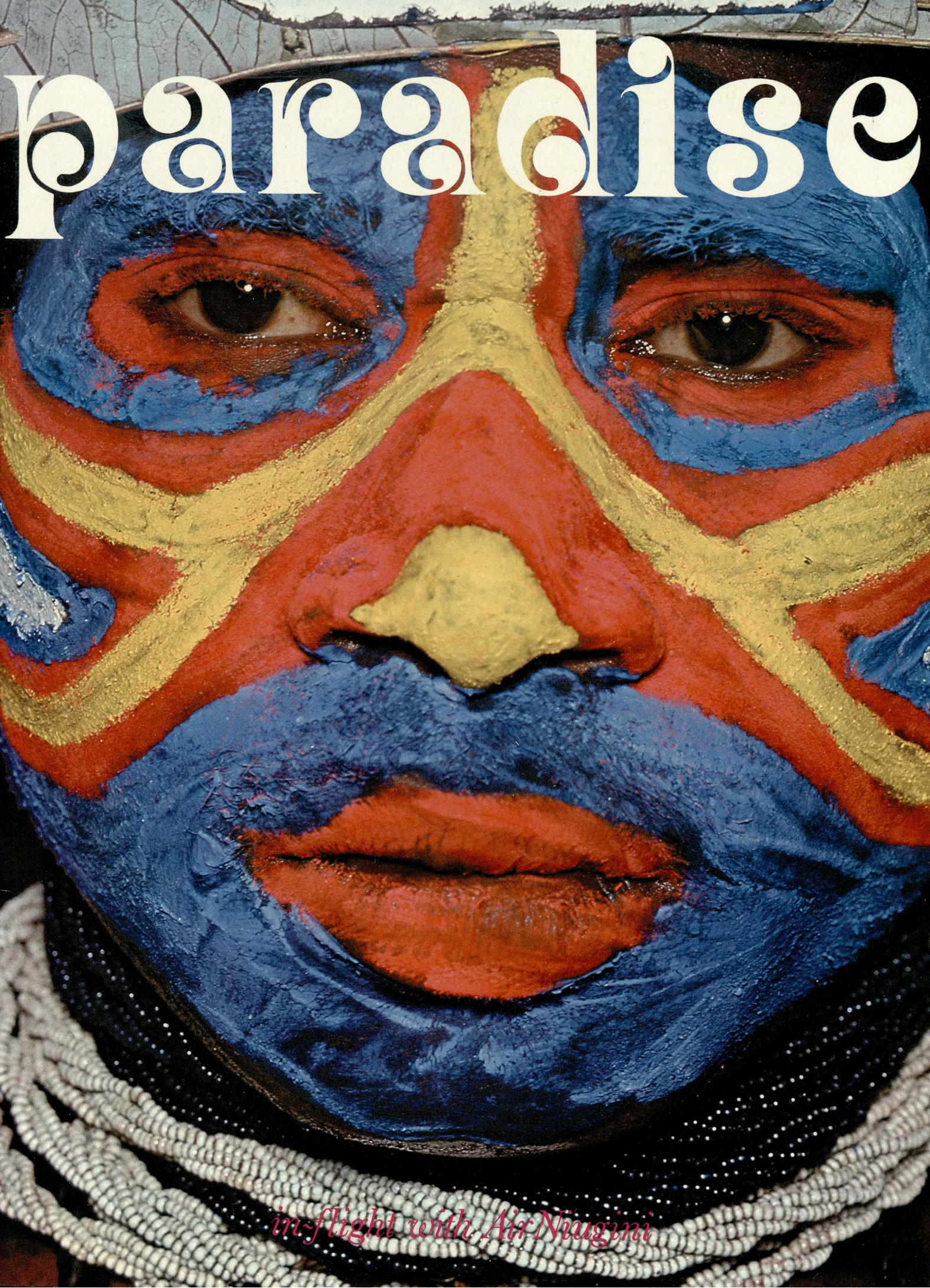
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No. 17 May 1979

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IN THIS ISSUE

Farewell Bryan Grey

Bryan Grey was the type of boss who'd give you an instruction and expect it to be carried out. Before there was time to finish he'd be back with another. But he always worked harder himself and few could match his ability. Last month he returned to Australia to join Ansett Transport Industries. He left with the knowledge that he had established a reputation for Air Niugini as an efficient and reliable regional carrier. While maintaining domestic airfares at the same level for four years and extending international routes to Sydney, Hong Kong and Japan, Bryan Grey made a healthy profit for his company. The old fashioned DC3 image faded quickly when he took office. He grounded all 12 of them and purchased modern F28 jets. The DC3 pictured on this page is one of the last to fly commercially in Papua New Guinea. It stands on the grounds of our head office at Jackson's Airport, Port Moresby, as a monument to aviation pioneers who lost their lives in Papua New Guinea. Right until the day he flew to Australia, Bryan Grey put the finishing touches on arrangements for two superbly maintained ex-Qantas Boeing 707s and plans for the inauguration of services to Honolulu, Jakarta and Singapore. The mind boggles at the projects he achieved during his three years with Air Niugini, some of which were computer reservations, an extensive staff training scheme, multi million kina staff housing project (now nearing completion), and the opening of overseas offices in Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Europe and U.S.A. Although he had to take his sense of humour back home, he left us with the spirit of adventure and the drive to continue to fly the Birds of Paradise higher, and further.

EDITOR
p.s. Thanks for Paradise magazine.

PHOTO CREDITS

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COVER

During one of his frequent visits to Papua New Guinea on assignments for the National Geographic Magazine, naturalist Malcolm Kirk photographed this Mendi tribesman in a Southern Highlands village

some of our delicacies

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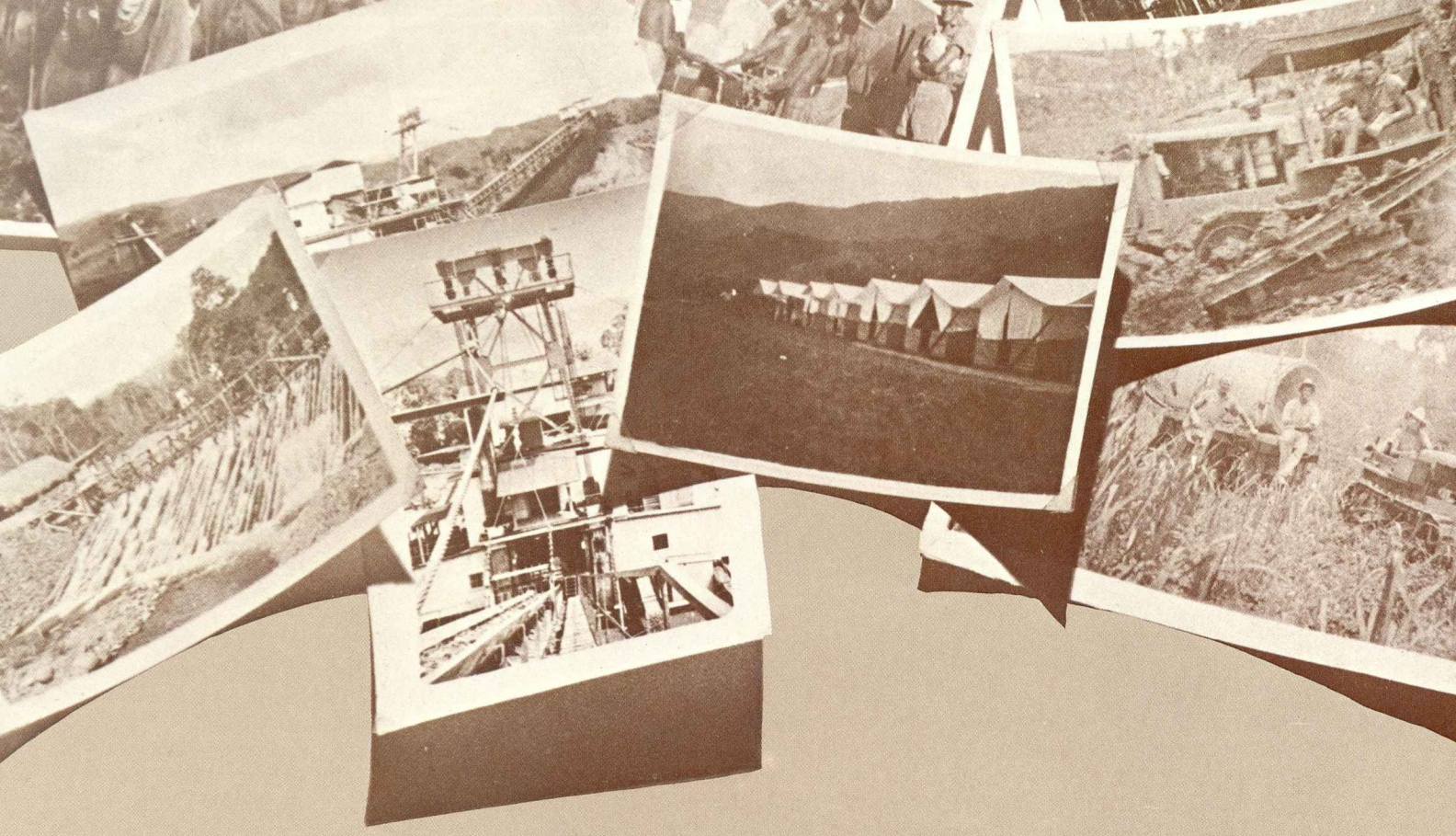


GOLDEN LINING

Geoff Baskett of Lae in the Morobe Province last year wandered back into time, into 1930s gold country, into the territory where he slogged through 12-hour shifts seven days a week to earn a fare to England.

Memories . . . topping the rise of a *kunai* (grass) slope at three in the morning in the driving seat of a clanking Caterpillar tractor and seeing, thrown up against the curtain of a light shower of rain, a perfect rainbow lit by a full moon.

