

## Editorial

### PIDGIN *for literature?*

There has been much discussion over the years as to the importance of the lingua franca, Neo-Melanesian Pidgin English, to the future of Papua New Guinea. In many minds Pidgin contests heavily with English as the future official national language of our country. Recently discussions have intensified. Educators are considering the need for the use of Pidgin in schools. Business and industry warn against Pidgin as a language unequal to discussions of top-level finance and technology. What about Pidgin as a language of literature?

Your Literature Bureau is often first to see trends in the use of language. The annual Poetry Competition conducted by the Bureau has for several years had a section for Pidgin poetry and response from poets has been excellent. In 1972 the Summer Institute of Linguistics approached the Bureau and offered to sponsor a new section for Pidgin and Motu writers in the annual National Short Story Contest. In its first year the new section drew thirty-five entries, of which thirty-four were in Pidgin.

The real need for a Pidgin section in the contest became apparent this year, when we received 122 stories in Pidgin, more than three times the number entered last year — a clear indication that our writers are taking Pidgin seriously as a language for creative writing.

Do you think your magazine, 'Papua New Guinea Writing' should include more stories in Pidgin? Or none at all? If we publish stories in Pidgin, should we continue to include an English translation of each story? Please write and let us know what you think! As you know, the letters we receive are considered carefully in the preparation of future issues. The magazine belongs to Papua New Guineans and your Editor tries to give you the kind of magazine you want to read.

This year's creative writing competitions have been exciting. In all three competitions the number of entries has risen remarkably and the quality of entries has also improved over previous years.

The 15th September is National Day. At a time when our country is moving rapidly towards self-government and eventual Independence, this is a day on which all thinking Papua New Guineans should carefully consider the future of their country. Knowing the importance of individual endeavour in the overall effort to create a strong and secure nation, each citizen should consider how he, personally, can help towards the development of Papua New Guinea. Our writers in particular have a great responsibility in the job of nation-building. As safety and security depend heavily upon communication among people, our writers will be increasingly called upon to use their talent and ability.

To create awareness of the importance of National Unity, your National Day Committee sponsored two competitions this year with generous prizes in each. The total prize-money offered to writers and artists was \$600. The two competitions were conducted by your Literature Bureau. In the National Unity Poetry Competition there were 244 entries and in the National Unity Poster Competition 312 posters were submitted. See page 17 for the winners.

ROGER BOSCHMAN  
Editor.

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*A bomb exploded in the middle of the village, followed by two more, then the plane climbed away. My mother was rolled away from me, dead. I was lifted by strong arms and heard my father's voice.*

# THE TERROR OF WAR

by Alois Jerewai

I remember well that terrible morning in 1942. The sun had barely risen but the villagers were already scrambling furiously about. I tugged at my mother's skirt to demand an explanation, but got no response. Instead I was swept into her arms and added to the load she already carried. I begged to walk but her only response was her heavy breathing. My father too had a load, which was very unusual for our men rarely carried loads.

My mother stepped out of the house to her death. Amid the hysterical screams of women crying after their scattered children there was the sound of an aeroplane. A bomb exploded in the centre of the village, followed by two more, then the aeroplane climbed away. All noise ceased except the echoes of the explosions. My mother was rolled away from me, dead. I was lifted by strong arms and heard my father's voice.

"Tami, Tami, answer child, are you all right? Tami, Tami, Tami! Oh, Songong!<sup>1</sup> She is dead!"

Suddenly I started crying uncontrollably, calling my mother's name, but seeing her distorted form on the ground I fell unconscious again. When I regained my senses only about three quarters of the villagers were present, those who had escaped being killed by the bombs.

Fearfully I followed my father's gaze as we hurried out of the village. From the hill we had a grand view of the ocean and saw what appeared to be dozens of logs drifting on the water. We stood there watching as they grew larger and turned out to be grey war ships. Along the beach we saw more explosions, so we continued on our way to be as far as possible from the danger.

By noon, we were a safe distance from the beach where the enemy were landing. Our men had a quick, whispered meeting and wisely decided that each family or clan of families would go to their hideouts. Their relatives from other villages would join them in the caves.

It was also decided that a close contact would be kept between each family by way of messengers. My father was the only person of our family who knew where our hideout was so he led us there. I was amazed when my father indicated a mass of huge rocks as there did not seem to be any entrance. But there was a hole twenty yards away from the rock mass. It was dark at the centre of the cave but our eyes gradually adjusted and we could see by the weak light from a hole in the roof. Father explained that the rock was mushroom-shaped and very solid. We were soon joined by our relatives from other villages. Women and children wept while men exchanged stories of the incidents in their separate villages on that fateful morning.

After five days food was in short supply. Elected work teams of men went out for food and for days we heard nothing from them. Those few days were very challenging, especially for the children. As far as I can recall, we hugged the floor and pretended that the stones rose into our stomachs and fed us. Children who cried were told by their mothers that the great spirit we were hiding from would eat us if we were found, so there was practically no noise. For a people who had never experienced food shortages this first experience needed a lot of endurance and calmness from all age groups. We were lying miserably on the floor when the men returned with food. For the first time I saw men doing the cooking for the women were too hungry to do any work. A week later a messenger from the Musaki clan told us about the closest Japanese camp. It was terrible to hear that a man from the Kanumbo clan had been tortured until he betrayed his relatives. Their hideout was raided and everyone taken prisoner. Because of that men in the other two clans, Kalaki and Pasa had sworn to die rather than betray. Our men swore the same oath also. The words were the most determined and brave I had ever heard:

In Songong's honourable name  
I promise  
I will resist the oppressor  
I will defend my kin folk  
And if I am tortured  
No matter how much pain and strain  
I have to endure

<sup>1</sup> — Songong — a village God.

I'd rather die than betray  
Pore-e-e Pakav-e-e!

That night we slept with an air of uneasiness. Deep in the night I was awakened by a humming sound. Several times it increased to a roar and then faded. Suddenly there were lights as bright as the sun outside and the explosions which followed woke everyone. Father reached for me and held me close to him. A few explosions occurred uncomfortably near the hideout.

"Do you think we have been discovered, Masa?" my father asked.

"If we have they should be in here any moment" replied my uncle.

"Sounds as if someone else is attacking them," said cousin Dewa, "All the explosions are coming from the camp."

"The explosions are not close enough to be sure whether we have been discovered or not. You all saw those large canoes with sticks which spat fire. Do you believe there is anything in this world to resist them?"

That was how little we understood the war. Until the Australians arrived we continued to ask these questions over and over: Who is fighting who? When will it all stop? Is this the end of our lives? I wish that my father, who asked these questions most, had lived to understand the war. Father's death came as the biggest shock of my life.

The war had been going on for about two years and all the food gathering was done during the nights as daylight movements were getting riskier with the increased enemy activity. We were strictly confined to our hideout during daylight.

One evening in 1944 a messenger left the Kalaki clan with an important message for us. On his way he walked through an ambush; the Japanese did not attack, but instead they followed him. Being an efficient scout he sensed the danger and turned off onto another track. But on this track another Japanese patrol was advancing and he saw the danger too late. He was caught between two enemy patrols. They shot at him and in his confusion he ran straight towards our hideout. My father, who was sentry at the entrance of the cave, saw the messenger advancing and the enemy patrol running after him through the bush. Father knew that when the Japanese broke out from the bush they would see the frightened man dash into our hideout. Without hesitation he made up his mind what to do.

As the messenger ran in through the entrance, my father ran out and away from our cave. The enemy patrol ran past our cave and on up the slope, firing at father as they went. A bullet knocked him down, but he jumped up and ran straight at the enemy, yelling as he would have in traditional tribal warfare. The suddenness of his action so surprised the pursuers that my father managed to put his spear through one Japanese heart before he was riddled with bullets.

I mourned hopelessly when told the story by those who had observed the events. During the remainder of the war many more men died; what could we do but mourn over them? What could our warriors do with only their spears as weapons? When my father died, he did not know which countries were at war and I wish all those who died asking this question could live again so they might understand. ●

# REGRET NOT

by

Sally Ann Pipi

The sun was setting over the Napa Napa hilltop as the vessel 'KUKU' slid alongside the wharf. Then all hands were on deck tying the lines to the bollards and putting the gangway down.

Kiri, a sixteen year old Marshall Lagoon girl from Keleraqwa, stepped onto the wharf, sighing with relief after twenty-four hours on the boat. She had come to Port Moresby with her parents to wed an unknown suitor. Like most village girls she did not question the arrangement of the marriage nor the suitability of the husband; she accepted it as was the custom.

The previous day had been a woe-ful one for she had left behind some-one she would never see or mention again. The very thought of him brought back memories of the lonely figure singing on the beach as they boarded the ship and set sail for Port Moresby. She could still see him clearly and in her mind his voice was still singing:

Regret not that you are leaving  
behind

Your childhood dreams,

Your childhood love,

Regret not the pains I am  
suffering

Nor the pains you will bear,

Just regret not, regret not . . .

