

paradise

7/76



IN-FLIGHT WITH AIR NIUGINI



When you're in Australia, you get a little more the friendly way.

When you come to TAA's Australia, it's nice to know you're amongst friends. We'll meet you in Cairns, Brisbane or Sydney, then fly you on to your destination providing friendly service and help all the way. For TAA bookings or holidays, call your Travel Agent, or Air Niugini.

TAA
Fly the Friendly Way

R. F. & M. F. MACEY

6 TARUNGA ROAD,
TASMANIA 7006
PH (002) 27 8549

paradise

No. 1. July 1976

In-flight magazine of Air Niugini, the National Airline of Papua New Guinea. Published quarterly by Air Niugini's Public Relations Department, ANG House, Hunter Street, Port Moresby. For advertising and editorial, contact the Public Relations Officer, P.O. Box 84, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Telephone: 259000. Telex: NE22177. NE22158.

Editor: Gerald Dick

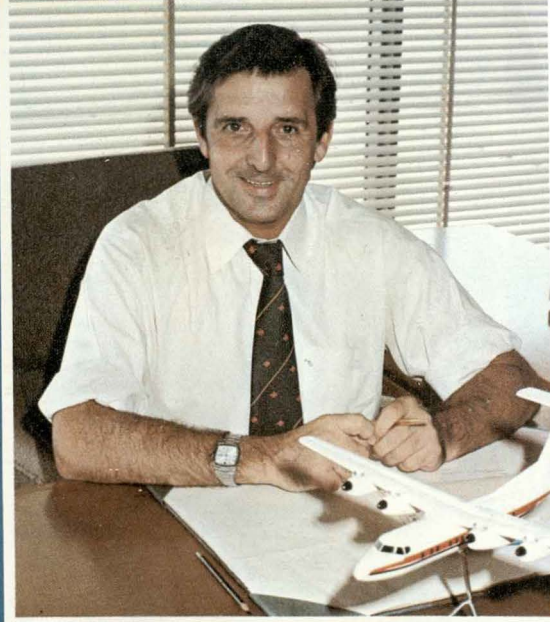
Design: Tom Cooke

IN THIS ISSUE

5. Bride Price
6. Gold – but no rush
10. Friends at last
12. Ancestors in wood
16. Birds of Paradise
21. Two in a Duke
22. Port Moresby dekenai
27. Bamboo
28. Ken's fortune – their copper



Quality in Air Transport



Hello and Welcome

Yahunu, varidanne, wangind, haemeni, yowe, tampara, tontoge, tsibongtong, kananking, dugonce, gala, siule, orokkiva, aswan, koneo, dogoli, siyane, nagiasali, moidinio.

To most of our readers this introductory paragraph will appear meaningless. But every phrase has the same meaning – welcome. Together they provide a mere sprinkling of the many languages of Papua New Guinea, each having its own cultural aspects.

Undoubtedly, the numerous languages of Papua New Guinea represent many diverse cultural habits making this region one of the most interesting potential tourist areas opening to the world today.

This is the country of the aeroplane. Nowhere else have people been so dependent upon aviation. Nowhere else have so many people been introduced to modernity in such a short span of living memory.

It is proper that Air Niugini, the country's national airline, should introduce its passengers to Papua New Guinea through the pages of this, the first issue of our in-flight magazine – PARADISE.

The magazine is well named. Few countries can offer such a variety of scenery and normally idyllic weather patterns. In this issue, and future productions, we will introduce you to facets of Papua New Guinea life. We invite you to take your copy with you and pass it to your friends. Air Niugini is proud to have joined the select number of airlines flying international routes and will be going further afield to invite peoples of the world to come and visit us. We will be pleased to say – Hello and Welcome.

C.B. Grey
General Manager

COVER PICTURE

Raggiana Bird of Paradise (*Paradisea raggiana*), male, at the beginning of a display dance. Photographed by William S. Peckover, at the Baiyer River Sanctuary near Mt Hagen, in the Highlands of Papua New Guinea. During the dance the bird puts his head down, tilting the body upwards, while the wings are clapped over his back.

