

Papua New Guinea Writing

No. 13, March, 1974

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Editorial

The world of writing and publishing is an exciting one. Papua New Guinean writers are making their presence felt as they set their thoughts on paper and see their work in print for the reading enjoyment of thousands of people in twenty countries around the world. We at the Literature Bureau are proud and happy to encourage and promote the writers of this country.

But let us remember, a literary work is a piece of property. If a man buys a car, it belongs to him, and if it is stolen the thief will be punished. Similarly, when a writer puts his thoughts on paper his writing belongs to him. If another man steals this work, he can be punished under the LAWS of COPYRIGHT which have been created to protect writers and publishers. If you look at the right hand side of this page, towards the bottom, you will see that all of the writing in this magazine is under the COPYRIGHT of the Literature Bureau. This means if anyone wants to reprint a part of this issue he must first obtain permission from the Literature Bureau. Most times we are happy to give permission because if a story is reprinted, it will mean another payment for the writer. But if a piece is reprinted without permission it is like taking another person's car without permission.

Last year a young man sent a story to us for publication, telling us he had written the story himself. We found later he had copied it from a published book and put his own name at the top. Perhaps he thought it was all right to do this, but in fact he was stealing a story from the publisher of the book and trying to collect payment for himself. This is a case of outright theft and this student could be punished by law. But the worst penalty for anyone who uses another's work is that every publisher will be told his name and his work will never again be accepted for publication.

Because the laws of copyright differ from one country to another and because so many books and magazines are being produced all over the world it is difficult for an editor to know if writers are submitting original work. For this reason, much of the publishing is done on the basis of trust between the writer and the Editor. As Editor of this magazine, and as Officer-in-Charge of your Literature Bureau, I am doing my best to make it possible for aspiring writers to see their work in print and to be paid for their efforts. I enjoy helping writers, but at the same time I expect writers to be honest with me, and to offer only their own work for publication.

If you want to write a story for publication, don't send in someone else's; **WRITE YOUR OWN!**

For information on the 1974 creative writing competitions, see page 21. Best of luck to you all.

ROGER BOSCHMAN

Editor

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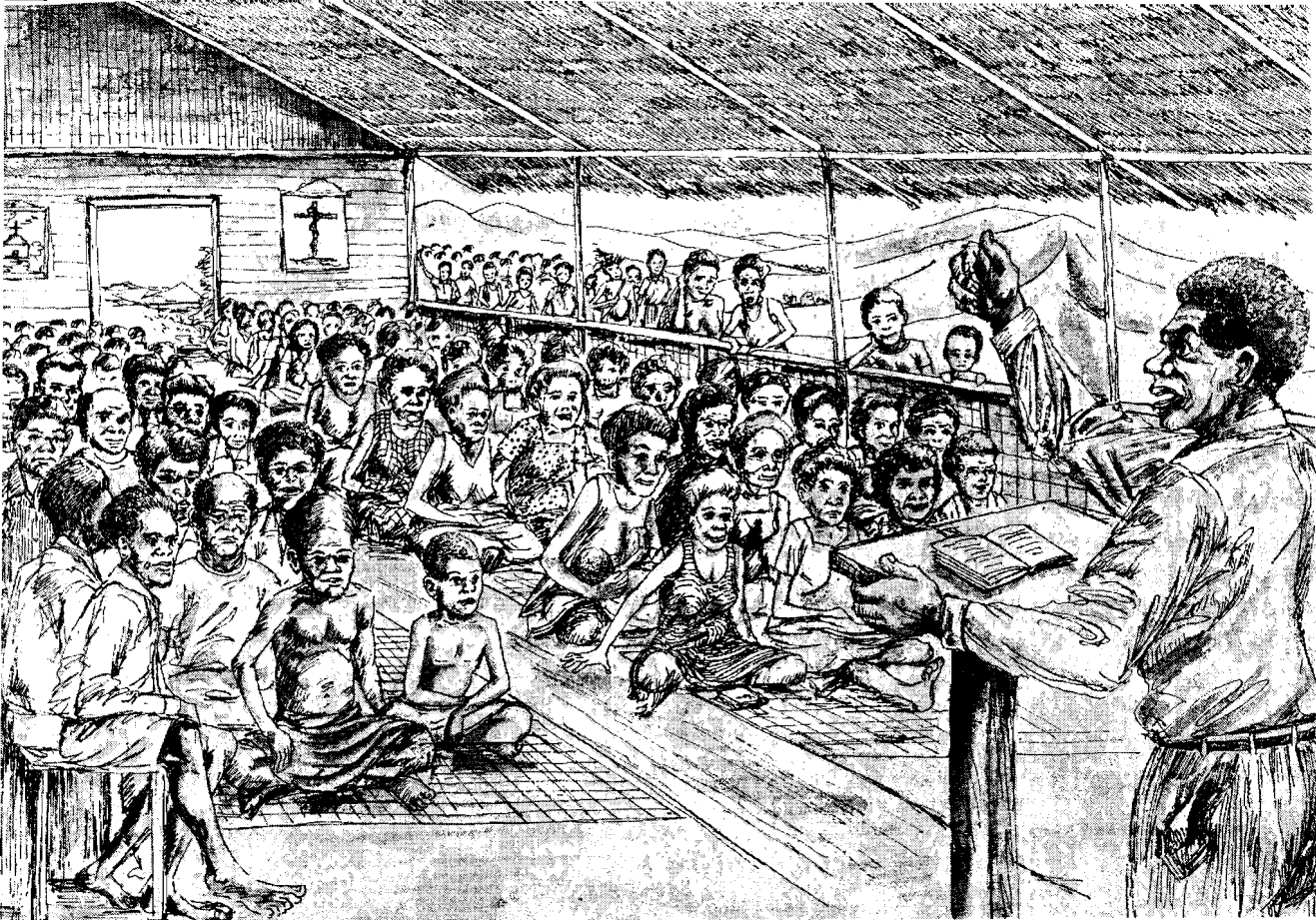
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"And the young people! What are they doing? Shame on you! Just look around and see all the fatherless babies!"

Our PRIDE and JOY

by

Joseph Saruva

"Patrol Officer," exclaimed a boy who was playing with a dozen others. "It must be. Look at those tin boxes. They belong to patrol officers." There was a general retreat to a safer distance. Soon other villagers became aware of the approaching carriers. Interest spread through the village and a crowd gathered.

The first carrier, sweating under an expensive and bulging suitcase, reached the villagers. He knew how curious they were and he called out for all to hear.

"Quickly send word to Hojavo and Kapere; their son Tama is coming home."

There was a chorus of "Hojave! Kapere! Your son, Tama, is coming." Soon, above the howling of dogs and the excited chatter of the crowd, the squeal of a pig was heard. The squealing continued for a short while and then stopped. Everyone knew that Tama's father, Hojavo, had killed a pig for his son's homecoming.

Tama was unprepared for the reception and it moved him deeply. He was glad to be home with his people who treated him with great respect and honour. Tears streamed down his face as his mother threw herself at his feet and cried with joy. His father embraced him lovingly and tears ran down his wrinkled face.

One day, six years before, a visiting evangelist had seen Tama and become interested in the young man. He told Tama young men were urgently needed by the church for the extension of the Christian Gospel in the New Guinea Highlands.

Tama became interested in the career, which promised excitement and adventure. He left the village and helped with the spread of the Gospel, setting up new mission outposts and winning the hearts of the warlike tribesmen, bringing them into the clutches of the benevolent church.

On the night of Tama's return, and for many nights following he could be seen talking to the people who gathered in the front of his father's house. The experiences and adventures he related kept his audiences spellbound. Many realised with amazement his change of character. Tama was no longer a shy taciturn boy but an outgoing person and an orator.

The news of Tama's arrival quickly spread to the neighbouring villages which meant more audiences for him and not a day passed without curious village people flocking to hear him.

One afternoon on his way to the river Tama met his mother returning from the garden.

"I'm going to have a wash," he told her. His mother continued towards the village and met Jongo, the daughter of Karuna. Jongo was startled but quickly regained her composure, smiled and hoped her voice and manner would not betray anything.

"I'm just going to collect dry twigs for my mother," she said.

"I was once a young woman like you," Tama's mother said, with a knowing smile.

As Tama approached the house he saw his parents sitting at the back of the house. They were earnestly discussing something but stopped as Tama came nearer. That night as Tama was getting ready to sleep, his father uneasily entered his room. Tama knew he had something important to say.

"Son," he began, "your mother and I have been talking about you. We think you should get married while you are here and . . ."

"Married?" Tama interrupted in surprise. "Listen father, I'm going back to work . . ."

"That's why we want you to get married," his father replied. "We have marked Karuna's daughter Jongo as your wife. Get married now but leave her with us. We will look after her while you are away."

Tama was taken aback at the mention of Jongo. Did they know already? Surely this must be just coincidence, he told himself. It was fortunate for Tama his father was unable to observe his reactions in the dark.

"Listen Father," Tama said slowly, "at this stage I have no intention of getting married. Forget it."

"But she is the one your mother and I have set our hearts on, we are afraid she will marry another man while you are away. We are getting old and need someone to look after us." Tama realised this was true and it saddened him but he decided not to be persuaded.

"No, Father," Tama said, "I won't get married."

When Tama returned home one afternoon he found the local pastor with his parents. This caused him some concern; he had hoped the business about Jongo would not arise again. Tama sighed with relief when he discovered the pastor had come to ask him if he would speak to the people on the following Sunday. Tama gladly agreed.

On Sunday the church was filled to capacity and another hundred people looked in over the low walls.

"My good people," the pastor said, "we welcome our brother and son in Christ, Tama, who is with us on holiday. He has been working in the New Guinea Highlands, helping with the spread of the Lord's good news. I'm glad to say he has accepted my invitation to talk to us this morning." Tama, with a look of confidence about him, took his place at the pulpit. His eyes took in the whole of the congregation. "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost," he said. Everyone joined in his "Amen".

"My people" he began. "My fathers and mothers, my brothers and sisters, I am happy to be home, to be with you again. I'm also thankful for the opportunity our pastor has given me to talk to you this morning. I'd like to tell you what I've been doing over the past six years in New Guinea and also of the things I have been seeing here since I came home."

Tama, with the skill of a great story-teller went on to describe the work of the church in the Highlands, the part he played and the people he worked among. He especially emphasised the great need for young men to help with the spread of the gospel.

The congregation had heard of the people of the Highlands who were warlike and hostile to the intruders. Yet the church and the administration were stubbornly persevering to bring law and order and Christianity to them. To many of the villagers this meant little or nothing. Now Tama was making them think differently.

"They are our brothers and sisters," Tama told them. "We are all part of God's big family. God's people, you hear!" he repeated, almost shouting. "What are you doing for them? Do you remember them in your prayers? Do you pray for those who are working to bring these people a better way of life?" The villagers felt guilty. True, they had not done anything for their brothers and sisters of other tribes. They were ordinary villagers equipped with little means to help others. However, they felt their lack was more than made up by Tama. He was their pride and joy and was helping others on their behalf. They hoped more young men would now consider offering their services along with Tama.

Tama then changed his talk to matters concerning the people themselves. Quite a few changes had taken place during his absence. There was a Local Government Council in the area, and cash crops, coffee and cocoa, were grown by the villagers.

"Who's going to help you?" Tama asked rhetorically. "It is you," he answered, pointing his fingers at the people. He left the pulpit and was walking up and down, shouting at the people. "You've got your council, you've got your church, your leaders. Obey them and help them. You people spend too much time making your own gardens to grow taro. Why don't you give the same amount of time and labour to your coffee gardens? Time is changing, my people. Wake up! Don't sleep." The people gazed silently as if hypnotised by the figure moving up and down the aisle. Every gesture and lip movement was closely observed.