Tears of self pity had begun to well up in her eyes when her mother's hand touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Kiri," she said, "They're here."

A truck drew up beside them and a well built young man stepped out smiling. This was Morea, her husband-to-be. His parents also got out and greetings were exchanged. Morea went ahead with the loading of their possessions, including a pig and a few baskets of vegetables. When this was done Kiri and her parents got

on the back of the truck and they drove to Morea's home at Hanuabada.

The house, of modern materials, was built over the water about twenty yards from the shore and was connected to the footpath by a narrow wharf. At the side of the wharf was a parking space especially built for the truck and it slid into place.

After unloading, the luggage was transferred to the house, the baskets to the kitchen and the pig to a pen on the back verandah. The house was large and spacious with electrical lighting and water. Kiri thought: I am lucky. After all I don't have to go for water each day, dragging those heavy drums along. Here I'm going to live like a queen. The only thing I'll miss will be a swim in the river and of course the boy I left behind.

A full moon had just risen and Morea had decided to show his new bride the beautiful sights of a different world by moonlight. He took her to the beach and they sat there watching the moon play hide and seek among the dark gloomy shadows of the hills and the tall buildings. The reflection of the city lights on the glassy surface was more picturesque than the city itself in daytime. All was quiet, for westernisation had changed the old ways; children and young men and women no longer sat on the beach and played or sang songs in the evening as they used to do. Now there was nothing but the lapping of gentle waves on the beach. The silence was broken by Morea.

"Kiri," he said, "tonight I've brought you out here to make a bargain. My mother is too old to cope with household chores. I want you to take over these duties, look after my parents, and I promise you I'll look after you and make you happy." She gave her consent to the bargain and the silence fell again. A soft sea breeze began to blow as they strolled back to the house.

The next few days saw Kiri settling down happily in her new role and her parents saw no reason why they should remain any longer. The following week they set sail for their home village.

Kiri was too much absorbed in her duties to think of her people or her home and Morea, true to his word, took her for joy-rides around the city and suburbs each evening; sometimes they would go to the pictures and each weekend they would go and watch football. Kiri was always thrilled to see the large gatherings of people. She didn't know the rules of the game but she enjoyed watching.

Once or twice a week Kiri and her mother-in-law would go marketing at Koki. Some days they would go shopping in the city or in Boroko or Waigani. She was always amazed at the high prices the people at the market and the shops charged for small amounts of food. Soon she became familiar with the area and was allowed to go on her own sometimes.

After one year a baby boy was born to Morea and Kiri and was named Teina. For days Morea did nothing but talk about his son. Each evening he would get home early in order to be with the boy. The days began to grow into weeks and the weeks into months. The baby grew bigger and at six months began to turn over on his stomach. He was an adorable child and his father spoiled him by fussing over him.

At this stage, Morea's parents decided to call their relatives for a discussion about paying the bride price for their son. When relatives from both sides of the family were present, Morea's father addressed them as was the custom.

"My relatives and my wife's relatives; my daughter-in-law came to this house a year and a half ago. Now



*Memories of their former happy times flooded into his mind . . . .*

I have grandson. I am happy but I am also old and I feel I must pay for my son's bride before anything should happen to me. I would like you to help me during the next few weeks so I can pay for my daughter-in-law when Morea takes his holidays." This address was followed by a lengthy discussion. When both parties had come to a decision a representative was chosen to deliver the reply.

"My dear brother-in-law, on behalf of members of both sides of the family I would like to thank you for the help you have given some of us in paying for our wives and others of us in paying for our daughters-in-law. In appreciation, we would like to help you and it shall be done as you wish." There was some applause. Tea was brought by Kiri and soon jokes and gossip began to pour forth from all present. The evening was a pleasant one for the whole family.

The four weeks following were busy ones for Kiri, stacking bags of flour, rice and sugar and locking away cash and shell money, while her father-in-law jotted down names or crossed off others when debts were repaid. By the end of the month, there were 200 bags of flour, 150 of rice and fifty of sugar plus \$700 in cash and 300 pieces of arm shell money.

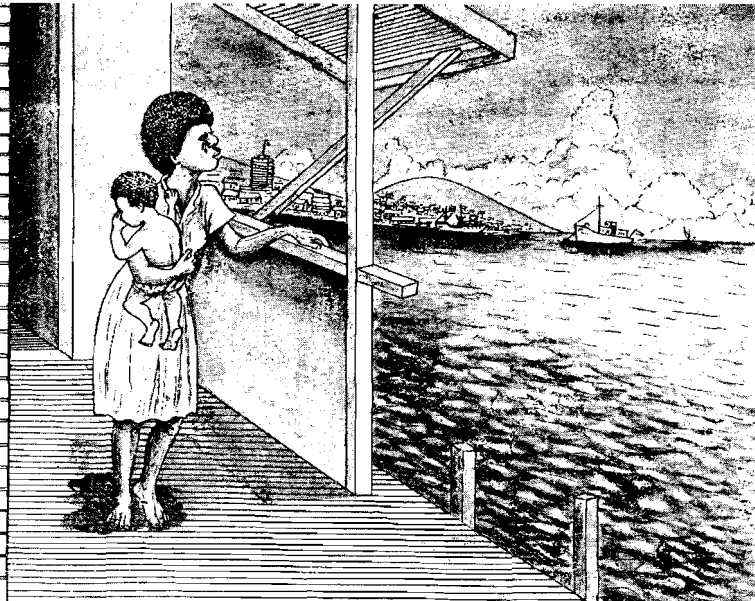
One evening Morea and two cousins who had brought their trucks took the goods and the luggage to the ship and early next morning they left Moresby. Morea spent the night fishing, and during the day showed off his son to the crew who were mostly Motuans. In the afternoon of the second day, the 'KUKU' anchored off Ke'eraqwa. Kiri was pleased to be home again; the silent longing for a swim in the river was going to be fulfilled. Double canoes appeared

from along the beach and the family and cargo were taken ashore. Kiri's parents' house was filled with dishes of home-made delicacies and all were invited to join in the feast.

The newly-arrived were too tired to stay awake for the prophet singing of the older ones and the modern music and dancing of the younger set. Early next day more steaming food was prepared and sleepers awoke to find themselves facing a feast.

At the end of the first week, the bride price was delivered into the hands of the girl's parents. As was customary, food and shell money was shared out to every person in the village but the cash was divided only among members of the immediate family on both sides. There was singing and dancing until daybreak, when

**Continued Overleaf**



Kiri saw that the ship was  
at the wharf. She knew it  
would sail the following day  
and she knew she would be  
on board.

the vessel 'KUKU' called and they took leave of Kiri's village with promises to return again the following year.

During their absence, a young widow named Lairi returned to Hanuabada from Lae. She had once been engaged to Morea but had jilted him for a foreigner who was later killed in a car accident.

Lairi kept away from Morea's area and he did not know of her return nor that she was again working with the administration. The following Monday Morea returned to work and was surprised when he came face to face with Lairi. The meeting was very painful as memories of their former happy times together flooded into his mind. Morea did his best to avoid Lairi, but as they worked in the same section it was impossible and within a month their friendship of the past began to take shape again. Morea announced to his wife that he would be doing overtime each evening and would be home late. But the overtime kept him later and later until he was coming home in the early hours of

the morning. When Kiri could stand this no longer she spoke to him about it and a frightful row broke out, after which Morea packed his belongings and departed in his truck to stay with his sister in Tokarara. He appeared at the sister's home only in the morning to change and to have breakfast, yet his sister never questioned his behaviour. Kiri's life was a nightmare. No one offered to go in search of Morea nor did anyone share her silent sufferings. She was told that Morea would return to her when he had 'cooled down', but would he? The weeks became months and not a word was heard from him. Late one night Kiri was awakened by voices. She was alert but kept motionless lest anyone should suspect her of eavesdropping. Some people were talking to her parents-in-law and every now and then Morea was mentioned.

When they had gone, her parents-in-law came to her and quietly told her that Morea was living with Lairi at her brother's place. Kiri said nothing but shed tears of pity for herself and her son. Her parents-in-law began to weep, knowing Kiri would not remain any longer and that they would lose their grandson.

Kiri did not sleep that night. Early next morning she went to the back verandah and looked out across the bay to see if the vessel 'KUKU' was at the wharf. It was. She knew it would sail the following day and she made up her mind to be on board. During the day she packed what little she and Teina owned and after a brief but sad farewell, she left her weeping parents-in-law and walked to the boat.

Late in the afternoon the lines were cast off and the vessel moved across Fairfax Harbour. The sun was just setting over the hill and a soft sea breeze was blowing. It revived in Kiri the memory of the first day she had set foot on the wharf. Her mind raced through the two years she had spent at Hanuabada. She thought of her parents-in-law and began to weep again. Then, from a passenger's transistor radio, a familiar tune rang out and with it the familiar song:

Regret not that you are leaving  
behind  
Your childhood dreams,  
Your childhood love,  
Regret not the pains I am suffering  
Nor the pains you will bear,  
Just regret not, regret not . . . . ●

## 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 or she attended, and the school form or job at present occupied.*

*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 Maker of Earthquakes

by James Purapia

Near the top of Mt. Doma, there is an old hut which many years ago was Tapuko's house. Tapuko was a young man who did not have a wife or children. He was sad as well as lonely and always wanted someone to talk with and to help him get his food but no one ever drew near him. He could not go down the mountain to visit people in the valley because the people on the slopes of Mt. Doma were enemies and would not let him pass.

