

SANA

an autobiography of

Michael Somare



The man whom expatriate planters once condemned as a dangerous radical emerges as the defender of tradition and the virtues of village democracy.

(Craghton Burns, Age, 16 September 1975)

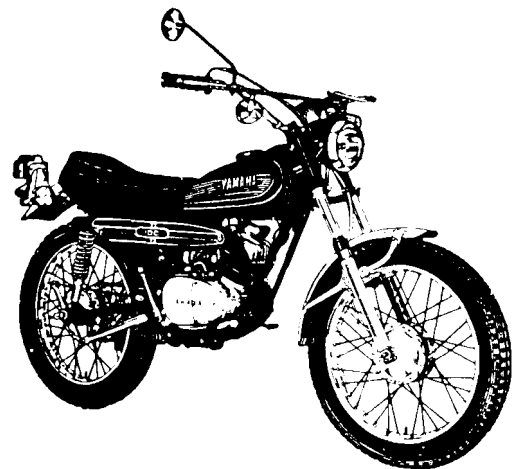
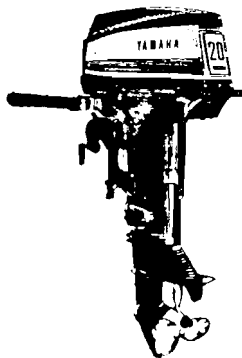
Casebound and jacketed K4.95

Now available from:
Robert Brown & Associates Pty Ltd,
P.O. Box 3395,
PORT MORESBY Tel. 25 4855



YAMAHA

It's a better machine



OUTBOARDS AND MOTORCYCLES

FROM **ELA**  **MOTORS LIMITED**

BRANCHES AND DEALERS
THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY

c o n t e n t s

| | |
|---|---|
| * EDITORIAL | 2 |
| * THE DAY I BECOME INDEPENDENT, John Wills Kaniku | 3 |
| * CAUGHT IN BETWEEN, Michael Mosoro | 5 |

SPECIAL INDEPENDENCE FEATURES:-

| | |
|--|----|
| * POETS' CORNER | 8 |
| * COMPETITIONS NEWS | 10 |
| * IMPORTANCE OF NATIONHOOD, Charles Karava | 11 |
| * SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF (P.N.G.) INDEPENDENCE | 12 |
| * LAPUN TOPIO I SAVE LONG INDEPENDENCE, Manmato Uvako | 16 |
| * PAPUA NEW GUINEA I OLSEM WANPELA TRI, (Rev.) Francis Mihalic | 18 |
| * OUR SECOND INDEPENDENCE, Gabriel Suine | 20 |
| * OUR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE, Daniel Basiya | 22 |

Editor: JACK LAHUI Editorial Consultant: DOUGLAS ROSE

(Sub-Editors: Necky Russiat, Kone Tom)

Drawings on page 3 and 5 by Biliso Osake and Archie Chapman
of the Office of Information - Art and Design Section.

All photographs by the Office of Information - Photographic Section.

Copyright reserved. September 1975 Number 19 issue: Literature Bureau.

Published by the Literature Bureau, Office of Information,
Department of the Prime Minister, Konedobu, Port Moresby.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, store in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher. Views expressed in this periodical are specifically those of the authors or those interviewed by our Editorial Staff and do not necessarily reflect those of the Editorial Staff or the Office of Information.



EDITORIAL

NEW GUINEA, the land that time forgot, was first sighted by Europeans when the Portuguese navigators P. Serram and D.A. Abreu reached our waters in 1512 but they, like the Portuguese De Menesis who gave us the name Illos Dos Papuas, or the Spaniard de Retes, who named it New Guinea, did not account it for much and concentrated on more profitable areas. However small their mention was, they at least included New Guinea in the then known world geography as far as Europe was concerned.

Important events in Europe, together with the increased maritime activity caused by the long-born curiosity for a southern continent, had resulted in other European countries namely Holland, France, Britain and Germany, exploring the Pacific. Historically, the discovery of Australia later led to the colonisation of the south-east portion of New Guinea by Britain.

Then came a landslide of annexations with the Dutch taking their portion west of 141° Meridian in 1882, followed two years later by Germany with the north-east section. Britain followed four years later, claiming the rest.

With the emergence of Australia as a self-governing federation, Britain eventually relinquished her New Guinea administration. With the passing of the Papua Act in 1906, the territory was handed over to the Australian Federal Government under the name PAPUA.

Then 1914 saw the outbreak of World War One in Europe. An Australian expeditionary force occupied Rabaul, the seat of German colonial administration. Thus German rule in New Guinea came to an end and at the same time the blueprints of a united Papua New Guinea started to be sketched.

The League of Nations in 1919 awarded Australia a mandate to administer German New Guinea. But 23 years later the Japanese invaded it.

World War Two turned New Guinea into a battlefield. The only way to survival was a military administration of the uninvaded parts in 1942.

The year 1946 saw the League of Nations replaced by the United Nations organisation, whereby the former Mandated Territory of New Guinea became a U.N. Trust Territory under a Trusteeship Agreement. In accordance with the Papua New Guinea Act of 1949 the Australian Territory of Papua and the Trust Territory of New

Guinea were jointly administered.

The post-war period became an era of economic and social reconstruction and development and, most importantly, boosting the political awareness among the population, thus involving them in politics.

First we had village constables, representing the Government at the village level. In 1951, the Legislative Council was set up and local government councils encouraged. Again in 1961, the Legislative Council was expanded with the indigenous representation increase. This was further changed to allow for the creation of the first House of Assembly in 1964. From then onwards came a series of rapid transitions in the field of politics. There was a big drive for political education throughout the country and as a result political parties emerged in 1967. To back this up, the education system was recognised and revitalised to meet the challenges of crash development with its evolutionary consequences.

From 1972 onwards the target was self-government, and this was attained on 1 December 1973. Independence was inevitable.

Now with the achievement of Independence peacefully and confidently, our people, from the elite to the grass-roots, have for the first time realised the fruit of the merciless toil from dawn to dusk. The memorable event on September 16 of hoisting the national flag to succeed the Australian flag largely repaid the ninety years of endurance and hard work suffered by both past and present people of this new country.

So for the first time we devote an entire issue to a distinctive occasion: the most important national event of our country.

The Office of Information conducted competitions in Poetry and Essays on the theme of Independence. This issue carries some of the winning essays and poems. The entries evoked many of the deepest feelings of the people. Judges could not deny that there were articles against the issue. These were, we thought, the results of uncertainty, fear or ignorance. Nevertheless, as the majority of the entrants were more forward-looking, we believed the feeling of optimism would reign in the minds of the people. Prizes were given on the judges' decision on merit, regardless of the political tone of writing.



Beautiful headresses consisting largely of Bird of Paradise plumes swayed to the rhythm of the kundu and gamsuts to which women danced with graceful feminine movements.

THE DAY I BECAME INDEPENDENT

By John Wills Kaniku

My eyes caught my father, Sibona making tea beside a big tree for the dancers. With him were my mother, aunt and my bride's parents. I could barely see him through the smoke from the fireplace. I could guess that he was internally sad, but externally pleased to celebrate the ceremony of the day, the day I was to be recognised as a man of the village. He was certain that he had prepared me well to run my own affairs.

Suddenly, I switched off from the rest of the happenings and began to imagine and review my past, year by year, in the cool morning on the eve of my wedding day. I was relaxing in a chair in the very house of my father.

The meditation began with my being born into the world. I wondered who helped my mother. Henari through labour, and who examined me to see if there was anything wrong with me, and who, perhaps finding nothing, had lain me on a mat. I may have been a helpless little thing. No

one knew how I felt. They all knew that I was a little baby and that was all. In the several years that followed, I was immersed in the warmth and affection of my mother. When I cried, she breastfed me and when in danger, she came to my rescue. When I wanted sleep, she put me to sleep. She cleaned me when I expectorated. * I remembered at the age of six she used to carry me on her back. She had entire authority over me. I had little freedom; she was my boss and that was it.

Making gardens in the village was teram work and everyone in the family was required to do his or her share, whether big or small. I went unwillingly to the garden with them, and helped in clearing the undergrowth, digging up garden plots, felling trees, digging holes in the soil and planting crops. It was hard work and at times I did not like it. I knew I was too young, but to my parents, all that mattered was my co-

* means to spit.

operation in order to acquire the skills of my people.

I grew into yet another age group, when feelings of self-reliance began flourishing in me. However, before I could rely on myself entirely, I had to learn the basic skills which had been handed down from one generation to another. This required that I sacrifice my childhood interest and work hard during the working hours, and play when there was spare time. Following my parents closely, I watched and imitated what they did for a living. I went to the garden, hunted wild pigs, fished, carried firewood, cooked, or built or repaired houses. I learned things through the game songs and mimed the actions. Many times I sat by my father and listened to him, as he negotiated on pig or yam trades. He took me everywhere he went, for it was important for a man to become adventurous. Soon I began to take an interest in communal affairs and participated in meetings concerned with the village life.

I reached the age when I was expected to make my own garden, plant my own crops, make my own fishing spears and went fishing on my own, and I made copra with coconuts from my father's plantation, and bought goods from the stores. I made my canoe in the same style as my father had done. I decided who I would trade with. I did everything to fulfil my interests. There were, of course, things which I could not do alone. I had first to seek permission from my parents before I got down to them—selecting gardening land, for instance.

I was suddenly disturbed by my mother, who came and sat beside me with tears running down her wrinkled chin. I held her close to me and whispered into her ear, "Don't cry. I shall soon be marrying. I have to, because I am old enough. I have already started to look after myself. It has taken you many long years to bring me up to this stage. I still need your help. My getting married will not mean the end. Our ties will continue to exist, but I must look after myself and my own affairs".

She stopped crying and both of us settled down to talk. She reminded me again of my childhood; what I used to say and what I did. I told her I enjoyed it all.

People from several villages had walked or sailed to my village for my wedding ceremony. Everywhere there were people; young, middle-aged and old. We did not have many houses to accommodate all our guests therefore, some had to sleep under trees, or in the village's only copra shed. Several nights before, there were isolated fireplaces with people seated around them, talking and chewing betelnut. Whenever I passed each group, I was greeted and given the best betelnuts from their basket. I accepted their gifts and chewed out of their lime pots. After chatting with the visitors for a while, I moved on to another group. This went on for at least two days. The majority were distant relatives of mine and among them were people who, at one stage, protested against our marriage when it was announced. My father's relatives, for instance, came and told him that my wife was hopelessly uncultured. I remember my father's sister walking over the hills to my wife's village just to tell her that. She too was there among the people preparing for the occasion. She now ignored the past and made sure that our visitors were well looked after and fed. My mother occasionally visited my wife to ensure everything she wanted was brought to her.

On the eve of our wedding I sat on my father's canoe enjoying the setting sun. My wife's brother joined me. He once hated me. He even organised a gang to kill me, but he never got around to doing it. Why, I do not know. He came and sat beside me and repeatedly apologised. I accepted his apology sympathetically. My own brother, who had not talked to me for two years for the same reason, joined us much later. We sat down together as a family and joined in the growing conversation, talking and chewing betelnut. It was nice to converse with people who once hated me, or tried to break my previous ties with them. I came to conclude that evening that "unity is profound in the minds of people; their oppositional flurry is temporary, explodes at times like volcanoes, just to settle down again once they recognise the reality and the truth for which they all strived for".

In the first place, too, my parents-in-law did not want me to marry

their daughter, because I have little formal education. They wanted a school teacher, who was only interested in their daughter's body. The teacher was from another district and had different ideas and interests. That was their past wish, but now it was different; I needed her as much as she needed me. Although she constantly questioned my concern for her, I was patient, for I knew she was ignorant. Her priorities were not clear. That too, was a thing of the past. It was a matter of time before she realised why I wanted to marry her and accepted my proposition. Her change of mind made her relatives, and mine, lay down their past differences and accept the concept of a big community where all of us felt we were a part of and in the process of growth.

