

# Papua New Guinea Writing

No 10, June 1973

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## PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

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*'Papua New Guinea Writing' aims to provide a genuine means of expression for Papua New Guinea literary and artistic talents. Since first issued in 1970 an increasing number of Papua New Guineans from all parts of the country have contributed stories, poems and articles. We hope their number will increase and that they make full use of the magazine as a means of communication.*

*'Papua New Guinea Writing' is widely distributed through newsagents and book-stalls in the country, and includes many overseas readers in eleven countries.*

**Write: THE LITERATURE BUREAU**

The Department of Information and Extension  
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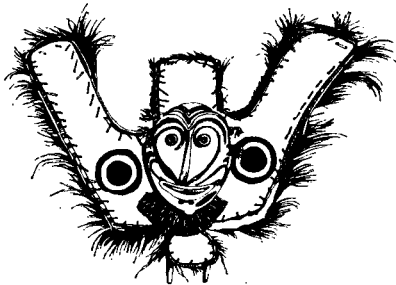
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**POETS! your special  
pages are 8 and 9 in  
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## YOU CAN HELP US ...

Writers sending their contributions for publication in Papua New Guinea Writing, can help us by enclosing a short note about themselves. We like to know the name of the writer's village, the names of the primary and secondary schools he has attended, and the school form or job he is in at present.

If the contribution is used this information will be used in the section called 'About the Writers' or the one called 'About the Poets'. It would also be helpful if story writers would enclose a photo of the type seen on Page 22.

The Editor.

## Editorial

This month we find ourselves midway in the annual creative writing competitions. The response from students and other writers has been excellent with dozens of fresh stories, poems and plays arriving at the Literature Bureau. We expect the number of entries this year to exceed those of all previous years.

Never before have there been so many prizes offered to writers and never previously has there been such a wide scope covered. The new sections created this year give many more students the opportunity to gain prizes which total \$610.

Competitions have been a major feature in the literary development of Papua New Guinea. They have provided an incentive for students and others to try their hand at creative writing. Prizes have been won by students who previously had no idea they could write creatively.

Our competitions began with one short story contest in 1969, with a prize of \$50. By 1970 it was joined by the playwriting and poetry competitions, thanks to the generosity of donors. Prizes rose in value and so did the number of entries.

By 1972 there were three sections in the Short Story Contest, two sections in the drama competition and two in the poetry competition. Writers could now try one or two-act plays, stories in English, Pidgin or Motu or poetry in English or Pidgin.

For details of this year's competitions, turn to page 23.

Writers who enter competitions now realise there is more to be won than the prizes offered.

We at the Literature Bureau watch for entries which can be published in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. If the writer agrees, his story or poem is published and he receives generous payment. All material appearing in this magazine is also offered to overseas publishers and if they select a story or poem, there is further payment for the writer.

At the same time something else is happening in the field of literary development in Papua New Guinea. It began when Russell Soaba's prize-winning story "Portrait of the Odd-Man-Out" (1970) was dramatised for broadcast by the A.B.C. Later, Benjamin Umba's prize-winning story, "While They Were Walking Through Dawn" was serialised into ten episodes for broadcast by the A.B.C.

The Literature Bureau offers all material published in 'Papua New Guinea Writing' to the A.B.C. who negotiate direct with the authors for permission to use their work. Many stories have been selected for dramatisation. These were not all prize winners. but the following writers' work came to notice through entry into the competitions — Joseph Saruva, Aloysius Aita, Gerong Wabing, Rita Mamavi, and Titus Telepas.

One of the most exciting success stories to date is that of Mr Siuras Kavani, a fourth year Arts student at the University of Papua New Guinea. In 1972 he entered both the short story and poetry competitions.

Mr Kavani's short story won \$50 in the competition and was then published in the Post-Courier and in 'Papua New Guinea Writing' gaining for him two further payments. The story was selected by the A.B.C. for dramatisation which gave Mr Kavani a further payment. It should be noted that stories are sometimes broadcast more than once, and the writer receives a 'repeat fee' each time.

In the 1972 Poetry competition judges selected one of Mr Kavani's poems for the major prize — another \$50. This poem was also published in our magazine, giving the writer a second payment and the poem was later broadcast by the A.B.C.

Writers are reminded that the creative writing competitions close on 31st July. Please keep sending entries; we are happy to see them.

ROGER BOSCHMAN Editor

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# ONLY A MILE FROM HOME

by  
ANDREW LUCKSTER LAKAU

Wapali felt miserable as he packed up his few belongings. He had been dismissed from his job as a labourer on the plantation and told by the planter to leave immediately. In the nine years he had worked there he had been hard-working and had always been loyal to his employer. But to-day, because he had disobeyed the 'boss boy' just once, he was being sent away.

His home village lay faraway. He had been about sixteen when he left his village and it was now thirty-five years since he had seen it. He wanted to return to his home but he had no money and could not think of a way to obtain the price of the airline ticket.

If Wapali had stayed in one job his life might have been much better, but he had done many jobs such as cleaning roads, working on flower gardens, serving as a house-boy, and he had never saved money. Wapali had done these jobs just to keep himself alive, always hoping to find better employment.

As he took a last glance over the plantation, tears streamed down his cheeks. After nine years, the longest time he had spent in any one job, he was leaving it forever. He knew no one would want an old man like himself in any other job.

He walked along the road towards the town. He did not even know this town well, nor had he any wantoks<sup>1</sup> there. As he approached the town he thought trouble would surely come to him. For such an old man as he, it would be hopeless to find food. No one threw scraps of food away, for a town is a hungry place unless you have money to buy food. Thinking deeply, he did not notice the approach of a car and it missed him by inches. Wapali grew more frightened of the world.

As he walked into the suburbs of the town, Wapali saw many people milling around in the streets. The noises of the busy town made him more and more confused. The smell of food in the store made his mouth water freely. He tried to speak to some people but they paid no attention to him.

The sun was setting behind the hills. The noise from people and cars lessened. By now the old man's belly was empty but as the sun sank over the horizon a fresh worry crept into his mind; he must find a place to spend the night.

He decided to sleep in a culvert. As he lay there he wondered what he was to do the following day. He tried to sleep but could not. He felt a rat scratch the sole of his foot and he jumped up cursing. But at the same moment he caught sight of a police car so he crouched down again.

<sup>1</sup> wantoks — friends

Wapali could not sleep properly so he crawled out of the culvert and walked in the dark towards the shopping area. He had to find food one way or another. He looked through the clear glass window of one large shop and saw tinned fish, biscuits and bread; there was all the food he could want. In desperation he picked up a brick, smashed a window, then ran away a short distance. When no police patrol appeared, he returned to the shop and crawled through the broken window into the store.

Inside, Wapali began eating a loaf of bread. Then he saw a cash box and picked it up; it might contain enough money to pay the fare to his home. He held the money box under one arm, picked up more food, climbed out through the window and moved away in the darkness.

In the bush outside the town Wapali smashed the box open and found bundles of notes and rolls of coins. He put all the money in his bag, threw the cash box into an area of water and reeds, then headed for the hills.

Wapali stayed hidden in the hills for two days and when he needed more food, he took only five dollars in his pocket and walked into town, where he spent the money.

No one questioned Wapali and he became bolder. On a second trip to the town he bought a larger supply of food and some new clothes.

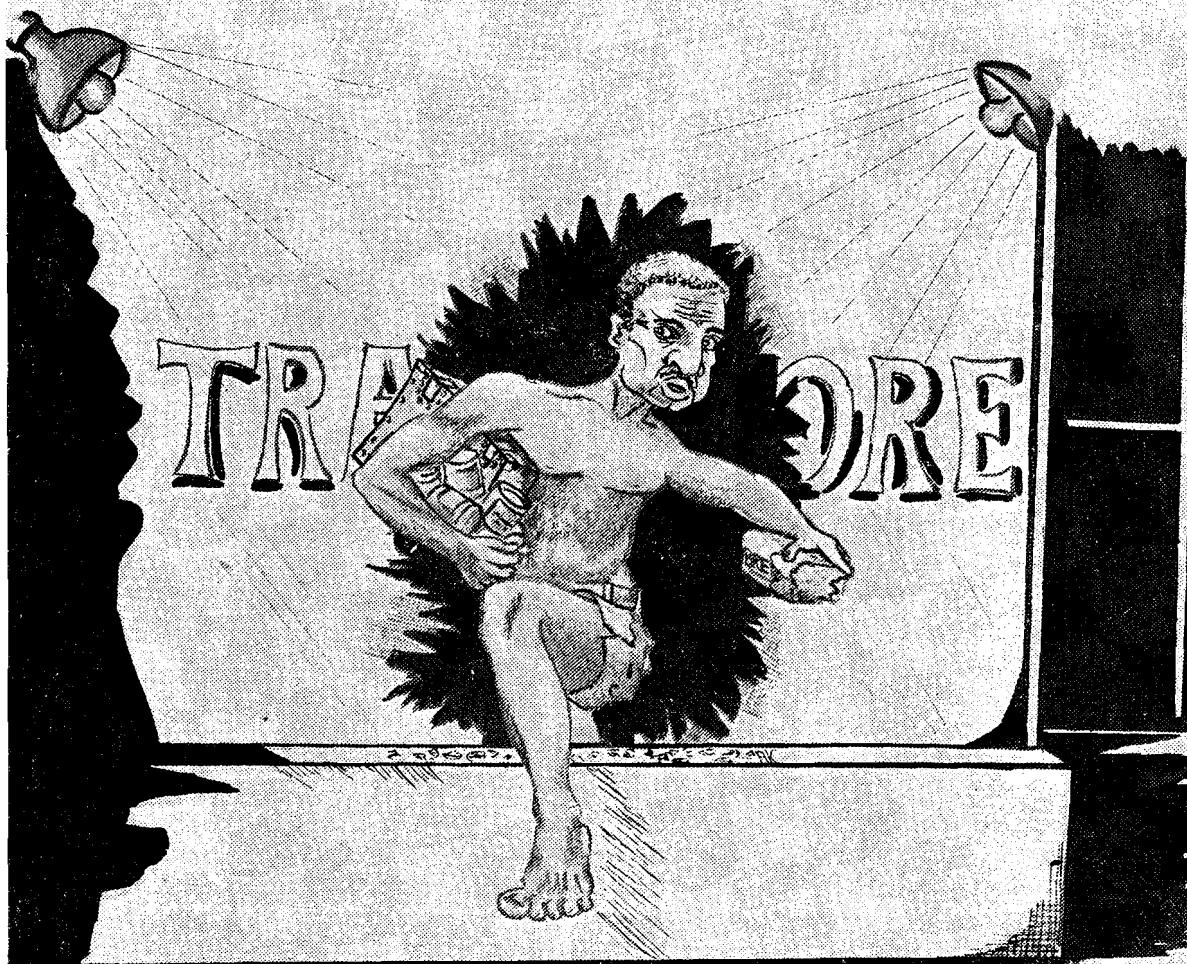
Wapali lived a comfortable life for a week or two, but soon found the money was running out. He counted it and there were only seventy-five dollars left. Fear gripped him — he must use this money to get to his home.