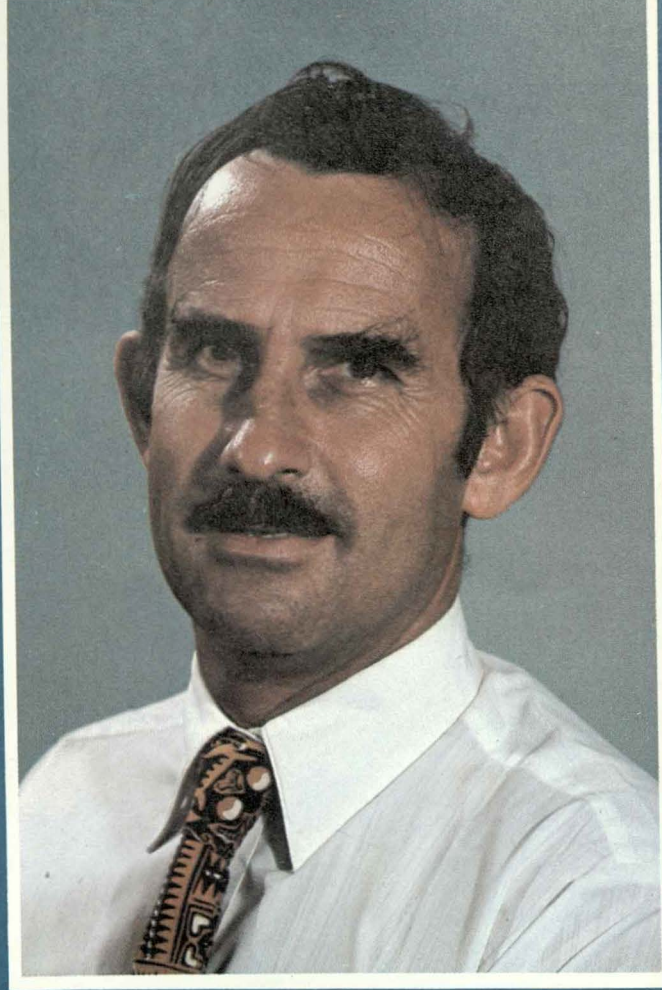
PHOTO CREDITS

William S. Peckover
PNG Office of Information
PNG Office of Tourism
Neville Moderate
Maurice Bryan
Tom Cooke
Dennis Williams
PNG Historical Aviation Museum
Noel Pascoe

(Hello and Welcome translation by the Summer Institute of Linguistics)



Prime Minister Michael Somare



Minister for Transport Bruce Jephcott

INTRODUCING AIR NIUGINI

By the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea—Mr Michael Somare

For many of the people of Papua New Guinea it was the aircraft which first indicated that a force of change was about to overtake our country.

Village people who helped in the task of clearing bush airstrips wondered what was to happen when their work was finished. But, after initial amazement, the aircraft – 'balus', meaning big bird in Melanesian Pidgin – became part of our life. Isolated pockets of people were linked. News, and machinery for development from places never seen before were carried to our villages.

The aircraft opened up new possibilities in Papua New Guinea, and dramatically introduced rural people to the machine age.

It was only natural that at Self Government, Papua New Guinea should have its own airline – Air Niugini. The airline, carrying our national colours, has continued to be a

unifying power within our nation, breaking down geographical and traditional barriers.

It was appropriate that Air Niugini made its first international flight on Independence Day. Our aircraft – carrying the National colours, are again pioneering a way of linking people, this time between the people of Papua New Guinea and our overseas neighbours.

And in these difficult times for international airlines, Air Niugini's figures are very impressive. I am certain that our National airline will continue to grow in stature.

A COMMISSION

Air Niugini was formed in 1973 with the amalgamation of Trans-Australia Airlines' and Ansett Airlines' Papua New Guinea networks, which served the people before Self Government.

Shareholders are the people of Papua New Guinea 60%, Qantas Airways 12%, Trans-Australia Airlines 12%, and Ansett Airlines of Australia 16%.

The National Airline Commission of Papua New Guinea, chaired by Mr Paul Pora, governs Air Niugini. The airline's Papua New Guinea interests belong to the portfolio of the Minister for Transport and Works, Mr Bruce Jephcott.

The staff of Air Niugini are here to serve you; the most important person in the World to us – our paying passenger. If there is any way, no matter how small, that you believe we can improve our services to you, please let us know.

A simple transaction of money in return for a wife - or a complex means of fulfilling old, and creating new communal obligations? Bernard Narakobi, Chairman of the Law Reform Commission of Papua New Guinea, explains the purpose of the Bride Price in Melanesian society.



