

Papua New Guinea Writing

NO. 21 AND 22 OF MARCH AND JUNE, 1976.

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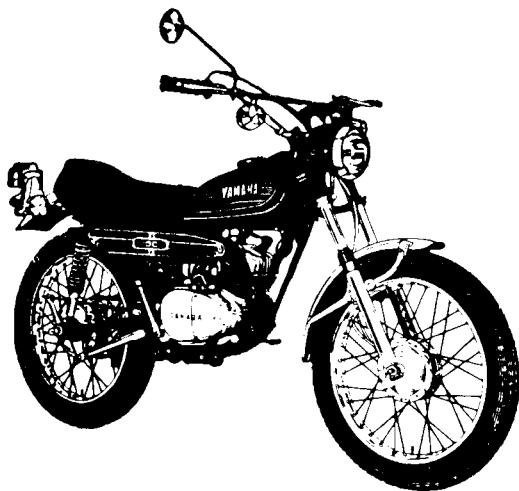
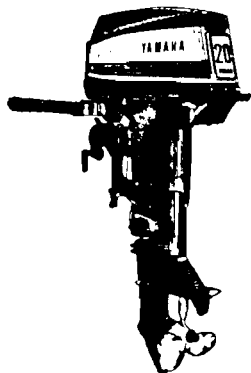
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The front cover drawing on Issue No. 20 of December, 1975 was incorrectly accredited. It should rather have read: An abstract drawing of a woman and a cuscus by Vivienne Sambuda of the Design Branch, Office of Information.

The front cover drawing for this issue, as was similarly stated on Page 1 of Issue No. 20, is an abstract of the legendary Emu Dancer from the Eastern Highlands Province by Biliso Osake of the Design Branch, Office of Information.

Editor: Jack Lahui - Consultant Editor: Douglas Rose

Assistant Editors: Kone Tom and Necky Russiat.

Drawings on pages 3, 5 and 11 are by Archie Chapman, on page 6 by Willie Bobby, on page 8 by Biliso Osake, on page 16 by Vivienne Sambuda, on page 20 by Iava Geita all of the Office of Information, Design Branch while that on page 23 by Esau Reuben; formerly Head of Design Branch, now Head of the Production Division, Office of Information.

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Views expressed in this volume, apart from those resulting from the tidying up of grammar or the restructuring of stories are those of the authors and those authors commissioned by the Bureau or those interviewed by the Editorial Staff and do not necessarily reflect those of the Editorial Staff or the Office of Information.

EDITORIAL

This enlarged issue is a double one, which consolidates issues No. 21 and 22 for March and June, 1976. By doing so we hope to bring our now very late schedule to a more favourable position in order to prepare the September issue and those to come after.

We have received numerous letters from readers who wish to know what has become of the journal or if they have been sent copies which never arrived.

A number of factors have determined the lateness of the last three issues, most beyond our capacity to harness. Firstly we had to change printers as the cost by commercial printers was increasing steadily, a way of life most unsuited to the government system of accounting and operations. We have come to find after the change that we can be equally held up by the amount of work all printers are expected to do at the one time.

Our main cause of flounder has been the fact that since about August last year the Literature Bureau has operated under a most uncertain atmosphere with, of course, money being the main problem. Faced with that there was little we could do except raise a few eyebrows with the sudden announcement that the subscriptions had gone up. There have also been staff difficulties.

There were in addition a number of problems, the chief being that of arranging a move for the Bureau from the Office of Information in a restructuring of the Public Service. First we were placed in the Recreation Division of the Department of Education (Government Gazette No. 13th February 1976). Then, just as we were packing to move offices in June we learnt that the decision was being reversed and that we remain in the Office of Information. Nevertheless we in the Literature Bureau have reason to smile, for at last the uncertainty has been lifted and we are settling down to doing some constructive work.

There are reasons against the Bureau moving to a new Department. One of the most important is the dislocation of operations, but there are minor reasons too. Firstly the Office of Information has the facilities and the personnel who for the time being can be effectively utilised in the business-like approach that is normally required for any magazine.

On the national level the Literature Bureau is seen by many as having a direct tendency towards culturally oriented bodies. While we have put efforts into these lines, the Cultural Affairs Department has not reciprocated. It is indeed a known fact of life now that any national overseas exhibitions put on have displays done up with works of national writers. Has the Literature Bureau fought the battles without the honours or has it been used as a catalyst which can be got rid of once the goals and objectives for other organisations are achieved?

If indeed this is the true opinion of the host of

culturally oriented organisations in existence in Papua New Guinea, then I for one see it proper that we withhold our energies, alter our efforts in making "Papua New Guinea Writing" a national literary and cultural magazine, and instead try to make it purely a Government instrument promoting its image abroad. This is most inevitable, and possible.

While we say this we leave ourselves undeterred by any reservations. We still want to win the co-operation of individuals or organisations whose objectives are to do with encouraging the art of writing in this country. I know there are a number of publishers that would most willingly enter into joint publishing ventures with the Bureau. Organised like an institutional publishing house, the Bureau could serve the writers and potential authors better.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

The Eighth Annual Short Story competition, the Seventh Annual Poetry competition and the Seventh Annual Play competition opened on 10th May.

Less than a month ago the chances of ever organising these competitions were indeed slim, but our consolation (and persevering hope) was the fact that our past donors had not let us down. Our total prize money this year will be K895 of which K375 will come from these donors. Participants should note the closing date, which is 13th August.

MORE STORIES WANTED

'Papua New Guinea Writing' is presently very short of good stories. The kind of stories we desire should first of all be within the limits of 3000 to 4000 words. The question of subject matter for stories is left to the writers to decide but as a guideline we prefer stories making use of legends but with a freshness of narrative - but not essays in kind. Stories of adventure, war experiences as well as school life would be most welcome. Stories on political issues or general fiction on politics will obviously be given scrutiny and will be subject to approval from higher authorities. As a prerequisite we prefer writers not to use names of persons and groups still active in the country's political scene. Finally, our most urgently wanted story - we would like writers to send in stories for our December, Number 24, issue. All articles requested may at the same time be entered in our annual competitions, giving the writer equal chance for a prize as well as that of publication.

POETS CORNER

The usual Poets Corner is now to be done away with and instead poems will appear throughout the magazine. We will always ensure that poems get the equal share of attention as stories do and the new system will certainly prove that. The previous system of stuffing them to one "Corner", for the chosen few, has disadvantaged the poets themselves. We start with this issue.

Jack Lahui

Editor



*"Fine fine just give me a call after about two hours telling me what has happened and good luck", Raka said swallowing hard.
"Cheerio, well do. Just get ready to run too because this could all go wrong too, Bye".*

In the year 2001, the Republic of Motu (roughly where Papua used to be) finds itself owing huge sums of money to foreign countries due to mismanagement; and there is mounting dissatisfaction among its citizens.

Raka Wari, a Papuan but educated in the Republic of Niugini, returns to Motu and secretly organises a movement to press for the reunification of the two former Australian Territories.

There are a number of Generals in the Motuan Army who, along with their Minister, Tom Arua, give lip service to the Government of President Loi while plotting to topple him. What better opportunity to close the nets than immediately after his departure to Australia!

Kitty Loko, Secretary to the President and in love with Raka Wari, strangely enough, and for reasons known to herself and Raka, decides not to accompany the visiting party to Australia.

The two affairs form a vivid parallelism, the former for the two imaginary states and the other between Raka Wari and Kitty Loko.

The nation of Motu woke the next day to find themselves BAWING or BACK AGAIN WITH NEW GUINEA.

BAWING

By Roland Katak

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, and, in the west, the reddish disc of the sun slowly moved downwards to the horizon as though it was happy to reach its destination after a laborious twelve hours. From it were emitted the last soft reddish gold rays of light which sprayed the hills of Port Moresby.

A lone dark figure stood motionless on the Tuaguba Hill, casting a tall skinny shadow which fell half-way down the eastern side to meet the creeping darkness. From where he stood Raka Wari gazed hatefully at the capital of the Independent State of Motu, stretching away to meet the small, white, yet densely polluted, beaches of what used to be the Central District coastline. The town looked beautiful, he thought, even at this time of the day. The rapid lightning of Port Moresby City was like a big constellation of the brightest stars on a clear moonless night. His eyes slowly moved away from the beauty of the Western materials and rested on closely gathered buildings, standing uneasily over the waters of Fairfax Harbour. His gaze retreated and shot through another direction focusing and registering on the landscape before Waigani.

Yes, the town looked peaceful, so similar to Australia, in the slowly darkening evening. In fact, the whole area which he had surveyed with contempt as well as interest looked much too peaceful. However, Raka knew that behind the shelter of the peaceful looking atmosphere was great turmoil, turmoil by the misled grandchildren of the late Tamasi Vele, a people who after many years of self-rule were still searching for a new national identity.

It all happened when Papua finally got its independence after its secession from New Guinea under the leadership of Vele, who had started his secession move on election to the old colonial House of Assembly in 1971. After years of tiring struggle for a nation for his own Papua people, he finally got his way. New Guinea said: "Try it your way; Leave home if you must". After Papua's independence, Australia and the Republic of Niugini first ignored the new Motu Republic. They let Motu discover all the harsh realities.

Now, in the year 2001, the isolated nation was facing its worst economic and political problems. During the first years of Vele's rule, the Motu Republic had blindfoldedly borrowed a lot of money from overseas for development, but while borrowing, the Vele Government hadn't seriously considered where it was going to get the money to pay back. The Government had made some sleek and fine excuses to the firms and countries it had borrowed from that they would be repaid easily enough. Later, however, the promised financial seed had not germinated and when Jack Loi took over the leadership after the death of Vele, Motu had to cover that by overtaxing all goods and services in order to get the necessary money to pay back. The whole populace, however, had taken as much as it could stand and there were unrests, strikes and severe criticism of the government.

They were sorry for what had happened in the 70's of the last century. They hated to think of the past history of their nation. Those who could understand hated themselves and their parents for having listened to Vele who had "greased" the Papuan people into this present situation.

The Loi Government was unstable; it's politicians didn't know the one and one which equalled politics. The whole governing system of the country was falling down what seemed to be an endless tunnel and the governing party's panic to "make good" in the eye of the watching, interested world, an excited spectator watching his favourite sport had only failed. The atmosphere also smelt of a likely change, a change which was inevitable.

Fifteen per cent of the men between the ages of nineteen and forty just could not stand what was dished out to them and therefore started an underground movement. They called the movement "BAWING" or "Back Again With New Guinea" movement. Prominent and vital in the movement were Major-General Tom Wari, Chief of the Motuan Armed Forces and Sam Arua, Foreign Minister, and ten of the fifteen generals in the armed forces.

The movement had secretly collaborated with top New Guinea Government officials and found it appropriate that Motu should rejoin New Guinea.

"What are you gazing at and dreaming of?" came a very soft and feminine voice, starting and breaking all barriers, bringing Raka from his thinking to the present. Raka was a Motuan by nationality, light skinned, with straight wavy hair, a black mop on his head. For twenty-one years Raka had lived in Niugini with his parents who had fled because they did not want secession encouraged by Vele. Raka had gained his primary education at Milford Haven Primary School, his secondary education at Bugandi High School, Keravat Senior High School and finally returned to the National University in Lae where he had graduated with high honours in Law, Political Science and Philosophy. Two years after his graduation, he had decided, despite his parents' wishes, to return to his motherland, hoping to be of some use to his brothers. After ten years in Motu, his activities were outlawed by the Motuan Government and he was ordered to return north, but Raka was hesitant, stubborn, reluctant. Now, at thirty-two, he was the master-mind and the big boss behind BAWING. Raka was confident that all his work was going to bear fruit—rich, juicy fruit.

"Oh, it's you Kitty. You nearly scared my pants off", he answered quickly. "I was dreaming about next Friday and all this trouble and asking myself: 'What am I doing here?' Let's forget this?" He made a let's-forget gesture with his hands. "I thought you were never coming", said Raka, with a dour look.

"Sorry if I kept you waiting, darling". She took his hands. "It's getting really dark now, let's go to the small restaurant near Koki Market and you can tell me your plans for Friday."

At six thirty darkness crept calmly over the Republic of Motu. Two dark and silent figures moved slowly down Tuaguba Hill to hide in the buzzy, corrupted and noisy centre of Koki, Port Moresby, Raka talking as they went.

"As you know, General Warut is a follower of ours and it was he who suggested that time was ripe for our attempt at taking over, which will be next week. Warut will take over with intense and careful collaboration with our second-in-command, Foreign Minister Arua. As you know, on Friday Loi and his official party will fly to Australia in an attempt to negotiate with Australian leaders for some form of help to Motu, and when he is gone, we shall strike. Our young soldiers will be armed and will be in town with Warut's army and will enforce the law if there is protest when we strike, similar to the Ugandan Affair in the early 1970's", concluded Raka calmly, quite satisfied that he had generally told the plan to Kitty. His secret

girl-friend was President Loi's chief private secretary, who for obvious reasons, had decided not to go to Australia with the official party.

"Yes, very similar", said Kitty. "Oh! It's 8.30. We may as well go home and have some sleep as you have to carefully arrange and plan further for Friday," she said giving him her famous broad and sexy smile.

Friday came quickly, bright and clear, an atmosphere of every ordinary day, which was perhaps not going to change with the inhabitants living within the thin layer.

10.30 am: Mr Loi and his party boarded an Ansett Boeing 747 flight to Sydney.

12.30 pm: General Warut talked briefly with the Foreign Minister over the telephone.

12.45 pm: Raka hurried to the telephone to answer it. "Hello, Raka here." Raka paused, listening intently. "Fine, fine, just give me a call after about two hours telling me what has happened. Oh, by the way Tom, good luck." Raka swallowed hard, gazing at the phone.

"Cheerio, will do! Just get ready to run because this could go wrong. Bye."

A click. Silence. Raka glanced again at the phone and placed it carefully down. Walking over to his wardrobe he took a dining-out coat and from his top drawer a small Smith & Wesson automatic. Dressed and armed, he walked back to the phone and picked it up again. He quickly dialled and when he heard a voice at the other end, he said: "Order them. I'll be over." Placing down the phone, he surveyed his small flat with uncertainty, then, smiling, he walked out.

At 1 pm General Tom Warut, looked nervously and uneasily out of his office near the Motuan National Assembly in Hunter Street. Picking the phone up with his shaking, sweating hands, he dialled and said, "Get me Mr Arua. This is the Chief of the Army."

After what seemed years of waiting a gruff voice said happily with just a slight hint of nervousness that only the experienced Tom could detect, "Hello Tom, can I be of any value to you?"

"Yes, dammit!" Tom was sweating like a pig. "I want to know how you are going. You know I am giving the order in ten minutes."

"Yes, yes fine, ah . . . just fire away. We're ready here", came that over-confident gruffly voice, the nervousness now diminished.

"Okay, be ready." He slammed the phone down with fierceness, feeling all of a sudden very tired and very old. He uneasily turned to his ten colonels to give his last orders. "Right, you men, you know what we are going to do. But because some of you are forgetful, I will go over once more for luck. You are to disperse among the crowd, preferably near important Government buildings and if the people in them make any unnecessary and violent moves. . . ." He put his second finger to his head and made a trigger-pulling motion with his forefinger. "Okay you guys, scram and good luck." He watched his well-armed desperados move off.

1.12 pm: General Warut suddenly felt sick all over his body but he knew he had to hang on.

Two miles away the Foreign Minister pulled out a bottle of whisky and took a mouthful, feeling it burn hotly in his uneasy stomach.

(Continued on Opposite page)

YU GAT PISIN STORI?

Papua New Guinea Writing i no gat inap tok
Pisin stori long prinim hia.

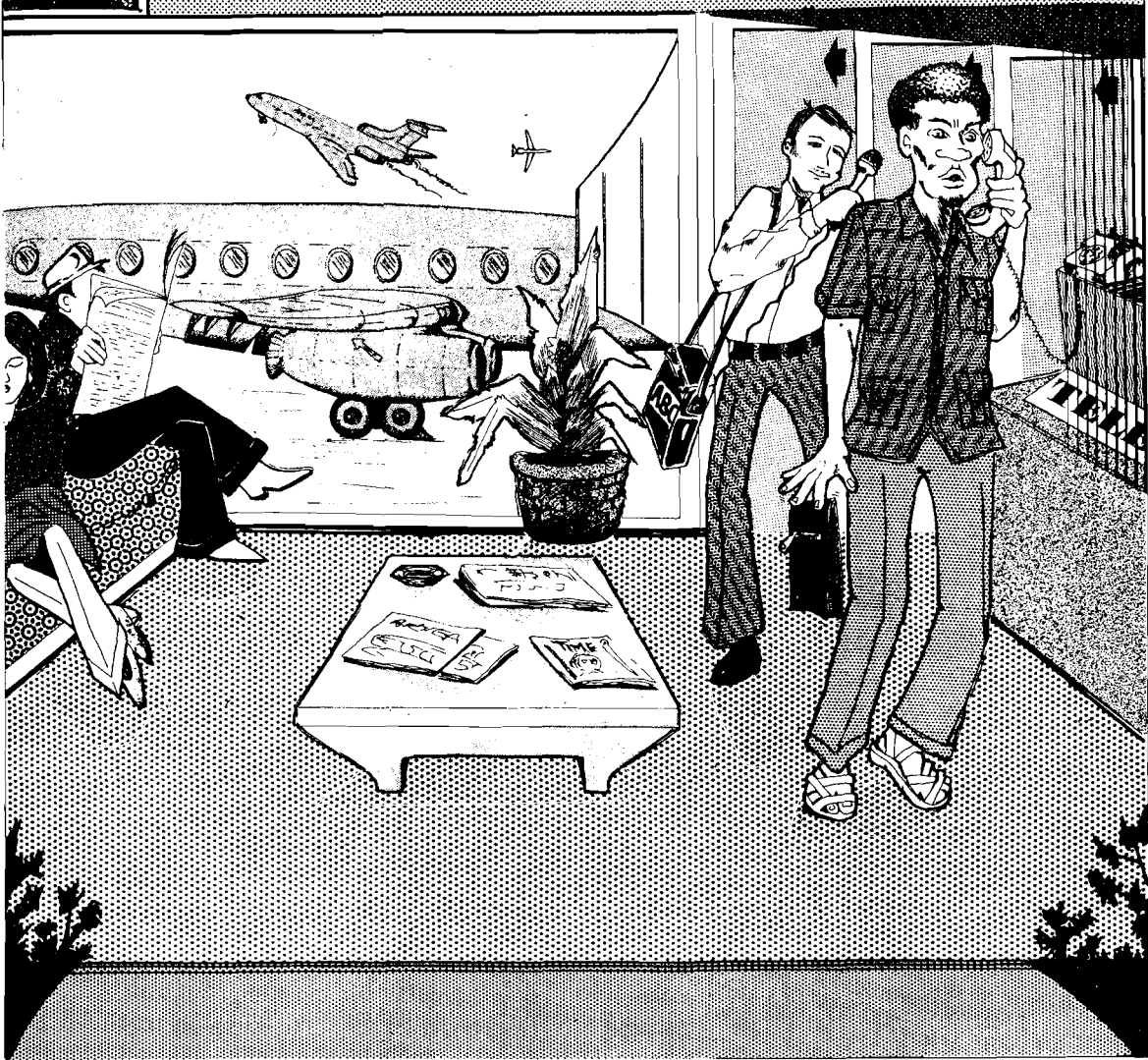
Bai yu ting yu inap raitim wanpela o yu bin
raitim pinis wanpela na yu laik salim i kam long
Edita, yu mas salim i kam kwiktaim.

