybody speak about anything, he always repeated it to his master. That dog was a gossip; he would see something going on in the village, and he would run up close and listen to every word that was said. Then he would go and tell his master what he had heard.

One day the man and his wife went to work in their garden. The dog went with them. After they had finished their work in the garden, the man and his wife walked back to the village. As they came along the track they talked about something that had happened in the village. And the dog, running close behind them, listened to what they said.

That evening, after the man and the woman and the dog had eaten their dinner, some of the village people came to their home. While everybody talked and laughed on the veranda, the dog's master asked his wife where his stone axe was.

"It must be in the house," said the woman. "I saw you carrying it home from the garden."

The man searched the house, but he could not find the axe.

"I know where it is," said the dog. "You dropped it on the road when you were telling your wife what happened in the village yesterday."

The man remembered what he had told his wife. He did not want the visitors to know what he had said, so he said to the dog, "I don't know what you mean."

"What was it he said?" an old woman asked the dog. She was another gossip, and she was always ready to hear anything that went on in the village.

The man looked hard at the dog; he wanted to make the dog keep quiet, for the people he had talked about were on the veranda.

But that foolish dog opened his mouth and repeated every word that his master had said. The people he spoke about were very angry; they got up and went away quickly. After that they were bad friends with the man and his wife.

That night the man and his wife talked about the dog.

"We will have to stop that stupid dog making trouble for us," said the man. "Now he has made us ashamed."

"How can we still his live tongue?" asked the woman.

They whispered their words because the dog was close to them.

"I know what to do," said the man. "Tomorrow you will go to the bush and look for some *lakara* roots, and I will get some coconuts and scrape their meat out." *Lakara* is very hard to swallow because it tastes like fire.

In the morning the woman went to the bush and dug some *lakara*. She also searched for some other roots that are hotter than the *lakara*, for she wished to make sure that the dog would not talk any more.

That evening the man scraped the meat from a coconut, soaked the scraped meat in water and squeezed out the coconut-oil. His wife peeled the *lakara* roots, put them in a pot with the coconut-oil and some fruit that are as hot as a chilli (capsicum). When these things were all boiled together, the man called the dog and gave him a plateful of the stew.

The dog was hungry. He ate it all. Then he fell on to the floor, wriggled about, put out his tongue, and water ran out of his mouth. That *lakara* stew was like a fire inside the dog.

When his master spoke to the dog, the dog could not answer him, nor could he understand what was said to him. From that night he was unable to talk; he could only bark when his master spoke to him.

That is why all the dogs cannot talk now.

[By Pastor T. Agaru, Teacher at Poreporena, L.M.S., Metoreia, Port Moresby. This wins the 5s. prize.]

The Story of the Foolish Bau People.

Once, long ago, some people of the village of Bau, in the Trobriand Islands, wanted to go to Gumasiba Island to trade for *bagi* or shell necklaces. One day they got all their things ready, pulled a canoe to the sea and anchored it. They put their paddles and things on board the canoe, and they said, "We will leave at night time for Gumasiba Island."

They waited until the sun went down and the darkness came. Then they all got on to the canoe, sat down, and each man took his paddle and started pulling. They forgot to lift the anchor up, and they pulled and pulled, for they wanted to arrive at Gumasiba before the sun got up. They put all their strength into their paddles, and one of them broke his paddle, and he said to his friend, "I am stronger than you; I have broken my paddle. I am the winner."

Then all the others tried hard to pull as strongly as the first man had done. Soon another man broke his paddle, and he said that he had pulled stronger than the first man had done.

After that all the other men pulled their hardest, and soon they had all broken their

paddles too. They then put the broken paddles on the canoe, and, as the last man did that, they all heard a fowl singing out. They thought it was a Gumasiba Island fowl, and they said, "We will soon land at the village."

But when the light came they saw that it was a Bau village fowl that was crying out. They were still at their own village!

They all said, "What happened? We pulled all night, yet we are still near our village!" Then they found that they had forgotten to pull up the anchor, so they laughed very much and took all their things back to the village.

[By Kenneth Kainu, c/o. Mrs. A. C. Rentoul, Bwa-gaia, Misima Island, S.E.D.]

The Union Jack.

Dear Boys and Girls:

You have often looked at the red, white and blue flag that waves over the Government buildings in Papua and the Lieutenant-Governor's yacht *Laurabada*. The flag is called "The Union Jack." It is dear to the heart of every true man and woman who lives under its protection. I want to tell you its story, so that you Papuan boys and girls also will learn to love and honour the flag.

Great Britain is made up of three parts—England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Hundreds of years ago, when the armies of these nations went to fight against their enemies, they believed that good and brave men came to watch over them and bless their efforts and give them victory. These men were called "patron saints." The patron saint of England is named St. George. Six hundred years ago, English soldiers went to battle carrying before them the banner of St. George. This was a white flag with a red cross on it.