BRIDE PRICE ?



Some young people in our country today see bride price as a negative demand on their money, time and professions. However, in a Melanesian cultural context, bride price is an integrated, coherent part of a complex system of obligations.

It is not a simple transaction of money with parents in return for a wife. Bride price is a long, involved and intricately organised system of fulfilling and creating obligations.

Very often the man and the woman who get married are strangers. If they come from two different tribes or villages, there is a great need to bring the two parties together, for in Melanesia marriage is not an act of fulfilment for two isolated individuals; marriage is a communal act of togetherness.

As someone who has had the benefit of western education and is still deeply bound by my own cultural heritage and values, I see bride price as a necessary and useful form of expressing one's acceptance of a woman and indeed acceptance of the family of the woman.

Though I had misgivings about bride price, due to western indoctrination, as I became involved in the process I also became conscious of the deep value

The bride price is not a simple question of hard cash. There are many other gifts. Bird of Paradise skins and shells add colour to the wedding scenes above

that bride price has. It is indeed a very high form of honouring womanhood; it is a very high form of giving pride and dignity to the value of woman.

People who were in some way related to me, contributed money in its modern and traditional forms. As giver of the bride price I could not act alone. If I had I would have insulted my side and offended the laws of my people. To organise my bride price was not a matter of paying a set sum of money, but a matter of status and dignity that I should pay something that is fitting for my wife.

To be able to receive people who came to contribute, from my side, I had to have pigs, cones and food prepared. Contributions stemmed from personal fraternities and longstanding family obligations.

There are other complexities to the

system. Reciprocal contributions are also made from the woman's side to the family of the husband. Both families give and receive. However it is expected that the husband's family will give more than that of the wife.

The actual distribution of these gifts becomes extremely intricate and complicated. The mother of the wife receives a special endowment for having borne the major burden of the wife through childhood. An amount is allocated to the wife in recognition for the children she is to bear, which is her contributing role to the community. A portion of the money is given to the wife's family for the expenses incurred for having to provide food.

The amounts received by individuals and families involved have specific relevance to those persons, social functions in the community. Bride price is a valuable and useful form of social cohesion.

It is true that in the modern context some demands are excessive. With the new pressures there must be some modifications if the ancient heritage and social fabric is to survive and retain the social cohesion for which the bride price system was born.



GOLD



Village miners are quietly sifting a fortune in gold dust from creek banks in the Morobe Province of Papua New Guinea.

They're using crude wooden sluices, made from bush materials, and cheap metal pans purchased from trade stores. They are working mainly in jungle streams in the Wau area, about 50 miles from the coast.

Such prospectors are listed on Government Lands Department records as 'small-time miners' because they work alone and without sophisticated equipment. 'They're mostly illiterate village people who have little knowledge about forming companies or using modern machinery,' says the department's mine warden at Wau, Jules Deboi.

But in 1975 they collected 24,775

ounces of gold dust and 19,665 ounces of silver for a net earning of K2,986,454.

Mr Deboi says there are about 2,500 registered 'claims' in the Wau district. Each claim is 20 by 20 metres and costs K15. This fee covers the expenses of the Lands Department officer whose job it is to peg the claims.

Claim holders are permitted to engage a staff of up to 20 relatives or friends. Some village miners choose to work a 'contribution' system which means working part of a claim held by a big company and paying a commission, to the company, on gold dust collected.

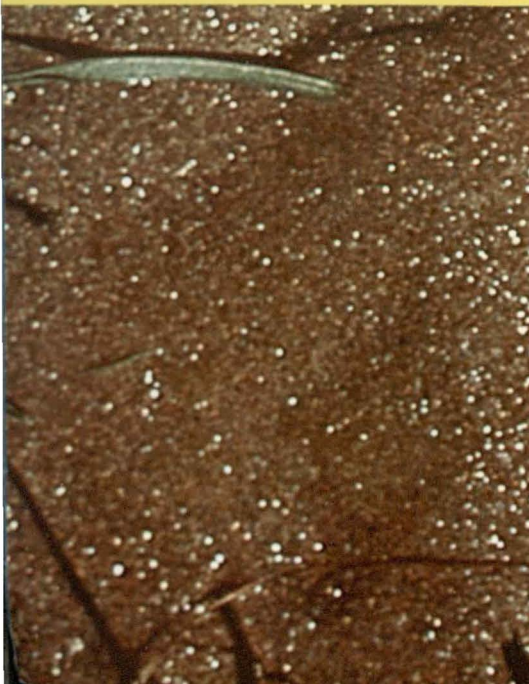
The major goldmining companies in the area are New Guinea Gold, Koranga Gold, Bulolo Alluvial, Edi Creek Alluvial and Commonwealth Timbers. They originated during the Gold Rush of the 1927-33 period.