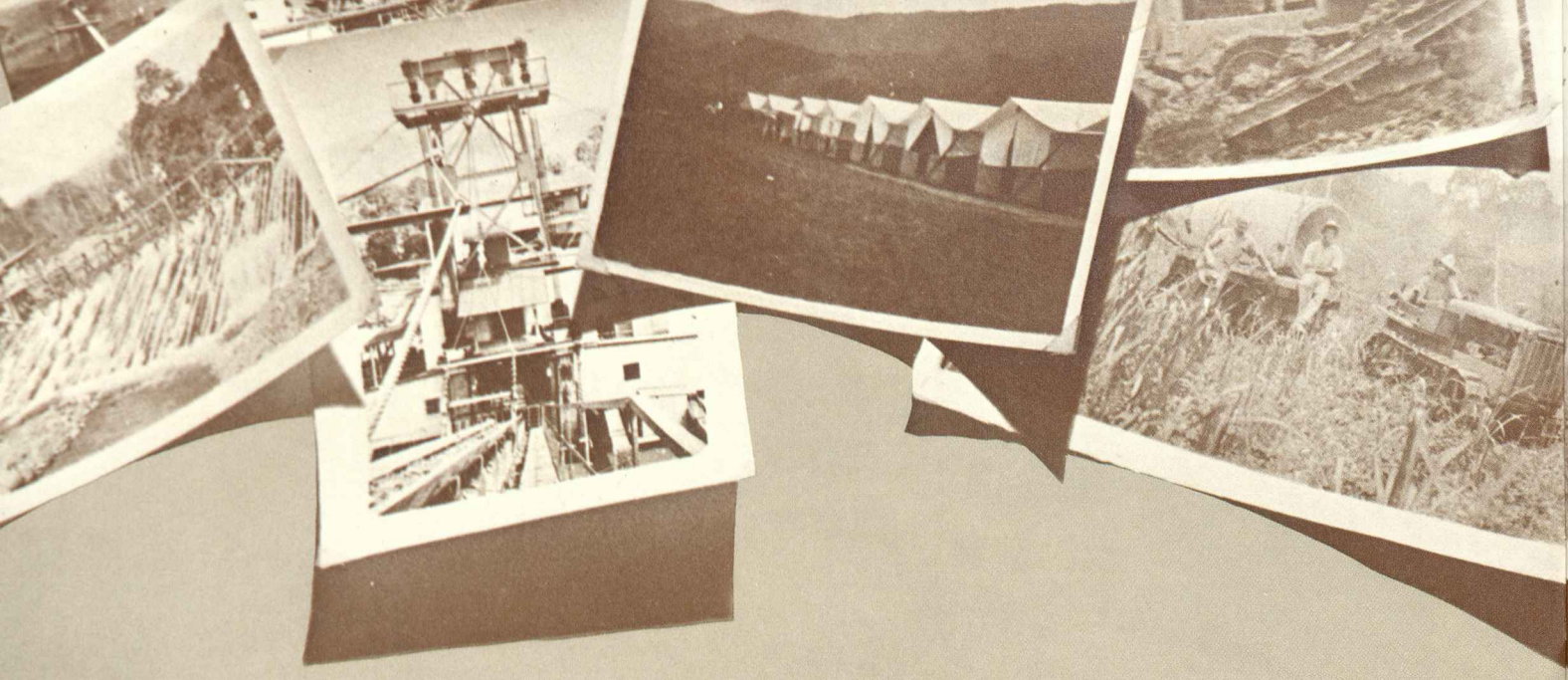
Memories . . . hauling logs out of thick jungle, a revolver bouncing around beside me in the tractor, there because the boss had warned me that the local bushmen, known as kukukuku, had just shot up a trade store keeper, keeping him pinned under his bunk all night while they rained arrows through the grass walls and roof of his hut.

Memories . . . tractor tracks churning deeper, ever deeper into cloying mud, sitting in the open seat waiting for about 200 labourers to come, slipping and a-sliding, to pull me out with ropes — and all this at midnight.

Memories . . . Sunday off — every six weeks.

All this and much more came flooding back early last year when I walked in Slate Creek in the Watut Valley, about 25 kilometres west of Bulolo in the Morobe Province. This was the first time I had been back since working there as a teenager for Upper

After the gold rush was over . . . the jungle claims Baskett's tractor where it was discarded on the goldfield



Watut Gold Alluvials (UWGA) in 1935.

Forty plus years is a long time in the development of a nation. Slate Creek has not been caught up in the progress.

A Fox Moth took me into Slate Creek in 1935. Luck was in. I met the manager of UWGA, a chap named Brain, just at the moment he was looking for a tractor driver. (At the time about a thousand expatriates were looking for work in the Bulolo area.) He told me to report for duty in two days. I did — and began to find out how to drive a tractor. I wasn't confused by previous experience. I couldn't drive anything up till then.

In charge of UWGA's two tractors was Jack Chipper, now a personality in Rabaul, East New Britain Province. I'd probably be right in saying that Jack Chipper and myself are the only two UWGA employees still living in Papua New Guinea. Brain was among those drowned when the Japanese prisoner-of-war ship, the *Montevideo Maru*, was sunk after leaving Rabaul.

Life at Slate Creek was rugged. Home was a tent. No electric light, no radio, no newspapers, mail every six weeks when the Burns Philp vessels came from Australia, 84 hours a week working time. But I had reason to be there. I wanted £200 for an each way England fare, third class.

The job was to build a large weir across the creek, about seven kilometres further up from the sluicing site. Water from the creek was then to be diverted and carried along the sides of the mountain through a race to a point about 130 metres above the known gold deposits. The race was graded so that it lost only four metres in height from inlet gates to outlet pipes. The race, entirely of concrete, was a u-shaped ditch, three metres across and just over a metre deep. The 'bench' for the race was cut by labour gangs using only picks and shovels.

Later we used the bulldozers to clear the piles of earth cut from the bench. This was done by shoving it with the bulldozer blade to the edge of a 100 metres drop to the creek below, then pushing it over — without following in the 'dozer. By day it was easy enough, but at night, by the light of a couple of flickering acetylene lamps held by two shivering labourers, the rain pouring relentlessly, it was a different matter altogether.

The race, in places, ran through two long tunnels lined with concrete pipes — each about three metres long and more than a metre in diameter. The cement was flown in by aircraft and the pipes were constructed on the spot and then hauled from the creek-bed to the tunnels by tractor. The race went around mountain slopes, over a wooden viaduct and through a large siphon. Finally, the water was dropped down a 350 metre slope through pipes reducing from a 35 centimetre diameter at intervals until finally it gushed out through a ten centimetre nozzle at

tremendous pressure, slamming into banks of alluvial gravel where the gold lay.

Earth, clay, gravel and gold was washed through a 'box' lined with slats of wood called 'riffles'. These held the gold, preventing it from being washed out with the gravel. The riffles were cleaned by mixing amalgam with the gold. This mixture was then heated in a retort and, after the amalgam was drawn off, the gold was cast into ingots and flown out to the coast.

I remember gold being worth £10 an ounce in those days. I only wish I had enough money at the time to have put aside a few ounces for my old age.

When I returned to Slate Creek I tried to find some of the old landmarks. The airstrip is now covered in grass and scrub and is ridged with ditches, the result of gold being found on it after I had left. It's strange to think that the planes which served us in those days were using an airstrip with a golden lining.

A village stands on the site of our camp and another has been built near the site of the weir. This village has been named Wia (pronounced 'weir') but it didn't seem that the villagers knew why until I told them.

Only the cement anchors of the weir and the cement sills of the gate leading into the race remain. The race, however, is in good shape despite landfalls and small trees which are now growing on it.

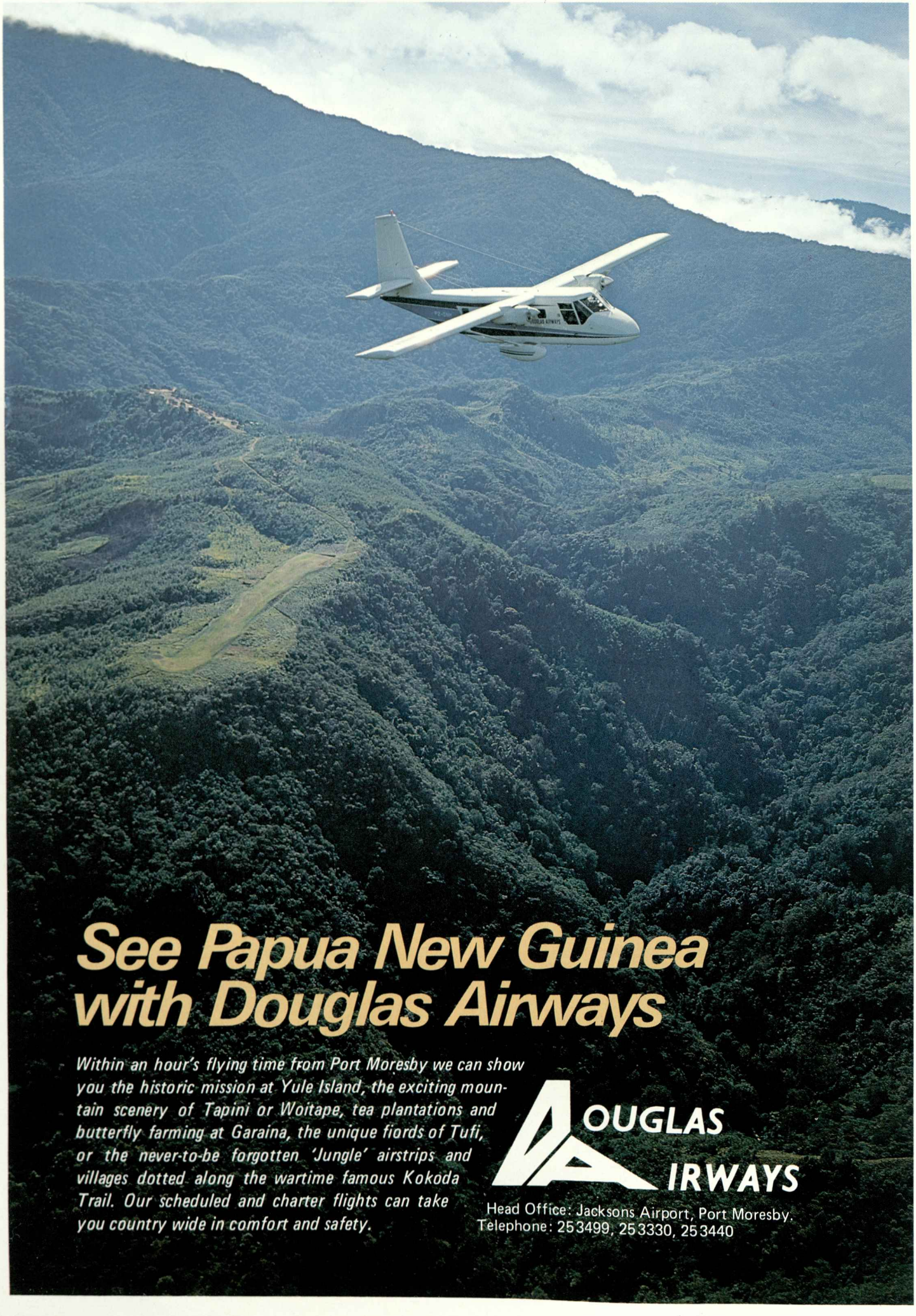
The viaduct and siphon have gone but, in a large pit, are the rusting remains of our two tractors. The tunnels, it appears, have only recently been blocked by landslides.

The villagers told me I was the first person they had ever talked to who had actually worked on the construction of the race.

I spent a further four months working on 'Number 4' dredge belonging to the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company at Bulwa. Outwardly the dredge looks very much the same today but it was strange to walk over the rusting plates of a machine which I had known as a roaring monster, jolting and bucking, as the 'bucket-line' smashed into huge boulders deep in the water, searching the banks and bed of the river for gold.

Ferns now grow where the belts carried their loads of earth and gravel and bright green bush-taro leaves drape over the rusting jagged plates where I once walked, carrying a grease gun, oil can and the inevitable crowbar to prise loose any rocks which threatened to jam the tailings belt.

The tailings were the stones and rocks which had been washed clean of earth and gold in the hopper of the dredge. They were lifted high into the air and dropped along the river banks — where they lie today, mute testimony to man's assault in search of riches.



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TRIBAL WAR

By Bob Hawkins

Everyone at some time or another in life has cause to fight. Within themselves. With others. Uncounted millions, throughout history, have unwillingly fought at the command of the few. As man has become more 'civilised' he has practised and developed his skill in fighting — and killing — with more enthusiasm than he has tackled the task of broadening his knowledge in the arts and sciences.