On his next visit to the town he asked a man in the street where he could find the airline office. He was told it was on the corner, so he went there.

"Hamas long balus igo long Wabag?" he asked. (How much for a plane trip to Wabag?) "Seventy-four dollars and eighty cents," replied the man at the counter. Wapali had just the right amount. He got his plane ticket and was advised to wait until he heard the name "Wabag" over the loudspeaker.

As the plane flew across the sky Wapali wondered how he would find his village. He remembered only that it was near Wabag. Perhaps someone at the airport would direct him to his village. Oh, I am old, he thought. I am returning to my home and I will have to ask directions to it! I have been away too long.

The plane landed safely at the airport. The engine stopped, the door was flung open. Wapali was glad to step out and set his feet on the long lost soil of his own place. There was no one there to welcome him home, only strangers who stared rudely at him. But he thought he would recognize the road leading to his village and he set off to search for it.



*He held the money box under one arm, picked up some more food and climbed through the window . . . .*

Wabag had changed during his absence, but his old mind seemed to recognize some of the older buildings and he gradually made his way to the edge of town and started down a road which he thought might be the right one.

After walking several miles, Wapali approached a number of men who were working on the road. One man asked in his "Tok ples"<sup>1</sup> where Wapali was going.

"I am going to Te - - - te - - - te - - - ." He could not pronounce the name of his village.

"Tetemanda," replied the other man quickly and suspiciously. "It is just a little way from here."

"Yes, that's right. I am going to Te - - - te - - - manda," replied Wapali.

"You do not belong to Tetemanda," the other accused him, "I have never seen you before."

"Oh yes," Wapali protested. "I am truly from there, it is my home, but . . ."

"If you are a man of Tetemanda you should be working with us, not wandering along like an old fool. This is the one day of the week on which Tetemanda men work on the Government Road."

"Well, I didn't know about this you see, I've just come back from Rabaul," replied Wapali, "I have been away from home so many years, in fact most of my life."

"Ah, you are one of the people who went away looking for jobs," said another man, "like carrying human

waste or washing the underwear of the white women." The other men gathered around.

"Don't call me an excreta carrier or else . . ." cried Wapali in anger borne of humiliation.

"Come on, take this spade and work, before I hit you with it," snapped the villager. The village men had crowded closer and began to jeer at Wapali. Slowly but fiercely, with the last of his ebbing strength, Wapali cried out once more:

"Just show me the way to my village! If you don't I'll kick your stupid head with my hard boots!" He lifted his foot showing an old army boot.

In sudden anger, two of the men swung their spades at Wapali. One spade struck his side just above the kidney, the other caught him a glancing blow behind his ear. Without a sound he fell to the ground.

"That will teach him to leave his village and wander uselessly around the country," said one man bending down to shake the old man's shoulder. When Wapali did not move, the man looked up worriedly.

"My brothers," he said, "we are in trouble: this man is dead."

Thus ended tragically the life of a man who left his village and never found another place in Papua New Guinea where he could belong. In a lifetime of hard work he achieved nothing and was killed by his own people a mile from his home. ●

<sup>1</sup> Tok ples - his village language



At that instant Auania's arrow appeared in the leader's chest . . . .

# TOO LATE

by KOIVI AUA

"After your initiation next month, you will be a man. In the meantime you must be strong in character," said Auania's mother, wife of the aging chieftain of the Iai tribe. Auania listened quietly.

"You must stay away from girls. There is something soft and beautiful about girls, but do not let your mind be swept away by this attraction. You must be sensible and good in your thoughts. One day a girl shall choose you, a girl whom you can be happy with for life. She will leave her father and mother and will depend on you with her whole heart. She

will be one with you in body. Some day I will help you find that girl."

After the initiation ceremonies, the young men went hunting together. They discussed the young women whom they planned to attract and hoped to marry. Auania said nothing for he had a secret. One night Auania went into his new room, allotted to him since he was now a man, and lay thinking of Vaipa, the girl from the Kairi Lavi clan, and of the wonder of her body. He had been seeing her occasionally at night to make love. She was the woman he wanted; soon he would tell his parents about her.

At daybreak a sudden cry woke the sleeping village. The sorrowful news spread from house to house that warriors of the Kokiri tribe had crept in during the night and taken away a young girl called Vaipa. The mourning wails of the girl's family were heard. Vaipa's mother covered herself with mud and put black native rings around her arms and legs to demonstrate her sorrow.

The warriors of the Iai tribe performed their war rituals in readiness for the counter attack, which was planned in detail. Auania, son of the great warrior Ovovi, was appointed their leader.



Alone that evening, Auania imagined what the enemy might be doing with Vaipa if she were still alive. The thought sickened and angered him; it would be better if she were dead. I must save her, if at all possible, he determined grimly.

When the moon was up the warriors departed. The war canoes were heavily loaded, each with thirty men. Auania stood at his post on the front of the leading canoe, hands fixed on his weapons, eager for combat. The current of the Purari River speeded them along as they headed for the tiny Kokiri village. At length they entered a narrow passage through the mangroves, a passage barely wide enough for the men to move their paddles.

Suddenly one warrior whispered, "There it is!" Ahead on their right they saw the enemy's hiding place, and heard the victorious voices of the enemy drifting towards them. Auania selected a landing place and his men followed him. They surrounded the camp and peered through the bushes. The enemy had built a fire and were dancing around the girl who lay unmoving on the ground. Her

feet and hands were firmly tied with strips of bark and her mouth was packed with leaves to keep her quiet. Auania guessed the enemy were performing a rite. He wondered what they planned to do to the girl, but he would not wait to find out. He sent a whispered message to his men. "As soon as I kill the leader you must rush out and slay all of them."

At that moment the enemy leader stood erect and his men stopped dancing. He called out to the sky and pointed at the girl. His voice was fearsome as he seemed to be calling the Gods. At that instant he was transfixed as Auania's arrow appeared in the centre of his chest.

Before the startled enemy could move Auania and his men leapt upon them with clubs and knives. In a very short time every member of the enemy lay dead. In tense silence Auania strode towards Vaipa. She did not move. He knelt beside her, touched her, then slowly rose to his feet.

"She's dead." His voice was cold, flat, empty of emotion, but his mind filled with a searing pain. He had been too late to save his beloved Vaipa.

At dawn, the leading canoe set off with Auania and the dead girl on board. The sunlight, reflected from the calm water, hurt his eyes. He felt he was moving through a silent valley of sorrow. He could not even feel proud of their victory over the enemy. When the canoe touched the beach at his village, Auania went to his home. In the house he yawned and stretched and started for his room. His parents were watching him. "I want to be alone," he said.

"Yes," said his mother, "We know how sad you are, how much you have lost."

"You could not know."

"Oh yes," said his father. "For we are neither blind nor deaf. We knew you had been with that girl many times at night. We saw the love in your eyes. We were preparing to announce your marriage."

"Your sorrow is terrible now," said his mother, "but time will heal the pain."

"As a great leader you will have many sorrows," said his father, "this is only the first of many". ●

## NATIONAL FILM AWARD

In 1972 the first National Film Award of Papua New Guinea was conducted by the Literature Bureau on behalf of the National Amateur Filmmakers' Association of Papua New Guinea.

This new cultural competition was a success in its first year and has become an annual event.

Papua New Guineans are finding the prices of movie cameras and other filming equipment lower than previously.

Many are finding they can now afford to make films. Some are joining the two established branches of the National Filmmakers' Association; in Port Moresby, the Port Moresby Filmmakers' Workshop, and in Lae, the Lae Cine Club.

It is hoped that film-making clubs will be started in other centres in 1973.

For further information and Entry Forms for the Second Annual National Film Award, contact:

### THE LITERATURE BUREAU

Dept. of Information and Extension Services, Box 2312, Konedobu.



# HOW A WILD DOG WAS TAMED

by  
JOSEPH GUGUAN

*He fastened a rope around the dog's neck and the other end of the rope to a strong post.*

Once upon a time, in a village on a small island, there lived two brothers whose parents had died and who were cared for by their uncle.

One day it was learned a huge wild dog was going to swim to the island and eat anyone it found there. The villagers were so frightened they gathered their belongings and left for another island.

The uncle took his wife and children with him but he left the two orphans behind. Soon there were no canoes left on the beach and the two brothers returned sadly to their house.

The wild dog was to arrive the following day, so the two brothers thought of ways to avoid being eaten. Suddenly the elder brother jumped up.

"I have an idea," he said, "We will tame the dog!"

After they had discussed this idea they went to work. They found some coconuts and scraped their contents into a clay bowl. Then they spread

the scraped coconut in a long line from the centre of the village to their house and left the bowl in the main room. By evening all was ready.

The two brothers woke early the following morning. They rubbed their bodies with sweet leaves so the dog could not smell them. Then they found a safe hiding place above the rafters of their house and lay there quietly to see what would happen.

Suddenly from a distance they heard what sounded like barking and soon they saw a huge black dog enter the village. The dog sniffed hungrily to see if there was anyone in the village. Then it saw the white coconut on the ground and started eating it. As it ate, the dog moved towards the house, following the trail of coconut. When it reached the house, the dog followed the trail inside where it saw the huge bowl of scraped coconut. Still hungry, it went to the bowl and continued to eat. While the dog was eating, the elder brother reached down and put his hand on the dog's

head. He then moved his palm down the dog's neck. The dog was so busy eating that it did not notice the boy's hand. While the boy was doing this the dog stopped eating and went to sleep.

While the elder brother continued stroking the dog's head, the younger brother climbed down from the roof and fastened a rope around the dog's neck and the other end of the rope to a strong post. The dog woke, but to the boys' surprise it did not bark or run at them. It turned around and continued eating the food. The two brothers were very happy.

After a long time one of the village men returned to the island. When he saw that the boys had tamed the wild dog, he went away and told the other Siassi people. Soon all the village people returned to their home island.