The blare of a conch shell in the early morning woke me up. I could also hear throbings of drums and singing from isolated spots. I ventured out on the verandah of my father's house and watched. Beautiful head-dresses largely consisting of Bird of Paradise plumes swayed to the movements of the heads while the feet stamped rhythmically to the beat of *garamut* ** and *kundu* drums***. A group of men inside an inner circle provided the music to which women with graceful, feminine movements danced. Whichever group my eye came to rest on, the same formation was vivid, but the dancing was to different songs. Most of them knew how relieved I was for having succeeded in marrying the girl that I had for a long time waited for, and who was separated from me by unfounded bickerings and conflict of interests, personal grudges, ignorance, and perhaps prejudice.

The word finally reached me that I had to prepare for the actual marriage ceremony in an hour's time.

I picked up my towel and walked out through the back door to the nearby creek. Before I dived into the water, I watched my reflection in the water. Had I changed in the last few years. Was I still the same, or perhaps getting a bit older? No, I was still the same. I looked at the surroundings and saw they were still the same. The creek, too, was still the same. Yet in a couple of hours' time, I would be different in status, pride and identity. I knew I would be given the right to do and say things using my own judgement. I had my bath, returned home, got dressed and joined my wife a couple of hundred metres away. Together we walked hand in hand to where the elders awaited us.

All eyes were transfixed on us as we approached the gathering. My parents and my wife's were now with the elders to testify and witness our wedding and the complete handover of my rights from my parents.

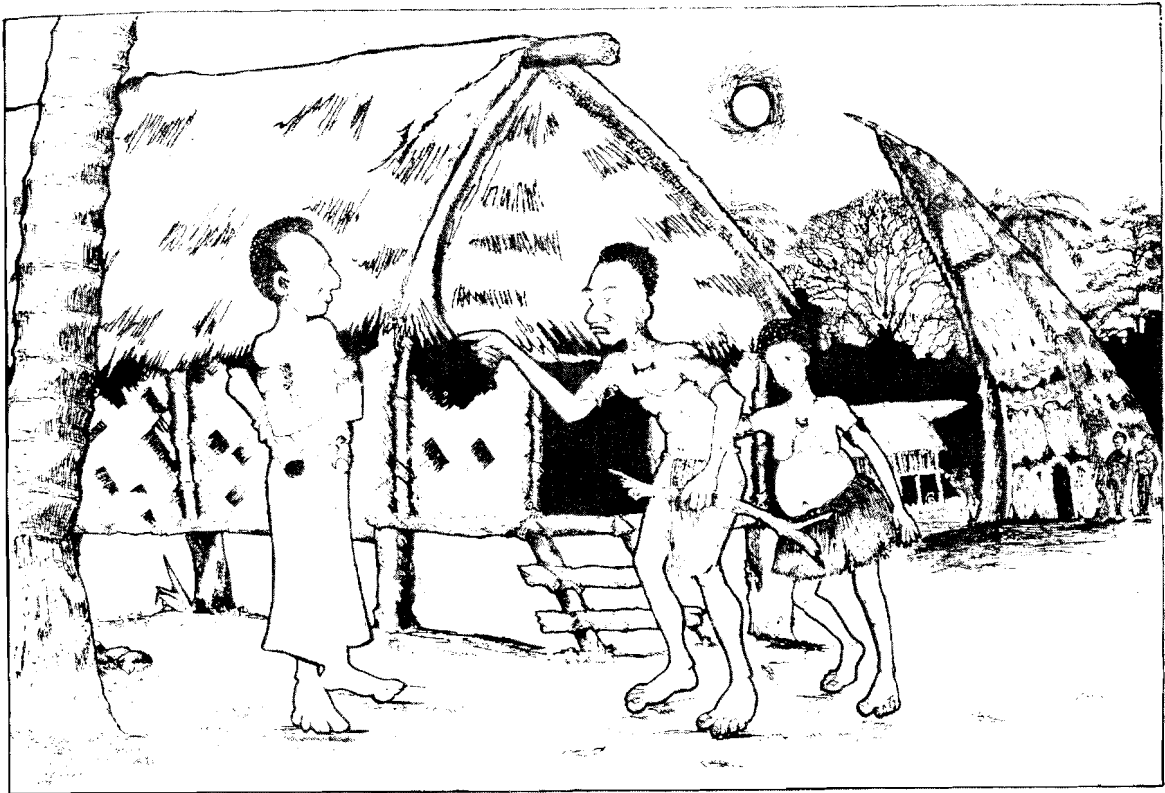
We were wedded by the village pastor. After the occasion, my father spoke, followed by my wife's. The speeches were short and precise. There were no formal papers signed, but the wedding ceremony was enough to guarantee our independence in unity. We were made one; to work for one interest and live peacefully as a united couple. Our parents had done all they could up to this stage and in an occasion taking several minutes had handed over all rights to us and were wishing us all the best. Those who once protested against our unity, were ceaselessly wishing us luck and showering us with grains of rice as we walked down the streets to our house. As my wife and I sat together in the house, more people came to shake hands with me and kiss my wife after which they settled to eat in the big feast. All came in good will.

The ceremony ended the same night, and most of the people who had come for the occasion returned to their villages.

The next day was back to normal. I felt, as I walked through the village, that nothing had happened, or that I was not married. The ceremony had come and gone. It looked just like another day. The trees still stood, the gentle breeze still blew. The birds sang their usual tunes. The pigs and the dogs still lazed around the village. The people were still there and their houses, too. The only difference was that I had a wife and a home, and that we had to live a new life as husband and wife but most important of all, stay united.

** a ceremonial native wooden drum, a *suit* gong.

*** a tomtom or a hand drum.



Monko's hairy right hand was just about to land on the councillor's face when his wife Assumdy pulled him back.

CAUGHT IN BETWEEN

By Michael Mosoro

Councillor Kinumbe, who had been away from his village, Penrinkuai, for an important meeting in Wewak, arrived home very early in the afternoon but found the village deserted. However, by beating his garamut, the villagers working in their gardens came flocking into the village to hear what he had to say.

"Try have your meals as quickly as possible, because I have something important to tell you," the councillor announced, as he walked up and down between the rows of houses.

In one house, a woman preparing food for her family heard the councillor and stopped to observe. "So, the councillor has arrived with something to tell us. I wonder what it is? Can you remember two weeks ago when he told me to go to Wewak? Our parents never went for white man's care in delivering babies," said the woman, trying to convince her husband that she did not want to go to the hospital.

"Don't worry, Assumdy. I will try to build a hut at the back of the village for you. My sister and your mother can take care of you there, when your time comes," replied Monko, her husband.

While they were eating the meal of sago in their house, Monko heard a long vibrating sound of a whistle from the councillor's house, followed by garamut (1) beats. Ten minutes later, a bonfire was lit in front of the councillor's house, as everybody gathered around it with curious looks. The councillor made himself comfortable on the verandah of his house

(1) Garamut—a native wooden signal drum, a shi-gong

and started addressing the people. "My wanples, (2) I am sure you must be wondering why I have been away for a week. Well, I was told in the meeting that on the first week of next month, all of us must go down to the big road to mark another man like a councillor, but this man will go to Port Moresby in the white man's place to talk for us. This man will bring law and new things to us. So I want you...."

"But who are we going to mark? Anybody from our village, or from Australia?" Interrupted Genji, the old Luluai. (3)

Sarrap! roared the crowd. "You'd better stop interrupting the councillor and let him continue," a voice from the crowd spoke.

"Oh yes, I forgot something," said the councillor, when the crowd became silent. "I brought some papers with faces of those people we are going to mark." He quickly searched into his cane-bag and produced a parcel of posters.

"Here are the people and their names," said the councillor handing the posters to Givai, who stood closest to him and who in turn distributed them to the rest of the villagers.

After studying the posters, someone exclaimed, "Ah! Don't mark that man again!" indicating the picture of a familiar local politician.

"Yes, he never talks for us, or tells us some of the stories about his visit to the Queen's place and where our ancestors go," complained Miamba, the Councillor's father-in-law.

The councillor paused and waited for more comments or questions, while in each of the minds circulated the name "Friend Popular". Each thought the name sounded familiar and easier to pronounce, by comparison with the other names. The councillor lit a cigar and looked around the crowd. Suddenly he saw a head poke out, with arms folded around the chest. It was Monko.

"Kinumbo, my kaunsela. I really would like to come for the marking of the big man, but I am worried about leaving my wife, who might be in labour anytime this week," said Monko calmly.

"But did I not tell you to take her to the hospital, where nes and doktas could take care of her!" The councillor shouted.

"Yes, it was unwise of you not to have sent your wife to the hospital in the first place, Monko."

"Besides, the policeman might be sent to arrest you if you go on talking like that," old Genji put in, as he pulled out of the crowd.

Monko tried to shout obscenities to the councillor but the crowd quietened him down. Later everybody in the meeting started to pull out one after the other, when they saw Monko in a turbulent mood. They were afraid a fight would break out unnecessarily.

"You go on and report me to them and lick their bottoms. You are a coward, has karas for nothing, and yet you follow and do what other people tell you," swore Monko, as he strode faster towards the councillor, with his arms tightened like ropes attached to a falling tree. Monko's hairy right hand was about to land on the councillor's face, when his wife, Assumdy, pulled him back.

After Monko had simmered off in his house, he thought; If I go for the marking of the big man, who would take care of my wife; and if I stay back, the police would arrest me. Like a fish caught between two nets Monko finally decided to stay back and take care of his wife.

From the following day on, everybody in the village, except Monko and his wife, prepared everything that could last them a week on the big road. Women dug up yams, taroes, cut bananas, while men went hunting, fishing or sago-making.

Nobody bothered Monko and with the help of his wife was busy collecting materials for the hut.

Then came the day to leave the village, to walk down to the big road

for the big day. All sorts of coloured string bags glistened in the glaring sun, as the women waded down the river. The men carried their young children on their backs and sang songs as they went.

By the time the villagers reached Rambumba, a village near the big road, they were tired. Relatives from Rambumba came and took them to their houses and offered them food and accommodation.

Early next morning, as the sun rose high in the clear, blue sky, the people heard the blare of a horn from the Electoral Officer's car. The villagers quickly ate their breakfast, put on their best clothes and marched off to the Polling Booth, where four officers awaited them.

"Good morning, all gather," greeted Mr Black, the Electoral Officer, when the last man had joined the crowd. He introduced the other three officers, Mr Mos, Mr Nagos and Mr Billy.

"Before you vote, I will call your names from this book and you say, 'yes sir', as you go to vote. You go over long this man, em will help you long mark the man you like. First I will start with all the people from Perinkuai, so they can go home early".

"Otto Kinumbo," called Mr Black.

"Yesa masta," responded the councillor and went over to Mr Mos, who gave him a ballot paper with the photographs of the candidates. Mr Mos read the names in a very low voice, while the councillor listened with full attention, then replied in irregular whispers, "Yes, yes em I like em namba wan", when he heard Friend Popular's name. For the other names, he did not care what order he put them, and in fact was expecting the Patrol Officer to do it for him.

The process of calling names and "Yesa masta" proceeded through the whole morning, till it came to Monko's name, but when the name was called out, there was no response; so the officer repeated, "Monko!" Again there was no reply. Everybody turned to Kinumbo to see what he would say.

"Masta, em ino come. Meri bilong em gat bel na em i stap long hous. Em i talk long me olsem em no worry long you or polisman: em i tok you nogat strong," the councillor nervously delivered Monko's message to the Electoral Officer.

"My foot! who does he think he is? Time you go home tell him to wait for the—as he called him—the strengthless policemen." Mr Black raved with a red face eying the councillor as if it was him who had done the insulting.

"No masta, me no ken go home now. Me must istap here one time all man enough long dispela week," objected the councillor.

"Why, you silly old fool! There is no more marking of the big man. You ken go home and wait behind five moon; we will tell you the name of the big man. I am also sorry for using harsh words, but you and your people are going home now."

Everybody from Penrinuai, with eyes wide open like the bright moon, looked at Councillor Kinumbo in astonishment for what he would say about the amount of food they had brought. He told them apologetically and with care that he was sorry for the misunderstanding and the food should be left with their wantoks. Soon all the Perinkuai people were on the road back to their village.

All along the road towards their village, the people wondered what they would have for dinner, because they had each almost rooted every bit of food to take down with them for this wasteful occasion.

As the sun set sadly like a rotten pawpaw over the yellowish mountain ranges, the councillor and his people arrived home with sad news for Monko.