So developed has become the art of warfare in the twentieth century that enemies need no longer come face to face to ensure their mutual destruction. In the 'interests of peace' man has quickened the pace of elimination of imagined enemies.

Twice this century conflict has engulfed the 'civilised' world — and flowed over to inflict death and destruction upon people who could do little but wonder at the enormity of it all.

Papua New Guinea is one such country which saw war on a scale as vicious as any practised anywhere during the Pacific conflict in the early forties. Papua New Guineans had no part in the making of the confrontation. Throughout that struggle the newspapers of Australia, Japan, the United States, banner-headlined the heroic performances of their respective armies with barely a mention of the people who actually owned that battlefield.

There was, of course, tribute — often trite but newsy — to the work of the 'Fuzzy-wuzzy Angels' who so loyally stuck to their task of leading the wounded Digger to safety and of supplying the needs of the 'front'. But, in the eyes of combatants in that global holocaust, the colonial

Left: *tribesmen cover face in soot to conceal identity during battle;* **below:** *warrior protects himself with bark shield*

peoples of the world were merely pawns, to be moved and sacrificed at will.

Even today, when a political tremor ripples through an ex-colony, the newspapers in the country of the former colonial master react as if the people of that colony, somehow or another, have a duty to behave themselves; they are sternly warned of the dangers of becoming 'another Congo'.

It was a bit like that a few months ago when Papua New Guinea was the scene of an interesting tussle in the National Parliament. Even though PNG's politicians fought it out within the rules of the constitution, the fingers were wagging in the Australian press about instability; it seemed, conveniently, to forget that in the past seven years, while PNG has had only one leader, Australia has had three; while PNG has had two treasurers, Australia has had five; while PNG has had three scheduled elections, Australia has had only one out of four, the others being the consequence of political opportunism and an unstable political scene.

We might seem to be labouring a point but we do feel that the only time PNG gets a splurge of publicity in the Australian and other foreign press is when things go wrong or when the spectacular or sensational happens.

One of the most common sources of the big headline overseas for PNG is when its Highlanders indulge in another of their sporadic bouts of tribal warfare. Two or three casualties on a Highlands battlefield in, maybe, two or three days of pitched battles, will win Papua New Guinea as big a headline as a major clash between Vietnamese and Kampuchean forces; or a terrorist bombing in Northern Ireland; or a head-on clash between the military and nationalist forces in Rhodesia.

That kind of headline is a below-the-belt blow for PNG and its tourist industry. Believe it or not but PNG has never lost a tourist to inter-tribal warfare. Nor is it likely to because, basically, there is something very disciplined about the way Highlanders fight. Their targets are clearly identified; foreigners on the scene, whether they be Papua New Guineans from outside the area in dispute or from overseas, are unlikely to be harmed. More likely, they will be ignored.

Let's first look at why Highlanders fight. To simplify the issue we will concentrate on the people of the Enga Province from where headlines have been coming in recent years.

Dr Paul Brennan has spent several years studying why warfare continues to play an essential role in the life of the Enga people. We'll let him start at the beginning, which, as you'll see, bears some resemblance to the beginning of a well read book. At least, it used to be.

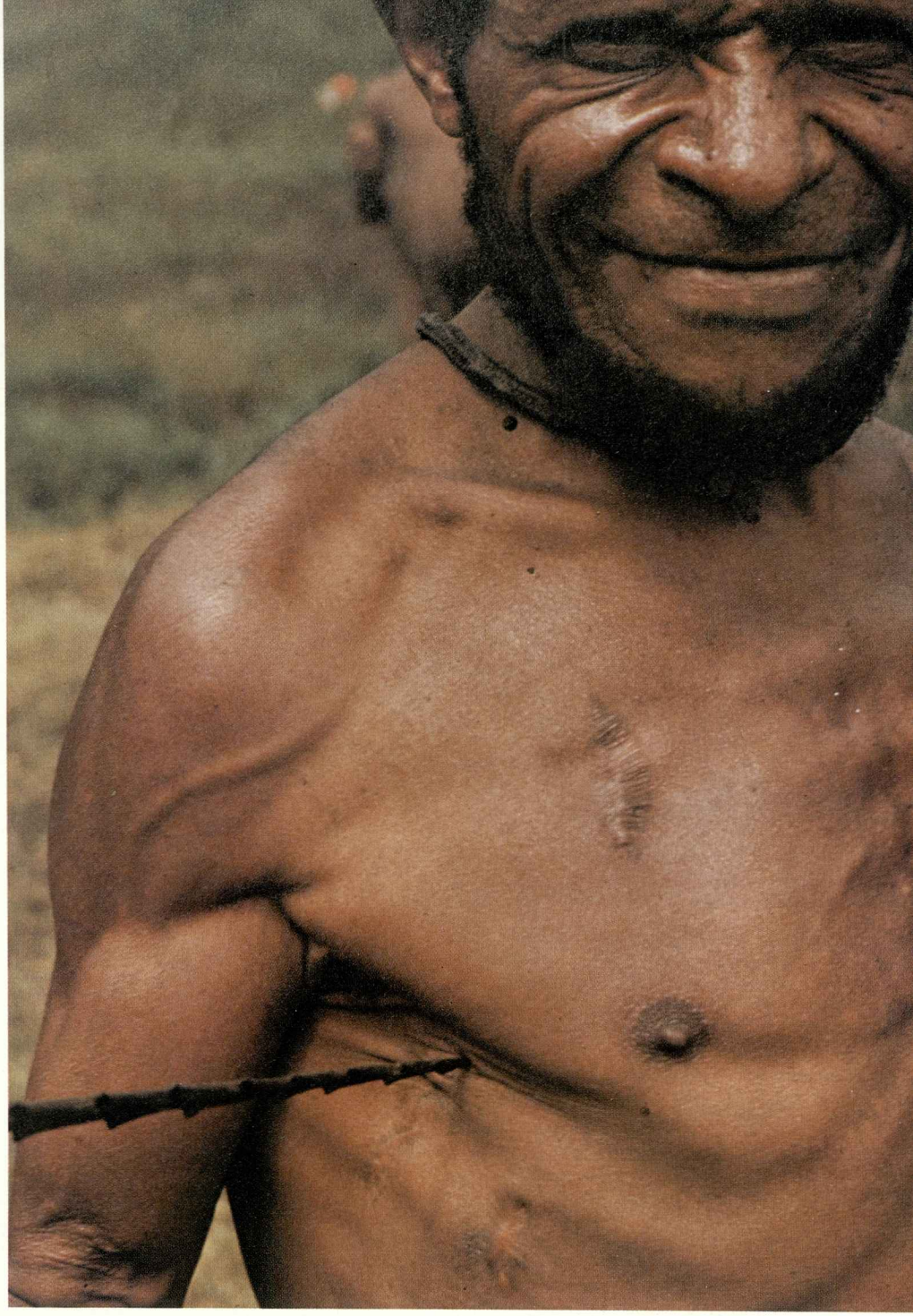
'In the beginning, according to a familiar Enga myth, life could not have been better. The sky world of pre-existence provided for the forefathers of all clans existing today a domain free of care and stress. Sweet potatoes grew effortlessly and abundantly and man lived peacefully alongside his brothers in relationships of mutual respect, co-operation and benevolence . . .

'But, alas for man, his heavenly existence ceased. Myth relates that one of the sky beings one day began to travel and in his wanderings he eventually reached the level of earth. Here he met woman and she bore him a child. At the infant's first cry woman offered him the breast and, in that act, equivalent to a fall from grace, man was forever banished to the terrestial plane . . .

'On the plane of earthly existence, Original Man became the progenitor of a new generation. His children colonised earth, utilising their fathers' knowledge of culture and life style brought with him from above but bereft of the fountain of life (*yalipu endaki*) to sustain them. In this sad state their only recourse was to people a realm characterised by *tension, strife, and all of the antagonisms common to earthly existence* . . . generated by the sin of offering breast milk. Woman, the breast and feminity in general have thus from the beginning of time become for the Enga, symbolic of all of life's enemies.'

We said you had probably heard a story like it before. But the difference, as Dr Brennan will explain, is that while modern man, with his superior 'knowledge' has learned how to run totally amuck when he decides to indulge in another bout of warfare, the Enga people have generally kept this very necessary aspect of their lives under tight control.

Dr Brennan continues: 'Deep within the Enga understanding of his own existence is the belief that life is a contest against certain enemies . . . He perceives his present condition as unstable and his future as insecure . . . The land must be made submissive and the climate must be contested. People, likewise, pose a considerable threat to the Enga. Each person, regardless of his age or status belongs to a clan unit to which he must make his lifelong contribution and from which he receives his greatest identity . . . The demands of clan membership are often harsh, but people outside one's clan are especially seen as opponents. They often encroach on one's clan territory, default on



Right: *aged warrior displays his battle scars which contribute to his clan status. He is proud to display them and demonstrate how the scars were won*

debts, and generally engage in antagonistic activities . . .'

So, you can see, it is not surprising that various tribes, with a philosophy like that, get at each other's throats from time to time. And, to make matters worse, says Dr Brennan, 'the discontinuance of several cultural institutions, increased mobility, the widespread acceptance of certain innovations (e.g.alcohol) and a host of other changes have increased the threatening power of those outside one's clan membership.

Dr Brennan's views on conflict are worth recording:

'From the Western point of view, conflict, especially warfare, is unequivocally "a bad thing" . . . But conflict can never be banished. Indeed it is wrong and blind to think that it should be. Rather, conflict must be controlled and utilised properly in order to create more and better cultural means of living and working together. In short, conflict . . . can, if it is adequately institutionalised, be used as the growing point of culture and peace. The inability of Western change agents to properly understand Enga conflict has contributed significantly to the problem. We have largely rejected it out of hand, and in the process have failed to provide meaningful functional substitutes to do the job that should have been done by the institution that failed.'

Dr Brennan says that 'the main function of Enga warfare, it appears, is to ensure the territorial integrity of the political unit (the clan), and secondarily to enhance the prestige of that unit'.

As a pre-condition of fighting, clans must prepare for it in a variety of rituals. Clan brothers will gather to discuss in secret any attitudes of disunity or transgressions against each other, all fully aware that to enter battle without psychological unity could mean failure. Another ceremony is designed to reveal traitorous intentions.

Not surprisingly, what has been a traditional part of inter-clan life for centuries is summed up these days in the simple expression 'a breakdown of law and order'. Dr Brennan offers some reasons for this 'breakdown':

'The enemies of the Enga have generally not declined in number or intensity during the past three decades of acculturation, in spite of all our good intentions. Some enemies have perhaps been replaced by new identities, but the strongest development, it would seem, has been the emergence of a new contestant -- culture change. The increase in population density and the decline in land fertility, the acceptance of cash cropping and the change in eating habits, the breakdown of important traditional alliances and the introduction of an irrelevant legal system — these factors and many others have contributed to a new importance and power being vested in the clan group and an increasing stress on land pressures.

'Before the arrival of change agents, land was relatively abundant. Clan boundaries were more fluid since fewer people, even though subsistence farmers, were dependent upon the land. Today health services have resulted among other things, in increased population which in turn, along with cash cropping, produced overcropping and eventually lower yields. Consequently the new focus is on land; its role is more important now than ever before.'