One day he dreamed he had found a way to see his friends in the valley. "I know what I'll do," he said to himself, "I'll dig a tunnel down through the mountain to my friends' village. I'll come up to the surface and they'll have great joy in seeing me!" Immediately he got his implements and began digging.

After the first day's work he was not very tired, so he decided to dig through the night as well. On the following day he was feeling very tired, but his effort had brought him to a place below his friends' village. He dug his tunnel up to the surface.

On reaching the surface, covered with dirt, he was surprised to see hundreds of people staring at him. Someone screamed, "Help! It's a ghost!"

Another person said, "It's a spirit that has come to punish us." Tapuko tried to tell them he was their friend, but his mouth was full of dirt and he could not talk properly. When the people heard the strange noises he made they ran to their houses and fastened their doors.

The head man called, "It's a spirit. Don't let it in. He is not like us, he roams around inside the earth and has come to give us punishment for not providing him any food to eat. We haven't killed any pigs for him. If you let him loose he'll eat you."

Tapuko tried to shout to them but because he was so hungry and tired he didn't speak the way he would normally have done. The people thought he was speaking a spirit-language.

"He is casting a spell on us," said the chief, "Chase him away!" The

men ran towards him with their axes, bows and arrows. Some used their wives' digging sticks.

Tapuko ran to the tunnel he had made and disappeared into the ground. The village men did not follow him because they feared his spirit-friends under the ground would protect him.

Tapuko slid down the tunnel so fast he could not stop. He kept going down until he reached the centre of the earth. He was very angry with his friends for being so cruel to him and he decided to stay at the centre of the earth for the remainder of his life.

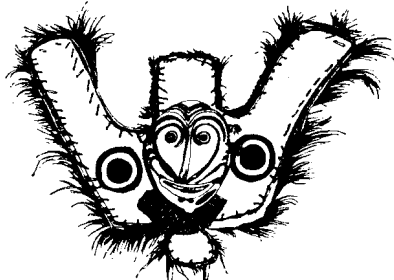
He saw some ropes hanging there and thought he would get back at those cruel people by shaking the earth to scare them. He swung on the ropes, shaking the earth, and the people experienced the first earthquake.

In the present day, whenever we feel an earthquake we know it is Tapuko swinging on the ropes in the centre of the earth. ●

Reaching the surface, he found hundreds of people staring at him. Someone screamed, "It's a ghost!"







## POET'S CORNER

with Jack Lahui

### A warning to student writers

This year's competition in poetry has been especially blessed with the creation of a new section. A prize of twenty-five dollars was offered by an anonymous donor for poems by high school students. This was the most popular section and I would like to thank those teachers and others who took the time and trouble to let students know of the competition.

Of course not all the entries were the students' own work. For example there was a poem titled "WOMEN OF NEW GUINEA" which was a direct derivation from Camara Laye's dedication poem to his mother. With a few alterations of landscape and the names of people as well as the river Niger, the poem would have gone through to the judging stage and may have won a prize had I not in my high school days read "THE AFRICAN CHILD". A highlight of this year's plagiarism was from a poem which I had written called "NEW GUINEA MONEY". The poet had added a few more lines and called it his own. I regret to advise that if the poem had been published I would have been entitled to the payment and he would not. May I point out that those who sell other people's works are running severe risks, as well as displaying a form of dishonesty equal to theft. I wish to point out to students that I was educated in a similar high school and I know what level of vocabulary they attained because I myself speak like them.

On the other hand I have nothing but praise for those entries which I found to be original. Most pleasing was the fact that in simple poems, such as those which you will find in this issue, the students displayed what I call the 'POWER OF THOUGHT'. I can confidently say that these students are potential writers.

The poems you will find in this issue are not prize winners but runners-up or those commended. The winning poems will appear in our December, 1973 and March, 1974 issues.

JACK LAHUI,  
Assistant Editor.

### TOWN LIFE

Suffering with hunger  
I roam  
back to my tinsack.  
I'm dead.  
Daybreak  
wakes me up.  
What else?  
Dressed in rags  
I roam and  
stare at passing vehicles,  
stare at the stores,  
stare at the rich and the poor,  
at the prostitutes.  
Back to my tinsack.  
I'm dead.  
A knock  
on my door.  
My wantok.  
"Yes wantok?"  
So monotonous  
is town life.  
It offers me  
nothing.

Jerick Sipmand

### A BOOK

On the shelf you stand  
with your mouth closed.  
So miserable and so lonely you look.  
Like a statue  
you stand with no movement.  
I pass you up  
and I pass you down . . .  
still you make no movement.  
But when I open your mouth  
you tell me tales of the world.

Nell Pajen

### TOWN PROSTITUTE

Like a beggar  
she wanders from street to street.  
Dragging her thongs  
is her habit.  
She laughs and giggles  
and attracts a thousand hungry men  
from whom  
her profits boom.  
She is proud of her stock in trade  
For her lips  
are as sweet  
as honey,  
and her charm  
and tender embrace  
satisfies a thousand.

William Pialkolos



## BLINDNESS

As a blind person  
 Here I sit in my chair  
 Like a prisoner guarded by darkness  
 Not knowing to exact environment  
 Not knowing the sight of this world.  
 Like a new born baby  
 Seeing, but not seeing  
 Needing to be guided.  
 I take stick and leave my chair  
 Someone to show the way.  
 I hear the singing and laughing  
 I smell the cooking,  
 Blind forever.  
 Seeing, but not seeing.

Tamagu Gale

## BANANA TREE

See that banana tree  
 With leaves and food swaying?  
 It is not held up with one root,  
 But many weak roots unite  
 And hold up the trunk  
 And the fruit.  
 Let's be like these weak roots  
 And hold the banana tree  
 Upright.

Okut Matak

## FAN

Up above me you hang  
 With your fingers stretching  
 out from the centre.  
 Round and round they spin,  
 looking down on me  
 Whispering cool words.

Nell Pajen

## LICE IN MY HAIR

Motionless,  
 I sit in silence  
 feeling the parasite as he moves  
 In revolutions  
 it tours my frizzy hair  
 laying its eggs  
 Insanely  
 I scream,  
 Ohhh! How painfully it bites!  
 When wartime comes  
 he escapes and is not to be found.  
 What cowardice?  
 I rush for military aid  
 an atom bomb will do.

Jerrick Sipmaul

## THE PAWPAW TREE

Like a naked girl  
 I stand  
 with a hundred arms outstretched  
 Seven odd fingers on each arm, and  
 my breasts that hang down from my body.  
 You ignore my breasts  
 when they are green  
 but when they are  
 mature  
 you steal them from me  
 and  
 feed on their sweet juices.

William Pialkolos

## HOMESICK

Sitting there all on my own  
 looking out to the sea  
 thinking of the time when  
 I will be sailing on it  
 back to home.  
 I miss my mother calling  
 I miss my little sister chattering  
 I miss everyone  
 by sitting here all alone  
 thinking back of home.  
 Turning around  
 I am disturbed by the pealing of the bell  
 I get up reluctantly  
 to go and answer the call  
 of the bell  
 leaving all my imaginations about home  
 to rest.

Olive Maude

## CIVILISATION

Dark  
 as midnight  
 evil were their thoughts  
 Black were their doings  
 Fierce were they  
 And everything was dark  
 But  
 a bright candle opened the midnight gate.

Elsie Markuas

## DEATH

When all is quiet  
 I wander in depth unknown  
 Through forests green, rivers clear  
 Over rocks and pebbles  
 Of sparkling gold and silver  
 Never touch anything  
 Nor say anything  
 Only these eyes of mine  
 Lighten the path before me  
 The path  
 Where there is no RETURN.

William Pialkolos



"Come on, take the money," my aunt ordered.

# OUR CUSTOM

by

Mesia Novau

I saw the old couple in a shop in Mount Hagen. It was across the counter that I first noticed the old lady. It seemed to me I knew her and I looked again and tried to recall where I had seen her before. My mind went back to the time, a few months before, when I had been leaving Port Moresby for Mount Hagen. I remembered an old man saying to me: "Grandson, you'll meet your aunt at Hagen, and your cousins also. They are all up there." He said this while struggling with his toothless gums on the betelnut in his mouth. At last I recalled the woman's face. I had met her in the village about five years previously. She looked older now and her teeth were stained brown from the constant chewing of betelnuts.

I waited at the entrance to the big shop for them to come out. My uncle stopped to speak to a man while my aunt continued towards me. I looked at her and smiled. She smiled at me and grasped my arm.

"Look at you!" she exclaimed, "You are so big I didn't recognize you at first." She turned to her husband who had finished his conversation and was staring at me.

