

Papua New Guinea Writing

No 27, SEPTEMBER 1977

Registered at the General Post Office, Port Moresby, for transmission by post as a qualified publication

A LITERATURE BUREAU PUBLICATION, NOW READ IN TWENTY SIX COUNTRIES

0
ea



PROMPT AND
COURTEOUS SERVICE
FOR THE PEOPLE OF



PAPUA NEW GUINEA

FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE REQUIREMENTS

Including:

- ★ FIRE
- ★ MOTOR VEHICLE
- ★ COMPULSORY THIRD PARTY
- ★ HOUSEHOLDERS COMPREHENSIVE
- ★ COMPULSORY WORKERS COMPENSATION
- ★ THEFT AND ALL RISKS
- ★ FIRE AND VOLCANIC ERUPTION
- ★ BURGLARY ★ MARINE ★ PUBLIC LIABILITY

S
P
I

HEAD OFFICE:

Bank Haus, Champion Parade
P.O. Box 136 Pt Moresby Phone 24 2623

BRANCHES:

PORT MORESBY
P.O. Box 136 Phone 24 2075

LAE
P.O. Box 758 Phone 42 4590 or 42 4256

RABAUL
P.O. Box 123 Phone 92 2755 or 92 2417

Southern Pacific Insurance Company (PNG) Limited.

(Incorporated in Papua New Guinea)

A MEMBER OF THE W. R. CARPENTER GROUP



AGENCY OFFICES:

**ARAWA, MANUS, WEWAK, WAU, MADANG, MT. HAGEN,
KAINANTU, GOROKA, BULOLO, ANGORAM, FINSCHHAFEN,
POPONDETTA**

CONTENTS

STORIES:-

Editorial

Jack Lahui, Manager, Literature Bureau and Editor, Papua New Guinea Writing has been invited to the 1977 International Writing Program at the University of Iowa. His participation in the Program has been arranged by the American Embassy, through the U.S. State Department and its Institute of International Education.

Jack, author of a book of poems titled "Gamblers Niugini Style" is the first Papua New Guinean to attend the internationally known Program.

Established through the personal initiatives of the native Iowa poet, Paul Engle the Programme or Program has gradually developed an international aura, attracting writers from all corners of the world.

Jack's 4 months attendance there should enable him to develop a wide scope of his chosen art, poetry. He goes at a time when signs are clear that the art of poetry is stagnant with the elopement of other of the same interest into Administrative and commercial straits. The value of meeting another poet/writer could sharpen his language, insight and sensitivities in the art which to many a historian is the medium for the utterance of human delight and predicament.

As writer from a third world country, America will mean a totally new experience to him. Nevertheless enough Third World writers should be there to provide for him an opportunity to assess what has taken place, and has been conducive to their literatures. A few poems about America, he may care to send back, we will of course print on our pages.

This opportunity given to a Papua New Guinean by the American Government is worthy of thanks over and over again.

Sally-Anne Bagita

WHY AM I SO DIFFERENT	2
By Sibaub Bieb	
SAILO AND THE PYTHON	4
By Allen Gaegae	
THE LEGEND OF THE WILD SUGARCANE	6
By Waio Kikiwai	
HOW I CAME TO JOIN THE PANGU PATI	10
By Gabriel Siune	
AN EDUCATION THAT LEANS AND LENDS TO CULTURE	12
By Nelson Giraure	

CHILDREN'S STORIES:-

LEWI AND THE GIANTS	16
By Areuu Kovey	
DARU WAIME	17
By Mathew Siware	
THE STORY OF THE FIRST IVY	18
By Jennifer Davey	
HOW THE KUMUSI RIVER WAS FORMED	20
By Merino Raepa	
NEWS FOR AND ABOUT WRITERS	22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	23



Editor: Jack Lahui

Assistant Editor: Sally-Anne Bagita

Layout: Jack Lahui

Pidgin Translation: Stephen Kumanga



All illustrations in this volume by Iava Geita

The Cover: Twin Turtles by Iava Geita. Office of Information
Copyright reserved: Office of Information

Photographs on Pages 12 and 13 supplied by Nelson Giraure.

(c) Copyright Reserved: September, 1977, No. 27 issue, Literature
Bureau.

Published by the Literature Bureau of the Papua New Guinea
Department of Education and wholly set and printed by E.C. Awo,
PNG Government Printer, Konedobu, Port Moresby.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in retrieval system or transmitted by any means electronic,
mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior
permission of the publisher.

Views expressed by the authors are not necessarily endorsed by the
Editorial Staff or the Department of Education

WHY AM I SO DIFFERENT

BY SIBAUB BIEB

The large envelope with her name typed on it wasn't the type of letter, that often came to their house, so her mother hardly gave her time to open it before she asked: "Dorothy, who is it from?"

Dorothy didn't want to tell her, to re-open a subject they had all managed to ignore for weeks but mother would have to know.

"It's from the University of Papua New Guinea."

"But you are not going? Not now!" Mother sounded upset. Dorothy got up from the table. "We can't talk about it right now. I'm late."

But her mother followed her to the door to call out after her. "What about Sam? What's he going to say?"

That was also what Dorothy was asking herself as she hurried down the road to the bus stop. Tonight when Sam came around, he would have to be told about what she was going to do.

"If only I had gone straight to University after leaving school. If only there didn't have to be all this time to wait."

This was because her parents had not been happy about the ideas. She had no doubt then.

As she scrambled inside the bus she took a seat where she could stare out of the window without having to talk to anyone. She remembered how she felt when she first read those incredible words, "Pleased to inform you that you have been selected to study at the University of Papua New Guinea."

What must have been the odds for a girl like her to have been picked out of the many students who had applied to enter University? Her form mistress had warned her so often, "You mustn't be disappointed if you don't make it. We are aiming quite high."

Dorothy knew what the form mistress meant by that. Most of her rivals for the few precious places would come from homes completely different from hers. They had parents who had seen and known about things that her parents did not hear or know about. Then as the bus stopped she looked out of the window as another batch of passengers pushed themselves inside, she could hear her mother saying as she had so often said throughout Dorothy's nineteen years; "I don't know where she gets it from. Her father and I were not the ones for books."

Thus once again Dorothy was thinking sadly. Wherever it came from, I wish I never got it. Why am I so different?

People, except a few like her form mistress, didn't quite understand how lonely it was having to be

careful all the time because it didn't do to let them know that she was smarter. She was always pretending to be the same as the crowd with which she had grown up but never managing to do it properly.

How many times had her mother repeated. "A girl of your age, it isn't right. Where will all the study take you?" Dorothy sighed, remembering how often she tried to explain about the examinations. She had to pass to get to University and how often had mother stared at her apprehensively.

This was because, for her mother, University meant big haired, wild boys; young man marching about the streets, being rude to their elders and worst of all sex-mad, the whole lot of them, persuading respectably brought up girls like Dorothy, into behaving all wrong with them and giving them illegitimate babies.

Her father had not been much by way of education. Why did any girl want to bother herself with things like that? It had taken all of her form mistress' persuasion to get them to agree to give Dorothy a chance. Even then, it had only been a grudging consent.

They were still frightened for her, afraid of what might happen to her, living on her own a way from them all.

The bus stopped outside the public library where she had been working since school holidays. It was at the edge of town, with only the recreational ground and what was left of the open country. People said this was too far out it should have been in the shopping precinct.

Dorothy was glad it was where it was. During hot days she would take her lunch out to the recreational ground where the cool breeze cooled her from the hills. It was here also, during the breaks, that she read the books given her by the form mistress. It was a funny list of books. Her sister had been in hoots of laughter when she had seen some of the books on it.

"They are for kids," Rose said. "Look at this one, "Wind In The Willows." But Dorothy had read resolutely on. These were the books that her form mistress had said she must know about if she was to be the same as the other students. She had been too busy working for exams at school but this time between school and UPNG was her chance to catch up.

Would she catch up? Where did she belong? Her form mistress was sure it was the University. She sighed so loudly that the other library assistant who had come rushing in late as usual said in an

embarrassingly loud voice. "Tired already. Sounds like someone was out all night. Dorothy didn't like Julie one bit. She was nosy for one thing, always wanting to know what Dorothy had been doing, especially with Sam. Furthermore she wasn't good at her work, always forgett'g what the chief librarian told her to do.

There were never many people in the library so early so it meant she could get on with the job without having to be disturbed. That also gave her the chance to think about what she would tell Sam. She tried to imagine saying to him. "It isn't such a very long term. I'll be back at Christmas." But it was not just not seeing each other for several weeks. It was what the University of Papua New Guinea would be doing to her, changing her whether she liked it or not while Sam stayed the same.

If she went it would be over between them sooner or later. She thought back to that night. She agreed to go because Rose had gone on and on about it. "Come on Dorothy, it'll be fun; mother and father won't mind if you come along." Thus in the end Rose had won and she had dressed and gone with her; still reluctant, though the new dress and the party made her feel different.

Sam and his family lived a short distance away from where Dorothy and her parents lived. Sam was a mechanic and was doing better than his father. His father had been an odd-job man all his life. That was a bit different and special. There was always work for him to do with all those vehicles needing repairs. His mother had always been talking about the difference between father and son. However, Dorothy had finished listening to his mother's eulogies ages ago.

He'll be like all the other boys around here; noisy, boastful, grabbing at any girl who gave him half a chance. It was to get away from him that she had gone into the kitchen to help wash up. That was how she always ended up at parties, but at none of the other parties had the door suddenly opened to let a boy come in. Only he wasn't a boy, he was a man. That was the first thing she noticed about him and he was fresh.

"I know you," he said. "You're Dorothy. Your mother is always going onto my mother about you."

"So is yours to mine," she told him. "You are Sam." The funny thing was that she was not at all shy, it was like they had known each other for ages.

"Here, I'll help," he said and she had let him help with the washing up.

She liked his hands, they were craftsman's hands with strong long fingers.

"You are the one going to Uni", he said, "I know about you."

"I wish my mother would find something else to talk about," she said sadly.

He grinned and said, "Come here. It is a bit of a strain. Sometimes being so much a celebrity." At the end of the party they had walked home to her place hand in hand. And that was how it had begun, falling in love with him. At last there was someone who did not think her different to him,

Continued on page 11

INAUGURATION PRAYER

Horiawi Himugu

Amen
 God let it be
 May my portfolio be my own
 Let my Lord be unchanging
 Let me not bow in the political pot
 Always keep the Opposition weak and outnumbered
 Let me not sin on campaign pledges
 Keep the labourer in my mind always
 Keep this nation steady
 And let me not sin with money
 Angels lock the tempting devils
 In Bomana with the other criminals
 Let me not invest my salary
 But help me give it to the poor voter
 In equality and brotherly love before you
 Let the green bottle be a sin in Parliament
 And let us understand each others speeches.
 We all pray on secessionism
 They are sinning by asking for more money
 And we pray for ourselves too
 That we may not take more than fair
 And keep Bouganville Copper from exhaustion.
 Keep us free from deep, party politics
 And let there be no Judasses
 Let corruption and bribery be unknown
 And keep us free from a strangers,
 Arms and advices
 Given to fight against our own native brothers.
 Bless Australia with a generous heart for ever
 And make us follow her ways only
 For the unity of this Parliament
 And for the unquestioned standards
 Of our Bureaucracy.