Monko was unperturbed and continued with his work on the hut.

The following day, five policemen arrived at the village to arrest him. Monko, well-built and muscular, was well prepared for the consequences, and when he saw the policemen, he took a pole from his house and charged at them. Although he tried his best to attack, the

(2) Wanples—belonging to the same village or place.

(3) Luluai—a village or tribal leader, appointed by the government (Gaz.)

Continued from page 6

policemen soon surrounded him and tugged him to the ground; then he felt a strong grip of a pair of hand-cuffs tightening his wrists together. A number of village women, seeing that, fled to their husbands who were working a new garden. The men came running home with their axes but stopped when they realised they would prove useless confronting the well-disciplined policemen, who carried with them rifles.

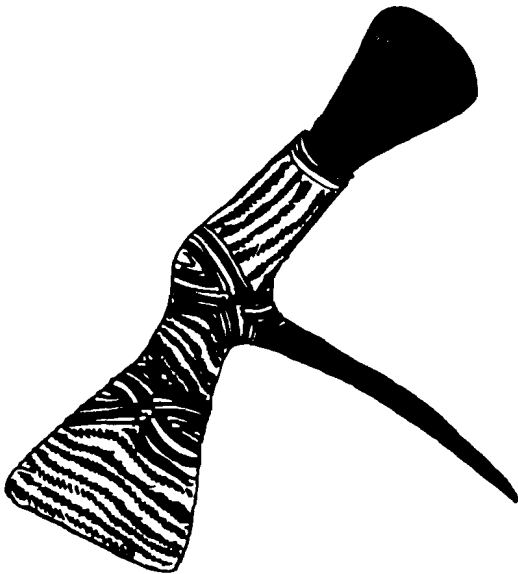
Monko's wife Assumdy was soon forced against her wish to pack up. Their four year old son, who could not understand why his father's hands were tied, fled to his mother with tears streaming down his face. The policemen quickly helped Assumdy with her belongings and forced Monko up to lead the way. The four year old son had to be carried on the overloaded Assumdy's shoulders.

The councillor, seeing that, quickly ran into his house to beat his kundu in a way to degrade Monko's feelings. He was glad the policemen were able to make Monko mellow down to his senses.

It was midnight when they reached the main road. The policemen helped Assumdy and the young son into a Police car with friendly smiles on their faces. Monko felt a certain guilt flow through his veins. His wife who was now in labour, gripped the side of the car to ease the pain. Monko, seeing the condition his wife was now in, cursed himself for having acted in such a way in the first place.

For once when their eyes met, Monko whispered with trembling lips, "I am sorry for giving you all this trouble. It was all my fault. If I had gone to mark that big man, we wouldn't be in this situation".

Before Monko finished, he saw the car stop. His wife was helped out of the car and later led by a woman in white uniform into the big house of the Wewak Hospital. His son was carried by another woman, but he could not follow them. He was pushed into the car and taken to Boram Police Station. ●



PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

4 ISSUES ANNUALLY
(including postage)

'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 and increasing number of Papua New Guineans from all parts of the country have contributed stories, poems and articles. We hope their number will increase and that they make full use of the magazine as a means of communication.

'Papua New Guinea Writing' is widely distributed through newsagents and bookstalls in the country, and includes many overseas readers in twenty six countries.

Write: **THE LITERATURE BUREAU**
Office of Information,
P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu,
Papua New Guinea.

ANOTHER PUBLICATION

BY

THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet published by the Literature Bureau of the Office of Information was released in JUNE, 1974.

The booklet, titled

'STORIES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, BOOK 1'

is the first in a series of short stories and legends of Papua New Guinea written by Papua New Guineans.

The aim of the booklet is to develop reading habits among the literate and newly-literate majority and will also serve as a suitable text for upper primary levels.

The pilot issue will be distributed to primary schools and others free.

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

THE EDITOR
LITERATURE BUREAU
P.O. BOX 2312
KONEDOBU.

Independence Special

Poets' Corner

PEACE

By Paul Popna

*Peace is a stream
From the heart of a nation
Peace is the nation
Whose breath is the dawn
On a day without end
Peace is the nations end
Like the death of the war.

We are one people
From a growing nation
Peace is our name
We are the ocean
Touched by the wind
We are one people
Of Papua New Guinea.

Peace is the word
of Papua New Guinea
Peace is Papua New Guinea
Who unites as Australia looks on
Peace is the Love
We bring too a nation.*

A DREAM OF INDEPENDENCE

By Gedjoly Aron

*The vision that I saw during sleep
made me wonder....
What is Independence?

A school of fish was approaching towards me
About a yard or so, they stopped.
Their path was blocked.
There was no way to get through,
except—
the way which led to the fishermen's nets.

So they started to think and one elder spoke
"Listen, this is a hard task.
Darkness is coming and soon there'll be
no light left.
But we must keep on moving to find a way".

So they tried and tried,
some wanting to give up.
All of a sudden,
they saw a light in front of them
and that was their freedom.

I now sit upright
with ideas of Independence.*

INDEPENDENCE

By Osmala Petali

*It's time for a change!
It's Independence year, yes Independence.
What's Independence?

A change that comes and
many a friend leaves the secure fence.
Out to where there is freedom.

Some are afraid, uncertain of their future.
Others with high hopes.

Oh! My child weep not!
Make this a change that you won't forget in years to come.*

INDEPENDENCE

By Kunda Tiamura

*I am an old gentle beard man living in the bush
Surprisingly and with happiness.
I heard that bai yumi gat independens.
Na, So I was amamas no gut tru.
Bilong wanem yumi kisim independens.

Bai mi kisim balus raun na lukim olgeta hap
O bai mi kisim ka na haus nating
Na i stap long gupela haus
Sapos i olsem mi bai amamas moa moa yet.
Poroman taim i klostu long independens.*

WHAT ARE YOU?

By Eka Tua

*What are you and why have you come?
We don't know you and how can we go on with you.

What are you and why have you come?
We hate you because we think that you love us.

What are you and why have you come?
Are you like the clouds which flow swiftly in the sky?
Are you the rain which digs into my motherlands earth?
Are you the wind which frightens me at night and
blows down the coconut trees that my ancestors planted?

I am running away because you are ugly and bad.*

THE ONE CALLED INDEPENDENCE

By Siwid Gipey

Good mother earth, good mother earth
 Oh how much longer do we have to wait,
 How much longer do we have to prepare for your wedding day,
 When will we see him come through the door of your life,
 When will you become one flesh with him
 And gather your diversed children in one home in Unity?
 Your hair of tribal warfare is cut and combed,
 Your dirty, smelly, sorcery-infested body is rinsed clean,
 Your painful, bleeding political diseases are being healed,
 Your rotten, broken economic steps are being fixed.
 You have perfumed yourself with doctrines of modernisation,
 You have clothed yourself with dogmas of western civilisation,
 Development has become your guiding staff,
 Progress has become your wayward path,
 And here you patiently wait in the middle of the Pacific,
 Like a betrothed virgin.
 Good mother earth, good mother earth
 Tell him when he marries you,
 We seek no bride price,
 So please don't give birth to anger,
 Don't give birth to discrimination and corruption;
 Bear us joy, peace and love instead,
 Bear us friendship, co-operation and hard work
 And discover the blessings of God,
 That we may live, work and die remembering,
 Your fine wedding with the one called independence.

I AM THE BOSS

By Selina Lapsa

I sit on my seat.
 I hear the whisper saying
 You are the Boss.
 I see Ned Kelly* fading,
 So I'm the Boss.
 I listen to the voice.
 I'm going away.
 I'm not coming.
 Yes, Out of my way.
 I'M THE BOSS.

* Ned Kelly refers to Australia.

HAPPY INDEPENDENCE

By Ame Waia'San

I'm very proud
 To get Independence
 Everybody wants
 To get Independence.
 I know we like Independence
 Sad to see many white men leave
 I want some of them to stay.

SIBODA HENARI

By Gapi Iamo

Siboda Henari* is knocking on your door
 My countrymen, women and all wantoks
 Open the door with the key of your birthright
 Siboda Henari is here.
 Siboda Henari is here
 The prize is ours
 Let's share it among us
 Don't let Kaoman* bag it alone
 Siboda Henari is ours.
 Siboda Henari is ours
 If it means happiness
 We will rejoice and thank Dirava.*
 If it brings sadness and sorrows
 We will stand firm.
 If it brings frustration
 We will stand firm.
 If it means sickness
 We will stand firm.
 If it brings emptiness
 We will stand firm.
 Siboda Henari is knocking on our door
 Turning the key of our birthright
 Let us open the door
 Our land will become our own home.

* Siboda Henari: Independence

* Kaoman: Government

* Dirava: God

WHAT IS IT?

By Amoi Magnan

I don't understand
 What is this they are talking and arguing for
 This thing they call as independence
 Who is he a white man or a big black man
 Or is it that we are breaking up friendship with them
 Or is it what I don't understand
 What is it?
 It feels cold now
 Why is the sun not out
 Yet from the clouds there's no rain
 But what is that I hear
 Those thunder claps which are
 Rolling across the sky
 It's so threatening
 What is it?
 Am I mad
 Why it's so nice
 Like an orange fruit
 Ready to fall
 Yes this is what I want
 But why am I standing
 With this group
 Am I alone
 Why I want my name long
 And not short. Why?
 What is it?

Continued on page 15



COMPETITIONS NEWS

Announcing the Winners of the Independence Poetry and Essay Competitions

POETRY

SECTION ONE—(Tertiary Students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|---|
| 1st Prize | — | Gapi Iamo, University of Papua New Guinea |
| 2nd Prize | — | Amoi Magnan, University of Papua New Guinea, Goroka Teachers' College |
| 3rd Prize | — | Siwid Gipey, University of Papua New Guinea |

SECTION TWO—(High Schools Students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Paul Popna, Fatima High School, Western Highlands District |
| 2nd Prize | — | Miaea Korai, Kerema High School, Gulf District |
| 3rd Prize | — | Ludwina Lili, Namatanai High School, New Ireland District |

SECTION THREE—(Primary Schools Students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Malois Beswin, Sohano Primary School, Bougainville |
| 2nd Prize | — | Selina Lapsa, Sohano Primary School, Bougainville |
| 3rd Prize | — | Joseph Madang, Numul Primary School, Mount Hagen, W.H.D. |

SECTION FOUR—(Adults Non-Students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Eka Tua, District Electoral Office, Rabaul, East New Britain |
| 2nd Prize | — | Rambui Keuwa, Piambil Primary School, Mount Hagen, W.H.D. |
| 3rd Prize | — | Miki Taranupi, Awaba High School, Kawito, Western District |

ESSAYS.

SECTION ONE—(Tertiary Students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Manmato Uvako, Administrative College, Port Moresby |
| 2nd Prize | — | Mailo Ilave, Papua New Guinea University of Technology |
| 3rd Prize | — | No prize awarded |

SECTION TWO—(High Schools):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Gabriel Suine, Sogeri Senior High School, Central District |
| 2nd Prize | — | Kang Yalal, Tari High School, Southern Highlands District |
| 3rd Prize | — | Nicholas Yapi, Tari High School, Southern Highlands District |

SECTION THREE—(Primary Schools):

| | | |
|-----------|---|---|
| 1st Prize | — | Daniel Basiya, Aseki Primary School, Lae, Morobe District |
| 2nd Prize | — | No prize awarded |
| 3rd Prize | — | No prize awarded |

SECTION FOUR—(Adults Non-students):

| | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| 1st Prize | — | Leo Francis Day, Port Moresby |
| 2nd Prize | — | Charles Karava, Moveave, Gulf Province |
| 3rd Prize | — | Rev. Francis Mihaliet, Wewak. |

Independence Special

ESSAY

IMPORTANCE OF NATIONHOOD

Charles Karava

This essay won the (K20) Second Prize in the Independence Essay Competition in the section for Adults and non-students.

The concept of independence is very important. Certain basic questions must be asked to help evaluate the independence issue:

1. What is independence?
2. What impact do the newly independent African countries have on our people?
3. Are there any moral factors involved in achieving independence?