Continued overleaf

OUR PRIDE AND JOY

Continued

"What are the young people doing to help the older people?" he continued. "Nothing, except bringing shame on your people and our district. Flying foxes, dogs — that's what you are. Just look around and see the number of fatherless babies. Think about others. This business of me, me, me," he stressed, pounding his chest, "will not help our people or our country." Tama paused, regaining his breath. He fished out a handkerchief and wiped his sweating forehead, then turned and looked around at the congregation. He lowered his voice.

"My people, time is not waiting for us, time is changing." With that, he turned towards the altar and ordered a prayer. The people stirred in their uneasiness and stretched their cramped limbs. Murmurs filled the church. They all asked for strength to do as Tama had said.

After the service, many came to shake hands and congratulate Tama for his talk which they claimed was enlightening and helpful. Many admitted they were not doing enough. Tama smiled with satisfaction. He knew he was their pride and joy.

During the week that followed, Tama had an unexpected visitor, an officer of the Welfare Department.

"You are Tama, aren't you?" the man asked as they shook hands. "You're wanted at the District Office."

"Oh!" said Tama in surprise, "What for?" The Welfare Officer produced a photograph.

"Recognise this person?" he asked. Tama stared at the photo of a young girl. There was a knot in his throat.

"Why yes of course," said Tama, "that's Rebecca, one of the mission girls at the last school where I was working. She was one of our first converts," he explained. The Welfare man looked Tama straight in the eye and nodded his head. Tama was obviously troubled.

"Um, tell me. She isn't pregnant, is she?" Tama stammered.

"Yes, Tama. She is pregnant and she claims the child is yours."

"Oh, God! No! It couldn't be. Impossible," Tama mumbled feebly.

"We want you to come down and straighten out this matter at the District Office."

Anxiety kept Tama awake most of the night and the next morning found him pale, tired and sick. He left with the Welfare Officer next morning while the sun was still low over the eastern horizon.

One evening several days later Tama's mother began weeping.

"It must be about Tama," one woman said.

"I wonder what has happened to him," another said.

"He is in jail," a man replied, "for three months." The village people were shocked.

"It is true," the same man continued. "He made a girl pregnant while he was in New Guinea. He did not want to marry her nor did he wish to pay for the child's maintenance. He preferred imprisonment."

The villagers sat silently; they could not believe this of Tama, their pride and joy. His mother's solitary weeping, sad and lonely in the clear moonlit night, expressed the sadness of the people. ●

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.

The 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.

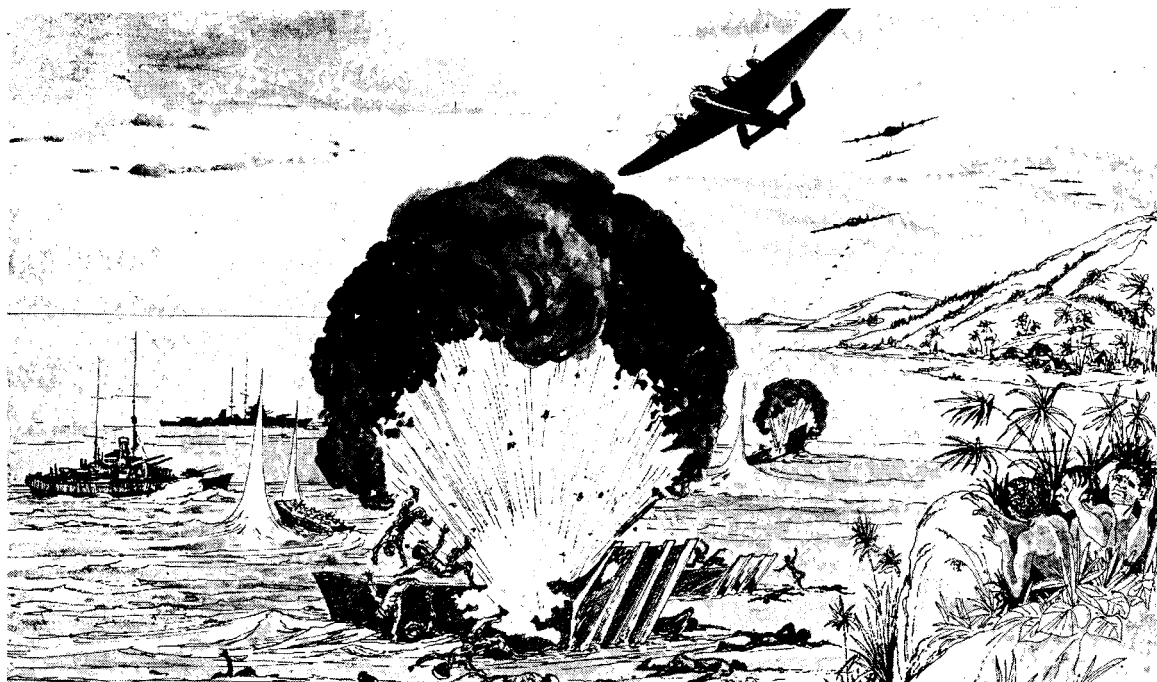
Many are finding they can now afford to make films. Some are joining the two established branches of the National Filmmakers' Association; in Port Moresby, the Port Moresby Filmmakers' Workshop, and in Lae, the Lae Cine Club.

It is hoped that film-making clubs will be started in other centres in 1974.

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

THE LITERATURE BUREAU

Dept. of Information and Extension Services, Box 2312, KONE DOBU.



SUDDEN BATTLE by Joe Dehafa

As the sun rose from its sleep one morning in 1942 Dehafa Baltasa was sitting on a piece of driftwood thinking of his mother who had died when he was very young. He was startled from his thoughts when a wave rushed up the beach and soaked him. Dehafa sprang up and his eyes wandered over the sea where something caught his attention. At that moment Dehafa's father, Mararem, called him.

"My son, do you see anything on the water?" he asked as Dehafa approached the house.

"Yes father, I saw dark shapes moving towards the village."

"My son, those are Japanese ships coming to fight. Run and hit our garamut¹ to warn the people."

Dehafa did this, then ran back to help his father pack their belongings. After they had packed Mararem picked up some of their things and his other son Vincent carried the remainder. As they were about to leave, Mararem broke into tears. He was crying for Dehafa who was to stay with other village men to watch the Japanese landing on the beach.

After the villagers had gone into the mountains, Dehafa and his companions sat talking until they heard the sound of aeroplanes. They were large American bombers. After Dehafa and his companions had taken cover the first bombs fell on the landing barges, causing huge explosions. The barges that had landed burst into flames. The others, still in the sea, were flung into reverse

to escape but they had no chance. Soon the fight was over and the beach was littered with burning barges and the abandoned dead.

Coming from their hiding places, Dehafa and his companions rushed to the beach where they found no sign of living Japanese.

"Did you people see what those American planes have done to the Japanese?" one man said.

"Oh sori tru,"² said another of the men. He started crying and the others joined him. After a long session of mourning they gathered the bodies and piled them up. It was a slow job because some of the bodies were broken into small pieces by the bombs. A large pit was dug and the bodies were thrown in and covered. The men then gathered items useful to them, some Japanese rations and rifles undamaged by the blasts.

Meanwhile two men had been chosen to go to the mountains and bring back the villagers. Later in the afternoon they returned with the villagers, who were relieved at their escape. When Mararem arrived he went straight to Dehafa and kissed him. He had thought his son had been killed by the bombing.

The villagers soon settled down to normal. Sometimes they saw planes flying over the village and they were no longer frightened but they were glad when they heard the war was over.

If you go now to Turubu you will see the barges half-buried in the sand; rusting reminders of a foreign war that was fought on our beautiful shores. ●

¹ Message drum.

² It is very sad.

THE TATTOOED BETELNUT

by
Aloysius Aita

A burning cloth wick, stuck in a small coffee bottle filled with kerosene, cast a flickering light on the tin walls of the room. Outside, the darkness of the night was lanced at intervals by the beam of a beacon on a nearby hill.

Tena sat singing through a mouthful of intoxicating betelnut mixed with snow-white lime and sour pepper fruits. He was an illiterate domestic servant who worked for a European and his indigenous wife. Tena had missed the opportunity of education which younger men were enjoying. And in spite of the three years he had spent with his present employers, his salary had never gone above seven dollars a week. At times, depending on the mood of the "missus", it had dropped as low as five dollars.

He was interrupted by the barking of his dog. He ceased singing and listened. Soon there came a knock on his door. The dog continued to bark. Tena got up and looked out the window. He could see only darkness, but the knock was repeated.

"Who is there?" Tena asked fearfully.

"A visitor," a low voice replied. "Open the door."

"What visitor?" Tena cried, his fear rising. "What business do you have with me at this time of the night?"

"It's me, Lovi," the voice replied.

"Oh!" Tena exclaimed with relief. He fumbled with the lock and Lovi entered the room.

"Sorry, friend," he apologised. "Just couldn't recognise your voice. A lot of drunks come around here, molesting me. I have to take precautions . . . But come, take a seat. Make yourself at home while I make some tea."

Tena lit a fire in the rusty stove and put water on to heat. He handed Lovi the basket of betelnut, lime and pepper fruits. The two men chewed in silence for a time.

"I heard you went home recently," Tena prompted.

"That's right," Lovi replied. "I returned yesterday . . . I have some news for you," he added carefully.

"News!" Tena's eyes sparkled with expectation. "From my . . ."

"No!" Lovi cut in quickly. "Not from your family. It is something else."

"Something else?" Tena asked, disappointed but curious. "Well, tell me, man. I want to hear it!"

"As soon as I tell you I must leave."

"Leave? I thought you were going to spend the night here."

"For various reasons, I dare not," Lovi said. He picked up his bag and fumbled in it, feeling for something, then withdrew his hand and held up a betelnut. It was about the size of a duck's egg. On closer examination, Tena could see tattooed marks on it. There were three wavy lines running right round the ovular nut. Between the first and second of these wavy lines, was a tiny drawing of a human skull. And between the second and third lines, on the opposite side, was a drawing of a knife. That was all.

"That is from Boga," Lovi said. "He told me to give it to you and said you would know what it meant."

"Is that all?" asked Tena.

"Yes," the other replied. "Now that you have the betelnut, I must leave before the world is up and about."

Tena did not object. The name of Boga and the sight of the tattooed betelnut were very important. He knew how vital it was for the meeting between Lovi and himself to be a secret.

"I can hear the first cock crowing," Tena said. "If you insist on going, I will not keep you."



"This is a secret message from Boga. He said you would know what it meant."

Tena led his friend to the front gate and watched him until he was enveloped in thick fog. Then he turned and walked meditatively to his house. Inside, Tena did not go to sleep. He made another cup of tea, rolled some tobacco in newspaper and lighted it. With tea and tobacco as his companions, Tena sat thinking. He began to recall and connect things. Three wavy lines, a skull and a knife tattooed on a betelnut! And the betelnut came from Boga! Boga had told Lovi that Tena would know what it meant. Ten minutes later he had recalled the complete story.

In 1946, Boga's younger brother, Ima, had been killed in a drunken brawl. The killers were brothers named Badi and Diba. Ima had been residing with Tena and Boga in a now deserted settlement. The three wavy lines indicated the time Ima was killed. The skull and the knife meant the type of death Ima had suffered. When Boga was taking the corpse of his dead brother home, he had said to Tena:

"When you hear from me, prepare to burn Ima's possessions." That meant: Kill the murderers and burn Ima's possessions. Since then, until tonight, he had not received word from Boga.

Next week is pay-week, Tena told himself. I must burn Ima's possessions during a party. There must be a lot of drinks to lure Badi and his brother Diba. Another brawl would be started . . . The early birds were singing their morning greetings to each other when Tena at last dropped off to sleep.

On the night of the party, there was a crowd of over seventy people and among them were the two brothers, Badi and Diba. Tena could see them frequenting the drinks-stall. Serving beer were three men, each of them with an open bottle of beer. Unknown to the others, they

had been in possession of these bottles since the party had started more than five hours ago and they, like Tena, were perfectly sober. One of them waved to Tena and he shook his head. He went around, talking to this group and that. Time passed by slowly. The drinkers were enjoying themselves. Tena was pleased.