WANEM ROT

S. Lapa

Pikinini i karai
 Papa i spak
 Moni i pinis
 Mama i kros
 Pikinini i hangre
 Mama i hangre
 Laip long taun i senis
 Laip long taun i kamap hat tumas
 Samting long stoa i dia tumas
 Man i spak nabaut
 Moni i pinis nating
 Papa i spak na pait nabaut
 Pikinini i hangre
 Mama i hangre wantaim kros
 Papa, wanem rot nau?
 Papa i raus long wok moni
 Wok moni rot i pas nau
 Laip long taun i kamap hat moa
 Wanem rot nau papa?
 Pikinini i karai na hangre
 Pikinini i dai
 Mama i kros
 Mama i ronowe
 Ronowei painim moni man
 Papa i hangre nau
 Papa i karai wantaim belhevi
 Mama i go we?
 Papa wanem rot nau?
 Papa yu gat tok long kot long heven.

SAILO AND THE PYTHON

By Allen Gaegae

About fifty years ago there lived a tribe in the Western Province. They lived in one big long Gogodala-style house in the midst of a thick forest.

In that village the people had a lot of meat, vegetables and other types of food such as sago and crabs. They were very happy with their way of life as there was a lot of hunting and gardening land.

Early one morning, as usual, everyone went on with their normal daily activities such as sago making, hunting and gardening while a newly married couple sat and talked about what they would do that day.

The wife finally decided to go sago-making. She gathered all the required implements and headed for the swamp. The husband, Sailo sat and thought for a while on where he could go that day. Finally he decided to go to the bush to look for bush-fowl eggs.

It was still early morning when Sailo left for the bush. He took with him a knife and a string bag with the dog running before him. He went to his usual place where he knew he would find bird-nests and there began digging and collecting.

By noon he had half filled his bag with the eggs. He decided to dig up one more nest before returning home.

He had only walked a few yards towards the last nest when he heard his dog's frightened barking. He stopped short and looked around to see what had disturbed the dog. He surveyed the area and finally noticed something lying on the ground. It was a baby python crawling near a hollow log.

He peered inside that dead log and saw many baby pythons.

The sight of seeing so many baby pythons moving about made Sailo terribly frightened. He backed away then and stood still, watching to see if the mother python would appear. It didn't appear.

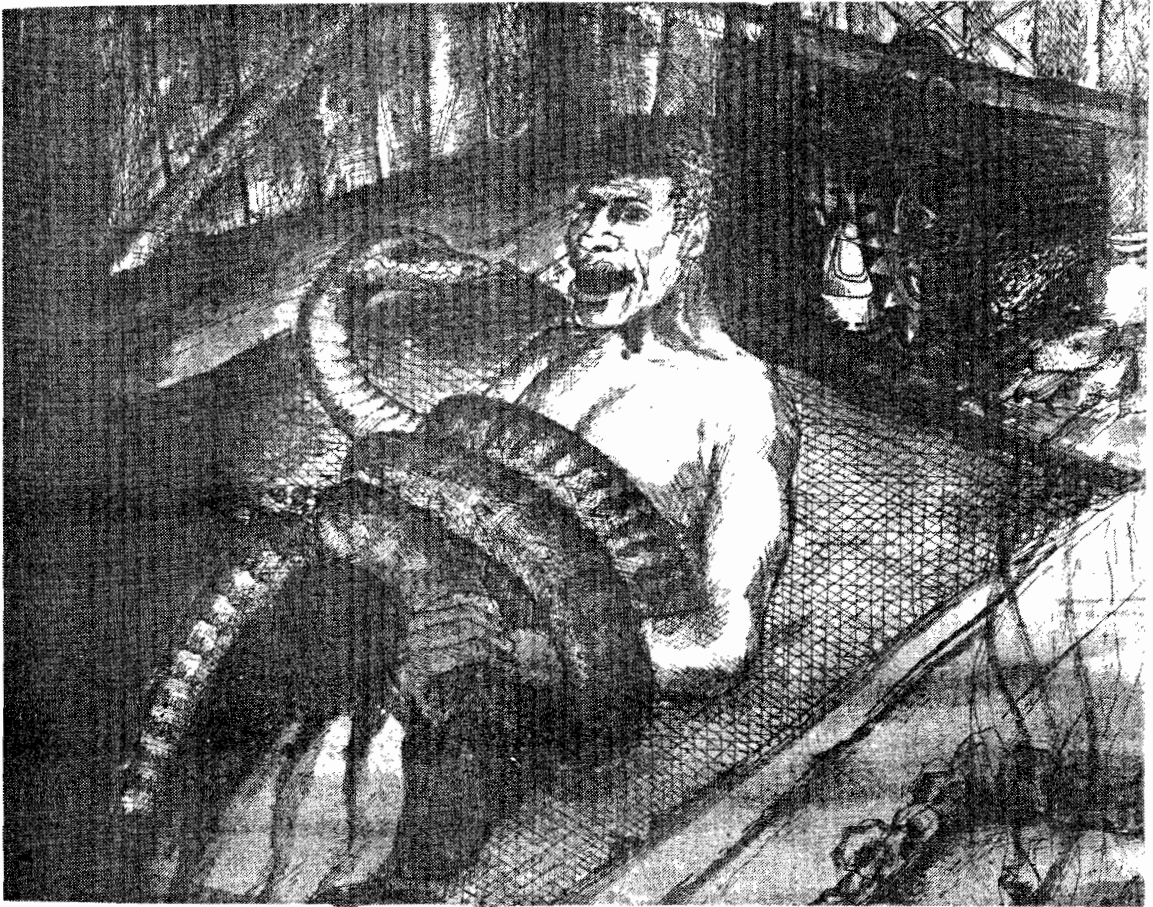
He grabbed a long stick and ran towards the baby pythons and began hitting them. As he beat them to death he shouted, "Sailo, Sailo, Sailo....." At every swing of the stick he made he called out his own name. He was careful in killing them, making sure all were dead by cutting off their necks.

Of all those baby pythons only one had being missed. Sailo did not know that he had missed one. He was very glad after killing the pythons and destroying their home. He returned home.

Everyone was home from their daily activities. Seeing his wife back from the bush he was anxious to show her his collection of eggs. He also told his wife and several other close friends the python killing as he ate. It was getting dark then.

Meanwhile back in the bush the mother python had returned from her feed to discover that her home had been destroyed and babies killed. She felt awfully sad and wept over her babies. As she wept she touched each of the dead baby snakes to see if one was alive to tell her the story of what had happened.

Just then, the baby python that escaped came out of hiding to tell her what had happened. He told her a man called Sailo had killed all her brothers and sisters and destroyed their home. The mother python was angry instantly and planned to go after Sailo and kill him that night.



The Python curled around Sailo's trunk three times before squeezing him in order to break his bones

Before dark the mother python started off for Sailo's village. Sailo who had finished eating in his wife's room had by then decided to go to his room in the men's side. He lit a fire in the fire place and sat near it as usual. Meanwhile, the mother pythone had reached the village and began searching for Sailo from one end of the village to the other by sliding on the ground under the house. She moved very slowly listening in case someone called the name. She didn't wait for long when a man called out Sailo's name and told him if he could tell him the story about how he killed the baby pythons.

Sailo was almost getting ready to sleep when the man called him. He sat up again and began telling the story to several men who were listening. The snake listened. She was now very very angry with Sailo. After the story the men all went to sleep each thanking Sailo for the most interesting story.

The python curled herself and lay on the ground under where Sailo slept. She waited under the house until she was sure everyone was fast asleep. The python climbed up the pole that stood next to where Sailo slept.

After a careful survey the snake began to curl around Sailo's body starting from the legs. She curled around Sailo's trunk three times before squeezing the man in order to break his bones.

Sailo woke up having felt something odd on his body. He opened his eyes and saw the huge snake curled around

his body. He guessed without much thought that it was the mother of the pythons he had killed.

Sailo started to shout. "A snake had tied me around. Come and help me. Help! Help!" The snake hearing him pulled its body very hard and in a few moments squashed Sailo's bones.

Everyone in the long house woke up and ran outside. The people nearby struggled to find their way out in the open. When everyone heard about the snake the men sent their wives and children out and began spearing the snake which was still coiled around Sailo.

The men armed with their knives and axes chopped the snake.

It took almost half a night to get the huge snake killed. At dawn when the snake was completely dead, the relatives and friends cried as the men sadly separated Sailo's dead body from the dead snake.

By early morning the body of the huge python was cut into small pieces and thrown into a fiercely burning fire. The people in the whole village were sad about the unexpected death of Sailo. Late in the afternoon the body of Sailo was buried.

The next day the people were warned by the village elders about what pythons do to people who do certain damages to them and must be aware of snakes. The taboo is still observed by the Gogodaias to this day.

The Legend of Wild Sugarcane

By Waio Kikiwai

Long ago there were no wild sugar-canes in the Highlands. In that region was a village where two brothers lived. Papele was the elder and had a wife and Apua was the younger and had not married. In those days pigs, cassowary and cuscus were plentiful. Nevertheless wild sugar cane was scarce. People relied mainly on sticks and stone axes for hunting.

In a village between the highlands and coast a pig was killed. Papele was invited, and while there he took some wild sugar cane for making spears before returning home.

Soon after, Papele ran out of wild sugar cane. With the last one, he announced to his brother. "I am now left with this spear and I forbid you to use it." He then hid the spear.

One day he went to his garden leaving his wife and Apua in the house. Papele's wife looked out of the house and saw a wild pig among the village pigs and shouted to Apua. "Hey! brother-in-law come quickly and kill my pig."

Apua replied, "Sorry sister-in-law, I have no spear." But the woman said, "Your brother still has one spear. You can use it."

Apua replied, "My brother said I cannot use his last spear." Papele's wife said again, "Papele will be happy if we kill the pig and roast it."

"No I won't," said Apua.

But the woman said, "If my husband gets angry then I will talk, you needn't worry about it. I am now going to get the spear."

She went and brought Papele's spear. Apua took it saying, "If the pig breaks the spear, then it's you who will talk with Papele." Apua took the spear and with all his strength hurled it at the gigantic animal. The animal fell to the ground and broke the spear into two.

Apua was terrified to learn that the spear was broken. "SSSS Its too late, the spear is already broken. What will Papele say to me?"