Forever after, the two young men were held in great respect by the people of the island. ●



# THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MOULT

by  
**MICHAEL VARAPEK**

Once there was a Tolai man named To Uranava who lived in the village of Ramale in the Kokopo Sub-District. He had grille<sup>1</sup> all over his body. He was very unhappy because none of the young girls wished to marry him and he wanted to change his appearance to that of a European, supposing he would be more attractive to women. This desire made him grow more and more unhappy.

One day To Uranava went for a walk on the bush trail which led to the main road. On the way he sang and chewed betel nut and smoked his tobacco. When he came to the public road which ran from Kokopo to Bitapaka he was very tired and he sat down under a coconut tree to rest and watch the cars passing.

As he was resting he saw a European drive past. Once again his wish to look like a European came back to his mind. He got up, crossed the road and proceeded to the beach. When he reached the beach he lay down on the soft sand and fell asleep.

During his sleep he saw a vision of the spirit man called To Marapu who told him how he could change his present appearance to that of a European. To Marapu gave the instructions to follow to achieve his desire.

To Uranava woke and tried to recall what he had seen in the dream. Still thinking over the matter he took a betel nut from his basket and chewed it, spitting out the red mixture with new energy.

"Em nau mi harim pinis. Bai ologeta yampela meri i laik maritim mi nau ia." ("Now I have the answer. All the young girls will want to marry me.")

To Uranava sighed happily, and patted his chest gleefully. Then he got up and started back to his bush house without stopping to rest or to talk to anyone. He was anxious to relate to his family what he had learned.

When he arrived home he called a meeting and told his people everything that he had learned from the spirit-man in his dream. He also told them he was prepared to put into practice what he had learned.

So in the days that followed the things necessary for the process were prepared, including a petrol drum with the top open so it could be filled with water. The drum was buried three feet in the ground near To Uranava's house which stood on the edge of a very deep valley. When everything was ready, the clan members held a feast of cooked pigs and chickens, taros and bananas. When the feast ended all the family gathered to watch To Uranava climb into the drum of water to begin the process of moulting. He said if he stayed in the water a long time, the skin disease would disappear and he would be white all over. In the afternoon the people left for their homes, but each day one or two of them would return to bring food for To Uranava.

The people became interested in this magic process and did not bother to attend the Sunday church services. They were very excited, waiting to see the results of To Uranava's experiment. But one Sunday morning the parish priest realised that the majority of his people were not present for the church services. He asked his old

catechist, To Bonga, who told him what had been happening. The parish priest shook his head sadly at To Uranava's actions. He then told To Bonga to saddle two horses for immediate departure. When they arrived at the village a man showed them a little track which led to To Uranava's house.

To Uranava was sleeping quietly inside the drum of water for he was not expecting visitors. When the parish priest and his catechist were a few yards from him, the priest's voice rang out sharply:

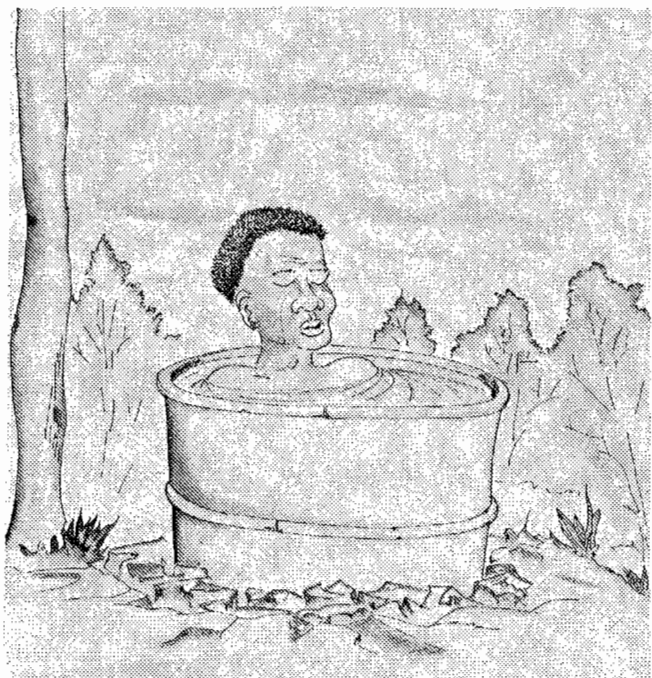
"To Uranava, yu mekim wanem long wara? Het bilong yu i longlong liklik? (What are you doing in the water? Have you become insane?)

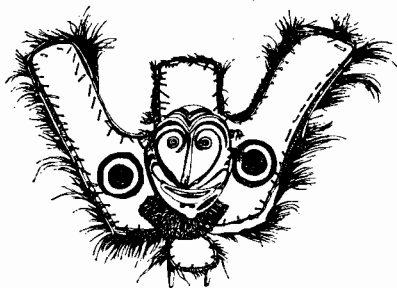
Caught by surprise and terrified at the sight of the two horses, To Uranava, with all his remaining strength leapt out of the drum like a fish from a net and dived into the nearby thickets. His legs, weakened by sitting in the water, could not support him and he rolled down the steep slope of the valley. The two spectators threw themselves to the ground and cried with laughter at the strange performance. After investigating the drum and its contents they left for the Mission Station, still laughing.

Some of the clan members who had come to bring food had seen what happened and went looking for To Uranava. At first they could not find him because his wet body was covered with dead leaves and undergrowth. Then one of them spotted him lying between two logs which had stopped his descent. They picked him up, washed him in a nearby creek and took him home.

Then all the clan members gathered once more for a large feast to mark the end of To Uranava's ambitions to look like a European. From then on To Uranava never again tried to moult. He had learned his lesson and was determined not to believe in the ideas he learned through his dreams. ●

<sup>1</sup> Grille — a skin disease





## POET'S CORNER

With Jack Lahui

### A MATTER OF BEING COMMITTED

A poem, usually a short piece of literary work, may appear easiest to attempt. It is not.

The urge to write a poem often comes on suddenly and can be described as a spontaneous outpouring of experience. Often if a poem is not written immediately it is forgotten. This is because the writer is not committed to a cause.

The value of prior committal is seen in poetry on religious, moral and political themes.

Young writers, especially poets, begin with a spontaneous thought, but while setting it down, other thoughts encroach upon the main one. These they include in the poem, finishing with a mass of unrelated ideas having no value. This problem also can be avoided by one's being committed to one major cause.

I direct you to the work of a new poet, DATA VANA, whose works have appeared in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. In his poem "Dawn", in this issue, Data Vana illustrates enlightening experiences of the present era in Papua New Guinea.

I am sure our better known poets — Tawali, Kasaipwalova, Enos and others are each committed to a cause. Perhaps we who are new to the literary world should do the same.

Writing is hard work, but it can be made easier for the writer if he has a purpose, a plan — a commitment.

Aspiring poets are urged to participate in the 1973 Literature Bureau Poetry Competition. The rules are on page — of this issue. There is a new section and there are more prizes in this year's competition which promises to be a great success. Winning entries will be published in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. I wish you the best of luck.

JACK LAHUI,  
Assistant Editor.

### DAWN

By Data Vana

Daughter of night and day  
In the early hours of morn  
When night owls cry and beetles whistle  
You creep towards father day  
On your coming the sky brightens  
We stretch and yawn in our beds  
Through cracks of our hamlets  
We see you approach  
And greet you  
While you sojourn in your father's land  
Frolicking with your cousin sun  
We go about with smiling faces  
In all the world your coming and going is  
Just the same  
But, fair daughter of night and day  
We ask: "When will you bring to us the good  
Tidings of joy?"

### PAPUA NEW GUINEA

By Otto Avorosi

O Land of Coral seas  
And breezes fair,  
That sway the palm trees  
Along our sandy beaches,  
Mountains and winding  
Rivers, reaching the sea  
Through the dark green jungle,  
PAPUA NEW GUINEA.

### LAND THAT I LOVE

By Otto Avorosi

I know golden sunsets,  
I know skies as clear as crystal,  
I know where coconuts bend,  
To the mighty and clamorous monsoon.  
I look up at silent stars at night,  
I love the blue majestic heights,  
And the silver fog passing by  
In the silence of the morning.  
I love the melody of wind and rain,  
I sing of the palm trees straight and tall,  
I love the cooling breezes of the sea,  
I sing the seas that are so blue.  
Then I think of the old peaceful days,  
The days that have gone because of the white demons,  
And I regret to have to tell my people  
That those days will never come again!

### BLINDNESS

By Magata Tarube

A life full of black days and nights  
My world, life, drifts.  
Yet all is not despair  
A separate world?  
People think I don't see.  
I feel.  
Life is full of pleasure  
Friends.  
Others have sight  
I'm the world — no difference.

## THE PATH

By Peter Kama Kerpi

It makes squirm winds.  
 Labours breathlessly  
 Over greened hills of recent thunderstorms.  
 It rises and falls monotonously  
 Zigzags the ridge ahead laughing with an old smile  
 And lost to begin another journey.  
 Living memory fails to recall its birth.  
 Its older than the enchanted shade tree  
 That stands breathlessly shading the grave yards.  
 Its as old as the tribe.  
 Countless warriors' naked feet  
 Trodden to battle fields.  
 Midnight lovers mooned the path.  
 Pigs left their waste when they crossed the path.  
 It's a path of many gone before  
 And of long ago.  
 Angry storms terrorized the rivers.  
 Vebement wind did not sweep it away.  
 Torrential rains dig gutters.  
 Ghost-haunted nights terrorized the ridges.  
 The path is scarred  
 With foot-prints  
 Left behind by dead kins of lost years.  
 It knew the breath of warriors  
 Kissed the wounds and enriched itself  
 With blood of legendary figures.  
 It's a path of many people  
 And of long ago.

## THE BOTTLE SQUABBLERS

By Jack Labui

With pitiful admiration of the people of the squatter settlement  
 who for lack of an income live on selling bottles.

It was midday on a Monday morning  
 The eucalyptus tree danced to itself above me  
 While I in the shadowy cool sat,  
 To munch my pie.  
 Then I saw two skinny kids appear  
 From the shrubbery of the crotons and hibiscus  
 By contrast to the beauty of the flowers  
 Their bodies told of deflating famine in the  
 Port Moresby town  
 The wind by passing them into my nostril  
 Told of a very unsatisfactory habitat  
 All vividly exhibited by the shocking sacks,  
 I assumed, they wore permanently.  
 Munching my pie was a ghastly deed  
 When I could see them seeing me.  
 Two pairs of piercing eyes  
 Through which I watched want watching me  
 Two pairs of eyes, but two entities, BEINGS?  
 Two kids, two equally burning stomachs  
 The only empty drink bottle I possessed  
 Would scarceful suffice surely, if sold.  
 Recalling that each had to fight  
 While one had to possess it; I retained the bottle.  
 "I am Port Moresby and Port Moresby is me  
 I realise the big furnace of your tummies  
 So take these two ten cent pieces" I said.  
 "Together we will break the bottle.  
 I have been in Port Moresby long enough  
 to know the hard ways to survive at all."