In the darkness that comes before dawn, Tena gave the signal. The three men from the drinks-stall started shouting and began abusing one another. They came into the open and began to throw punches. Diba and his brother Badi, who were very drunk, joined the brawl. They hit anyone who came within their reach. Soon there was confusion, mothers picked up their children and made a hasty retreat up the hillside.

The three initiators of the brawl quickly surrounded Badi. One of them drew a knife and plunged it into Badi's side. He fell to the ground.

"Get his brother, too," he shouted to the others.

"No," another cut in. "We'd better let him go."

"Do you think I'm going to spend a lifetime in prison for killing one murderous drunkard? I might as well make it worthwhile," said the avenger.

He pulled the knife out of Badi's lifeless body, rushed to where Diba was fighting and stabbed him in the back. At the sight of blood, the action came to a stop. Men abandoned the fight and fled into the hills.

The settlement looked deserted except for three figures. Two of the figures lay on the ground, covered with their own blood. The third figure, Tena, had emerged from a house with a blanket-wrapped bundle, Ima's possessions. He set these between the lifeless bodies of Badi and Diba and set fire to them. When the bundle was alight, he took the tattooed betelnut from his pocket, cut it open and began to chew it with lime and pepper fruit. ●

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

4 ISSUES ANNUALLY \$1
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'Papua New Guinea Writing' aims to provide a genuine means of expression for Papua New Guinean 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.

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Write: THE LITERATURE BUREAU

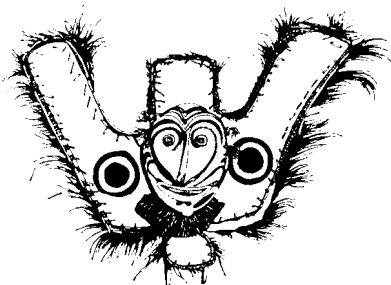
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YOU CAN HELP US . . .

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.



POET'S CORNER

By Jack Lahui

This issue contains more prize-winning poems from the Fourth Annual Poetry Competition, 1973. Our 1973 competitions were extremely popular for a number of reasons. One was Papua New Guinea's achievement of self-determination. Besides our regular competitions the one for National Unity Poetry, sponsored by the National Day Committee and conducted by the Literature Bureau, gained hundreds of entries. Since the announcement of the winners, I have been awaiting the opportunity to publish some of the prize-winning poems. With the kind permission of the National Day Committee, I am able to present them on these pages. It is interesting to note that the desire for National Unity is greater and more convincing in poems from young children than it is in those from the older generation.

Already letters have come in from students asking about our 1974 creative writing competitions. The date of commencement for all three competitions — Poetry, Short Story and Drama, will be 1st May. Please send your entries in quickly. For further information on prizes being offered this year, turn to page 21. To all those participating in this year's competitions, I wish you luck as well as *confidence* in your writing.

\$10 THIRD PRIZE-WINNING POEM, SECTION ONE, FOURTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION THE MUSIC DIED

By Russel Soaba

Feet
fleeing
unthinking
unknowing
no longer yearning
no longer wanting
no longer fearing
shame
guilt
and music
soft and prolonged
in the air
I walked on
A giggle of mockery here
a sigh of relief there
a shout of contempt from a

charwoman somewhere
down the road
a seductive whistle
from a moneyminded
hardheaded venerable diseased
daughter of the soil up ahead
I walked on
Betelblood mouibed angels
in mekeo hairdoes
mad mad kitoro
upon raw drunken poroga
pre-nine-trial cries of orgasm from within
shouts of joy after nine counts from without
flying masses of humanity
on barefeet flatfoot held
on hard concrete waywards paths
but for an instant
then the stamping again
past weekend broken
bottles — green and brown
above cannery rows and piles
as resort for aching backs
and a copper cent game of cards
on Saturdays.
For salmon on rice and beans
a fourteen day meal
a week
and mama ah mama
I felt life hanging
from an antique tree of time
ah there's music
soft and prolonged in the air
someone's singing
I think it's me
someone's singing
oh gosh it's me
so listen mentioned secrets of a lifetree
dizzily spinning fore my vision
greedy needs of mankind
bring it to a standstill
to chop the tree down
AND THE MUSIC DIED!
so bye bye daughter of the soil
fare thee well blood of the soil
wrinkles and moustaches
substituting smiles of the past
youthful warriors of ancient past
wrestling bacardi with coke
goldtoothed kisses
as sour as wine
never the blacktoothed kisses
as fresh as morning dew
soulforgotten veinbrobbing songs
during Sunday morning bus rides
then still
Take time on time
you pretty young heir
unveiling pubic hair
naked to a greedy nation
cursed and gripped
by slow smouldering
spinning fire of manmade
nets of time
ever since the table turned
since the music
died.

**\$15 SECOND PRIZE-WINNING POEM IN
SECTION TWO, FOURTH ANNUAL POETRY
COMPETITION**

MI TASOL

By Martin Aking

I klostu taim mi laik lusim ples,
Bilong igo bek long skul gen,
Na mi sindaun na sori long lusim ples.
Liklik taim tasol wanpela mangi i ron ikam,
Em i lap na tok,
"Kandere mi harim wanpela samting i kamap long yu."
Emi tok, "Kandere - - - kandere,
wanpela yanpela meri i wari tumas long yu,
Na ol man i tok yu istap long skul yet."
Man man taim mi harim bel bilong mi kaskas nogut tru,
Olsem mi kaikai wel taro ia,
Mi askim em, "Wa-wa-wanem meri?"
Em i sem liklik na bihain itok,
"Em ia yu kus long em astei nait,
Maski kandere, that's you, em yutupela taragau yet ia."
Bihain long sampela mun bilong skul,
May holidei i singautim mi igo bek long ples,
Taim mi kamap kandere ikam na sikan long mi.
Liklik taim bihain em itok,
"Kandere huk i holim yu na kisim yu i kam ia,
Yu ino inap long lusim em na go."
Taim mi harim, maski ai wara kamap,
Mi tingting, mi tasol
Bai mi kisim we maski mi aswa pinis.
Mi tasol gris long meri,
Mi tasol i lusim mani bilong papa pinis,
Mi tasol i lusim skul na nau pormanim poroman.
Taim bipo mi save ting mi tasol bai win,
Tasol mi sutim graun pinis,
Na nau mi na poroman i kuk long wanpela masta

WHO ARE THE OARSMEN?

by William Buza Sagem

National Day!
Aha! Who cares what it is?
It is none of primitive Manam Islander's concern,
Is it just another day for the white men and those susok
Papua New Guineans
to have a day off for a bottle of beer?
To those educated elite of
Motu, Chimbu, Madang, Goilala, Sepik and Tolai
it means more than a holiday.
These people are most concerned.
They realise that it is not what I, a primitive
Manam Islander, think.
To them it means more,
It is the time to distinguish the worthwhile values of old
and new culture
It is time for them to think,
That they are not regressing but progressing.
It is now time for them to unite and go,
Leaving behind the idea of being exclusive
or a people left behind by time,
As from this day forward,
They determine to live as one.
While down in their hearts,
They believe that for a rowing boat to move forward,
All oarsmen must row.
Who are the oarsmen?

PAPUA NEW GUINEANS

by Desi Mimiangas

Be
proud just
like a bunch
of flowers which
you put in a vase
and they open
their petals
be like
that.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA IS MY HOME

by Markilong Bangguk

If I sail to Rabaul it's still my home
If I walk up the highway to the highlands it's
still my home
If I fly to Papua it's still my home
If I go to Sepik it's still my home
If I sail or fly to Bougainville it's still my home
If I go anywhere in PNG South, to North, East or
West it's still my home.
Wherever I may be I'm still at home because
PNG is my homeland.

NATIONAL UNITY

by Yanggor Sailer

I went to the National Day celebration.
And I saw thousands of people.
I saw short, thin, fat, young and old people.
I saw brown, black and white people,
I saw some Tolais, Motuans and Keremas.
I saw some Chimbis, Sepiks and Bukas.
I am a Kar Kar Islander.
When I saw this I thought, there was a great need
for Unity, Bung Wantaim and Ahebou.
I joined them to be a member of a nation.

FLAG

by Paraide Levi

When I see the Papua New Guinea flag
What do the two sides mean to me?
Perhaps they mean that one side
stands for Papua
and the other
stands for New Guinea
But they sewed them together to show it's
one country.
When independence comes don't break the
threads.

SHOWING THE WAY

by Desi Mimiangas

Our colourful flag in the air
as a rainbow
across
the sky.
Flapping
from east to west, north to south.
When people see it
they think of us as one family.
Keep it up as independence
comes.



NEAR TO DEATH

by
Morea Vele

A man ran with me from one end of the village to the other, to shake the water from my lungs. My mother, in her sorrow and shame, cut her face with a sharp shell.

One day when I was five years of age my father went fishing with some of our clansmen while I stayed home. When I heard the sound of laughter from my friends playing on the beach, I sneaked away and joined them without letting my mother know.

Since I seemed hesitant about going into the sea, the three of them grabbed me and pushed me into the water. I opened my mouth in protest and sea water rushed into my lungs. My friends thought I was all right and kept me under but when I stopped wiggling and splashing they knew something was wrong. I was in a world of blackness where nothing had shape. All I knew was that I could not breathe.

My mother was peeling yams when Lahui ran into the kitchen.

"What is the trouble, Lahui?" she asked. Lahui was badly shaken and being the oldest among us, he was feeling responsible for what had happened. He had seen blood coming out of my ears and mouth and this frightened him even more. He muttered "Morea," pointing to the place where he had left me. Other women were shouting my mother's name. She brushed past Lahui, crying and hitting herself. She remembered my father's words before he left to go fishing. "Look after him well, he's a good boy, don't let anything happen to him." She had replied, "I won't let him out of my sight." This thought tortured her because my father and others might say she did not look after her children.

About two miles away my father and the other fishermen had lost a school of fish from the net. They had seen the fish swim into the trap and they knew something was wrong when they lifted the net and found no fish.

Everybody knew a fish that came into a net owned by a Vele was sure to end up in the belly. But today it was different. The thought that the school of fish had disappeared from his own net hurt his pride. His was a family of great fishermen and nothing like this had happened before. These men would go home and tell their wives and friends what had happened; they would look down on him and would not go fishing with him again.

They looked at father because he owned the net and from experience they knew that when such things happened it was an indication that something bad had happened in the family. My father knew this, but he didn't want to believe it. Who could have had an accident? He wondered.

"If you want to continue fishing," Vele said, "go onto the other canoe because I have to go home to find out what has happened." But they replied, "No, we'll go with you. Your trouble is ours as well." So they set sail for home.

As father was sailing for home, I was being carried face down with my head lower than my legs and was being run from one end of the village to the other, first by one man and then by another with mother and

others trailing behind. The idea was that the shaking would make me vomit the sea water. This was a common practice in the village when someone drowned and in most cases it worked, but it seemed this method was not adequate in my case. The people trailing behind had given up and lost hope, they were saying it was too late now. Mother was wailing louder and there was blood on her face where she had cut herself in her sorrow. Some of the women were comforting her but she had given up hope and was thinking of taking her own life rather than face father. Her thoughts were interrupted by exhilarating shouts of "Morea is alive. He has cried!" from people on the beach. She muttered thanks to God and ran to me.

I had cried, just a little squeak I was told later, but when mother held me I felt the warmth of her body and cried again and moved in her arms. There were fresh tears trailing down her face, but this time they were tears of happiness.