Papele's wife said: "He will be happy for the pig has been killed."

The two set to work cutting up the pig. Papele arrived while they were still cutting and was surprised to see the pig and asked, "Where did you kill the pig?"

Papele's wife answered, "This wild pig came with our pigs and I told Apua and he speared it with the spear you hid in the house."

Papele asked again, "Is the spear alright?"

His wife answered, "Oh sorry my husband the spear broke into two but we can join it again by tying it with bush ropes."

When Papele heard this he was disappointed. "Ahh not my spear?" he yelled, "I told you not to touch that spear. Bring me the spear. I want to see it." The wife brought the spear to Papele. He was so angry that he started fighting Apua.

Apua replied, "My brother it was your wife's will that I broke your spear accidently. So you shouldn't blame me for that."

Papele grew more angry and attacked Apua with his stone axe. Soon there was a bloody duel with stone axes. After their fight, Papele commanded Apua, "I want you to go and buy some wild sugar cane, otherwise this fight will last till we both die."

Apua sadly replied, "My brother I don't want to fight. I will go and look for wild sugar cane. Come let us roast our pigs."

Apua killed a pig and cut it all up and roasted it. He gave some to his brother's wife and put the rest into his string bag and started his search.

He wondered all alone in the deep jungle and cried to himself, "Oh my mother now the night is near where shall I find shelter?" Then he saw a small hut just as it was getting dark. Fearfully he stood outside. Looking into the hut he saw an old lady, "Grandmother can I come inside?" he asked.

The old woman heard this and replied, "Who are you, a spirit or a human?"

Apua replied, "I am a human."

The old woman opened the door and welcomed Apua inside. Apua's bloodied body made the old woman question him. "Grandmother my elder brother fought with me over a wild sugar cane spear. He warned me that unless I find some I won't return home."

The old woman replied, "My son has left some, you can get his and go back."

Apua asked the old woman, "Where is your son?"

"My son went to find more but never came back. Perhaps he died somewhere."

"I want to find the home of these wild sugar canes before I return home," Apua added.

The old woman let Apua spend the night in her house. Early next morning Apua cleaned the house and gave her some pig meat saying, "Grandmother I thank you for everything you did for me but I must go."

The old woman handed over a wrapping saying, "Take this parcel and look after it."

After many long hours of walking he decided to rest. Excitedly he opened the parcel. Before his eyes lay two fire-flies. They said to him, "We are magic fire-flies and we will help you." He then wrapped them again and put them into his string bag and went on. At dusk he again sighted another hut in which another old woman lived.

He spent the night there. When he told her of the incident, she felt sorry for him. "You get these wild sugar canes. They belong to my son. He went as you came and never returned."

But Apua replied, "No grandmother I want to go and see the home of these wild sugar canes before I go back." He cleaned up the old woman's house and gave her some pig-meat. Before he left the old woman gave him a small parcel. "Look after this, it will help you."

Apua collected his belongings and gifts and left. Agair on the way he sat down to have a rest. He anxiously opened the parcel and saw the cuscus. The cuscus said

to him, "I am a magic cuscus, I am going to help you. After resting he took his belongings and continued. He arrived at a beach and saw a beautiful house but found it was adorned with human bones. Apua assumed that it was the house of a cannibal. He was scared and was about to leave when suddenly a thought entered his mind. My blood brother chased me away so whatever happens I am prepared to die. Why should I go back?"

Apua walked up to the giant's house. Inside the house he saw a beautiful young girl. The girl was delighted to see Apua. She shook hands with him and told him about her father and mother. "Young man," "my parents kill many people who enter our house. Even though I hide them, they smell them and eat them. That is why I feel you should return home."

Apua replied, "I am after wild sugarcane for making spear."

The girl replied, "Sorry, the wild sugar canes are in fences my father made. He guards the garden and nobody has ever got away with any. People who have entered the garden have all died. No one has ever returned to his village with those wild sugar canes."

Apua could not be discouraged.

"Your father can kill me, let's go and sit inside your house."

There was hardly a place to hide in. The girl wanted a hole for Apua but there were no tools to dig up the hole. Apua ordered his magic cuscus and within minutes the hole was dug inside a post. Apua tried it and fitted.

In the afternoon an earth tremor harbingered the couple's return. "Apua my parents are coming," she told him. Quickly Apua went into his dugout for safety.

When the giants arrived home the father said in a stern voice, "My daughter I smell a young flesh. Where is he?"

The daughter replied, "No one is with me. I think it's the smell of those you have eaten."

The mother replied, "No my daughter I smell the body of a live person. It smells different from those I have eaten."

Realising her parents knew she begged her father, "Always you have killed and eaten innocent people but this is my husband. You shall not kill him." In reply the father said, "Where is he hiding? Bring him before me. I promise not to kill him."

The daughter went away and soon came back with Apua. "My son-in-law do not be afraid. Come sit down." The giant knew what Apua was after. As he sat down the giant spoke, "Son-in-law, tomorrow we will go and get you some wild sugar cane while your wife prepares for your return journey. When we return the two of you may go to your village."

In the evening they all had supper and slept. Before Apua slept he opened the parcel which the first old

woman had given him. He took out the two fire-flies and put each on his eyes. When he was asleep the two fire-flies lit up his eyes. The giant however couldn't sleep because he had made plans to kill Apua. "Son-in-law why are you not sleeping?" the giant asked when he saw the fire-flies.

The first fire-fly answered, "This is my habit I go to sleep late."

The giant pretended to sleep but waited. Again he sighted the two fire-flies and asked, "Son-in-law why aren't you asleep?"

"This is my habit," replied the other fire-fly.

The giant again pretended to sleep. After a long time he checked on Apua and saw the fire-flies, "Son-in-law go to sleep now. Don't be afraid of me."

The first fire-fly replied, "Sorry father-in-law my eyes don't want to sleep."

At dawn Apua took the fire-flies and put them away in his bag. The giant then told him they would go and get wild sugar cane. On the way the giant told Apua to walk on the path where he had made traps. However, Apua noticed the traps and jumped them. At the entrance to the home of the wild sugar cane lay the biggest trap. The giant showed the door to Apua and said, "Son-in-law you go through that door and cut some wild sugar cane while we wait here."

Apua had been warned by the girl of this trap therefore did not move. Instead he opened his second parcel and took the cuscus out. Apua put him on the ground and immediately the cuscus grew into a huge one. Apua then called to the giant and his wife, "Hey! You two look at this cuscus."

"Where is it?" they shouted.

"It's here," Apua quickly replied.

They saw the cuscus fall down Apua's trap. "We'll go down and kill the cuscus. You wait for us up here."

Apua was terrified at the sight of the huge hole.

"How are you going to get down?" Apua asked.

"I made a ladder that reaches down to the bottom of the hole," the giant replied. When the giants were half way down Apua took his stone axe and began to cut the rope ladder.

The couple looked up and saw him and shouted for mercy but he kept on cutting. They fell to the foot of the hole and crushed to death. Apua was so happy he broke the fence and went in to cut wild sugar cane. When he returned to the cannibal's house he told the girl about the death of her parents. She was very happy because she hated them. Finally they gathered the wild sugar-cane and left for Apua's village. When they arrived Papele welcomed them. They later grew the wild sugar-cane which quickly spread throughout the region. That is why wild sugar-cane is plentiful in the Highlands than in the coastal areas. If Apua had not visited the coast, no wild sugar-cane would have found its way to the Highlands.

SAILING CANOE

By: O. Koporigo

Oh, my dear, how handsome you float
Ready for departure
With sail hanging from the mast
To carry you across the sea

Oh, my loved one, how sad you will be
when cargoes are loaded
Oh, dear says you to me
I am sinking, because of my heavy burden

Oh, my darling, so you are ready to depart
You are boarded with people
With crews to aid you

A captain to guide and direct you
Oh, my dear, my heart is broken
To see you leaving me crying behind.

So your sail is stretched by the wind
Your captain minds the steer
So there you move on top of the water
Like the snake moving swiftly on the land
There you go sailing up and down
Oh darling you are surrounded by water
But you continue, taking my heart with you.

YOU WORRY! WHY WORRY!

By: Miki Kundi

There are two things in life to worry about.
You are either educated or you are not.
If you are, you have got nothing to worry about.
And if you are not, there are still only two things to worry about.

You either know Pidgin or Motu
If you know Pidgin or Motu, you have got nothing to worry about.
If you do not, there are still two things to worry about.

You are either rich or poor.
If you are rich, you have got nothing to worry about.
If you are poor, there are still two things to worry about.

You are either healthy or sick.
If you are healthy you have got nothing to worry about.
If you are sick, there are still two things to worry about.

You either get better, or you do not.
If you get better, you have nothing to worry about.
If you do not, there are still two things to worry about.

If you are going up, you have nothing to worry about.
If you are going down, you will be so busy shaking hands with old friends and you won't have time to worry.
So you worry, why worry, inao wari, wari lasi.

AT LEISURE

By: Ann Aromau

The fish house recedes at leisure
far beyond the white cleavages
Of spray and sun and wind.
Aroma noses out to sea
Surfing the wavy gorges
Knifing through the valley gauges
Amid mist and heat and fun.

THE KIRSTY POWELL MEMORIAL AWARDS, 1977.

Three Awards have been made under the terms of the Kirsty Powell Memorial Fund. This fund was established in memory of the late Kirsty Powell, to encourage all aspects of drama and other performing Arts in Papua New Guinea. The fund is administered by a committee which this year has favoured groups attempting to develop drama at school and village levels.

The Three Awards are:—

1. A sum of K300.00 went to the Ahebou Wakabout Theatre Group, a troupe made up of young people attending School Leaver Centres in the Port Moresby area. This group has been writing, producing and performing its own plays and dances and has discovered a great deal of dramatic talent among its members.
2. A sum of K100 to the Aiyura National High School which has an active Drama and Cultural group. This group is anxious to purchase traditional instruments and costumes for their performances.
3. The third Award of K100.00 went to the National Theatre Company to assist them with their Village Performance Programme. This group has been the most active in the nation and has always had difficulty in funding its Village Programme. This award is intended to help the Company get out and about.

It is hoped that awards of this nature will continue to be made annually.