"Know this boy?" my aunt asked him. "He is my cousin-brother's son." She mentioned my father's name. I shook hands with my uncle. "We live at Minj," my aunt continued, "very far from Hagen so you won't see us often. I have heard about you, though." My aunt was talking in that old fashioned way our women have when they are excited about things. She was smiling when she mentioned her two boys at University.

"I'm working at the High School," I told her. She didn't seem to hear me.

"You know Doresi?" she enquired.

"Yes," I replied. Doresi was one of my cousins who married a man from somewhere close to Alotau. "I know where they live."

"We are going there and then we'll take a truck and go to Minj." Her husband seemed to be a quiet man; he just looked at us while my aunt and I were talking.

"We can walk together to their house, then I'll leave you and go to the High School," I told my aunt.

We started walking to my cousin's place. My aunt was talking about her two sons again, how they came to spend their holidays and how they went back to the University. We went up the short street and soon I was surrounded by shy children. They didn't know I was their cousin. Some bit their fingers in shyness, others just stared at me like alarmed little chickens. We went into the house and met my cousin Doresi and sat down to talk.

"Any betelnuts?" I asked.

"Give us the bag, children," my uncle ordered. The bag was passed to my uncle who found a betelnut and gave it to me. We all sat and chewed betelnuts. My aunt worked her way into one of her big brown parcels from the store and brought out a smaller parcel which contained a frozen chicken. She threw it to Doresi. "Cook it for you and your cousin," my aunt advised.

"No aunt, I'm going back to the High School to eat," I told her.

"Never mind! You stay here and your cousin will cook the chicken for you."

"No aunt, I have to go home," I protested strongly.

"Did you spend all the money?" she asked my uncle.

"No, I still have some left."

"Let me see how much." I thought they were going to buy something.

"Give it to him." My aunt's voice made me turn around. I saw in my uncle's hand a five dollar note which he was offering to me.

"No uncle, I don't need any money. I'm living alone in my house. You've got your children to take care of and . . . ." I was interrupted by my aunt's voice.

"You take it! Come on, take the money from your uncle." My uncle was embarrassed. I protested. My aunt was encouraging. There was a short silence. Then my uncle stretched his arm and put the money in my shirt pocket.

"Now grandfather won't be angry with us," my aunt said with satisfaction.

They went on to talk about other matters but as they chatted, I was deep in thought. Why was I forced to accept money I didn't need? Surely they knew I didn't need it. My mind searched for possible candidates of

whom my aunt might be frightened. I thought of my mother's father. Not likely. My aunt's father? Yes, that was it. It was a custom that we must do something for our relatives when we see them for the first time after many years. If we didn't do this the spirits of our dead relatives would come and trouble us. This was why my aunt was so keen that I accept the money

whether I needed it or not; it was a custom. I had refused the chicken so I must accept the money. She thought that her grandfather, who had died long before I was born, would be troubled if my aunt and her relatives had done nothing for me!

The truck arrived and we went to see them off. They smiled at me and waved good-bye as the truck moved off towards Minj.

I turned and walked back to the High School still thinking about the dead grandfather. These people thought he was going to turn over in his grave if they did not do something for me. It seemed ridiculous in this day and age, but it was a tradition and I realised that in spite of the new way of life in Papua New Guinea, some of the old customs would die slowly. ●

# THE GIRL FROM THE SEA

by Lohia Lala

A long time ago a boy lived with his parents in a big house at Moro'one. He was so shy he would hide in the roof of the house when his parents went away to the garden.

One day when his parents had gone to their gardens, and he had decided no one was nearby, the boy took his spear and went down to the beach to spear some fish. As he was walking along the beach he saw a strangely-shaped rock in the shallow water. He went to it, turned it over and found it was a girl covered with seaweed. As soon as he saw the girl he turned and ran away. The girl watched him and decided to follow but on the way she lost sight of him. She asked some people if they had seen the boy, but they said they had not.

After many hours of searching, she found an old man who told her of the shy boy and pointed to the house. The girl went to the house but found no one inside; the boy was hiding in the roof as he had always done.

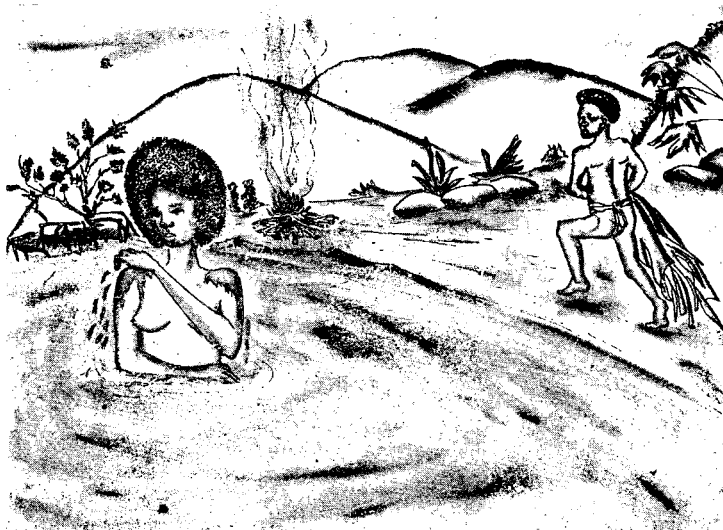
After a while the girl lit a fire and cooked some food so that in the afternoon when the boy's parents came home they were pleasantly surprised to find a fire going and food ready to be eaten. The boy's parents were amazed to see the girl covered in seaweed and they asked her many questions, but they ate the food and agreed it was very good.

The girl told the old couple about the boy who had run away from her. The mother called to her son and he came down from the roof. The girl was very surprised at this but decided she liked the boy and after a few weeks they were married.

Every day the boy's wife went to bathe in the sea. She would whisper magic words, the seaweed would fall away from her and she would go into the water to wash. One day the boy stayed near the beach while his wife went to bathe. When she went into

the water, he took the seaweed and burned it. When the girl had finished bathing she found her seaweed garment was missing, but the boy's mother had seen what had happened and she brought some new clothes and gave them to the girl. She was delighted and decided to wear normal traditional clothing for the rest of her life.

The village people had a large feast in Moro'one to celebrate the girl's change to normal living. Today in Moro'one you can still see the house where the boy and girl lived. ●

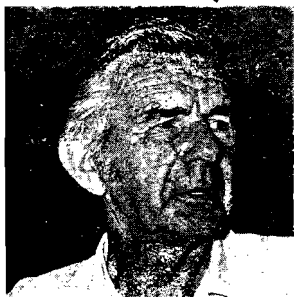


*While she was in the water,  
he took her clothing and  
burned it.*

## PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S FIRST

# ADVANCED WRITERS' COURSE

JUNE 24TH - JULY 6TH, 1973



OLAF RUHEN, tutor for the course. Mr Ruhen, an internationally noted author, has written 30 books and more than 300 short stories. He conducts a regular Write:s' Workshop at the Sydney University.

A PART OF THE AUSTRALIA

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

CULTURAL EXCHANGE SCHEME

## REPORT:

The Advanced Writers' Course was held from 25th June to 6th July and was made possible by a grant from the Australian Department of External Territories through the Australian Council for the Arts under the Australia-Papua New Guinea Cultural Exchange Scheme.

Tutor for the course was the internationally noted author, Mr Olaf Ruhen. Arrangements in Papua New Guinea were made by the Department of Education and the Department of Information and Extension Services with assistance from the University of Papua New Guinea and the Centre for Creative Arts.

The course began with 14 students and ended with 11 who received certificates. Participants were the pick of Papua New Guinea's creative writers, those who had shown considerable and consistent ability in creative expression. Most had had work published and many were working on novels. They were nominated by various agencies concerned with the development of creative writing in Papua New Guinea, including the Literature Bureau of the Department of Information and Extension Services, the University of Papua New Guinea, the Centre for Creative Arts and the Goroka Teachers' College.

Students with whom I spoke during the course were enthusiastic, particularly with Mr Ruhen's approach to instruction in creative writing. They

said he made no attempt to mould their attitudes but left them entirely free to pursue their individual approaches to fictional situations.

I have also spoken to students recently, one month after the course, and have learned that since the course was held they have gone through all of their recent short stories, revising and self-editing. They all feel their work has improved immensely and that they have therefore benefited greatly from the course. Every student I have seen has asked whether a similar course could be held next year.

Mrs Marjorie Crocombe, a visitor from Fiji and observer for part of the course, said she had been impressed by the way Mr Ruhen tried to develop originality and individuality in the writing of members of the course.

Mr Ruhen commented that he would like to see a larger group and also a greater cross-section of writers including those less sophisticated if a second course were to be held.

I believe I speak for all Papua New Guinean writers, the Department of Information and Extension Services, the Department of Education, the Centre for Creative Arts and the University when I express our sincere gratitude to the Department of External Territories and the Australian Council for the Arts for making the Advanced Writers' Course possible.