Ol stori edita bai prinim long buk em bai yupela
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SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



On hearing the voice of Raka Warl, a man he thought he had thrown out of the country Mr Loi let the phone drop and he became violently ill.

(Continued from opposite Page)

Four miles away, Raka and Kitty tried their best to calm down from their rising excitement and expectations.

1.15 pm: General Warut picked up his phone, his hand shaking badly. He dialled a number and hesitated a million-year long minute. Then he said, "Okay," and unconsciously placed the phone down, all the time preventing himself from fainting.

The takeover was classic. The army simply walked into important Government radio stations, newspapers, stores and other governmental institutions and took over.

1.20 pm: The Foreign Minister, Raka and Kitty, all in different places witnessed the taking over. Just like a true to life movie, it had taken the Moresby people twenty long minutes to digest what was happening and if any resistance was to come, it was already too late. All other towns in Motu went through the same process. From the north, the New Guinean supporting army came down to join the others.

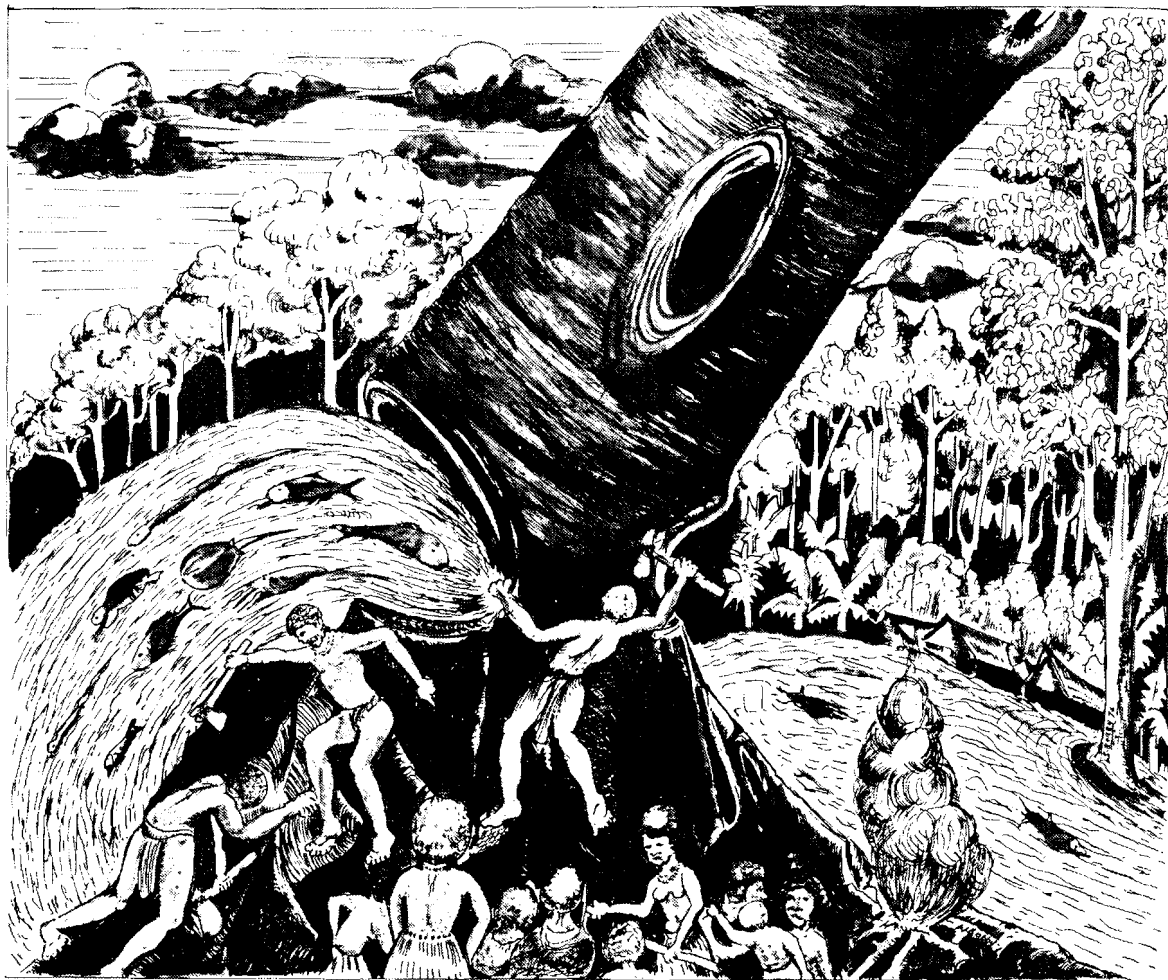
1.55 pm: President Loi heard over the loud speaker system at Sydney International Airport that there was an urgent message for him from the "New Motuan Government". With the word "new" nagging at the

back of his head, he hurried to the phone, and listened:

"Mr Loi, as the leader of the New Motuan Government which has decided to join again with New Guinea, and on behalf of these decent people here, I would like to ask you and your party not to return to this country. However, out of mercy, I will let you come home, collect your belongings and move out or adjust yourselves to the laws of this country. And. . . ." Hearing the voice of Raka Wari, a man he thought he had thrown out, Mr Loi let the phone drop and became violently ill.

4.15 pm: The news spread across the face of the globe that through air-tight secrecy and hard work, the Motuan people had, under the leadership of Raka Wari, succeeded in releasing the Motuan state of its bondage and it had again joined with New Guinea.

5.45 pm: In the west a new sun slowly sank, a bright red disc as it was the previous day. From it were emitted scorched rays of light, over Papua New Guinea and over two dark and solitary figures which stood motionless; the two contented figures of Raka Wari and Kitty Loko. If one had watched a little longer, he could have noticed that their figures were gradually melting into one, one figure which proved the never dying existence of love, love, love. . . .



The people scattered as they saw the tree coming down and out of the trunk the sea came gushing out in torrents with fish and mammals of all shapes and sizes.

The Legend of the Sea

By

Sally Anne Pipi

IN the beginning the world was absolute land. The people were of nomadic origin and wandered the land far and wide. There was a tribe known as the "Mapamoiwans" who trekked to the present eastern end of Papua and decided to build a village under the shade of a large mango tree, which was so wide it would take a person half a day to walk around it. The tree reached far beyond the sky with branches throwing out long protective arms against the sun. The people thought it a wonderful discovery and so built their homes around the tree.

Each morning villagers would find live, limbless animals at the base of the tree, which would wriggle, jump and twist about until, exhausted, they would lie motionless at the mercy of death. The people had no idea what a good food it was, but as their ancestors had not introduced them to such luxury, they thought it poisonous and divorced themselves from touching it.

For many years the Mapamoiwans lived on vegetables and wild animals, just watching the fish die and waste away. One day an old widower caught his dog eating a fish and curiously waited for it to die, but this never occurred, and each passing day found him more gluttonously attacking freshly fallen fish. Very soon more dogs joined it to feast on fresh fish.

One day the old widower called together all the villagers and volunteered to cook and eat a freshly fallen fish the next day in everyone's presence. "If I live, that means the dogs have discovered a wonderful food, but if I die do not, on any occasion, touch the animals." The next morning the widower's daughter cooked a fish while the villagers looked on and when done, the old man began to eat. For a whole day, the people watched him curiously. That night they thought they had seen the last of him but to their surprise the widower and his daughter were already up collecting fresh fish the next morning. The rest of the villagers joined them. That evening the whole village held an "Introduction Feast" in honour of the new-found food. After the feast the chief announced that the next day they would chop down the tree and so free the fish and give themselves more access to the food.

The following day, men assembled in front of the chief's house. They were allocated in groups, each under an elder and were ordered to take turns at chopping the tree.

At sunrise the men were hard at work. The women gathered near the working men to feed them and to keep them company. By dusk they could hear the furious pounding of the waves. The excitement of near achievement reached everyone's heart as they went off to sleep. The chief said that it was too dark to continue chopping and he preferred new achievements to be discovered in daylight when everyone could witness the event in the proper manner.

The following morning the people were shocked to find the tree in its natural wholeness as if nothing had happened to it. However, the Mapamoiwans were determined and did not wish to be deterred in any way. So day after day, they attacked the tree furiously and, exhausted at the end of each strenuous day, they would go to sleep hoping that the bark would not re-assemble itself again. It always seemed to get too dark when they could hear the pounding of the waves, and when they were on the last barrier. For a whole moon term they had achieved nothing and the men were beginning to feel defeated when, one morning, a scar was found on the bark of the tree. The chief asked the villagers if they knew why there was a scar on the tree. A woman came forward and told them she had burnt the bark when she ran out of firewood, the previous day. Having found a new weapon, the fire, the men chopped more eagerly and the women kept the fires going till dusk. The chief told them to have a good night's rest as the next day they would discover an unknown fortune. The people however decided to hold a feast till the early hours of the morning and then go off to sleep as they knew the tree would not be able to trouble them again.

That night when all was asleep, the tree came to each individual in a dream:

"Tomorrow when you have destroyed me, I will cover three parts of your wandering land with water. Your hardships will be great. In order to travel to other dry lands, you will have to discover new means and instead of collecting fresh fish each morning, you will be searching for them in the waters by means of new devices." And so ended the dream.

The next morning saw a large crowd of excited people waiting to commit their final task. At the chief's signal, the tree was attacked more vigorously than ever before. By mid-day they were on the last barrier when a heavy storm blew up. Thunder boomed, the wind howled and the sun became clouded. The people huddled together in awe as the tree came crushing down upon the earth. The outcome was more frightening than anything they had seen before—in torrents the sea came gushing out of the trunk and fish and mammals of all sizes, shapes and species went pouring out with the water. The flounders began to lay out the islands, the sting-rays the large tracts of land. The sharks scissored off the land from the sea and the sea-eels measured out the rivers. When all was done, the fishes and the mammals disappeared under the surface, leaving the islanders to think up better ways of catching them.

Where the tree once stood, legend says, the depth is immeasurable and the area is known as the "abysmal root of the sea" where even to this day fish of all species still abound in thousands.

HOME FARAWAY

By Willie Kamit

Very soon I will be going home.

Home: Where my people will be waiting
Where my soul might rest
Where for always, I know
nature is at its best.
Where love and more love is awaiting
Where love is mum and dad and the young ones
Where love is home; the birds
the trees and nature's palms.

Home: Where I can forget and perhaps forgive.
Where I can rest and hope to be blessed.
Where mum's nursing can remove from my mind,
the turmoil, a memory and a love,
a love I cannot forget, or a love I want to forget.

Home: Where the lonely coconut palms stand.
Where in the quiet of the midmorning
little sister plays with the little fish,
down near the clear shaded pool.
Where the cocoa pods lie,
where as shells they've fallen.
Where the flutterers come to nest.
Where butterflies hover and then rest.

Home: Where every misty morning I see
and every blessed sound I hear
every flashing smile I receive
remind me of the one I first gave my heart to
and will always remember
through the fog, the darkness, the dawn and the dusk;
through the heat, the cold, the ache and pain.

Home: Where love is in the little sister's face
And love is gladness and joy,
Where love is peace and contentment,
and love in big brother's arm,
caring and curing.
Where little brother's cries drown
all that my heart could possibly cry for.
Where dear mum's touch erases
all that my heart could possibly touch.
Where dear dad's love overshadows
all that I could possibly love.
Where big sister embraces silently
all that my heart could possibly embrace.

Home: Where understanding people accept me
and all that my heart could possibly accept.

I CAN REMEMBER

By Dennis Talor Pusongu

I can remember,
One night,
When there was moonlight,
The moon shone through,
the bushes of Popondetta

I can remember,
That night,
When the moon was
above the bushes of Popondetta,
and smiled at me

I can remember,
One night,
When I was fifteen,
The year Papua New Guinea,
had self-government.



I cleared my view of the foliage but then ducked back. Immediately ahead of us we saw five Japanese soldiers squatting beside a flameless fire eating and we saw too three bodies hanging from a tree and their legs tied with strings.

When the heart of man BURNS

By Siwid Gipey

THAT day our village of Sowara cried as we walked out of it and made our way into the mauve hinterland. The Americans had indeed used force in getting us to carry their war supplies, mainly food, arms and bedding and we had since walked many miles.

That evening we reached the tributary of the River Wuvu, the following night we slept near the River Mambare and the day after camped near River Kusisi. We had in the peace times not ventured this far and did not know the existence of these rivers.

The fourth day we walked until sunset. In the evening we camped near a small running creek which flowed down from the inland mountains. Birds sang, cricked and chirped and the cool wind made the place serene. We began to yearn for good food and rest. Our skins were very dirty then and therefore we had to finally take a swim in the cool stream.

While in the creek I heard the distant pounding of a huge wave onto a distant beach and then asked, "Did you two hear the noise of the waves?"

They said yes.

"I think if we escape now and reach the coast we could follow the beach until we reach home", I suggested to them.

"But supposing we come across Japanese or Americans or people from this area, what do you think we could do?" Gola, Mai's brother asked.

This was the common question the three of us held. Now Gola was saying it more plainly thus making us more frightened. Nevertheless,

I wanted to be reserved as I knew it was necessary that I showed no fear, being the eldest among the three. Fear would do us no good.

Boom! Br-o-o-o-m-m! Rat-t-ta-ta-ta-ta-tat! Rat-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-tat! Rat-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Rat-tat-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-tat. Br-r-r-o-o-m!

This was the night when bombs were exploding and bullets were flying everywhere. Some of our men stood, some ran, some fell and died, some groaned and shouted while others wept. Most of us were out of our heads.

The Japanese had found us in our camp and were trying to mow us down. I left my bed in a flash.

"Mai! Mai! Where are you? Mai where are you?"

"I'm here in the bush, come."

Leaving the camp, I ran into the bush, breaking bush trees, ropes and leaves as I went.

"Where are you?", I shouted again.

"I'm here behind the tree".

"Where is our brother?"

"He's here with me, hurry up."

We groped our way together through the massive foliage like wild pigs and made our escape. We could not care less the presence of swamps or sago barbs or anything harmful to our skin. We had to move and that was it. We hardly knew for sure where we were heading but set our minds on getting away from the bombs and the guns.

We could not estimate how many miles we had covered or how many hours it had taken us to walk those miles to reach safety but only imagined so when the noise of the bombs and guns had died down to distant rumbles and splutters.

We then reduced our pace to a walk but did not attempt to talk among ourselves. Our hearts began to slow down and we began to breathe with ease.

I could not guess on what my companions thought but to me the best thing was to go down to the coast and, when on the beach, we could search for our village. It was in this village that the Americans had found us and had forced us into carrying their war supplies.

How? I began to ask, "Do you want us to go back and continue to carry the American's cargo amidst firing guns and exploding bombs?"

Mai and Gola were silent and it was a long time before I broke the dead silence.

"We must return to our village. We must return and die together with our own people on our own soil. This place belongs to another group of people".

The two nodded that we would return to our village. So having agreed we settled down to pray. We prayed that He would guide us while we searched for home and help us evade hostility. We asked too that if we died on the way would He by kindness and mercy guide our souls to Heaven. The prayer gave us confidence. Our fears and doubts seemed now non-existent. We then stood to go.

In order to reach the coast we decided to follow the creek down. We hoped that we would come across some gardens on the way where we could steal some food. The sun had risen and had climbed high in the east and our way was well lit. On the way we came to a vantage point and looked out and saw the sea. The coast was not so far off and that out in the sea we could see two huge ships. Behind them was a huge convoy of smaller ships. We guessed they were heading for Buna.

Moments later we heard war planes passing over. We could not guess whether they belonged to the Americans or the Japanese.

