

AFTER A SILENCE OF NINE MONTHS, THIS JOURNAL BRINGS AGAIN NEWS, OPINION, IMPRESSION AND MAKE-BELIEVE--ALL FOR YOU

The other day I was at a church dedication which had attracted twice as many people as could sit down inside. It had rained during the night and--up near the building, where the grass was thin--hundreds of milling feet had worked the sodden ground into sticky mud.

As I sat outside with many others, listening to the service, my gaze strayed over the ground and was caught by a small movement in the ooze. A butterfly, striking in its uncommon yellow and black dress, had become stuck and was fluttering, fluttering. With great effort it could move a little way. But its wings were mud-splattered and in its heaviness the butterfly could not rise.

While I watched, a two-year-old boy left his bench, carefully picked the insect up in cupped hands, and returned to sit beside his mother, smiling big and holding up his hands for her to peek inside.

"Will he kill it?" I wondered. "Will he crush it or pull its wings off?"

No. He held it lovingly. And the butterfly struggled no more, but rested, preparing to fly again.

Nobonob Nius, like the butterfly, is fluttering to free itself from a bog. Since it last appeared four writers' workshops have been held away from home. And we are in the midst of a three and one-half month course at Nobonob. Details of organizing and conducting such efforts have delayed the most important part of them--publication of the work of beginning writers.

So, cupping our little treasure in loving hands, we hold it forth with pleasure for all to see, and to enjoy, in all its uniqueness and in its fragility.

Glen W. Bays
Training Officer

Those in the present course, their occupations and their home districts, are as follows: The Rev. Janadabing Apo, Home and Family Life department, Lutheran Church, Morobe District; Daniel Bangtor, Christian Educationist, New Hebrides; Walter Darius, public information officer-in-training, East New Britain; Gerson Igua, Jonathan Pasingan and Jonathan Sialo, Pastoral training, United Church, New Ireland; Elizabeth Sakias, public information officer-in-training, New Ireland, and Dadok Tamosan and A.K. Waim, Kristen Pres editorial trainees, Madang and Chimbu districts, respectively.

Beer
by J. Pasingan

Beer, you are the great handsome.
Millions of people love you.
It doesn't matter that you are small,
Millions invite you into their houses.

"What is the opportunity
Millions of people invite me to do?"
Is there something special?"
"You just come, we won't hurt you," they say.

This tiny kid is set in the middle.
The millions surrounding him say,
"We have a special invitation for you.
Now, open your mouth and speak to us."

When this tiny kid commences to speak,
Some people close their eyes,
Many fall down to the ground,
Some are ignorant.

"Why do you people invite me,
And you do not listen to me?
Come on, wake up! Wake up people!
Yu pela i long long nau?"

Pukuntap's Love Song.
by Gerson Igua

Outside his new-made shelter Pukuntap
With a sudden howl started to make a song.
He had been given something to sing about,
He had been given the pretty Karak,
And he was making a song about Karak.
Pukuntap never made a song to remember
But many times he made the camp laugh.
They all liked that cheerful fellow,
All but sour old Kipang.

Pukuntap sat with legs out
Thudding a hollow log with a walking stick
To make rhythm, he raised his voice
To the yelling chant of the good songmen.

Karak laughed with them, proud of Pukuntap,
Happy to share all eyes with Pukuntap.
Only Kipang scowled.
And this is the love song Pukuntap sang to them:

"I got belly bruise from a club
But I...got...Karak

I got sore where I sit down
But I...got...Karak

Lost my firestick, Vongai broke it
No more fishnet, no more string,
Got no bows, got no shield,
But I...got...Karak.

Vovoi sleeps with hunting dog
But I...got...Karak.

Mamai he got three arrows and two bows
Mila got possum rug to keep him warm
But I...got...Karak.

Pukuntap's Love Song (continued)

Cuscus he got one tail
But I...got...Karak.

Frog he only got other frog
But I...got...Karak.