DR. E. BRASH

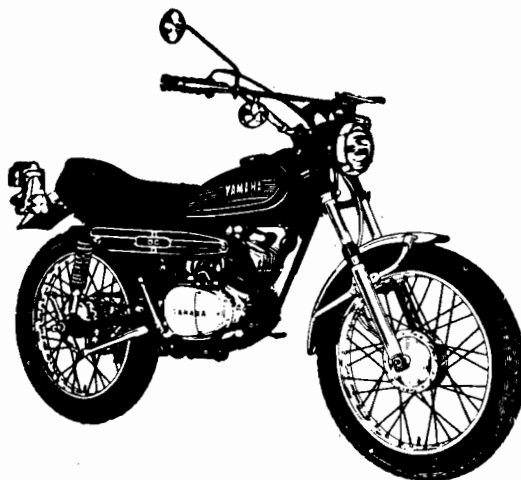
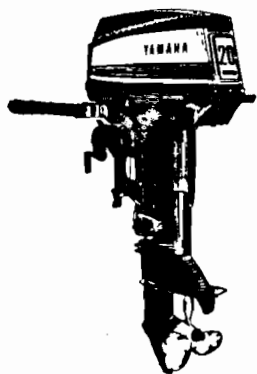
Chairman

Kirsty Powell Memorial Fund.



YAMAHA

It's a better machine



OUTBOARDS AND MOTORCYCLES

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

BRANCHES AND DEALERS
THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY

How I came to join the PANGU PARTY.

By Gabriel Siune

"Hey! Votim Pangu," the crowd shouted in a chorus on a slow moving truck, passing Tuluani in the early morning. The shouts of the crowd shattered the silence of the dawn. I woke up from my sleep surprised and rushed out to the verandah semi-naked. I looked around and I could see other dom-mates who were also out for the same purpose. I cleared my throat and asked my mates, who stood on the verandah: "Is Pangu a name of candidate?" It looked as if my question didn't reach the boys or probably none of them was interested in replying to my question. Perhaps, they thought I was stupid in asking such a question. "Am I stupid," I asked myself but again I thought they were stupid in not answering my question. Perhaps they were very curious or very concerned about the shouts. "Shit! what are they doing?" I grumbled in order to cover up my question. I came into my room. I got onto my bed but my conscious seemed to say, "It's already morning,



A typical party supporting crowd
(Photo by Office of Information)

and there is no need to take another nap." I got up and stretched myself. I got down on to the cement floor and did twenty push-ups. At nineteen I had no energy left to bring myself up for the last push down. Oh! crack! down I went, lay flat on the cement floor. After a while I got up.

Ha! my curiosity of the shouts began to build up. It was about 7.30 by judging the morning brightness. I waited a bit and when the sun peeped through Gerehu hills I walked up to the forum to explore my curiosity. To my surprise several trucks were loaded with students and workers whom I know. Posters and photos of candidates were stuck in front, and at the back of trucks, and even on students foreheads and chests. It looked good. The posters read "Vote United Party." Ah! these students and even the workers are aware of the election and know the parties and I, who went to political classes knew nothing. However I did not act as if I didn't know what was going on. I acted as if I wasn't interested in the campaigning and what was going on.

I sat under the shadow and opened my novel. Suddenly I was interrupted by a group, perhaps the same group which has interrupted me from my sleep, shouting "Pangu, Pangu, Pangu...", coming down towards the forum on a big truck. United Party supporters were aggressive. Both teams poured words at each other. They made remarks to each other, in order to win the attention of the audience who was around the forum. I wasn't convinced though it looked exciting and interesting. It might become a violent Party Campaign. It's good fun for us, the youngsters but such actions and activities could cause a serious impact in the older people. But even if it became violent, the campaigners would feel great for they did it for the sake of the Party and the Nation as a whole.

I seemed to have become isolated and enveloped in the confusion. I didn't know what to do next. The trucks drove off with crowds shouting their heads off. They seemed to care less whether they strained their voices or not. Even if they did, it would show that they have done something about the party and the Nation. The last truck was Pangu Truck. When the engine roared, I made my way to the truck. I hopped on as it was about to leave the forum area, not because I was convinced by their shouts. They all sounded as if they were shouting through their throats, but that didn't matter much because they had no time to go through the Party Policies to convince me. So I used my common sense at last. I joined in the shouts down to Waigani to Gordons to 4 mile, to town and back to Gerehu. We went to all the voting boots. As we went around I acquired more and more confidence in myself. I was proud of myself. I thought my shouts and the others who were with me, were dominating the whole city and the Capital City seemed to become our possession. Perhaps it's vice versa for other Party Campaigners. At last as I was dropped off at the forum I said through strained voice, "Now I am a Pangu Man."

Continued from page 3.

she was simply Dorothy.

Her parents, especially her mother, were happy about them. "He's a good boy," she kept telling Dorothy. "There aren't many of his kind around." Sam's mother had remarked otherwise. "It will be a lucky girl who gets our Sam." She didn't approve of her. This was because for a daughter-in-law, Sam's mother wanted a girl who could work and keep the house neat and tidy, a girl who had never been to school and who would not be going away to University for three years.

That afternoon, on her way home on the bus she told herself that it was her fault. She had never talked about the future with him. But then neither had he. Was it for the same reason? He was probably afraid of spoiling things or because he had known this wouldn't last?

She got off the bus and walked home slowly. As she opened the front door her mother came hurrying to her. "Sam's here in the front room, he's got something important to tell you."

Promotion, more money, Sam had hinted on it last night. The good news he would soon have for her. She tried not to look at her mother's anxious face but went quickly past her bracing herself for what she knew she had to say.

ADVERTISING

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

Papua New Guinea Writing sells at 30t per copy. This retail price does not cover half of the actual printing cost of one single copy. Advertisers therefore make vital contributions towards the publication of this important Papua New Guinea literary magazine.

Our rates per insertion are as follows:

- Outside Back Cover K 150
- Inside (Full Page) K 90
- Inside (Half Page) K 50
- Inside (Quarter Page) K 30
- Contract Rates on Application.

We prefer clients to supply camera-ready copies of advertisement.

We also exchange copies at no cost with magazines of similar quality and cost.

Write: • The Manager.
Literature Bureau
Box 5741
BOROKO P.N.G.

WE WILL ADOPT A SCHOOL

The Literature Bureau of the Department of Education wishes to organise an inter-community school general competition on an annual basis on "Patronage" system. The winning school should fulfil the following conditions:

- (a) That it subscribes to the journal for a period of two years.
- (b) That over 200 pupils have read the children's pages we include in the magazine (Headmasters to prove).
- (c) That they can claim 3 pupils who have contributed stories in the childrens pages (Headmasters to prove).
- (d) That if they can claim they have used the material for a class-exercise (class teachers to prove).

The Prize will be:

- (i) Two more years of free subscription to "PNGW" post-free to their school library.
- (ii) K10 worth of childrens' books for their school library.
- (iii) We will call the winning school "The Literature Bureau Community School of the year".

All contributions to the journal and request for information should be addressed to:

The Manager
Literature Bureau
P. O. Box 5741
BOROKO. P. N. G.

Education that leans

Our feature article by Nelson Giraure Director Cultural Activities for Schools with the Curriculum Unit of the Department of Education, tries to bring to the public and the growing school population and teachers the importance of a balanced education. The Department of Education, has over the years redesigned the previous totally western oriented curricula and in lieu, aimed at one that will fulfil the needs of the majority of the coming generations.

The purpose of education must be to produce an educated public who are socially adjusted to their home conditions and be prepared to live and develop with it. We cannot be Papua New Guineans in the real sense, if our materialistic and sociological demands are above and beyond our society. We cannot, by this, say that western ways as enforced by its system of education are bad and that we should revert to complacency of culture for that will be equally shunning. All cultures are a progressive adaptations of modes of living and behaviour. Perhaps education should play the leading role.

EDITOR



Nelson Giraure,
Director,
Cultural Activities

Education is a process of learning. It consist of the development of knowledge, skills, habits, values or character by teaching, training, study or experience through teaching and training. Through education a person becomes a useful member of society. It should also help him develop an appreciation of his cultural heritage and live a more satisfying life. The most common way to get education is by attending school. But much education also takes place outside the classroom.

Sometimes people learn by teaching themselves. But they also learn with the help of other people such as parents or teachers. Parents are the most important teachers. They teach character values first at home. Today some parents don't have the time or ability to teach their children. Instead they send their children to professional, trained teachers at institutional centres like the schools.

Historically, the system of education now flourishing in Papua New Guinea and many other parts of the world is believed to have originated in the West. The system characterised by formalistic organisation on certain things like trained teachers, set out programmes which were brought into the country in the early colonial days. The system which was part of the old colonial establishment was organised in a manner which made it practicable to extend their authority over areas far wider than those controlled by traditional system of education.

No doubt the lives of the people who came under European domination must be said to be rudimentary and consequently their system of education might also be called rudimentary.

In the new western form of education, especially in PNG, the children were recruited from individual villages into a more formal collective situation like the classroom.

They were trained to stand up straight, to stand still, and then to march to school. The children learn to read and write. They learn to read from written text books. In an attempt to test their ability in accumulating that new set of knowledge they were given an examination at the end of their studies. Theoretically the examinations main intention was to separate the bright ones from the dull.

So the children grew up in ignorance of the value of of their community. Their heritage which had been handed down for generations was allowed to die. As more children went to school the dying process was speeded up.

In the Papua New Guinea scene it was only recently that the Honorable, regional member for East Sepik in the National Parliament, Mr. Michael Somare and Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea realized how impractical

and lends to Cultures.

western education was. He called upon the former Director of Education, Dr. Ken McKinnon to re-assess education in Papua New Guinea.

On Tuesday, May 15th 1973, Post Courier ran a headline. "Pride in Papua New Guinea urged, McKinnon at Culture Show," the former Director of Papua New Guinea education, Dr. McKinnon said:-

"Since the people of Papua New Guinea cannot now compete in technology with other countries, nor are they likely to be able to, within the foreseeable future, some other source of pride must be found. The sensible thing then seems to be to capitalize on the richness of the cultural heritage of this country.

This cultural heritage must be vigorously supported for its further development in the new generations to give that sense of identity which is imperative when one talks about pride and moral."

In 1972, the Cultural Activities Development Programmes started in school as a means of introducing into schools the identification of the child with his community. In these activities the aim was to promote local music, local art/craft, dancing, drama, poetry; to promote the use of artistic media and any other media to encourage both children and teachers to be aware of the traditional art forms which were available to them. In 1974, the writer in this paper, to the 8th Waigani Seminar at the University of Papua New Guinea, entitled "The Need for A Cultural Programme: Personal Reflections, called for a re-direction of education to Community Living, which would install a balance in both school subjects and traditional knowledge to foster a pride in the country's own way of life.

Although this will not do away with juvenile delinquency, it will certainly give both parents and children a better chance of making the best possible use of education - but a new education - an education for our needs.

The results of this call has been the integration of schools into the Community and Community into the schools; the school subjects to useful traditional knowledge, developed in the current syllabus for Secondary and Community Schools in Papua New Guinea.

The achievements of Cultural Activities in school has been varied from community to community. This is because of the sudden re-direction of attitudes towards the value of teaching back good cultures which were once ignored. It takes time before the idea of sending children to go on to high school disappear from the minds of many parents; who demand the only way children can get jobs is by entering high schools.