Dr Brennan says that the problem of inter-clan fighting must be seen in the total perspective of the large and more complex issues of culture change. 'Warfare,' he says, 'especially the resurgence, is but one symptom of an attempt, a frustrating attempt, to adapt to the new world introduced by Europeans. The Enga are valiantly struggling to build new institutions, to borrow in some

Above: *burning house is usually the first sign of trouble;* **above right:** *tribesmen dance and sing between wars often associated with payback peace ceremonies;* **right:** *Bird of Paradise headdress is often essential formal wear*

cases, to restructure in others and to reject in still others.'

The consequence, he says, is that the brakes of Enga society have failed in many instances. 'Recently, great embarrassment has come to the leaders as a result of some battles in which more than the customary one or two warriors have been killed. With them, that is excessive, immoral, illegal — a conviction generated from deep within their own culture.'

Dr Brennan sees Western laws imposed upon Papua New Guinea as 'largely irrelevant and their enforcement only increases the problem'. He says: 'The only emerging legal structures which will ever be meaningful to them will be not those borrowed from England but those derived from Enga-land . . .'

The role of the police is a difficult one in asserting their authority when tribal conflict flares. Dr Brennan says: 'As enforcement agents, ghosts had authority. Police do not. Ghosts were ultimately loyal to their clan and basically omniscient; police are not and obviously can never be.' — *Bob Hawkins is editor of Pacific Islands Monthly.*

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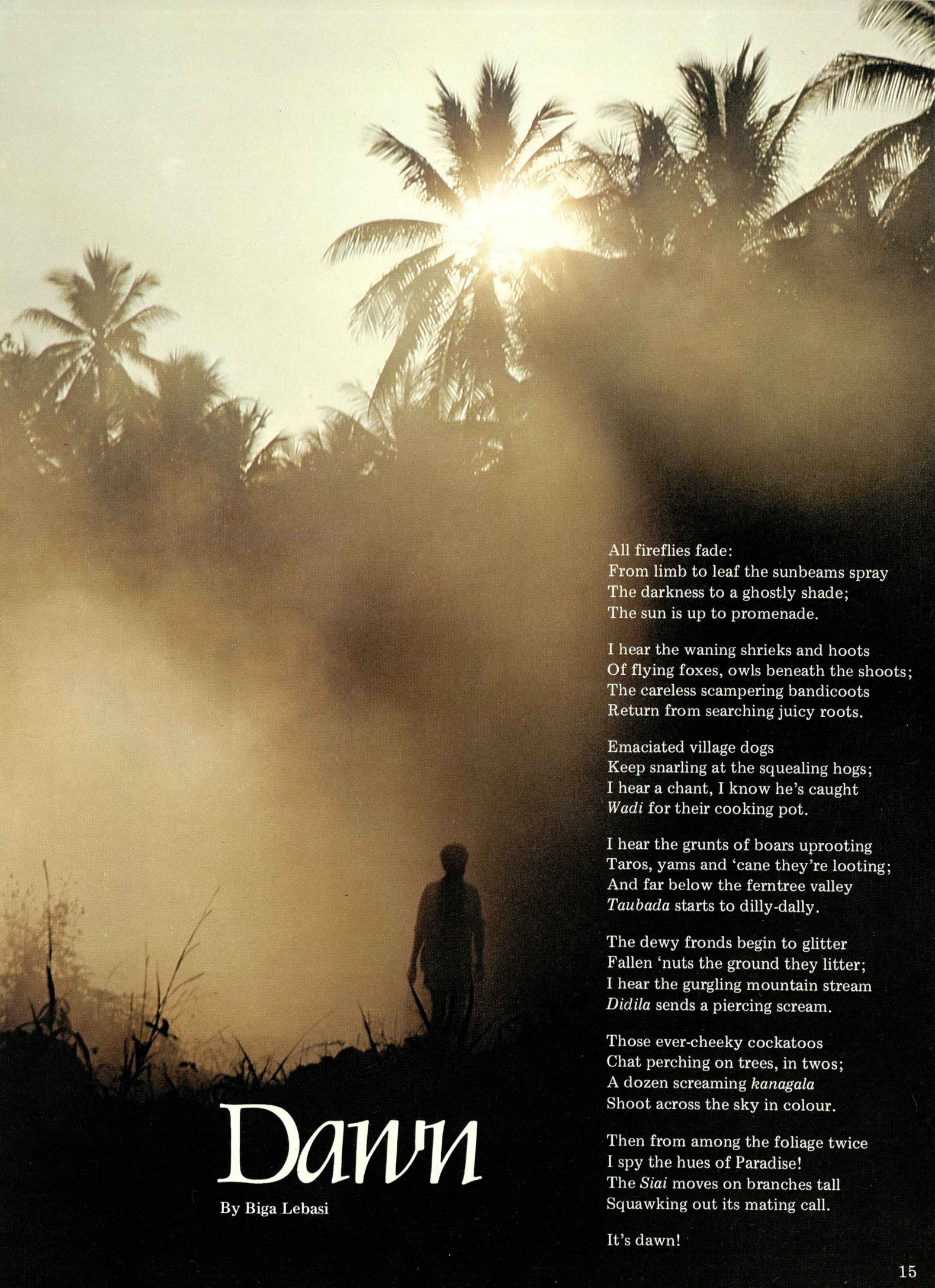

Dawn

By Biga Lebasi

All fireflies fade:
From limb to leaf the sunbeams spray
The darkness to a ghostly shade;
The sun is up to promenade.

I hear the waning shrieks and hoots
Of flying foxes, owls beneath the shoots;
The careless scampering bandicoots
Return from searching juicy roots.

Emaciated village dogs
Keep snarling at the squealing hogs;
I hear a chant, I know he's caught
Wadi for their cooking pot.

I hear the grunts of boars uprooting
Taros, yams and 'cane they're looting;
And far below the ferntree valley
Taubada starts to dilly-dally.

The dewy fronds begin to glitter
Fallen 'nuts the ground they litter;
I hear the gurgling mountain stream
Didila sends a piercing scream.

Those ever-cheeky cockatoos
Chat perching on trees, in twos;
A dozen screaming *kanagala*
Shoot across the sky in colour.

Then from among the foliage twice
I spy the hues of Paradise!
The *Siai* moves on branches tall
Squawking out its mating call.

It's dawn!

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Rasmussen's Chart

Air Niugini pilot Arne Rasmussen spends countless hours exploring aircraft and warships which form magical marine gardens where they were destroyed during the Pacific War. He told Paradise *of his recent expedition in Papua New Guinea and Solomon Islands with Japan's NHK television crew.*

'Chased by torpedo boats our submarine was forced to surface. On the surface we fought with them for 90 minutes. I remember one of our gunners said he sank a torpedo boat and cheered.'

Those were the words of Senior Lieutenant Satayoshi Koreeda when interviewed last year. He was one of the few survivors from Submarine I-1 which grounded and sank on 24 January 1943 near Guadalcanal during the Pacific invasion. The I-1 was the Japanese Imperial Navy's first cruising submarine built on the basis of a German U-boat. She was designed also to serve as a mothership for midget submarines.

Senior Lieutenant Koreeda said that he and four crewman tried to blow up the I-1 but could not accomplish complete destruction. 'We tore up our code books and buried them on shore. We were sure we had destroyed all, but one of the survivors later testified that a box containing code documents was missing.'

Background: *Rabaul raid 4 November 1943;* **above:** *Submarine I-1*

On 18 April 1943 the Commander in Chief of the Combined Imperial Fleet, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto departed Rabaul for the front in his personal aircraft escorted by six Zero fighters. He never arrived. His flight was intercepted near Buin by 16 enemy P-38s. The missing code book from the I-1 submarine had helped the allied command to decipher Yamamoto's flight plan. The Americans announced later that a valuable document had been found on the I-1 submarine.

These important events in 1943 were part of the script of the film titled 'Rasmussen's Chart' produced by the Japan National Broadcasting Corporation (NHK). The 50 minute documentary was screened in Japan on 8th December last year to commemorate the 37th anniversary of the outbreak of the Pacific War. An English version of the film has since been completed.

The 'chart' was not created by myself but the army, navy and airforces of the various nations which took part in the Pacific War. More than 350 Japanese warships, including

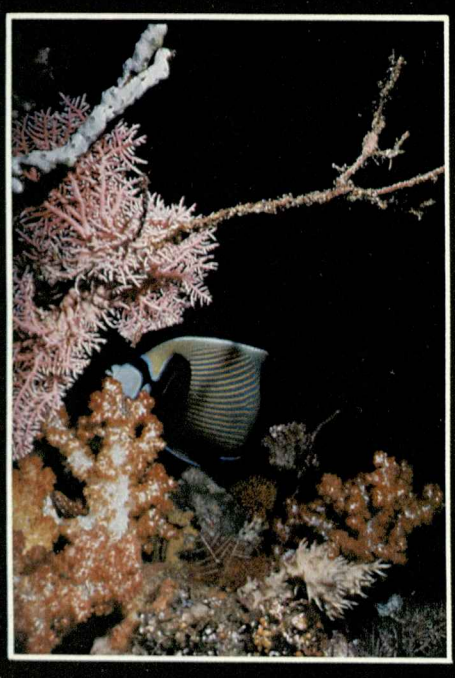
destroyers, troop transports and cargo ships, lie on the bottom of the sea around Papua New Guinea and Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. I received support from service archives from Japan, the United States of America, New Zealand and Australia for possible locations of sunken warships. Then followed the arduous task of confirming or eliminating the positions.

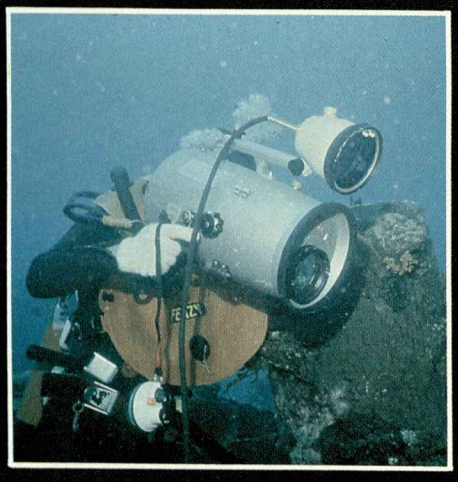
Sometimes the fixes I received for sunken warships were strange. On one occasion the latitude and longitude for a sunken American destroyer was in the central mountain range of Papua New Guinea when in reality the ship sank near Siassi Islands off West New Britian. The only way to confirm the positions, names and state of the vessel or aircraft was to dive and search the sea floor. From a working list of more than 300 different possible locations I have to date located and confirmed 98.

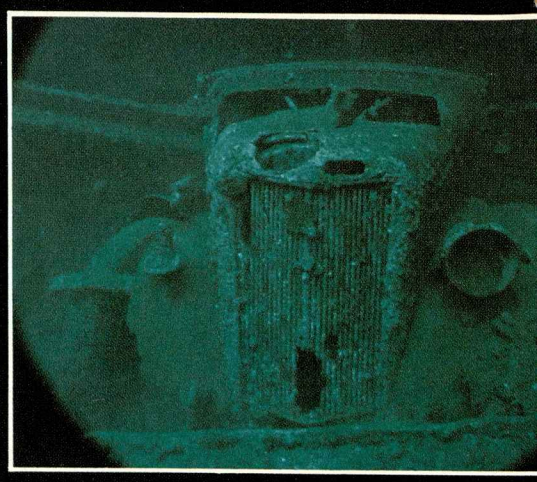
It was often a lonely task, either because a suitable diving buddy was not available, or because, on many occasions, searches involved deep diving with lengthy decompression intervals.