Siem got Ralai with big hind post
She got seven kids before he start
Mini old Minus got withered old Pap
But I...got...Karak!"

My Mother Tongue

by Jana Apo

You are a sweet heart
I love you from my childhood
I struggled with you at the start
Now I flow like a river.

You sound strange to the foreigners
You sound great to the speakers
You taste sweet to the lovers
You taste sour to the outsiders.

Oh my children my children
Why have you not tasted
The sweet of my mother tongue?
Please taste it! It is lovely!

Oh my children you're dragged away
To far, far lands
Why have you chosen this foreign tongue?
You love it for prestige!

Pity your poor children
One day they'll miss the taste...
Who will they blame?
"My old man and my old lady!"

"How stupid, my old man and my old lady
Have they not thought of my time?"
I am sorry, I am terribly sorry--
I wish I was born in the nineteenth Century.

The Earth.

Walter Darius

Revolving on its axis
Is the planet.
Who controls its revolutions?
Some mighty powers, may be.
Powers of many legends,
Countless tales of many races.

Today it still revolves,
It dances around the sun
Like a mighty cobra snake around the dancing drum.
From day-break till sunset
It follows the same beat.

The Earth (continued)

No one will tell its beginning,
 And no one will predict its end.
 Grandfathers live and die,
 Sons multiply and pass,
 But the grand old earth still lives.

*Admirable!
 Amazing!
 Unbelievable!
 And wonderful to learn who the creator was.
 Oh, if only I knew."

People invent and experiment,
 Construct and destruct,
 But forget to see who the real Creator was.
 According to evolution
 Man was not created in a day--
 So, perhaps, is the grand old earth.

Careless of the changes
 The old man still labours
 He could be breathless
 But who will stop him?
 Who will feed him?
 Who will nurse his wounds?
 No one gives a damn!

What if he decides to take a rest?
 What if he changes speed?
 What if he is sick?
 Poor old man,
 He never complains.

Surely, there must be someone,
 Someone to reward his labours.
 Not the stars,
 Not the sun,
 And surely not the moon.

Oh I wish I could have the same spirit,
 The spirit of the old man.
 I wish I was his grandson
 So I could carry on the labouring from him.
 I would not stop to complain.

Oh! adopt me, old man,
 Adopt me and train me,
 Train me not to complain,
 Train me not to complain over my reward.
 Old man your life is in no one's hands,
 Soon you will pass without trace.
 So train me now, before the sun sets.

THE REFUGEES

By Daniel Bangtor

A loud shout is heard
Refugees! Refugees! Refugees!
What on earth are these?
But those ignored, country-less brothers
of East Pakistan
Seeking protection

Hundreds, thousands, millions, more
Threatened, fearful, but forward they go
Over rivers, down highways
Along countless jungle paths

The enormous population of East Pakistan
heads for India

An endless, unorganised flow of refugees
Advancing like a continuous, swift river
A few tin kettles, cardboard-boxes
Ragged clothes piled on their heads
Carrying their sick children
and their old

Those unloved, bare-footed refugees
Frustrated in that raging, war-firing
East Pakistan
Fear silences them, day and night
But hunger drives them away
Their dull faces tell their stories

No food, no water, no clothing, no shelter
Many can't stand the battle
Corpses everywhere-old and new
Smelly--dogs feed on them
Others pass on, noses and mouths covered

Corpses! Corpses! Corpses everywhere!
Ignored as home-junk
Scattered as dried leaves on the ground
None cares to bury the dead
Food is most important--But where is it?

Refugees! Refugees! more Refugees!
Flee to India for life
Seek shelter in drainage pipes
What a miserable life!
But attractive, sweet as honey for millions

The world is full and occupied
Joy here, sorrow there
Pleasure here, pain there
Plenty here, less there
Life here, death there

Here and now there's a cry
MONEY! FOOD! SHELTER! CLOTHING!
SAVE THE CHICKENS FROM THE DOGS
QUICK, QUICK, BE SYMPATHETIC
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE CENTS EACH

Reverend Janadabing Apo

by Jon Sialo

Reverend Apo is the son of an evangelist. He was born at Kaiapit in the Morobe District. He comes from Eech Village, about 30 miles from Lae town.

