



5. Once the sounds are identified, a wordlist is devised for each letter.



8. The books are given a final check before being stapled and bound.



6. The trial alphabet has been decided on and the men begin work on their stencils. These will be used to print the spelling guide and alphabet book.



9. Felix holds the first copy of the first book to be printed in the Bosman language. This alphabet book will be used to teach children how to read and write their own language



7. Fifty copies of each page are silk screened individually. It takes about an hour to finish a single page - and each book has 10-15 pages.

On the top of the first page is the newly developed Bosman alphabet. It has nine vowels and sixteen consonants.

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# Ramu Ramblings

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*Serving the people of the Lower Ramu river valley  
of Papua New Guinea*



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**a ā mb nd e ē ŋ g ī i k m n ny ŋ o ō p r s t u v y nz**

Mark and Diane Shreve, Bible translators working upriver from us in the Abu language group hosted an alphabet design workshop in September. We participated along with five men from the Bosman language group. Over a period of two weeks, we helped those men analyse the sounds of their language, develop a trial alphabet, and produce two books, a spelling guide and an alphabet book, to be used in literacy work among the Bosman people. The following photos chronicle the progress of the workshop.



1. Peter, Adam, Melchior, Norman, and Felix, representatives from the Bosmun language group, work on writing stories in the vernacular.



2. Once the stories are written, one is selected to be put on the blackboard and discussed.



3. Each word of the story is analysed to identify the sounds of the language. These sounds are listed at the top of the black board.



4. Meanwhile, Kathy takes careful notes on everything that is put on the board.

Continued on back

# THE PIG HUNT

## (Guys' Day Out)

"At eight in the morning we are leaving for the pig hunt. Be ready." Or so I was told the evening before. Now at seven, as I was settling in for the second cup of coffee of the day and checking our email, there came a tap tap at the door. "Ai tang." ("Let's go.") Ngau hollered in.

It seems that when we have to go to a meeting, no one is ready on time. But for a pig hunt they are an hour early. There must be something about cultural priorities in there somewhere. But regardless of the deep anthropological significance, I was ready. Besides being a lot of fun, a pig hunt is a great opportunity to hang out with and get to know the men of the area. So grabbing my bow and arrows, a half-gallon of water, and some snacks, I was out the door.

A pig hunt is a big event here. The way this one was to work is that several dozen men would surround a large field of 7-8 foot high kunai grass. During the night pigs scrounge around in the jungle but during the day they retreat to these fields to sleep. Once we had staked out our areas around the periphery of the field, someone would start a fire on one side. If all went well (for us, not the pigs) the fire would scare out the pigs and as they ran out of the kunai, we would spear or shoot them. Then after the hunt, we would all meet for a big pig roast.

Over the past couple of weeks I had heard amazing stories about this particular kunai field. In the olden days, or so the legends go, seventy-two pigs were killed in one hunt. On another occasion thirty were killed. I had hunted with New Guineans for years and so far had seen two pigs and had got a shot off at one. If this were indeed the mother lode of pigs, maybe today would be the day I actually shot my first one in the wild.

As we hiked along, we were joined by other hunters. Our party grew from two to ten and I found myself surrounded by villagers armed with scary looking

spears. It made for an interesting picture. After a couple of hours we arrived at the village that was hosting the hunt and enjoyed the pre-hunt meal. A hunt demands that the hosts prepare large quantities of food for the hunters. Before the hunt we all feasted on sago, bananas, yams, coconuts, and whatever else was available. Then after the hunt we would enjoy a pig roast but the hosts would get to keep the majority of what was shot. As long as a few pigs are killed it works well for all involved; again, except for the pigs.



Knowing the importance of keeping one's strength up, Ngau and Peter chow down before the hunt.

We sat and visited and ate and visited and ate and waited until somehow it was decided that the time had come to take up our stations around the field. Peter, Ngau, and I were given what appeared to be prime real estate where a large pig trail came out of the kunai and ran towards the jungle. I took up my station at the mouth of the trail with Peter and Ngau standing a few yards behind. I had my compound bow and they had their spears. When the army of pigs appeared, I would get the first shot(s) and Peter and Ngau would finish off those I missed. Everyone present assumed that this would include most or all of the pigs.

So we waited; tense, poised, alert for any movement in the kunai. We could hear the snap and pop of the fire in the distance and it seemed to be getting closer

by the second. That fire was really moving. The reason for this became obvious when two men appeared, set fire to the kunai directly in front of us and proceeded on, torching as they went.

Almost immediately we were surrounded on three sides by flames and smoke and ash and noise. The heat was intense. Off to our left we heard a squeal and snort as a pig galloped through the fire and into the jungle. We could only hope that someone had been stationed there and had gotten off a shot. I could barely see or breathe. My bow was becoming hot to the touch, as were my eyeglass frames. At what point do plastic lenses begin to melt? I looked behind me and saw that Ngau and Peter were still standing there, showing no signs of being affected at all by the inferno. Well if they could do it, so could I. (They were probably thinking that if I could do it, so could they.)

Slowly, too slowly, the fire burned away towards the middle of the field, leaving a scorched buffer between us and the green grass and giving us some



Here Piggy Piggy Piggy

relief from the heat. I could see immediately that my hunt was over. What had been a point blank shot at a pig emerging from the kunai was now going to be a 30-40 foot shot across an open area, through smoke and haze, at a high-speed target, with a crosswind. I had about as much chance hitting a pig under those circumstances as I did of having one just run up and fall over dead at my feet.

But no one else was giving up so I continued to play the role of mighty hunter. As the fire burned farther in, we followed at a distance, waiting for the horde of pigs to finally make a break for it. Off to the left we could see a couple of guys stabbing at something on the ground. From the size of it they had either gotten a small pig or a bandicoot. The area of remaining green grass got smaller and smaller until it became obvious to all that there would be no further pigs that day. We turned around and hiked back to the host village.

At the village, people were slowly filtering back. We got something to drink, and asked if anyone had had any luck. Apparently on the far side of the field from us the hunting had been a bit better. Three or four had been speared but at least a couple of those had escaped to the jungle. It was quickly decided that since no one from our group had killed any pigs there was no point in waiting around for a pig roast. Apparently someone from your group has to actually kill a pig before you are invited to stay for the roast. So we all hoisted our bows and spears and started for home.

As we hiked along it struck me that no one seemed particularly upset that all that effort had been expended with no visible result. Then it occurred to me that there is much more to a pig hunt than the pigs. Forty men had taken a day off from the wives and kids, consumed huge quantities of food, sat around and told stories (a few of which may have actually been true), made a huge impressive fire, and even had a chance to shoot something. With or without pigs, it had been a perfect guy day.



**Pigs 1**  
**Guys 0**