During the initial planning for the film it soon became obvious that we had a formidable task ahead. We selected our sites. From Port Moresby we planned an expedition that would take us to Hansa Bay, near the active volcano Manam Island in the Madang Province, to Rabaul Harbour on the tip of East New Britain. Then we would go to Kieta and Buin on Bougainville Island, the Shortland Island group in the Solomons and south to Guadalcanal. The region between Cape Esperance and Tulagi Harbour in the Solomons has so many warships on the sea floor that it is known locally as 'Iron Bottom Sound'. Our itinerary of 30 days allowed for the loss of only two working days. To achieve success we had to be self contained at all locations. The Japanese film crew, led by Mr Hideyuki Takashima and his special projects chief cameraman, Mr Yuichi Kono, arrived in Port Moresby late September.

Film equipment included three underwater cameras and housings, strobe lights, and an elaborate







Left: Hakkai Maru *today is an underwater garden;* **below:** *NHK cameraman aims;* **below right:** *truck in the hold of* Shidoni Maru

underwater communication system which was to allow us to talk diver-to-diver and to the boat on the surface. We had inflatable boats, two compressors, 22 diving tanks, a portable generator, and an array of diving accessories. In every location we were provided with a brand new Evinrude outboard motor. Our equipment ex Port Moresby was 1700 kilograms which was loaded into the Air Niugini F-28 jet.

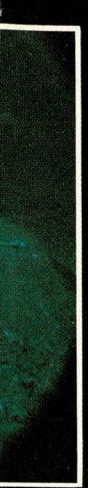
The first ship we explored was the Shidoni Maru, a 4,000 tonne Japanese transport which was attacked and sunk on 12 April 1943. Six other Japanese freighters share the floor of Hansa Bay. The Shidoni Maru was a British freighter which had been seized by the Japanese in Singapore. Her Japanese name translates in English as Sydney Maru.

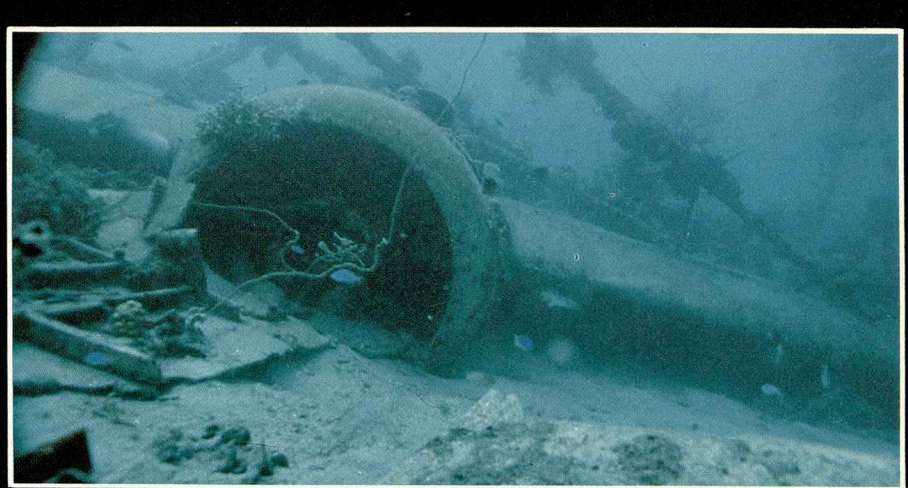
Hansa Bay became an important location for unloading troops and supplies when the Japanese forces returned from Guadalcanal. On 12 April 1943 a fleet of Japanese transport ships escorted by destroyers arrived there and commenced unloading. At 3pm the convoy was attacked by six B-24 bombers from the U.S.A.F. 320 Bomb Squadron/19th Bomb Group, from Port Moresby. Three direct hits struck the Shidoni Maru, which caught fire and sank

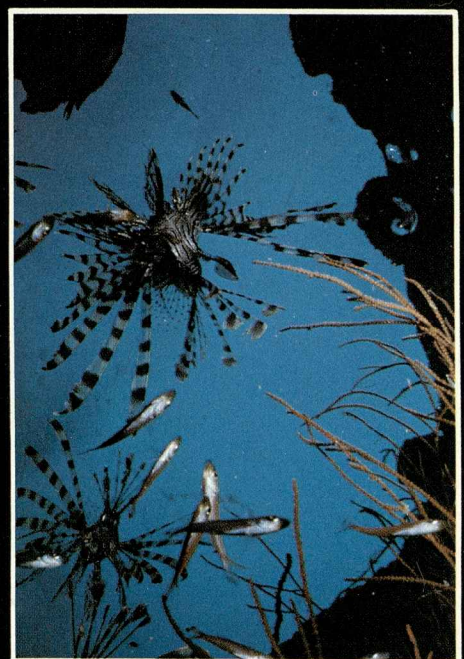
We found her upright in 20 metres of water, covered in a coral garden teeming with marine life. Her anti-aircraft guns were proudly mounted on the foredeck encrusted in coral. Inside the hull we found three fire engines and two tip trucks frosted with green and pink algae. From our base in Sisimangam Village we spent three days exploring the Shidoni Maru and talking with the village people who can vividly remember the Japanese invasion. The village chief, Mr John Berens, still speaks a little Japanese.

Soon we were on our way to Rabaul which had been the Japanese headquarters for several years during the Pacific invasion. The volcanic hills surrounding Rabaul were criss-crossed with intricate tunnels and underground fortresses. Its bay was

Right: *lion fish swim around the wreck of the* Shidoni Maru; **below:** *Japanese flying boat on the floor of Tulagi Harbour, Solomon Islands*







an excellent natural harbour. About 250 Japanese ships were sunk there during the War. On 17 January 1944 more than 200 Allied aircraft attacked Rabaul. Two of the warships sunk that day were the Hakkai Maru, 5,114 tonnes and the Kanshin Maru approximately 4,500 tonnes. We planned to film them.

The Hakkai Maru lies at an average depth of 40 metres and the upper deck of the Kanshin Maru is 60 metres below the surface. While filming in the forward crew quarters of the Kanshin Maru we worked at a depth of 75 metres, which required almost four hours of decompression. Diving was difficult because the slightest movement at that depth stirred sediment and dangerously reduced visibility apart from making it impossible to film.

During the first descent on the Hakkai Maru I was accompanied by cameraman Kono. I had already sketched the outline of what the ship would look like when it came into visibility. From the depth of about 25 metres we saw her. She was ghostly white. I could see Kono grinning with excitement behind his face mask.

During the three days we filmed

Divers exchange cameras while filming wreckage of a boat, Tulagi Harbour; **right:** *shells from* Kenshin Maru, *Rabaul harbour;* **centre:** *skull from* Kenshin Maru; **far right:** *film crew pay their respects*

Hakkai Maru we took a lamp which was engraved in Japanese. The engraving translated to English read: 'Made in 1936 at the Ordinance Division, Yokosuka Naval Division'. We found a fountain pen etched with the name of Masao Yoshimura (this name did not appear on the crew list). Later we returned the treasures to their watery grave.

Substantially deeper than most divers would care to venture, the keel of the Kenshin Maru lies more than 80 metres below the surface. She was almost intact. Aboard her we found human remains and two Zero fighter aircraft wing structures stacked behind a row of Zero engines. Another hold contained unexploded mines. A third was full of torpedos.

We took a skull from the Kenshin Maru. The television script reads: 'Rusty water dripped out of the skull like tears. It felt warm on the palm of the hand.' The Japanese film crew showed respect to their fallen comrade by cremating the skull on the beach. They took the ashed home to Japan.

Papua New Guinea still holds submarine war relics, ships and aircraft, equal to Truk Lagoon in the Carolines, an area which has been protected against exploitation for more than a decade. It is astonishing to consider that more than 1200 warplanes and 200,000 tonnes of shipping have been removed from Papua New Guinea by salvage merchants.

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UFO

Lights in the sky. For centuries man has watched, spellbound, those symbols of an unknown. He has watched and listened, wondering if some simple but not immediately apparent explanation could be given to the display he was witnessing. Or was there no earthly reason for the spectacle? Was he watching the antics of an alien civilisation, touring the universe from their base in the depths of space, out of range of earth-bound scientific observation?

Late last year New Zealand experienced what the *Flying Saucer Review*, 'an international journal devoted to the study of unidentified flying objects (UFOs)', would describe as yet another 'wave' in the endless story of man's sightings of inexplicable lights in the sky.

These waves subject an area on the globe to prolonged sightings of out-of-the-ordinary lights and objects, usually airborne. In 1968 it was the turn of Spain and Portugal. Possibly because they are part of the western world, the Spain-Portugal wave won worldwide publicity.

No so much was heard of Papua New Guinea's wave in the early sixties. But, fortunately for science, there was one man on the spot who documented UFO sightings over a period extending either side of the PNG wave. That man was the Reverend Norman E.G. Cruttwell, MA.

Mr Cruttwell's report, which covered the period from August 23, 1953, to late 1959, was eventually published in the *Flying Saucer Review* in its August 1971 issue. His association with the *Review* started in 1958, not long after 'the first of the only two occasions where I personally saw an object, though I cannot claim for certain that it was a UFO'. Mr Cruttwell wrote to the *Review* about a series of sightings and the then editor, the Hon Brinsley le Poer Trench, asked him if he would act as observer in Papua New Guinea for the International UFO Observer Corps.

For Mr Cruttwell it was the begining of a fascinating experience. He threw himself into his new task with the vigour and dedication which have become synonymous with the work of missionaries in the South Seas. The detail of his report at times becomes tedious to all but the most fervent UFO observer. But, whatever the sceptics may say, there can be no doubt, after reading Mr Cruttwell's report, that over many months in 1958 and 1959 there were some odd goings on in the skies over mainly southeastern Papua which, to this day, have never been explained.

To add credibility to the unquestioned integrity of the source, Mr Cruttwell begins his report with a sighting on August 23, 1953, by Mr T.P. Drury, who, at the time, was Director of Civil Aviation in the then Territory of Papua New Guinea and stationed at Port Moresby.

Not only did Mr Drury, his wife and children see something which had them rubbing their eyes. He actually recorded the sighting on film which, in turn, developed into something of an earthly mystery which left a sour taste in the mouths of many, including Mr Cruttwell.

Mr Drury was standing above the flying boat base in Port Moresby harbour, looking in the direction of the Owen Stanley Mountains. This description of the incident is in Mr Drury's own words:

'My wife noticed a wisp of cloud suddenly appear in the blue sky from nowhere and start to build up rapidly into a white puff . . . Being very interested in meteorological phenomena, I decided to take a film of it. So I rotated the turret of my French-made movie camera to bring the telephoto lens into position and started to film the cloud.