Rev. Apo's life is good. He and his wife, Elaine, share their duties together between themselves. They like to play and talk with other people and share in their friendships together with many people.

An educationist with the Lutheran Mission, he went to a mission school in Deinzer Hill, attended Bumayong High School and later went to Saint Peter's Lutheran College in Brisbane.

He undertook a two-year Teacher Training Course at Port Moresby Teachers' College in 1962-1963 and taught for two years before entering the ministry.

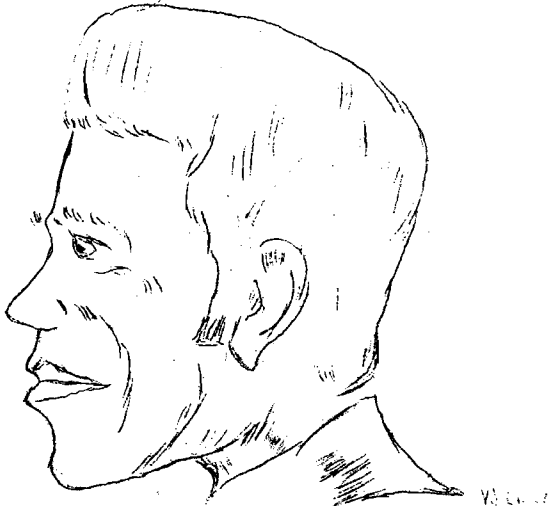
Rev. Apo has a very good, outstanding physical body. He is about 5'6" in height, weighing 134 pounds. He was born in 1936 and was married on the 3rd December 1966.

He and his wife have only one son, Paul. He is 1 year and 4 months old. Apo loves his son very much, so he never wants to let the baby go around by himself when his mother is busy. Apo loves to carry Paul around and he does not want to leave him to go into bad places.

Apo is a very experienced man. He has studied and travelled overseas. He uses all his time to think of what is good for the future and how not to allow bad to come into his daily life.

Reverend Apo has knowledge of the Bukaua, Jabem and Atzeva languages of New Guinea.

As a full-time worker in Lutheran Christian Education in Papua New Guinea, his main concern is with the family life programme. At present he is writing a small book "Kaikai bilong Tude". This writing job is very hard because the book is important for people's use in their personal devotions.



I was awakened by a parrot that Saturday morning. It was trying to get at a bunch of bananas behind the house in which I was sleeping. But it couldn't because they were properly covered to prevent them from being eaten by birds, parrots, and, especially, flying-foxes.

My ears couldn't stand the noise of the parrot, so I got up, looked out of the window and wondered for a while where I was. It was still dark. I looked around and my eyes fell on the empty beds in the room. "Where have the girls gone to?" I asked myself. "Haven't they come back yet from the dance?" The time said, "Ten past five", and "Honestly, these girls couldn't still be dancing. They should have been back a long time ago and should be in their beds by now, really fast asleep." I looked around the room for the second time not believing my eyes, then realised that I was not in Moresby, where my friends are, but in Madang--all alone in a house by myself for the first time.

I felt so frustrated and lonely because I wanted to say something to which I expected an answer, but there was no one there to talk to. I looked at the time again. "Half past five," it said. I thought for a while and said to myself, "But what is that stupid parrot doing out there at this hour of the morning? It is supposed to be sleeping and not eating as yet. It is still too early to eat."