ROGER BOSCHMAN

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RIGHT: Tutor Olaf Ruhen looks to see how Livingston Sorisori is progressing with a writing exercise, while John Wills Kaniku considers his approach to a fictional situation.

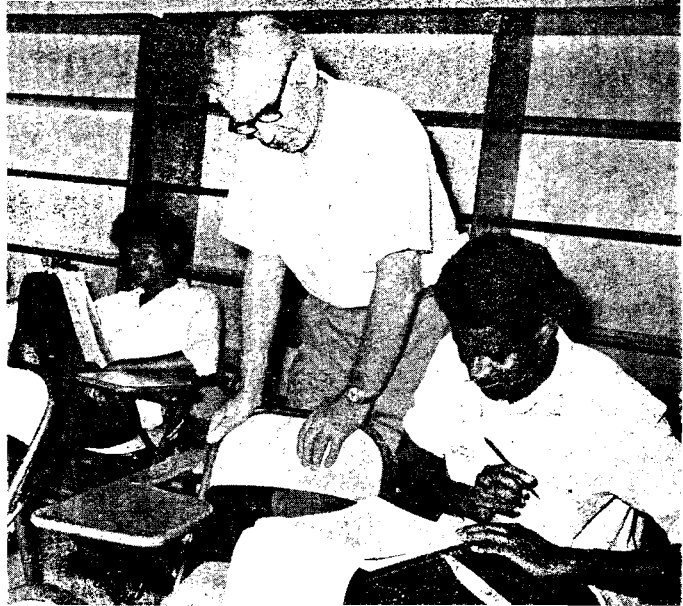
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BELOW: The graduates, with tutor.

FRONT ROW (left to right): Tau Peruka, John Kaniku, Joe Saruva, Allain Jaria.

MIDDLE ROW: Livingston Sorisori, Peter Kama Kerpi, Allan Natachee.

BACK ROW: Jack Lahui, Alois Jerewai, Olaf Ruhen, Benjamin Umba, Michael Tomun.





*Then the Principal introduced the next speaker for the occasion.*

# GRADUATION by Benjamin Umba

We all jumped out of the Toyota hastily and brushed off the thick layer of dust that had accumulated on us from the Highlands Highway. There were eleven passengers altogether, among them several students from Sogeri High School, a couple of teachers, the father of one of the graduates, several seminarians, Father Wurtz and myself. The ten passengers had already been packed like sardines before I had gotten aboard, but being a tiny bag of bones weighing only ninety-three pounds, I had had little difficulty slipping into the tiny space reserved for me by Father Wurtz.

When the others had stepped down I put my leather hand-bag into the car. It contained a bottle of Bacardi for my cousin Michael Omuk who was graduating that year. The bag safe, I slammed the car door and stood near it, letting my eyes wander in all directions, like one of those powerful searchlights, but they were unable to focus on a familiar face. The other

passengers had disappeared into the crowd of approximately five hundred. I decided to wait.

A masculine voice behind my back was commenting on the weather, saying that it was a very fine morning and prophesying it would remain fine for the rest of the day, which it did. Another speaker said the sun was too hot, and I agreed, scratching my sparsely-haired head in a futile effort to relieve it from the scorching heat. I turned around and faced them just to let them know that they had a sympathetic listener who was also conscious of the hot weather. One of them nodded with a smile which I thought meant 'Good morning'. I said 'Hello' to them.

I returned to my original posture. A teacher-trainee was distributing some papers. Those who had already gotten theirs were paging through them with the same excitement I usually feel when I turn to the bottom of the second page of our national

daily newspaper, the Post-Courier, to see the Fred Basset comic strip. I walked over lazily and got one. On the front cover I read 'KAWARAS TEACHERS' COLLEGE, GRADUATION CEREMONY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1972.' The inside of the front cover carried the day's programme while the following pages mentioned the graduates, their districts and their scholastic distinctions.

The first exercise for the day was the opening Mass which was to commence at ten o'clock. With fifteen minutes to spare, I began to study the crowd. Most of them were teacher-trainees. There were girls with tight mini-skirts, dark jeans or flashing slacks. I thought they were in the wrong place and that they would be better suited to cities like London, New York or Paris. Most of them were not concerned about their hair styles and since they all had short curly hair I could understand — the possibilities for adaption to modern hair styles were limited.

Few wore footwear, while those who wore thongs had the very cheap ones bought at Chinese shops in town. I thought that if they cared to they could have been much more sophisticated. Some of the girls had red and yellow hibiscus flowers planted in their hair, reminding me of the colourful Melanesian and Polynesian girls on the covers of Pacific phonograph record albums.

The graduating men, who were the more prominent among the crowd, wore white, long-sleeved and heavily starched shirts, big fancy belts, and blue or black trousers, which reached down to their heels. All wore either brown or black shoes, highly polished. Most of them had ties of varying colours which at that time of the day were flying in the gentle south-eastern breeze.

I also noticed that some of the fellows wore beards or had adopted the latest style of sideburns probably similar to those worn by their favourite movie stars. The beards reminded me of my high school days when our principal, if he thought we needed a shave, would tap us on our shoulders and suggest in a fatherly and gentlemanly way, that we 'learn to use the razor blade.'

Apart from the graduates, the trainees weren't very concerned with what they wore. At least they all had a presentable appearance which was all that mattered. Some of the undergraduates, in particular the women, had loose lap-laps around their waists (for some this meant their spare tyres) which bore the designs of hibiscus and frangipani flowers. I gather these were the group who insisted on preserving their Melanesian identity, though with our present generation, one begins to wonder if it views itself as Melanesian with a unique identity that is worth preserving.

The visitors too were well dressed. Most of the men came from town or the neighbouring villages and hamlets just to kill time — and to prove to their women that they had no time to chop firewood.

About five minutes before Mass, I began to meet many of my friends, former class mates who welcomed me to their college with open arms and with warm and masculine handshakes. I admired their beautiful college and openly regretted that I had applied for and had been accepted for another profession. Most of them

nodded their understanding and I was relieved when a couple of them mentioned that my career was just as important and beneficial to our people and country as was the teaching profession. We were still conversing when one of them suddenly reminded us that it was time for Mass. Our conversation ceased and we headed for the chapel. People were swarming into it like children who think that they are late for a film starring John Wayne.

Just then, I met cousin Michael. We greeted each other cordially and I let him go into the chapel; we would meet again after Mass.

I looked into the chapel from the doorway. The hall could accommodate about two hundred people at the most, but on this particular occasion, it carried well over its normal capacity. For hygienic reasons, I decided to stay outside.

It was a Con-celebrated Mass with thirteen priests and two bishops of the Roman Rite. One of the bishops presided as the main celebrant. It was a guitar Mass, and with the powerful soprano voices of the women and Catholic nuns blending harmoniously with the tenor and bass of the men and boys, it was very impressive, almost professional.

The songs were Negro spirituals or those modern church songs composed and sung by the Medical Mission Sisters of America, that rich and affluent nation on the other shore of the Pacific. I had learned a couple of the songs in high school, so I hummed the sweet melody while my feet tapped the ground in rhythm to the beat of the guitars. I couldn't participate as actively in the liturgy as I had hoped, but at least I was there in spirit — if I had one.

After Mass, Omuk and I walked to the area where the graduation exercises were to be held. Omuk sat on one of the chairs arranged for the graduates while I went and stood at the rear. According to the paper with which I had been fanning myself, there were speeches to be delivered by the Principal, the President of the Students' Representative Council of the college, and our Honourable Member of the House of Assembly, followed by presentation of awards, prizes and certificates.

At the front was a crude shelter with open sides, erected by the trainees to protect the VIP's from the

scorching heat of the noonday sun. From the shelter to where I stood, a distance of approximately twenty metres, were row after row of chairs occupied by the graduates and potential graduates. Other visitors like myself stood at the back.

As the Principal stood up to address the crowd, I noticed a lot of amateur photographers rushing here and there, trying desperately to find a suitable spot from which to capture the proceedings for posterity.

Just then an elderly European whom I later learned to be one of the staff members departing that Christmas, rushed behind me. I turned around to see him adjusting his camera to snap a picture of the Principal and his students. Charity told me that I was an obstruction, so I withdrew. He must have noticed me through his view-finder for he awarded me with a smile. It was very rare to receive a cordial smile from a white man and I wished I'd a camera to photograph him, to prove it had really happened.

The Principal delivered his speech while the atmosphere thickened with tension and excitement. "Dear Bishops, Mr Minister, graduates, graduates-to-be and visiting guests. I, on behalf of the staff here, welcome you all to the fifth graduation ceremony of Kwaras Teachers' College . . ."

In his speech he presented to us, in brief, the interesting history of the College, the parting members of the staff, statistics of the teachers it had already produced since its recent foundation and new developments during the 1972 school year.

He concluded by saying, "I say good-bye to all you graduating young men and women and wish you all bright and prosperous futures in your careers," and begged them not to neglect their religious obligations. "I welcome back our first year men and women who will be returning next February for another wonderful year of schooling," and shed a few bitter tears which were to leave lasting impressions in the hearts of the students. I found the Principal a very impressive and eloquent man and greatly admired his virtues, if you could call them virtues.