We reached the coast about mid-day. The sea was just beautiful. There was however no sandy beach as the sea had gradually washed it and carried it elsewhere. We followed the beachless coastline and at times came across spots where it was impossible to proceed. Other times we came across very narrow and cleared coastline where we feared being spotted.

When we realised the going was becoming much riskier we decided to move deeper into the bushes although walking became difficult. We passed a headland when for the first time since our escape we heard a very hair-raising noise. The noise sounded as if made by a crowd. We stood rock still and our hearts froze.

"Any idea who they may be?" I asked my two companions.

"I don't know"

"What should we do now?" I asked them again.

"I don't know", whispered Mai.

Stealthily we advanced, ventured as close as we could manage

without them spotting us. It was there that we were met by the smell of delicious food which suddenly made us feel hungry.

I cleared my view of thick foliage but then ducked back again. Immediately ahead of me I saw five Japanese soldiers squatting beside a flameless fire, eating. Not far from where we were stood a sentry. Two more sentries stood as stiff as rock, one on much lower ground and the other on a mound. Barely a hundred paces from where the five soldiers sat eating we could not believe a sight we saw. It was a very sorrowful sight. We saw three bodies hanging down from a tree with their legs tied with ropes. As we watched, one of the five soldiers walked over to the dangling bodies and began to shake the first one. From our position we could see that their mouths had been stuffed with leaves or soil. It appeared too that blood was streaming down from their legs and we guessed that they were shot. But shortly after we were surprised to see the atrocities being done to the victims.

The same Japanese soldier then produced a knife and sliced a piece of skin from the victim's leg while at the same time shaking him vigorously. Not satisfied with what the man was able to admit perhaps, he cut in deeper. Our hair stood on end and the three of us began to shake. We closed our eyes to avoid witnessing further brutality. He left the man and walked towards the woman and touched her firm breasts.

"You talk now", shouted the man. The woman shook her exposed body and did not say a word. The Japanese gave out a mock laughter and then returned to his seat. Sorrow and fire now reigned in our hearts. I took a look at my two cousins and saw they were numb with fear.

"We must kill these pigs", I told them.

Mai disagreed, so did his brother. They were afraid.

"You have no brains", I fired at Mai. "If they did these ugly things to your brothers and sisters what would you do?"

He was silent, his head bowed.

"I think it is clear now that the Japanese are set to kill every one of us. I believe too that they have killed many of our people".

"Alright we can kill them but with what and how?"

"We can kill them with bush ropes in the way we have been trained to kill pigs."

While they were pondering this over, I made my way into the bush to collect the ropes. I brought the ropes moments later and began demonstrating to them how we would strangle the soldiers.

I chose my opponent, the hairy sentry. He was short, fat and grew a tiny moustache. He had on oversized army trousers, while his shirt seemed much too small for him. He did not appear to be strong as revealed by his face. He was leaning against the tree trunk. On his sides hung a bundle each of hand grenades the same as I had seen of the Americans. His gun's butt rested on the ground with the barrel in his hand.

Between us there was the tree he leant against as well as some bushes which prevented him from seeing my approach. I went with speed and absolute silence and in no time had the rope around his throat and pulled it tight around his neck. In his surprise he had tried to yell but it was impossible as the rope had by then broken his neck. His body suddenly turned limp and he fell to the ground.

As sudden as the way I had attempted the kill there came over me a fear. Now I knew I had killed a man. I knew then that I had broken one of the laws of the Ten Commandments. I could not think properly and besides, my body began to shake, but gradually I came to realise that he could have done the same to me if I had been unfortunate. I concluded too that if they had not come to kill us or tried to take our land we could not have done such a deed.

I took his gun, grenades and knife. I undid his shirt and pulled it off. A quick search in his trouser pockets revealed a packet of biscuits. I took it and had some.

As carefully as I had come, I retreated to where Mai was. Mai too had killed his opponent but his victim was still floundering but I quickly made use of the rifle butt to silence him with a single swing.

There was a moment of instant silence during which Mai sadly said: "Brother we have sinned. I had not killed a man before. What will mother say of this?"

"It's their fault", I told Mai, "Had they stayed in Japan this would not have happened but they had come to kill us. They must pay for that with their own blood. Do not cry. Imagine as if you had killed a pig".

We looked over to where Gola had gone but could not see him. The sentry remained in the same position we had seen him. I told Mai to collect the Japanese gun and the knife and follow me.

Gola's opponent appeared to be a fairly young lad of about sixteen, like Gola himself. I went close using almost the same technique I had used for my opponent and took him by surprise and then returned to search for Gola. But where was Gola?

"Where are you Gola?" I faintly called.

I repeated the call and soon Gola emerged from the bush, his body in a severe trauma, eyes wide open and clouded by tears.

"Take this gun and fight like a man", I scolded him, "we must kill the other five before they start searching for their men. Mai you can stand there and Gola there!" I instructed, pointing to their positions. "I will stand here. Listen, we must kill all of them".

But first I had to vaguely instruct them on how to fire the rifles. I had only seen policemen firing rifles from a distance. "Look," I told them, "when you want to fire just pull this small handle", I said indicating the trigger. I realised then that my hands were shaking very badly. "You must fire when I say fire".

Quietly we took our positions. The five Japanese appeared to have finished eating but remained talking among themselves. The natives remained on the ropes.

"Kill them all", I shouted the order and pulled the trigger. The gun barked and gave me a powerful back thrust on the shoulder which I ignored and kept on firing at the five soldiers.

The Japanese were obviously surprised. Two tried to find cover but were caught unawares by their own bullets. While Mai and Gola kept them covered, I made for the tree where the three natives hung. I climbed the tree and, using the Japanese knife, cut loose the ropes and the three fell to the ground.

After cutting loose the lass, I gave her the shirt I had removed from the Japanese soldier and told her to run. Turning to the men I encouraged them to walk, however, the one who had a piece of his flesh removed could not walk and was in distress. The Japanese had cut much too deep that his shin bone was exposed. Blood too, was streaming down in heavy gushes.

"You can leave me here", the man sorrowfully muttered, "Where is my sister?"

The girl returned to the man and the two embraced. "My dear brother, oh my dear brother," she cried. Seconds later the man closed his eyes and passed away.

"The bastards", I cursed.

The young girl was still holding onto her brother and crying. I pulled her up to leave.

"Come on, let's leave. . .", We could hear the firing of guns.

"No, we must properly bury my brother", she cried.

I could not wait. I dragged her by the hand and led her through the bush while my two cousins followed. Overwhelmed by grief at the loss of her brother she could not stop crying.

After a while when she had sobbed she began to tell us how they had been captured and taken there for questioning. She said her name was Gisiri and her brother was Boide. They had gone out that day to fish in the river but were intercepted by the Japanese. The Japanese had then killed all their friends except the three of them. They began asking them of the whereabouts of the Americans and the Australians but they made no reply. The Japanese then asked them to join their troops but again they refused. So they had stripped them naked, hanged them and tortured them.

The sun was low in the western sky when we came to a garden but there was nobody in it. By now hunger was nearly killing us. We settled under a breadfruit tree to rest.

While resting I had time to go through the girl's account of the whole affair and felt deeply sorry for her. "Why did they have to treat us like that?" I asked myself. Then while pondering the thoughts over in my mind I dozed off and into a short dream. I saw a huge man with a knife and an axe chasing after me. I tried to run as fast as I could but my feet seemed leaden and stuck to the mud. The man came closer. Then I saw my long dead mother before me, standing on a hill and calling out: "Son fly, fly, fly like a bird, fly". I tried to fly but found it impossible, and the stranger was now very close.

"You have no way of escaping" he was saying as he came. I felt most frightened, I began to cry and run at the same time, yet he was still coming closer. Then I felt the knife tearing into my skin. That was when I shouted out in my sleep and shot up, shouting like mad and, instantly I heard the rat-ta-ta-ta-ta of guns everywhere. It was obvious that all of us had slept and could not be warned.

At first I thought the Japanese were firing at us therefore I cried out as I neared the garden. I peeped through the bushes and saw the owners of the garden were being fired at. Some had escaped while others had been shot or wounded.

"Look! look! my father!" Gisiri shouted and cried as she took a stick and charged at the Japanese.

"Gisiri wait for me, Gisiri!"

She just could not listen to me. I followed her, Gola followed and Mai trailed behind. The Japanese fired at us and we fired back. We

did not care how many of them there were.

As I ran I began singing my grandfather's war-cry which frightened the Japanese who fled into the forest like frightened wild pigs. I continued to chase after them and killed at least five.

While I chased the Japanese soldiers Gisiri had made for her father whom she joined and both retreated to safety. I relentlessly pursued the Japanese, through bogs, across creeks and rivers until I came across a clearing. I decided to find safety, but I realised immediately what a mad fool I had been. The Japanese had displayed a very splendid trick. Now I could see countless Japanese all pointing guns at me. I could hardly move and my stomach rumbled inside like a kundu drum.

"Hands up", a soldier shouted at me while another approached me. I felt a cold shiver run up my spine but remained still. I took a side gaze and saw countless pieces of war equipment, trucks, machine guns and boxes which I assumed contained bullets. I turned to see my cousins but found them in the same situation. Gola was about to cry.

"We will die here", I said to them.

"It's your fault" Gola said as he threw his gun to the ground. A Japanese soldier, huge in stature flinched at us.

"Now shut up and hands up", he ordered sternly.

We shot our hands up in obedience and he added, "Come here". We went closer.

"What's your name?"

"Benego"

"Stanap straight; Captain Yuzu iz speakin", he said and slapped me in the face.

"Your name?" he asked Mai.

"Mai"

"and you"

"Gola"

"You kilim eight Japan?"

"No", I replied. He gave a most wild Kick on my buttock with his army boots.

"You lie. Look, you gat Japan gun." He pointed the gun at me, and my feet began to tremble and my throat instantly dried up.

"Where are the American soldiers?" the man asked. "Where are your troops?"

"We have not troops. We belong to this place you know. We live here."

The captain scratched his head and retired to his comrades for a talk. We could see that there was disagreement among themselves. Dissatisfied, the captain returned to us, his face still displaying anger. His eyes were visibly bloodshot and his mouth trembled a little.

"Do you want to join the Japan Army?" he asked. I turned to ask the same question to my two cousins.

"What do you think?"

"Let them kill us," Gola said.

"No, let us stay and escape later", suggested Mai.

I turned to deliver our consensus to the captain, "We don't want to join the Japanese Army."

"Ah alright take their clothes off", he ordered the soldiers.

The soldiers held us tight while others tore our clothes off. The soldiers who surrounded us began to laugh and others playfully heeled pebbles at us.

Another Japanese, a leader perhaps then raised his hands and calmed the soldiers.

"Fuziro", he shouted. A huge Japanese soon appeared before us.

"You see this man", he said, "He knows judo, karate, wrestling and boxing. If you beat him you will be free. If you don't he will kill you. You understand?"

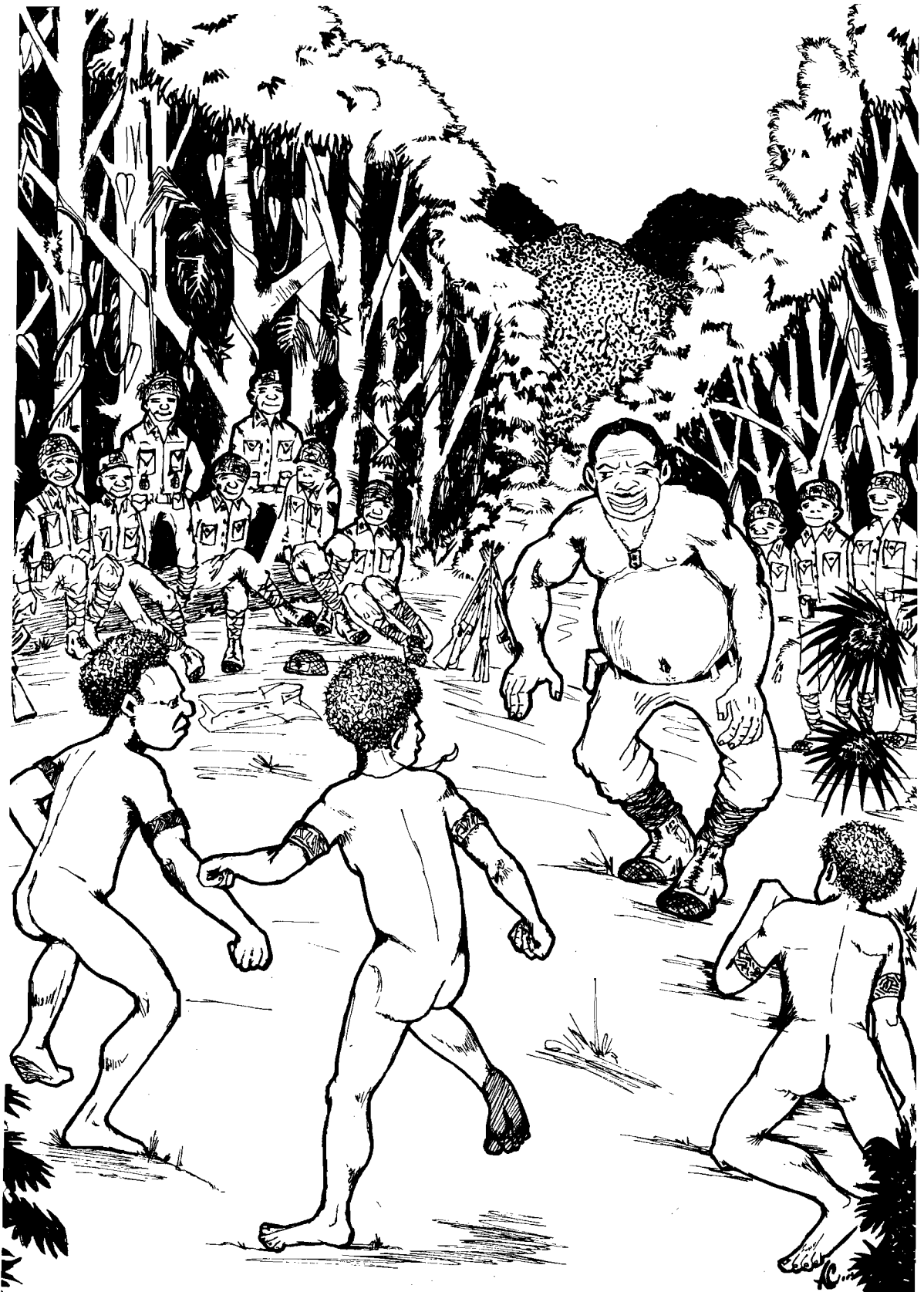
The soldiers sitting on the sides began a chorus of laughter, shouts and clapping. All then converged to watch us face the deadly man.

"Ah, alright fight", the big man was persuading us to start.

The man approached us, his eyes blood red and his huge pumpkin belly protruding. He had a short nose, an unusual match for his small head, very thick skin and legs as thick as a four gallon kerosene drum.

His eyes set on me he headed and ran. I stood still to meet him with a

(Continued on Page 12)



"Alright fight", the huge man was persuading us to start as he approached us, his pumpkin pot belly protruding.

(Continued from Page 10)

solid one with my right clenched fist then another with my left but felt, after delivery as if his face was made of rock.

He did not yet attempt to do a thing. I changed my punching aim down to the bulging, fleshy stomach and began punching madly, but it was obvious he did not feel any pain. Then I saw him put his arms on my shoulders and gripped them tightly. Those hands were so powerful that although I tried with might to free myself I just could not succeed. He squeezed me tight as if depressing me until I almost exploded.

"Help me! Help me!" I shouted.

Then I gasped for air, my bones almost squashed and lost consciousness. I did not know how long I had lain on the ground but when I regained consciousness the sun was well above a ridge. The first thing I heard was the shouting of the soldiers. I knew then the fight was still on. Mai had strategically and skillfully kicked the man's balls, then ducked in between his legs and began squeezing his scrotum. Gola was already on the man's back thumping him with his clenched fists.

The man was very very angry so, at once he threw Gola from his back like a piece of paper and charged at Mai again. Mai jumped to one side and the man followed suite and reached out and held Mai by the neck. This time he brought his head between his muscular legs to crush it. Mai shouted and kicked wildly. I felt sorry for Mai but just could not stand up to help. There was a terrible pain in my side.

Gola quickly came from behind and jumped onto the Japanese and buried his teeth on the man's neck. The pain made the Japanese cry out like a wild pig. He let go and turned to Gola. At once he held Gola's hands tightly and lifted him above his head. Thump went Gola on the ground and for which the watching soldiers gave a wild cheer. Gola's body burst and his entrails lay about. He gave a last cry and died. Every Japanese soldier stood to take a look. They were all suddenly in a very serious mood. I was now wildly furious and felt a big fire burning inside me. I wanted to stand up and indeed tried to but a terrible internal pain pierced me like a spear and I fell back.

I turned to look at Mai but what I saw that moment did not seem familiar. Mai's face had turned different. It was not that of Mai. His eyes were turning red and he opened and shut his mouth, snarled and exhibited his teeth. He jumped up and made for where the Japanese had placed the guns we had surrendered. He quickly took one and with a hideous war-cry shot the Japanese fighter. He turned to the Japanese soldiers. The soldiers began to flee in different directions but those that he shot died. He ran on. He did not run like a man but a half-devil. When he knew the bullets had run out he held the gun by the barrel and used the butt and broke a number of heads. Then he realised there was a machine gun near the perimeter and made for it and turning it around began to spray the area. By then a number of Japanese who had recovered from the surprise attack began to fire at him.