## GIRLHOOD ON HORIZON

By Peter Kama Kerpi

Eyeing the horizon  
 In mute sadness  
 She sat enraptured  
 In contemplation of the scenery.  
 Descending sun taking refuge behind lofty peaks  
 Her childhood dancing  
 Flashbacks of dead years  
 On the dying horizon.  
 Now stooped with years  
 Her once youthful body shrivelled now  
 Many thoughts visited her  
 Memories flowered in majesty.  
 In knitted brows  
 Milky eyes, sedate face.  
 Staring at her girlhood dance  
 The many steps now memories.  
 "Mother darkness will close in.  
 Already the swallows are homeward bound  
 To rest another night."  
 "BUT MOTHER is there a thing to see,  
 On that vague horizon?"  
 "Many things dear  
 MY GIRLHOOD and all the SIMPLE JOYS OF LIFE".

## TRANSITION

By Miss Odi Lebas

Yesterday is gone  
 And theoretically, leaving our clubs and spears  
 We await the coming Dawn  
 What will it bring us?  
 Where will it take us?  
 Entering schools and colleges  
 Working as never before,  
 Our minds occupied with learning  
 What is it makes the White man tick?  
 Adopting the Western culture  
 In food, tastes and clothing,  
 I wonder if we shall make it  
 To the Sing-Sing in a mini grass-skirt  
 Or should it be a midi,  
 Wearing jeans and Tee Shirts  
 Afro shirts and hairdo also  
 Our throats encircled with beads  
 And pig's tusks, if we have them  
 Mouths red with betel nut and lime  
 We claim this is our culture,  
 But are we really right?  
 The Old folks do not think so  
 They laugh at us and say  
 Why not go all the way  
 To include in your apparel  
 Tapa cloth, grass skirt and watu?\*

\*Loin-cloth made from pandanus leaf, worn by men. The leaf is worn between the legs and is upheld by a string of bark around the waist.

# THE END OF CANNIBALISM

by

Siuras Kavani

Once there were two brothers named Finu and Ofomu who had built their homes on either side of a ridge; a track over the ridge connected their houses. Unknown to them, there was another man living on the next ridge. He had often seen the brothers crossing their ridge, but they had never seen him.

One day the third man decided to capture and eat the two brothers. He constructed a trap on the path the two brothers used. That evening Finu, the younger of the two, decided to visit Ofomu. He fell into the trap and was killed.

The culprit collected his prey and took it home for dinner. So happy was he with his success, he decided to re-construct the trap.

Two days passed and Ofomu began to wonder why he had not seen or heard from Finu. He began to worry about his brother. On the third morning Ofomu called over the ridge and got no reply so he decided to go to Finu's house.

On the top of the ridge Ofomu saw the trap. From the marks around it he knew someone had been caught and removed. He guessed his brother had been killed by a stranger.

Ofomu decided to catch his brother's killer. He forced his left arm into the trap, while in his right hand he held his stone axe. The arm which he held in the trap hurt terribly but he ignored the pain and pretended to be dead.

Later in the morning the cannibal appeared and was delighted to see another victim in his trap. He released the man and began to destroy the trap. Ofomu jumped up and chopped the man's head off with his axe.

Ofomu was pleased at achieving revenge on Finu's trapper, but was filled with sorrow at the loss of his brother. As he walked sadly away from the trap he composed the following song:

Eme gatufu o, eme gatufu  
Avika a goru gorenkao  
Yaunka agoru gorenkao  
Eme gatufu o, eme gatufu.

Which in English means:

Come and untrap oh, come and  
untrap  
Your yam did I crush?  
Your kaukau did I crush?  
Come and untrap oh, come and  
untrap.

As he sang this song, Ofomu planted the seeds of sacred plants around the area and declared there should be no more cannibalism in that area, a rule which has held to the present day. ●

♦♦

He put his left arm in the trap and  
pretended to be dead.

♦♦



# WHEN DOGS COULD TALK

by  
Anna Kere Mol

Once there lived a lonely man named Kumeia who had only a dog to keep him company. In those days dogs were able to talk and the two had many long conversations.

Poor Kumeia had no kine<sup>1</sup> shell or feathers or pigs, and his garden did not grow well. He was untidy and dirty and the people who lived nearby avoided him.

One day he decided to go to a place where he had never been. Early next morning, he cooked some sweet potatoes in the hot ashes of the fire for his breakfast, then set off with his dog. In his bilum<sup>2</sup> were more potatoes for the days ahead. They walked through the forest until the sun began to set over the ranges.

Finally they arrived at a place they had never visited before. It was a wonderful place with bright leaves on the trees and strange, colourful birds.

It was getting dark so Kumeia climbed a big tree to build a house for the night. While he was making the house, he heard someone whistling and looking down saw a man covered with hair. The stranger climbed up close to Kumeia. "What do you want?" he asked.

Kumeia told him he needed a place to sleep for the night. The stranger asked Kumeia to go with him, which he did. Kumeia did not know the stranger was a cannibal.

When they reached the cannibal's house, the host made a fire in the small hut for the guest to keep warm. Then he told Kumeia to stay in the house while he went to his wife's house to get some vegetables for their evening meal.

When the cannibal had gone the dog said to his master, "I will follow

our new friend, to see where his wife's house is located." The dog followed and when the man went inside the house, the dog sat outside and listened.

"Wife! Wife!" said the cannibal, "I have found a man for us to eat, and also a dog which might be tasty, although I am frightened of it. Tomorrow you must get up early, go down to the garden and collect as many green vegetables as you can carry on your head. We will cook them along with the man and dog. Now I have to take some of these vegetables you have here to keep him happy until he falls asleep."

When the dog heard this he ran as fast as possible back to his master and told him what he had heard. Kumeia was frightened and thought he must leave immediately.

"Don't worry, I will stand guard tonight so he cannot kill you," the dog assured him.

During the night while Kumeia was asleep the cannibal crept towards him. But the dog heard him and swiftly went forward with a bark. The cannibal was frightened and ran out of the house. In the dark he fell into a big pit and was killed.

Next morning Kumeia picked up the things he wanted — kine shells, bright feathers and some food — and they began the return journey to their home.

When they reached home Kumeia traded some shells for a fat pig which he killed and cooked to celebrate their successful journey.

Kumeia gave the dog some of the best and fattiest parts of the cooked pig in gratitude for the way the dog had saved him from the cannibal. The dog ate the fat pork but some of the fat stuck in his throat and he was never again able to speak.

Since that time dogs have been unable to talk as humans do. ●



The dog heard him and swiftly went forward with a bark . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Kine - Shell money

<sup>2</sup> Bilum - String bag

# PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S TRAVELLING THEATRE

## THE PORT MORESBY THEATRE COMPANY

### WILL GO

### TO EVERY VILLAGE

### THAT CAN BE REACHED BY ROAD . . . .

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## THE COMPANY

The travelling troupe is made up of: John Kaniku, Director, Arthur Jawodimbari, Associate Director, Philip Lamasisi Yayui, Co-ordinator, and Allem as driver.

The eight actors and actresses are university students who work voluntarily and without salary.

The company is financed by the Centre for Creative Arts, which receives grants from the University and the Department of Education.

Proceeds obtained from performances go to the Company's funds.

## THE MAN

John Kaniku is from the Suau area of the Milne Bay District.

He completed his secondary education at Sogeri Senior High School and took two years' teacher training at Goroka Teachers' College where he began to take an interest in drama.

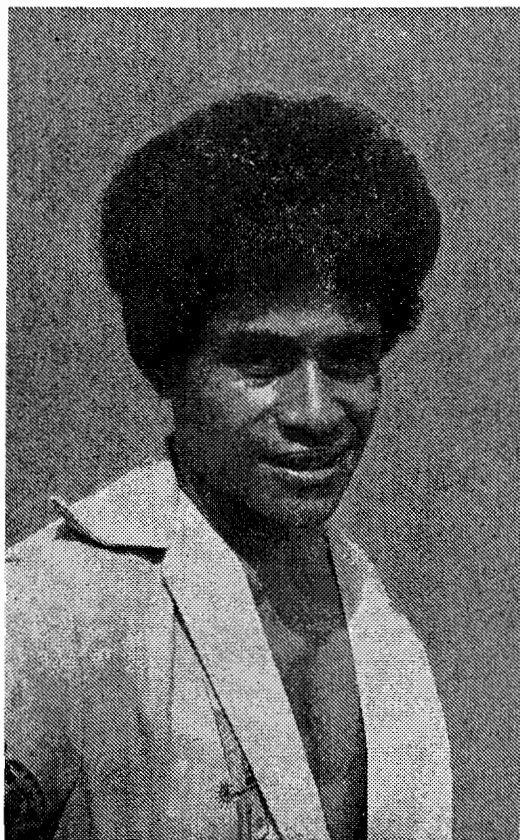
During his first posting, at Badihagwa High School in Port Moresby, John formed Papua New Guinea's first indigenous theatre group. It was called "Theatre New Guinea" and the actors were high school students. In 1971 John received a scholarship from the Australian Council for the Arts which allowed him to work for a time with the Melbourne Theatre Company and the Old Tote Theatre in Sydney. He also played a number of roles in a television series while in Australia.

John Kaniku has written 14 one-act plays, three two-act plays and eight of what he calls 'Comedy Character Sketches'.

One of his two-act plays, "Cry of the Cassowary", was published by Heinemann's Educational Press in 1970.

Besides being an accomplished playwright and producer-director, John is a superlative actor.

He is married and has two children.



*John Kaniku, Director.*

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## THE ACTIVITIES

Last year a number of tours were taken to high schools and villages in the Central District. These were experimental, to discover the amount of interest which would be taken in a travelling theatre company. After visiting 25 schools, four Army barracks and six villages, John Kaniku said the audience response was greatest in the villages. In the schools he found student response limited since teachers were on the scene and the students felt constrained to 'behave well'. At one school he asked teachers to stay away so he could find out how students reacted to the plays on their own. Response was better.