Looking up she saw father's canoe and looking at the faces around her, she knew they too had seen it. When the men heard what had happened, they understood why my father had lost the fish from his net and they had no further doubts of his fishing ability. They prepared a feast to celebrate my return to life. ●

NEVER TOO LATE

by

Hurava Maitava

Evoya was troubled. All the men of his age group had married while he had been away working for ten years on a plantation. The women who were unmarried were not of his age and it was hard for Evoya's parents to mark a girl much younger than himself. By tribal custom young girls were required to marry men of their own age group. Girls were warned not to marry men older than themselves; if they did it would be a hard life for them. An older husband might suspect that since a girl was younger she would go after men of her own age and there would be quarrels and arguments. Thus Evoya's plans for marriage seemed hopeless, but he did not give up.

On the plantation Evoya had learned some love charms from a Sepik friend who had taught him about the special uses of leaves and vines. He was told if he wanted a girl he would have to go out early and gather certain leaves, take them home and place them under his sleeping mat. He was spurred on when some of his friends asked him, "Do you think you will ever get a wife for yourself?"

"Oh, yes," Evoya assured them, "I am just raking my time." One night

Evoya was in bed but couldn't sleep; he felt like a bird waiting for dawn. When the first cock crowed he jumped out of bed, picked up a knife, and went to pick the leaves. He repeated a certain girl's name as he went. All day he stayed in the bush, saying the girl's name over and over. If a thorn pricked his foot, he would say, "Oh! Moro!" and if he slipped in some mud, he would say her name again. Moro was the name of the girl he hoped to marry.

Late in the evening Evoya returned with two green leaves representing himself and the girl. He placed the leaves under his mat and was soon asleep with the belief that, because of the special leaves, the girl would see him in her dreams.

Early next morning Evoya went toward the girl's home to see how she would behave when she saw him pass by. He walked smartly as he came closer to Moro's house. When Moro saw Evoya coming, she picked up her baby brother and walked down the steps. When she saw Evoya she hung her head and grinned a little. Evoya looked slyly at her thinking, "Little doubt I've got her. She has seen me in her dreams."

During the day Evoya's heart was filled with joy. He wanted the sun to hurry on its journey so he could act in the night. When darkness fell, Evoya went out and was soon on the steps of Moro's house. He looked to left and right; there seemed to be no one about. He went in as quietly and carefully as a cat following the smell of fish. Inside, he flashed his torch and its beam touched the girl. Switching the torch off, he sat down. A cold midnight breeze swept through the wall and, turning over, Moro touched his hairy hand.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"Evoya!"

"Do you want me?" she asked.

"Yes, let us go now and we will marry."

The following day the villagers discovered Evoya and Moro were missing. Months later they returned to announce they had been married in a church and the village people made haste to prepare a traditional wedding feast for them.

Evoya had shown it is never too late to marry and, over the years, he and Moro have had a happy life without quarrels. ●

"I am Evoya," he said in the darkness.
"Come away with me and we will marry."





**ARTHUR
JAWODIMBARI
DRAMATIST**

Arthur Jawodimbari is well known in Papua New Guinea as a playwright, dramatist, poet and short story writer. He has had eight stories and three plays published in Papua New Guinea and Australia. He studied Political Science and Literature at the University of Papua New Guinea and graduated in 1972 with honours in English Literature.

Arthur is a long-time friend of the Literature Bureau. He has assisted us in our annual creative writing courses, held in district centres, and has won several awards in our annual writing competitions.

Since this interview was conducted, Arthur has been appointed as Lecturer in Drama at the Centre for Creative Arts.

J. L.:

Mr Jawodimbari, who sponsored your trip?

A. J.:

My trip was sponsored by the Department of Education's Postgraduate Scheme, and I had some money from the University Vice-Chancellor's funds to help me with the expenses of my stay in the United States.

J. L.:

What was the purpose of the trip?

A. J.:

It was to look at the development and management of various theatres. I put these in two categories, Popular Theatre and Elitist Theatre, in the relevant countries of Asia, Africa and America, especially theatres run by Afro-Americans, and also those in Japan.

J. L.:

What is the difference between Popular and Elitist Theatre?

SOME NEW IDEAS FOR PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S PLAYWRIGHTS and DRAMATISTS: ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI TALKS TO ASSISTANT EDITOR JACK LAHUI ABOUT HIS OVERSEAS TOUR

A. J.:

In Popular Theatre the situations put on stage are those of ordinary happenings, the audience made up of ordinary citizens of a country. Nearly all Popular theatres are mobile like those in Africa. The audience pays a small fee to go in and they may never be obliged to attend the show again. In Elitist theatres the audience feels obliged to attend by paying huge fees for front seats and usually the bookings are done well in advance. The productions may be about historical or classical happenings or sensational events. The audience is the upper class of an affluent society, who can afford it, and who always want to be informed and entertained. Elitist Theatres are found in urban areas, like Broadway in New York, for example.

J. L.:

Did the general public in the countries you visited know much about Papua New Guinea?

A. J.:

Only in Nigeria, and I think this was due to Professor Ulli Beier's art exhibitions and his introduction of some Papua New Guinean writing there. But they didn't know where Papua New Guinea was, or how many people we have. In other countries they had even less knowledge of Papua New Guinea.

J. L.:

Would you say Creative Writing and Drama in those countries is more, or less advanced than ours?

A. J.:

We say "advanced" and "less advanced", but let us say that everyone is trying to create something. At this stage they are at quite high standards in their writing and productions. Our writing started recently, but as time goes on our standard will rise. This is also the case with theatre.

J. L.:

Can you name any major differences between their way of performing and ours?

A. J.:

In Asian countries, especially India, backdrops are very well done and they play many tricks with light. They don't use tape-recorders but use traditional instruments on stage for sound effects. They insist more on plays that reflect the traditional culture of the people. There is dialogue, but not too much.

J. L.:

Did you have a chance to get a group together to perform one of our plays?

A. J.:

Yes, the University of Ife Theatre was quite keen on producing one and the Director asked me to work with him to produce it, but I had limited time and there was so much activity I couldn't stay on at the university to help. The Director of the Theatre couldn't wait for me to return, so he went ahead with Nigerian plays.

J. L.:

Did you spend most of your time with the University of Ife or did you have an opportunity to travel around to meet other dramatists?

A. J.:

I spent most of my time with the University of Ife Theatre, travelling with them because they are a mobile group. I was able to meet the famous Duro Ladipo. Though he doesn't write in English he is very popular, a man of the people. I was with him for a couple of weeks and saw his plays, "Ede", "Oba Koso", "Moremi" and "Oliweri", all written in the Yoruba language. He's done so much research and the standard of production was so high that though one doesn't speak Yoruba one can really appreciate and respond to what is staged. His plays, like all Yoruba plays, have a leading actress singing. They have a female chorus singing at the back and they make use of many dances and drums. Besides Duro Ladipo, I met Herbert Ogunde, who has twelve wives. I also saw the Ogumola Mobile Theatre which is run by eight women, all

former Director's wives. Ogunmola is now dead but his wife, a leading actress, runs the Theatre.

I also met another Director called Adejobi. Although a cripple, he manages the Theatre and travels around all the time. Then I met a man who calls himself "Young Duro Lodipo" and saw his performances. Also I went to various festivals where I was able to see productions by High School students. Then I went east, stayed with Obi Eguna and saw a play "Minister's Daughter" which is a reflection of the coup in 1964.

J. L.:

Are the costumes and equipment in Nigerian Theatres more elaborate than those in New Guinea Theatres?

A. J.:

The Yoruba Theatres have very elaborate costumes. But they don't spend so much money on backdrops; they get a piece of canvas and an artist puts on appropriate scenery; they can easily take this down when a scene is over. They put much emphasis on dancing and singing and acting and the costumes add more to the atmosphere.

J. L.:

Were the Africans and Asians you met enthusiastic about performing some of our plays?

A. J.:

Yes, they asked me to send them scripts. It would be good to see reviews of Papua New Guinean plays produced overseas. I think it would be good for us, giving publicity to Papua New Guinea and seeing where we stand in the drama world.

J. L.:

Where did you go from Nigeria?

A. J.:

I went to Ghana and stayed at the University where I met a number of dramatists. One of them was Miss Amargatchie, Secretary of the Ghanaian Council of Arts. She produces and directs her own plays with the people in the Ghanaian National Council. I also met an influential lady, Etua Southerland. She told me she has been doing research on oral tradition. She has produced plays, taken them back to the villages to perform, and they have been very successful. I got to know some minor producers and dramatists, and also Professor Opoku, Director of the Ghana Dance Ensemble. I saw their rehearsals and a performance for the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Papua New Guinea when he visited Ghana.

J. L.:

And from Ghana?

A. J.:

From Ghana I went to America. I stayed with Afro-Americans in Harlem, a part of New York City and saw a production by the National Black Theatre called "Revival". It is a play

seeking to liberate blacks from drugs and alcohol. Really the Theatre is about every day life in Harlem. I also saw musical shows on Broadway; "Raising the Sun", "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope With It" and a tragedy called "River Niger", which is a reflection of Afro-American society, the ideologies and views they have.

J. L.:

Where did you go next?

A. J.:

To Tokyo, Japan, where I saw Kabuki Plays, No Plays, Imperial Court Dancing, Puppet Shows and also looked at some other cultural centres.

J. L.:

How did you integrate with the Africans, and later the Afro-Americans?

A. J.:

Generally speaking I integrated very easily. As far as my skin colour is concerned I was easily picked though not segregated. In Ghana the people were darker than myself; I was surprised when a young kid called me a 'white man'. In Harlem I more or less integrated with the negroes, but was soon found to be a foreigner when I spoke.

J. L.:

Having been through this experience overseas do you think there is scope to add to or modify the theatrical outlook of Papua New Guinea?

A. J.:

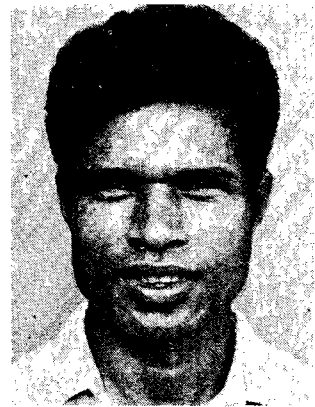
Yes, I think we can do something. We have the costumes, we have the music, we have the dances. These things are here; it takes somebody who is really sincere about creating something and working on it and expecting results only after two years or so. We should do research on music and dances and dramatise our many rich legends, myths and folklore. We mustn't insist so much on the "Western" way of setting up a theatre with backdrops or very highly sophisticated lighting equipment, but should use something simple and easily handled.

J. L.:

You are the first Graduate of our University who has seen theatre activities in countries other than Australia. Do you think you will spend your life doing theatre directing?

A. J.:

I am really interested in going into theatre. I'd like to help those working with me to do more research on various possibilities: where to get our materials, groups or people, to find the best dancers and musicians in each area. The actors have to be trained to play certain musical instruments, to dance and to produce plays. I am interested in plays that carry legends. At the same time we should initiate Street Theatre. I don't mean going out and finding people in the street



**JACK
LAHUI**
ASSISTANT EDITOR

to educate, but to use theatre as a medium of expression, liberation and education.

J. L.:

This is very important work. Where would it be best to secure a post?

A. J.:

I would like to join the Centre for Creative Arts, in the Drama Department. I'd like to involve myself, if I can find students, in doing some experiments and in carrying out what I have been thinking about. I have my own point of view about what New Guinea Theatre should be like and I want to try it on stage. I can best do this in the Centre for Creative Arts.

J. L.:

Will your activities duplicate what the Port Moresby Arts Council is doing?

