

## WRITERS INTERVIEW PARA-MEDICAL TRAINEES

Last week six writing students from the Creative Training Centre (CTC) went to interview about eight students from the Para-Medical Training College, Madang.

The PMC students were asked about their training, about diseases such as influenza, malaria and hookworms, and other health problems.

One medical student told about an influenza epidemic in the Telefomin area of the West Sepik District. There were about 18 deaths from 22nd October to 15th November. Some 1,000 persons had the flu and 600 had pneumonia. The students gave flu victims aspirin, cough mixture, and penicillin injections.

--Paul Kavon

## WE STUDY A SKELETON; LEARN ABOUT HOOKWORMS

It was learning day when six writing students looked around the Para-Medical College. First we saw a room where medical students do research in human biology. In it was a human skeleton. It was interesting and helpful for us to see the human frame.

Some medical students told us about hookworms. When an affected person excretes he passes some of these parasites. Once someone steps on them with a bare foot, they cling to his foot and start digging. When they come to the blood vessels they start swimming up until they come to the intestines. The victim becomes very weak. Hookworm might be fatal in some cases if it isn't treated. The signs of hookworm are a yellow colour in the eye and weakness.

--Sam Rabonara

## MEDICAL STUDENTS HELP NEEDY VILLAGERS

Lini Pingina and Ezra Antonio are typical students at the Madang Para-Medical Training College. Lini has just finished his first year of the Health Inspector's course. Ezra has completed his first year of training to be a Health Extension Officer.

Each course is three years long. Health Extension officer trainees give injections against tuberculosis, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus.

Health inspector trainees help people install water supplies and teach on the need for cleanliness of villages and people.

First and third year Medical College students live at the school in Madang. Second year students are at Kainantu (Eastern Highlands) going on patrols to villages and helping people with medicines.

The students were called out after the November 1 earthquake. They helped those north of Madang whose houses were washed away by waves, or who were injured and sick.

When the 68 students now at the College complete their courses they will receive diplomas approved by the Royal Society of Health in Australia.

Lini and Ezra are both 19.

--Sagilam Kadeu & Nemuel Lafilu

# Stories - legends - Poems

## I Know I Know

I came to follow my white mother.  
She wants to tell me what to write.  
I say, "I know I know."

Hundreds of thoughts came running,  
Enough to write one hundred books.  
I say, "I know I know."

She left me home to go to town.  
I sat behind the type machine.  
My thoughts have vanished,  
My white mother has gone,  
But I say, "I know I know."

"Come back, my white mother,  
Come back to my country!"  
She called from far and wide,  
"Ye say 'I know I know.'  
Your leaders say,  
'We know we know.'"

"Come back! Come back!"  
I called the loudest.  
Her final words, now slowly fading--  
"Your leaders have scared my bones.  
You say, 'we know we know.'"

"Ye say I ain't got place back there.  
You sent me back to Ma.  
I got my sons to feed,  
I ain't got time to come.  
You say, 'I know I know.'"

--Paul Kavon

## Dok na Kapul

Long taim bipo tru, tu-  
pela dok na Kapul ol i pren  
gut tru. Ol i stap longpela  
taim. Ol i wokim ol sating  
bilong olgeta.

Wanpela de ol i bin  
laik katim gras bilong ol.  
Ol bin kisim ol kom na  
sisis bilong ol na go antap  
long wanpela bigpela ston.  
Antap long dispela ston i  
gat raun wara. Em dispela  
wara ol i bin yasim olsem  
glas.

Taim ol i kamap long  
dispela hap, Kapul bin tok,  
"Poroman bai yu katim gras  
bilong mi pastaim laka?"

Na dok i tok, "Orait,  
yu mas sindaun isi. Na yu  
no ken surik nabaut."

## What Can I Be?

What can I be  
To take me to an island?  
I cannot go to an island  
Because I am not a bird.

They tell me to grow  
wings--  
But I cannot,  
I am a man with hands  
and legs.  
That's how nature put  
me into this world.

--Des Bundu

Today 15,000 people died  
of hunger.  
Today probably 10,000  
children died of hunger.

From a leaflet: "An abso-  
lute priority for our  
church is to build new  
sanctuaries in new neigh-  
borhoods. Let us express  
the depth of our faith in  
the beauty of God's house."