By now the whole camp was fleeing to the safety of the bush thinking perhaps a Niugini devil had appeared in their midst. When the bullets ran out in the machine gun he made for the second one placed not so far off. Mai fired the machine gun continuously in the direction of the bushes where he thought all the Japanese soldiers hid. The gunning went on for a long time and when Mai saw that the Japanese were not firing back he stopped. He sat close to the machine gun but did not talk or make any noise.

"Mai", I called in a low voice. He did not reply.

"Mai, are you alright?"

He didn't reply. I tried to walk but found it impossible. Then I began to think that perhaps one of my bones had broken. Gradually I fell asleep on the same spot. As I lay asleep I began to hear noises coming in my direction. I listened again and heard sounds of conch shells and kundu drums and people singing. The singing grew near and louder. "Deo! Deo! Emo deo! Emo deo!"

I began to think. Deo in our language meant to "Kill" and Emo meant "Man". Then I began to think too that these people were coming to kill Mai and me. I felt frightened but wondered why Mai just could not move.

"Mai get up and run", I shouted to him.

Mai took no account of my calls and the noise was very near then.

"Mai! Mai! run!"

The crowd of people were already in the clearing and were running towards me. I tried to lie down as if dead "Brother, brother", I heard one of them shout. "We have finished all the Japanese. We have killed all of them".

I opened my eyes and realised I was surrounded by men and women who wore traditional decorations. I tried to stand up but again collapsed to the ground. For a moment my eyes came to rest on a young lady and she was bringing over to me a laplap*

(Continued on Page 30)

MY LIFE AS A KINA

By Adrian Barber

I really liked my life as a Kina,
I was sold for a ticket at the arena,
I was put in a box with a ten-dollar bill,
Placed on the office's window-sill.

I have a hole in my middle, you see,
Everyone's always teasing me,
I have two crocodiles around my edge,
I sat thinking of this in the box on a ledge.

I was sold to a little boy called Frank,
He popped me into his money-bank,
He sold me for some chocolate sweets,
The name on the packet said "Cadbury's Treats".

On my travels I went from place to place,
I was sold and bought at a very fast pace,
So you see my life was very good,
Though why I was round I never understood.

LAKE KUTUBU

By Nek Wapung

Oh! Lake Kutubu
A drifting island we ever call,
Cool breeze along the shore,
Swaying palms, white sky,
Lake reefs, kingfisher fly,
Pure brown sandy beaches,
Calm and peaceful,
Is my home land,
Lake Kutubu.

MY COUNTRY

By Peter Esfears

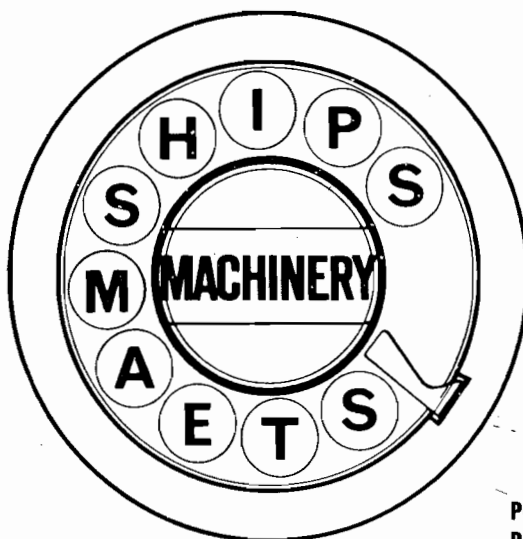
The mountainous terrains are rough
Rugged as the country itself
Rivers flow fast, but dirty
But the sea is crystal green.

Rain forests are evergreen
It's typical tropical
Where the picturesque birds are found
The evergreen dear to them.

Crystal green seas
Long stretches of coral sand beaches
Which vary from each other
The foams that break on them, form a spectrum.

The moon that rises over the mountains
Makes it look like heaven
'Tis a wonder, grotesque and picturesque
I'm proud 'tis my country

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EVENING IN THE PACIFIC

By Adrian Barber

Here comes the green and choppy sea,
The waves splashing around the old palm tree,
And high upon the beach is a patch of land,
Covered with soft golden-yellow sand.

Next to me on the beach is a ship's hull,
And in the sky flies a snow-white gull,
And as I sit there taking in all,
The sun sets like a large orange ball.

The cool windy breeze strikes my face,
And the tide comes in at a quicker pace,
The sky is full of lovely colours,
Of red and pink and many others.

I think this is the best time of day,
When all the crowds have gone away,
That you can relax and be at ease,
And listen to the sea and the gentle breeze.

THE WISE SELLER

By Angie Kamia

With dew on her legs,
Fog on her head,
And load on her back,
She struggled along the narrow walkway
leading to the market.

Putting down the nuts,
She sat down,
And waited and waited,
But not even a soul,
dared to purchase even a single nut.

As it had already passed noon,
She put her head down,
in disappointment,
And worked out ways,
Of attracting the attention of men.

Then she found her mind,
She grew a smile on her face,
and put up her head high,
With the hope of attracting men,
By pretending she loved them.

As she sat,
She saw four men,
coming out of a car,
And as they approached,
She gave them a welcome smile.

Becoming more and more excited,
The men came closer,
And looking at her beautiful face,
And her nuts in front,
They bought it all up.

As they reached the car,
They looked back,
To give her a welcome wave,
But wise as she was,
She was gone for good.

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"TUMBUNA STORI LONG SOLWARA"

PIDGIN VERSION OF THE STORY "THE LEGEND OF THE SEA"

(Page 15)

Sally Anne Pipi i raitim

LONG bipo-bipo tru, dispela wold em graun tasol. Ol pipel i bin kamap na raun nabaut long painim graun i go longwe moa. I gat wanpela lain tumbuna ol i kolim "Mapamoiwa" lusim longpela hap moa na wokabaut i go kamap long hap san i kamap long Papua na pasim toktok long wokim ples bilong ol aninit long wanpela bikpela diwai mango, man inap i ken long wokabaut raunim as bilong em inap long wanpela de olgeta. Dispela diwai mango i longpela i go antap na klostu painim skai na tromoi ol han bilong em i go nabaut long pasim ai bilong san na ples i kol tru long aninit bilong em. Olgeta manmeri toktok long dispela em naispela hap ol i painim olsem na ol i wokim ol haus bilong ol long raunim dispela diwai mango.

Long olgeta moning ol pipel sindaun gut, na harim ol kain kain animol i no gat han na lek sindaun long ol han bilong dispela diwai mango na singaut kainkain, kalap na tanim-tanim i stap olsem i go inap long painim i dai. Ol pipel sindaun aninit no gat tingting ol animol em i no bilong kaikai, tasol em asua bilong ol tumbuna bilong ol i no bin toksave long ol, long ol i gutpela kaikai. Ol i ting ol dispela animol em poisin olsem na ol i pret long i no holim ol.

Insait long planti yia i go pinis ol pipel bilong Mapamoiwa i sindaun tasol long kaikaim ol kumu no ol animol bilong bus, na sapos ol i painim pis i dai, ol i tromoi i go. Long wanpela de, wanpela lapun man, meri bilong em i dai, em i kisim dok bilong em i go givim ol pis i dai na kaikaim na wetim em long lukim sapos dok hia i dai. Tasol dok i no dai na olgeta taim ol manmeri painim dispela dok i save kaikaim ol pis dai i stap. Bihain nau olgeta dok putim wantaim na wok long kaikaim ol dispela pis i dai.

Long wanpela de lapun man i singautim olgeta manmeri i kam bung wantaim na kukim ol kaikai bilong ol long kaikai i stap na wetim em long kaikai wanpela pis na ol i lukim em bai i dai o no gat long narapela de.

Em i tok, "Sapos mi no i dai dispela i min long ol dok i bin painim narapela gutpela kaikai bilong yumi, tasol sapos mi i dai no ken holim ol dispela pis moa." Long narapela de pikinini meri bilong lapun man i kukim wanpela pis, orait lapun i kirap na kaikaim olgeta long ai bilong planti manmeri. Olgeta manmeri putim wantaim na wetim em long lukim wanem samting bai kamap long em. Ol i ting olsem long nait em las de bilong ol long lukim em. Tasol long narapela moning ol i kirap no gut tru long lukim em wantaim. pikinini meri bilong em i wok long kisim ol pis i stap. Olgeta manmeri lukim olsem na putim wantaim tupela long kisim ol pis.

Long nait olgeta manmeri putim wantaim na mekim "Bikpela Kaikai" na singsing bel amamas wantaim long ol i bin painim nupela kaikai bilong ol. Bihain long wokim kaikai pinis, hetman bilong ples i singautim olgeta manmeri na i tok, "Long tumora olgeta man bai katim daun dispela diwai na yumi isi long kisim ol pis na kaikai i stap wantaim."

Ol i slip kirap painim narapela de, olgeta man putim wantaim na bung long ai bilong haus bilong hetman bilong ples. Ol i bin makim ol man tasol long katim dispela diwai i kam daun.

Taim san i kam antap ol man i wok hat tru. Ol meri i kam klostu long ol man wok i stap na givim kaikai long ol na mekim ol wok strong. Long tudak pinis ol i harim singaut bilong bikpela solwara. Bel bilong ol i amamas tru long klostu olgeta i laik slip. Hetman bilong ples tokim ol long em i tudak pinis long ol i wok long katim diwai na

em laikim nupela samting olgeta manmeri mas lukim tru long ai bilong ol long san.

Long narapela moning ol pipel kirap no gut long painim diwai i sanap yet olsem em i stap pastaim na no gat samting i kamap long dispela diwai. Tasol ol pipel bilong Mapamoiwa i no laikim dispela diwai bai sanap olgeta taim. Olsem na olgeta de ol i wok long katim na ol i les pinis na wanpela de olgeta i laik kisim malolo long slip na ol i ting ol skin diwai no inap i go pas gen. Klostu ples i tudak ol i harim solwara i bruk strong, long taim ol i laik pinisim olgeta long katim daun.

Gutpela mun lait long nait na pinisim olgeta wok na ol man statim wok gen long winim wok tasol long narapela moning ol i lukim wanpela mak i pas antap long skin bilong diwai. Hetman askim olgeta manmeri sapos ol i save long dispela mak i kam olsem wanem na pas long diwai. Wanpela meri i wokabaut i kam na tokim ol olsem em i bin mekim paia na kukim skin bilong diwai taim em no gat paia-wud bilong kukim kaikai long sampela de i go pinis.

Long painim nupela samting bilong pait, wantaim paia, ol man katim diwai bel amamas wantaim na ol meri i wok long mekim paia i stap inap long painim tudak. Hetman i bin tokim ol long kisim gutpela malolo long nait olsem long narapela moning ol i painim narapela gutpela samting ol i nobin gat bipo. Ol pipel tu i bin toktok long wokim wanpela kaikai inap long bringim i go long tulait moning na kisim slip olsem ol i ting diwai hia no gat moa trabel gen.

Long nait olgeta manmeri i slip pinis, diwai i bin i kam insait long wan wan manmeri long driman na tokim ol olsem: "Sapos tumora yupela bagarapim mi, mi bai karamapim graun bilong yupela tripela taim wantaim wara. Olsem na yupela i gat bikpela hatwok moa long bihain taim.

Driman i kam pinis long mekim dispela hap tok.

Long narapela moning olgeta pipel putim wantaim na amamas long wetim las wok bilong ol. Long bihainim maus bilong hetman, diwai hia i mekim bikpela guria olsem i no mekim bipo. Taim san i kam antap na sanap namel tru i gat strongpela win wantaim solwara i bruk. Kilaut i bruk, win i ron strong na kilaut i pasim san. Olgeta manmeri i pret tru na sindaun antap tasol long wanpela rigel ol i bin wokim long ol hap diwai na drip long solwara taim diwai mango i laik bruk i kam daun na tanim graun wantaim olgeta samting. Olgeta i pret no gut long lukim kain nupela pasin i kamap long ol i no bin lukim wanepela olsem i kamap long ol bipo—long solwara i bruk antap long ol han bilong diwai na ol pis na olgeta animol bilong ol kain kain sais, olgeta em solwara i rausim. Bihain long stat mekim kamap ol ailan gen na mekim kamap bikpela hap graun, ol tit bilong sak lus nating long graun i kam long solwara na ol maleo bilong solwara pulim lain wokabaut bihainim, ol hanwara. Taim olgeta wokim pinis, ol pis na ol kain kain animol graun i bin haitim aninit, lusim ol ailan long ting olsem em gutpela rot bilong kisim ol.

Long we diwai i sanap yet, tumbuna stori i tok, hul bilong solwara i go daun tru na hap ol i save olsem "em i as tru bilong solwara" maski long dispela de olgeta kain kain pis i stap tasol long dispela hap.

Note: MAPAMOIWA—FERGUSSON ISLAND.



Kungaka tried to display his courage by running from one end of the village to the other.

ILO , the courageous little men of North Mekeo

By

Sister Jane Ainauga

ONE day the turtle and the tortoise tribe decided to make a feast in their village called Gau, in the North Mekeo area. The villages Gau and Akela are on an island called Akenga. This area of the North Mekeo is full of lakes and islands. Sago and fresh water fish are plentiful. The villages have long disappeared but these days Afangaifi people still go there for sago.

So all the people went hunting and fishing and went to their gardens to collect food for the feast. A man called Kungaka went hunting with his spear and three dogs to a place called Akela. As he walked he kept calling his dogs, Oaue, Poie and Kapalapie. Kungaka did not find any game till he came to a strange place. In the Ilo area he killed a pig. He tied it and placed it on the ground close to a mound of a human excrement, which he smelt. "Hu! Hu! What's that smell—there must be people living in this place", he said to himself. "I must find out which people they are."

He hung the pig on a branch and went to explore. He came to a tiny village. All the people had gone fishing except the chief. Kungaka started to show off his bravery (*chipuchipu*) to the chief. He ran from one end of the village to the other end, boasting. He stopped in front of the chief's house and said, "Who is that small boy sitting there, chewing and hitting the mouth of the lime pot and who will soon break it?" The village was almost empty as people had all gone into the bush to hunt or do gardening. Kungaka then went up to the tiny man and shook hands with him, and sat beside him to chew. A few minutes later the chief excused himself to go somewhere. Instead, he went and dressed up as a fighting chief. He painted his face and wore the pigs tusks in his mouth. Armed with his club, he jumped from his house and started to show off his bravery. He ran from one end of the village to the other shouting, "Ha, Kungaka, you see me, you think I am a little boy. You will not run over me. See, I am a small man, but

you will not defeat me. I, men of Ilo, can kill a big man like you". After this, the chief went back and took off his war regalia and came back to sit with Kungaka. Meanwhile Kungaka thought to himself, "Him a man? Sorry I did not know".

They sat together talking and chewing, then Kungaka said "Tell your wife to go and take the pig I killed and hung on a tree branch near the road. Tell her to bring it and cook it for us".

The woman went, but came back without the pig and said to Kungaka: "The pig is too high, I cannot reach up to it". So Kungaka went and carried the pig for the woman. The woman said to Kungaka, "What will I do with it when it is cooked?".

"We will eat it", Kungaka answered but the Ilo chief said, "Cook it for Kungaka to take to his home tomorrow".

"No", said Kungaka. "Tell your wife to cook it for us to eat now and leave half for your people when they come home from fishing." The Ilo chief told his wife to do what Kungaka said.

Evening came and the Ilo people started arriving home from fishing and gardening. "See my people are coming home now", the Ilo chief said to Kungaka, pointing to the arriving crowd. Kungaka could not believe his eyes when he looked and saw the tiny people, too small to make out men and women from young boys and girls. They all came to the chief's house and shook hands with Kungaka. The chief ordered the people to cook for Kungaka. Meanwhile the small people had a good look at Kungaka, saying among themselves, "Gee, what a giant—he is very big and tall. He could carry ten Ilo at one time".

They had supper and a had a good night's sleep.

The next day the Ilo chief ordered the people to put on a feast for Kungaka. They killed also a pig for him to take home, together with food and gifts. Before Kungaka left the Ilo people said to him: "Tomorrow we will go fishing for your people. Tell them to get some sago, and the day after we will meet on the land boundary and barter".

"Very good", said Kungaka, "I will do that." Calling his dogs, Oaue, Poie, Kapalapie, he left for his village.

When he arrived he went to his house, and left his gifts there, and then ran through the middle of his village boasting of his bravery, from one end to the other. The men saw him and said to each other, "where did this fellow go hunting? He must have seen strange things".

"Maybe he discovered a village and people we do not know of", one said. They decided to ask him. Achiwa asked Kungaka, "Hey, Kungaka where did you go? You seem to be behaving strangely, showing off your courage".

Kungaka answered, "Oh! Do you think I'm boasting for no reason? Just you wait till you hear of my story about the Ilo people."

All the men gathered in the chief's house to eat the food Kungaka had brought with him. After they had eaten, he told them his story. He concluded that they should go and fight the Ilo people.

The Ainaba (Hornbill) said: "They are small people, but I am sure that they are strong".

"Surely, they are strong people", said Ikelekele (Willy-wagtail), the Paika (fortune teller) chief. "They might even kill us."

Kungaka boasted, "Oh! But they are tiny people. It is easy to kill them with our hands or with sticks".

"Very well then, let us try", said Ainaba.

The next morning Kungaka and his people took their fighting clubs and went to fight the Ilo people. They stopped half way and consulted their superstition to find out if they would have luck. "Let's test our Ikobo", said someone.

"What Ikobo?" said Kungaka. "You cowards, why didn't you stay home and let me go myself to fight the Ilo people!"

But still Ikelekele the Paika chief insisted. This is how Ikelekele, the fortune teller did his superstition. He chewed the paika bark of a certain tree, then spat it out (paika jinia). It seemed the spittle came back to him, which meant bad luck. Ikelekele said, "Ho, bad luck! We must not go, we must return to our village".