'The cloud was at an elevation of about 50 degrees above the horizon, in a roughly southwest direction towards NapaNapa . . . Suddenly an object like a silver dart shot out of the cloud. It was elongated in shape, like a bullet. It subtended about one inch at arm's length. It was metallic and flashed in the sun. It was very clear-cut, sharp in front but apparently truncated behind, though the tail may have been hidden by the vapour trail. No wings or fins were visible. It shot out of the cloud upwards at an immense speed, at least five times as fast as a jet plane travelling at the speed of sound.' (Mr Cruttwell notes here that 'Mr Drury is an expert airman and accustomed to estimating the speed of planes'.)

Mr Drury continued: 'It never slackened speed or changed direction, but simply faded upwards into the blue and its vapour faded after it. It was gone in a few seconds. The vapour trail was very clear-cut, dense, white and billowing. It is visible in the remaining portion of the film still in my possession.'

This last comment by Mr Drury brings us to the 'earthly mystery' surrounding his film. He wrote: 'Later I sent them (the Royal Australian Air Force) the film, which was sent all round the world, but no one could explain the object and it was pronounced 'unknown'. I am absolutely certain of its reality. It was photographed. My wife and children saw it. If anyone in the Territory had the qualifications to identify an unknown aircraft, I had . . .'

Mr Cruttwell's report continues with this disturbing passage: 'Mr Drury claims that when the film

was returned to him after being sent to America and other countries, the best frames had been cut out, and the remainder show only the cloud and the vapour trail. If this is true, it is very reprehensible on the part of the authorities. It is impossible to doubt the truth of Mr Drury's sighting, described in such detail by so qualified a man.'

Mr Cruttwell conjectures that Mr Drury may have seen a rocket but asks: 'How on earth could a rocket have got into such a position over Port Moresby at comparatively low altitude, when the nearest rocket range is at Woomera (many thousands of miles away)? This, incidentally,' he writes, 'is the only record known to me of a cylindrical or rocket-shaped object being seen over Port Moresby.'

From 1953 onwards there were relatively few sightings of UFOs. However, unless they are sure of their facts and senses, such people as Dr E. Nespor, an adminstration doctor, in May 1955, and Clifford Jackson, manager of Papuan Air Transport, about the same time, do not tell the world of their encounters of a first kind with UFOs. Both gave detailed reports of UFO sightings.

In November 1957 a patrol officer, Mr F.V. Esdale, and fellow travellers on the government trawler *Eros*, saw 'a strange, inexplicable light hover near their ship for 20 minutes,' according to a report by the then Acting Director of Native Affairs, Mr J.K. McCarthy. The light hovered, changed from yellow, to red, to green, to crimson, remaining still for 20 minutes before moving 'violently' in a small area. It then turned green and appeared to fall into the sea, reported Mr McCarthy.

'The most significant feature of this sighting,' says Mr Cruttwell, 'is the change of colour, an effect noticed again and again . . .'

By 1958 the 'overture' to the PNG wave-to-come had begun. A red light was seen over Jackson's Airport at Port Moresby, a 'blue moon' near Samarai to the south-east (this time by missionaries, all previous sightings having been reported by administration officers), lights appeared in the sky over Goodenough Bay which looks out across the Solomon Sea to the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. If the Goodenough Bay lights 'had been an isolated occurrence we should not have bothered about it,' writes Mr Cruttwell who was stationed there at the time, 'but when the happening began to repeat, we began to wonder. For toward the end of the year the lights started to appear again.'

The Goodenough Bay sightings were to become even more startling. On 18 October, 1958, in response to a cry of 'Satellite' by some Papuan girls, Dr J.K. Houston, Mr Cruttwell's brother-in-law, and his wife, raced outside. 'While the doctor was continuing to gaze at the sky, there suddenly burst forth without warning a dazzling green flare, like a Very light. It just appeared from nowhere . . . moved across the sky from north to south . . . a clear brilliant apple green . . . It then vanished without a sound.' The object was also seen by Mr Brian Sweet at Dogura, the Anglican headquarters, about 2.5 kilometres away.

Sightings began to intensify. 'Tilley lamps' in the sky became commonplace. (A Tilley lamp, at the time, was the popular type of lamp in a country which had no electricity supplies outside the main centres. The lamps burn kerosene under pressure which vaporises to heat a mantle and give out a brilliant white light equal to 300-candle power.) They appeared over Goodenough Bay, in the mountain ranges, over Port Moresby, and over various villages and mission stations throughout the Milne Bay region. They were seen by hundreds of villagers, missionaries, traders, and ships' crews.

By Good Friday, 27 March, 1959, the 'Tilley lamps' began to fly and, on April 9, near Boianai mission which looks northward to the low hills of Giwa and Menapi on the Cape Vogel Peninsula, the missionary in charge, the Rev William Booth Gill, from his little launch just offshore, just before dark, saw a bright white light 'like a Tilley lamp' apparently high up on the flank of Mount Pudi, 'not far from the summit'. Five minutes later the mountain was in darkness. Five minutes more passed and Father Gill became aware of another light on the opposite side of the mountain.

'Father Gill did not realise the significance of what he had seen and looked away again,' writes Mr Cruttwell. 'Next time he looked back, the light had gone . . . The next morning he examined the mountain . . . and realised that

there was no house or village or even any track up there, but only the precipitous mountainside.'

Mr Cruttwell, observing that the light was seen at a height of about '3,500 feet . . . against the mountain' and about '500 feet from the top', concludes that 'the object therefore could not have been astronomical but appears to be some kind of craft hovering at aircraft height.' He adds: 'The sighting was therefore of great importance to us at the time suggesting that some mysterious, apparently controlled craft, were flying about over Papua at night. This was amply confirmed by subsequent sightings.'

The next development was on April 21, 1959, when a 'Tilley lamp turned on its tracks'. This sighting was by an Australian trader, Mr D.L. Glover, who lived across the bay from Boianai. He said 'it travelled slowly out from the mountains over the sea . . . as it drew closer it appeared higher, passing right across the field of view, until it appeared above a group of trees . . . It then stopped, seemed to hover a moment and then reverse, travelling in exactly the opposite direction . . .'

Next came 'kaleidoscopic light', following by a 'changing coloured light' spotted from Baniara Island in Goodenough Bay. On 16 June, 1959, hunters in the mountains at 6,000 feet saw a light which 'lit up the whole countryside "brighter than the moon — more like the sun" . . . It appeared to travel "at the speed of a firefly".' Mr Cruttwell observes: 'These mountain people are much less sophisticated than the coastal . . . Their lack of sophistication makes them all the less likely to have invented these objects.'

In July 1959 Mr Cruttwell received an amazing letter from Father Gill. Dated 15 July, this is how it read: 'Dear Norman, here is a lot of material — the kind you have been waiting for no doubt; but I am in some ways sorry that it has to be me who supplies it. Attitudes at Dogura in respect of my sanity vary greatly, and like all mad men, I myself think my grey cells are OK. I am sorry you were not here with your telescope — the naked eye can be a hindrance when detail is essential. This is the original data . . .'

Father Gill's material first covered a report from his Papuan teacher evangelist, Mr Stephen Moi, who saw what first appeared to be a bright light but which, when it descended to 'perhaps 300 feet' could be seen as an 'inverted saucer' and 'underneath the saucer I saw about four round black spots'. That was on 21 June.

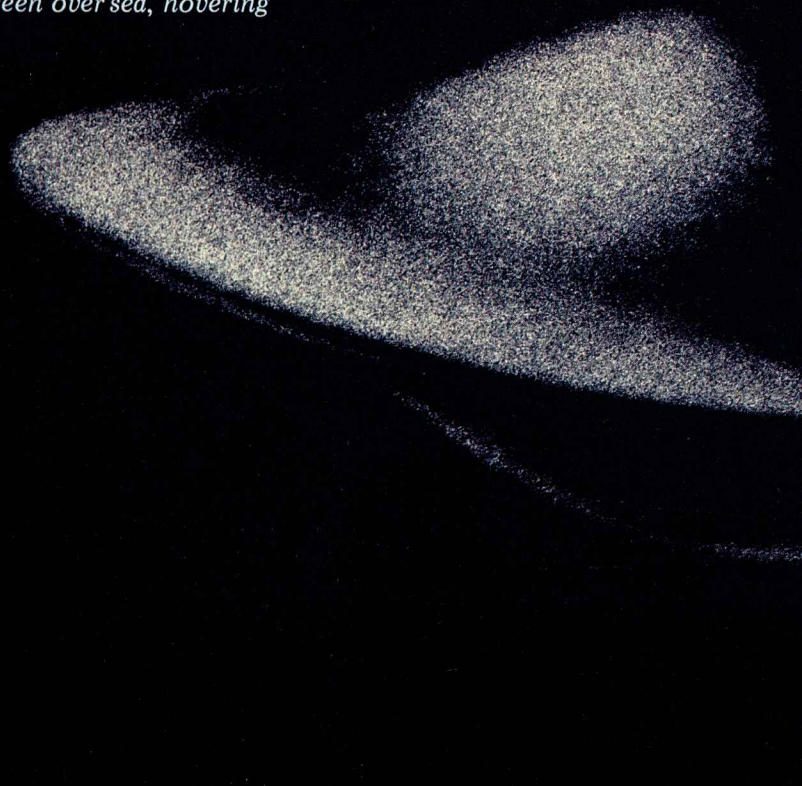
On 26 June 'the visitors returned in force', leading Father Gill to write the following day to the Reverend D. Durie, acting principal of Saint Aidan's College, at Dogura: 'Dear David, Life is strange, isn't it? Yesterday I wrote you a letter (which I still intend sending you) expressing opinions on UFOs. Not less than 24 hours later I have changed my views somewhat. Last night we at Boianai experienced about four hours of UFO activity, and there is no doubt whatever that they are handled by beings of some kind. At times it was absolutely breathtaking . . .'

Father Gill's report tells of a bright light being sighted at 6.45pm. His notes continue this way:

'6.52 Stephen (Moi) arrives. Confirms not star — like the other night. Coming closer, not so bright. Coming down (500 ft?) Orange? Deep yellow? 6.55 Send Eric to call people. One object on top, moves — man? Now 3 men — moving, glowing, doing something on deck. Gone. 7.00 Men 1 and 2 again. 7.04 Gone again. 7.10 Men 1, 3, 4, 2 (appeared in that order). Thin electric blue spotlight. Men gone. Spotlight still there. 7.12 Men 1 and 2 appeared — blue light. 7.20 Spotlight off. Men go. 7.20 UFO goes through cloud. 8.28 UFO seen by me overhead. Call station people. Appeared to descend, get bigger. Not so big, but seemed nearer than before. 8.29 Second UFO seen over sea, hovering at times. 8.35 Another one over Wadobuna. Another to the east. Big one stationary and larger — the original? Others coming and going through the cloud. As they descend through the clouds light reflected like large halo on to cloud — no more than 2,000 ft, probably less. All UFOs very clear — satellites? "Mother Ship" still large, clear, stationary. 9.05 Nos 2, 3, 4 gone. 9.10 Mother ship gone — giving red light. No 1 gone (overhead) into cloud. 9.20 "Mother" back. 9.30 "Mother" gone across sea to Giwa — white, red, blue, gone. 9.46 Overhead UFO reappears, is hovering. 10.00 Still there, stationary. 10.10 Hovering, gone behind cloud. 10.30 Very high, hovering in clear patch of sky between clouds. 10.50 Very overcast, no sight of UFO. 11.04 Heavy rain. I Q A!!! (Wedau language! Finished.)'