A. J.:

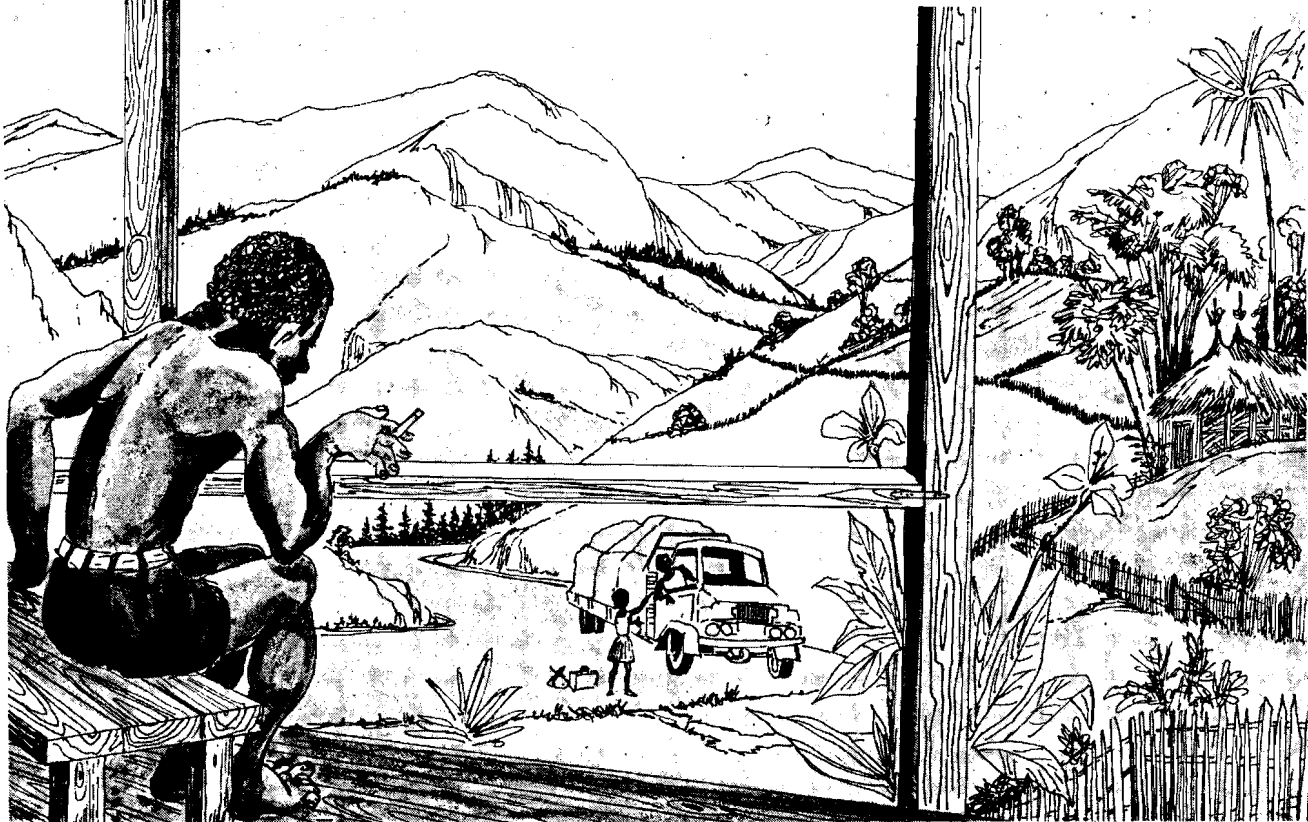
No, in the past there was not much co-operation from the Port Moresby Arts Theatre, but I hope that in the future we might work together, with mutual understanding, and try to learn from each other.

J. L.:

Have you got anything to say to the young Drama enthusiasts who might be thinking of writing for, or taking up, Theatre as a career?

A. J.:

Yes. At the grass roots level I think there should be training institutions for young enthusiasts who might like to act, dance or play music. There should be centres in each district where young people could learn dancing, music and acting so they could develop their personalities. By the time they left school they could go into acting in the National Theatre or to the Centre for Creative Arts. I hope to see this someday.



It was his daughter Gobo who got down from the truck. She talked to the driver for a few minutes. Had she been more than friends with that driver?

DAUGHTER, COME HOME

by
Zawieocte Iwekeo

The quiet of the small village by the Highlands Highway was disturbed as the roar of a large truck grew louder. Sitting on his verandah, Wai ignored the sound until the truck came into sight and stopped at the roadside. Then he watched more closely as a young girl stepped down from the driver's cabin. It was his daughter Gobo, who was not expected home until Christmas.

Wai waited until his daughter was close to the house before he stood to speak to her. But when Gobo saw her father, she burst into tears. She threw down her suitcase and hugged him, sobbing mournfully.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" Wai asked worriedly. "Why have you come home so early?"

"Oh Daddy," Gobo said between sobs. "I was expelled for talking to boys after dinner. I was put on punishment and when I refused to do it, the headmaster sent me away."

Seeing disbelief in his face she pulled away and ran into the house. Wai heard the door of the bedroom slam, and then her muffled sobs. Wai called her, but she would not answer. I must find out the truth about this, thought Wai. She could not have been sent away from the mission school before either I or the missionary was notified. Reverend Smith may have heard something. Accordingly, Wai set off to the Reverend's home, but before he had walked a hundred yards, Reverend Smith's car appeared and halted beside him.

"Reverend Smith," cried Wai in surprise. "Gobo has just arrived home. I was going to see you to find out why she has been expelled from school." Reverend Smith shook his head sadly.

"My friend, I am sorry to tell you your daughter has lied to you. The headmaster of the school has written

me to say Gobo left the school without speaking to anyone. She slipped out in the night, leaving everything but a few clothes. They are terribly worried because she has been a good girl and one of the best students. The headmaster drove up and down the highway for miles, while a party of students searched the town for her, then he wrote to me. He wants her to return to school quickly because the examinations are coming soon and Gobo's year will be wasted if she does not write them."

"Reverend Smith, I fear she is in some big trouble, something she will not tell us. I will go back and ask her again what is wrong."

"All right, Wai. You talk to her again, while I go and send a telegram to the school." He touched Wai on the shoulder. "My friend, don't be sad, at least we know now that Gobo is alive and well! I'll visit you tomorrow morning." Reverend

Smith turned his car and drove away. Wai was very sad as he walked towards his house. He had not told Reverend Smith he had seen Gobo talking to the truck driver. She talked for two or three minutes before the truck moved away. As it did, the driver had waved to her in a way that made Wai think she had been more than a casual hitch-hiker. Has she been more than friendly with the driver? he wondered. Has that driver, or another, got her into trouble? Wai's face was grave when he reached the house. He went to the door of the bedroom but found it locked.

"Gobo! You must come out and answer some questions and you must tell me the truth now."

"I have told you the truth," came his daughter's voice through the door. "I can't tell you any more." She sounds tired, Wai thought. He built a fire and boiled some water for tea. He pushed some kaukau into the fire to bake. Sipping the tea, he looked into the flames and wished his wife were with him.

He could see her again as she had been when she was alive, happy, warm and wise. She would have known how to deal with this situation. Gobo would have answered her gentle questions and the truth would have come out. His wife, Wara, had shown him the strength of the Christian way of life. She had borne him this beautiful daughter and their life had been good. Being a man, however, he had also wanted a son. Wara had borne him a son but something had gone wrong with the birth and both child and mother had died. He had done his best to bring up the girl, but he knew a man could not be both mother and father. When she proved to be a bright student he agreed to send her to the mission school where she would be looked after and guided wisely. Now something had happened and his daughter would not tell him. Wai's thoughts were interrupted by Pastor Gavi who approached the house.

"Good night, Wai," said the pastor, "Reverend Smith has sent a message for you."

"What is it?"

"He said he is going to Goroka tomorrow very early and Gobo can travel with him. He will take her to the school."

"Ah, that is good," said Wai. "But she may refuse to go."

"Let us ask her now," the pastor suggested.

"Gobo!" called her father, "Pastor Gavi is here to see you. Come and talk to him and have some kaukau. You must be hungry." After a few minutes Gobo appeared and sat down but did not speak. She took the kaukau and ate without enthusiasm. "Gobo," the pastor addressed her, "you will have a chance to go back to school tomorrow with Reverend Smith. He is going early and will take you right to the school. They are expecting you and want you to return quickly to write your examinations." Gobo burst into tears again and hid her face in her hands.

"What is the trouble, my girl?" asked the kindly pastor. "Can't you tell us?"

"No!" cried Gobo, jumping up. "No! I am not going back to the school. Never! They are too strict and treat us like small children. I hate the place and I won't go back!"

She ran to her room, the door slammed. The two men heard her fall onto her bed, then the muffled sobbing.

"Well, my friend, it seems we can do nothing," said the pastor sadly. I will go home and hope and pray Gobo will change her mind before morning. I think she will." The pastor said good night and went away.

Wai went to a corner of the room and found his axe, a new and shining axe of which he was proud. He found his file and sharpened the edge of the axe until it gleamed in the firelight. These truck drivers go up and down the highway, picking up girls and getting them into trouble. This driver had picked the wrong girl. He would find out too late when the axe sliced him. This was no time for Christianity, the traditional law would prevail, Wai plotted vengeance.

Most of the night Wai lay awake, his hatred for the truck driver growing. Just before dawn he fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of the truck arriving, of his challenging the driver. The driver laughed at him and Wai swung the axe at the man with all his strength.

The next thing Wai knew was the sound of a car horn. He leapt up and found Reverend Smith outside.

"Gobo! Gobo!" Wai started towards her room, but stopped when he saw a piece of paper on the table. Reverend Smith waited five minutes and called to Wai.

"I have to start now, Wai, please hurry." But Wai came out slowly and silently handed him the letter. Reverend Smith read:

"My dear Father,

I am so sorry, it hurts my heart to leave you. I am going with the truck driver. I will stay with him and have my baby and he will look after me. You will never know where I am and I will never come back to you. This trouble is all my fault and no one else's. I tried hard to be good but could not resist the desire and now I am pregnant. I will go early and catch the truck. I hope you do not wake up because I know you will kill us both. I love you. Goodbye."

"I am sorry," said the missionary. "I will try to catch them on the road."

"It is no use," said Wai, "I don't want her back."

When the car had gone, Wai took out the axe and tested its edge. Then he found a piece of strong rope and wrapped it in a bag with the axe. The axe and the rope would not be used for any purpose until he located his daughter and the truck driver. He would use the axe on them, the rope for himself.

People visited Wai in the following days, but he stared at them until they went away. He stayed in the house for days at a time, going to the garden only for enough food to stay alive.

Sometimes he tried to visualise his dead wife, but it seemed even she had deserted him.

One evening after five long months, Pastor Gavi arrived at Wai's house with a look of sheer joy on his face.

"Brother Wai," he said "I know you have said you wish never to see your daughter again, but you must hear my story and think again."

"I will listen," said Wai, "but you know my decision."

"This is a letter from my nephew Gam, who works in Lae Hospital," Gavi said, opening an envelope and straightening the pages. "Gam found Gobo in the maternity ward of the hospital and he has spoken to her a number of times. He did what he could for her until the child was born and she began to talk to him."

Continued overleaf

DAUGHTER, COME HOME

Continued

"She told Gam she ran away because she feared you would kill her and the driver. But she says the baby does not belong to the driver. She had become pregnant by contact with a young student but she tried to trick the driver, hoping he would marry her and give the child a home. The driver found she was already pregnant and had nothing more to do with her. He left her wandering alone in Lae, where she was found by one of the schoolgirls who took her to her married sister's place where she was hidden until she had to go to the hospital.

"Gobo has now given birth to a fine boy and she wishes to return to you. She asked Gam to write to us to ask for forgiveness and to find out what you think."

The sorrow of five months made Wai's head swim in a confusion of conflicting emotions. Suddenly, for the first time since Gobo's departure, he saw his dead wife again. The image was so clear he felt he could reach out and touch her. She looked as she had when she was alive — warm, good and wise. The image of Wara looked kindly at him and said, "Now you see, my husband, you can have the son you always wanted." Then the vision was gone.

"Ahhhh!" cried Wai, tears springing to his eyes. "Gavi, my friend, I have had a terrible secret in my heart during all these months. I planned to kill Gobo and then hang myself. I was so tired of this trouble she had caused. Here is the axe for Gobo and the rope for myself." Wai took down the bag and drew out the axe and the rope. "But now," he said, with a new light of joy in his eyes, "now I will

use the axe for a different purpose. I will kill five pigs for a celebration to welcome my daughter and my grandson back into my house. That is my answer, my friend; I want my daughter to come home. Gobo and her child are all I have and I want them with me as soon as possible."