"Forget that nonsense", said Kungaka. "You can stay back, I will go myself."

"Let me try my magic", said Ainaba. He broke the top of the plant called Opo and held it towards the Ilo people's village, the top of the plant broke and fell backwards. Everybody witnessed it, and said in chorus, "Afae kaina, amue!" (*This won't do, let us go back*).

Still Kungaka refused to go back. So Ikelekele's tribe and Ainaba's tribe refused to fight. But Kungaka's tribe continued their journey. They surrounded the village and waited.

That day the Ilo people had gone fishing in the swamp at a place called Lako, leaving only the old men and women.

Kungaka ran out into the middle of the village and began showing off his bravery, then started to kill the old men and women and burn their houses. He did not see a little boy, who had escaped and was on his way to tell the Ilo people. "Quick, come. Kungaka is killing our fathers and mothers and burning our village." In a great hurry they broke off their fishing net sticks to use as weapons.

When they arrived in the village they saw the old men and women lying on the ground dying, most of them burnt. This terrible sight made the men and women savage, and mad with anger. Kungaka was the first person they killed, then all his tribesmen. The Ilo men were small and so were hard to find when they hid among the tall grass. Later, Ikelekele's tribe and Ainaba's tribe joined in the fight. The Ilo people won the war. Not one of them died. Many of the Gau people were killed, among them Achiwa, who was speared near his ear. This is why he has a red spot on the side of his head. The Ilo people pushed the Gau people back to the boundary. Ikelekele the chief then took his lime pot, and while he rattled it he shouted, "Hai you Ilos, stop fighting! The sun will not always shine for you; it sometimes rains too". The Ilos did not stop, so the chief broke his lime pot. For this the Ilo people had to make compensation to the chief. The Ilos stopped fighting and went home.

This legend is probably true. We know that the descendants of these people own this land and island called Akenga. The people now live at Afangaifi village, North Mekeo, near the Bairu River.

LUKS AVE

Luksave, a publication which gives a simple account 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 is recommended for general reading by young people who are interested in the development of Papua New Guinea.

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Luksave costs 20 toea per copy and can be purchased from the Institute of Applied Social and Economic Research, P.O. Box 5854, Boroko, Papua New Guinea. A new series will commence in 1976, at a cost of 30 toea per copy.

COMPETITIONS

This year's Three Annual Writing Competitions in Short Story, Poetry and Play, as many participants will come to realise, are fairer than those we have conducted in the past years. Not only have we allowed for inclusion of a section for Motu (or Hiri Motu) entries but we have created four new prizes in the two sections in the Short Stories Competition for both the Tertiary Section as well as the High School Section. The second and third place holders in both sections will be entitled to prizes of K25 and K15 respectively.

Prizes in the Primary Sections have been reduced due of course to the level of language expected from that category. We believe the prizes are sound for children. We sincerely hope that no teachers compete with them by failing to specifying that he is a teacher rather than a pupil. Those who intend to take part are asked to pay special attention to the set of rules included there on the opposite page.

All who intend to send in entries are reminded to write their names and addresses legibly so that we do not equally misprint them at the time of announcing the result.

The competitions all close on 13th August.

Editor

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Section One: Stories from Tertiary Students and those who are not students but who have attended the Educational Standard of Form IV.

First Prize	-	K50.00
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

Section Two: Stories by High School Students.

First Prize	-	K50.00 (Jim & Betty Legge Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

Section Three: Stories by Primary Students.

First Prize	-	K15.00
Second Prize	-	K10.00
Third Prize	-	K 5.00

Section Four: Open Section (Stories in Pidgin or Motu).

First Prize	-	K50.00 (S.I.L. Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

Section One: Short Plays or One Act Play.

First Prize	-	K50.00 (The Michael Zahara Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

Section Two: Longer Plays or Plays of two or more Acts.

First Prize	-	K50.00 (The Michael Zahara Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00





Section Three: Plays in Pidgin or Motu

First Prize	-	K50.00 (Centre for Creative Arts Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION

Section One: Tertiary Students and Adults.

First Prize	-	K50.00 (The Peter Beckett Annual Poetry Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

Section Two: Poems by High School Students.

First Prize	-	K50.00
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

Section Three: Poems by Primary Students.

First Prize	-	K15.00
Second Prize	-	K10.00
Third Prize	-	K 5.00

Section Four: Open Section (Poems in Pidgin or Motu)

First Prize	-	K50.00 (The Donald Maynard Annual Pidgin Poetry Prize)
Second Prize	-	K25.00
Third Prize	-	K15.00

RULES

1. Entries must be typewritten or neatly hand-printed on one side of paper only.
2. Title of works MUST appear on top of each page.
3. Writer's name MUST NOT appear on the entry.
4. Writer's name and address MUST appear on separate sheet attached to each entry.
5. Stories, Play and Poem may be on any subject.
6. Writer may send in any number of entries.
7. All entries should be in ENGLISH, PIDGIN or MOTU only.
8. Stories, Play and Poems must be writer's OWN original work and must not have been submitted in any previous competitions conducted by the Literature Bureau and be previously unpublished.
9. School entries must be strictly the work of the students and must not have been produced as a classroom effort.
10. School teachers entering in the competition should indicate on entry that they are TEACHERS and NOT students.
11. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany the entry if the writer wishes to receive his entry back after the competition is judged.
12. Works written more than two persons cannot be accepted as entries.
13. The judge's decision will be final and no correspondence entered into.
14. Winners must be prepared to (in the case of stories or poems) give the party donating the prize or the Literature Bureau right to authorise the publication of the story or poem.
15. Entries should reach the Literature Bureau by the closing date of 13th August, 1976.

FOR THE MOST IMPROVED STORY TELLER

Besides the donations identified above, we have for this year only, a special prize being promised by Roger Boschman, former editor of "Papua New Guinea Writing", now living in Hongkong. Most young writers who began reading the journal since 1972 will remember him. Roger started the first ever Short Story competition back in the year 1969 and continued financing the same until 1974, when he left for Hongkong. During his editorship, many people came to admire and appreciate his efforts in the field of writing. It was also Roger, who rekindled the dying embers of the art of writing which flashed in 1968 and nearly fizzled out in 1972. Those of us who knew him personally sensed his love of this country and its people and especially the writers. Rogers interest in the country has not diminished one bit and this he again wants to display by offering K20 for the best and the most improved story teller in the Eight Annual Short Story Competition.

Send entries to:

The Literature Bureau,
Box 2312,
Konedobu.



"Oh my Godfather, that's just what I need in this house. However it seems there will be no peace with your around Aiki", said Mr. Kempton.

Do we really receive the same pay?

By Joseph Saruva

SAMUNA, in a fit of frustration and anger, violently tore up the page from a pad, squashed it up and threw it on the floor swearing while staring out of the window and with a look of defeat, pounded the desk with both fists then stood up.

"To hell with you Maths. Sitting here the whole day and yet can't work out the lousy problem. Hate these Sets and Logic." He threw his hands up in utter hopelessness. "My ancestors and parents had survived without sets and logic." He approached his bed, thinking perhaps sleep might do him good when a violent knock on his door made him stop.

"Easy on the door for God's sake!" Samuna shouted. He knew it was either Aiki or Ajase coming for coffee most likely.

"No coffee left. Better buzz off whoever you are", Samuna shouted but out of tiredness he did not sound vehement. He knew it wouldn't make any difference to Aiki or Ajase. The knocking continued and he could hear muffled giggling from outside.

Samuna guessed correctly. Aiki opened the door and entered laughing. "Sorry for the interruption mate", said Aiki, making an effort to restrain himself from laughing.

"Sorry you say! Since when? You unenlightened, undisciplined, psychologically unreinforced creature!"

Aiki was all convulsion. He threw himself on Samuna's bed and rolled from side to side laughing.

Samuna began laughing as well, especially at the way Aiki was tearing up his side with laughter. He was feeling a lot better now as the tension and frustration eased out of him. Aiki finally sat up wiping his eyes with the back of his hands.

"Eh mate, put it here", he said extending his hand.

"Shut up you bastard. Stop teasing", replied Samuna.

"Eh mate, you are not a mean English speaker. All those hard words; where did you get them all?" he asked still laughing.

"Course I'm not simple. I always tell you I'm complicated. I remember all the hard words our lecturer uses during 'Child Psychology' lectures".

"But they don't make sense, mate" Aiki said shaking his head.

"Oh how would you know? Would you like to hear some more?" asked Samuna laughing.

"No thanks. Anyway, what are these?" he asked pointing to the squashed and torn pieces of paper that littered the floor. "I suppose you have been working hard."

"Yea, as always", Samuna said with a grin. "I've been trying to work out a problem, but when I felt I was getting nowhere, I gave it up. The Maths lecturer didn't call me mental block for nothing, you know." Both laughed.

"Mate, you are over-working yourself. Give yourself a break."

"I know, but I just don't like the idea of being called up to stand before the Student Progress Review Committee again. Once is enough."

"Christ, be your own boss. Don't let these people push you around. So what if you get good passes when you know we will still get the same pay when we go out teaching."

Samuna remained silent. He knew Aiki had been called up to the Principal's office several times already, but he didn't want to ask him about it. He began collecting the pieces of paper with Aiki's help.

"Come on. Let's not stay here. You forget about your studies and your Sets and Logic and let's go out. It will refresh your mind. Perhaps you'll have better logic when you get back", suggested Aiki.

Samuna agreed. "Might as well get out of this stuffy room", he said. "It just about made me go nutty."

Aiki suggested they'd go to the motel.

"But I haven't got much", said Samuna as he took his wallet from under his pillow and showed the last two Kina he had.

"Oh not to worry. This is a business fortnight. There are bound to be wantoks at the motel."

Samuna had other thoughts. "Hey, why don't we go to Mr Kempton's house. I'm sure Ajase and the others are there."

Aiki agreed and they headed towards Mr Kempton's house. As they passed the lecture blocks, they saw Komon in one of the rooms and who they saw battling with a pen to finish some assignment.

"Look! there's Komon", said Aiki. He tried to draw his attention. "Sssst! Sssst!" But Komon had seen them coming and had himself pretend not to have heard them.

"You can study mate", Aiki started. "But remember we get the same pay after we graduate." Samuna and Aiki laughed as they continued on their way.

As they approached Mr Kempton's house, they could hear the hi-fi record player blaring pop music at full volume. They could also hear shouts intermingled with the music.

"Sounds like a swinging party is on", said Samuna.

"Nothing unusual. Happens everytime. Many of the students get together in Mr Kempton's house and have an occasional ball."

"He's a nice man, Mr Kempton, isn't he? Many of the students feel at ease when they come to this house. A real friend, he is", said Samuna.

"The most popular man in the campus", agreed Aiki. "Hey, did you hear that? We are lucky. There are girls in there too." He seemed excited and pleased when he heard a shrilling feminine voice.

They would be there, too, thought Samuna. This was a converging point for both the female and male students, away from their studies and other academic engagements required of them.

On entering Mr Kempton's yard, they were given a canine welcome. A sausage dog was yelping madly in a way which was enough to send a newcomer trembling with fright. However, for all its show of displeasure, the little dog was a harmless brute and was wagging its

tail as it barked.

"What's up with you, Native. Can't you tell an old friend. You little humbug", said Aiki with his hands stretched forward as if to pat the dog.

"That's it Native", said Samuna as he picked it up. "You sure have a funny way of welcoming old friends."

He placed the dog on the ground and it started towards the back of the house and the two walked to the door. A big rap on the door immediately brought a chorus of "come in" from within.

"Come on in if you are good looking", came the unmistakable voice of Mr Kempton.

The door opened and Samuna and Aiki entered.

"Oh, God, not another ugly pair", said Mr Kempton and everyone laughed. Aiki had walked in with both hands in the air, slightly stretched in front of him as if he was about to bless them.

"Everyone down on your knees," someone said. "The right reverend bishop Aiki will give us purgation."

"What's that?" another wanted to know.

"That's ablution", someone else called from the adjoining room.

"What's ablution?" asked a female from the kitchen.

"A blessing love", someone said and everyone laughed.

By now some were kneeling and others were sitting around giggling and laughing.

Deepening his voice, Aiki continued "Peace be unto you, children", and everyone responded with a loud "Amen".

"Oh my godfather, that's just what I need in this house", said Mr Kempton with a friendly sneer. "However, it seems there never will be peace with you around, Aiki. You're a hypocrite."

"That makes two of us sir", replied Aiki, laughing. Mr Kempton gave a short burst of laughter. Then he said, "Listen you, Aiki. You're the biggest hypocrite that ever crawled on the face of the earth. Every Sunday, I sit right here and who do I see walking on the road, all dressed up and holding a Bible against his breast? Come on, you tell me", he challenged.

"You know why?" someone tried to explain. "He goes there girl-watching. I believe that's his hobby".

Mr Kempton continued, "I don't profess to be christian. I don't believe in God or anyone, I believe in men. Anyway, where is my coffee?"

"Coming", a girl's voice rang from the kitchen.

"Mind if I have a cup of coffee?" asked Aiki as he stood to go into the kitchen.

"Sure, but stay right here. I don't want you to go in there and upset everyone and everything."

"I don't trust anyone", came Mr Kempton's reply. "Would you like a cup of coffee Samuna?"

"Well, I always find it hard to refuse offers."

"Oh, that's you. You never refuse anything. Two cups of coffee please", called Mr Kempton to the girls in the kitchen.

Samuna who had made himself comfortable on an unoccupied pouffe was surveying the place. He had great admiration for Mr Kempton. Since he became acquainted with him, he found him very frank and straightforward in whatever he said and which was generally accepted by those who frequented his house. This had gained him the respect of the students.

"You seem to be upset, Samuna. Don't tell me Tina has left you and has gone after someone else", Mr Kempton said and gave a mocking laugh.

"What are you insinuating at, Mr Kempton?"

The word insinuating brought shouts and "wows" from those who heard Samuna.

"What was the word you used Samuna?" someone asked.

"Incinerator or something", another said. This yet brought a chorus of laughter.

"That's typical Samuna. He tells me he finds it hard to use simple words. He thinks in terms of hard words", Aiki offered to explain.

"Shut up, you . . ." Just then a girl carrying three cups of coffee on a tray came out of the kitchen.

"Gee, thanks", said Aiki as he took a cup of coffee. As she went back to the kitchen, Samuna whistled.

"Wow" he said. "Isn't she voluptuously succulent?"

"There he goes again", someone said.

This was followed by a series of compliments.

"No she is most harmonical."

"Very impeccable, I'd say", said another.

"Honestly, she is very deceptively magnetic", remarked Aiki.

"Good grief", someone said. "What does that mean?"

"I don't know", Aiki replied. "But that's the quality she has."

Everyone thought this was hilarious. Many of the students preferred to throw around fairly lengthy hard words. They liked the sounds of them.

Then Mr Kempton who had been quietly sipping his coffee said, "That's all very fatuous".

I couldn't agree with you the more, Mr Kempton" said Aiki.

"Shut up, you shut. You wouldn't know a thing", someone yelled from the kitchen.

"It means nonsense, no-meaning. That's right, isn't it Mr Kempton?" Aiki looked towards him for assurance.

"Yeah, that's quite right, Aiki" he replied, putting the cup of coffee down on the table.

Aiki paraded around the room beaming with pride.

"Eh mate, put it here," said Samuna extending his right hand forward. "For the first time you . . ."

"You think you are smart", a girl's voice came from the kitchen.

"No baby. I don't think so. I know I am," said Aiki wetting his lips with his tongue.

"What conceit!" said Samuna. "You know what mate?"

"No, tell me."

"You're committing fornication."

Aiki laughed. "No mate, I'm a good, devout and practising christian."

"That's enough", Mr Kempton cut in. "I can't stand people who profess to be christians. They are the most pretentious, lying lot on earth."

The whole house seemed to fill with laughter. The music was most pulsating.

"The neighbours are not going to like this, especially if it goes on all night", Samuna thought.

When the question of neighbours was brought up, Mr Kempton explained. "They can go to hell. This is my house and no one will stop me doing what I like in my house, thank you very much."

Most of the boys present knew of the night when an incident involving a female student brought the principal to this house. He wanted to find out whether the girl concerned had been in this house earlier in the evening. The stench of liquor seeped out of the house and there were some students sprawled on the floor. The appearance of the Principal was taken as an intrusion by Mr Kempton.

"Why is it that I have to answer every time a girl gets into some kind of trouble?" Mr Kempton asked glaring at the Principal.

"No not that; as you were having a party, I thought . . .", he had replied coolly, but was interrupted.

" . . . You thought, huh! Did you check with the other lecturers or because you heard Kempton was having one of his wild parties, you headed straight here. For your information, Mr Rightious, there are half-a-dozen of your lecturers who have developed a habit of entertaining female students in their houses. They don't invite a group of students like I do. They appear to have a favourite each. A female student what's more."

The principal smiled and apologised saying he was only checking up for information.

"Well, I hope I've been informative", Mr Kempton had replied with a wry smile.

Then there was wild knocking on the door unto which everyone replied with 'come in' in union.

"God help us", Mr Kempton said as two students staggered into the room, each carrying a carton of beer.

"Happy birthday", said one as he produced a bottle of barcardi from under his coat.

"Christ, how many birthdays am I supposed to have?" asked Mr Kempton. "I just had one about a month ago."

"Well, um, I—you know, I didn't get you a present that time so I'm making it up now."

"Thanks so much, anyway, Kusong", Mr Kempton received the bottle and placed it on the shelf.

Just then the girls rushed out of the kitchen giggling. "Thanks Mr Kempton", they said they were going up to our quarters.