The pencilled notes, accompanied by sketches, were signed 'William B. Gill'. The drawings have the signatures of Father Gill and three other witnesses, Stephen Moi, Mrs Moi and Ananias Rarata, a teacher. Altogether, reports Mr Cruttwell, there were 38 witnesses of whom 25 signed the report.

Mr Cruttwell evinced more information from Father Gill when he interviewed him. About the 'men', Father Gill said: 'As we watched it, men came out from this object, and appeared on top of it, on what seemed to be a deck on top of the huge disc. There were four men in all . . . Another peculiar thing was this



shaft of blue light which emanated from what appeared to be the centre of the deck.'

Father Gill said, according to Mr Cruttwell, that the 'men' had the 'outline of normal human beings from the waist up. Their legs were hidden by the sides of the craft. If wearing clothes they were tight fitting'.

On 27 June the strange visitors returned to Boianai, about 6pm and still daylight. Father Gill said that when he saw a 'man' looking over, 'just as one will look over the rails of a ship', he stretched out his arm and waved. 'To our surprise the figure did the same. Ananias waved both arms over his head, then the two outside figures did the same. Ananias and self began waving our arms and all four seemed to wave back. There seemed to be no doubt that our movements were answered. All the mission boys made audible gasps (of either joy or surprise, perhaps both).'

UFOs were sighted again the following evening but this time did not go so near to Boianai and no 'men' appeared.

Mr Cruttwell writes: 'The sightings at Boianai are at first sight so fantastic that it is not surprising that many people have refused to accept them as true and consider that Father Gill, although obviously a sincere man, must either have imagined it all, or have seen some ordinary objects such as Venus and misinterpreted it . . . It so happened on the night of Friday, 26 June, a trader from Samarai, Mr "Ernie" Evenett, was anchoring his little launch, *Sirius*, off Giwa, opposite Boianai, on the north coast of Goodenough Bay.'

Mr Evenett told Mr Cruttwell that he too had seen an object which had the 'silhouette of a rugger football and had a kind of ring or band round it with four or five semi-domed portholes . . . A glow was coming from the portholes . . . I was very frightened, but I couldn't take my eyes off it, I was so fascinated,' he said.

On 27 June Mr Ronald Orwin, assistant district officer in charge of Baniara sub-district, 'noticed a white spherical light NNW from Baniara and high in the sky . . . It had the appearance of a "sparkler" . . . Also shafts of green light emanating from the base . . . The object looked as if it had a red base or that a red glow was emanating from its base.' Mr Orwin's observations were confirmed by Cadet Patrol Officer Mr R.L. Smith who had drawn the attention of Mr and Mrs Orwin to the phenomenon. Another sighting on 27 June of unusual lights and shapes in the sky came from the Roman Catholic mission at Sideai, 'perhaps 90 miles from Boianai'.

In the weeks that followed, the principal at St. Aidan's College near Dogura, Rev. David Durie, D.D, with other witnesses, saw more lights in the sky, and Cadet Patrol Officer Smith put in a report of further sighting on 6 July. Silver discs, domed ships, spherical objects, an exploding ball — all were reported over southeastern Papua in the remaining months of 1959.

Mr Cruttwell left Papua New Guinea on furlough in February 1960. Sightings by that time had tapered off. In the conclusions to his report, Mr Cruttwell observes that there was a 'great peak of frequency of sightings in June, July and August 1959'. He says that the fact that many were observed many times by the same witnesses and the witnesses were mostly known to the author, 'makes it possible to check the sightings' although 'some may say that it indicates collaboration'. However, he says, 'the personal reliability and qualifications have been mentioned under each sighting. No names have been withheld and all the observers are available . . . Of the witnesses mentioned, only two drink and neither of them was intoxicated on the occasion of the sightings or of their interview with myself . . .'

Mr Cruttwell says that in the 'majority' of sightings, they 'would seem to be machines'. This was obvious, he said, in the case of the Boianai sightings which appeared 'solid, metallic with windows, legs and "decks". In the case of the balls, discs and other objects, their solidity was not so obvious as they were only seen as "lights".'

'And what of the future?' asks Mr Cruttwell in his report. 'Having completed their observation, will they depart? It seems that they have now just about covered the whole globe in a systematic manner from west to east since 1946. Their passing over New Guinea and Australia, as they have done in 1959, was predicted by some investigators . . . No doubt one day we shall know who they are, whence they come, and what is their purpose. Why then worry? Because man fears the unknown. What he understands he can face. And also because it is extremely important to know who they are and what they are doing. It is very important that we should be prepared, that there should be no panic and foolish action.'

But, he says: 'If they are not interplanetary, the importance still remains and is perhaps more fraught with danger. But apart from these reasons, it is a fascinating scientific problem and a matter for serious and systematic research. To seek after truth is the aim of science. Perhaps the Papuan sightings will assist in that search.'

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Iris goes to Enga

Air Niugini's Iris Langdon turned tourist last December and headed for Papua New Guinea's lofty Enga Province. Here is her report.

Feel like getting 'high'? Go where I did. Up to Mount Hagen at 1600 metres in the Western Highlands Province and then keep on climbing until you are in Tomba Pass at 2460 metres. That's a real 'high'.

The mountaintops were wrapped in cloud, bathed with rain. It was a compelling, eerie landscape. Vegetation was stunted from the harsh conditions — cold and with little sunlight. There was no sign of human habitation but they say men hunt *cuscus* (possums) up there at night.

I had been invited to attend the first Kompiam Cultural Show. So successful was it that it is now to be held every two years. A pleasant 90-minute Air Niugini flight took me from the national capital, Port Moresby, on PNG's southern coast, northwest to Mount Hagen. Four hours on the road in a four-wheel drive vehicle and I was at Kompiam.

The journey was half the adventure, and worth it. Passing through the Minamba Valley I gazed up at towering cliffs. One escarpment had a stone area which looked like a man-made fence. Legend has it that *masalai* (spirits) living there, long ago, carved a barricade to protect themselves.

Above: *waves of finely dressed tribesmen, drummed, chanted and marched to the grounds for the Enga Cultural Show;*
below: *Embetale waterfall*

Every turn in the road opened up panoramic vistas of indescribable beauty. It was a photographer's paradise. I couldn't resist climbing out onto several precarious perches to take pictures.

I shot mountaintops wreathed in clouds, looking for all the world like giant Christmas trees decorated with fluffy fairy floss; small, fast flowing streams which forced their way between rock seams, bursting through in frothy miniature falls; rivers, thundering down mountainsides in glorious cascades.

As we approached Kompiam, gigantic dark green fir trees looked down on us. More and more people were walking along the road, some carrying firewood, others wearing their human hair hats, carefully covered to keep the dust out. Most men had a 'Hagen axe' slipped into their bark belts. Many men wore only *asgras* (bunches of fresh green leaves fore and aft).

The women, with their breasts exposed to the elements, looked so much more liberated than the women of my world. Quite a few wore soft furry *cuscus* hats. Many carried babies on their backs or shoulders. Everyone with a free hand gave us a wave; everyone a cheerful smile.

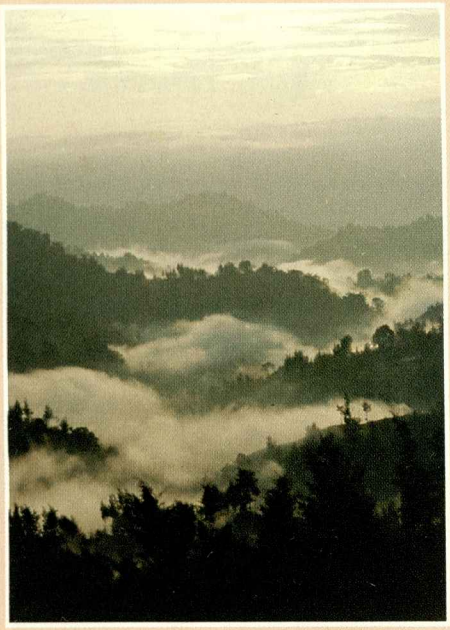
At Kompiam I was greeted and hosted by the local parliamentary representative, Tom Amaiu. First on the list was a *tanim het* (literally 'turning head') courtship ceremony. Both men and women glistened with tree resin. The women smelled lovely, having rubbed themselves with a herb. They proudly displayed their wealth in the form of *kinā* shells, beads and *cuscus* fur pieces. The men wore short pieces of thin

bamboo, one for each pig they owned, and those fantastic wig hats.

The men and women sat down opposite each other about four metres apart. The men wooed with songs until they received some indication of encouragement — sometimes a smile, perhaps a whispered phrase. Given the 'come on', a warrior would then move across and sit next to the woman who had chosen him. Their whisperings were intermingled with singing. The man would nestle up, ever closer, to his woman and finally start stroking her cheek with his nose. They would start swaying back and forth in unison, cheek to cheek. Eventually, in an upright position, they stroked their noses across each other's face. Some warriors obviously did not win the partner of their choice. Widows are also allowed to take part in a *tanim het* and two who did on that night did very well for themselves.

At first light next morning preparations for the *singsing* began. We stopped at a home where a bride price was being paid. It involved more than a dozen pigs, *kina* shells and cash. This was the offering of the groom-to-be's family to the bride's parents in payment for their daughter. He was a school teacher, she a nurse. There were to be more exchanges of gifts and ceremonies over the next week and then, when both families were happy with the arrangements, they would be married. I had difficulty getting a smile out of the bride-to-be but I was

Above: *tribesmen demonstrate their ability to make fire by pulling strands of bamboo under their feet;* **below:** *morning in the highlands*



assured that if I came back a week later, after they had been together as a man and wife, she'd be all smiles.