One of the conditions imposed on the small-timers is that they take their gold dust to the Mines Office at Wau each week. They are issued with a receipt and the gold is passed to the bank. The bank sends the dust to Australia for treatment, it is weighed, and its cash value recorded in the owner's bank account.

This process takes three months. But with some deposits of up to 30 ounces of gold a month, the 'small-timers' don't mind waiting. Average deposits for prospectors willing to put some effort into their claims, are about 10 ounces a month.

Unlike the thousands of Europeans who flocked to the jungle in search of gold in the 1930s, today's village miners are in no hurry to get rich.

For most, panning has become part



Left to right: It was in these mountains around Bulolo that the rush of the late twenties began; 'small-time' miners at work with sluice near Bulolo today; (insets) derelict dredges, their work long done, lie as rusting hulks; a Junkers aircraft at Lae being loaded with a dredger part, specially manufactured to fit into its hold through the top of the aircraft which had to be removed



BUT NO RUSH

of their way of life. Their fathers worked as carriers for Europeans during the 'rush'. In those days, foreigners were regarded as insane by the village people because of the joy the strange yellow dust brought to them – and the trouble they went to get it.

Gold-fevered foreigners from all around the globe were landing at Salamaua. The goldfields lay eight days' walk over steep razorback ridges and through thick jungle. There was a real threat of being attacked by hostile warriors. And when they got to the fields, they were faced with the prospect of dysentery, a variety of 'jungle' diseases and pneumonia, brought on by the extremes of temperature between day and night. Carriers were vital to get to the fields but willing ones were hard to find.

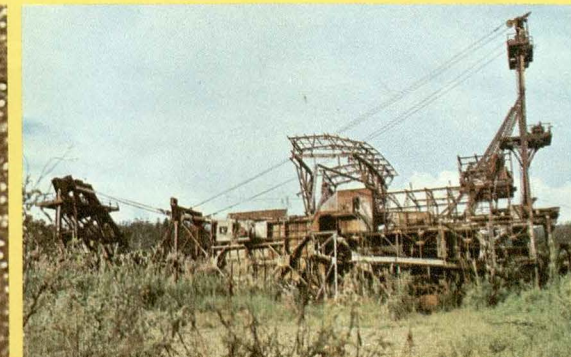
An enthusiastic former district commissioner-turned-gold miner, Cecil John Levien, studied the transport problem. He wanted to open up the Morobe region and had grand ideas of dredging for gold instead of using sluice boxes.

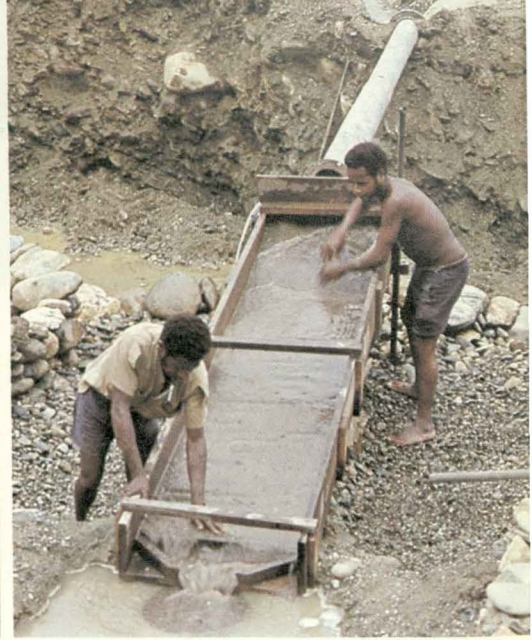
His story is told in *Gold Dust and Ashes* by Ion L. Idriess, first published in 1933 by Angus and Robertson. Levien summed up the situation this way: 'Loaded with a 50 pound pack of rice . . . the carrier would eat 15 pounds of it before he got to the field; and would throw 10 pounds away to lighten the load . . . The white miner would spell him there a week, still feeding him' then send him to the coast for another load, feeding him on the way. The rice out of the pack which the miner would have for his own use and to distribute among the boys

working the claim might be 20 pounds if he was lucky . . . Transportation must be by air, if the field was to live.'