"Stinky bitches! What do they take me for? A sex maniac or something."

"Cheer up Espia. Don't tell me you tried to seduce one of them did you?" Kusong teased.

"Seduce them? Huh! I could have liked to reduce them to a pulp with this", he replied, showing his fist. "I didn't do a damn thing to those shunks."

Samuna got up after finishing his second beer, and was thanking Mr Kempton and asking to leave.

"Going? Whatever for?" asked Aiki somewhat angrily. "The fun has just begun."

"Well, we'll see you when we see you", Mr Kempton said.

"Don't tell me you're still worried about your assignments", Aiki continued to argue.

"I am, as a matter of fact. I have several important assignments for next week. If I don't get into them now, I can never get them done."

Samuna who was near the door wished everyone goodnight and pulled the door shut behind him. He knew Aiki was angry and disappointed but unlike him, he was not a good drinker. Sometimes the boys would tease him for being a one bottle drunkard. Although he enjoyed Aiki's companionship he had strong rulings when it came to making a decision between having fun or doing assignments.

Aiki stared at the door for a while. "Conscientious bloody student, isn't he?" he was saying to no one in particular. "I don't know why people punish themselves for good marks. When we graduate, we still get the same pay."

"Hear! Hear!" several of the boys applauded.

"Hey Aiki", someone called. "Tell Mr Kempton what you told Miss Buxon the other day."

"Well, I told her I was attending to a major assignment."

"What was that?" Mr Kempton tried to know.

"Sleeping, of course, what else."

Everyone in the class laughed, but she didn't think it was funny. She asked me to see her after the class, but I told her I had to think about it first.

Mr Kempton had finished his drink and placed his empty bottle on the table when Aiki asked him if he wanted another.

"Yes, thanks. I think I'll have my last one before turning in for the night."

"Oh come on, sir. There's plenty of drinks. It's still ten", pleaded Espia.

"If you can't go through the whole lot, I'll finish them off for you tomorrow. Enjoy yourselves, children. I'm off now", and so saying he drained his beer with one big gulp then entered his room.

In the lounge the music went non-stop, and it turned out to be an all-night grog-session. By day break, Aiki and his group were drunk and lay sprawled all over the floor sleeping in pools of vomit.

Late in the afternoon, a sickly-looking Aiki entered Samuna's room to find Samuna at his study. "Hell man, you'd better go and have a cold wash. You look awful."

"My head is throbbing. You wouldn't have an Aspro or Bex, would you?"

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the foolish GIANT

By
Jennifer
Boseto



The giant did exactly as he was instructed; he put all his limbs each into all four clamshells and for the rest of the afternoon he waited for the tide.

LONG long ago in the Kuvui mountains of the south west coast of Choiseul Island of the Solomon Group, lived a giant. One strange thing about this giant was that he did not know how to go about finding good food such as meat and fish.

The giant therefore developed a habit of roaming about and whenever he saw people, he would stop and beg for food. He would then ask later how they found the game or fish and how they prepared it to make it so delicious.

One day this giant came to a certain village and found four young men seated around a fire, cooking some fish. He went over to them and begged for some food. The men kindly gave him some and he ate it quickly and they gave him some more. After eating the fish the giant began to say: "Where did you get this fish and how do you cook it?"

"We caught the fish in the river and cooked them in the pot", answered the four young men.

"Oooo I see, next time I will try the same. The fish tasted very nice", said the giant.

He returned to his home and tried to prepare a small fish net to catch fish in the river. He caught some and following the men's instructions cooked them and ate them.

Another day the giant visited another village. In the village he met three men roasting a cuscus. As he had done to the four men, he begged and they gave him some.

When the giant tasted it he said: "Where did you catch this and how did you catch it?"

"We climbed a big tree and caught it in a big hole on the tree", answered the three men. And they added, "Cuscus live on huge tree tops".

"Yes, hum, I will try that when I see a huge tree back home", said the giant.

The giant then left the three men and went home and tried the

method of catching cuscus showed to him by the three men and he caught some.

The third time, while on one of his usual walks, he came across a huge gathering in a certain village. The people in the village were celebrating a marriage. There was much food to eat. Meat of different kinds was plentiful. The giant was given some to eat.

The giant then asked the villagers: "What is this meat that I am eating?"

To this the villagers replied that it was pig-meat.

The people also told him that to find pigs one had to go with spears, bows and arrows into the bush. The giant then happily returned home and assured the villagers that he would do as they said.

One day, many days after, the giant set out to go hunting in the bushes. He hunted from dawn to dusk but returned home empty handed. If only he could find one small piglet he could have been satisfied, alas there was none to be found. At home he began to think that the people in the village who had given him the pig and who told him how to hunt for them had lied. That night he decided to raid the village. About midnight he entered the village and killed nearly all the villagers while they were fast asleep and then returned home.

The news soon spread that the giant had killed many people from this particular village and that the people from the other villages should beware of the giant.

The four men whom the giant had met in the first village heard the frightening news and from then on were prepared to find ways of killing him. The villagers however decided to remain in their villages no matter what happened.

Many days after the incident the giant decided to visit the village where he had found the four kind men. They met and he was able to tell them how very pleased he had been in catching fish, following the

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National Film Award, 1975

ORGANISED AND CONDUCTED BY THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The National Film Award of Papua New Guinea for 1975 brought in three entries. Reasonable coverage was given of the Award but the response was however minimum compared to that of 1973. Of the three films entered, one surprisingly came from an indigenous person. This of course is what we would normally require of the competition.

The films were: "Carving a Break from Tradition", "A Primary School in Papua New Guinea" and "Festivity, Papuan Way". They were by Charles Madden of Kerevat Senior High School, N.P. Godsal of Rabaul Multiracial School and Gaina Babona of Kilakila Community School respectively.

A total of K140 was offered in the Award, which had two sections. There was a section for professionals and one for amateurs. The professional section required film made by persons who were already involved in the field of cinematography for a livelihood or as a profession. A film required for that section would have been one made with no intention of financial reward in mind. This meant, therefore, that a film made with a budget of several hundred Kinas would not, as a rule, qualify for entry, due obviously to the overheads involved. A qualifying film by a professional would rightly have been one done with the minimum of expenditure as well as being done purely for pleasure. This obviously is aimed, first of all at encouraging a "one man film unit", making the film for his own use and the cost involved in making that film finally meet in the form of the prize money paid.

The section for amateurs required films from those who had interest in the art but who, because of lack of a camera, or recording facilities were already handicapped from the start. This category absorbed the enthusiasts who could go to the extent of borrowing a camera plus a cheap recorder and with a roll or two of films set out to make the film. The type of films anticipated for this section alone were those usually covering travel, shows, festivities, sports, school activities, as these occasions usually attract amateur movie camera owners. Like the professionals, an amateur who tries his best to excel would be entitled to his money back in the form of the K70 prize.

CRITERIAS FOR SELECTION

The criterias for selection of winners was heavily decided by the way the film maker applied the usual standards: The selection of subject the way the story (if any) flowed throughout the film, continuity, narration, lighting - exposure, composition, quality of sound and way in which the camera was handled. Although sound was asked for, the absence of it was excusable as a standard, and would not apply as a criteria. Lastly as a national competition, we preferred all films to be set in Papua New Guinea. There were, in addition, a number of latent requirements that were required of all films, if the films reflected some aspects of culture and life in Papua New Guinea or would seemingly disclose an attractiveness and interest to outsiders it deserved the unanimous favour of the judges.

OF THOSE WHO TRIED :

"CARVING, A BREAK FROM TRADITION"

The film on carving from Kerevat High, was somewhat suspected as professionally touched. The lighting was consistent with the change of scene. For instance interior lighting cannot be mistaken for natural lighting when bright spot can be seen on the luminous shiny walls. Of the titles and credits, the excessive and time consuming application of animation was too much to have qualified it even for the professional section. However it was, said of the film, that it was an excellent film, good for instructional purposes, had a very well written accompanying commentary.

"A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA"

"A Primary School in Papua New Guinea", was the obvious choice for the prize. Firstly the film and its story were of intimate appeal to the five judges. The story was based on the life in a Primary School in Rabaul. Although a non-judge, it struck me that I could very easily identify myself immediately with the life, having been a pupil myself once. The usual round of school activities formed the scenes, and the ringing theme behind was that the school is part of the community and without the pupils, their parents, the school is an "empty shell". The continuity and timing though not the best were close to perfect, indicating that amateur as the maker was, he did try for excellence but stopped where his limitations were realised. The accompanying commentary was strong and crisp and most tryingly reiterative of the theme. The K70 Amateurs Prize was awarded to the maker N.P. Godsal for his entry.

"FESTIVITY, PAPUAN STYLE"

This film by Gaina Babona, was in color, had no sound track, and was supplied in the work print form. The film consisted of a number of scenes taken at a typical coastal Papuan village near Rigo. Most shots were of people dancing, singing and eating. Lighting was reasonable but flarry at times. Due to the individual shots of different aspects of the festival, the continuity could be lent towards the final occasioning of the festival. The cutting too could have been inversed to appear in the following order - preparation, participation in the dancing then the speeches. The wedging in of the gathering of foodstuff after the dancers had been established indeed gave the film away. The absence of a title was obviously understandable. As an indigenous amateur, who took the challenge, it was only commendable and could have won a prize if there had been any commendation prizes.

STANDARD

By comparison with entries from previous awards, the judges concluded that all three entries had been of higher standards. The increase in the number of participants by comparison with that of 1974, meant that more could participate, if a growing encouragement was applied together with increased publicity. It has become increasingly clear that even one man alone can make a film and a good one too.

PROBLEMS

There were a number of problems encountered in the organising and running of the competition. The most important of all was the inavailability of projection equipment. In previous years, the Literature Bureau was able to make use of the Super 8mm and Standard 8mm projection facilities owned by the Extension Services Branch of the Office of Information. Since, the Branch's modification and decentralisation, all these equipment are no longer available at the headquarters for use. The Office of Information now has equipment which are of the 16mm gauge. All the needed equipment, projector, splicers, speakers etc., would have to be found from outside the Department.

Finally the Literature Bureau wishes to apologise to those who participated that the above difficulties had all resulted in the delay of the judging. The judging sessions which was originally marked for November, was finally held in March, 1976. Nevertheless your patience has enable us to finally judge the Award and to make it yet another success.

Acknowledgement: Our acknowledgement is due to Mr Wally Tscherschmann for his assistance and for the use of his 8mm Elmo projector twice for both the previewing and for use in the judging sessions. Both times he declined any form of reward.

Editor.

THE REPLACED DESERTERS

By Joseph Saruva

In memory of my beloved Aunt Haruma. May you find peace and joy in the land of our ancestors Joe Saruva.

KAHAMBARI, towards the end of her days of suffering-endured two things: her little adopted daughter Orosa and the house her former husband had kindly left to her with all its contents. When Kahambari and Ehakone married they were the happiest couple in the village of Tapa Ara. Both happily went to the gardens; went fishing or took part in the numerous village activities. But now years after Ehakone's desertion she had turned into a passive onlooker of all that was happening in the village. She had had a daughter but she did not know where she lived now. In fact to her the lass had died.

Except for the occasional howling of a few seemingly sick dogs lazing around in the barren street of Tapa Ara, the whole place seemed devoid of any human habitation. In fact it weren't for the occasional howls of the dogs the whole place would be equal in silence to a cemetery. The lifelessness of the village was due to the fact that the forthcoming rainy season was weeks away and that the people had to work frantically to get as much planting done as possible. That the people were busy in their gardens was evident by the numerous fires causing a smoky overcast and hazy atmosphere in the surrounding area. Gardening was the people's only means of livelihood and was therefore their daily pass-time.

Kahambari, who was sitting on the verandah of her house, knew by sundown there would be people returning from their gardens. Their usual shouting and singing always announced their arrival. They would be exhausted and would of course welcome a good meal and a good night's rest. This, she imagined, was a good life and a night's rest well earned, but why. . . . ?

In her sudden trance and despair she reflected back to the time when she was a healthy and vigorous young woman. Out of many suitors who tried their best to win her love she married Ehakone. The two were of the same nature and therefore stood by each other. Ehakone was the proudest man in the village for he was the recipient of love, help and care. He knew these were the signs of a truly good woman. The village elders too congratulated him on being lucky in marrying Kahambari.

In due course Kahambari became pregnant and the couple waited longingly for the arrival of their first child. Hopefully, as all fathers do, he expected the child to be a boy. The child was born but much to Ehakone's disappointment turned out to be a girl. Ehakone was disappointed at first but realising it was not within his power to have changed the will of nature, he came to accept things as they were and like all dutiful fathers helped with the numerous domestic chores. There was one consoling belief—that in due course perhaps his beautiful wife would bear him a son.

Unfortunately that time never came, as Kahambari's ability to bear children was tampered by some strange curse of society. The couple knew with sorrow that they were being denied the pleasure of bringing up sons of their own.

To Ehakone the feeling about the sterility of his wife was most saddening. The tormentous feeling of aging quickly without being

able to tap the resources of his manliness worried his already bewildered mind. Nevertheless after a lot of wishful brooding and self-counselling he resolved to accept Kahambari as she was and to maintain a happy, cohesive family unit for at least the following ten years.

By the time their young daughter Janeambu had reached thirteen nature, not quite satisfied with its first attempt at crippling the family, was now ready to pounce on them with another more severe and ruthless affliction. Kahambari was now a victim of tuberculosis.

At the first sign of the symptoms Kahambari, full of life as ever, tried to fight it by carrying on with her usual activities but, unfortunately, as always is the case with unequal opposing forces, one side had to succumb to the superiority of the other. Thus Kahambari was fighting a losing battle as she was fighting, without weapons except her will power, an enemy which was too well established and formidable.

The visual effect of her slow defeat gradually showed in the work she did. Any strenuous physical efforts only sent her coughing and spluttering and generally ending up gasping for air. She had experienced collapsing and knew, in addition to her sorrows, that her days of feminine strength and prowess were just about over.

Kahambari therefore became more and more disinclined to participate in gardening or any activity that required the exertions of physical effort.

This could not have happened at a better time, for her daughter Janeambu had just reach the age of fifteen and her unfailing willingness to help her mother in her hours of need proved most invaluable. Janeambu for a number of years took over the household work as well as nursing her ailing mother. How long Janeambu would continue to be the house-servant, she could not tell, yet there was one thing she could not prevent her from doing—marriage. After all she was already old enough to do that.

With the thought of Janeambu's probable marriage, Ehakone and Kahambari had kindly adopted little Orosa, orphaned by a close relative. Little Orosa was the darling of the house and did numerous domestic chores. Janeambu, though young of age herself, took it her additional responsibility to teach Orosa how to prepare meals or how to handle a sick person without catching the same disease. There were indeed times when Orosa, overcome by the child's whimpers decided to go out and play but Kahambari's calling would soon find her on the verandah. This close counselling had gradually turned Orosa out of her age group. As evidenced by Janeambu's pubital behaviour Orosa, though small and immature, was Kahambari's only hopeful guardian.

Many of Janeambu's childhood peers had married by then and most had children. It was the hope of the people of Tapa Ara as well as her parents that she would choose somebody from Tapa Ara. This would have proved ideal as she would have been at reasonable proximity and within the family obligations to look after her mother.

(Continued from the preceeding page)

This again was not nature's will for them as Janeambu surprisingly made a bold and disheartening decision to escape the demands of her family. She took fancy to a young man working for the Government and the two eloped to a distant town. Kahambari had not heard a word from her since that day.

Janeambu's ruthless action hit her mother hardest. At times Kahambari wished she had not borne her. She wished she knew or foresaw the present events and had prepared for their coming. Nevertheless it was too late now. She had done her share of what all dutiful mothers ought to have done to their children.

Soon after Janeambu's sudden disappearance, Ehakone and Orosa shouldered all the responsibility in and around the house. Ehakone did the cooking, fetched water and collected firewood but these duties, done on a continuing basis by a man, were most humiliating by village custom. Ehakone assumed that as long as Kahambari lived, and God only knew for how long, he would continue to play the role of a woman.

Ehakone was a most troubled man. He just did not know what to do. He knew that he would never be the same man, not as long as Kahambari was alive. One day a year later, after he had thought of their situation a hundred times over, he decided that he had to regain that previous reputation and greatness. To do this there was no other way but to desert Kahambari and remarry.

With the coming of Christian teaching in the area, a man or a woman was not to marry again as long as his wife or husband was still with him; except in the situation where the wife or the husband had died. With his change of plans as well as his desire to restore his masculinity in the society, Ehakone began to oppose the Church and took matters into his own hands.

Kahambari knew it was coming and was therefore not the least surprised when Ehakone admitted it. Understanding as she had always been, she had no real desire to bind him to herself and her plight. She even wished and hoped, if ever Ehakone found a suitable and a healthy woman, that they would have a happy and an enjoyable life.

Ehakone deserted Kahambari and married a recently widowed woman. Although aggressive in his way of arranging the separation he had enough kindness in him; for he did leave the house and all its contents to Kahambari. To Ehakone it was a start from scratch.

However, as Ehakone was to find out soon after, he was not to find happiness, as his open defiance of the Christian teaching resulted in him being excommunicated from the Church. From then on he never attended services or took part in church activities. It came to be that the village people almost forgot the existence of the couple and the two became passive onlookers of all that was happening in the village.

Kahambari soon learned of the plight of her former husband but there was nothing within her power to help him now as she had enough to worry about.

Despite the bitter memories, the house and its contents were for Kahambari the source of lasting happiness and satisfaction. She was glad that at least there was a roof to shelter herself and the little girl Orosa.