For purposes of clarity, it is necessary to compare a developed country with a developing country. A developed country runs its own affairs in terms of economic, government and the technical requirements needed for the running of the bureaucracy at both the domestic and international levels.

However, a developing country only enjoys her political independence at domestic level and internationally has to rely upon developed countries for economic and technical aid. Therefore it is presumptuous that once a country gains independence it does not assume full independence. Indeed, economic and technical self-reliance will not be achieved for some time. This is the ideal precondition for full independence.

Papua New Guinea is a big island country with well over 2.5 million people. The mass of its inhabitants live in the highlands regions. In actual fact the country serves up to 700 or more linguistic groups with many different tribalistic patterns and customs of which many are interrelated. Such a diverse population poses technical problems of ineffective communications that will certainly hinder the country's development.

Another problem is politics. The country's leaders must critically see that there is no disparity in the distribution of economic benefits or in the development of regions throughout the country. For in the past the colonial administration pursued development in terms of quick returns. (This was certainly the case during the post war period, propounded on by World Bank 1970.) They failed to see what was required for the people and tried unsuccessfully to impose a capitalistic type of development. The task was enormous and very little was achieved

between 1884 and 1945.

Political Development:

Politically however, the country is at the primary stage. The idea of forming political parties is new, but this has a place in nation building. Probably this is a constructive means of promoting unity, and membership to any political party is country-wide and most parties claim non-discriminatory policies for membership.

The parties must be flexible in order that they suit the conditions and aspirations of the common people. However, almost all of them consist of the educated elite and so by modern standards they are quite small.

Powerful political parties are inevitably needed to emerge as effective pressure groups in the House of Assembly. It is important that we have good party system of government to avoid negative approaches to development.

In a democratic society such as ours one is entitled to join any party. At this stage political parties are either revising or have already established their strategies for development.

Political movements however, had already started in some areas of Papua New Guinea. For example, the Tomi Kabu movement of the Gulf District that sprang up in the 1940's was a direct result of the cash economy that had an impact on the people. This movement could have had more economic than political implications though.

In the 1960's the country was plagued by remarkable political movements. Individuals and groups struggled for personal status and power and there was fear of possible domination by more sophisticated groups like the Tolais or the Motuans of the Central District.

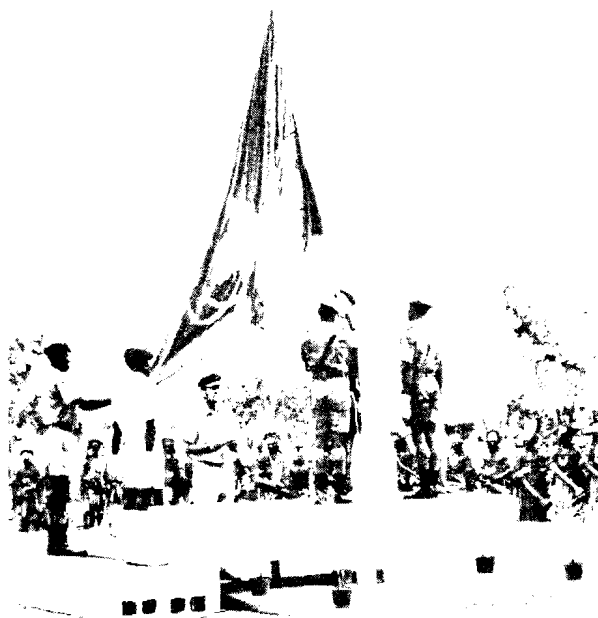
It is surprising to note that political movements are more actively promoted in areas like the highlands where the civilisation had penetrated only recently. This simply indicates the frustrations or ambitions precipitated by today's remarkably hasty economic, political and social developments.

The present government has found that while it does its job of creating a unified country, it in turn creates problems of unprecedented degree.



+ +

16th September



Top Left: Prime Minister (Mr Michael S. National Crest. Top Right: Prince Charles for the now Independent Papua New G. Moresby. Left: Raising of the Papua N. 16th September 1975. Above: A group dance at the Sir Hubert Murray Stadium with flag at the Sir Hubert Murray Stadium at

1975, Independence

+

+



...his first Press Conference after Independence. Above: Our
...ted his mother Queen Elizabeth II who is Head of State
...re Prince Charles meets students from schools near Port
... National Flag on Independence Hill on the morning of
...dancers from Manus Province performing a traditional
...e of Independence. Right: The lowering of the Australian
...d the end of active Australian colonial rule.

Foremost among these is her failure to create political unity. Only a limited number of loyal citizens adhere to the government's policy of a unified country. The rest form political groups and agitate for their own political ends and indeed some of them proceed to the extreme of seceding. The present government therefore, has taken a policy for a realistic approach of observing the demands of various political groups.

For a sound independent society to flourish, these parties must be instrumental in protecting just government against dictatorship. It is important that they don't conflict on selfish grounds. It is important also, that no influence of subversive ideas infiltrates the parties and the government must check political parties to ensure no dictatorial fervour emerges.

On other issues involving an attempt to build Papua New Guinea as a united independent country it is necessary to stress the points that may affect development. In fact, the efficient running of the newly independent country depends on the people. The prime objective will be to assess them as basic criteria in nation building.

Racial, Tribal and Language Differences:

On racial terms Papuans and New Guineans are negroid stock and are called Melanesians despite their customary diversifications or linguistic differences.

There are no languages popular enough to qualify for the country's official language. Motu and Pidgin are the two major lingua francas presently used for that purpose. After independence, an official language must be sought to meet all levels of work-governmental or non-governmental. Such a language must serve the people, both educated and uneducated, and must form a sound basis for communication. Both political and economic institutions must make an effort to promote its use at international level.

A country with a diversity of many social backgrounds experiences difficulty in building a nation. One major problem is the difficult task of integrating all cultural values into a meaningful, standardised form for nation building. As unity is vital for the task, how would it be maintained, despite all the cultural differences?

Land Tenure:

Furthermore, land tenure, as a common feature of any society, must be thoroughly looked at since modern development will inevitably conflict with traditional concepts of land utilisation. With the advent of colonialism many customary values have disappeared and the government must take measures to prevent this from happening in the future.

The Educated Elite:

In an emergent society, however, the proportion of the educated class inevitably grows and so it seems obvious that development will depend on them for efficient administration. This poses another question of whether or not the elite class will respect the traditional values. It is important that such a question be given thorough consideration, since these values are dwindling fast and provide a weak basis for development.

Traditional and Family Ties:

The foundation of a society is the smallest social unit, called the 'Family'. The family then is kept together by a bond of blood relationship which contracts duties and obligations on its members. It is necessary to assess its importance in the context of the essay.

A few questions may arise, to illustrate one point. What would result from family members being too egoistic or what would happen if they create a bitter feeling among themselves? Is it secure to live without a family or under the care of someone? The simple answer is that there will exist interdependence which in turn may create a sense of independence among the family members. Certainly one can be independent of the family and it is not necessary to rely on someone for security as it is natural that we become mature and provide our own security. However, it is both important and necessary that families maintain their

interdependence relationship as it has many advantages in our society.

*Comparatively it is good for a country to have people live as families, and take part in its development and share these benefits without greed and fighting. If that kind of order is established the country will enjoy stability and economic prosperity. It is equally important to realise that families give rise to smaller communities which in turn develop into larger ones. As has been stated that interdependence must exist between members of a family and, more important still, between communities at national level. This then gives us a clear picture of how flexible it is to depend upon each other for services like education, health and security.

Interdependence must give rise to co-operation which is the key to development and prosperity. If the people fail to co-operate, suspicion and distrust would follow, and the stability of the nation would be disrupted. Such unwanted undertakings like exploitation and capitalism must be avoided. Also there is a danger that a class system will eventuate and the rich class will inevitably acquire the opportunity to dominate the others. This system will in turn create an ever-widening gap between the privileged and the non-privileged.* It is therefore important that the government of a country maintains a just and reliable administration.

Our government must learn from the experiences of newly emerging African states that have gained their independence from former colonial regimes. We must look critically at their post independence period and adopt the aspects of administration that will benefit us.

In order to promote development, individuals and groups must co-operate in planning strategies and pledge collectively to establish a sound basis for national development.

The Judiciary:

Laws and regulations are made for the people and ultimately for the efficient running of the country. These are based on modern cultural aspects, social, economic and political.

Papua New Guinea social institutions, however, are based on the traditions of the people. These are only appropriate for the internal administration of the country. There has already evolved a Law Reform Commission aimed at integrating those aspects of traditional institutions into the modern legal system to suit Papua New Guinea conditions.

International Relationship and Trade:

At international level, the nation will inevitably face many diplomatic or trade set-backs such as border disputes or fluctuations in commodity prices. Therefore it is really important for the country to seek membership in the international bodies that safeguard the well-being of the primary producer countries.

Internally, the constitution must safeguard the rights of individuals and groups and more importantly it must ensure that the activities of foreign companies benefit the people.

Financial Viability:

There should be a more self-reliant sector of economy free of foreign political pressure and be aware of the nature of foreign aid that flows into the country. These that provide such aid must comply with the aspirations and the objectives of the national government and the people as well. The government therefore must see that the foreigners are not in any position to pose any threat to national unity. As our government is based on party-system of organisation, no foreign enterprise or individual must be allowed to influence any of the major national parties.

Until recently, a large part of government spending has been met by the Australian Government. After independence, our government will have to assume a large part of development responsibility financially. It is remarkable to see that we already have institutions like the Bank of Papua New Guinea, which are established for the same purpose. Indeed, we will have used our own currency for the first time by April 1975. This will ensure financial confidence.

Any country cannot claim to be self-reliant economically unless its internal income can equal its national expenditure. Government revenue is derived from taxes, either directly or indirectly. The present government has formulated a 5-year plan and large amounts of money are needed to implement it.

It is important indeed, to encourage women to participate in developing the country's economy. The present government has already adopted policies in this regard.

Localisation schemes must also be thoroughly revised in accordance with development policies.

Constitution Territorial Sovereignty:

Before 1949, Australia administered what existed as the Australian Territory of Papua and the Trust Territory of New Guinea under the mandate of the League of Nations. Then in 1949, the Australian Government enacted a policy to introduce an Act that amalgamated the two territories as an administrative union. The 1949-68 Papua New Guinea Act effected the administrative union with further measures.

Papua is an Australian territory and it is such that her inhabitants are entitled to Australian citizenship rights. Although such Act was embodied in the Australian Constitution of 1906, it was practically dormant.

I would infer that no nation can be independent if its citizens are subject to control by colonial or alien power. Indeed important issues like citizenship and passports for overseas travel should be considered in the light of this issue.

It is important also, to realise the preceptions left over by colonial regime, and these have taken form in the political movements like the Papua Besena. But some claim no majority support for it. However, as the present government has embarked on the implementation of policies aimed at meeting the demands and aspirations of the people, many Papuans and New Guineans tend to regard themselves as belonging to one country.

The country has taken a democratic form of government. She proudly flies a national flag with a Papua New Guinea emblem. Several of its nationals represent the country on missions in a number of foreign countries. The United Nations membership must be sought so as to prepare her own security measures in times of international crisis, and to join other world bodies for foreign aid. As a developing country it seems necessary to join world bodies.

In short, Papua New Guinea is a potentially rich country which is on transition to independence. The integrity of the nation will largely depend on its diversity of social codes, morals, and most importantly on its people. The Government must check to see the country's laws are enforced and strive to maintain good relations among the country's inhabitants. Also it is the responsibility of the government of the day to maintain good international relations between herself and other countries. Although rich in natural resources it needs foreign assistance in the form of expertise and money for development and the country and its people must benefit from such aid. It is equally important that the people are aware of their national identity as Papuans and New Guineans as they are the fruits of this soil. Finally, Papua New Guinea is a very new country and let no developing country in Africa or Asia rub on her or else she undergoes the same experiences.