I believe that the studies of Cultural and traditional values help the teachers to know the child and his background. Culture helps the teacher become creative and imaginative in his work. Cultural studies help the teacher to know the parents of the children. Cultural and Community studies help the teacher become richer and alive, thus creating healthy interactions with the school and the Community, when trying to make teaching relevant, more meaningful to the Community.

It is my hope to develop in the child pride and rational thinking. As I can see a Cultural programme will help develop, maintain and strengthen the real aims of education in the schools in Papua New Guinea by promoting better and greater integration between schools and the Communities they serve.

This can best be achieved through systematic situation follow up, during advisory school visits, courses and conferences to see how subjects in the curriculum can be correlated. This means that a strong system of education can be developed from the Community and not be imposed against the local conditions.

Papua New Guinea can become a cultural centre for the Pacific Regions. Papua New Guinea has something to show the world, e.g. Africa, New Zealand and Australia in relation to education for life, and the concept of integration developed in the current syllabus to teach the new generation to know and live better lives in their own society.

NELSON GIRAURE.



The two flanking photos show students from Eroro Community School in the Northern Province, during a group work language drills lesson. Notice their typical Northern Province traditional dress. More of this dress type is becoming part of the cultural activities programme in schools.

IN PIDGIN "THE LEGEND OF WILD SUGARCANE"

By Waio Kikiwai.

Long bipo tru i nogat pitpit i stap long hailans. Long dispela taim tupela brata, Papele na Apua i stap long ples bilong tupela yet long hailans. Papele i marit na i stap wantaim meri bilong en.

Long dispela taim i gat planti wel pik, muruk, kapul, pisin na ol arapela abus. Tasol nogat pitpit bilong wokim spia long sutim ol. Ol man i save kilim ol long stik na ston tamiok.

Wanpela taim ol kilim wanpela pik long narapela ples namel long nambis na hailans na askim Papele long i go kaikai. Papele i go kaikai na i baim sampela pitpit long kisim i go long ples long wokim spia.

Bihain olgeta pitpit i pinis na wanpela tasol i stap. Papele tok save long Apua. "Dispela spia i las tru na yu mas noken kisim na sutim pik o abus." Nambawan brata Papele kisim spia bilong em na haitim.

Wanpela taim Papele i go long gaden. Apua wantaim tambu bilong em tasol i stap long haus. Taim Meri bilong Papele go ausait, em lukim wanpela traipela wel pik stap wantaim pik bilong ol na em i singautim tambu bilong em, Apua. "He! Apua! Plis tambu bilong mi, yu kam sutim pik bilong mi hariap."

Apua i bekim, "Sori tambu bai mi sutim long wanem samting. Nogat spia."

Na meri tok, "Brata bilong yu gat wanpela spia i stap yet. Yu kisim i kam sutim."

Apua i bekim, "Nogat brata tok mi mas noken sutim long em."

Meri tok, "Nogat tambu. Papele no inap long kros sapos yumi sutim pik na mumuim."

Tasol Apua tok, "Nogat."

Meri tok, "Sapos man bilong mi kros em bai mitupela yet toktok na yu nogat. Orait mi go kisim spia nau."

Meri go kisim spia kam givim long Apua. Apua tok, "Sapos pik brukim spia orait yutupela yet toktok."

Apua kisim spia wantaim sutim dispela traipela wel pik. Pik i pundaun long graun na spia i bruk long namel. Apua lukim spia i bruk na i tok, "Shhhh sori spia i bruk pinis. Papele bai i kam tok wanem long mi?"

Meri i tok, "Ha em bai amamas long pik na no inap kros." Orait tupela tambu katim pik i stap.

Taim tupela katim pik yet Papele kam kamap. Papele kirap nogut long lukim traipela pik na i askim. "He! Yu tupela kilim dispela pik we?" Meri bilong em bekim, "O

sori man bilong mi, dispela pik bihainim pik bilong yumi kam kamap long haus. Mi tokim Apua na em sutim long dispela wanpela spia yu haitim long haus." Papele i askim, "Spia bilong mi orait?"

Meri bekim, "O sori man bilong mi, spia i bruk long namel. tasol yumi inap long joinim na pasim long rope."

Papele harim dispela na i kros. "Ha! Spia bilong husait? Mi tokim yupela pinis long noken kisim. Yu go kisim i kam na mi lukim."

Meri go kisim spia i kam na Papele lukim. Papele stat long kros na Apua i tok, "Sori brata meri bilong yu yet toktok planti na mi sutim pik wantaim spia bilong yu. Yu krosim meri bilong yu."

Tasol Papele no harim tok na tupela pait long ston tamiok. Skin bilong tupela, tupela katim katim nambaut na blut i ron long olgeta hap. Papele i tokim Apua, "Mi laikim yu mas go na baim pitpit bilong mi. Sapos nogat, bai yumi pait yet inap yumi dai orait lusim pait."

Apua i bekim, "Brata bai mi go painim. Yumi lusim pait na mumuim pik bilong mitupela tambu." Tupela brata pinis pait na Apua kilim wanpela pik bilong em na mumuim wantaim wel pik, katim, katim na pulumapim long traipela bilum bilong em. Sampela em givim long tambu bilong em.

Long bik moning tru em kirap, karim bilum pik, na olgeta samting bilong em wantaim tok gut bai long tambu bilong em na i wokabaut. Em i go long bik bus tru, em tok, O sori tudak i kam nau na bai mi slip we. Olsem siks kilok samting em kam painim wanpela liklik haus insait long bus. Em sanap ausait na lukluk go insait long haus na lukim wanpela lapun meri sindaun i stap. Apua i singaut long em. "He! mama inap long mi kam insait?" Lapun meri i kirap nogut na i askim em. "Yu husait? Yu man tru o tevel man."

Apua i bekim, "Mi man tru."

Lapun meri opim dua na Apua go insait.

Lapun meri askim Apua, "Pikinini, skin bilong yu olsem wanem?"

Apua bekim, "Mama mitupela brata pait long spia na mi go painim pitpit bilong wokim spia."

Lapun i harim olsem na i tok, "Pikinini bilong mi lusim sampela i stap, tumoro yu kisim ol dispela na yu go bek."

Apua askim Lapun, "Pikinini bilong yu go we?"

Lapun bekim, "Sori pikinini bilong mi go painim sampela moa pitpit tasol em i no kambek. Ating em go indai long sampela hap. Olsem na yu mas kisim ol dispela na go tumora."

Tasol boi tok, "Nogat mi mas go lukim ples ol save katim pitpit long en na bai mi kam bek."

Apua slip wantaim lapun meri na long bik moning tru em kirap klinim haus bilong lapun meri gut, givim em sampela pik na tok, "Orait mama bai mi go nau." Lapun i tok, "Yu kisim dispela liklik karamap na yu go. Yu mas lukautim gut."

Apua kisim dispela liklik karamap samting na i go.

Em wokabaut i go, i go, na long namel bilong rot em sindaun kisim malolo na opim dispela liklik karamap. Em lukim tupela paia-flai insait long karamap na tupela tokim em. "Mi tupela magic paia-flai na mitupela bai helpim yu."

Em i karamapim gen na putim long bilum na wokabaut i go. Klostu tudak i kamap na em i painim narapela lapun meri gen.

Apua slip wantaim dispela lapun meri na lapun meri i tokim em. "Sori pikinini yu mas kisim olgeta pitpit bilong pikinini bilong mi na yu go bek. Pikinini man bilong mi tu i go olsem tasol em i no kam bek.

Apua bekim, "Nogat mama mi mas go na lukim ples ol i save katim pitpit long en na bai mi kam bek."

Apua klinim gut haus bilong lapun meri long moning taim tru, givim em sampela mit bilong pik na i redi long go. Lapun meri givim em wanpela liklik karamap na tok, "Yu mas lukautim gut, em bai helpim yu bihain."

Apua karim ol samting na i wokabaut igo, na long namel long rot gen em i sindaun long kisim malolo na opim dispela liklik karamap. Em i lukim wanpela traipela kapul i stap insait. Dispela kapul i tok, "Mi magic kapul. Bai mi helpim yu bihain." Orait em karamapim gen na putim long bilum na i go. Em i wokabaut i go na kamap long nambis na i lukim wanpela bikpela haus klin tru na pul long bun bilong man, hangamap nambaut. Apua save pinis, em haus bilong bikpela man bilong kaikai man meri. Skin bilong em i kirap na em i go sindaun na tingting planti. Taim em laik go bek, em tok, "Sori mi painim dispela i kam na mi mas go na giant kilim mi, em samting nating." Orait Apua wokabaut isi isi i go antap long bikpela haus bilong giant.

Taim em kamap long haus em lukluk go insait na lukim wanpela gutpela, naispela, yanpela meri sindaun. Meri lukim Apua long ausait na i amamas wantim go na sekanim Apua na tok, "Sori gutpela boi papa mama bilong mi, tupela kaikaim man. Tupela save kilim ol pipel na kaikai. Mi save haitim ol gut tasol ol i save smelim na kilim na kaikai ol. Olsem na yu mas go bek."

Apua askim meri, "Mi laik katim pitpit na mi kam, ol i save katim we?" Meri tok "Sori pitpit ya papa bilong mi

i wokim traipela banis na i stap insait long banis. Olsem na yu no inap long katim papa mama bilong mi i save go was long pitpit. Taim ol man i laik katim pitpit ol i kam papa mama bilong mi save kilim na kaikaim ol. Orait Apua tok, "Papa bilong yu i kam kilim mi tu, samting nating, yumi go sindaun long haus."

Meri kisim Apua na tupela go sindaun long haus.

Meri i tingting long haitim Apua tasol nogat ples bilong haitim em. Em laik mekim hul long pos bilong haus tasol nogat samting bilong mekim. Apua salim dispela magic kapul i go na wantu tasol em kaikaim pos bilong haus na mekim traipela hul. Apua traिम i go insait na i lit tru. Em i kamaut gen na tupela i toktok i stap.

Long apinun tupela i pilim graun i guria na meri tok, "Sori boi papa mama bilong mi i kam nau." Meri kuiktaim go haitim Apua long hul bilong pos em kapul i mekim.

Taim tupela giant man meri kam kamap, Man i tok, "Ha! Ha! pikinini, mi smeli nupela boi nau na mi laik kaikaim gutpela mit bilong em. Em stap we nau?"

Pikinini tok, "Nogat wanpela man i stap wantaim mi. Ating yu smelim ol man yu kaikai pinis."

Na mama i tok, "Nogat pikinini mi smelim man i stap yet. Ol man mi kaikai long en i smel arakain."

Pikinini askim, "Papa olgeta taim ol gutpela, gutpela man i kam yu save kilim na kaikaim ol. Nau em man bilong mi. Yu no inap kilim em."