The introduction of the aeroplane to the gold fields in New Guinea is a story in itself. In one month in 1932, aircraft carried dredging machinery – specially constructed to fit in the fuselage – weighing 581 tons between Lae and Wau. (Levien, earlier, had figured that to carry just six tons of cargo to the fields would have taken 1000 carriers 10 years.)

The month's air-lift to the fields in 1931 was ' . . . a far greater quantity than the combined air fleets of the world had transported during the previous 12 months. A world's record, both in aviation and mining. That is not to boast; it is a simple fact'.





Today, the hulks of the dredges lie rusting around Bulolo. They are mute testimony to the days when European man, running a high gold fever, solved his problem of getting through the mountains by simply going over them.

The casual panning and sluicing now going on in creeks untouched by the 1930s rush, present a more rustic picture. But the small-timers still have their problems, if not of the kind miners experienced during the goldfields' heyday.

Now it is more often a dispute, for

traditional reasons, over land. Squabbles are rarely concerned with the actual gold in the soil. And then there is the miner having a lean month who must look for the co-operation of one having a better month in order to meet the rule which demands at least one ounce each month being deposited at the Mines Office by each claim holder.

'Striking it rich' affects the small-timers in different ways. Some barely stop to realise that they are in fact rich and simply carry on their traditional routines. Others spend up big,

buying luxury cars and even bulldozers to help them work their claims. Some claims, for this reason, may appear to be 'big-time' but they are still regarded as 'small-time' because the claim owner does not float a company and still runs his operation as a family unit.

One strange twist in the story of Morobe gold is that some of today's more successful miners have set up trade stores – and employed Europeans, descendents of original prospectors, to run them. – *Gerald Dick*

Noritake tableware. The quickest way to get a good meal off the ground.

Noritake tableware endures like a fast friendship, enchants like a sudden sunburst. Set a course for mealtime flair with Noritake tableware. It takes the dining experience to new heights.



Noritake

Noritake Co., Limited

1-1 Noritake Shinmachi, Nishi-ku, Nagoya 451, Japan

Decisions. Decisions.

SP Draught Lager, SP Greenies, SP Brownies,
and Anchor in cans and bottles.

They all taste so good it's difficult to decide
which one to try first.



Thirty-one years before, they had tried to blast each other off the face of the earth without even knowing of each other's existence. Now they sat together at a dining table in the Kyoto Royal Hotel in Japan—happily reminiscing, in Melanesian pidgin, about that January day in 1945 when the Royal Australian Air Force set out to destroy 'Dead-eye Dick', a deadly Japanese gun installation.

Friends at last

'Dead-eye Dick' had been causing a lot of trouble to No. 100 RAAF Beaufort Squadron, based at Aitape on the Papua New Guinea north coast, and its US allies.

The gun, just off Wewak airstrip, about 75 miles east-south-east of Aitape, had been named by Allied airmen because of its accuracy.

In charge of 100 Squadron at Aitape was Wing Commander John Kessey. Recalling the mission to silence 'Dead-eye Dick' once and for all, Captain Kessey, DFC, and now a senior Air Niugini pilot, said: 'The most difficult job was to place a smoke bomb on the target so that the squadron could pinpoint the exact locality of the gun. This meant flying at treetop level. Being CO, I elected to do it.'

At first all seemed to go well. Roaring in low over the coconut palms, Kessey's Beaufort pinpointed 'Dead-eye Dick' with the smoke bomb. It was as the Beaufort began to pull out of the attack that the starboard engine cut out – it had been hit by machinegun fire from the ground.

While Kessey, above, contemplated his chances of getting back to Aitape, down below, one Taizo Takahashi, an army officer, was wondering what was to follow the smoke bomb. Two men in trouble – but two men destined to survive and, by coincidence, 30 years later, to meet as friends.

Of Takahashi's trials we know only a little. It was the end of 'Dead-eye Dick' and he was the lone survivor. In fact he

escaped unhurt except for the deep sorrow that is still in his heart today for his fellow servicemen who were killed in action.