Continued from page 9

THE YOUNG TREE

By Hohora Suve

*Oh see that young tree,
With no branches on it,
And no flowers either,
But must wait a little bit longer,
And suddenly you'll see some flowers,
buds, branches with beautiful colours,
Then it becomes strong and developed itself,
And "Oh", what a lovely plant,
And now it is just the same as other plants.*

*Oh see that young country,
With nothing been developed,
And just a little to do,
But just wait a little longer,
And suddenly you'll see some developments
coming in and other countries helping,
Then it becomes stronger and runs its own country,
And "Oh", what a strong nation,
And now we have got independence.*

NO MATTER WHAT COMES

By Miki Taranupi

*I'm old in age
And I'm all the same.*

*The wind hasn't blown my head away,
The sun hasn't melted my head away,
I'm old in age
And I'm all the same.*

*The angry waves have hit my sides
And the earthquakes have shaken my legs
And the volcanoes have tried my roots,
I'm old in age
And I'm all the same.*

*I know a big day is coming,
It's a new day for all
A new way for all,
A big, big day is coming,
I'll be still old in age
And I'll be still the same.*

INDEPENDENCE

By Joseph Madang

*Oh, Independence, Oh, Independence,
You are my new friend. I love to meet you.
I never know you. I know you by the name Independence.
I am getting wet come as quick as you can.
Oh, my friend come and give me shelter.
Oh, Independence, Oh, Independence,
I love to meet you.*

*I love to meet you as well as any other things
Oh, Independence, Oh, Independence.
I love to meet you because you are a helpful friend,
I had never met anyone like you before.
For the sake of Michael Somare.*



Independence Special

Pidgin Story

LAPUN TOPIO I SAVE LONG INDEPENDENCE

By Manmato Uvako

This Pidgin story won the (K50) First Prize in the Independence Essay Competition in the section for Tertiary Students. Stories were accepted.

Dispela de em i gutpela de tru. I no olsem sampela de em i go pinis long dispela wik. San i bin kamap klia tru bihain long maunten long moning. Olsem na lapun man hia Topio i bin kam sindaun ausait na smokim mambu smok paip na hatim skin bilong em. Em i sindaun isi tru na traim tingim bek long taim em i yangpela na i save go wantaim ol poroman bilong em na kilim ol bilua o sampela gutpela samting em i save wokim long dispela taim.

Sapos em i tingim long sampela gutpela samting em i lap liklik, na sapos em i tingim long sampela samting nogut pes bilong em i go strong olgeta.

Lapun Topio bin mekim olsem i stap na sampela yangpela man na meri bilong dispela ples yet ol i kam. Ol i bin waswas gut tru na putim ol gutpela klos na trausis. Dispela ol lain yangpela man na meri makim bikmaus na amamas wantaim ol i kam.

Olsem na ol i kirapim lapun Topio long driman bilong em. Lapun Topio kirap na lukim ol dispela lain yangpela manmeri mekim singsing na amamas wantaim ol i go long rot i go olsem long stesin bilong ol waitman.

Bipo lapun Topio i save lukim planti ol manmeri i go long stesin bilong waitman long Sarere na salim kaikai long maket, tasol nau em i no Sarere.

Lapun Topio i kaunim long han bilong em long ol de i bin go pinis bihain long las Sarere. Em i tingim i go na painim aut olsem wanpela de tasol i go pinis. Na nau em i nambawan de bilong nupela wik. Long dispela de Topio i save lukim ol manmeri i go wok long rot bilong kar o ples bilong givim save long ol pikinini.

Nau taim bilong wok tasol em i lukim planti manmeri bikhet na ol i go long stesin bilong waitman na em i wari nogut tru. Topio i tingim bek long taim bipo wanpela waitman i bin kikim em nogut tru na taitim han bilong em

long baksait long wanem em i bin sindaun liklik taim tasol long kisim win taim ol i karim kago bilong dispela waitman i go long wanpela ples. Bihain long dispela Topio i no save mekim wanpela asua long taim em i wokim wok bilong waitman.

Tasol nau em i lukim dispela bikhet pasin em i askim wanpela long dispela ol yangpela man, "Hia ol yangpela, yupela i go we? Yupela i save nau em i taim bilong wok?"

Wanpela long dispela yangpela man Monkove i tok, "O sori nogat. Mipela i noken wok nau. Waitman i bin singautim olgeta manmeri long i go long stesin na mekim bikpela pilai na amamas long wanem bai mipela kisim independens nau".

Topio i no harim gut olgeta toktok Monkove mekim na askim, "Yu tok tupela kisim wanem samting?"

"Mi tok mipela kisim independens."

"Inde-eee-eh, yu tok wanem dispela samting gen?"

"Independens, independens, independens, yu save nau Topio?"

"Yes, independens, independens, yes mi harim gut nau."

"Mmmmm—Monkove, em dispela samting yu tok independens, em i wanem samting tru?"

"O, sori tumas lapun, em i bikpela samting tru, nau mi nogat taim long sindaun na tokim yu as bilong independens long wanem bai mi go long stesin na lukim pilai na amamas long kisim dispela samting. Olsem na sapos mi kam bek long apinun bai mi kam slip orait moning taim tru bai mi kam tokim yu as bilong independens. Orait Topio?"

"Em i orait long mi. Na nogut mi holim yu tumas na ol poroman bilong yu lusim yu i go. Yu ken go nau."

Monkove i tok gutbai long Topio na em i

wokabaut smat tru i go. Topio sanap lukluk yet long Monkove i go na taim em i go joinim ol poroman bilong em ol i mekim wanpela singsing. Dispela singsing em i narapela kain singsing tru, i no olsem singsing em i bin harim bipo. Na tu nek bilong ol na wokabaut bilong ol i narapela kain tru.

Lapun Topio i wok long lukluk long ol dispela yangpela lain i go, i go, na taim ol i go bihain long wanpela maunten em i tanim isi tasol na i kam bek. Topio i sekim het bilong em na i tingim, "Dispela samting independens, em i wanem samting tru, na mekim ol yangpela manmeri amamas tumas. Ating em i wanpela bikpela pati i save kamap long stesin ol i save holim long krismas na long so".

Topio i wokabaut i go bek long ples em i bin sindaun bipo na traim gen long painim gutpela as bilong amamas bilong ol manmeri. Tasol het bilong em i no klia tumas long dispela samting ol i kolim independens. Olsem na Topio rausim dispela tingim long het bilong em na stat gen long tingting long samting em i bin tingim taim ol dispela manmeri i kam kirapim em.

Long narapela moning, taim san i no kamap yet lapun Topio i kirap na kukim kaukau bilong em long paia. Na taim em i kukim yet Topio wok long tingting long wanem samting bai Monkove i ken tokim em long independens. Long nait, taim Topio slip em i bin traim long tingim gen wanem samting independens tasol em i no bin tingim stret.

Nau em i tulait pinis, na taim em i kukim kaukau Topio wok long lukluk long dua long lukim Monkove. Topio i wok long wet wet i go tasol san i kamap strong pinis na Monkove i no kamap yet.

Topio laikim smok paip bilong em na i go ausait long hatim skin long san. Nau san i kamap olsem asde na i luk olsem bai em i gutpela de tru.

Taim Topio i go sindaun em i lukim Monkove wokabaut i kam. Topio wetim em kam klostu liklik na em i tok, "Gut moning tru pikinini. Yu wokabaut gut na amamas wantaim long asde o nogat?"

"O yes, gut moning lapun. Wokabaut bilong mi long asde em i nambawan tru." Monkove i bekim.

"Mmmmm..... Mi kukim wanpela kaukau bilong yu i stap, yu go kaikai pastaim long yu tokim mi wanem samting dispela independens yu tok bai yu tokim mi long asde," Topio i tok.

Bihain long dispela Topio i go insait long haus na kisim dispela kaukau i kam givim Monkove. Em i wetim em kaikai pinis na bihain Monkove i tok, "Yu harim gut lapun, dispela samting hia independens em i wanpela bikpela samting tru bilong yumi long Papua Niugini".

"O, em i bikpela olsem wanem? Inap mi lukim?" Lapun Topio kwiktaim askim.

"No! Nogat i no olsem. Independens i no samting yu ken lukim long ai bilong yu o holim long han bilong yu. As bilong independens i min olsem mipela ol manmeri bilong Papua Niugini yet bambai lukautim kantri o ples bilong yumi," Monkove i tok.

Dispela toktok i no klia gut long het bilong Topio long wanem Monkove i ken lukim pes bilong em senis liklik na em i luk strong.

"Nau yu harim lapun," Monkove i go het, "Bipo yet i kam inap nau ol waitman i save lukautim mipela. Olsem ol dispela waitman yet i save mekim ol kain kain wok long gavman. Ol man bilong Australia i save lukautim kantri bilong yumi."

Monkove wet liklik long tingim long ol samting bai em toktok na i go het gen, "I kam inap nau, ol Australia manmeri i save helpim mipela long wok bilong gavman na tu ol i save troimwe bikpela moni long olgeta krismas long helpim mipela long mekim wok olsem skul, hausik, rot, ples balus na ol planti arapela samting yu ken tingim".

Lapun Topio hia sindaun isi tasol na harim Monkove tokim em ol dispela samting. Nambawan taim tru em i no bin klia tasol nau em i wok long klia long wanem samting independens hia ol yangpela manmeri i save amamas long en.

"Na tu," Monkove i go het gen, "Plantu long mipela ol Papua Niugini man na meri i ken holim bikpel wok long gavman dipatmen ol waitman i bin holim bipo. Tasol harim gut lapun, em i no min olsem mipela i ken rausim olgeta waitman na meri i go bek long Australia, nogat!" Monkove wet liklik long lapun Topio sapos em i gat sampela askim tasol Topio i wok long harim yet long toktok bilong en, na em i go het gen, "Gavman bai holim bek sampela waitman husat i gat gupela save long mekim ol kain kain wok long i stap

na soim wok long ol sampela Papua Niugini man na meri long dispela wok. Gavman laik holim bek ol kain man olsem, nambawan dokta, jas bilong mipela kot, tisa bilong bikpela skul ol i kolim Univesiti na ol sampela bikpela wok olsem. Dispela em i olsem i no gat planti Papua Niugini man i gat save olsem ol man i bin tokim yu."

Monkove i wet liklik na tok gen, "Bipo ol Australia man i save kibung long miting Haus ov Asembli bilong bi i stap long wanpela siti ol i kolim Canberra. na ol i save mekim lo long ronim kantri bilong yumi. Tasol nau ol i no inap mekim olsem. Dispela long wanem mipela i gat Haus ov Asembli bilong yumi yet. Na tu, mipela i bin makim sampela manmeri bilong yumi yet long Papua Niugini long sanap na mekim toktok long mipela.

"Nau ol manmeri i stap long Haus ov Asembli bilong yumi long Port Moresby yet bai mekim lo bilong ronim kantri. I no inap Australia i ken tokim mipela long mekim ol kain kain wok tasol yumi ol manmeri bilong Papua Niugini yet," Nau Monkove i wet liklik na askim Topio, "Lapun Topio yu save liklik long ol toktok mi tokim yu o nogat?"

Lapun Topio i sekim het liklik olsem em i klia liklik na i tok, "Yes, yes pikinini. Mi klia liklik long ol toktok bilong yu nau. Yu go het yet na tokim mi. Mi laik save moa yet long dispela samting independens".

Monkove i tingting i go na bihain em i tok, "Lapun yu harim. Taim tupela man na meri i karim liklik pikinini, tupela i no save larim em i stap nating na i dai nogat! Tupela mas givim kaikai na lukautim gut dispela pikinini i go inap em i bikpela. Orait taim em i bikpela tupela marit i save lusim em i go painim kaikai bilong em, long wanem em i bikpela pinis na i gat strong long lukautim em yet. Nau, bipo yet i kam inap nau mipela i bin olsem liklik pikinini bilong Australia. Australia i bin givim

mipela kaikai i go i go na nau yumi bikpela pinis long painim kaikai bilong mipela yet. Na as bilong independens em i min olsem".

Man hia Monkove amamas liklik long mekim dispela liklik stori long klaim tingting bilong lapun Topio. Na nau em i stat long tokim Topio wanem samting i bin kamap long stesin long asde.