"Wai, my friend," said Gavi, in turn wiping a stray tear from his face, "you will be glad to know we have anticipated your change of heart. Reverend Smith and I have already made arrangements for Gobo and the child to return as soon as they are strong enough to travel."

Gavi sat quietly for a few minutes and then he spoke again to Wai. "My friend, you have taught me a great lesson today. I am a pastor and I have studied and read many times about the Prodigal Son, but I do not believe I really understood the story until this moment." ●

TIKAL and MAKAL by Theresia Paka

Long ago, twin sisters called Tikal and Makal lived to the east of Mount Hagen with their father who was very old. Their mother had died when they were young children and their father had looked after them through hardships and good times.

One foggy morning the two girls thought of going to the bush to look for mushrooms. Their father heard them talking about it and told them not to go. The girls said they would not go, but when their father left for the gardens, the girls went into the bush.

In the garden, the father did his work, digging enough kaukau for his

pigs and for their own supper. He could not waste time; every second, minute, hour and day was precious to him. When the digging was done he went to the nearby bush and collected firewood. The sun was setting and he was tired, so he picked up the firewood, put the bag of kaukau on his back and started for home.

When he got home he discovered the girls were not there. He went to search for them in the jungle but in the middle of the night he returned without the girls. The news of what had happened spread to the villagers

the next morning. They searched a large area but could not find the twin girls.

The girls had gone into the thickest part of the jungle many miles from the village, to a place where nothing but wild animals lived. Surrounded by the towering mountains they were unable to find their way back. Realising their situation they decided to climb one of the mountains to see if they could see their village. When they got to the top, they were exhausted from climbing, so they sat down on two big rocks to rest.

Makal, who was longing to see her people, turned her face in the direction where she thought her village might be. Her sister, Tikal, who hated her people, turned her back to the village and faced the opposite direction.

They sat there for many days without food and water and gradually became a part of the rocks. The two rocks on the mountain, looking like two girls facing opposite ways, can be seen today.

Legend says the two girls cried when they were turning to stone and where the tears fell, there are two creeks, which join and run down the mountains, fresh and clean. When men go hunting, they stop at the stream to drink the clear water and they think about this story. ●



MODERN GIRL

by
Sister Jane
Ainauga



Aiba and Opu had an unforgettable wedding day.

The people of the Central District of Papua are known to possess very expensive girls; often huge sums of money are paid for a bride.

Aiba was a fine, strong girl who was expected to gain for her family a large bride-price. She was born in a Mekeo village and had elder brothers who had married and paid their bride-prices. She also had sisters who had married men from their own district and the parents had received thousands of dollars in bride-price payments.

Aiba attended high school in her district and took up a career as a school teacher. She was old enough to choose a husband but during her Christmas holidays a letter came from a young man's father telling Aiba he wanted her to marry his son Aitsi. Aiba's father said, "Yes, Aiba, you must marry Aitsi."

"No father, I don't want to marry Aitsi."

"Yes, you will. He has already paid a thousand dollars worth of native riches; you cannot refuse. We obeyed our fathers when we were your age!"

"No, father. Aitsi is not my choice."

Aiba was forced to go to church to marry Aitsi. The minister asked Aiba, "Will you take Aitsi for your lawful husband?" Aiba said, "No". The Minister sent them out of the church.

Aiba's father, her uncles and brothers beat her for her insolence. In the midst of her tears she

exclaimed, "Papua New Guinea is a free country and I am twenty-two years old. I will choose my own husband." After this proclamation she was beaten harder. Yet she said again, "You can marry Aitsi, you agreed to marry him, you took the bride-price!"

Aiba was posted to teach in another village. There, one moonlit night on the soft sandy beach under the swaying palm trees, she met a charming sailor whose name was Opu. Opu was Aiba's choice for a husband. She had to tell her father about Opu and she knew this was going to cause a lot of trouble. But Aiba was determined she was going to marry Opu. Aiba wrote and told her father she wanted to marry Opu.

Her father agreed and wrote to Aiba saying, "Tell Opu the bride-price is \$1400." Her reply stated, "I will inform Opu about the bride price, but I do not insist that he pay it."

Aiba's brothers found Opu and explained. "It is the custom that the husband pay the bride-price. The bride-price is paid because when you have children, especially male children, they will increase the strength of your tribe. Your male children will not belong to our tribe." Opu agreed to pay the bride-price, for he loved Aiba intensely.

"Opu, when is your wedding day?" Opu's friends at the Navy Base asked him.

"In the Easter holidays," said Opu.

"How much is the bride-price?"

"\$1400."

"That's crazy! Can't you find a cheaper one than that?"

"No, I can't, I love her too much. I could die for her."

"Opu, do you know why those young girls in Mekeo are without husbands? They are going to be old maids because they are too expensive. I'm going to marry a New Guinean woman and I know a lot of my friends who will marry New Guineans. Their girls are attractive and their families do not ask too much money from us."

"Bride-price is a bad thing," said Opu. "If only our people, especially the older generation, would solve this problem for us. They cannot be forced by the government, this change has to come from the people themselves. Maybe the younger generation will change this custom."

Opu and Aiba had an unforgettable wedding day. Aiba was dressed like a princess in a modern wedding dress and had little flower girls to carry her long train.

Opu's family and Aiba's family and many friends were present for the wedding, the formal reception and the traditional feast which followed. All were happy and contented, since the bride-price had been paid. But Aiba made up her mind her daughters would not be "sold" as she had been.

AMAMAS BILONG TUDE TASOL

by
Rex

Okona

THIS STORY WON
THE \$50 PRIZE IN
THE PIDGIN SECTION
OF THE 1973
NATIONAL SHORT
STORY CONTEST,
CONDUCTED BY
THE LITERATURE
BUREAU.

DISPELA STORI EM I
NAMBAWAN LONG
RESIS BILONG RAIT
LONG 1973. REX
OKONA EM I KISIM
\$50 PRAIS.
LITERATURE BUREAU
EM I WOKIM
DISPELA RESIS RAIT

A synopsis of this story, in
English, appears on
page 20.

John Oponono i sindaun isi tru long wanpela gumi sia ausait long ples drink longwe liklik long Port Moresby.

San i go daun na tudak i kamap liklik olsem na ol binatang i kirap bilong ol i pairap nabaut. Mun tu i kam antap, tasol diwai i pasim na hap tasol i soim lait insait long ol bikpela diwai i sanap klostu. Liklik win tu i sut daunbilo long wara i kam antap, na taim John i putim bia long maus bilong em, win i mekim na bia i swit moa. "Mm m, i no pilai pilai!" John i tingting. "Sapos potnait bilong mi bai mi kisim Maino i kam hia na bagarapim em stret. Em bai i traat wantaim wantaim na bai mi ringim teksi isi tasol na kisim em i go long haus bilong em. Em i ting em i moa yet na i laik traim mi a? Em i no save mi pikinini bilong Oponono yet ya!" Tasol insait long bel bilong em, em i amamas tru long Maino long wanem em nau i kampani potnait na John i save kisim pe long gavman potnait. Nau i taim bilong Maino na tupela i amamas na sindaun.

"Kamon Maino, mi no pinisim dispela botol yet!" John i tok long taim Maino i putim tupela moa botol S.P. long rebol klostu long John. "Any time John, yu no wori. Em i potnait bilong pren bilong yu Maino!" Na Maino i putim han i go insait long poket na sek sekim silva mani long poket. Na wanpela bilong sampela lain man i sindaun long hap i go klostu long haus danis i singaut taim em i harim pairap bilong mani bilong Maino. . . . Em i singaut i spik, "Ei, бага ya!" Maino i smail long em na wokabaut amamas i go long kaunta long baim paket sigaret.

Em i baim pinis na brukim paket, kisim wanpela na laitim bilong em yet na putim paket wantaim bokis masis long tebol klostu long John na em i sindaun.

John i kisim wanpela smok na putim long maus bilong em na laitim. Em i laik putim smok na ben i pairap na ol man i kirap i go danis. Sampela wanwan man tasol i holim pas ol meri na danis wantaim ol, tasol planti man ol yet na hatim danis nogut tru. Tupela spakman i wipim nating nating arere long tupela yangpela meri i danis wantaim tupela narapela man. Narapela spakman i sakim sakim klostu tru long bihain bilong wanpela meri na meri i singaut, "Nogat sem bilong yu." Na

ranawe i go long wanpela hap. Olgeta man i lukim na i lap. Sampela i sem nating na ol i no lukluk i go long em.

Tasol wanpela spakman i danis liklik na ai bilong em i raun na pundaun kranki tru klostu long lek bilong poroman bilong em.

"Ha ha ha, he he he! Lukim Maino! Baga ya i pundaun olsem hap diwai stret." John i tok na makim man i pundaun slip i stap long graun long pinga.

Spakman i isi isi tasol kirap na i tok, "Hei, hus-u sat i-i lap olsem susa bilong em Nanse tru? Yu ting mi dring long mani bilong yu a? Nogat sem bilong yu!" Na em i pundaun gen.

Planti man i lap na wanpela spakman tu i singaut, "Lukim em, mani man tru ya." Na em tu i lap nogut tru olsem meme.

Tupela wantok bilong spakman hia i go karim em na i laik i go putim em long wanpela hap tasol em i singaut. "Watpo yu karim mi! Yu no buy drink po mi, I buy dring po me, po myself."

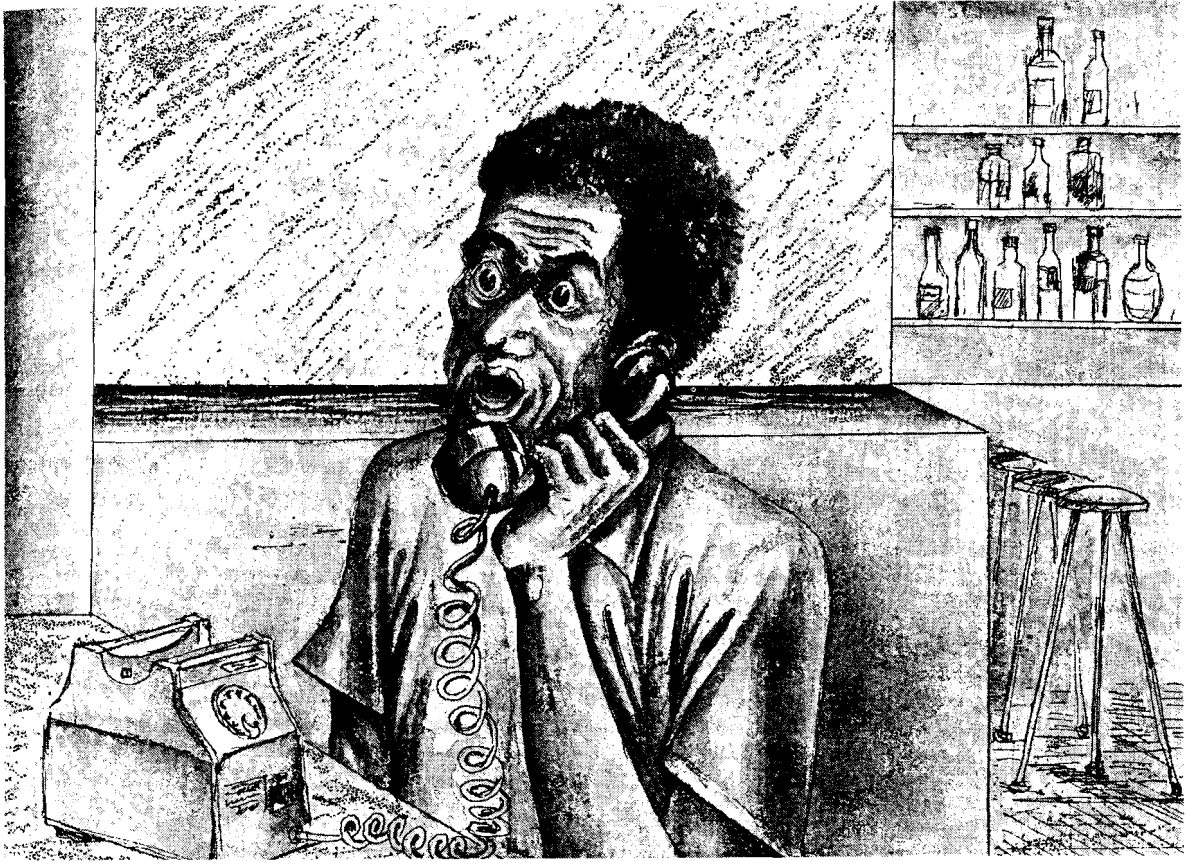
Ol lain bilong em harim tasol na karim em i go putim em long arere long banis long hap kona. Na em i slip i dai i stap.