I reached out to a record-player on a drawer that was by my bed and played one of Hank Locklin's records, "How I miss you." While it was playing, I got back into my bed trying to sleep again, but I couldn't. So, I jumped out of bed and slipped into a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, and then stood there, waiting for the song to end. When it ended, I went to the door, opened it, and looked out. It was still very early to go out, so I went back and put another record by the "Hollies", called, "Too young to be married". I sat and listened to the words as it started to play,

"She wakes up early every morning;
She wakes up long before the sun shines;
Greet the milkman who's still yawning;
And reads the paper for a short time;
'Cause the kids get out of bed,"

I was glad there were no kids with me that morning, and when I went to the door, I did not go to meet the milkman, I thought. And so the song went on,

"Husband stands to leave the table;
She says, I hope you have a good day;

I burst out laughing there because I thought, "I would not say it, when I know I have to stay back and do all the boring house work."

"Too young to be married,
Too young to be free;
Too young to be married", the song went on.

I stood up and walked up and down the empty house while the song continued. "She gotta keep on working, 'cause round and round inside her head she hears the words her mother said, "Too young to be married" and

round and round inside my head I could hear the words my mother used to say to me too. The record went on,
"Too young to be married,
Too young to be free,
Too young to be married,
But what could they do?"

And it stopped.

I took the record off and put it back into its cover and then went to the door, saying, "I am not going to meet the milkman now, am I?" I opened the door and looked out, and then looked at the time. It was a quarter to six. I went out and closed the door behind me. I was going for a walk down the Nobonob road.

The earth was still damp with the dew of the dawn. Sweet-scented air spread over the lawn and I made my way lazily down the narrow winding road. There was a lot of noise all along the road as the insects, birds and frogs sang their songs of praises and greeted the coming of the new day. I joined in but was humming the tune of "Too young to be married". I came to a stand still when I heard voices of people talking, coming out from among the bushes. The voice that sounded like a man's said, "Good morning sweetie, I haven't seen you for ages. Where have you been hiding from me all this time?"

"What do you mean hiding?", said the female's voice. "I have always been here, seeing you there, right where you are now."

I wanted to see them very much, so I went a bit farther up and around the bend in the road. To my astonishment, I saw nothing but two worms, both talking from each side of the rotten log. I stood there watching them wriggling and twisting on their spots. I then began to wonder why neither of them made the attempt to join the other on the opposite side of the log. I was lost in thoughts and did not hear what they were talking about for some time. Then I heard the male voice saying, "You're a trim little worm, why not wriggle out here and we'll go for a morning walk". But the trim little worm did not say anything. "Would you like to come out with me to the riverside tonight?" It was the male voice again.

"Why are you asking me all these stupid questions?", said the trim little worm.

"I am asking because I want to know you. I want to know you if that's what you want to know. Now then, what have you to say to that?"

The trim little worm gave a shake of its head and said, "I would love to surrender my heart just for you. But I fear we can't marry though I know you'll be true, because you see Mr. Worm, I am the other end of you."

I looked again at the worm unbelievably, then turned around and walked back up and around the narrow winding road.

by Waim

People who drift to the towns (especially young people) and those educated ones who get jobs in towns should be given the same level of freedom as in their villages.

In the village young men and women don't have complete freedom as in the towns. However they are not absolutely kept under strict rules. Their freedom is limited and kept steady by the parents and the village leaders.

Boys from the same tribe or clan are allowed to play games, go hunting, go to the market, or go to the sing sings and other activities like parties and meetings. Their parents won't allow them to accompany boys from another clan because they fear that trouble might arise between the two groups. In fact the fear of pay-back is really great in each clan. When the boys are out, parents must know where they are and expect them to be at home on a certain time. Most of the times boys are expected to do the garden work or other economical things. This also applies to young men at the school. When they go home for the school holidays they have to follow village pattern of social life.

I remember that when I went home for the school holidays I was given bush knives and spades. I had to help my parents and make a garden before I go back to school again.

This custom is still existing today because parents do not want their sons to be lazy fathers who go around stealing and causing trouble in their future lives.

When a boy is old enough to marry, parents choose a wife for him and pay the bride price. (Today most boys choose their own wives and parents only pay the bride price).