"Nau bai mi tokim yu wanem samting kamap long asde," Monkove i tok. "Long stesin planti manmeri long olgeta ples kamap long harim tok long independens. Nambawan samting nambawan kiap, em i wanpela long yumi yet long Papua Niugini i tok: 'mi wanpela Papua Niugini man, mi yet gat bikpela amamas long kain sanap na givim yupela toktok long dispela bikpela de bilong yumi. Longpela taim tumas mipela i bin wok aninit long waitman. Tasol nau em i taim bilong yumi long sanap long tupela lek na wok hat long helpim kantri bilong yumi go het. Mi laikim yupela ol yangpela manmeri tingim gut dispela toktok. Sapos mipela i no wok strong na kantri bilong yumi no go het stret bai ol waitman i lap long mipela".

"Bihain long toktok bilong kipa sampela waitman na kaunsila mekim toktok long soim amamas bilong ol long Papua Niugini kisim independens. Taim olgeta toktok pinis mipela lukim ol man pilai gita resis na sampela manmeri mekim singsing bilong ples. Na tu mipela lukim ol ami na polis mas na sutim masket."

"O pikinini," Topia i tok, "mi harim gupela toktok tru yu tokim mi. Toktok bilong yu i long taim mekim mi amamas pinis. Tenkyu, tenkyu tumas long yu pikinini."

San i go antap olsem long belobek na bihain long dispela Monkove kirap na tok gutbai long lapun Topio na wokabaut i go olsem long haus bilong em. ●

Important

Readers and subscribers old and new are notified that as from this issue of Papua New Guinea Writing the annual subscription rates are as follows: Overseas subscribers (K4); Papua New Guinea subscribers (K3); Papua New Guinean students, libraries, schools (K1); Single copies (75t). Simply fill in the Subscription Form printed on page 24 and send with your remittance to:

The Literature Bureau
Office of Information
Box 2312
Konedobu
Port Moresby
Papua New Guinea.



Independence Special

Essay in Pidgin

PAPUA NEW GUINEA I OLSEM WANPELA TRI

Father Francis Mihalic

This essay won the (K10) Third Prize in the Independence Essay Competition in the section for Adults and non-students.

Long sampela hap bilong Papua Niugini ol tumbuna i gat pasin bilong planim nupela kokonas taim meri i karim wanpela nupela pikinini. Ol i ting olsem: bihain pikinini i gat tenpela krismas, em inap kisim wanpela drai olgeta wik long dispela kokonas. Na bai em i no ken hangre. Tri bai helpim em.

Long planti arapela kantri ol tu i gat pasin bilong planim sampela nupela tri bilong makim wanpela bikipela de. Bipo long sampela yia yumi tu i bin planim sampela nupela tri long planti ples bilong makim de Kwin Elizabeth i kisim namba bilong em. Olsem em i gut yumi bihainim nau dispela gutpela aidia bilong planim nupela tri long Independens De.

Tasol nogut yumi mekim nating. I gut yumi glasim gut tru mining na insait na as tru bilong dispela pasin. Em i gat skul i hait insait long en.

Long dispela bikipela de yumi bin planim wanem kain tri? Wanpela tri nating bilong bus? Wanpela tri i narakain tru: i naispela tumas, kain i save kamap bikipela tru, wanpela kain i save karim gutpela kaikai, wanpela kain i gat naispela plaua o lip i gat kala kala. Yumi ting long wanpela kain tri i save pasim tru ai bilong olgeta manmeri i go pas na i lukluk long en.

Namba tu samting: yumi planim we dispela naispela tri? Yumi no haitim i stap. Nogat. Yumi bin planim namel long wanpela gaden, o antap long wanpela maunten, o arere long wanpela bikrot o haiwe. Yumi bin putim long wanpela ples klia we olgeta man i ken lukim na amamas long en.

Na dispela tri bai yumi mas lukautim gut tru. I no gat wanpela samting i ken bagarapim em. I no gat wanpela man i ken katim. Em i mas oltaim kisim gutpela gris bilong graun. Em i mas kamap strong.

Bilong wanem? Bikos dispela yangpela tri

em i olsem mak o piksa bilong nupela yangpela kantri bilong Papua Niugini, nau tasol em i stat na nau tasol em i kisim independens bilong en.

Yumi save makim i wanem samting. Em i olsem tok hait bilong wanpela samting. Sapos yumi lukim sil bilong Papua Niugini i gat kumul na spia na kundu, yumi save ol samting ya i makim kain kain hap bilong Papua Niugini. Mak em i gat mining i hait long en.

Olsem tasol dispela nupela yangpela tri yumi bin planim i olsem mak o piksa bilong nupela Papua Niugini, i mas sanap long ples klia na kamap strong na naispela, na givim kaikai na helpim long ol man. Oltaim yumi go pas long dispela tri na yumi helpim em i kamap bikipela na naispela, yumi ting long helpim kantri tu i kamap gutpela na bikipela.

I tru, dispela tri yumi planim tude, em i narakain tri tru. Na em i gat mining i save pas na hung wantaim aidia bilong independens bilong Papua Niugini. Tasol nau mi laik skruim dispela tingting bilong tri i go moa yet. Kantri bilong yumi em i grinpela kantri tru, i pulap tru long olkain tri. Na mi laik mekim liklik skul long soim olsem wanem olgeta tri i olsem gutpela piksa o eksampel bilong kantri bilong yumi na yumi ol pipel bilong en.

Sapos yumi lukim dispela liklik nupela tri, o yumi lukim olgeta tri, yumi save i gat fopela hap bilong en. Em i gat rop na stik na han na lip.

Nambawan samting, yumi lukim rop bilong tri. Rop em i as tru bilong tri, em i save taitim han i go long olgeta hap aninit long graun bilong painim kaikai bilong tri; em i save ankaim tri na holimpasim strong bai win i no ken kapsaitim. Sapos ol rop i stap gut insait long gutpela graun, bai tri i kamap o gro hariap moa.

Nau yumi go bek long dispela liklik nupela tri bilong makim independens, nau tasol yumi bin planim. Em i kamap we? Ating pastaim ol didiman i bin planim long wanpela hap insait long banis didiman. Ol i bin lukautim gut tumas na givim wara na kaikai. bai em i redi long sanap tude long ai bilong olgeta man.

Olsem tasol Australia i bin mekim long Papua Niugini inap planti yia moa. Australia yet i bin planim liklik kru bilong independens nau i kamap nupela tri. Australia yet i bin lukautim gut insait long banis bilong em, na mekim em i kamap gutpela...olsem na em i ken sanap tude long ples klia long ai bilong olgeta man bilong graun, na yumi ken amamas long em. Australia i bin lukaut gut long rop bilong tri, em i bin lukaut gut long as bilong independens. Sapos gutpela rop i no bin stap, nau i no gat tri olgeta.

Tasol nau Australia i givim tri long han bilong yumi bilong lukautim. Tasol lukaut nau. Yumi save long pasin bilong liklik tri yumi bin kamautim long wanpela ples hait long bus na planim gen long strongpela san. Yumi mas lukautim gut, nogut em i drai, o san i boinim lip bilong em. Olsem tasol nau yumi Papua Niugini yet i mas lukaut long dispela nupela tri bilong independens. Yumi no ken go pas nating long en. Nogat. Yumi mas sambai helpim em inap yumi lukim nupela tri i sindaun gut nau long dispela nupela ples bilong em na em i stat long gro.

Em tasol liklik tok na skul long rop bilong tri. Nau yumi lusim ting long rop na yumi lukim stik bilong tri. Dispela stik tu i gat liklik skul long yumi. Gutpela stik i save sanap stret na strong. Em i no save bruk taim win i sakim em i go i kam. Na insait long dispela stik i gat planti liklik mambu bilong karim wara i go antap long ol lip na bringim kaikai i kam daun bek long ol rop bilong tri. Stik em i olsem nek

bilong tri. Sapos i nogat stik, bai em i mekim wanem?

Wanpela de long Baibel Jisas yet i tokim ol aposel bilong em, em i olsem stik bilong diwai wain na ol aposel i olsem han bilong diwai wain. Na em i save tumas long lo bilong ol tri samting na em i tok stret: "Sapos yupela i lusim mi, yupela i no inap mekim wanpela samting." (John 15,5). I tru. Sapos stik i no stap, ol han bilong diwai i no inap mekim wanpela samting. Ol tu i no stap.

Orait, nau yumi tok piksa gen. Long kantri bilong yumi, dispela stik bilong tri em husat? Em nambawan minista tasol. Em yet i sanap holim tri na ankaim bikos lek na fut na rop bilong em i stap gut insait long dispela graun we Australia yet i bin planim ol aidia bilong independens. Na olsem stik bilong tri i bringim kaikai i kamap antap long tri, nambawan minista tu i mas wok long bringim ol dispela nupela aidia i kam long kantri.

Stik em i bikipela samting bilong tri; nambawan minista tu i bikipela samting bilong kantri. Olsem bikipela stik bilong diwai, em i sanap namel long yumi. Yumi olgeta i hangamap long em.

Ol dispela samting i tru. Tasol stik wanpela tasol i no mekim tri. Gupela tri i gat planti han bilong en. Ol i save gro na kamap i go long olgeta hap na long olgeta sait bilong tri.

Ol dispela han bilong diwai bilong kantri bilong yumi, em o wan handet memba bilong Haus ov Asembli. Ol i sanap nabaut klostu long Michael Somare, olsem ol han i kamaul long stik bilong diwai. Na tu olsem ol han diwai i go long olgeta hap, ol memba tu i go.... Sampela i goaut long ol maunten, sampela long ol ailan, sampela long ol nambis, na long ol bus na long ol taun. Sapos ol han bilong tri i mekim gut wok bilong ol, tri bai i go bikipela moa na i luk nais tumas. Sapos ol memba tu i wok gut, bai kantri long hap bilong ol i go het na i gro.

Yumi bin tok long stik bilong diwai na ol han bilong en. Ol i sanap olsem bosman bilong tri. Wokman tru bilong tri, em ol lip tasol. Sapos tri i no gat planti lip, em i no ken gro. Sapos em i no gat gupela lip, em i no inap karim kaikai. Sapos olgeta lip bilong tri i pundaun, dispela tri i dai, na stik na ol han bilong em i kamap paiawut tasol.

Orait, sapos kantri na gavman bilong Papua Niugini i olsem wanpela tri, ol lip bilong dispela tri em yumi olgeta manmeri nating, yumi sitisen bilong dispela kantri. Sapos yumi no bin stap pastaim, ol memba bilong Haus ov Asembli i no kamap. Yumi yet i go pas na kamapim ol, wantaim nambawan minista bilong yumi. Olsem yumi bikipela samting.

Nau yumi lukim gut lip em i wanem samting na i mekim kain wok, na bai yumi painim em i gupela piksa tru bilong yumi yet.

Pastaim yumi lukim: i gat kain kain lip no

olsem i gat kain kain pipel tu. Yumi ting tasol long longpela lip bilong kokonas o karuga, braitpela lip bilong banana, lip nil bilong ol yar tri, lip bilong marmar i save slip long nait, lip daka i gat smal, lip bilong salat i paitim yumi na skin i skirap, lip bilong mangas i bilong tanim siga, lip bilong saksak i bilong wokim ruf bilong haus.

Yumi pipel tu i kain kain. Sampela i sotpela, sampela i longpela o patpela o waitpela o blakpela o naispela o switpela. Na sampela tu i save skirap, na sampela tu i gat pait. I olsem tasol. Yumi olsem kain kain lip.

Tasol maski long kain bilong ol lip. Olgeta kain lip i gat wanpela kain wok tasol. Em hia: wanpela wanpela lip em i olsem liklik faktori o woksap. Em i mas hangamap long lait bilon san na pasim grinpela klos bilong em. Em i wok long pulim wara na gris bilong graun i kam antap na ol liklik maus bilong em i pulim wanpela kain marasin i flai long win i kam insait. Lip nau i bungim olgeta dispela samting na i wokim wanpela kain suga yumi ken painim long ol taro na kaukau na yam na saksak.

Orait, nau yumi glasim gut tru dispela wok bilong ol wan wan lip. Ol i save bungim gris bilong graun daunbilo na pasim wantaim lait bilong san i stap antap. Na olsem tasol ol i save wokim kaikai bilong helpim tri. Gupela man o sitisen bilong Papua Niugini i mas mekim wantaim. Em i mas holim wok bilong em hia long graun. Maski em i stap long wanem distrik. Em i olsem lip i stap long wanpela hap o han bilong tri. Man ya i mas wok long mekim samting i kamaul long graun: em ol samting hia dispela kantri i save givim long em. Tasol em i mas lukluk tu i go antap. Lip i mas gatsan. Man tu i mas gat samting kam long antap. Em i mas kisim lait na helpim bilong God. Man i mas bungim wok bilong em wantaim lait bilong God, na olsem tasol samting tru bai kamap long kantri.