Papa bilong em i tok, "Orait pikinini mi no inap kilim em. Em tambu bilong mi nau, em stap we? Yu go kisim em i kam."

Meri go kisim boi i kam long haus na papa bilong meri i tok, "Tambu bilong mi yu mas noken pret long mi. Yu mi sindaun." Orait Apua go wantaim meri na sindaun. Bikman tok, "Tambu tumora bai yumi go na katim pitpit taim mipela kam bek yu kisim meri orait yutupela go long ples bilong yu. Pikinini bilong mi bai mi givim long yu." Long apinun ol i kaikai na go slip.

Long nait taim Apua i laik slip em opim liklik karamap na kisim tupela magic paia-flai na putim long tupela ai bilong em. Taim em slip, upela magic paia-flai i lait gut tru olsem ai bilong em stret. Giant i no slip. Em laik kilim Apua, olsem em stap yet. Long nait giant i kirap, laik kilim Apua na i lukim tupela ai bilong em i lait na i askim, "He! Tambu yu no slip yet?"

Wanpela magic paia flai i bekim, "Nogat pasin bilong mi oslem. Mi no save slip hariap."

Na giant i slip gen. Em wet i go, i go na bihain em kirap gen. Em lukim Apua gen, tupela samting i lait yet long ai bilong em. Giant i askim gen, "He! Tambu yu no slip yet?"

Narapela paia flai bekim, "Nogat pasin bilong mi olsem. Mi no save slip hariap." Na giant i slip gen. Bikman wetim Apua i go, i go na bihain tru em kirap isi na lukim Apua, tasol tupela samting i lait yet. Giant askim gen, "He! Tambu yu no slip yet? Yu mas slip nau. Yu noken pret."

Narapela paia flai gen i bekim. "Sori tambu ai bilong mi no laik slip. Sampela taim mi save slip. Sampela taim mi no save slip."

Apua i slip indai tasol tupela samting giamanim giant na em slip. Tulait Apua kirap na rausim tupela samting long ai. Em putim tupela long bilum. Long moning nau giant i tokim Apua. "Tambu mi laik yumi tripela go na yu katim pitpit. Bihain bai mipela kam bek, yu kism meri bilong yu na yu go long ples bilong yu. Em bai redim ol samting i stap na yumi tripela go katim pitpit."

Apua, giant wantaim meri bilong em i go. Ol i go long katim pitpit. Long rot giant tokim Apua long go long ol ples em bin karamapim ol hul bilong ston na ol hul em i mekim na karamapim. Tasol Apua save kalapim ol. Klostu long ples ol pitpit i stap giant wokim traipela banis.

Long dua i gat traipela hul bilong ston i stap. Dispela hul giant i bin karamapim gut. Giant i soim dua long Apua na tok, "Tambu yu go long dispela dua na katim pitpit. Mitupela mama bai wet hia."

Apua save pinis long ples bikpela hul i stap. Em meri bin tokim em. Apua kism magic Kapul bilong em na tromoi long rot. Dispela kapul tanim i go traipela na wokabaut isi isi i go long rot. Apua tanim bek na singautim giant wantaim meri bilong em, "He! Tupela kam lukim traipela kapul."

Tupela askim, "We?"

Apua tok, "Em ya."

Tupela ron i kam na lukim kapul. Kapul ron isi, isi i go na pundaun long bikpela hul. Em nau Apua lukim hul pinis. Giant i tokim Apua, "Mitupela mama go insait na kilim dispela bikpela kapul. Yu wet hia."

Apua lukim hul i bikpela tru na go daun moa na em askim tupela, "Bai yutupela go daun olsem wanem?" Tupela bekim, "I gat longpela leda i go daun. Mi wokim long kanda bai mitupela go daun long dispela leda na kilim kapul."

Orait tupela go daun. Taim tupela i stap long namel Apua kism tamiok bilong em na katim kanda. Tupela lukluk i kam antap na tok, "He! Tambu plis noken katim." Tupela laik kam antap tasol asua pinis. Kanda i bruk na tupela go pundaun long hul na brukim bun bilong tupela i go liklik na sup olgeta indai i stap. Apua i amamas tru. Bihain em brukim banis i go insait na kism ol pitpit.

Apua go katim olgeta pitpit na rausim as bilong olgeta na go long haus bilong giant na tokim meri, "Meri, papa mama bilong yu indai pinis." Meri amamas nogut tru. Tupela kism olgeta pitpit wantaim as na wokabaut i kam bek long Hailans. Tupela i kam kamap long ples bilong Apua na lukim Papele wantaim meri bilong em. Olgeta amamas gen. Bihain ol i planim olgeta pitpit i stap long hailans na nogat planti long olgeta hap long nambis. Em long wanem Apua rausim as bilong olgeta pitpit na karim i kam long Hailans. Sapos Apua no go, bai nogat pitpit long Hailans.

LEWI AND THE TWO GIANTS

By Areuu Kovey

A long time ago in a village called Danakul, in the Kalasa area lived a boy called Lewi with his uncle. Lewi's uncle was a cruel man. He often hit Lewi and did not give him food. Sometimes Lewi stole from other people's gardens. When he was found his uncle hit him until he was unconscious.

One day Lewi got his spear, went down to the river and started to catch eels and small water-crabs. By about evening he had caught enough for the day. As the place was getting colder he began to look for a place where he could sit and warm himself. He soon found a stone, put his spear and the water-crabs and eels nearby and sat down on the stone. In a few minutes he was asleep.

He was awoken by the sound of two men who were eating what he had caught. When he saw them he tried to stand up and fight them but found his body had stuck to the stone. He tried until he was tired and went to sleep again. It was already dark. When the two giants finished eating they planned to carry him to their house. They tried to pull him away but discovered he was stuck to the stone. In the end they agreed to carry Lewi and the stone to their house. To do this they got a big pole and tied Lewi and the stone to it.

Before they started for home the giant with good eyes said to the giant with the bad eyes: "I will carry at the rear end and watch where we are going." The giant with bad eyes said, "But you have good eyes and can see so you must walk in front. I will carry the rear end. If the boy wants to run away I will be able to hear the noise and will tell you." Both agreed on this and started their journey.

On the way Lewi gradually freed himself from the stone and thought of ways to escape. As they passed a tree Lewi got hold of a branch and climbed up to the top and hid there.

At their house when they found their meat gone, the giant with the good eyes fought with the giant with bad eyes. Later both went back to look for their catch.

When they arrived under the tree the giant with good eyes looked up and saw Lewi. Taking a stick, he gave it to his friend saying, "You stand here. I'll climb up and kill our game. When I throw it down you must kill it good." Lewi was scared when he saw the giant climbing up. He took an egg from a bird-nest and threw it at the giant's face. The giant let go and fell. As he fell, Lewi yelled from the tree: "Friend, I didn't kill him good, he's coming down, kill him good." When the giant with bad eyes heard this he hit his friend until he died. Quickly Lewi climbed down. "Give me the stick. You didn't kill him properly."

The giant with bad eyes gave the stick to him. Lewi began to beat him till he died, then he went to his village and spread the news. When the headman heard it, he was so pleased that he gave his daughter to Lewi.

DARU WAIME

By Areuu Kovey

A long time ago on an island lived some people who relied on their gardens and sago palms. Life was not easy and there were constant clan and tribal fights.

Children liked swimming very much when the sun was hot. It was midday and the tide had begun to ebb. Among the children was a boy of seven, an only child in a family. His parents had gone into the bush to make gardens. While out swimming near the mouth of the river, he spotted a fruit floating down. He swam out, got it and ran home to his mother with it. From the garden his parents had brought fruits like his. He went for another swim while his mother cooked the fruits. She noticed worms in hers so she put it aside for her son and ate his fruit.

When the boy returned from the river he asked his mother for his fruit. The mother told him what had happened. He started to cry. He cried all afternoon and all evening and was still crying towards midnight. Still no one could stop him.

In the distance right in the bush, lived a huge monster, who was called Daru Waime. The wind was blowing in his direction and he could clearly hear the sound of wailing. At first he thought it was an animal but as the wailing continued he realized that it was a human being. He came out of his cave in the ground and started moving towards the sound. When he arrived he saw a small boy sitting on the steps. He reached out and grabbed him by the neck. He choked him to death and carried him back to his home in the cave.

The next morning when the parents woke up they found no one outside. Only a big pool of blood was found near the steps. The whole village went out searching for the boy following the streaks of blood leading into the bush. When they came to the place where the blood stopped, they found bones and not so far away they saw a big hole in the ground. The parents collected the bones and started weeping. The people began to dig into the hole. As they got closer to the monster others began to light a huge open fire. The smoke drove the monster out and the people beat him up and threw him into the fire.

Many days after the boy's funeral feast and the death of the monster the people named the island Daru after the big monster.

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

"Papua New Guinea writing" will from now on include material, i.e. Short Stories, Legends, articles and short poems for pupils at lower grades and those who left school at grade 6.

As a publication of the Department of Education this is inevitable and is a move away from the previous policy of including the best written stories, poems etc.

You will note in this issue that we have devoted one half of the magazine i.e. 12 pages for children's stories etc. We want to continue printing useful reading aids for the kids and would appreciate similar stories or articles.

We realise the value of parent and teacher as it is they who, children spend the better part of their early years with and who know their interests.

All contribution for children should be written with the national curricular in mind and if so set in Papua New Guinea. Care should be exercised in not including words that are too hard for Grade 6 pupils.

All contributions to the Children's Pages should be addressed to

The Editor
Papua New Guinea Writing
Literature Bureau
P O Box 5741
BOROKO
National Capital Province

The Literature Bureau of the Department of Education wishes to organise an inter-community school general competition on an annual basis on "Patronage" system. The winning school should fulfil the following conditions:

- (a) That it subscribes to the journal for a period of two years.
- (b) That over 200 pupils have read the children's pages we include in the magazine (Headmasters to prove).
- (c) That they can claim 3 pupils who have contributed stories in the childrens pages (Headmasters to prove).
- (d) That if they can claim they have used the material for a class-exercise (class teachers to prove).

The Prize will be:

- (i) Two more years of free subscription to "PNGW" post-free to their school library.
- (ii) K10 worth of childrens' books for their school library.
- (iii) We will call the winning school "The Literature Bureau Community School of the year".

All contributions to the journal and request for information should be addressed to:

The Manager
Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
BOROKO. P.N.G.