The audience clapped as he concluded his speech. By then the sun was

Continued overleaf



## GRADUATION Continued

hot; many people were fanning themselves with their programmes and I found myself doing the same.

Then the Principal introduced the next speaker for the occasion — the President of the Students Representative Council. The President emerged from the shelter. His wide black tie, long sleeved white shirt, blue trousers and shining black shoes told their own story — the exemplary student, a model for all. He delivered his sentimental speech with unsteady legs and a quavering voice, completely different from the strong and powerful voice he would have used to call messages from one highland ridge to the next in the traditional way.

He expressed his sincere gratitude and deep appreciation to the rest of the students and staff for the wonderful spirit of cooperation rendered in the smooth functioning of their institution. He thanked the staff for taking and fashioning him into a young educated Highlander, ready to go into the world to teach — (probably to his own district). In this, he said, he was expressing openly the feelings of so many of his colleagues. He thanked the two bishops present and the others who were not present, for their financial support and added that, had it not been for their assistance, some of them would not have been where they were.

He concluded with a final farewell to all the staff members, fellow graduates and returning students, wished them all the best for a successful and promising career and, like the Principal, shed a few bitter tears. He sat down while the audience clapped and fanned themselves.

The next speaker for the occasion, again introduced by the Principal, was the Honourable member of the House of Assembly.

The member, in the speech which he had to read from a neatly typewritten paper he had brought with him from Port Moresby, expressed his joy at the large number of graduates. He emphasised the country's urgent need for certified indigenous teachers, explained succinctly their role as teachers and the insatiable demand for them by their people and country. Like the two previous orators he wished them the best of luck in the future. After he finished reading his speech, he re-

turned to his seat while the crowd clapped loudly and furiously, most probably in appreciation for the accurate reading.

The Principal called out the names of students who then went up to receive their awards and prizes from one of the bishops. Some of them had achieved fame for outstanding literary contributions while others were acknowledged as the best at sports or athletics. The photographers hurried to take pictures.

Then the graduation certificates were presented. As the Principal called out the names of the graduates in alphabetical sequence, he or she went up to receive a certificate amidst clapping, laughter, shouting, whistling and a thousand and one other unintelligible noises. When I noticed familiar faces or heard names with which I was reasonably well acquainted, I clapped louder than ever and cursed myself for not bringing my Instamatic 50 camera along. After the speeches, awards, certificates, and what-nots, the President announced a fifteen minute break, to be followed by luncheon at one o'clock. During that time I ran around, like a chicken with its head chopped off, looking for my cousin Omuk. When I found him we walked over to the Toyota. There I got my bottle of Bacardi which was carefully wrapped in one of the pages of the Post-Courier, and presented it to him.

The entire crowd was on the move. Parents were congratulating older students or graduates; graduating men and women were congratulating one another. Staff congratulated students, pastors congratulated graduating parishioners and encouraged the younger ones. And of course wantoks<sup>1</sup> were congratulating wantoks.

At one o'clock we headed for the dining hall. By the time we arrived many people were there already; bishops, clergymen and women, students, graduates in their graduation suits and guests. Busy stewards and stewardesses walked briskly to and from the kitchen serving dishes and picking up the empty ones to be washed and refilled. All the seats were occupied so we couldn't sit down. However we noticed many people simply walking from one table to the next, eating with their hands. Such acts may be considered outlandish

and philistine and the actors untutored. However, we followed suit.

After lunch we went outside and sat on a nicely trimmed lawn. My young men and women friends asked me to spend the night with them, persuading me by saying that the most enjoyable exercise of the graduation would be performed that night when the boys and girls got together without parental or academic supervision. Unfortunately, I had to return home that afternoon.

While we were seated, I saw some graduates and their visiting friends and relatives lining up to be photographed. The photographer was using a Polaroid camera. After they heard the familiar 'click', the subjects would rush towards him, anxious to see the print and they quarrelled as to who would take final possession of the picture. For some, in particular the older relatives, it was the first time they had seen a box which took their picture, developed it, printed it, and returned the finished product within an incredibly short time. Although they would never comprehend the process involved (even I don't), they were delighted to see their own children handling the white man's magical box with no difficulty. Although he charged them fifty cents for the finished product, he was getting many clients and was making easy money.

Around two o'clock, the visitors prepared to leave. A Toyota pulled to an abrupt stop near some trainees including two girls. The men opened the front door to let the two girls sit on the front seats. When both girls got in, they closed the door and they themselves jumped onto the rear of the truck. I knew that they were the more sophisticated Highlanders who had learned to give first preference to the New Guinean women. This wasn't the outcome of the notorious Women's Liberation Movement in Papua New Guinea, it was ordinary 'courtesy' learned from Europeans.

I said good-bye to my friends, climbed aboard, and headed home after a most satisfying day.



<sup>1</sup> Wantoks — persons who speak the same language.

# NEWS ABOUT THE COMPETITIONS

## WINNERS ANNOUNCED

### IN THE NATIONAL UNITY COMPETITIONS

CONDUCTED BY THE LITERATURE BUREAU

Sponsored by the National Day Committee

## The Poster Winners....

**PRIMARY SECTION:** First Prize: (\$50) Pos Ena, Primary School, Ialibu, S.H.D. Second Prize: (\$25) Andrew, Lake Kopiago Primary School, S.H.D. Third Prize: (\$10) Kokoa Kila, Milfordhaven Primary School, Lae.

Three Special Prizes of \$5 each went to: Kailagesi Asera, Esa'ala Primary School, Normanby Island, M.B.D.; Guari Peter, Chungribu Free Mail Bag, via Wewak; D. David Wi, Primary School, Erave, S.H.D.

**SECONDARY SECTION:** All the prizes were won by students at Kila Kila High School in the Central District. First Prize: (\$50) Memafu Kapera. Second Prize: (\$25) Leiti Gege. Third Prize: (\$10) Vali Vele. The three Special Prizes of \$5 each went to Jacob Harry, Babani Onno and Api Gima.



Leiti Gege,  
Kila Kila High School.

**SECOND  
PRIZE**

**\$25**



Memafu Kapera,  
Kila Kila High School.

**FIRST  
PRIZE**

**\$50**

**TIERTIARY-ADULT SECTION:** First Prize: (\$50) Vela Kila, Karakara Primary School, Daru, W.D. Second Prize: (\$25) John Gordon-Kirby, Nipa, S.H.D. Third Prize: (\$10) Felix Uwaik, St. Benedict's Teachers' College, Wewak, E.S.D. The three Special Prizes went to: L. Maki, University of Papua New Guinea; Rambai Poponawa, Wesleyan Mission Taguru, Pangia, S.H.D.; Lahui Sibona, Kristen Pres, Madang.

The winner of the \$25 Second Prize in the Tertiary-Adult Section asked that his prize be donated to the Papua New Guinea Red Cross.

## ... and the Poetry Winners

**PRIMARY SECTION:** First Prize: (\$40) Yanggor Saildor, Bumsol Primary School, Karkar Island. Second Prize: (\$25) Markilong Banguk, Bumsol Primary School. Third Prize: (\$10) Ware Nul, Primary School, Au'um, Kundiawa. The five Special Prizes of \$5 each went to: Alwin Akus, Malu Langgas and Nagu Gam of Bumsol Primary School and to Wanuhali Haworo of Mount Murray Primary School, Samberigi, via Erave, S.H.D., and Stephanie Morobang of Holy Spirit School, Madang.

**SECONDARY SECTION:** First Prize: (\$60) Serah Kandi, Madina High School, via Kavieng. Second Prize: (\$25) Desi Mimiangas, Madina High School. Third Prize: (\$15) Kaigabu Kamana, Cameron High School, Alotau.

**TIERTIARY-ADULT SECTION:** First Prize: (\$60) William Buza, Holy Trinity Teachers' College, Mt. Hagen. Second Prize: (\$25) Theresia Asong, O.L.S.H. Teachers' College, Kabaleo, E.N.B. Third Prize: (\$15) Gapi Iamo, Lasitewa Hall, University of Papua New Guinea.



*Em i tinktink long peles na em karai. He thought of home and he cried.*

## MOSBI NAMBAWAN PELES

by Pu Damania

Kua em i wampela yangpela man bilong Hailans, peles bilong em i stap klostu long Kundiawa. Na em i rabisman tru. Em i nogat kolos na moni. Ol meri bilong peles i no save laikim em, bilong wonem em save putim ol brukruk trausis na brukbruk set. Na em i wori tru long em yet. Em tinktink long kisim planti kolos na moni, tasol olsem wonem?

"Kua, Mosbi, Mosbi!"

Kua em kirap nogut tru dispela singaut. Em tink husat i kolim nem bilong em na kolim Mosbi, Mosbi. Em i go ausait long haus bilong em na lukim barata bilong em singaut i kam.

Kua askim barata bilong em: "Wonem samting rong na yu kolim nem bilong mi na tok Mosbi, Mosbi?"