## THE PROBLEMS

At present the actors are students who are unpaid and can only be available during holidays and university semester-breaks. One answer to this is to ask student-actors to miss a semester of University study to travel with the theatre company.

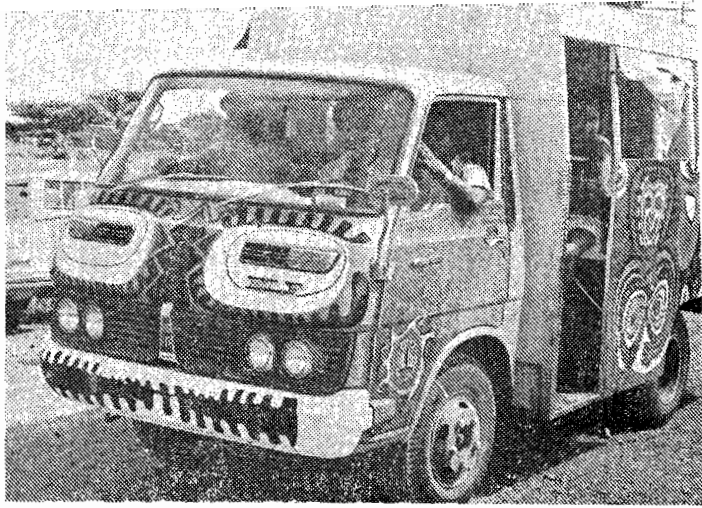
Another possible solution is to recruit actors from among citizens of the Central District who are not involved in regular study programmes.

The Officer-in-Charge of the Centre for Creative Arts, Mr Tom Craig, plans to grant fellowships to people who could work full-time as actors. They would be paid a small stipend to cover personal expenses. When the proposed dormitory at the Centre is completed the actors could be housed there between tours.

## THE FUTURE

Later this year the Company will present two one-act plays. One will be based on a contemporary theme, the other traditional.

It is planned that in future, tours will be better advertised in advance and that the company will endeavour to present plays to every village which can be reached by road in the Central District. (Meanwhile centres are to be set up to conduct tours in other districts of Papua New Guinea).

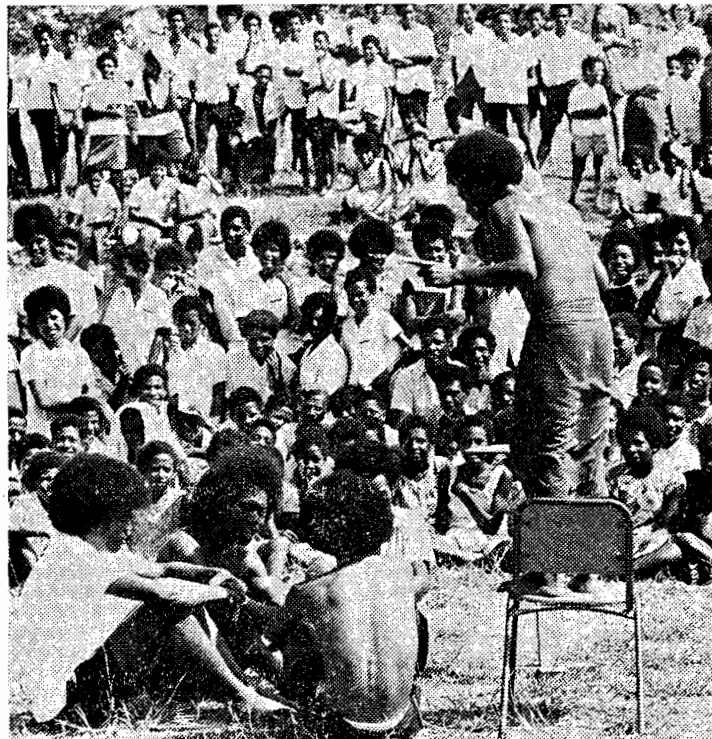


*This two-ton bus transports the Port Moresby Theatre Company.*

## THE BUS

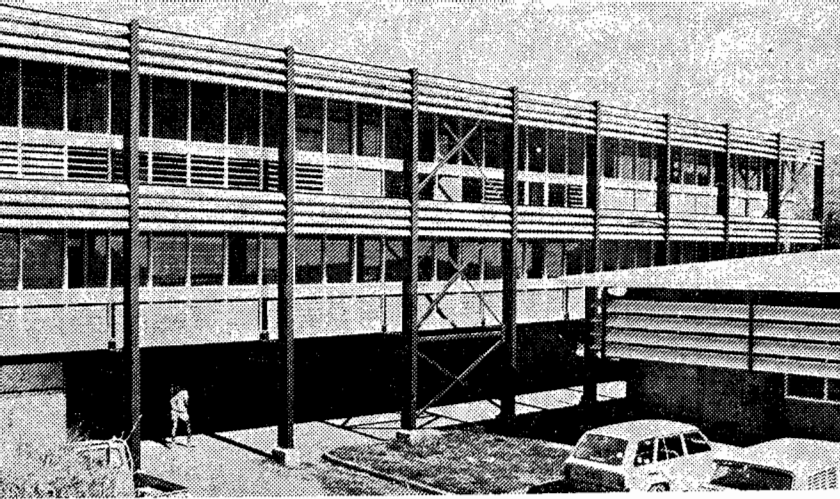
The two-ton bus which transports the Port Moresby Theatre Company was presented to the Centre for Creative Arts by the Ian Popper Foundation of Melbourne.

The attractive designs on the bus were painted by Kambau Namaleu Lamang with the help of the staff of the Centre's Art Department.



*The travelling troupe entertains students at Kila Kila High School.*





*The Literature Bureau is now in the new building at D.I.E.S. Headquarters.*

## NEW HOME for LITERATURE BUREAU

The Literature Bureau of the Department of Information and Extension Services has moved.

The many writers and others who have been used to finding the Literature Bureau in the offices of the Extension Branch in Newtown, Port Moresby are now directed to the new two-storey building at D.I.E.S. Headquarters, at the top of Spring Garden Road in Konedobu.

The Literature Bureau during its four-and-a-half years of life has moved a number of times but it is now expected to remain in its new home indefinitely.

The Bureau's new offices are situated on the top floor of the new building which stands behind the D.I.E.S. Production Centre.

Everyone interested in creative writing, and the development of literature in Papua New Guinea, will be readily welcomed by the personnel of the Literature Bureau.

The Editor of the popular magazine 'Papua New Guinea Writing' is Roger Boschman. The Assistant Editor is Jack Lahui who is rapidly learning the work of the Bureau. They have the co-operation and assistance of all sections of the Department of Information and Extension Services and other organisations in creative fields.

'Papua New Guinea Writing' is becoming increasingly popular. Over the past twelve months subscriptions and retail sales have doubled. The stories and poems published in the magazine are by Papua New Guineans.

The magazine is printed on quality paper which provides excellent reproduction of the photographs and illustrations used. The contents of the magazine are printed by letterpress process and typography and layout

make for easy and attractive reading. Printing is done by the Post Printing Service in their up-to-date production plant in Lawes Road, Port Moresby.

The Literature Bureau arranges annual literary competitions with worthwhile prizes which will total, this year, \$610. The prizes come from private individuals, organisations, and the Bureau itself.

Each year nearly a thousand poems, short stories and plays are sent to the Bureau where they are carefully sorted, then taken around to the judges who select the winning entries.

### FILMS:

Another cultural competition conducted by the Literature Bureau is the annual National Film Award sponsored by the National Filmmakers' Association of Papua New Guinea. The first National Film Award last year was a notable success and aroused nation-wide interest. Many more entries are expected in 1973.

### COURSES:

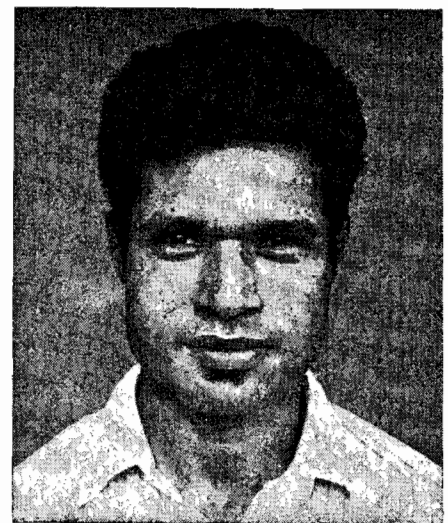
Each year the Literature Bureau conducts Creative Writing Courses in districts where they have been requested. Last year courses were held in Wewak, Mount Hagen and Alotau. These will be repeated in 1973. New courses have been requested for the New Britain and Western districts.

The Literature Bureau is a source of encouragement, information and inspiration for writers. Material submitted is offered to overseas publishers and other media. The staff of the Bureau negotiates on behalf of the writers. Entries in competitions may be published in several places and often chosen for broadcasting. Every time a story or poem is used the writer benefits from further payment.

Currently the A.B.C. is broadcasting a series of dramatisations which have been adapted for radio from stories published in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Four have been broadcast at the time of going to press.

The Literature Bureau works closely with the University and the Centre for Creative Arts to promote creative writing. At present the Bureau is co-operating with these bodies in the production of an anthology of Papua New Guinea short stories.

As more Papua New Guineans learn about the Literature Bureau and understand and appreciate its work, the Bureau will more and more become a vital clearing-house for all forms of literature, and a continuing source of information for writers, readers, printers and publishers — *a truly national Literature Bureau.*



*Jack Lahui*



## THE FIRST DUGONG by Mary Paulisbo

A long time ago an old woman and her daughter lived in a village on Siassi Island. The girl was very beautiful but the old woman was jealous of her good looks and she scolded the poor girl for everything she did. This made the girl nervous and unhappy; she never smiled and did not have the confidence to speak to the other people in the village. And so she was both the prettiest girl in the village and the unhappiest.

Every time she saw some young people of her own age coming towards her she would turn and walk away. After a time the people began to think the girl was insane, so they left her completely alone and she became an outcast in her home village.

One day the old woman found she needed salt water for cooking. She gave two coconut shells to her daughter and sent her to the beach to fetch some water. The girl did as she

was told. Carrying the coconut shells she walked to the beach.

When she reached the beach the girl bent down near the water's edge but the cruel mother called out and told her to go further into the water.