Ol lip i gat wanpela skul moa long yumi ol sitisen bilong Papua Niugini. Olgeta lip i hangamap long wanpela tri, olgeta wan wan i mas wok. Ol i no bilas nating.

Lo bilong tri em i olsem: sapos lip i no inap pulim marasin long win, tri i tok long lip olsem: "Sori, pren. Yu no save mekim liklik wok bilong helpim mi. Mi no ken helpim yu tu. Olsem yu pinistaim nau."

Nau tri i pasim rot bilong kaikai i stap insait

long lek bilong lip, na bihain liklik dispela lip i tanim yelopela na i dai na i pundaun na i slip long graun na i sting i stap.

Olsem tasol i no gat wanpela bilong yumi, olsem lip long bikipela tri, i ken sindaun nating. Olgeta lip wan wan i helpim tri. Yumi olgeta wan wan i mas helpim kantri.

Em tasol liklik skul i kam long ol nupela liklik tri ol i bin planim long independens de. Olsem nupela tri i hangamap long ol lip, olsem tasol dispela nupela kantri i hangamap long yumi wan wan sitisen bilong en. Olsem lip tru, yumi mas laikim graun bilong yumi, kantri bilong yumi. Em i givim kaikai long yumi. Na yumi mas hangamap tu long san bilong lo bilong God, long wanem, olgeta lip i hait long san i no save helpim tri liklik.

Olsem tasol i no gat wanpela bilong yumi, olsem lip long bikipela tri, i ken sindaun nating. Olgeta lip wan wan i helpim tri. Yumi olgeta wan wan i mas helpim kantri.

Em tasol liklik skul i kam long ol nupela liklik tri ol i bin planim long independens de. Olsem nupela tri i hangamap long ol lip, olsem tasol dispela nupela kantri i hangamap long yumi wan wan sitisen bilong en. Olsem lip tru, yumi mas laikim graun bilong yumi, kantri bilong yumi. Em i givim kaikai long yumi. Na yumi mas hangamap tu long san bilong lo bilong God, long wanem, olgeta lip i hait long san i no save helpim tri liklik.

God wanpela tasol inap long wokim wanpela tri. Man nogat. God wanpela tasol inap long mekim dispela liklik nupela tri bilong Papua Niugini i kamap bikipela na strongpela na naispela, bai em i ken bilasim dispela graun na olgeta arapela kantri i ken amamas long en.

Nambawan wok bilong statim tri, em God i bin givim long ol lip. Olsem tasol God i bin statim dispela nupela kantri Papua Niugini. Tasol wok bilong mekim em i go bikipela nau, em i larim long han bilong yumi ol lip, yumi ol sitisen.

Papua Niugini em i grinpela kantri bikos em i pulap long olgeta kain lip. Olgeta de yumi save lukim ol. Tasol ol i no moa lip nating. Nogat. Nau ol i eksampel long yumi. Olgeta lip i tok long yumi nau: yumi olgeta wan wan i olsem lip long bikipela tri bilong Papua Niugini. ●

HAVE YOU A FULL SET OF 'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING'?

Back issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' may be obtained from the Literature Bureau, P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Back copies will be sold at the new rate of 50t per copy. We will appreciate it if persons requesting them would enclose sufficient funds to meet postal charges. — Editor.

Independence Special

Essay

OUR SECOND INDEPENDENCE

Gabriel Suine

This essay won the (K50) First Prize in the Independence Essay Competition in the section for high school students.

The term Independence is not fully understood by many people. Perhaps the leaders who give speeches on Independence don't strike the right note or lack the necessary information to impart to the ordinary people. People in the remote areas like many villages in the highlands and elsewhere have different ideas. Some people think Independence means exodus of Europeans. Others think Independence means there are some new foreigners coming or will be coming to dominate us. Because of these different ideas, people are afraid and so they reject the idea of early Independence.

However, the people of Papua New Guinea were independent before the Europeans came to this country. As far as I understand, the term Independence means to be the master of one's own dealings. Indeed people of Papua New Guinea were masters of their own dealings. They fought their battles; compensated for the deaths; settled disputes and made peace; staged feasts; paid bride prices; traded and held meetings; and worked together; etc. Therefore our ancestors had both political and economic independence.

As far as I am concerned there is no such thing as pure Independence. We do not buy Independence at a high price. We do not even "buy it for a song". Now our leaders are trying their utmost to get us out of our conditioned inferiority. They try their best to explain the need for early Independence. At the same time, they strive to maintain independence between various neighbours or tribes in our country, for it is our cultural heritage.

It seems as though we are lost in a very thick bush or jungle where we cannot find our way out. The Government or our leaders are like a person who is a good guide and finds a way to lead us out.

As I have mentioned earlier, the term Independence means to be the master of one's own dealings. Therefore as far as development is concerned, we have to consider the eight point improvement plan. This plan lays down the guidelines for development. Some of these

points in the plan are well established to benefit the people and the country as a whole. However, some are yet to be considered closely. For instance, Foreign Relations and Defence Department holds that both Australia and Papua New Guinea Governments work together to ensure its effective administration. Until Independence, Papua New Guinea will not fully control Foreign Relations and Defence.

Foreign Relations means a country may carry on certain dealings such as trade, diplomacy or defence with another country. The question of Defence is more difficult to talk about, but certain provision of suitable treaties with other countries would surely guarantee the security and sovereignty of Papua New Guinea's Independence. I do not think Papua New Guinea will ever go to war; nevertheless it must have a force to defend her in times of conflict.

Apart from the eight point improvement plan there are many Government services already established for the people. Under the localisation programme these Government services are:—

1. Health
2. Education
3. Communication
4. Hydro-electricity
5. Transportation
6. Tourism
7. Mining)
8. Forestry) Natural Resources
9. Cash Cropping)

All these services plus some minor ones are operating with reasonable efficiency under the localisation programme. However, it is required that local experience and skill must be fostered as a logical result. Therefore what we need is the experience of running our own affairs and take responsibility in our own hands.

Papua New Guinea does not want to take over a house vacated by the colonial master. She has to rebuild that house to suit her own needs. That is, she must pick the best out of foreign culture and the best from her own and

build a new nation.

Furthermore, Papua New Guinea does not want foreigners or foreign businessmen to shape her future; because they would judge things from an outside point of view. They do not see the aspirations or desires of the people, Papua New Guinea must respond in a manner that fits her temperaments. Her future responsibilities are varied, but internally, she must strive to be self-sufficient.

Let us examine the following and see if it carries any inference for Papua New Guinea.

A P.M.V. is loaded with many passengers. The Government is the driver who takes the people where they want to go. Independence is like the driver being given a license to drive. As she drives she will become accustomed to and gain more driving experience. There may be one or two minor accidents in the first two years but acquired experience will help to avoid many major crashes in the future.

Therefore to conclude I would like to stress this point again that Papua New Guinea must have a strong stable government. She must make her own decisions which will suit her own needs and aspirations. Papua New Guinea does not want to play the fool where the Australian or foreign businessmen can play the devil with her economy. That is Papua New Guinea will never accept any definitions that are external; politically or commercially pressed, otherwise Papua New Guinea will be profitably exploited by the foreign business interests. She must assume responsibility of making judgements and ultimate decisions for her own survival.

Papua New Guinea will have to make careful arrangements with foreigners to develop her resources in order to benefit the people. Papua New Guinea must establish good political and economic relations with foreign countries and gradually grow into a healthy, strong country. ●

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Could you please put me on your mailing list for "Papua New Guinea Writing", a magazine distributed by you. I am a teacher and feel this would be very useful. Please let me have the subscription rate and I will forward a cheque immediately.

Mrs A.C. McClellan
P.O. Kaiapit
VIA LAE.

Dear Sir,

I have been discouraged from sending further manuscripts to your publication "Papua New Guinea Writing" because I feel that when one of my works is published it is no longer mine but the editor's personal work. Sometimes, half of what was originally sent in does not appear in the magazine. Of course I am aware that no story is perfect in its original form. The editor has the right to make the story more understandable and so on. It is not encouraging to see whole sections left out or others put in by the editor which are out of context or which make the central figures in the story not too central any more. I have come to the stage where I feel the magazine is no longer at the service of the people but the people are at the service of the magazine, in particular the authors. And for the benefit of the authors who, I believe, feel the same way as I do, and for the new generation of writers still to come.... I suggest that the final edition of their works should be sent to them for their approval.

Benjamin Umba
Holy Spirit College
BOMANA.

Contrary to your allegation that the central theme of the stories that you submit are lost through our editing process, the editor in fact tries his best to retain it.

As far as lengthy stories are concerned, the editor carefully condenses them to two or three thousand words due to the space limitations and our pledge to publish as many writers as we can in one issue. We very rarely publish works of over four thousand words.

As to your other allegation that the magazine is no longer at the service of the community, we think that is not so. The editor's role is that of adapting, balancing any biasness, cutting out unnecessary words or sentences, lowering the level of English or raising it and correcting grammar to the acceptable level for its readers. The editor does not do it for the writer unless, or course, in the case where a writer fails to develop the story idea.

As far as our editorial practices direct us, we do not diffuse attention on characters in order to make them obscure or ordinary.

We will not send final edited copies to writers but advise that when they receive our acceptance slip they should decide then whether they want to be published or not.

Thank you for writing. We still want more of your works.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

Issue No. 17 of your magazine has just reached me. It is good to see that it keeps up the high standard of earlier issues. The drawings by Mr Esau Reuben are very nice indeed. Hanamoa.

I write to offer two suggestions: -

1. A list of all contributors up to now, giving their home district and their present employment or whatever else they are doing. This would not only be of interest to your readers but it may encourage people in districts from where you have not yet received any (or just a few) contributions....
2. Issue No. 17 is different in format from earlier issues. As some readers, including myself, have your magazine bound, i.e. several issues in one cover, it would be good if you now stuck to the new format, please.

Harry Jackman
PENNANT HILLS, N.S.W.

Your suggestion for a review of 'Thumb Sketches' is a very good one. We only wish, however, we had the extra pages to enable us to do that. Nevertheless we hope our usual "About the Writers" pages will be useful for the time being.

The magazine is dynamic therefore will change from time to time, depending on the type of stories and material we receive. Thank you for liking our No. 17 issue.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am very interested in subscribing to "Papua New Guinea Writing". Could you possibly arrange for me to subscribe if I were to send a cheque in U.S. currency? Please include consideration for postage. I would certainly like to subscribe for at least two years. I would also be interested in back issues of "Papua New Guinea Writing" if these are available.

I would also be interested in any other publications you have which might pertain to the developing literature in Papua New Guinea.

Thank you for your consideration.

(Dr) Nancy McDowell
Department of Anthropology
Franklin and Marshall College
LANCASTER, Pa 17604.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MUST BE GENUINE.
WE ARE INTERESTED TO KNOW WHAT READERS
THINK ABOUT THE CONTENT OF THE MAGAZINE
IN ITS PRESENT FORM. PLEASE WRITE TO THE
EDITOR.**



ABOUT THE WRITERS

JOHN WILLS KANIKU

JOHN WILLS KANIKU comes from the Suau area of the Milne Bay Province. He attended Logea and Misima Primary Schools, and then Sogeri High School from 1962 to 1965. He was among the first intake of students to enter the University of Papua New Guinea in 1966. In 1967, he took up a three-year Teacher Training course at Goroka Teachers College, graduating in 1969, and taught at Badihagwa High School. In 1971 John's theatrical interests resulted in an

Australian scholarship to study in Victoria and N.S.W. He returned the same year and became the Head of the Drama Department at the newly established Centre for Creative Arts. In 1973, John left the Creative Arts Centre and took up teaching again at Kila Kila High School. Later, in 1974 he joined the Office of Information Film Unit as a script writer. At present he is an Arts student at the University of Papua New Guinea.