Lieutenant Takahashi was in his early twenties when he arrived in the New Guinea war zone with the Japanese Imperial Army. His duty was to protect heavy anti-aircraft gun installations and during his three years in the Sepik region he covered the country thoroughly. He was in Wewak at the time of the Japanese surrender.

Kessey himself recalled the moments after the raid.

He had to get rid of his bomb cargo if he was going to maintain enough altitude to get home. Remembering an 'opportunity target' listed by RAAF Intelligence, he headed for the tiny island of Muschu just off Wewak. It was believed to be a fuel dump.

As he approached Muschu, Kessey was at 1300 feet, knowing that as he opened his bomb doors the drag would claim some of that height. 'I dropped the bombs after waiting to the last moment to open the doors – and then closed them quickly. Almost instantly the crew and myself were pleasantly surprised to see the reaction on the ground. There were numerous explosions and we knew we'd hit the fuel dumps,' said Kessey.

Some RAAF pilots would have argued that a Beaufort on one engine could cover no appreciable distance. Under Kessey's coaxing his aircraft

did make it to Aitape although it was a downhill flight all the way – the Beaufort imperceptibly losing altitude.

With the war behind him, Kessey who had learned to fly in 1939, joined Australia National Airways. Briefly he flew the rare DC5 in commercial operation. Then, in 1946 he was asked to convert military pilots to fly airliners for the planned Trans-Australia Airlines (TAA). When TAA became a fact three months later he became the company's senior route captain. On October 1, 1946, he captained TAA's first Sydney-Brisbane service in VH-AFA – a DC3.

Later, when the British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines (BCPA – owned by the British, Australian and New Zealand Governments) was formed, Kessey flew DC4 and DC6 aircraft across the Pacific from Sydney to Vancouver, via Fiji, Canton Island, Honolulu and San Francisco.

Kessey fondly remembers the DC6 aircraft which provided a form of luxury travel that has long disappeared from airlines – but which may make a comeback. These were the sleeping bunks, pullman type which folded down from the ceilings, complete with curtains for privacy.

'Sleeping accommodation for 36 passengers, and excellent service, enabled us to maintain the lion's share of the Pacific traffic,' Kessey recalls.

BCPA was at the time operating in competition with Pan American Airways' Boeing Stratocruisers, sometimes



Captain John Kessey . . .



. . . at the controls of an Air Niugini Fokker Friendship . . .

called 'double bubble' because of their unusual shape.

While flying a BCPA DC6 on charter to TAA, Kessey set a domestic route speed record from Perth to Sydney by using the 'jet stream' – a strong high-altitude westerly which blows across Australia in winter.

Australia later purchased the British and New Zealand interests in BCPA. This meant that for a short period Australia had two international airlines, Qantas and BCPA. Later, the inevitable merger of the two became a fact, and BCPA became the Pacific route operation of Qantas.

It was Kessey's return to Papua New

Guinea in 1961 'for a short spell' which probably set in motion the sequence of events leading to his meeting with Takahashi at the Kyoto Royal. But the link was still not to be made for many years.

Kessey joined Mandated Airlines in 1961. He stayed with the company after it changed its name to Ansett-Mandated, and later to Ansett. He was still there when Ansett merged with TAA in 1973 to form Air Niugini, Papua New Guinea's National airline.

It was in the early 1970s that the sequence of events leading to the Kyoto Royal began to unfurl. A chance meeting in Wewak between 'Mac' Farland, a longtime friend of Kessey, and a former Japanese Imperial Army general found them talking of 'Dead-eye Dick'. Farland told the general, an official of the Japanese War Graves Committee, of Kessey's experience.

Back in Japan the general made some enquiries and found the lone survivor of the 'Dead-eye Dick' gun crew – Taizo Takahashi, now owner-president of a kimono factory.

Kessey and Takahashi began writing to one another and then Ted Hicks, a friend of Kessey and former District Commissioner at Wewak, met Takahashi in Japan.

'Last year I decided that as we were both getting on in years,' said Kessey, 'Mr Takahashi and I should meet. I thought it would be the meeting of a lifetime and not to be missed.'

When they sat down to dinner at

the Kyoto Royal, Kessey found that 'conversation was difficult. Mr Takahashi spoke very little English and I do not understand Japanese'.