Na barata bilong em i tok: "Mi gat gupela stori long tokim yu. Ol sampela man bilong peles ol i go daun long Mosbi na ol i tok olsem. 'Mosbi, em i namba wan peles tru. I gat planti wok, moni na ol kolos istap.' Ol i tok: 'Yu wok, bai yu kisim bikpela pe na masta bilong yu bai givim planti kolos na olgeta samting long yu. Taim yu kam bek bai ol meri bilong peles bai seksek long yu na ol bai kam pulap long haus bilong yu. Bai yu maritim ol.' Yu tink wonem long dispela stori?"

"Barata mi tink tru long dispela stori. Bipo mi harim wankain stori ol man i go long Mosbi. Mi lukim long ai bilong mi olsem ol putim gupela kolos taim ol i kam bek long peles. Sampela ol man ol i nogut, tasol ol i go long Mosbi na kam bek na maritim ol gupela meri."

Kua harim dispela stori bipo na nau harim gen. Em amamas tru long go long Mosbi. Em kirap na askim barata bilong em: "Hamas bai yumi baiim balus i go long Mosbi na kam bek gen? Mi laik go kwiktai na kisim wok na kisim ol dispela kolos na samting. Nogut ol narapela man harim stori na ol i go kwik na kisim ol dispela gupela samting."

Barata bilong Kua kirap na tok: "Yu bai baiim \$20 long balus i go daun long Mosbi na \$20 i kam bek long peles."

Kua tokim barata bilong em olsem em bai painim moni kwiktai na em bai go long Mosbi kwik. Em askim barata bilong em na em givim \$20. Na em yet gat \$20. Kua na barata bilong em tupela silip long haus bilong em.

Monintaim tru em tok gutbai long barata bilong em na em i go long Kundiawa T.A.A. opis na baiim balus tiker na ol i kisim em wantaim sampela man. I kam long balus. Em i namba wan taim tru bilong em long palai. Em tink tink long go long Mosbi kwiktaim. Em tink Mosbi na Mosbi. Em laik i go kwiktaim na kisim wok na kisim ol kolos na moni.

Kua harim kepten tok Mosbi na em i amamas tru. Em bihainim sampela man na ol i kam daun long balus. Ol man i go na sindaun long rum wet na em i wokabaut i go antap long taun na em i pret tru long haus, kar na ol kainkain man i go insait na kam arasait long stua. Kua kirap na i go insait long wanpela stua na askim nambawan. "Masta, yu gat wok?" Na masta kirap nogut na tok: "Yu doti man na sikin bilong yu olsem pukpuk. Raus i go!"

Kua pret nogut tru na em i kam arasait long stua. Ol man na masta lukim em na ol lap long em. Na em i wokabaut i go long narapela stua na em askim masta: "Masta, yu gat

wok?" Na masta i tok: "You tok wonem? Mi no gat wok olsem yu doti man. Nogut mi kolim polis i kam na askim yu long wok. Yu raus nau!"

Kua em harim masta tok polis na em i pret nogut tru. Na em tu i pret long askim moa wok. Long peles em i no save mekim trabel na em i no save i go long kot o polis. Em na em i kam na klostu kisim trabel wori nogut olsem ol peles man i go na mekim giaman stori long Mosbi na nogat haus, kaikai na wok. Em wokabaut i go antap tru long taun. Klostu tudak na em i hangre tu. Em gat \$20 tasol bilong balus i go bek long peles. Em lukluk raun long peles bilong silip tasol no gat peles. Em i go aninit long wanpela daram na em silip. Nait em i no silip gut, bilong wonem natnat na em kol nogut tru.

Nait em i kirap na tinktink bek long peles long gutpela paia na gutpela kaukau na planti wantok long raun wantaim. Em tinktink olsem na em karai.

Monintaim tru em kirap na i go

long balus na baiim tiker bilong balus na wet. Em harim kepten tok: "Ol man bilong Kundiawa antap long balus." Em harim kepten tok olsem na em bihainim sampela man na ol i go insait long balus.

Nau em hangre nogut tru, tasol em tinktink long go bek peles kwiktaim. Em harim ensin bilong balus kirap na bihain ol i go antap. Kua nau em hangre nogut tru na em laik silip long balus tasol ol i tok meri bilong balus givim ol kainkain kaikai bilong masta na em kaikai na em pilim orait.

Bihain balus i go pundaun long Kundiawa na em lukluk ausait long windua na lukim peles bilong em na em amamas tru. Balus i go stop na dua op. Em i kam arasait long balus na wokabaut isi i go long haus.

Taim em i go long haus ol sampela wantok i stap na askim: "Mekim wonem na yu kam bek." Kua kirap na tok: "Yu laik kisim wok, moni na kolos vu mas baiim balus i go daun long dispela NAMBA WAN PELES MOSBI!" ●

### The story MOSBI NAMBAWAN PELES, told in English PORT MORESBY IS A GREAT PLACE

Kua is a young Highlander. His village is near Kundiawa. But Kua is as poor as a churchmouse. He hasn't got one decent shirt to wear. The girls in the village turn up their noses at him because he goes about in tattered pants and shirts. Of course, he is terribly worried about it all. His thoughts are always on getting hold of good clothes and plenty of money. But how?

One day he hears someone shout outside his house:

"Kua! Moresby, Moresby!"

He is greatly surprised. He just can't imagine who could be calling his name and shouting Moresby, Moresby. He rushes outside to find that the caller is his own brother.

Kua turns to him: "What's the matter with you? Why do you call me and cry Moresby, Moresby?"

His brother says: "I've got something really good to tell you about. You know the men who went to Moresby from our village? Well, they all say that Moresby is a great place. You can have plenty of work there, plenty of money and all the clothes you want. They also say that once you work not only do you get good pay but your master will give you clothes and all sorts of other things for free. When you come back to the village, the girls will all want you and so many will come to see you, your house won't be big enough for them. Then you can marry them all. What do you say to that?"

"Brother, I believe you. I heard this story before from men who went to Moresby. I saw with my own eyes the kind of smart things they wore when they came back to the village. Some of these were real losers. Yet, they went to Moresby and when they came back they all found good wives."

So Kua knew about this story and now he hears it again. He is all ready to go to Moresby. He gets up and asks his brother: "How much does a return ticket

to Moresby cost? I'd like to go right away, find work and get all these clothes and all the other good things. I wouldn't want other people to hear the story, rush to Moresby and take all these things." Kua's brother says "A ticket to Moresby is \$20 and it costs another twenty to fly back here." Kua tells his brother that he will have the money in no time so that he can leave for Moresby right away. He asks his brother to give him twenty dollars and he himself has the other twenty. Kua's brother stays in Kua's house for the night.

Early in the morning Kua takes leave of his brother and goes to Kundiawa to the TAA office to buy the plane ticket.

He is taken with the other passengers to the plane. This is his first flight ever. But all he thinks of is to get to Moresby quickly. He keeps saying to himself Moresby, Moresby. He is in a hurry to find work and get the clothes and the money.

Kua hears the captain announce, "We have landed in Moresby," and he is very happy. He follows the other passengers off the plane. They all go to the lounge and sit down but Kua keeps on going into town. Now he is really afraid, seeing all the houses and the cars, and the crowds going in and out of stores.

But he gathers all his courage and enters a store. He asks the manager: "Master, have you got some work?" But the manager shouts angrily: "You are a dirty man with a skin like a crocodile! Get out!"

Kua is shaking in his pants and races out of the store. He walks a while and goes inside another store. He goes to the owner: "Master, have you got some work for me?" The owner says: "What's that you're saying? There's no work here for the likes of you, you dirty tramp! Wait until I call the police! They'll have work for you. Out you go!"

Kua hears the word 'police' and is truly afraid. He doesn't dare go anywhere else to ask for work. Back in his village he never got into trouble, never had anything to do with the courts or the police. He now suspects that his friends in the village must have been telling stories about Moresby and here he is nearly nipped by the law, without house, food or work.

He walks right into the centre of town. It's nearly dark now and he is hungry. He's only got twenty dollars to his name and he needs to get back to his village. He looks around for a place to sleep but there isn't one. Finally he crawls under a forty-four gallon drum and goes to sleep.

But he can't sleep well because of the mosquitoes and the cold. He wakes up in the middle of the night and his thoughts go back to his village, the good food, the warm fire and all the friends to keep him company. He bursts into tears.

He's up at dawn, hurries back to the airport, buys his ticket and waits until he hears the captain "All those for Kundiawa aboard, please." As soon as he hears these words, he follows the others and they all board the plane.

By now he is hungry as a wolf but all he wants is to get back to the village fast. He hears the engine start up and they are off the ground. Kua is very hungry by now, he wants to sleep but he hears the passengers say that the stewardess is going to pass out European food. He eats and begins to feel better.

As the plane is about to land in Kundiawa, he looks out the window sees his village and is too happy for words. The plane lands and the door opens. Kua climbs down and starts strolling back to his house. As he gets to the house, all his friends are there and ask him: "How was it, mate?" And Kua looks around and says: "If you want to get work, clothes and money, go buy a ticket for Moresby, a great place indeed!"