"Yu bladi rabis man tru! Yu kam i stap longtaim long Mospi na yu no gat mani long baim drink. Yu wok long i kam long hotel olgeta taim na mauswara nating long stilim bia bilong ol man! Kamon, raus!"

"Mi no dring long mani bilong yu. Yu ting yu mekim mi spak? Lukim em, i nogat sem bilong em. Koiwa i baim bilong mi na mi spak. Sapos yu wari long wanpela botol yu givim me ya? Wet, I fix you up next week, OK? Nau raus!" Tupela man i kros na klostu i laik pait tasol man i sindaun long tebol i tokim tupela long sindaun. Wanpela i sindaun tasol narapela i sanap yet na lukluk strong tru long em i go i go. Bihain i sindaun gen.

John i bin i stap longtaim liklik long dring olsem na het bilong em i paul liklik na i tok mauswara nabaut long taim em i bin hukim wanpela yangpela meri long Krismas holide long ples. Maino i kam bek wantaim tupela botol bia moa.

Na John tupela Maino i wok long sindaun na dring i go i go na olgeta mani bilong Maino i pinis. Wan dola tasol i stap long tupela i kisim PMV trak i go bek long Mospi. Tupela pinisim hap bia na i go wet



"Hallo, polis? Yu mas kam kwiktaim. Ol i kilim pren bilong mi!"

"Hello, police? You must come quickly. They have killed my friend!"

long rot long kisim PMV tasol tupela i wet i go i go i nogat PMV i kam. "John ating moabeta yumi i go ringim teksi." Maino i tok.

"Yu tok yu gat wan dola, tasol teksi long hia i go long Mospi em i bikpela mani moa ya."

"Em i orait, yu no ken wori. Bai yumi go long haus bilong mi na mumutim ol peni nabaut. Yu stap hia na mi ron i go na ringim teksi long telepon daunbilo long hotel." Wantu tasol em i ron i go daun long hotel na John i sindaun long gras arere long rot na wet long Maino. Het bilong em i paul na em i pundaun long gras na slip i stap.

I no long taim nau wanpela polis i kam na lukim John i slip i stap arere long rot.

Wanpela polisman i sindaun tasol insait long kar na makim John long pinga na singaut, "Hei yu! Hei, yu harim no nogat?" Tasol John i no harim na i slip yet. Polisman i bel hat na opim dua bilong em long bikpela but bilong em na i tok, "Hei

yu, yu ting yu man tru na dring! Sikrap bilong yupela yet long dring na i no laik i go long haus a? Yupela laik tasol long slip nabaut long hia olsem hap diwai i stap. Kamon, kirap i go insait long polis kar! Hei! Hei, yu harim no nogat?" Na kikim long as bilong John.

"Mm m." John i tok na i slip yet. Polisman i bel hat na apim John na pulim em i go opim dua bilong polis kar na tromwe em i go pundaun long polis kar olsem bek kapra na i slip i stap. Na ol i kisim em i go long polis stesin.

Maino i go ringim teksi pinis na i kam antap long rot. Taim em i kamap long ples John i bin sindaun long en, em i lukim i go i kam tasol John i no stap. "Hai John! John, yu go we? John! John! Yu go we?" Tasol em i no harim nek bilong John. Em i ron tasol i go bek long smolhaus insait long hotel, tasol em i no painim em. "Ating ol man i kilim em o olsem wanem? Ating moabeta mi ringim polis." Em

i go tasol putim ten sen i go insait long retpela telepon na ringim polis.

"Hallo!" Polisman i tok insait long pon.

"Hallo, hallo, polis? Mi Maino na pren bilong mi John i sindaun long rot klostu long ples dring na ol man i kilim em. Yu kam kwiktaim nau tasol."

"Bip bip." Maino lukluk i go long rot na lukim teksi i stap i stap. "Draiva, mi ring, tasol pren bilong mi ol man i kilim em na me ringim polis na wet i stap. Ating yu ken i go bek." Olanan, bel bilong teksi draiva i kaskas tru na i tanim kar kwik na sut i go bek.

Maino i wet i stap na polis kar i kam kamap. Tripela polisman i opim dua na kirap i kam aut. Maino i lukim ol na ron tasol i go tok save long ol. Ol polisman wantaim Maino i wok long lukautim John i go i go nogat nau, na wanpela polisman i tok. "Ating dispela man

Continued overleaf

AMAMAS BILONG TUDE TASOL — Continued from page 19

i kusai long yumi. Em i wok long dring i go na i nogat mani bilong em long painim rot i go bek long taun, olsem na em i ringim long yumi na mekim dispela giaman stori." Maino i laik klaiam tok tasol ol polisman i daunim tok bilong em na kisim em i go tromwe em i go insait long polis kar.

Taim ol i kamap long rot bung long 4-mile Maino i tok, "Haus bilong mi i stap long hap i go long rot bilong Yunivesiti. Yutepela tanim i go hap-olsem na dropim mi." Tasol ol polis i tok, "A? Yu tok wanem? Yu ting bai mipela kisim yu i go long haus bilong yu a? Yu spak na kusai long polis olsem na bai mipela i putim yu long rumgat. Yu tok-moa bai mipela solapim yu olsem na moabeta yu pasim bikipela maus bilong yu."

Na ol i kisim em i go tasol long Boroko polis stesin na rausim su, was na angasip long poket na subim em i go insait long rumgat.

Insait long rumgat i tudak nogut tru na Maino i pasim ai bilong em na i wok long putim han i go i kam na i laik pilim hap banis simen. Em i pilim pilim i go i kam na krungutim wanpela man i slip long plua i stap. Em i ting tewel, na bel bilong em i kirap nogut tru. Em i sanap liklik na isi isi tasol putim han i go na pilim man i slip long plua. Maino i holim pilim pilim i go. Na em i holim sait bilong man na бага i kirap nogut tru na singaut olsem weldok stret.

Wanpela polis i ron i kam putim lait nau. "O! O John mi ting ol man i kilim yu pinis. Yu tewel o man?"

John i kam tasol holim pas long Maino na mekim save long krai.

Polisman i sanap ausait na ai bilong em i op olsem pusiket na wok long tingting long watpo tupela i holim pas ol yet na krai i stap. John i krai pinis na stori long Maino long olgeta samting i kamap long em. Tupela i sindaun long hap simen na toktok i go i go na lusim tingting na slip liklik tasol na tulait.

Wanpela polisman i kam opim dua na i kam insait na tokim tupela long i go aut. Polisman ya i go mumutim ol sampela samting bilong tupela na i go kamap long wanpela polis opisa.

"A, yutupela tasol i dring na paulim polis long nait a?" Polis opisa i tok.

"Nogat! Mitupela i no paulim polis o kusai . . ." Maino i laik tok, tasol polis opisa i solapim em na i tok, "Maski, mi save pinis. Yutupela i ken i go fri. Bihain moa yutupela mekim olsem bai yutupela i go kalabus, save a?"

"Yes!" John i tok.

"Ai, yu mas tok yesa. Bihain moa yu tok yes tasol bai mi putim yu long kalabus." John na Maino tupela harim harim tasol na wokabaut i go ausait.

Tupela i go baksait long haus polis na wokim tang wantaim pinga long ol polis na i lap i go.

"John, ating yumi go long haus bilong mi na dring ti pastaim, orait yu ken go long haus bilong yu a, laka?" Maino i askim John. John i bekim tok, "OK Maino, ating moabeta yumi mekim olsem."

Tupela i go kamap long haus na Maino isi tasol paitim dua. Meri bilong Maino i harim tasol na i slip yet. Maino paitim namba tu taim na dua i no op. Em i kros na namba tri taim em i givim hatwan tru long dua na singaut. "Ai, mama! Yu kam

opim dua. Mi tupela John wantaim i kam, yu harim a?"

"Mi save, tasol yu slip we na i kam?" Meri bilong Maino i askim olsem.

"Yu opim dua pastaim bai mi tokim yu. Yu kam opim dua!"

Meri bilong Maino i isi isi tasol kirap, giaman kus na i kam opim dua. Em i lukluk strong tru long ai bilong Maino na mekim save krai na kros wantaim na i tok, "Yu kusai man bilong dring stret. Asde yet yu kisim mani na i no givim sampela long mipela na yu go dring spak na pamuk nabaut i stap na nau yu kam!"

"Nau Mania, yu harim stori bilong mi pastaim!"

Tasol meri bilong Maino i pasim dua strong long pes belong em na i gobek insait long haus na wok long krai i stap.

"Maino, ating moabeta yu stap na behain you go insait. Mi bai mi go bek long haus bilong mi."

Maino i no toktok, em sem tasol na daunim het bilong em i go daun i stap, na John lusim em na i go.

"Mi wanpela longlong man stret!" Maino i toktok long em yet. "Mi no save kisim bikipela mani tasol mi wok long amamas long tude tasol na mi no ting long meri pikinini. Bai mi tok wanem long meri. Ating moabeta mi go dinau na kisim kaikai samting. Narapela taim bai mi dinau." Maino i wok long sori na wori i stap long ausait long verandah, na lukluk i go ausait long rot.

Dispela stori i soim ol kain pasin i save kamap long laip bilong sampela Papua New Guinea man long Port Moresby na sampela arapela hap, we i gat liklik mani tasol alkohol i planti moa. ●

BELOW IS A SYNOPSIS OF THE ABOVE STORY

John Oponono was sitting comfortably outside a drinking place a few miles from Port Moresby. It was dusk and he was enjoying his beer. He and friend Maino got drunk every Friday, each in turn paying for the drinks on alternate Fridays. Today was Maino's payday, next week John would pay for both when he received his salary.

Maino bought more beer and cigarettes and when the band started playing everyone got up to dance. Men danced with girls, but there were also men dancing with each other. Some were drunk and frightened the girls. Men who passed out were put in corners out of the way. There were many arguments and once two men came close to starting a brawl.

After many drinks, John began telling about the girl he had met while he was at home for Christmas. They were drinking quickly and soon Maino had only one dollar left to get them home to

Port Moresby. They went to the road to wait for a Passenger Motor Vehicle. After a time when no truck had appeared, Maino suggested calling a taxi. They would need more than one dollar but they could go to Maino's house and find all the small change to pay for the taxi. Maino went to ring for a taxi while John waited at the roadside. Presently, he fell into a drunken sleep and when a police car stopped the officers could not wake him. They threw him into the car and took him to jail.

When Maino returned to find John missing he thought his friend had been killed and went back to the tavern to ring the police. When the taxi appeared he sent it away. The police car arrived and the officers decided Maino had rung them in order to get a lift home. They put him in the car but took him to the police station and put him in the guardroom. In the dark he touched a human shape that screamed. A guard turned on the

lights and Maino found it was John he had touched in the dark. He embraced Maino and cried for joy at finding him alive. They talked until morning when they were released.