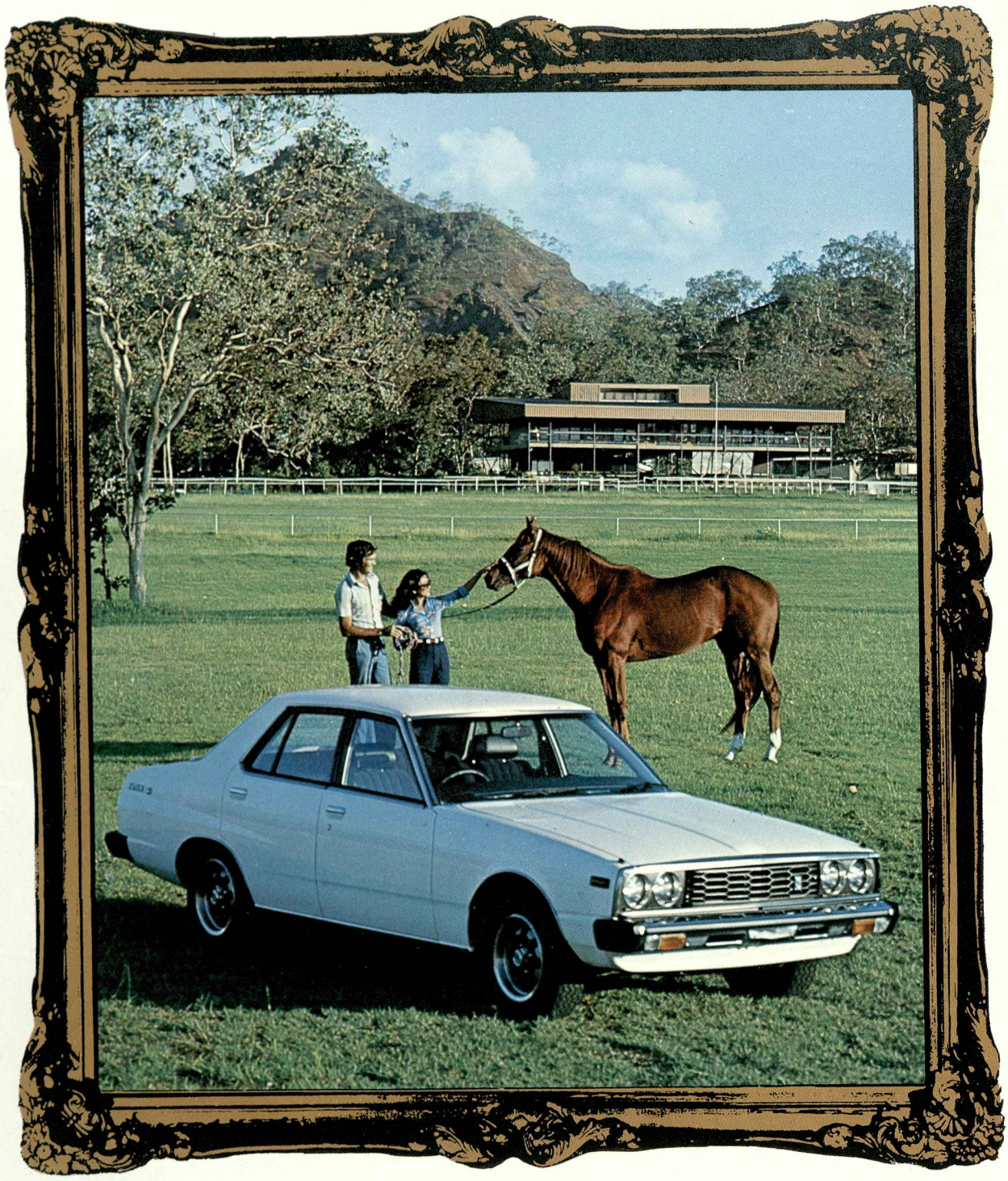
While women bathed in the cold, cold river, the warriors were gathered in small groups, each dancer with an entourage of helpers arranging fantastic arrays of bird of paradise plumes into headpieces. Some dancers were later to wear inflated pigs' bladders on the backs of their headdresses, signs that they had killed a pig and shared it with friends who had lent them decorations. A platform was erected for the VIPs and the Kompiam Cultural Show began, officially, at midday.

Warriors, shoulder to shoulder, began pounding the floor with their feet and their *kundu* (drums). My pulse raced along in rhythm. A kaleidoscope of every imaginable colour shimmered before my eyes. Broad, strong chests — some coated with clay, others shining with oil — supported gleaming *kina* shells and beads. Pitch black charcoaled necks and faces were accented by white or ochre around eyes and noses. All were crowned with wig hats enhanced by red, blue and golden feathers. Only men who actually live in, and are part of, this lofty environment could have produced creations which displayed nature's beauty to such advantage.

Hundreds of bare feet thumped the earth as the warriors march toward us. An advance guard wielded spears and arrows before onlookers who got too close. Soon I was down on my knees snapping away. Time seemed to cease. None of us noticed the rain. I was entranced by the approaching, swaying body of Highlanders. They stopped, marking time on the spot, only a few metres from me. Men kindled fire by rapidly drawing a strand of bamboo back and forth across the bottom of their bare feet. Leaves beneath their feet smouldered — and then burst into flame.

Is this really the twentieth century? Is this the era of jets and computers? It may be, but, if you want to do what I did — venture into a Stone Age happening — fly into Papua New Guinea's Highlands.

Benson and Hedges. When only the best will do - and isn't that all the time?



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ROBB'S RAIL

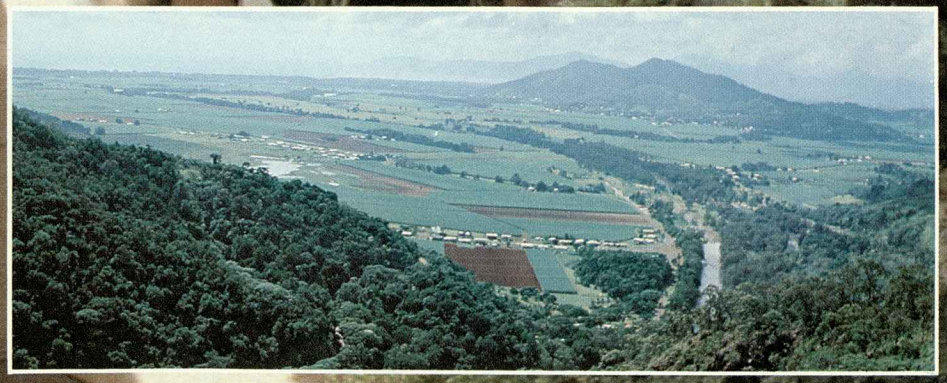
By Terry Gwynn-Jones

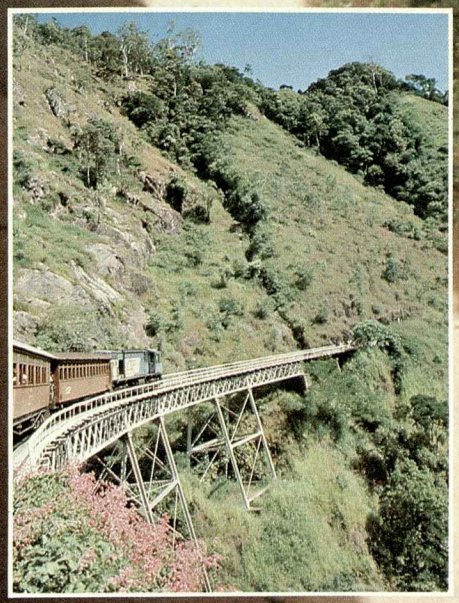
The narrow gauge railway track between Cairns and Kuranda atop the nearby range has more curves per kilometre than you will find on Queensland's famed Gold Coast beaches. There are 98 snaking turns from mangroves to mountaintop. How's that for curviness?

Each year, tens of thousands of tourists hang out of the ornate Victorian coach windows, spellbound by the panorama of rainforest, sheer cliffs, waterfalls, canefields and eye-popping views of the lush green coastal strip away down below.

This north Queensland railway was built in the 1880s at a heavy cost in human lives. As work gangs cut their way through forest and rock to the top, 24 men were killed, most in falls from their precarious perches, some in dynamiting mishaps. The worst single disaster was in April 1889 when seven men were killed in a cave-in during the digging of the fifteenth tunnel.

The many bridges which span deep gorges to the delight of passengers today were a nightmare for the work gangs which began their mammoth task in 1884. Mostly Irish and Italian, the 'navvies' were paid eight shillings and sixpence a day. As





they clawed their way up the range work camps were established and out of them small communities grew. It was in these communities that most fatalities occurred. Scores died of malaria, scrub typhus and snake bites.

Today one wonders why so much effort was spent and so many lives were lost to build such a short and apparently insignificant railway line. Two words — 'gold' and 'tin' — give the reasons. Both had been found on the tablelands behind Cairns.

Links with the coast had to be established. Though rough roads had been cut up to the tablelands they were slow and tortuous routes and, during the wet season, often were impassable. In 1882 the wet season seemed reluctant to end and brought misery to thousands on the Herberton tinfields. Supply wagons could not get through and famine threatened. This alone was compelling enough reason to build a communication link of a more reliable nature. Add to this the growing timber industry and covetous eyes on the vast grazing and agricultural potential of the tablelands and it was not long before the state government commissioned Christie Palmerston to survey a rail route. The one he found is the one which the railway follows today.

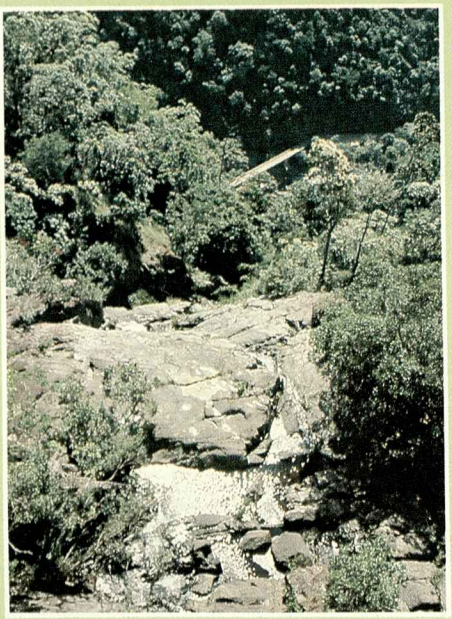
So popular as a tourist joyride has the trip become that the small motor rail car has been replaced by a diesel locomotive which pulls a string of vintage coaches which are steadily being restored to their original splendour — varnished timber, plush seating and wrought-iron-encased mounting platforms.

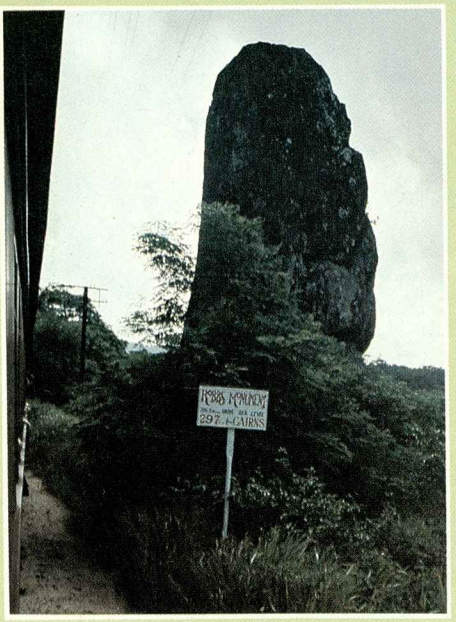
The half-day round trip at $A2.50 must rank among the best entertainment value in the state. It takes the train 90 minutes to climb 350 metres to the top of the range. It stops along the way to allow passengers to take a more leisurely look around.

Near the top of the line is a giant granite monolith — Robb's monument — in memory of James Robb, the man who, with 1500 sweating men, virtually hand-carved the line through wilderness.

At the end of the line is Kuranda's Victorian-style station. Visitors can be forgiven for thinking they have arrived at the local botanical gardens. The platforms and buildings are wreathed in amazing displays of tropical plants, ferns, shrubs and citrus trees. The train waits long enough for visitors to take a walk around the sleepy mountain town or to take tea in the station's quaint refreshment rooms.

Robb threw a big party when the line was officially opened on June 25, 1891. He might not have been so lavish if he had known what was in store for him. The following year he filed a claim with the Queensland Government for $520,000 for his work. His claim went to arbitration — and he got only $40,000. It seems the government of the day did not appreciate his and his men's achievement anywhere near as much as the tourists do today. — *Terry Gwynn-Jones is a Queensland freelance writer/photographer and Queensland correspondent for* Australian Flying *magazine.*





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