Then came the breakthrough. 'Mr Takahashi was trying to ask, in very broken English, what had happened to my aircraft after it had been hit, when he used the word "bikpela". I interrupted by saying "Yu savé tok pisin?" (Do you understand pidgin?) and, to our delight, he replied "Mi savé". His three years in the Sepik area during the war had given him a good grasp of pidgin and that's what we spoke for the rest of our meeting,' said Kessey.

In Captain Kessey's work today – as a Fokker Friendship pilot adding steadily to the 21,000 hours-plus in his log book – there is a constant reminder for him of one of his most daring of wartime exploits, and of the unexpected friendship it was to produce more than a generation later: on some Air Niugini routes, he passes over the site of 'Dead-eye Dick' twice a day.

Takahashi also has a souvenir of the grim years he spent in New Guinea during the war. That is his silk battle map of the Sepik region of Papua New Guinea. He produced the map during his meeting with Kessey, who says it was remarkably accurate. They used it to discuss their experiences; and to plan Takahashi's intended visit to Papua New Guinea—and to Wewak, perhaps this year. Needless to say that he will be the guest of airline captain Kessey.

—Gerald Dick

. . . on pre-flight inspection





ANCESTOR

Sculpture in our Papua New Guinean society usually embodies our ancestors. In most cases they are portrayed in freestanding figures, masks and on flat boards. Each piece has deep religious significance, has a name of its own and is believed to possess certain powers. All works, as ancestors, are respected.

Although other materials are used in some areas, most sculptures are in wood for two main reasons: because of its availability and because it is relatively easy to work with crude implements.

Today's artists – whose work is illustrated in these pages – are facing challenges unknown to their forebears. For a start they have a new motivation – cash. Less than a decade ago only the very skilled involved themselves in wood sculpture and their work was motivated by traditional requirements. Tribal elders would commission them to carve and the results of their labours – often weeks of patient whittling with shell, bone or stone – were so sacred that they were hidden from the view of most villagers.

Today's young carver has at his disposal modern steel tools – axes, saws, chisels, planes. The result, obviously, is a change in style. But it would be wrong to imagine that the change has been more than subtle. The impact of modern carving tools has resulted in a refinement of the finished product, an exaggeration in symmetry and an over-emphasis on linear treatment of certain styles.

Pressure from the tourist-consumer and the craftsman's need for cash is forcing him to change his traditional styles – and to experiment to find a way of producing items more attractive to the buyer's eye.

Today's artist in Papua New Guinea has a strong obligation to preserve the rich art of his forefathers. But in preservation I do not mean an art world

S IN WOOD

in which there is no change. Art the world over is constantly undergoing change. So it is in my country today and the products of the new generation artist represent Papua New Guinea's contribution to the development of world art.

Dr A. Kaeppler, an authority on Polynesian art, has said that it can be broken into four categories – traditional, evolved traditional, folk and airport art. I believe the same applies to Melanesian art.