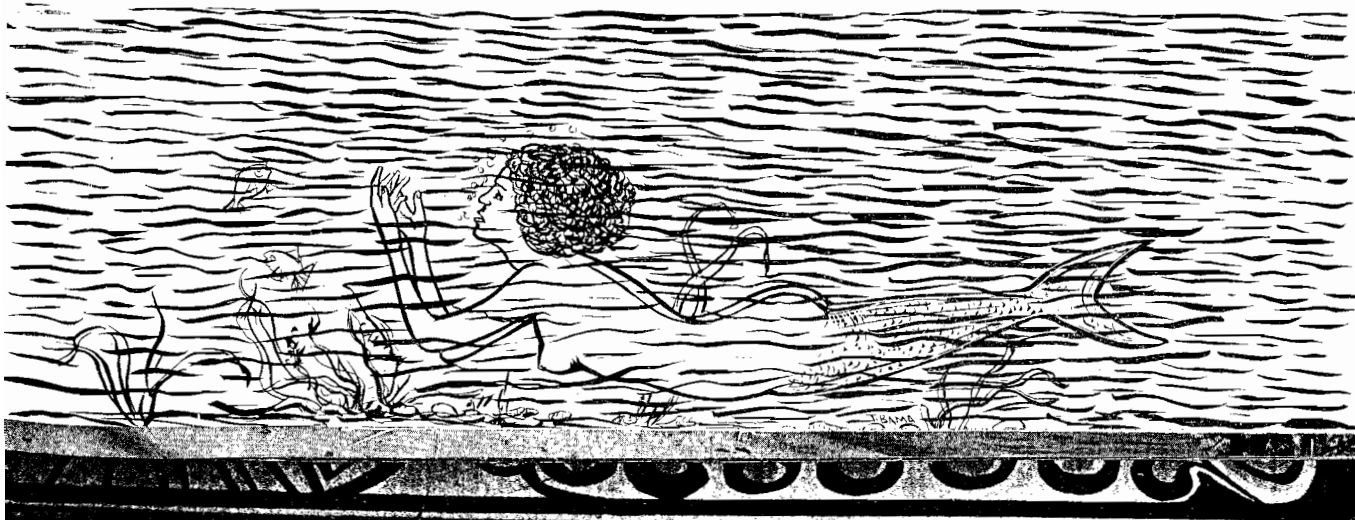
The girl went into the sea until she was knee-deep in the water, but the mean old woman told her "Go out a bit further, you silly girl!" The girl obeyed her mother. She waded deeper into the water until it was waist high, but still the discontented mother bade her to go out farther and farther.

At last, in desperation, the young girl lifted the two coconut shells, clasped them to her breast and without a backward glance she dived into the sea.

The old woman called for her daughter, but in vain, for the girl kept swimming until she was out of sight.

As the girl swam among the fishes in the sea she found they did not shy away from her. In the ocean she was no longer an outcast. Gradually her form changed into that resembling a fish. Her descendants are the dugongs we see in the ocean around Papua New Guinea. ●

Dugongs are the ugliest of marine creatures, but have the glands of a mammal. The female holds her offspring to her breast to suckle, and in other ways the behaviour of the dugong is often similar to that of human beings. It is from sightings of the dugong by sailors many years ago, that the legend of the 'mermaid' began. In Neo-Melanesian Pidgin they are called 'pis meri' meaning 'fish-woman'.



# NATIONAL UNITY for PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Aloysius Aita

**UNITE!  
AHEBOU!  
BUNG WANTAIM!**

Less than 90 years ago these words were unheard of in our now-emerging country. At that time, the eastern part of this island was divided like a cake into two halves as British New Guinea and German New Guinea. Britain "owned" the South-Eastern portion while Germany administered to the North-Eastern part. Those were the first days of colonialism.

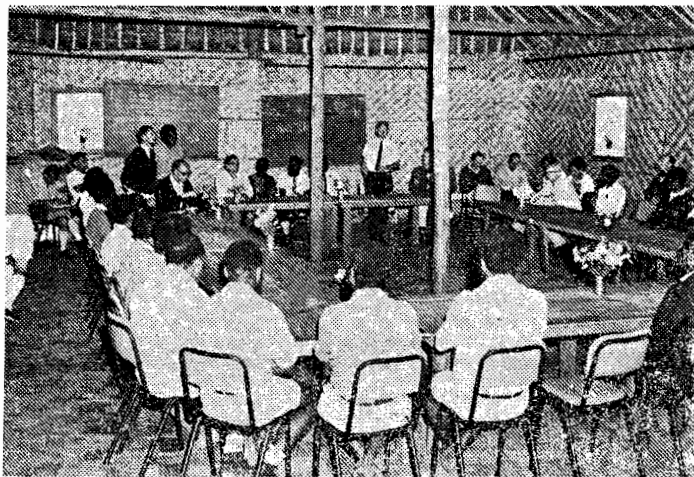
In 1906, Britain handed over her part of the island to Australia, but Germany retained hers until the First World War. From 1914 to 1921, German New Guinea was ruled by the Australian military administration. In 1921, the Australian Government took control of German New Guinea under a mandate from the League of Nations. From that time until the end of World War 2, New Guinea and the Australian part of the island, which became Papua in 1906, were administered separately by Australia.

After World War 2 the Trust Territory of New Guinea and Papua were joined in an administrative union with a single legislature. Since then, the two territories have seen a lot of political and economic changes.

When Australia took over the responsibility of administering the two parts, her immediate aim was to involve the indigenous people in the process of a sound democratic government. The first step in this direction came in 1951 with the formation of a Local Government. This was followed by the Legislative Assembly in 1961, the First House of Assembly in 1964, the Second House in 1968 and the current House last year.

To come back to our three terms — Unite, Bung Wantaim and Ahebou, — the English, Pidgin and Motu words for the same idea — national feeling has increased with political changes. One result was that Papua New Guinea's own national flag was raised for the first time in Port Moresby in 1969. About the same time it became necessary to alter the name of this country. The result was that what used to be Papua AND New Guinea became simply Papua New Guinea. With the formation of the first national government, the National Coalition, the need to form a single nation out of the two parts became imperative. That is when the three words began to be heard on a national level.

The idea of a united Papua New Guinea has had different impact on the leaders and the people alike. It seems a fair proportion of nation-conscious ones are pressing for unity within the country. On the other hand, a few factions have been pressing for secession. It seems their



*Members of the Mul Local Government Council meeting with the United Nations Visiting Mission in 1968.*



*This design, incorporating the Bird of Paradise, traditional spear and garamut drum, was adopted as the national crest of Papua New Guinea.*

grounds for seeking secession are both political and economic. Areas that want to secede for economic reasons are either economically advanced or neglected. Politically, some want to secede to retain their cultural heritage.

Cultural heritage! What's so different in the culture of these pro-secession groups that they don't want to have any political affiliations with the rest of the country? Is it the language difference? They could be right in this respect, but what about the 700 different languages and dialects we have? To take language difference as the reason would mean just about 700 small countries within this area of the Pacific!

Seceding for economic reasons could be justified but is it really necessary? The economically advanced areas feel they are being hampered by stagnant areas. The lagging areas feel the other parts are being developed at their expense. Being developed at their expense? This would mean resources are taken out of these areas and put into developing others. Being neglected could be more in line, but should this create an occasion for secession?

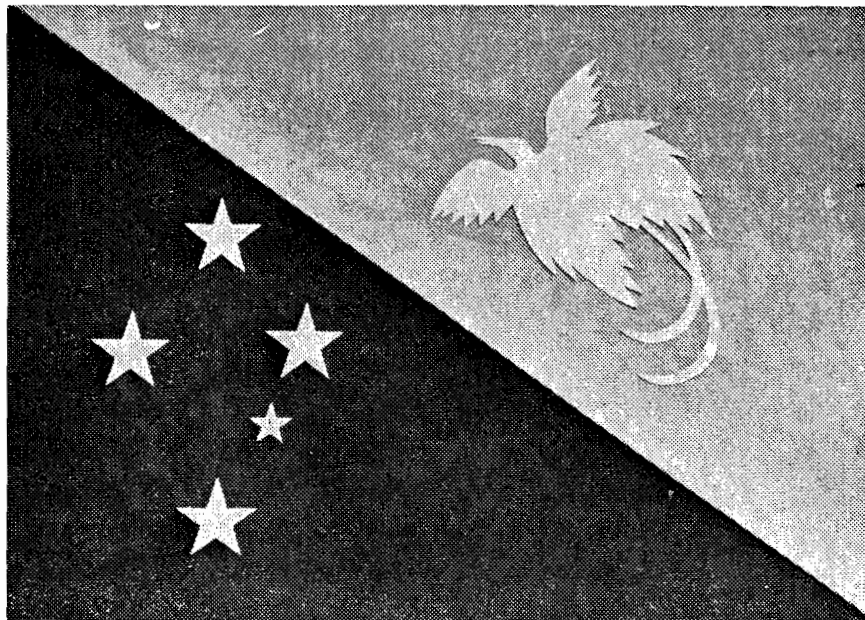
*The national flag of Papua New Guinea includes the Bird of Paradise and the Southern Cross.*

Papua New Guinea is on the threshold of self government and eventual independence. However, one must take into account the time of its contact with the Western World. The island, as a whole, was first sighted by the Portuguese 462 years ago. Papua New Guinea did not become politically and economically important to the West until toward the end of the 19th century. It only began to be developed politically and economically after World War 2.

Papua New Guinea, therefore, has had a short development period compared to the more advanced countries today. In short, it takes time to develop a country politically and economically. And to allow a division within the present Papua New Guinea would be rash and unreasonable at this stage.

A man cannot satisfy all his needs at once. He does so in the order of their beneficial importance. Similarly, the Papua New Guinea Government cannot hope to develop all areas at once. This would mean cleaning its pockets completely, leaving nothing for the future. For this reason, is it necessary to divide Papua New Guinea into distinct parts because some areas have not had "a fair share" of the "big cake"? Is it necessary to divide it because some areas are "well off" politically and economically? No!

Though diversified by languages, Papua New Guinea must be one country. The present problems must be solved in their own good time. What is imperative at this important stage of the country's development is 'Unity'. The two parts have come out of their so-called "stoneage" together and they have struggled together to reach the present door-step of self-government! Let us unite to make this emerging nation into a place of happiness — a place where everyone can be free from fear and anxiety, a country where all citizens may press forward together for the good of all.





# A DREAM CANNOT BE BOUGHT

by

AKIE MORRIS

I feel that every human being at least once in his lifetime has a poem crying out to be written. Although many people who have stories can put them on paper, most of the unfortunate people who would like to write poems aren't able to make words rhyme or the lines scan what they actually feel in their hearts. Because of my belief I wrote to the local newspaper and arranged a monthly column called "Your Poem and Mine". I requested anyone who had a poem in mind, or just an idea for a poem, to send me what they had, and I promised that I would print the letter and then write the poem according to their specifications and publish it.