The Story of the First Ivy

By Jennifer Davey

Long ago in a village there lived a girl with her parents. She was always sad and lonely because her parents never allowed her to go out. She did not know what was happening outside. One day when her parents had gone to the garden, she heard some girls laughing and joking as they came to the water-well. She peeped through a hole in her bedroom and saw the girls. She thought they looked happy everywhere they went so she decided that when the girls went away she would go out and try for herself. When the girls were gone she crept quietly out from the house and went straight to the well. She took a bowl which was tied to a rope and lowered it into the well. As she was pulling the bowl up, the rope broke and the bowl fell into the well. She was very frightened so she dived down into the well to get the bowl. She didn't find the bowl but instead saw a door. She swam to the door and opened it. There was nobody inside, but she saw the bowl. She went quickly and took the bowl. As she was about to leave she heard a noise and turned around. There at the door lay a big snake. She was very frightened and started to cry, but the snake told her not to cry. She stopped crying and the snake told her to stay with him and gave her an armlet as a proposition for marriage. She agreed to stay with him and took the armlet to put on her arm. From then on she stayed with him.

After many months with the snake, she decided to go back to her parents. One day as usual when the snake went out to look for food, she took the bowl and swam up to the top of the well. She climbed out of the well and ran to her house. Her parents were very happy to see her. She told them what had happened to her and how she went to live with the snake. That night she dreamt that her father had killed a snake and burnt its skin in a fire. The next morning when she woke up, she found that her father had killed a snake. She searched for the snake's skin and found it in the ashes. She took it to a safe place and buried it. A few weeks later a little plant began to grow. As years went by it grew up into a fine big tree and began to bear fruits. One day she took a nice red fruit and tasted it. It was very sweet and as she thought of the snake, tears appeared in her eyes. It was the first ivy fruit which came into being.

TIME

By: Francis Upa

Time, O time, What's wrong?
 You are always moving.
 To where are you going?
 Seconds pass into minutes,
 Minutes pass into hours,
 Hours pass into days,
 Days pass into Weeks,
 Weeks pass into months,
 Months pass into years,
 Years pass into decades,
 Decades pass into centuries,
 Centuries pass.....
 But—where is your destiny?
 O, time, you are always moving on.
 Always moving for a place where there is no destiny.

Time, O, Time, I wish you would slow down!
 With your moving on, you make me grow older.
 I was a baby when I first came into the world.
 Then I grew to be a child.
 Some years ago, I was in my teens
 Now I am an adult.
 Some years from now, I will be old
 Then out of this world.
 My life has its destiny.....Birth...Life and Death.
 But you have no destiny.
 I came and you set my destiny.
 So my life will end.
 But where is your destiny?
 O endless time.

Time, O Time, I wish you had slowed down?
 Soon I will be swallowed by the earth.
 Leaving my bones behind me,
 In my grave, as white as lime stone; they will remain.
 What have you done for me in my life?
 When life is interesting and joyous,
 you seem to fly.
 But when life is boring and idle,
 You seem to drag.
 Oh time, I wish you had slowed down when it was joyous.
 And had hurried when it was boring.
 I will be leaving you soon.
 I hope to enter into the next world,
 Where you will not be present.
 Oh time, it will be the last I'll see of you
 So be it, Mr. Time!

PUBLICATIONS OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA STUDIES

JOURNAL

GIGIBORI A journal of Papua New Guinea Cultures edited by
Ulli Beier. Twice Year K2.50 per copy plus postage

: Latest issue Vol III, No. 2, 1977, contains articles by Apisai Enos,
H.A. Brown, Greg Murphy, Matthew Tamoane,
Martin K. Maua, Ulli Beier, and Inge Riebe with
Wn Tblakn.

: Forthcoming articles by Greg Murphy, John Kolia,
John Kasaipwalova and Ulli Beier.

ORAL HISTORY Edited by Pamela Swadling and John Kolia
Ten issues per year
Within P.N.G. K6.50 p.a.
Overseas K13.50 p.a.
Some back copies available

: Latest issue Vol. V, No. 10, December 1977.

JOURNAL OF THE MOROBE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Edited by Philip Holzknrecht 75¢ per copy

Some back copies available

: Latest issue No. 2 of 1977

POETRY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

MELPA AMB KENAN

Melpa courting songs collected and translated by Andrew Strathern
Melpa and English texts pp. 101 K2.60

BENEATH THE ANDAIYA TREE—

PAIA/STRATHERN pp. 122 K2.00
Wiru songs from the Southern Highlands

MODERN ENGA SONGS

Topical songs collected and translated by Kundapen Talyaga
Enga and English Tgxts pp. 82 K2.60

THE EYE OF GOD DOES NOT GROW ANY GRASS: THE WORLD THROUGH POETRY

by Ulli Beier pp. 128 K5.00
a series of ten N.B.C. broadcasts in which P.N.G.
poetry is juxtaposed with other poetry from all over the world.

CENTRAL GUITAR SONGS

Vernacular and English texts, pp. 55 K2.00
edited by Simon Lohia and Raka Vele

IN PRINT:

NAKED THOUGHTS—Russell Soaba

GIGIBORI

A JOURNAL OF PAPUA
NEW GUINEA CULTURES:
VOLUME 3, No. 3

K1.50 per copy plus postage

From the Contents

- * SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE—Apisai Enos.
- * TITO: The Origin of Death—H.A. Brown.
- * NEMA NAMBA: A dance Drama by the Raun Raun Theatre—Greg Murphy.
- * KAMOAI OF DARAPAP AND THE LEGEND OF JARE—Matthew Tamoane
- * NEW WORKS BY RUKI FAME.
- * ENGA SONGS—Martin K. Maua.
- * A CHRISTIAN CARVER—Ulli Beier
- * KADANGAB: The Woman Decorated for a Fight—Inge Riebe and Wn Tblakn.

Published by

The Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies
P.O.Box 1432
Boroko, P.N.G.



Papua New Guinea Writing now includes and will continue to provide pages for children. In this issue you will note that from page 13 on we have included stories, poems and articles of interest to pupils in lower grades. To help us maintain a useful stream of material of general interest to pupils, teachers and parents are urged to send in contributions. All contributions will be paid for on actual publication. Please keep the children reading!



HOW THE KUMUSI RIVER WAS FORMED

By Merino Raepa

Long ago, there existed a tribe called Wawanga. They lived in the mountains and their main food was yams. They had no water to cook their yams with, so they usually made a big fire and into that they put all their yams.

They ate up all their yams that were cooked, but had no water to quench their thirst. Everyone in the tribe went out in the bush to search for water in bamboo holes and in young shoots of wild banana trees. In that tribe there lived a woman called Kumusi. She never bothered to search with the others but slept in her house every day. Actually the old woman never slept, she just pretended.

When everyone was gone she would go to her secret water hole, where she would fetch water in a bamboo and bring it to her house to drink. The people talked about her and wondered where and how she fetched water. One day the people decided to hide a man in the old woman's garden to observe where the old woman went for water. When everybody was asleep the man went and hid himself among some sugar-cane and stayed there all night.

The next morning the people woke-up and cooked their yams. When they had eaten their yams, all started to search for water in the bush. Again when everyone was gone, the old woman took her bamboo and went to the garden for the water hole. The man, who was hiding among the sugar cane watched her carefully. The old woman entered the garden and pulled out her biggest yam. Under the yam was the water. She began to drink and went home unaware that she was being watched eagerly.

It was in the night when the spy came home and told all the men of the tribe about the secret water-hole. He told the others that the water was under the big yam. Early next morning the man went to the old woman's garden and pulled the big yam from its mound. There was a big noise and the water started roaring down the mountain.

It went all the way down to the sea. The old woman was so angry that she went to the flooding water and drowned herself. Since that time the Wawanga people have called the river, Kumusi, after the old woman.

(IPNGS) Publications Contd

FOLKLORE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF
THE NGAIMBOM AND MONUMBO PAPUANS OF
NORTH WEST NEW GUINEA pp. 55 K2.60
Georg Holtker, Translated by G. Duigu

MYTHS AND STORIES FROM MURIK LAKES
—Georg Holtker, Translated by U. Beier pp. 71 K2.00

OL STORI I KAM LONG AMBUNTI WEWAK NA MAPRIK
—Vol. I and II—Kakah Kais pp. 52 K2.60 ea.

THE EPIC OF TAUHAU
—J.W.T. Kaniku pp. 68 K2.60
story of a Milne Bay culture hero

AINAI'S family
—John Man and K.N. Lamang pp. 14 K1.00
a legend from Simbai

THE HISTORY OF THE MEKEO
—Allan Natachee pp. 66 K1.60
Western ideas in a Papuan Community

SUN AND MOON IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA FOLKLORE
—Ulli Beier and Prithvindra Chakravarti pp. 88 K2.60
Myths translated by students of U.P.N.G.

MEAVEA KIVOVIA
—Bert Brown pp. 52 K1.30
Some Elema myths from Papuan Gulf

MEAVEA KIVOVIA
Toaripi original of above pp. 50 K1.30

PARI HANUA EDIA SENE SIVARAIDIA
- Igo Ovia and Nou Ese pp. 28 K1.30

OA LAEA
- Bert Brown pp. 44 K2.00
Volume Two of Elema myths

OA LAEA
Toaripi original of above pp. 68 K1.30

TRADITIONAL MOTU CUSTOMS
- Revo Pita et al pp. 104 K3.25
Translated by A.V.G. Price

MOTU SENEDIA EDIA KARA DALADIA SIVARADIA
Original Motu version of above pp. 104 K2.60

BAINING LEGENDS
- K. Hesse, translated Ulli Beier pp. 75 K2.50

FOLKLORE IN MELANESIA
- Ulli Beier et al pp. 79 K2.00

Six N.B.C. Broadcasts.

P.N.G. WRITE YOUR OWN HISTORY
- John Kolia

CENTRAL COASTAL STORIES
-Simon Lohia pp. 30 K1.30

HAGEN MYTHS AND LEGENDS
- G. Vicedom, translated A. Strathern pp. 136 K5.00

KEWA STORIES
- Rambi/Nini/Beier pp. 56 K2.00

THE MYTHS OF THE SAMAP
(J. Gehberger, translated
Tschander/Swadling) pp. 148 K3.00

IN PRINT:
RA TUBUAN GORI
- Jacob Simet—Kuanua text

HOW
Vol. I of Folklore Series
- A. Enos & R. Soaba

LANGUAGES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

BALAWAIA GAROAI TA DUAIA
a reader in the Balawaia dialect
of Sinaugolo pp. 23 K1.00

ENE LAI AKO'A'I
a reader in the Vaimuru dialect of Purari pp. 18 K1.00
- John Kolia

A LALA GRAMMAR SKETCH AND VOCABULARY
—Sam Clunn and John Kolia pp. 158 K2.60

(Purari Grammar Sketch previously notified, in Oral History, Vol.
V, No. 10, 1977.)
(Also see vernacular texts under different headings.)