Now the patron saint of Scotland is named St. Andrew. Old stories tell us that the saint was crucified on an X-shaped cross, and so this cross was used on the nation's flag. The banner of St. Andrew, then, was a blue flag with a white cross.

Ireland, too, has its patron saint. He is named St. Patrick. His name is honoured because he brought the good news of the Gospel to Ireland. His flag was white with a red X-shaped cross on it.

Now, if you look at the Union Jack you will see that all these different flags have been made into one. How did this happen? In the year 1603 Queen Elizabeth of England died. As she had never married she had no heir to the Throne. So King James of Scotland, her nephew, became King of both England and Scotland. Then the flag of St. Andrew of Scotland was added to the flag of St. George of England.

Nearly two hundred years later Ireland joined with England and Scotland. Then the banner of St. Patrick was added to the flag. This new flag was called "The Union Jack." It became the flag of Great Britain.

To-day the Union Jack waves over India, Canada, a great part of Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and many islands of the sea. So Papua is part of a great Empire.

All soldiers salute the flag. Papua Boys and Girls, let us all salute the flag, and promise to serve our country. We can all do this by striving for the right.

I send my love to you.

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

The P. & O. Liner "Narkunda" Visits Samarai.

The ship *Narkunda* arrived at Samarai at 8 a.m. on the 21st July last. She anchored about a mile from the shore. We were all amazed at seeing such a large ship. She had many tourists aboard.

Very many of the tourists had cameras, and they took a lot of pictures of what they saw. Some walked round the town, and some entered the stores to see the curios and buy a lot of them. Every street was full of people.

After 11 a.m. we all went to see the native dances on the recreation ground. When the dances were over we went back to the shore and watched the dug-out canoes race. These canoes have no outrigger; the natives call them *gebo*. When that race was finished the native labourers played some Sea Scout games—swimming races, etc. And the tourists were still taking photographs of the people.

Motor launches were going to and from the big ship, and every launch had flags hoisted; they were full of people, and they looked very nice.

At 2 p.m. the tourists went over to the Kwato Mission Station to see some more curios there. Kwato is 1½ miles from Samarai. When the sun was sinking the tourists all went back to the ship.

In the ship there is a swimming pool; and a kind of lift for people to go down to the bottom and come up again. There are many more things in the ship, so many that we could not count them.

We were all surprised because it was such a big ship; she has three big funnels. The ship remained the night at Samarai.

In the early morning the ship blew her whistle three times; that meant she was saying "Good-bye" to us. At 7 a.m. she sailed away from Samarai, and we were sorry because she was here only one day.

[By Daba, Native Medical Assistant, Samarai.]

BURIED WORD COMPETITION

No. 5.

A PRIZE of 2s. will be given to the winner of this Competition. We choose 15 words from Lesson 11 ("Metals") 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:—

L — G — S — A — I — E
L E G I S L A T I V E

Here are the buried words you must look for:—

S — P — R — T — D
— U — D — — D —
F — — N — C — S
W — — K — H — P
B — — C — S — I — H
— E — T — R — — Y
B — L — — W —
— N — V E —
— — R F — C —
H — — M — R —
— — N — E — S
S — — T — R —
— H — F —
K — — O — E — E
— A — D L —

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 9th November, 1934.

The Steps that Became a Crocodile.

In the ancient time two men lived in a cave that is called Parauma Bovibovi. One day one of the men said to his friend, "Let us go into the bush to-morrow and cut timber for our banana-steps." These steps are used when the bunches of bananas are wrapped in banana leaves to prevent the birds and the flying-foxes from eating the fruit.

"Yes, we will do that," answered his friend.

In the morning they went to the bush and cut down a straight tree for the steps. That day and the three following days they carved the log into steps. When they had it finished they put four sticks in the ground, to keep the step off the ground while it dried. Then they lifted the step to lay it on top of the four sticks, and it slipped out of their hands and stuck into the ground. The step went right through the ground, right into the sea, and they never saw it again.

The steps were carved like the tail of a crocodile—all notches along one side. The two men searched for the steps, but it was not to be found.

One of the men then said, "You go to Makamaka, away north, and there you will see crocodiles. The crocodiles will never come back to this place, they will always stop there."

This is why there are many crocodiles in the sea, rivers, swamps and other waters from Baniara to the north. Most of you know that the crocodile has a tail like a row of steps. The steps that the two men lost turned into a crocodile.

The place where they lost the banana-steps is called Wawana Viou. It is about 4 or 5 miles from Wedau, near Cape Lamogara. If you go there now you will see only the place where the steps went into the ground. The mouth of the hole is now covered with water. Years ago, when the people went there, you could see the hole and look right through it to the sea. Wawana Viou is near the main road and not far from Lamogara.



The two men who lost the steps became echoes.

If you go to my village you can walk in the lakes, swamps, rivers and anywhere else without any fear of crocodiles.

[By Barton Diritanumu, Native Clerk, Baniara, N.E.D.]

The Papuan Villager

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