You would be surprised at the thousands of letters I received from people who had unwritten poems singing in their hearts. Though some of the letters were inarticulate, none were dull, for they were from the soul. One was from a girl named Mary.

How can I ever make Mary as real to you as she was to me? Only, I guess, by telling you her story . . .

One tropical afternoon, the mail-girl handed me a special delivery letter. It contained a piece of cheap paper and folded with it was a tattered dollar note. As I read the letter I could almost hear Mary's voice speaking:-

"You say, Sir, that you will write a poem for anybody that wants a poem written and print it in the newspaper. But, I'm wondering if you will write my poem and send it to me, and not print it. That's why I'm enclosing a dollar. I don't want to put you to any trouble without paying for it.

I guess you'd like to know something about me. I was left on the steps of an orphanage when I was a baby. Nobody wanted me! So I stayed in the orphanage until I was fifteen and then the orphanage got me a job in a dry-cleaners' shop.

"I worked six days a week and had Sunday off. On Sundays I used to walk in the parks.

"One Sunday a soldier spoke to me. Actually he wasn't a real soldier, but one of those from school-boys cadet battalions. He asked if I was alone, I said I was and he said he was, too. He said he was from somewhere in Port Moresby area and that he had come to Lae for the annual Cadet Camps which would last four weeks. He said he was a stranger in the town and that he hoped maybe he could walk a ways with me.

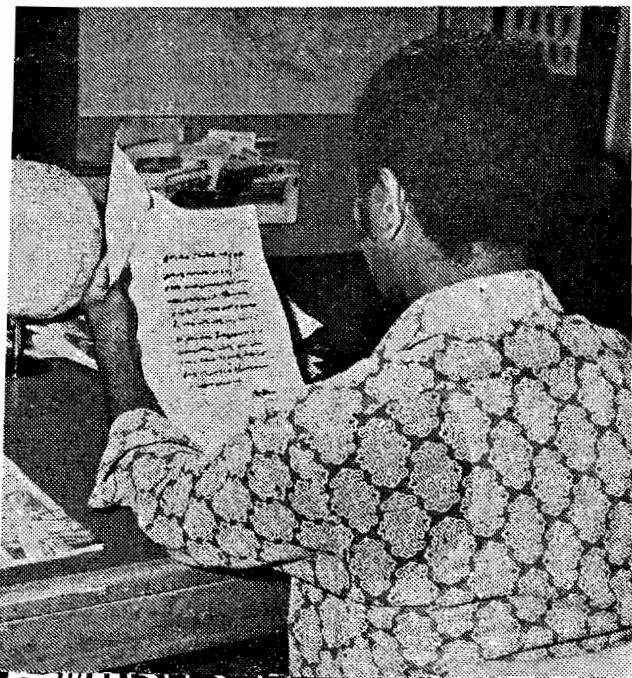
"The matron of the orphanage had warned me that I must never talk to a man unless somebody introduced us, but being as this boy was in uniform it seemed all right. So we walked and talked. He told me that he lived with his mother in Port Moresby and that he was the only child in the family, (his dad had died when Tony was just a kid). He had never gone steady with a girl because his mother, who thought a lot about him since her husband's death, was interested in a girl for him who would be a good wife and not somebody who would gossip. He then asked me if I could have dinner with him and go to the pictures afterwards."

That was how Mary met Tony, her soldier. While they were in the movie theatre she felt his hand groping for hers and she knew, without a vestige of doubt, that she was in love . . . Her first love!

A year went by before the annual cadet camp was held again, but Tony was able to get in touch with Mary during the year and they arranged to meet. One Sunday, when she and her soldier were in the park, they sat on a bench and talked of the future. As Mary said in her letter:-

"I never had a future before — not until that Sunday — because it was then that Tony told me he loved me and wanted to marry me. Of course, I said 'yes' to him, but then his face clouded over and he said he couldn't tell his mother about us, so he wouldn't be able to change his insurance policy over to my name. But I didn't care about that. All I was interested in

*None of the letters I received were dull, for they were from the soul. One was from a girl named Mary . . .*



was Tony and his love. In other words, all I wanted was somebody to belong to me. When I told him this his face wasn't clouded anymore."

So Mary and Tony were married. He had joined the army but whenever he had leave he came to her furnished room. He bought her the first silk dress she had ever owned and shoes and all the other things a girl could want. But most important he bought a wedding ring. And when he was shipped out, Mary wrote him every night and he wrote her whenever he could.

Time went on and one day she fainted at the dry-cleaning shop. The doctor told her that she was going to have a baby. It was while she was writing to Tony of this wonderful news that the long arm of coincidence reached out with a fist at the end of it! It was a telegram from the Government. Mary's letter continued:

"I was stunned. My husband had died in a car accident. I would never feel his lips on mine again, but I had one comfort. I wasn't back where I'd started. Even though Tony didn't belong to me any longer he had left me something that would be mine forever — the new life inside me."

Mary worked as long as she could and saved every penny. She hadn't any insurance from Tony because his mother's name was on the policy. She didn't write his mother because as she put it in her letter, "She wouldn't have believed me."

Mary's little girl was born in a charity ward and now when Mary left the hospital she was faced with a problem. Now she had to earn not only for herself but also for her child. So she decided to put the baby in a day nursery.

"I took my baby to the nursery every morning and every night after work I picked her up and brought her home. The only time I really had her to myself was on Sundays. Because all the money that I made went for food, rent and the nursery, she didn't have pretty dresses or toys. The clothes she wore during the day belonged to the nursery, so did the toys she

played with. All I had was the basket she slept in and her blankets and a little celluloid rattle. But I was happy because I knew that I'd be taking her home each night and holding her as she fell asleep.

"Then one afternoon, the nursery called and told me to come right away. I couldn't get there fast enough . . . my baby had died."

And so Mary was back where she'd started — a girl not very pretty, not very smart, and who had nothing but a great talent for loving and giving. Her letter ended:

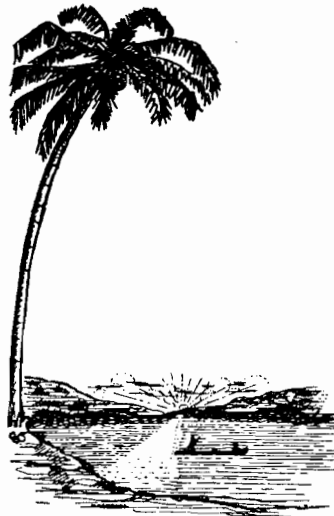
"You see, because my baby didn't have pretty dresses or toys or any other things babies usually have, I don't have anything nice to keep, and I'm afraid as the years pass that she'll grow dim to me, and when I close my eyes, I won't be able to see her face. That's why I would like you to write a poem about her, a poem as pretty as she was, giving me a vivid memory as if she was a morning star. Such a poem will bring her nearer to me when I read it and make me feel she's still close, not in my arms, but in my heart. Please send the poem to me care of General Delivery, Lae. I'll stop at the Post Office every day until it comes."

Writing that poem was one of the most difficult tasks I had ever had, but one I can still remember. I didn't keep a copy of it, because I was afraid that sometime I would be tempted to publish it and it would no longer belong to Mary alone. When I did put the poem into the envelope, I started to put the dollar in with it. Then I realised this would be cruel. I realised, you see, that Mary was buying the final gift for her baby even though the child was gone. Yes, I tried to trace Mary but it was impossible, she had picked up the letter at General Delivery and then disappeared.

Although this happened quite a while ago, I still keep the dollar on the chance that somewhere I'll meet Mary. If I do, I'll give her the dollar and explain to her that a memory cannot be bought! It must always be a gift! ●

## ADVANCED WRITERS' COURSE

This course is a part of the Australia Papua New Guinea Cultural Exchange Scheme and has been made possible by a grant from the Commonwealth Department of External Territories via the Australian Council for the Arts. It has been organised by the Department of Education and the Department of Information and Extension Services. The course is intended to assist our most advanced writers to further improve their already-established skill in fiction writing. The tutor for the course is Olaf Ruhen, the internationally-known author who was featured in our Christmas issue, December, 1972. For a full report on the course, see our September issue.



## MORE PRIZES FOR POETS

Since last issue a new section has been added to the annual Poetry Competition.

Prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 are offered for poetry in English by high school students.

See page 23 for more information.



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### KRISTEN PRES CONTEST

A writing contest is being conducted by Kristen Pres. The emphasis is on "Christian" writing.

For further information contact:

Contest  
Kristen Pres  
P.O. Box 712  
MADANG

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*These people wrote to tell us what they think about*

## 'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING'

Dear Sir,

We wish to order 30 (thirty) subscriptions of Papua New Guinea Writing at the special school rate of 40 cents a year (post free) per subscription.

PHYLLIS ENGBRETSON  
English Department  
Balob Teachers' College  
LAE.

Dear Sir,

I want to thank you personally for the copy of the December issue of 'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING'. I have read it with extreme interest and am very pleased at the quality of the material published in the magazine. I am also extremely pleased with the greatly improved format and presentation of the material. It is certainly an outstanding publication.

RICHARD W. ADLER  
Executive Director  
Kristen Pres Inc.  
MADANG.

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate you for your recent wonderful publication of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. I can only say that this is a gorgeous development.

I enjoyed reading every bit of it. As a Papua New Guinean, I am proud of the great spirit of expressive literature in Papua New Guinea's own style. We have to show the world that we have our own culture. This is a symbol of nationhood and as it gradually improves, I believe many people will read and admire it.

PAUL S. BULU  
University of Oxford  
ENGLAND.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for the copy of 'Papua New Guinea Writing', which we read with interest and enjoyment. I look forward to future issues, and enclose a subscription form.

NICHOLAS COCKSHUTT  
Badihagwa High School  
KONEDOBU.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations for the new cover design of the March issue of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. I think the idea behind it is excellent as it conveys Papua New Guinea's development in the field of writing. Well done.

J. SARUVA  
U.P.N.G.  
WAIGANI.

Dear Sir,

I would like to say my sincere thanks to the Literature Bureau for publishing my short story, "Just A Man" (Christmas 1972 issue). Thank you very much for my payment of \$14.

GERONG WABING  
LAE.

Dear Sir,

We would very much like to obtain further information about the anthology of Papua New Guinea Short Stories, edited by E. Brash and M. Greicus, which was advertised in the latest issue of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'.