Girls in the village have a little bit less freedom than boys do. Whenever girls want to go to different activities somebody must go with them. If it is at night an older brother or a person from the same clan has to go with them. If in the daytime a little brother or parents go with them. However, girls are not allowed to go out at night too often. Most of their time is spent with their mothers in the gardening and homemaking activities. Parents try to keep their daughters worthy of bride price so that the parents can get something better afterwards. They don't want their daughters to end up with children when they are still young. Also, girls are trained to be good mothers in the future. When a girl is old enough to get married parents have to make sure that she is marrying a decent person.

This system keeps the whole society in the village steady. Girls becoming pregnant and boys ending up in prison is quite rare in the village society.

Social life in the towns is opposite to what it is in the villages. Boys and girls are completely free to do whatever they like, except for the government policies that they have to follow. (But sometimes they don't

bother about the government policies.) Girls talk to anybody they like and go around with anybody they like. Also, they can stay out late at night as long as they want. They don't worry about taking a brother or somebody from the same clan with them. In fact they have nobody to tell them what to do. As they live in the new world they gradually forget their village style of social life. As a result some girls become pregnant or become prostitutes. The unfortunate thing is that girls are not better trained to become good mothers in the future. When they feel like marrying they marry just anybody they find in the town.

Boys, too, do what they think is better for them in the towns. They get involved in drinking, fighting, and gambling because they have no one to control them. Sometimes they have to be in jail. And of course they lose their jobs too. In this way they don't practice a good life for their future.

It is my opinion that some of the village social behaviour should be introduced into the towns. I feel that our tradition is better and more human than the modern way of social life. Therefore, it is wise to keep some of our own social way of life. We must not just let them disappear completely.

The government department which looks after home economics and social affairs should limit the freedom of young people in the towns. And employers of young people should act as village leaders and keep control over their young employees, seeing that they behave properly.

Those who cause too much trouble in the towns should be sent back home after the hard labour in jail.

In the schools, students must not learn everything which is brought in from other countries and ignore their own traditions. It isn't fair when young people practise dancing with foreign music. They should learn their own traditional sing songs and music. Girls should be taught how to make string bags and grass skirts as part of their lessons at school.

The Night Foe

by Daniel Bangtor

It was midnight.
The moon split my eyes and whispered
"Do not sleep like a pregnant dog--be alert,
The night foe is nearing."
I focused my lens out of doors
But only sighted brightness.
I thought the angels were guarding me.

Then the moon was frightened
And started to cover himself with a black coat.
The night foe neared rapidly.
When I heard him rattling on the roof
His power overshadowed me
And I was left shivering.

Masters and Fathers

by T. Dadok

A father loves his son. A master loves his dog. When a father goes to the next house, he takes his son with him. Because he loves his son. When the master goes to his friend's house, he takes his dog with him, because he loves his dog. When he passes the house, he says, "My dog, I love you. You stay down here under the step."

What is the difference you can find in these two short sentences?

He loves his son. He takes him into the house.

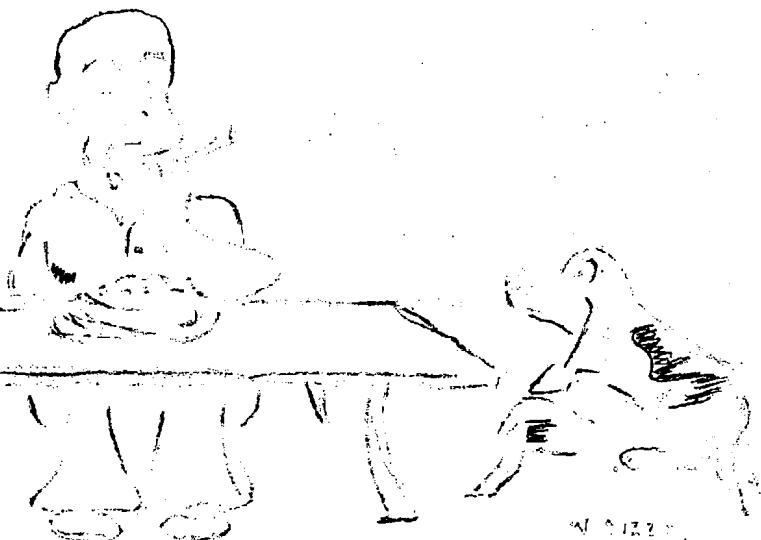
I love you; you sit down here under the step.