"For the first time in  
human history," said J.F.  
Kennedy, "we have the  
means to feed all: we lack  
only the willingness to  
share."  
Today, 15,000 people died.  
(from The Bread is Rising.)

Taim Kapul i sindaun pinis,  
dok bin kisim sisibilong em  
na stat long katim gras bilong  
Kapul. Em i bin komim gut tru.  
Man! Kapul bin hamamas gut tru,  
taim em lukluk long raunwara.

Bihain long dispela dok  
bin tokim kapul, "Orait, poro-  
man. Nau i taim bilong yu long  
katim gras bilong me." Tasol,  
Kapul i les man tru. Em bin tok  
"Orait, bai mi katim." Em bin  
kisim dok i go long we liklik na  
stat katim gras bilong em.

Kapul bin wokim nogut. Em  
no bin katim gut liklik tu. Em  
i wokim nating tasol i go. Taim  
em i pinis, em tokim dok, "Yu  
go na lukluk long wara." I bin  
gat wanpela rop em bin i stap  
klostu long wara. Taim dok i go  
lukluk long wara, Kapul i go  
klostu long dispela rop.

Man! Taim dok lukim,  
 Kapul i no katim gut gras  
 bilong em, em bin klos no-  
 gut tru. Na stat long  
 ranim Kapul. Kapul bin i  
 stap pinis klostu long rop  
 na em bin ran i go antap.  
 Taim dok i laik kam bihain  
 Kapul bin tok, "Hey! poro-  
 man, rop i laik bruk. Yu  
 lukaut nogut rop i bruk,  
 na yu pundaun." Long dis-  
 pela hap tok dok bin pret  
 na kam daun.

Tasol taim Kapul wok-  
 about antap long ol diwai,  
 i bin wokabout long graun.  
 Dok bin tok, "Bai mi kilim  
 yu na kaikaim yu taim yu  
 kam daun long painim kai-  
 kai."

Stat long dispela de  
 tupela dok na Kapul bin  
 klos. Na tude ol i stap  
 olsem enemi. Sapos dok i  
 lukim Kapul em i save kil-  
 im em bikos em klos yet  
 long wanem Kapul i trikim  
 em long bipo.

--Sam Rabonara

Ilo e ioah!  
 Ka tete lo  
 Ilemo Ilemo Ilo!

This song is about the  
 giant, Buata, and Ilo, a girl.  
 Buata lived a long time ago  
 near my village in the bush.  
 He was very tall, and he ate  
 people. Ilo, about 16-18  
 years of age, went to the  
 garden with her parents. The  
 giant came and killed the  
 parents and ate them up.  
 When he tried to catch Ilo,  
 she ran to the totobu, a pile  
 of firewood sticks standing  
 upright against the trees.  
 The giant rushed to catch  
 Ilo. She released a lever  
 and the sticks fell down on  
 him. Then Ilo took a stone  
 axe and cut off Buata's neck.

The song was first sung  
 at Galilo Village about 15  
 miles westward from Hoskins  
 in West New Britain. It is  
 still being sung to remind  
 people what a brave lady Ilo  
 had been and how she saved  
 her people.

--Kaminie Masagi

### A Tribal Song

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Who is passing by?  
 Who is passing by?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Gawesia is passing by.  
 Gawesia is passing by.

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Where are you going?  
 Where are you going?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Going to cut leaves.  
 Going to cut leaves.

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 What is it for?  
 What is it for?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 It is for the feast.  
 It is for the feast.

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 What is the feast about?  
 What is the feast about?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 The feast of my marriage.  
 The feast of my marriage.

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Who is your husband?  
 Who is your husband?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 My husband Abamatanga.  
 My husband Abamatanga.

Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Where is your place?  
 Where is your place?  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 Hu, hu, hu-u-u.  
 In rocks on hills.  
 In rocks on hills.