They went to Maino's house to drink tea, but Maino's wife saw they had been drunk and knew Maino had spent his entire salary on drink. She slammed the door in their faces. John went away, leaving Maino to ponder his plight. He knew how foolish he was, spending all his money on drink while his wife and children were left hungry. He felt very big and happy so long as the money lasted but when it was gone he felt terrible. Now he would have to borrow money to live until next payday. Alcohol was ruining his life.

This is an illustration of what is actually happening in the lives of many Papua New Guineans in Port Moresby and elsewhere, where salaries are low and alcohol is readily available.

NEWS ABOUT THE COMPETITIONS

NEW SECTIONS AND MORE PRIZES

THE FIFTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION

Four Sections — Twelve Prizes — Total \$260

Section One: For the best poem in English by a Tertiary student or adult.

- FIRST PRIZE \$50 ● SECOND PRIZE \$20 ● THIRD PRIZE \$15

Section Two: For the best poem in English by a Secondary student.

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

Section Three: For the best poem in English by a Primary student.

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

Section Four: For the best poem written in Pidgin.

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

THE FIFTH ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

Two Sections — Six Prizes — Total \$160

Section One: ONE-ACT PLAYS.

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

Section Two: TWO AND THREE ACT PLAYS.

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

THE SIXTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY CONTEST

Four Sections — Six Prizes — Total \$180

Section One: For the best story from a tertiary student. (University, Teachers' College, etc.)

PRIZE \$50

Section Two: For the best story from a secondary student.

PRIZE \$50

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

PRIZE \$50

Section Four: For the best story from a Primary student.

- FIRST PRIZE \$15 ● SECOND PRIZE \$10 ● THIRD PRIZE \$5

Entries in Sections One, Two and Four must be in English.

RULES

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

All three competitions open 1st MAY, and close 31st JULY, 1974.

Winners will be announced after 31st AUGUST, 1974.

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.

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.

- Send entries for all three competitions to LITERATURE BUREAU, Department of Information and Extension Services, P.O. Box 2312, KONE DOBU.

About the writers



Joseph Saruva

JOSEPH SARUVA — Born at Kokodo, he was educated at Martyrs' Memorial School, Popondetta and Mitcham High School, Victoria. He took a Diploma in Teaching from Goroka Teachers' College and taught at Goroka Technical School. In 1972 he joined the University of Papua New Guinea where he is studying Arts and Education.

Aloysius Aita

ALOYSIUS AITA, from the Gailala 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 in 1972 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".



Rex Okona



REX OKONA comes from Bawon village in the Morobe District. He attended Monono Primary School and later Ega Primary School, both in the Chimbu District. In 1967 he attended Bugandi High School near Lae. He came to the University after completing his Form Four in 1970. Rex has now completed his second year in Education at the University of Papua New Guinea.



Morea Vele

MOREA VELE comes from Porebada village in the Central District. He attended Porebada Primary 'T' School from 1964 to 1967. In 1968 he began at Iarowari High School. On completion of Form Four in 1972 he attended Keravat Senior High School near Rabaul, East New Britain District, where last year he completed his matriculation.



Miss Theresia Paka

THERESIA PAKA comes from Gumas village near Mount Hagen, Western Highlands District. She attended Rebiambul and later Banz Catholic Mission Primary Schools. In 1960 she began attending Notre Dame High School, where last year she completed Form Four. Theresia is now employed as a clerk with the Commonwealth Trading Bank in Mount Hagen.



Sister Jane Ainauga

SISTER JANE AINAUGA comes from Inauauni village in the Mekeo area of the Central District. She obtained her primary education at Yule Island and later at Badili in Port Moresby. She later returned to Yule Island to attend O.L.S.H. High School. From there she went to the Catholic Church School in Normanhurst, Sydney, where she completed her secondary studies. She chose to be a Carmelite nun and is now at the Catholic Mission Station, Bomana, near Port Moresby.



Joe Dehafa

JOE DEHAFA comes from Turubu near Wewak, East Sepik District. He attended a Catholic Mission School and later the Administration Primary School at Balik. He is now a Third Form student at Brandi High School, Wewak.



Zawieocte Iwekeo

ZAWIEOCTE IWEKEO comes from Tipsit village in the Kabwum area of the Morobe District but grew up in Garawon village near Saidor, Madang District, where his father, a Lutheran Pastor, was stationed. He attended Gatop Primary School where he did Standards One to Six. He was then awarded a scholarship to study at St. Peter's Lutheran College in Brisbane. He returned in 1964 and the following year attended Lae High School. In 1968 Zawieocte joined Kristen Radio in Banz, Western Highlands. He has just returned from a training course in Kenya, sponsored by the Lutheran World Federation.



Hurava Maitava

HURAVA MAITAVA comes from Arehava village near Ihu in the Gulf District. He obtained his primary education at Ihu and later continued his education through an External Studies course. He is now a student at the Christian Leaders Training College, Banz, in the Western Highlands District and is doing his fourth year for the Diploma of Theology.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

These people wrote to tell us what they think about

'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING'

Dear Sir,

I think it would be a splendid idea if more Pidgin stories could be included in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. There is no need at all to include an English translation, for two reasons. Firstly, it is a waste of paper and money. Secondly, if there are translations of Pidgin stories in English in every issue, then we are not promoting and encouraging Pidgin in this field. I am interested in reading Pidgin stories, but when I come to the translation I close the magazine. I hope my opinion will benefit in the preparation of future issues.

GAMALIEL PIDIK,
Wesley High School,
SALAMO.

This is another good letter in response to our Editorial about the future of Melanesian Pidgin (September, 1973). Mr Pidik's opinion will certainly be taken into account as we plan future issues. What do other readers think about this subject? Please write and tell us your opinions.

— Editor.

Dear Sir,

I've been reading some of the latest issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' with great interest. I would like to say that your writers are doing a wonderful thing for our present and future generations. I will try to write some stories for your magazine.

OFFENET MUI,
Kila Kila High School,
PORT MORESBY.

Dear Sir,

I would like to subscribe to 'Papua New Guinea Writing' for one year (air mail postage). I would also like to purchase one copy of all previous issues. I would greatly appreciate your sending me the cost plus air mail postage of previous volumes, plus the cost for one year's subscription at air mail rates.

JEAN HATFIELD,
Bethesda,
MARYLAND, U.S.A.

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A one-year subscription to 'Papua New Guinea Writing' sent airmail will cost \$3.80.

— Editor.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed my \$1.00 subscription for the 1974 issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. I have been receiving the magazine for the past twelve months and find it very interesting; especially Poet's Corner. May I add that I always look forward to reading a poem by Jack Lahui.

JESSIE E. CONSIDINE,
Mildura,
VICTORIA.

Dear Sir,

Would you please send back copies of 'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING', numbers 2, 3, 6 and 7. I enclose 80c.

K. CRAMER,
Yagaum Hospital,
MADANG.

**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 22.

The Editor.

Papua New Guinea Writing

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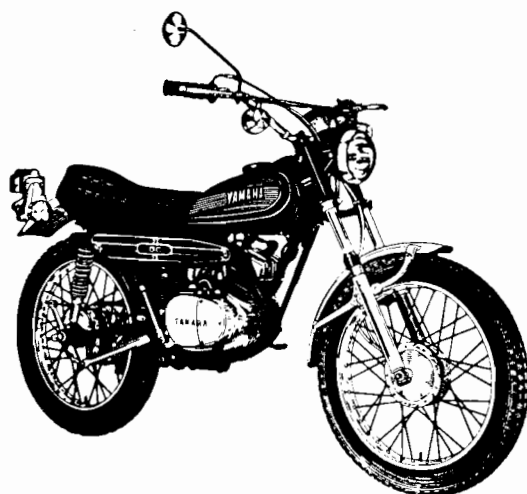
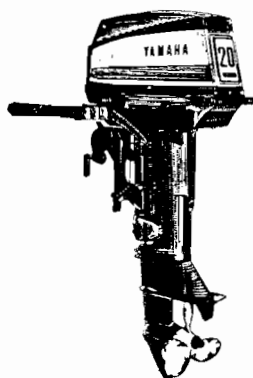
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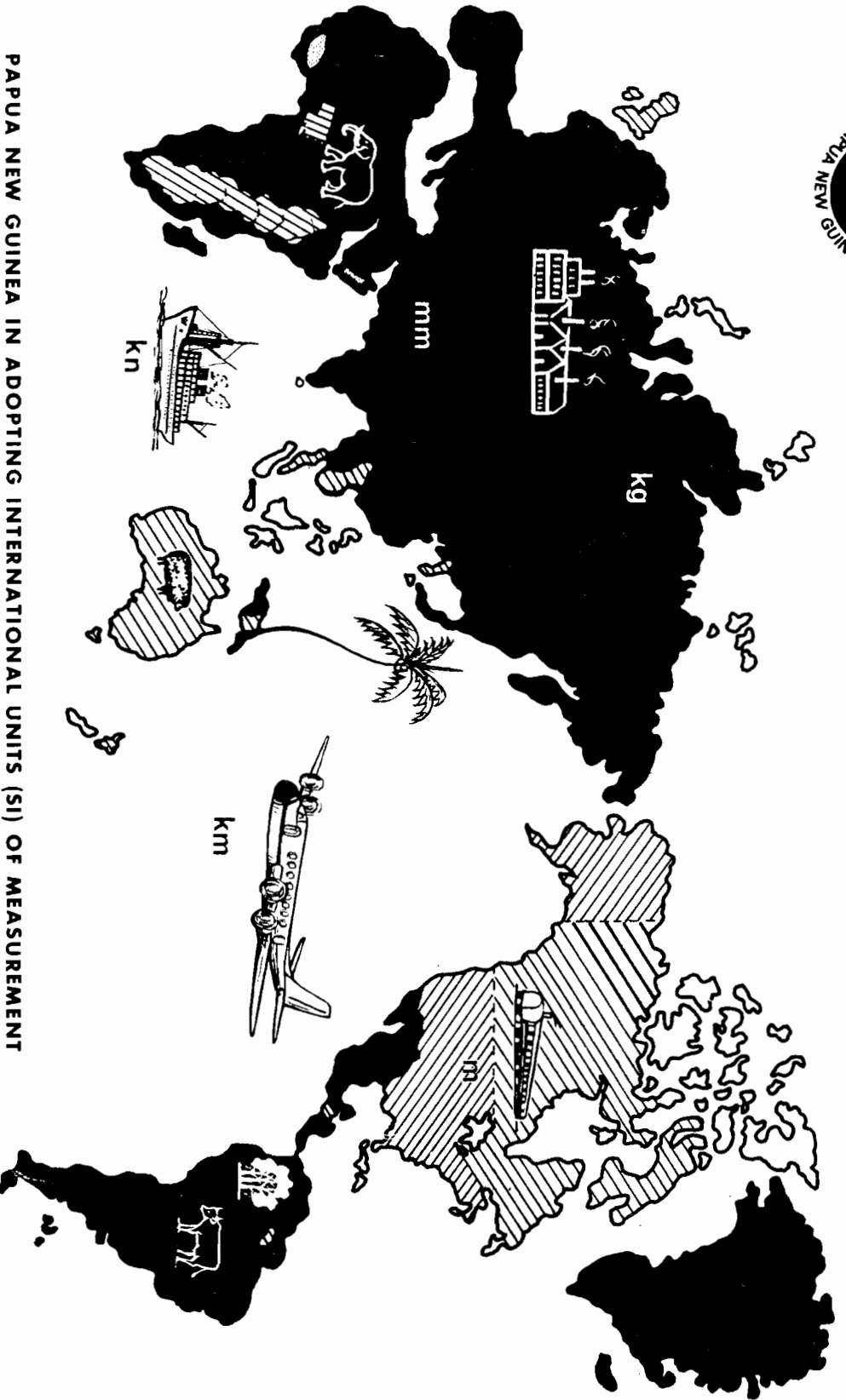
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