BIBLIOGRAPHIES

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TRADITIONAL MUSIC IN PAPUA
NEW GUINEA
—Ken Gourlay pp. 146 K6.50

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NEW WRITING FROM PAPUA NEW
GUINEA
—Prithvindra Chakravarti and Kakah Kais pp. 66 K2.60

MUSIC ARCHIEVE OF THE INSTITUTE OF P.N.G STUDIES
—Frederic Duvelle pp. 100 K5.00

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

1. BOUGAINVILLE ARTIFACTS: CONSERVED OR COOKIM
COFFEE?
—James and Helga Griffin pp. 24 K3.00

2. CHUAVE HOUSING
—Janet Grey pp. 24 K3.00

3. TOWARDS A MELANESIAN ARCHITECTURE
—Zbyszek Plocki pp. 34 K3.00

4. ENGA HOUSING
—K. Kembol et al pp. 100 K5.00

BOOKS

PROPHETS OF MELANESIA
—Garry Trompf pp. 271 K5.75

HISTORY OF THE BALAWAIA
—John Kolia pp. 240 K6.50

Continued on page 24

NEWS FOR AND ABOUT WRITERS

K200 SOUTH PACIFIC SHORT STORY COMPETITION

SPACLALS, THE SOUTH PACIFIC ASSOCIATION OF LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE STUDIES, is offering a prize of A\$200 for the best unpublished short story from the South Pacific area and invites entries. THE CLOSING DATE is 28 February, 1978.

1. Stories should not exceed 3,000 words in length and should be written in English.
2. Copyright for the work remains with the author, although SPACLALS will endeavour to arrange publication of stories judged to merit it, in which case a fee will be paid.
3. Entries should be submitted in one typed copy which will not be returned to the author. To be considered entries should reach the Honorary Secretary, SPACLALS, Department of English, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Qld. 4067, Australia no later than 28 February 1978.
4. Entries should not bear the name and address of the author but should bear a pseudonym or code name. Accompanying the entry should be a sealed enveloped containing the name and address of the author and the code name.
5. To be eligible writers should be normally resident in Papua New Guinea, Australia, New Zealand or the South Pacific islands.
6. In the interpretation of these rules and in the selection of the prize-winner, the decision of the judges will be final; no correspondence will be entered into.
7. The result of the competition will be announced in the April 1978 issue of SPAN, the newsletter of SPACLALS. In addition all entrants will be notified individually.
8. An entry fee of A\$0.50c per composition should accompany each entry. Without this the work cannot be considered by the judges.

Teloti Kaniku (formerly known as John Wills Kaniku), will go to the United State on a Scholarship by the South Pacific Commission to study Theatre at the University of Mississippi in the United State.

Teloti (alias John) was the first Papua New Guinean to start a Theatre Company in Papua New Guinea with the formation of an Acting Group with the students at Badihagwa High School in 1970. In 1971 Teloti (alias John) was awarded a Scholarship to study Theatre in Australia, under the auspices of the Australian Council for the Arts (now Australian Council).

On his return he formed the Port Moresby Theatre Company and himself became Head of the Dance and Drama School with the Centre for Creative Arts. (Now National Arts School).

He quitted in 1973 and with him went the actors and dancers. The remains of the originally envisaged company now with the National Art School are but an interested minority. Kaniku devoted his 'out of stage' days developing his skills in other related arts, awaiting an opportunity to make a re entry.

Having known Kaniku in person and in his art, I know he is nothing other than a good actor and playwright. We should encourage him to excell in that. America is just the right place



Teloti Kaniku

Letters to the Editor

Thank you for publishing my article on Papua New Guinea poetry (PNGW, No. 25, March 1977). Some alterations and errors were made in the printing of the article which I wish to comment on and correct.

The title, "A Postmortem of Papua New Guinea Poetry" was not my title. It suggests that Papua New Guinea poetry is dead. My article argues quite the opposite viewpoint.

Several typographical errors need clarification because they interfere with the sense of the article. The first sentence should read: "The earliest stirrings of modern poetry in Papua New Guinea were courageous but inauspicious" (not insuspicious). In the discussion of Apisai Enos's work a large section of the following sentence was omitted: "Even when evoking social issues of national significance his poetry's focus remains at the individual's centre and from here it records, sensitive to the deeper vibrations caused by external relationships with country, traditions and people." Several earlier lines of the "Reluctant Flame" quotation are missing. At the bottom of the same column a line has been left off: "Kasaipwalova, the angry young man, became a public figure. But the other young man revealed in the poem, has been too often neglected." And the second sentence following should read: "The call for destruction on the white man's world at the very end of the poem is the final embittered rage produced by years of meek acceptance of harshness and injustice. There are other misprints but they are not major.

I appreciate the problems involved in editorship and printing, but it is a great disappointment for any writer to find the focus of his or her work changed, whether by editorial intention or by accident. I know **Papua New Guinea Writing** serves an important function within Papua New Guinea literature. The better produced it is, the more valuably it will transmit that literature.

Nigel Krauth
24 Pine Street
Bathurst, N. S. W. Australia



EDITOR'S REPLY

The editorial staff of "PNGW" duly regret the appearance of typographical errors in your article originally titled "Papua New Guinea Poetry" which may have caused loss of meaning contending to your article.

You will remember during the Writers Seminar of 1976 in Port Moresby that the major concern of writers/teachers of creative writing in Papua New Guinea was the near cessation of poetic communication. The so called prophets/poets who emerged during the pre-independence years are no longer writing or want to contribute to "PNGW" No major works of poetry, except for the late emergence of Highlands poetry, has been of promise as to warrant a forecast that New Guinean poetry of quality, and substance will continue to come out. This is most conspicuous "Papua New Guinea Writing".

If, as you stated towards the end of your article, that "Papua New Guinea Poets have done much and promise a lot more;" they have not done otherwise and we, like yourself who have similar expectations, would want to see the same too.

EDITOR

Dear Sir

I thank you for sending the copy of the literary journal "Papua New Guinea Writing", Issue No. 24 of December, 1976. We enjoyed reading it, and think it would be a good addition to our school library on a continuing basis.

I am enclosing a cheque for K2.00 for a single subscription to this literary journal for two years.

A Blessed Christmas to you.

David K. Durow.
Katharine Lehmann School
WAU

Dear Sir

I am in receipt of your letter of December regarding subscription to Papua New Guinea Writing. I herewith forward a cheque of K 10.00 for 5 years subscription to your magazine.

With best wishes for continued success.

Yours faithfully

Fr. Henry Esch Msc.
Cath. Presbytery
PAPARATAVA
Kokopo

(IPNGS) Publications Contd.

THE LATE MR. PAPUA
Novel— John Kolia pp. 105 K3.00

IN PRINT:
WANPIS
Novel—Russell Soaba

UP THE RIVER TO VICTORY JUNCTION
Novel— John Kolia

VICTIMS OF INDEPENDENCE
Novel—John Kolia

MR RELUCTANT MISSIONARY
Novel— John Kolia

WITHOUT MANNERISMS AND OTHER STORIES
—John Kolia

A COMPULSIVE EXHIBITION
Novel—John Kolia

CANOES OF WALOMO
—Hermione Frankel
A study of canoe designs from Walomo village in the West Sepik Province.

PLAYS

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING DIFFERENTLY
—Nora Vagi Brash pp. 11 K1.30

TWO GROOMS FOR THE BRIDE
—Benjamin Umba pp. 57 K2.00

AN EDUCATED GIRL
—Christine Matekau pp. 15 K1.30

THE PICNIC AT DARU ISLAND
—John Kolia pp. 16 K1.00

LIBERTEE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE
—John Kolia pp. 12 K1.00

THE AFFAIR AT VEIPA
—John Kolia pp. 17 K1.00

A PAIR OF LOCKS
—John Kolia pp. 22 K1.00

WHICH WAY BIG MAN
—Nora Vagi Brash pp. 23 K1.00

DON'T LOOK CABBY
—Nicholas Auo pp. 28 K1.00

THE DELTA, THE GOVERNOR & VAI'
—John Kolia pp. 22 K1.00

CONTACT AT UKIARAVI
—John Kolia pp. 11 K1.00

IN PRINT:
HISTORICAL PLAYS (collection)—John Kolia
AWKWARD MOMENTS (Collection)—John Kolia

The usual trade discount applies
Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies,
P.O. Box 1432 Boroko,
Papua New Guinea.

ANOTHER PUBLICATION

BY

THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet published by the Literature Bureau

The booklet, titled

'STORIES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, BOOK 1'

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

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

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

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

The Manager
Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
BOROKO



wantok

Niuspepa bilong ol Papua Niugini stret

Get the two largest magazines in Papua Niugini

WANTOK

Weekly, 48 issues per year @ K8.00 airmailed
News magazine in Pidgin
Photos of current events, cultural material
Excellent for bulletin boards

NEW NATION

Monthly, 10 issues per year @ K6.00 airmailed
In English, 32 pages with 8 in colour
Music, sports, features, comics
No school can be without one

Special rates on bulk orders (10 copies or more) of both magazines.

Wantok Publications
Box 1982, Boroko Phones: 25.2214 25.2552



new nation

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

4 ISSUES ANNUALLY PNG . . . K2.00
 Overseas . . . K3.00
 PNG Students . . . K1.00

I wish to subscribe to PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING. I enclose my remittance of K. for the next issues, commencing with issue No. Please send my copies, addressed to:

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss)

Address

.....

City State Post Code

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

I wish also to pay K. for years Annual Subscription for and on behalf of my at the following address:

Name

Address

.....

City State Post Code

Please send the receipt to me at the top address of mine.

Note:—Overseas cheques, Postal and Money Orders should be in KINA only and should allow for international currency exchange charges.

Send this form to:

The Literature Bureau
P.O.Box 5741
BOROKO, PAPUA NEW GUINEA

IMPORTANT: A photocopy of this form should be sent with your remittance.

Breckwoldts and Co (PNG) Pty Ltd

Distributors of Worldfamous Quality Brands

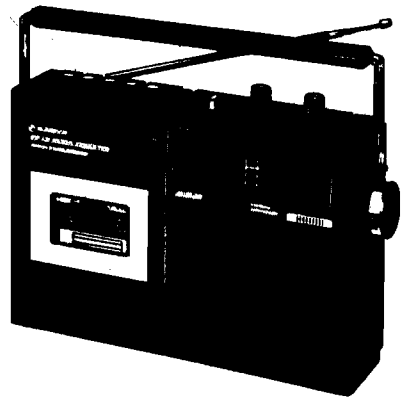


Join
the Sanyo
Family

 SANYO



SANYO



SHOES AND
CLOTHES FOR
ALL SPORTS:
GET THE BEST
VALUE FOR
YOUR MONEY.

Breckwoldts and Company (PNG) Pty Ltd.

Branches at:

PORT MORESBY, LAE, MADANG, MT. HAGEN, RABAUL, WENAK