--Nemuel Laufilu

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"Intercommunion is about nations,  
 not denominations." (Hoekendijk)

"If the rich keep considering  
 their wealth a right, the poor  
 will consider their vengeance  
 as justice." (Van den Heuvel)

"In the Old Testament, hunger may  
 contain a promise but it is never  
 a blessing." (Strack-Billerbeck)

## Notu Song

Mama i kisim mi i kamap long dispela Wold  
Tasol taim mi stap yangpela mi mekim wanem long mi,  
Na nau mi sori tru, na me laik dai.  
Taim mi stap yangpela,  
Mi kamap wantaim ol lain bilong Ambeundi  
Na taim mi kamap bikpela ol i kolim mi Ambeba,  
Tasol Mr. Ambeba i tok,  
Yu no ken ting olsem yu pikinini bilong mi,  
Long wanen naim bilong yu em Panigebea.  
Olsem na long laip bilong mi,  
Mi yet wanpela mi stap i kamap,  
Na, nau tasol mi laik dai.  
Mi sori tru long wanem mi nogat papa,  
Na mi sori moa long wanem mi nogat mama.  
Tasol antap long sori bilong mi, mi nogat wantok.  
Sori bilong em i bagarapim mi na, bel bilong mi i bruk tru.

--Des Bundu

## HOW THE SUGARCANE CAME TO BE.

A long time ago, a man, his wife and two children lived in a village near a big river. The oldest child was a girl and the youngest was a boy.

One day, when the villagers and the parents had gone to the garden, the children decided to go to the river to fish. When they got there, the boy was swimming near the bank and the girl swam to a big rock, stood on it and fished. While she was fishing a huge snake came up from the river and swallowed her.

When the little boy noticed that his sister was gone, he called and called and he cried but there was no answer. There was no sign of the girl anywhere in the river. So the boy, with tears in his eyes, ran home with the sad news. He ran as fast as he could, till he got to his parents' garden. The boy told the news to his father. The father quickly went home, picked up a dry coconut and rushed to the river.

As soon as he arrived, he cut the coconut flesh and threw it into the river. As he was throwing it in, he made a promise to the snake, "If you will let my daughter come up, I'll let you marry her one day." So the snake let the girl come up to the top of the water, and she went home with her father.

From then on, the snake would always come and sleep beside the girl during the night and go to the river in the morning. The snake did this for many months. He fell in love with the girl and wanted to marry her.

As time went on, the girl's father set the date for the snake and the girl to get married. The father sent out invitations to many men from the next village. They were great fighters. The father intended to kill the snake instead of letting his daughter marry him.

On the day of the wedding the men came. They went to the bush, cut down trees and laid them on the path which the snake would follow. They laid them all the way from the village to the river.

When this was done, they all hid in the bush with their bows and arrows, spears and axes ready to attack.

The snake got dressed at his home. He dressed with all kinds of colours---red, yellow, black, blue, and mixed colours.

The girl was also dressed up, and sat with her father at the top of the stairs.

When the snake was ready, he came out of the river and followed the track which the men had prepared for him. He

was joyful, thinking that the girl would become his wife. The snake reached the village in no time, and crept up the stairs, to where she was sitting.

As the snake got close to the girl, the girl's father raised his axe. When the snake lifted his head to reach the last stair, the father swung his axe and cut the snake's head off. Then all the fighting men rushed out from their hiding places and cut the snake into pieces. They left the pieces just lying there and went home.

An old woman saw the snake pieces, and was afraid they would give a terrible smell when they decayed. So she buried them.

After a while she saw a plant growing there. So she looked after it until it was big. She didn't know what the plant was.

One day she cut one plant and tried chewing some. It tasted very sweet. When the people got back from their gardens she told them to try some. They all tried it and liked it very much. So they cut some and planted it in their gardens.

This is how the sugar cane came to be. There are many different colours of sugar cane. This is said to be because the snake dressed up with all sorts of colours. It is also said that the joints of the sugar cane, showed that the snake had been cut into pieces once.

(told to me by my father when I was a child.)

--Sagilam Kadeu

La roro La roro  
Eme ka ma i go hurary  
Iau magiti Iau magiti  
Ilo la mori hise taritigi  
pasi

This song is about the sun (Laroro). When children were swimming in the sea they were cold, so they hurried the sun to rise up and warm them.

--Kaminiel Masagi

## The Two Sisters

Two sisters who lived at the source of the Eroro River of the Northern District of Papua. They kept the place clean by sweeping each morning. One day the river was flooded and they saw a strange thing among the logs coming down the stream. They decided to see what it was so they swam across the river and brought this plant back. Neither of them had known the plant before so they were very frightened to do anything with it.