The command of Him to his disciples, "Love one another," has to be worked out. Father, master, son or dog, it is but through Him that love is shown to others. Through Him you have some hope of being able to love your neighbours.

This can happen in many places. The master takes his workboy along with him in the car; they go to the town. The car stops in front of the shop. The master goes out and says, "Boy, you come." In the shop the master meets one of his friends and asks him to company with him at lunch. He buys goods from the shop. He says, "karem ol santing i go long kar." The happy workboy carries all the goods to the car; because he loves his master.

All the doors of the shop are ready to close and the master and his boy are ready to leave. "Boy goap kuik long kar." The car moves. They come to the front of the house. The car stops. "Boy you stay here," says his master. "I'll be back in ten minutes." He goes up to the house and visits with his friend. Happy eating and drinking follows. The poor boy puts his head down again like a dog putting his head up and down sleeping under the step. "Em i no ten minit." When the master finishes his visit, he comes down and says, "Boy, nau yumi laik go." The poor boy is not happy; he is feeling tired and hungry.

Some are masters and some are fathers.



Church Dedication at Baitabag

By A.K. Waim

About 9 on Sunday morning, 10th October 1971, people, both black and white, poured into Baitabag Lutheran Mission to dedicate a new church.

The place was almost filled with children, adults, vehicles, teen-agers, and one or two dogs ran among the crowd. Murmuring was heard as people formed in small groups and talked to each other. Some stood up and faced toward the west where the new church building humbly stood like a bride with her wedding dress, waiting to meet her bridegroom.

Among the crowd a number of persons moved back and forth curiously with their cameras. Searching for a better view from which to snap the new building, they looked like hunters trying to find a good place to shoot game.

Then came a wakening sound near the new building. It was the beating of four different-sounding Garamuts. Along with the Garamuts, Baitabag students sang a local-tuned song. The colourful music drew the scattered people toward the little hut where the singers were. Shortly the music died away slowly and smoothly. Right after that we were told to move to the other end to come in through a gate. Before the procession started another group of singers from Baitabag sang another local-tuned song with the beating of Kundus. That group led the crowd toward the church. A third group of fine singers with guitars were young men and women from Kristen Pres, Nagada, led by Mr. Saian Tomloi.

The house was packed and so part of the crowd had to sit outside. Soon people surrounded the house like ants surround the dead body of an insect.

Mr. Stahl Mileng, the Madang district President of the Lutheran Mission, opened the new church in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. He also took the Sunday Liturgy, which was followed by the Luther League choir.

After the text for the Sunday was read, Rev. Alfred Walck preached the sermon (Matthew 22: 34-40). When the sermon was over the blue-uniformed girls from Baitabag, conducted by Miss Toina Jacob, sang a song.

A white man by the name of Mr. Fenske gently walked to the front and said that the money for the new church was sent by an old gentle-hearted woman. She was the wife of a Pastor Stein of America. Mr. Fenske told the congregation how the old widow worked hard to collect \$3,000 which she had sent to Baitabag. Sad expressions covered the face of the audience when the story was told.

It was 11:30 a.m. when the dedication and the church service ended. The congregation poured out of the new church and were immediately met by Mr. Saian's choir again. At noon some people left and others had their lunch, which Baitabag congregation had prepared for them. In the afternoon everybody went happily home.

The people who built the new church were the Baitabag Technical School students.

Baitabag is located 11 miles north of Madang town.