# A YOUNG HERO

by  
Kila  
Age



*"Now I will kill you as you killed my father!" The spear flew into the giant's body.*

Some hundreds of years ago a giant lived on a high mountain in central Papua. This giant was very fierce and whenever he found men hunting near where he lived he killed them. The giant could not be killed because he was good at fighting with spears as well as bows and arrows.

At the foot of the mountain there was a village whose people lived in fear of the giant. In this village lived a woman, very happily married, who had given birth to a child who was named Lianda. Lianda's father was a hunter. He went hunting with other men to find food for his wife and

family. But one day he hunted too close to the giant's house and he did not return home in the evening. Early next morning, the hunter's wife went to her brother's home.

"Have you seen my husband?" she asked.

"No," replied her brother, "I have not seen him since he went hunting yesterday."

"I have waited for him all night," said the sad wife, "but he has not come."

"Then we must go and look for him," said her brother.

The search was in vain. They knew the giant had killed the husband because they saw that his footprints led very close to the giant's house. The child's mother was very sad and cried all day and night. When she looked at the little boy, she cried all the more because he was so like his father.

The uncles looked after the boy and his mother and tried every way possible to comfort their sister and the small child. Two years elapsed after the disappearance of her husband and the mother married another man who took care of her and the boy. As he grew up, Lianda became handsome and obedient to his mother and his step-father. His step-father taught him how to shoot with bows and arrows and how to handle a big spear. He became so good at using his spear, he could hit small objects even from great distances.

The boys of the village spent most of their time hunting birds in the nearby bush, or fishing in the creeks with their bows and arrows. In the night when the moon shone brightly they played games.

One night after returning from hunting Lianda was tired so after eating his supper he sat on the verandah and watched the boys playing in the moonlight. Just then one of his many friends ran past, noticed him sitting on the verandah, and asked if he would join in the game. Although he was still tired, Lianda did not like to displease his friend so he went down and joined the game.

In this game, one team would try to touch a post which the other team guarded, without being touched by any of the opponents. Lianda was very good at this game. He was running for the post when he ran into a young girl who fell down. He stopped running and picked up the girl. Then he felt a hand grabbing him by the arm and looking, saw the chief of the village, father of the young girl. He

told the chief he was very sorry and that it had been an accident, but the chief was too angry to listen and scolded him, telling him that the giant had killed his real father.

Lianda was very sad and very surprised. He walked slowly to his house. As he was going to the steps tears ran from his eyes; quietly he went to bed.

In the morning, he went to his mother, told her what the Chief had said and his mother told him that it was true. This made him very sad and he told his mother that he must go and kill the giant. His mother begged him not to try.

"He will kill you as he killed your father," she told him. "Please don't try, son! The giant is big and strong and you have no chance against him. I don't want to lose a son. The giant will kill you!" But Lianda had made up his mind he must kill the giant. In the evening when the step-father arrived home he saw the child cleaning his father's fighting shield and two spears. The step-father immediately went to the child's mother, asked what this meant, and the mother told him the boy now knew the story of his father's death.

The step-father went to the Chief and told him what the boy was about to do. The Chief told him that he was very sorry and decided to go to the boy and stop him from trying to kill the giant. But Lianda said only that he was determined to kill the giant.

Early next morning, the Chief held a meeting and stood in front of the young men and said to them, "I am an old man and I can't live much longer. So, the young man of this village who can kill the giant will be Chief after me." Immediately after the meeting, all the young men cleaned their fighting shields and practised throwing their spears. But Lianda had made up his mind that he, and he alone, would kill the giant.

He arrived at the foot of the mountain just as the sun was rising. When he reached the top, he saw the giant's house. The thought of his father's death made him bold and he was not afraid to walk up to the giant's house. At the foot of the steps, he called, "Come out, giant, and fight! You killed my father! Now I will kill you!"

But the giant was hunting. In the bush he met the other young men and killed some of them. When the lucky ones arrived home they went to the Chief. "No one can kill the giant," they said. The Chief worried because Lianda had not returned. He has been killed, he thought. And it is my fault that he went to fight the giant! The Chief went to his house and cried at the thought of what he had done.

But the boy was waiting at the giant's house and soon the giant arrived. Before the giant could go into the house he heard a voice speaking to him.

"Giant," the voice said, "stand where you are and be ready to fight the son of a hunter whom you killed many years ago!"

The giant looked down at Lianda and shouted back, "How do you want to be killed?"

Lianda replied, "If I'm to be killed, I wish to be killed in the same way as my father."

"That is very easy," said the giant. "I can kill you with the same spear with which I killed your father."

"That is as I would wish," said the boy, surprising the giant with his bravery.

Lianda stood there until the giant came back carrying the spear which had killed his father. The giant's huge arm moved and the spear sailed through the air at the boy. Lianda threw himself on the ground and the spear passed over his head. Quickly, he picked up the spear and turned to the giant, who was too surprised to move for he had never before missed his target. The giant dropped his shield and fitted an arrow to his huge bow, for he knew he would not miss with an arrow.

"Now," said the boy, "I can kill you with the spear that killed my father," and he threw the spear with all his strength. It flew straight to the giant and into his body. Lianda ran to the giant and cried, "I told you, Giant, that I would kill you with the spear that you used to kill my father. Now that this has happened, the village people will be able to hunt in peace and you can no longer kill our young men."

That is how Lianda became the Chief of his village. Soon after, he married the former Chief's daughter.

# + + About the writers + +



## **Alois Jerewai**

ALOIS JEREWAI was born in Magon Village, near Wewak, in the East Sepik District. He attended Kreer Primary School and Rabaul High School. He is now doing his Preliminary Year at the University of Papua New Guinea.

## **Benjamin Umba**

BENJAMIN UMBa comes from Denglagu Village near Gem-bogl in the Chimbu District. He attended Rosary College Kondiu and St. Fidelis College, Alexishafen. He is now studying at the Holy Spirit Seminary, Bomana, in the Central District. Benjamin has won many prizes for creative writing.



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## **Kila Age**

KILA AGE was born in Hula Village in the Central District. He attended Hula Primary School and went to Kwikila High School. Kila is now at Sogeri Senior High School where he is doing his Form Six.

## **Sally Anne Pipi**

SALLY ANN PIPI was born in Hula Village in the Central District. She attended Kila Kila and Kavari Primary Schools before going to St. Katherine's High School in Warwick, Queensland. She is now a director's secretary at Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby.



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## **James Purapia**

JAMES PURAPIA is a Southern Highlander and comes from Kikita No. 1 Village, near Tari. He attended Tari Primary School until 1968. The following year he did his First Form at St. Fidelis College, near Madang. He is now doing his Form Five there.

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## **Pu Damania**

PU DAMANIA is from Numbukora near Minj in the Western Highlands District. He attended Minj Primary 'T' School. He is now at Mount Hagen High School where he is doing Form Four.

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## **Lohia Lala**

LOHIA LALA comes from Moro'One Village in the Hood Lagoon area of Rigo Sub-District, Central District. He obtained his Primary Education at Keleiruna Primary School. He is doing his Form Three at Iarowari High School, Sogeri, in the Central District.

+

## **Mesia Novau**

MESIA is from Savai Village in the Milne Bay District. He started school at Kwato Mission and took his secondary education at Popondetta High School in the Northern District. He studied at the University of Papua New Guinea for two years where he became interested in a teaching career. In 1971 he enrolled at the Goroka Teachers' College and is now doing his first year of teaching at Mount Hagen High School.



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(Mrs) P. M. LOGAN,  
Dept. of Lands,  
KONEDOBU.

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*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.



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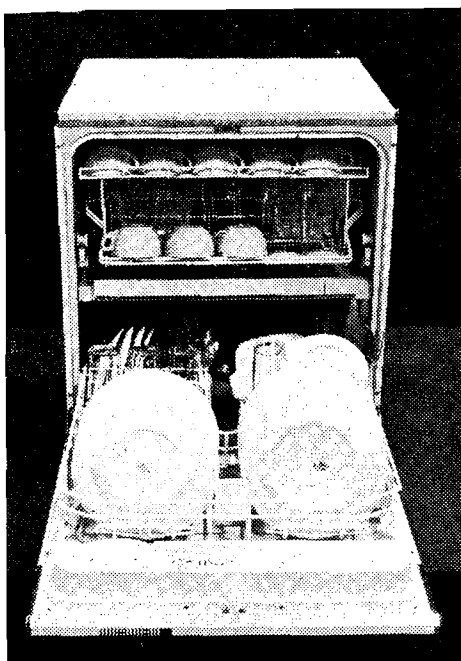
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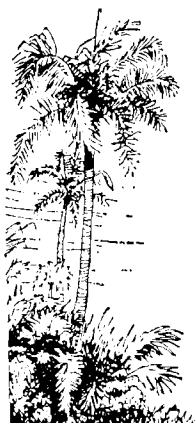
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