While the younger sister was doing something else the elder one cooked it. When she saw the cooked food was quite pleasant, she decided to test it on the pigs and dogs. (In those days and even nowadays people think that animals are not as important as human beings.) She gave a piece to each animal and they enjoyed eating by dancing around. She thought that it must be something good so she decided to have a piece and to her surprise it was very good. She forgot her sister and finished it all. (This delicious plant is now called taro.)

When the younger sister came back she asked for some of the taro. The elder one said that she had thrown it away. But the younger sister did not believe it. She said that they had been very happy living together but due to this carelessness over a small thing the younger sister would become a stone and sit on top of the hill. The elder one said that she would join the young one. So nowadays you see the two sisters on the top of the hill with their backs to one another.

When children ask about the stones their parents tell them the sad story between the two sisters. The advice that mothers give to their daughters is that they must share any little thing that they have with their sisters and brothers.

--Des Bundu

FIRST STUDENTS AT THE  
CREATIVE TRAINING CENTRE

"It's good, but I'm afraid of the earthquake," said Masagi, when I asked him what he thought about our dormitory at the Creative Training Centre. Kaminiel Masagi is one of the first students to attend the new writing course at the CTC. He is from Calio village, West New Britain, and is presently teaching in Rabaul.

Other students in the first course are Desmond Bundu, who works for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Port Moresby. He comes from the Northern District. The only female in the course is Miss Sagilam Kadeu, a school teacher who comes from Siar Village in The Madang District.

Nemuel Laufilu comes from the Christian Leadership Training College at Banz, where he is a theology student. Malaita in the Solomon Islands is his home. Paul Kavon, a school teacher, is from Lou Island in the Manus District.

On their arrival at Nobonob the students were issued with a towel, sheet, pillow, pillowcase and a blanket by Mrs. A.P.H. Freund.

Students sleep in a long building, built in a U shape with the two sleeping blocks corresponding to each other. Each block is about 70 feet long and 20 feet wide and is divided into two open sleeping rooms. Two rows of beds are inside each building.

The centre block is also divided into two rooms by a concrete wall. It has toilets and showers. In the shower room we have hand basins and washing sinks where students do their laundry.

The bedding is very good. Students don't have any trouble sleeping, except for the earthquakes, which set us running at times.

Class sessions begin at 8:00 a.m. with a Devotional service which takes about ten or fifteen minutes. Then we begin our lecturing on good

TAT-TAT-TAT

Tat, Tat, Tat  
Goes the Tat, Tat, Tat  
Who knows where it comes from?  
Tat, Tat, Tat  
There it goes tat, tat, tat  
again.

Tat, Tat, Tat  
Who causes the Tat, Tat, Tat?  
Oh! Tat, Tat, Tat.  
Desmond causes the Tat, Tat, Tat,  
Tat, Tat, Tat

Tat, Tat, Tat  
When will it finish saying  
Tat, Tat, Tat?  
As long as Desmond goes  
Tat, Tat, Tat

Tat, Tat, Tat  
Well! What's Tat, Tat, Tat?  
It's the new typewriter,  
Tat, Tat, Tat.

--Sam Rabonara

and bad writing and discussion of the previous evening's films. After the tea break at 10 we begin with our writing of stories, news, poems, or we do some reading. Mr. Glen Bays works on our manuscripts and advises us. This goes on till lunchtime.

At 1:00 p.m. we are left on our own to carry on with what we had been doing. There is afternoon tea at 3:30. At 4 we have another class session with Mr. Bays in which we talk about good and bad examples of writing.

At 6:00 we go for our most delicious meal. Films on good and bad writing are shown at 7:00 to wind up the day's work. I can't think of any better meals I have had in any other institution. We have cornflakes, bread spread with butter or peanut butter, and jam, with hot white tea, for breakfasts. For lunch we have soup of meat and vegetables, rice, cucumbers, bananas, and drinks, all prepared nicely by Mrs. Freund and her two girls. Dinners are a beauty, with cucumbers, bananas, sweet potatoes, bread, butter, jam and drink. No one leaves the table hungry! And there is always food left over.

--Paul Kavon