"Orosa", Kahambari called from the verandah. There was no reply. She called again and still there was no answer. Slowly she stood up and, gripping the supporting rail, climbed down the steps. She looked under the house but found Orosa was not there. She returned to the verandah.

Sitting on the verandah Kahambari saw in the dusk a number of villagers returning from their gardens. She only wished Orosa was there to attend to her. She was the most treasured soul to her—more than the memory of Ehakone and Janeambu put together. She prayed each night when she retired that the Lord spare her another day with Orosa. Each time He had spared her a day. She knew with appreciation then that there was yet another man who took and kept her interest at heart. She knew she had not lost all.

(Continued from Page 23)

instructions they had told him but not so with the people who had told him how to catch pigs. The giant then realised that the four men were munching something which made his mouth water while talking. This time the four men were eating clams.

The giant could not withstand the call of his hungry stomach so he asked: "What is that thing you are eating?"

"Oh, it's only clam meat", one of them replied.

"Well, do you want to try some?" asked another.

"Yes, please, let me try some."

The men gave him some clam meat and he began to eat it greedily. Like the fish the clam meat was just too tasty for his burning stomach.

"Where do you catch clams?" the giant asked.

"In the sea and on the reefs when the tide is low", replied one of the men.

It then occurred to one of the four men that this would be a good opportunity to kill him, knowing that he always followed exactly as they advised.

"When you want to go clamshell fishing", said the man who had quickly thought the idea out, "you should go out when the tide is very very low. It should be so very low that the reefs should almost be dry. Don't ever go out when it is high tide because you will never find any."

The giant was listening very attentively, believing all that the man was saying.

The man continued: "When you do go out to the reef do not collect the ones that sit on their own and do not collect the ones that are too small. You are a big man and must go for the big ones. Do not also try to collect the ones which appear to have been gathered together by someone. Do not stop searching until you find four huge ones sitting together. Can you follow that far?" asked the same man.

"Yes that is very easy."

"Alright then, having found the four huge clamshells you must make sure their mouths are open. If they are not, try to force them open with a spear; into each of these open clamshells you must push each of your limbs."

"Why?"

"I'll come to that later", said the man. "I must not deny that there will be pain involved in the whole process, but that you must put up with."

"What should I do after that?" asked the giant.

"You must have the patience to be able to wait. The tide will slowly come and you still wait. Do not take note or feel afraid when the tide has reached up to your neck. It is only when the tide has completely covered your whole body that you will see the clam shells open and release their meat inside. That is just how we caught these that we have just eaten."

Happily the giant returned home, turning over the instructions in his mind. He did not come to the coast until one day when he looked out from the mountain and saw the tide was very low and the reefs nearly dry.

Armed with a spear he walked out on the reef and began searching for clamshells and all the time making sure they had to be four huge ones. He did not search for too long for he soon came across four which were placed within arm's reach. He did exactly as he was told; he put his four limbs into each of the shells and for the rest of the afternoon he waited.

The tide retreated and was coming fast. He waited. Soon the tide was reaching his neck but he believed it would not be long before he would be free. It was when his head was completely under the water that he realised what a fool he had been for listening to the four kind men.

The clamshells now covered by the fresh sea water had tightened their grip around his limbs and there was nothing the giant could do except surrender to the mercy of the swirly undertow.

BIKPELA LONGLONG MAN PIDGIN VERSION

OF THE STORY 'THE FOOLISH GIANT' Page 23

Jennifer Boseto i raitim

LONG bipo bipo tru, em i gat wanpela bikpela man i bin sindaun insait long maunten Kuvui bilong hap san i kamap i go olsēm long Choiseul Island long Solomon Group. Wanpela samting i makim dispela bikpela man em wanem i no klia gut long rot bilong painim ol gutpela kaikai olsem mit na pis.

Dispela pasin em mekim bikpela man hia i wokabaut i go nabaut na askim ol pipel long givim kaikai sapos em i bungim ol na pasim. Sapos ol i givim kaikai long em i kaikai pinis, bai kirap na askim ol long ol i bin kisim olsem wanem na mekim olsem wanem na kukim gut long mekim swit.

Long wanpela de dispela man i bin kirap wokabaut i go kamap long wanpela ples na i bungim ol fopela yangpela man sindaun raunim paia na i wok long kukim ol pis i stap. Em i lukim olsem na wokabaut i go klostu tru long ol na askim long givim sampela na em i kaikai. Ol fopela man hia i bin mekim gutpela pasin na givim sampela pis long em i kaikai, na ol i kirap givim sampela moa gen na kaikai. Bihain long kaikaim ol pis pinis em i wok long toktok wantaim ol na askim ol long rot bilong kisim ol pis: "Yupela i bin kisim ol dispela pis we na yupela i bin mekim olsem wanem na kukim?"

Wanpela long ol i bin kirap bekim tok bilong em, "Mipela i bin kisim ol dispela pis insait long wara na kukim insait long pot".

"Oooo, mi lukim, long narapela taim mi bai traim olsem yupela i bin mekim. Ol mit bilong pis i swit gut tru", em i tokim ol.

Bihain nau em i go bek long ples bilong em na traim wokim wanpela liklik umben bilong kisim ol pis insait long wara. Em i bin kisim planti na bihainim toktok bilong ol fopela man na kukim long pot na kaikaim.

Long narapela de dispela bikpela man i go kamap long narapela ples. Insait long dispela ples em i bin painim tripela man i wok long kukim wanpela kapul long paia i stap. Olsem wankain pasin em i bin mekim long ol fopela man pastaim, em i askim ol long givim sampela mit bilong kapul.

Taim em i kaikai pinis em bin tokim ol: "Yupela i bin kisim dispela we na yupela i bin mekim olsem wanem na kisim?"

"Mipela i bin go antap long bikpela diwai na kisim insait long bikpela hul i stap", wanpela long ol tripela man i bekim tok bilong em. Na ol i tokim em moa yet, "Ol kapul i save sindaun antap long ol bikpela diwai".

"Yes, hum, mi bai traim olsem sapos mi i go bek long ples na lukim bikpela diwai", em i tokim ol.

Bihain nau em i lusim ol tripela man na i go bek long ples na traim mekim wankain pasin olsem ol i bin soim em na em i kisim sampela kapul.

Long mekim namba tri wokabaut bilong em, em i bin kamap bungim ol planti manmeri bung i stap long wanpela ples. Insait long dispela ples ol pipel i bin mekim wanpela bikpela kaikai bilong makim de bilong man wantaim meri tupela i marit nupela yet. Dispela taim i gat planti kain kain kaikai i pulap tru.

Ol pipel i bin kirap na givim sampela long em i kaikai.

Bihain long em kaikai pinis i kirap askim ol pipel: "Wanem dispela mit mi kaikai i stap long en?"

Long dispela ol pipel tokim em olsem dispela em mit bilong pik.

Ol pipel tu i bin tokim em long rot bilong i go insait long bus wantaim ol spia na banara long kilim ol pik. Bikpela man hia i bin amamas ro gut tru na i go bek long ples na traim long i go insait long bus na kilim ol pik olsem ol pipel i bin tokim em long en.

Long planti de i go i kam, bikpela man hia i bin traim long kilim ol pik insait long bus. Em i save kirap long ples i no tulait yet na i go painim pik i go inap long apinua tru na i kam bek long ples wantaim han nating. Sapos em i kilim wanpela liklik pik, bel bilong em i orait, tasol em i no bin kilim wanpela.

Insait long ples bilong em, em i bin tingting no gut na i tok ol pipel i bin givim mi ol mit bilong pik i giaman mi long rot bilong kilim ol pik.

Long nait em i tingting long i go kilim ol pipel bilong dispela ples. Samting olsem biknait tru em i wokabaut i go insait long ples na klostu kilim olgeta pipel pinis, taim ol i slip indai pinis. Bihain nau em wokabaut i go bek long ples bilong em.

I no longtaim nau toktok bilong dispela man i bin kilim planti pipel insait long wanpela ples i go nabaut na ol pipel bilong olarapela ples harim dispela tok na was gut.

Bihain nau ol fopela man em dispela man i bin bungim ol long nambawan ples, i harim dispela tok na pret wantaim olsem na ol i bin painim rot bilong kilim dispela man. Long wanem ol pipel i save pret long dispela man na i stap tasol long haus bilong ol.

Bihain long planti de i go i kam pinis, bikpela man hia i bin tingting long i go lukim ol fopela man em i bin bungim na mekim gutpela pasin long em. Em i kamap bungim ol na tokim ol long em i amamas wantaim rot ol i bin tokim em long kisim ol pis. Tasol em i no amamas wantaim rot bilong kilim pik ol pipel bilong narapela ples ol i bin tokim em long en. Bihain nau em i tokim ol fopela man hia long wanem samting i mekim maus bilong em wara i kamap taim em i toktok i stap. Long dispela taim ol fopela man hia i wok long kaikaim ol mit bilong kramsel.

Em i pilim bel bilong em i hangre olsem na askim ol: "Wanem samting yupela i wok long kaikai i stap?"

"Oh, em i mit bilong kramsel", wanpela long ol i bekim tok.

"Yes, yu laik traim sampela?" narapela i askim em.

"Yes, plis, bai mi traim sampela."

Ol i kirap givim sampela na em i mangal tru long kaikai na pinisim olgeta. Em i wankain olsem pis tasol mit bilong kramsel i swit moa insait long bel bilong em.

"Yupela kisim mit bilong kramsel we?" em i askim ol.

"Insait long solwara na antap long ol ston taim draiwara", wanpela long ol i bin bekim tok na tokim em.

Bihain nau wanpela long ol fopela man kisim gutpela tingting bilong kilim dispela man, long wanem oltaim em i save bihainim wanem gutpela toktok ol i save tokim em.

"Taim yu i go long kisim kramsel", narapela man kwik taim tingim wanpela samting na tokim em, "yumas i go aut long taim bilong draiwara. Yu no ken i go aut long taim bilong haiwara i kam. Long wanem yu no inap long kisim ol kramsel long dispela taim."

(Continued on Page 30)

"ILO, STRONGPELA LIKLIK MAN BILONG NOT MEKEO"

Sister Jane Ainauga i raitim

PIDGIN VERSION OF THE STORY 'ILO, THE COURAGEOUS LITTLE MEN OF NORTH MEKEO' Page 16

BIPO TRU, long taim bilong tumbuna tupela lain pipel bilong Trausel i stap long hap long Mekeo. Vilis long em i save kolim Gau. Ol manmeri long Gau i bin makim wanpela de long mekim bikipela kaikai. Tupela vilis Gau na Akele i stap long ailan namel long raunwara ol i kolim Akenga. Planti lik lik ailan i stap long dispela raunwara long hap bilong Mekeo. Long dispela ples pis na saksak i planti tru. Tupela vilis i no stap tete tasol ol pipal long Afangaipi i save go long ailan na kisim saksak.

Ol manmeri long wanlain Trausel i bin go painim abus na pis na ol arapela i bin go long gaden long mekim redim bikipela kaikai. Wanpela man, nem bilong em Kungaku tu i bin kisim spia bilong em na tu em bin kolim tripela dok bilong em Oaua, Poie na Kapalapi na go long bus. Kungaka em bin trai hat long painim wanpela abus tasol i no bin laki long painim wanpela. I go i go na i kamap long wanpela hap em i no bin go bipo. Long dispela hap Kungaka i bin kilim wanpela pik na em i putim pik long graun na wok abaut i go klostu long wanpela liklik maunten na i stat smelim pekpek.

"Hu! Hu! Wanem kain smel? Ating sampela lain pipal i stap long hap", Kungaka i tok. "Mi mas painim aut husat i stap long dispela hap."

Kungaka i putim pik bilong em long tri na wokabaut i go na i no long taim tru i bin kamap long wanpela vilis. Tasol vilis ia i nogat manmeri. Kungaka i stat long traim soim strong bilong em. Em stat long wanpela hap bilong vilis i go long narapela hap. Kwik taim, tru em kamap long wanpela haus na lukim wanpela man na em bin stat tokaut, "Husat liklik manki i sindaun long hap na kaikaim buai na klostu bai i brukim selkambang."

Pastaim Kungaka em i bin soim strong bilong em i bin go long dispela man na sekan wantaim em na tupela i stap kaikaim buai. I no longtaim nau na man i tokim Kungaka olsem em bai i go insait long haus bilong en. Man ia bin go insait long haus bilong em na putim ol bilas na ol samting long pait. I bin penim pes bilong em na tu i bin putim tit bilong pik. Taim i redim bilas bilong em i bin go aut long name long vilis na singaut i go long Kungaka.

"Ha Kungaka yu lukim mi. Yu ting mi pikinini nating. Yu no ken kilim mi. Mipela long Ilo steret, mipela ken kilim man olsem yupela." Taim dispela man long Ilo i bin tok na soim strong bilong em pinis i bin go bek long haus na rausim ol bilas na go sindaun wantaim Kungaka na tupela i wok long kaikaim buai.

Kungaka i ting olsem "Em tu man? Sore tumas mi no bin save".

Tupela i bin stap na kaikaim buai i go i go na Kungaka i tokim hetman long Ilo, "Tokim meri bilong yu i go na karim pik mi bin lusim long hap rot na tokim em long bai kisim i kam na kukim na bai yumi kaikai. Tokim em bai painim antap long diwai."

Meri bilong hetman i bin go traim karim pik i kam tasol pik i stap antap moa long diwai na em i no nap long goap. Meri i bin ron i go bek na tokim Kungaka "Mi no nap long kalapim diwai na karim pik i kam daun."

Kungaka i ron kwik tasol i go na karim pik i kam long haus bilong hetman. Taim meri i lukim pik Kungaka i bin karim ikam na i tok, "Bai yumi mekim wanem long taim mi kukim."

"Bai yumi i ken kaikaim em", Kungaka i tok.

"No gat. Bai yu kukim na putim gut na Kungaka bai kisim i go bek long ples bilong em", hetman bilong Ilo i tok.

"No gat", Kungaka i bekim tok long hetman "Tokim em long kukim na bai yumi i ken kaikai na givim hap i go long wanlain bilong yu taim ol i kam bek long bus." Hetman i tokim meri bilong em olsem na em i kukim pik.

Klostu long san i go daun, ol wanlain bilong hetman ol stat i kam bek long gaden na bus.

"Lukim", Hetman bilong Ilo i tok na poinim ol wanples bilong em i kam bek long vilis. "Em wanples bilong mipela."

Kungaka i kirap nogut time i lukim ol liklik manmeri. Kungaka i no bin save husat manmeri o pikinini man na meri long wanem oli luk wankain tasol. Ol bin kam stret long haus bilong hetman na i laik sekan wantaim Kungaka na sampela i toktok namel long wanwan, "Lukim man ia em traipela man na em longpela tru. Em nap long karim wanpela ten long yumi".

Ples i tudak na ol manmeri bilong Ilo i go long ol haus bilong ol. Long narapela de, hetman I bin singautim ol wanlain bilong em na tokim ol long mekim bikipela kaikai bilong Kungaka. Ol i kilim wanpela pik bilong Kungaka bai karim i go long ples bilong em wantaim bulu na kain kain presen.

San i kamap na Kungaka i redi long go bek long ples. Ol lain bilong Ilo bung wantaim na i tok gut bai long Kungaka. "Tumora bai mipela bilong Ilo go na traim painim pis bilong ol wanlain bilong yu. Wanlain bilong yu i mas kisim saksak na bai yumi ken senisim kaikai wantaim mak bilong graun bilong yumi."

"Em gutpela", Kungaka i tok, "Bai mi tokim ol wanlain bilong mi", Em tok olsem na singautim dok bilong em na ol i go..

Taim Kungaka kamap long vilis bilong em, kwiktaim tru em tromoi ol kaikai na presen ol lain bilong Ilo i bin givim em na i ron i go long namel bilong vilis i go long arasait.

Taim ol man long vilis i lukim Kungaka i ron na singaut wantaim, i tok "Wanem samting i bin kam insait long het bilong em? Wanem hap bus i bin go long traim painim abus? Mi ting em bin lukim wanlain pipal o olsem wanem?"

"Ating tu em bin lukim ol wanpela pipal yumi no lukim bipo", sampela i tok.

Wanpela man nem bilong em Achiwa i kam askim Kungaka olsem: "Hey Kungaka yu bin i stap we? Yu no luk olsem yu bin luk bipo. Olsem wanem?"

Kungaka bekim tok "Oh yu ting mi kalap nating. Yu wet taim yu harim stori bilong mi long ol lain wan pisin bilong Ilo."

Ol lain bilong Kungaka bung wantaim long harim stori bilong

Kungaka na tu kaikaim ol kaikai na presen ol Ilo pipel i bin givim. Taim Kungaka pinisim stori bilong em i tokim ol lain bilong em long helpim em na pait wantaim ol Ilo pipal.

"Ainaba i tokaut: Dispela lain pipel ol i liklik, tasol mi ting bai ol i strong moa."

"Em stret. Lain bilong Ilo i strong tru", Ikelekele, wanpela hetman i tok.

Kungaka i tok gen, "Nogat. Olgeta Ilo pipel liklik man tasol na inap bai yumi ken kilim wantaim han na stik."

"Orait yumi ken traime tasol", Ainaba, wanpela hetman bilong pait i tok.

Long wanpela de ol man bilong Kungaka, Achiwa, Ikelekele na Ainaba i bin go long pait wantaim ol Ilo pipel. Ol bin wokabout i go klostu long vilis bilong ol Ilo na ol i laik traime wanem hap tru bai win o lus. "Yumi mas traime Iko", wanpela man i tok.

"Watpo traime Iko?" Kungaka i tok. "Yu man bilong pret nating. Watpo yu no stap na mi tasol i go na kilim ol Ilo pipel."