MICHAEL MOSORO

MICHAEL MOSORO comes from Penjen village in the Wewak Sub-province of the East Sepik Province. He attended Hawain Primary School and later Boiken Primary School to finish his standards five and six. From 1970 to 1973 he attended St Xavier's High School on Kairuru Island. Michael is now doing First Year Economics at the University of Papua New Guinea. (Photo not available.)

Due to the one-off nature of the Independence Poetry and Essay Competitions we did not consider the obtaining of biographical information as well as photographs of the essay and story writers necessary. This issue will therefore go without them. — Editor

INDEPENDENCE

IN

MINIATURE

AN ESSAY BY
A PRIMARY STUDENT

OUR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE

by Daniel Basiya

Our country Papua New Guinea will soon become an independent country. We, as the people of this country, will not change. Some people in our country think that when independence comes we will all change or have another race of people as our masters.* This is a false belief. It will only be the work that will change in our country. We as Papua New Guineans will have to do the work in Government as well as private business. We will not have to hold positions in foreign countries or try to serve their countries. We are no longer babies and should not continue to rely on them for food. We have grown into men and cannot again become babies. All jobs now or previously held by people from outside will eventually be held by nationals. Our schools and colleges are now preparing the people for these jobs. All these different jobs require us to take part in the whole development. Let us not expect other people to come and do this work. Let us not think like drunks who couldn't care less. Let us not be childish or lose our intelligence. Our people now have the knowledge and intelligence to become leaders of our country. We can unite all different parts and people and make our new nation like the countries of England, Fiji or America, etc. If we can do this we will make ourselves a strong and free nation of Papua New Guinea.

* Used in this context to mean colonists.

ADVERTISING RATES PER INSERTION PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING 4 Issues per annum



| | |
|--------------------|-------|
| Full Page | \$90 |
| Half Page | \$50 |
| Quarter Page | \$30 |
| Outside Back Cover | \$150 |

- Contract Rates on application.
- A guaranteed qualitative circulation.

**APPLY
LITERATURE
BUREAU
Box 2312
Konedobu
Papua New Guinea**

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 primary and secondary schools they have attended, and the school form or job they are in at present.

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

THE EDITOR

KIRSTY POWELL MEMORIAL FUND

The recent untimely death of Kirsty Powell in Port Moresby dealt a tragic blow to Papua New Guinean literary research. A pioneer in this field, Kirsty was putting the finishing touches to her Master's thesis on the emergence of writing in Papua New Guinea.

Her many friends, colleagues and Papua New Guinean writers knew her absorbing enthusiasm in discussing literature. Through her probing she widened the writer's views. By paying attention to details, she had become a repository of most literary material on Papua New Guinea. It is hoped that an edition of her papers will be published.

Her work was the first detailed study of the rich field of Papua New Guinean literature that has developed over the last decade. As an appropriate tribute to her memory, Kirsty's husband, Dr Keith Powell, has given a substantial amount of money to start a fund that will benefit Papua New Guineans. Colleagues, family and friends of Kirsty also want to continue with the good work that she had begun. Thus, out of these two thoughts has grown the idea that a memorial fund be founded.

The possible alternatives of how to use this fund to the full are many, e.g. a workshop for play writers and from this a theatre production, the bringing in of dance groups from different centres, filming of traditional plays, research, and scholarships to name just a few. It is felt that each year the activity should be varied and should be held during the month of August.

Donations to the fund are now being accepted and made payable to:

The Kirsty Powell Memorial Fund
C/- The Secretary
Literature Department
University of Papua New Guinea
P.O. Box 4820
University, Papua New Guinea.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Budget difficulties in newly independent Papua New Guinea have faced us with the decision either to close down Papua New Guinea Writing or raise prices immediately. Frankly, it is no longer possible to subsidise the journal as in the past. It was costing the equivalent of one year's subscription to just print and mail out a single copy.

We are sure you want the journal to continue. From this issue, Number 19 of September 1975, the subscription rates are as follows:

- * Overseas Subscribers: K4.00
- * Residents of Papua New Guinea: K3.00 (regardless of distance)
- * Schools, students and libraries in Papua New Guinea: K1.00
- * Single copies: 75t

These new rates will not affect subscribers who have paid in their subscription before the new rates came into force. They will continue to receive their quarterly copy until their subscriptions expire.

THE EDITOR

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING Subscription Form

4 ISSUES ANNUALLY

- * PNG . . . K3.00
- * Overseas . . . K4.00
- * PNG Students . . . K1.00

Yes! I want Papua New Guinea Writing to survive. I enclose my remittance of K
for the next four issues commencing with Issue No 20 of December 1975.

Send to:

Name
Address
City State Post Code
Country

Are you a
* New Subscriber?
* Renewing your subscription?
* A student?
* What was the last number you
received?

Overseas Cheques, Bank Drafts, Money Orders should be in KINA only and should allow for international currency exchange charges, if any.

Send this form today to: **THE LITERATURE BUREAU**
Office of Information
P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu
Papua New Guinea



Wantok Publications Inc.

Box 396, Wewak, Papua New Guinea. Phone 86 2488

PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S PIDGIN NEWSPAPER WITH 50,000 READERS

Annual Subscription — K5.00
(23 issues by airmail)

Bulk orders (10 copies or more) get
special rates.

For schools, these include free maps for
social study broadcasts, plus teaching aids.

WRITE FOR A SAMPLE COPY

Thanks to our ADVERTISERS

• Papua New Guinea Writing' sells at 20¢ per copy. This retail price does not cover a third of the actual cost of production. Advertisers make a vital contribution towards the publication of this important Papua New Guinea literary magazine.

• The firms and organisations listed below have given support for the printing and distribution of Luksave by covering advertising space in PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING' during 1974-75.

Oxford University Press
New Guinea Research Unit
Ela Motors
Kristen Pres Inc.
Wantok Publications Inc.
The Bank of New South Wales
The Jacaranda Press
The Metric Conversion Commission
Penguin Books
Bank of Papua New Guinea

The Literature Bureau,
Office of Information,
P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu

ANOTHER PUBLICATION

BY

THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet
published by the Literature Bureau of the Office
of Information was released in JUNE, 1974.

The booklet, titled

'STORIES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, BOOK 1'

is the first in a series of short stories and legends
of Papua New Guinea written by Papua
New Guineans.

The aim of the booklet is to develop reading
habits among the literate and newly-literate
majority and will also serve as a suitable text
for upper primary levels.

The pilot issue will be distributed to primary
schools and others free.

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

THE EDITOR
LITERATURE BUREAU
P.O. BOX 2312
KONEDOBU.

L U K S A V E

Luksave, a publication which gives a simple
accounts of research projects undertaken by
scholars seeking to answer interesting questions
on Papua New Guinea and its people.

Luksave is intended for use in schools and is
a most useful aid for school teachers and
community development workers, and recommend
ed for general reading by young people who are
interested in the development of Papua New
Guinea.

The following issues are available now
IN ENGLISH: Rabia Camp, Port Moresby

Badili canoe settlement
A history of Bulolo
Papua businessmen
New Guinean businessmen
Namasu
New Guinea Australia and the
United Nations

The Changing life of the Nasari
people

Life in Singano, New Guinea
Highlands

The Rigo Road
Situm and Gabari

Voluntary aid in Papua New Guinea
Would-be big businessmen in Pa

pua New Guinea

IN PIDGIN: Man bilong Niugini
komap bisnisman

Rigo rot

Ol senis i wok long komap long
sindaun bilong ol Nasari pipel

Situm na Gabari

Laip long Singano



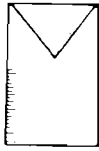

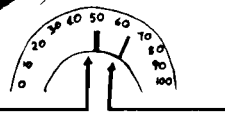
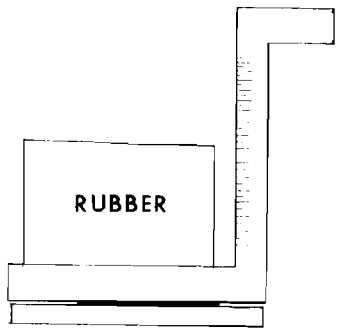
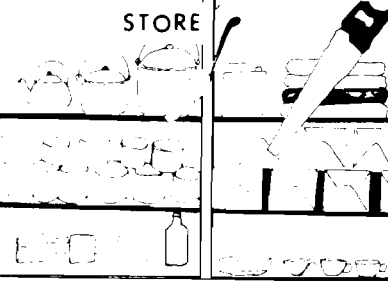
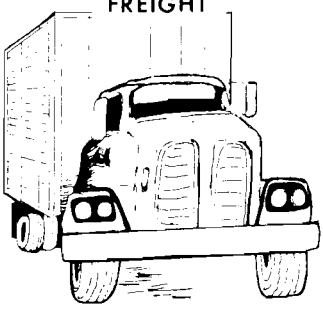
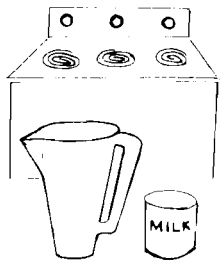
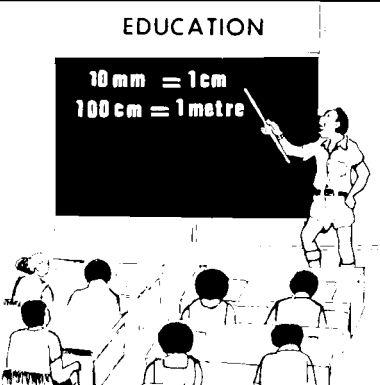
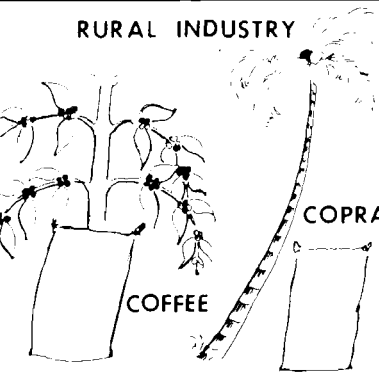

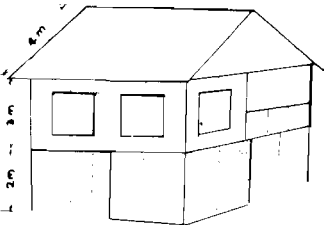
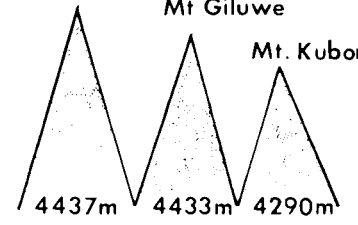



Niugini Mailans

IN MOTU: Rigo dala

Luksave costs 20¢ per copy and can be purchased
from the New Guinean Research Unit, P.O. Box
1238, Boroko, Papua New Guinea.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

An Independent Metric Country

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>WEATHER</p>  <p>Temperature in Celsius - °C</p>  <p>Rainfall in mm - millimeter</p>  <p>Wind speed - Land Kilometers per hr km/h</p> <p>Sea - knots / kn</p> | <p>SPEED</p>  <p>50</p> <p>Outside City</p>  <p>In City</p> | <p>MASS x WEIGHT</p>  <p>RUBBER</p> |
| <p>STORE</p>  <p>Merchandise</p> | <p>FREIGHT</p>  | <p>KITCHEN</p> <p>Recipe</p>  <p>1ml water 2 eggs 5ml pure-milk 2 spoons sugar 2ml soysauce</p> |
| <p>EDUCATION</p>  <p>10 mm = 1 cm 100 cm = 1 metre</p> | <p>RURAL INDUSTRY</p>  <p>COFFEE</p> <p>COPRA</p> |  <p>Pt Moresby — Rabaul 800km</p> |
| <p>BUILDING INDUSTRY</p>  <p>4m 3m 2m</p> | <p>HEIGHTS</p>  <p>Mt Wilhelm 4437m Mt Giluwe 4433m Mt. Kubor 4290m</p> <p>High Tide. </p> <p>Low Tide. </p> | <p>PAPUA NEW GUINEA METRIC CONVERSION COMMISSION</p> <p>Kriewaldt's Building, Hubert Murray Highway, P.O. Box 5286, Boroko, Port Moresby.</p> <p>Telephone: 257555</p>  |