Madang District Pastors' Refresher Course

by Jana Apo

Forty Lutheran pastors from nine circuits in the Madang District attended a refresher course at Baitabag from the 4th to 10th of October. It was organized by District President Mr. Stahl Miléng. The following are the subjects and the people who taught them:

Old Testament lesson, conducted by Pastor Gaensbauaer; Counseling Methods, conducted by District Missionary Rev. D. Hueter; Sunday School and Youth Work methods, conducted by Mr. Kamugez, and discussions on the book "Mi Laikim Wanpela Meri" were led by Pastor O. Fuhlbohm. The book, by Walter Trobisch, was translated into Pidgin by Rev. J. Sievert.

Every night after devotions the pastors talked about many things. One of the subjects they discussed was how to improve the Baitabag Boys' dormitory. They suggested that each circuit should raise \$56 to cover the cost.

The pastors also saw movies on Saturday night.

Many of the men said after the course that one of the most interesting subjects was the method of counseling. They said that in the past they had done poorly in counseling. Now that they had learned this method, they hoped to improve themselves in their future pastoring.

Almost all of those who came for the course attended the church dedication on Sunday. Some of them took part in the service. President Stahl Miléng told the congregation about the course and asked pastors from each circuit to stand up so that people could see them. The largest group came from Karkar Island.

The following day the pastors went back to their various working places.

Bamboo

(Observation by Walter Darius)

Just after her birth the bamboo is a "shameful" plant. It plays an opposite role to a human life. The bamboo clothes herself with a thick, hairy, water-proof coat during its childhood.

But does she feel ashamed when she is four months old? Not a sign of shyness. As days turn into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, the mature bamboo does not care very much about clothes. She sways to the gentle breezes and to the angry storms nakedly, as if the whole world depended on it.

CTC Men are Winners

Joe A. Nidue and Paul Kavon are the first and second place winners in the 1971 Kristen Pres Drama-writing competition. Both have been through workshops at the Creative Training Centre.

Mr. Nidue also won a special \$25 prize in the 1971 Papua New Guinea Literature Bureau competition for his play, Laik Bilong Wan Wan.

Mr. Nidue is a teacher on Kairiru Island near Wewak while Mr. Kavon teaches at Kavieng, although he comes from Manus.

Mr. A. K. Waim, in the present CTC course, won a commendation from the Literature Bureau for his play entry.

The Disregarded Land

by P. Sanam

Remote she lies,
No one knows where she is
Nobody knows how she feels
Nothing she possesses is interesting,
Behind the giants of Finisterre.

Very little is known about her
Nothing is done to help her
Nobody is interested in her
Everyone ignores her,
Behind the giants of Bismarck.

Though she suffers, she says nothing.
Nobody will notice if she speaks.
I sympathize with her but...
My feet are not tall enough
To walk over the giants of Bismarck.

Memo of an Old Paradise

by Margaret Kamiak

Bright were the by-gone days
Life was secure in the virgin forests
Abundant were the mountain ashes
Where we fed gloriously in liberty
Where we blithely roamed the evergreen world
And lived contentedly.

Dark and miserable are these uncertain days
Cruel are these massacreing human apes
Hearts dominated with fear and insecurity, we live
On the move, seeking for safety and happiness
Oh! bright were the by-gone days.

Uphill

by Linda Edoni

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
"Yes, to the end."
Will the day's journey take the whole day long?
"From morn to night, my friend."
Shall I find comfort, all travel-sore and weak?
"Of labour you shall find the cost."
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
"Yes, beds for all who come."

The first two poems on this page were written by Madang Teachers College students during a five-day workshop at Nobonob during September. More writing from this workshop will be published in forthcoming editions.

Linda Edoni attended a workshop at Rabaul in August. Writing by other students who have attended regional courses will also be published in the future.

A workshop for 10 persons will be held at Nobonob from December 6th to 16th, 1971. Persons from the Madang district will be given preference in the selection. The cost will be \$10 per person, plus half the cost of transportation. Those interested should write to: Secretary, P.O. Box 709, Madang.

+++++

Artwork for this issue is by Walter Darius.