KATHERINE BOURKE  
Holy Trinity Teachers' College  
MOUNT HAGEN.

Dear Sir,

While visiting New Guinea, I bought a copy of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' No. 9, March 1973 issue, and have enjoyed it very much. You are certainly doing a fine job! My students are enjoying it immensely.

MRS CHERYL MANCE  
Gundagai  
AUSTRALIA.

Dear Sir,

Would you please note my change of address. I look forward to receiving the first of my eight consecutive issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'.

SANDRA MORRISON  
Cambridge Park  
East Twickenham  
Middlesex  
ENGLAND.

Dear Sir,

I am interested in subscribing to the journal 'Papua New Guinea Writing' and would be grateful if you could let me know the current cost of a subscription.

Could you please also tell me whether back issues are available and, if so, which issues and what cost.

M. D. ROSS  
Senior High School  
KERAVAT.

*The subscription is \$1.00 per year which gives you four issues (post free). We have back copies of numbers 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 and 9 available at the Literature Bureau. They will cost you 20 cents each. — Editor.*

**Please write and tell us what  
YOU think! Your letter may  
appear in the next issue.**

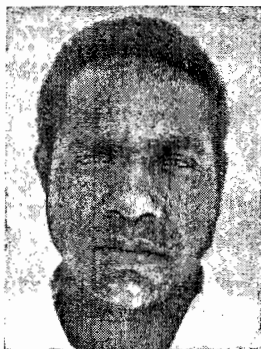
## YOU CAN HELP US . . .

Writers sending their contributions for publication in Papua New Guinea Writing, can help us by enclosing a short note about themselves. We like to know the name of the writer's village, the names of the primary and secondary schools he has attended, and the school form or job he is in at present.

If the contribution is used this information will be used in the section called 'About the Writers' or the one called 'About the Poets'. It would also be helpful if story writers would enclose a photo of the type seen on Page 23.

*The Editor.*

# About the writers



## Siuras Kavani

SIURAS KAVANI is from Tuempingka village near Kainantu. He went to Kainantu Primary School and Goroka High School. In 1969 he attended Administrative College and obtained his Stage 2. He is now a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea. His story "City Lights" won First Prize in the Tertiary section of the National Short Story Contest, 1972.

## Aloysius Aita

ALOYSIUS AITA, from the Goilala sub-district of the Central District is a regular writer in our pages. His education includes Form 6 (N.S.W. syllabus) and three years tertiary study at the Major Seminary, Bomana. Early last year he stopped studying for the priesthood and joined the Post-Courier newspaper as a reporter. One of his stories has been published in the Australian magazine, "Overland".



## Akie Morris

AKIE MORRIS was born in Pindiu villages in the Finschhafen sub-district of the Morobe District. He attended primary schools in Madang, Goroka and Lae and took his secondary education at Bugandi High School. From 1968 to 1971 he studied Accountancy at the Institute of Technology in Lae. Akie is now an Assistant Accountant with the W.R. Carpenter Company in Port Moresby.

## Koivi Aua

KOIVI AUA was born in Mae-paio village in the Gulf District. He attended primary schools in Aird Hills and Baimuru and went on to Kerema High School. In 1972 he attended Port Moresby Technical College and is now at Port Moresby Teachers' College.



## Mary Paulisbo

MARY PAULISBO is from Moveave village in the Gulf District. She completed her Queensland Junior in 1959 and trained at Port Moresby Teachers' College. She is now teaching at Panaeati Primary School via Misima in the Milne Bay District. An earlier story was published in the Australian magazine, "Overland". (Photograph not available).

## Andrew Luckster Lakau

ANDREW was born in Ludmunda village in the Wabag sub-district of the Western Highlands District. He attended Par Catholic Mission Primary School and the Laiagam Primary School. He is now doing his fourth year at Mt. Hagen High School. (Photograph not available).

## Anna Kere Mol

MISS ANNA KERE MOL comes from the Banz area of the Western Highlands District. She is now a Form Two student at the Notre Dame Academy in Banz. Anna hopes to become a teacher. (Photograph not available).

## Michael J. Varapik

MICHAEL comes from Balada village in the Kokopo sub-district. Born in 1955, he did his primary schooling at Saint Joseph's Primary 'T' School, Bitapako. In 1967, after completion of his primary education, he enrolled at St. Mary High School near Vuvu. In 1969 Michael was transferred to Chanel College to continue his studies. Michael is a sixth form student this year. (Photograph not available).

## Joseph Guguan

JOSEPH attended St. Finbar's Primary School and finished Standard Six at St. Mary's School in Lae. His secondary school was St. Fidelis College near Alexishafen. Joseph is now studying electrical engineering at the Institute of Technology. (Photograph not available).

# NEWS ABOUT THE COMPETITIONS

## NEW SECTIONS AND MORE PRIZES

### THE FOURTH ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

Two Sections — Seven Prizes — Total: \$230

#### Section One: ONE-ACT PLAYS

- FIRST PRIZE: \$50 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$25 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$15

#### Section Two: TWO AND THREE ACT PLAYS

- FIRST PRIZE: \$50 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$25 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$15

Plus a Special Prize of \$50 for the play which is deemed most suitable for production.

Judges: Mr. Michael Zahara, Barrister, Department of Law. Mr. Robbie Namaliu, History Department, U.P.N.G. Mr. Elton Brash, Lecturer in English, U.P.N.G.

### THE FOURTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION

Four Sections — Twelve Prizes — Total: \$230

#### Section One: For the best poem written in English.

- FIRST PRIZE: \$50 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$20 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$10

#### Section Two: For the best poem written in Pidgin.

- FIRST PRIZE: \$50 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$15 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$10

#### Section Three: For the best poem written by a primary student (age 5-12 years).

- FIRST PRIZE: \$25 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$15 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$10

#### Section Four: For the best poem written in English by a secondary student.

- FIRST PRIZE: \$25 ● SECOND PRIZE: \$15 ● THIRD PRIZE: \$10

Judges: Dr. Prithvindra Chakravarti, Lecturer in English Literature, U.P.N.G. Mr. Jack Lahui, Assistant Editor, 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Mr. Nigel Krauth, Tutor, English Department, U.P.N.G.

### THE FIFTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY CONTEST

Three Sections — Three Prizes — Total: \$150

#### Section One: For the best story from a tertiary student

(University, Teachers' College, Hi-tech, etc.).

PRIZE: \$50

#### Section Two: For the best story from secondary, primary or other student.

PRIZE: \$50

#### Section Three: For the best story written in Pidgin or Motu.

Entries in Sections One and Two must be in English.

PRIZE: \$50

Judges: Mr. John Fitzgerald, Managing Editor, Post-Courier. Mr. Paulias Matane, Secretary, Dept. of Business Development. Dr. Greicus, Senior Lecturer, English Dept., U.P.N.G. Mr. Vincent Eri, First Assistant Director (Operations) Dept. of Education. Mr. Roger Boschman, Editor, 'Papua New Guinea Writing'.

The three competitions are open to all residents born in Papua New Guinea.

All three competitions open 1st MAY, and close 31st JULY, 1973.

Winners will be announced after 31st AUGUST, 1973.

Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly hand-printed, on one side of paper only.

Title must appear at top of each page.

Name and address of writer must not appear on entry.

WRITER'S NAME AND ADDRESS must appear on separate sheet enclosed with entry.

- Send entries for all three competitions to LITERATURE BUREAU, Dept. of Information and Extension Services, P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu. ●

Entries may be about any subject.

A writer may send in any number of entries.

Entries will be returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence entered into.

Entries must be writer's own original work, and previously unpublished.

Writers must be prepared to offer the Literature Bureau first publication rights only for prize-winning entries.

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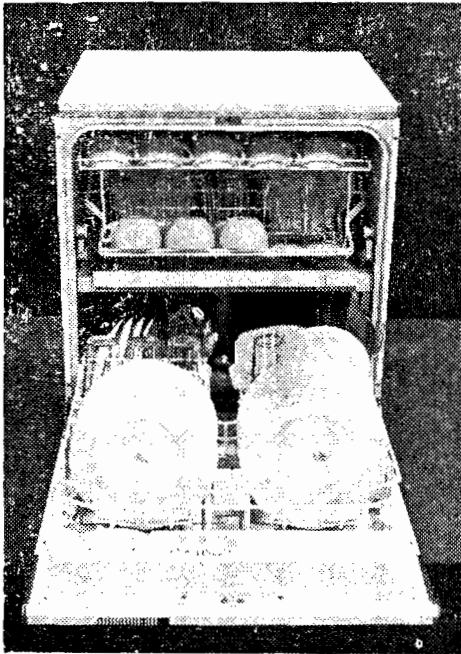
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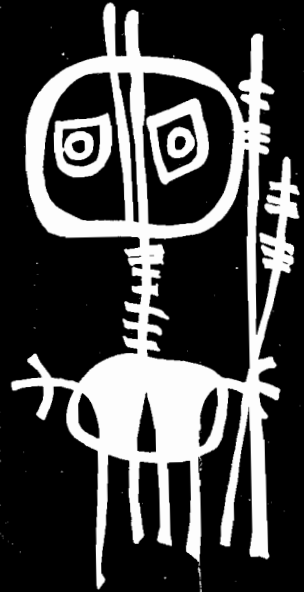
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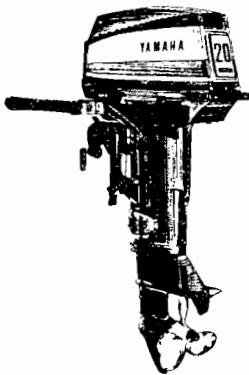
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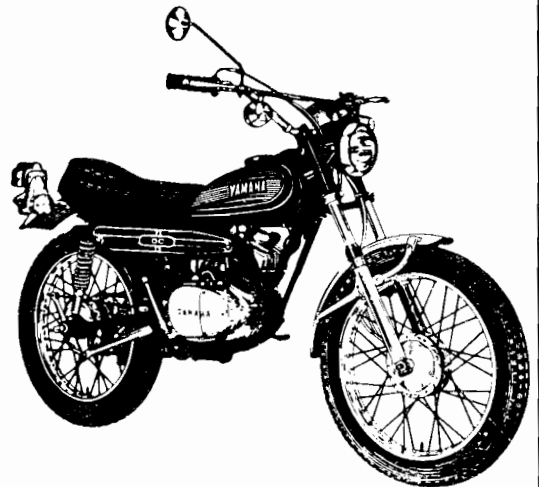


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