Ikelekele i tok strong long traime Iko bilong em. Em bin kaikai skin bilong wanpela kain diwai (Paika) na spetim aut (Paika jinia) Dispela spet i luk olsem i kam bek. As bilong em olsem em bai 'bad luck'. "Yumi go bek long vilis, maski paitim Ilo pipel", Ikelekele i tok long ol man long pait.

"Maski ol rabis tok", Kungaka i tok. "Bai yu ken i go bek, mi tasol bai mi pait wantaim Ilo."

"Bai mi traime Iko bilong mi", Ainaba i tok na em brukim wanpela han long diwai "Opa" na poinim long vilis bilong Ilo tasol diwai i bruk na olsem win i kisim bek. Olgeta man long pait i lukim na tok "Afae kaina amuc" (Dispela em nogut na yumi mas go bek).

Kungaka tasol i no slek long laik bilong em na i laik gotasol. Ol man long Ainaba na Ikelekele tok bai i no ken pait na ol man bilong Kungaka tasol i laik go na paitim Ilo. Kungaka na ol man long pait em bin go na pasim vilis.

Ol yangpela manmeri long vilis bin go painim pis na lapun manmeri wantaim ol pikinini tasol istap long vilis.

Taim Kungaka i redi, i bin ron i go insait long vilis na soim strong bilong em olsem i bin mekim bipo. Ol lain bilong Kungaka bin kam aut long bihain taim na i stat long putim paia long ol haus na tu i stat long kilim ol lapun manmeri na pikinini. Wanpela liklik mangi i bin lukim vilis i paia na ol wanlain bilong em indai na i ron go long tokim ol Ilo. "Yu kam kwiktaim! Kungaka i bin kilim ol lapun mama bilong yumi na putim paia long olgeta haus."

Taim ol Ilo pipal harim nius ol i kirap nogut tru. Ol brukim umben na karim ol kainkain stik i go long paitim Kungaka na ol lain bilong em.

Ol i kamap long vilis na ol i sore tru long wanem ol i lukim ol lapun manmeri na pikinini bilong ol indai pinis long graun na sampela paia i bin kukim. Ol lain Ilo i belkaskas tru na ol i go stret long pait. Ol i pait i go i go na kilim Kungaka na ol lain bilong em. Man bilong Kungaka i no nap painim man long Ilo taim ol sanap long gras long wanem ol man bilong Ilo i liklik tumas.

Ol man bilong Ainaba na Ikelekele i bin harim nius na ol kam traime helpim man bilong Kungaka tasol ol tu i no nap kilim man long Ilo Ol man long Ilo bin pusim bek i go long hap bilong ol.

Taim Ikelekele i lukim ol man bilong em i pundaun, i sore tru na em laik pasim pait na em bin holimpas sel-kambang bilong em na tokaut "Yu stopim pait. San tu i no lait oltaim. Ren tu pundaun sampela taim". Man long Ilo i no harim em na pait i go. Olsem na Ikelekele bin brukim selkambang bilong na ol man long Ilo stopim pait na go bek long vilis bilong ol.

Ating dispela stori em tru long wanem tude mipela save wanpela lain pipel ol i stap long wanpela ailan nem bilong em Akenga. Ol lain bilong em tu nau i stap long ples Afangaifi long North Mekeo klostu long Wara Bairu.



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(Continued from Page 22)

"Will Vincents do?"

"That will do fine. Thanks Samuna, I'd better go and have a wash."

"See you in the mess."

After Aiki left, Samuna finished his Social Science essay.

In the weeks that followed, he saw very little of Aiki except on few occasions when he came for coffee. As the graduation was not far away, Samuna and other students found themselves working harder and had little leisure time.

One afternoon, a week later, Samuna was trying on his new trousers he had bought for the graduation when Ajase walked into the room looking glum and drooped. He did not even think of knocking on the door.

"Hey, did you hear about Aiki?" Ajase asked as he took a seat.

"What's up this time. He didn't rape Miss Buxon, did he?"

"Come off it. Don't try to be sarcastic, would you?"

Samuna realized Ajase was looking serious, therefore eyed him questioningly.

"He's home now. Left today."

"Oh can't be", Samuna stared at Ajase in total disbelief. "But why? Graduation is only two or three weeks away. Oh come on. Tell me what happened."

"Aiki and several other students were called up to the Principal's office to review their progress. I believe, he didn't like the idea of receiving a provisional certificate."

Samuna stared out of the window. He was sad as Aiki was his best friend. He was sad too that he had not seen him off. He could have probably talked him into staying back. He looked at his watch and saw it was nearly six. He put his new trousers away in the wardrobe and then walked out on the lawn and onto the path towards the mess.

"That boy has too much pride", Samuna said with a sigh. "He just did not have a sense of being committed to anything."

(Continued from Page 27)

Bikpela man hia i wok long harim gut na bilip tru long olgeta samting dispela man i tokim em long en.

Man hia i wok long gohet na tokim em: "Taim yu i go aut long ston no ken kisim ol kramsel i pas pinis long em yet i sindaun na no ken traim long kisim ol liklik tumas. Yu bikpela man olsem na yumas kisim ol bikpela tasol. Yumas tu no ken traim long kisim narapela i pas wantaim ol arapela. Inap yu ken bihainim dispela toktok long mekim?" wankain man i askim em.

"Yes dispela em i no hat tumas."

"Orait sapos taim yu painim ol fopela bikpela kramsel yumas lukim gut maus bilong ol i op. Sapos maus bilong ol i no op, traim long opim wantaim spia; long pusim spia i go insait long ol kramsel yumas pusim wantaim ol pinga bilong yu."

"Bilong wanem?"

"Bihain bai mi i kam long dispela", man hia i tokim em. "Mi pilim olsem yu no inap long kisim bikpela pen, tasol yumas wokim."

"Bihain bai mi mekim wanem long dispela?" bikpela man i askim.

"Yumas wet tasol. Taim haiwara i kam isi-isi yumas wet yet i stap. Yu no ken wari long dispela o pret, taim haiwara i wok long i go antap kisim nek bilong yu. Em wanpela rot tasol long taim haiwara i kam karamapim olgeta skin bilong yu na bai yu lukim kramsel opim na lusim mit bilong ol i stap insait i kam arasait."

"Long dispela rot tasol mipela i bin kisim ol kramsel nau yumi kaikai i stap."

Bikpela man hia i amamas wantaim na tanim i go bek long ples bilong em na lusim olgeta gupela toktok i go pinis.

Em i no bin i kam kamap long hap bilong nabis, tasol long wanpela de em i sanap long maunten na lukim solwara i drai na klostu olston drai olgeta.

Em i kirap karim wanpela spia na i go wokabaut antap long ston na i wok long painim ol kramsel na lukluk long painim ol fopela bikpela kramsel tasol. Em i no bin i go longwe yet na bungim ol fopela bikpela kramsel i slip klostu long em.

Em i kirap wokim wankain samting ol fopela man i bin tokim em long en; em putim ol fopela pinga bilong em i go insait long ol fopela kramsel na bikpela san em i wok long wetim haiwara i go painim apinun.

Haiwara i tanim pinis na i wok long i kam hariap. Em i wok long wet yet. I no longtaim nau na solwara kamap painim nek bilong em tasol em i ting i no longtaim nau em bai orait. Long dispela taim het bilong em i stap aninit pinis long wara na em i tingting planti long bilong wanem em i harim toktok bilong ol fopela kain man olsem.

Orait nau ol kramsel solwara i bin karamapim na ol i wok long taitim strong maus bilong ol long ol pinga bilong em na bikpela man hia no gat rot bilong i kam aut na ol kramsel holim em i stap aninit long solwara na indai.

THE FLYING FOXES

By Leo Maso

Their happiness is at night
They gather on a fruitfull tree
They eat and chatter loudly
As long as they are in the dark

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And hang upside down
Stupid
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KRISTEN PRES • MADANG

(Continued from Page 12)

"Gisiri", I tried to call her as she began to cover my naked body. While she did, she began to tell me how she had found her father in the garden and had gone home with him. She also said the whole crowd had seen the fight between them and the Japanese. She said too that after the garden incident, the man and women had silently followed them and remained in hiding on the outskirts of the camp. When Mai broke lose, thus frightening all the Japanese, those that tried to escape were killed by them with knives, spears, axes and bows and arrows.

"Gisiri you are a lovely woman" I told her.

"You are also a very good man", she returned and smiled.

"Look Gisiri, Mai is there", I said while indicating the direction.

She went to see Mai but returned in a hurry.

He. He. he is.", she cried.

"Dead Dead? Dead?", I cried.

Then I realised the time his face changed. His was already a face of a dead man, but realising his brother was still alive he decided to kill all the Japanese before he died properly.

When the people carried me to their village I knew for sure they were carrying me to our home. I had a strong pledge that this was not the end as we had to further drive the Japanese out of our area just like Gola, Mai and I had been trying to do.

* a piece of material (cloth).

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About the writers

JOSEPH SARUVA

JOSEPH SARUVA comes from Kokoda in the Northern Province. He obtained his Primary education at Kokoda and his secondary at Martyr's Memorial School near Popondetta and Mitcham High, Victoria. On his return he studied towards a Diploma in Education at the Goroka Teachers' College. (Now University of Goroka Teachers' College). In 1972 he took up studies at the University of Papua New Guinea to do Arts and Education. Joe is now a Superintendent for Technical Education Division of the Department of Education.

SISTER JANE AINAUGA

SISTER JANE AINAUGA comes from Afagaifa village in the Mekeo area of the Central Province. She attended St. Patrick's Catholic Primary School at Yule Island as well as St. Therese Primary in Badili, Port Moresby. On completion of her Primary education, she returned to Yule Island and attended the O.L.S.H. High School. From there she went to attend the Normanhurst Convent in Sydney. She returned in 1964 and has been with the Carmelite Convent at Bomana near Port Moresby.

SALLY ANNE PIPI

SALLY ANNE PIPI comes from the Marshall Lagoon area of the Central Province. She attended Kila Kila and Kavari Primary Schools. Following these she attended St. Catherine's High School in Warwick, Queensland. She is now a secretary to the Managing Director of Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby. Sally is a regular contributor to "Papua New Guinea Writing".

SIWID GIPEY

SIWID GIPEY comes from Sappa village near Morobe Patrol Post, about eighty miles from Lae, Morobe Province. He attended Morobe Primary School and later Bugandi High School. Following this, he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea in 1970. Siwid had been studying towards a degree in arts and already has completed two years.

JENIFFER BOSETO

JENIFFER BOSETO is the daughter of the Moderator of the United Church of Papua New Guinea and the British Solomon Islands, Bishop Leslie Boseto. She is a Solomon Islander but resident in Papua New Guinea and attends Kila Kila Primary School. She comes from Boeboe village on Choiseul Island, West Solomon. Jeniffer's story won her a prize in the Primary Section of the Eighth Annual Short Story competition last year.

ROLAND KATAK

ROLAND KATAK comes from Neligum village near the township of Maprik in the East Sepik Province. He attended Balupwine Primary School from 1964 to 1970. In 1971 he attended the De la Salle College, Scareborough, near Brisbane, Australia, under a Government Scholarship. He remained there until 1974 when he graduated at Form Four. Last year he did his fifth form at Kerevat Senior High School, near Rabaul, East New Britain Province.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I am very interested in reading "Papua New Guinea Writing" but let me tell you one thing about the 1974 Short Story Competition. In that competition I was the winner of the First Prize of K15 in the Primary School Section:

The title of my story was "The Enemy Orge" but you did not put my name. Instead, the name you put down was Moses Robon. He was not the person who wrote the story, it was me and my name is Mana Somi. I attended Tirokave Primary School at that time but now I am attending Asaroka High School.

One night while doing night studies our duty teacher gave me the copy of Papua New Guinea Writing for 1974. I guessed then, that I had perhaps written one story which was now published, so I opened the book and saw my name and the address was Tirokave Primary School written besides the title "The Enemy Orge". I got cross.

Thank you.

Mana Somi
Asaroka High School
Eastern Highlands Province.

We apologise for the error incurred in putting your name down with a school that you actually did not attend.

Could you write in and let us know if you have received a prize. I will be writing to Mr Mana Somi at Tirokave Primary School and will ask him to return the prize money and which when returned will be sent to you. It may take a while therefore please keep in touch with us and let us know immediately of any change of address etc.

Thank you for bringing this matter to our attention.

Dear Sir,

I am trying to send a letter to Miss Sally Anne Pipi, who won first prize in the Short Story section of the Literature Bureau's writing competition last year.

However I do not have her postal address.

Your help would be much appreciated.

Gerald Berg,
Publishing Manager
Christen Pres
Madang.

Sally Anne Pipi, as her usual biography reads, works for the Steamships Trading Company at the Port Moresby Head Office. She is a secretary to the Managing Director. The private address is: P.O. Box 3604, Port Moresby.

Dear Sir,

Our teacher training academy here in Garaina (for training teachers for adult village literacy has had some courses in creative writing. We are only beginning. However we have been trying to encourage the potential teachers to produce literature. While most of the material written has been in the local vernacular because that is most easily understood, they have produced some material in Pidgin. I am wondering if you would consider Pidgin articles for your publication "Papua New Guinea Writing". I could ask the local authors if they would be pleased to submit manuscripts for your approval. Again this is only the laying of the foundation but it may be an encouragement to the writers if there were a goal to aim towards or possibly even some remuneration for their efforts besides the biggest remuneration of having their works appreciated locally. Will await your reply. Our next in-service training session is coming up in May.

Doris Bjorkman
Gazili Akatemi
Garaina, Morobe District.

We are pleased to know that you are encouraging your teachers to do creative writing. Encouraging writing and in fact any form of writing is the major task of the Literature Bureau.

In the past the Bureau conducted courses in various schools throughout the country but these have been abandoned due to lack of finance.

Presently we encourage writing in the three major languages, English, Pidgin and Motu. This however does not prevent any of our contributors from writing in his own 'ples tok' and later putting it into the other three major languages.

As to the material already produced and which are in Pidgin, please do not hesitate to submit them to this office. As an alternative you could submit them in competitions that we conduct each year. Which ever way you send them we will still receive them and consider them at last.

All works published are paid for and of course the delight of seeing ones work is far more encouraging than the remuneration paid.

Please keep encouraging them and we in the Bureau will hope to soon be reading some of the works.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for the receipt.

I have tremendously enjoyed reading "Papua New Guinea Writing" and would very much like to read future issues, so please send them to the new address.

Monika Tailal,
Catholic Primary School
Dreikikir, E.S.P.

NEWS ABOUT WRITERS AND ARTISTS



Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian novelist, poet, playwright, essayist and lecturer on the leg home after the Adelaide Arts Festival (March 1976) stopped over in Papua New Guinea. He met some of our young writers and delivered a Public Lecture at the University of Papua New Guinea titled "The African Crises". Here he talks to Kaka Kais of the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies.

Writers from Papua New Guinea, the Pacific and Africa will attend the first Papua New Guinea writers' conference next month.

The conference will be held at the University of Papua New Guinea from 1 to 4 July.

It is being organised by the chairman of the University's Literature Department, Mr Taban lo Liyong.

The Australian Government and Papua New Guinea National Cultural Council have given funds for the conference.

Overseas writers attending will include Aboriginal poet Kath Walker, Samoan Poet and Novelist Albert Wendt, two New Zealand Maori writers, Hone Tuwhare and Patricia Grace, Ugandan Okot P'bitek and Nigerian writer Kole Omotoso.

The Deputy Prime Minister, Sir Maori Kiki will open the conference and on 3 July, the Prime Minister, Mr Somare, will launch a new book. Three Short Novels from Papua New Guinea.

Mr lo Liyong hopes the conference will provide an atmosphere where Papua New Guinea writers can "recharge their batteries". Before independence there was a very vigorous group of young writers at work, he said.

"These people have since stopped writing and devoted all their creative fire to their jobs with the Government and with the political development of the country".

"But writers should be providing a continuous assessment of progress. They are the ombudsmen of development," he said.

Writers from Africa, the Pacific and Papua New Guinea will meet...



The smiling chairman of the Literature Department, University of Papua New Guinea, Taban lo Liyong, accepts a cheque from Thomas Critchley, (left) the Australian High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea. The money will enable writers from Africa and the Pacific to come to Papua New Guinea. The Conference for writers is part of the Australia and Papua New Guinea cultural exchange scheme.

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**ANOTHER PUBLICATION
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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.

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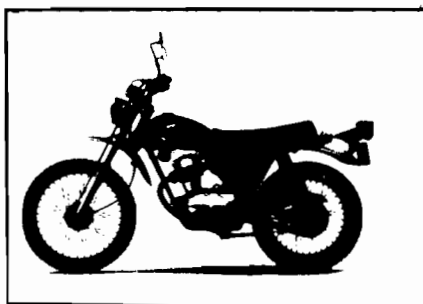
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HIRI is a monthly news magazine published by the Papua New Guinea Government Office of Information for overseas distribution.



The magazine contains brief happenings of the month, Government policy statement features and up-to-date statistics.

For a free copy of HIRI, write to your nearest Papua New Guinea Overseas Office or the Office Of Information, Overseas Publicity Section, Post Office Box 2312, KONEDOBU, P.N.G.

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P.O. BOX 2312, KONEDOBU, 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 issue Number 19 of September, 1975, the subscription rates have been as follows:

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| * Overseas Subscribers: | K 4.00 |
| * Residents of Papua New Guinea: | K 3.00 (regardless of distance) |
| * Schools, students and libraries in PNG: | K 1.00 |
| * Single copies: | .75 t |

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

THE EDITOR

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