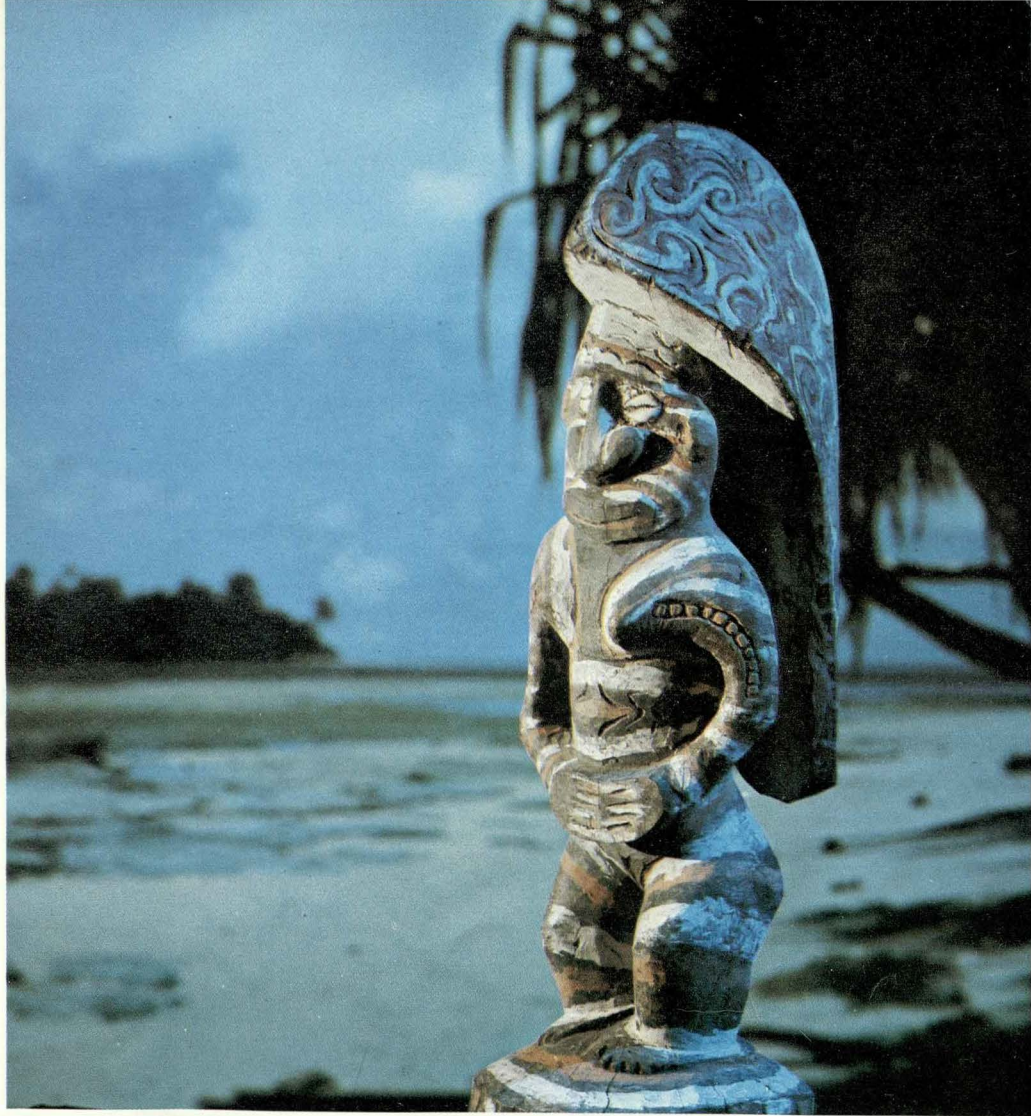
Traditional art, according to Dr Kaeppler, is that which was 'produced at the time of European contact.

Evolved traditional art is where I believe Papua New Guinea's younger generation artists are today. Dr Kaeppler's description of this form is that it is 'a continuation of traditional art with basically the traditional structure and expressing the traditional sentiment'.

This has come about in Papua New Guinea with the introduction of metal tools resulting in more intricate design work. They also mean that a wider variety of materials can be used, thus greatly increasing the lifespan of the finished product. This type of work generally serves other than traditional sacred purposes.

Folk art is described by Dr Kaeppler as the 'living art of the community'. This is common in Papua New Guinea and varies widely from area to area. This form is wide open to influence but it has retained its identity in tribal communities while also being adapted to suit buyers' needs.

Airport art, the fourth category, embodies items produced purely for commercial purposes. It includes such works as three-legged tables, walking sticks, ash trays, and a variety of items which were unknown to the pre-European contact Papua New Guinean.





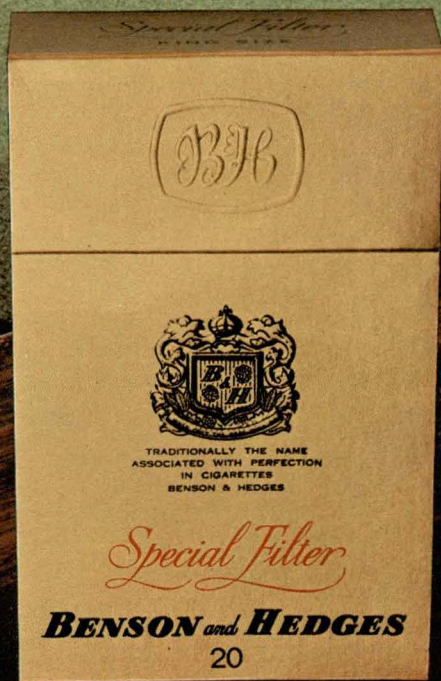
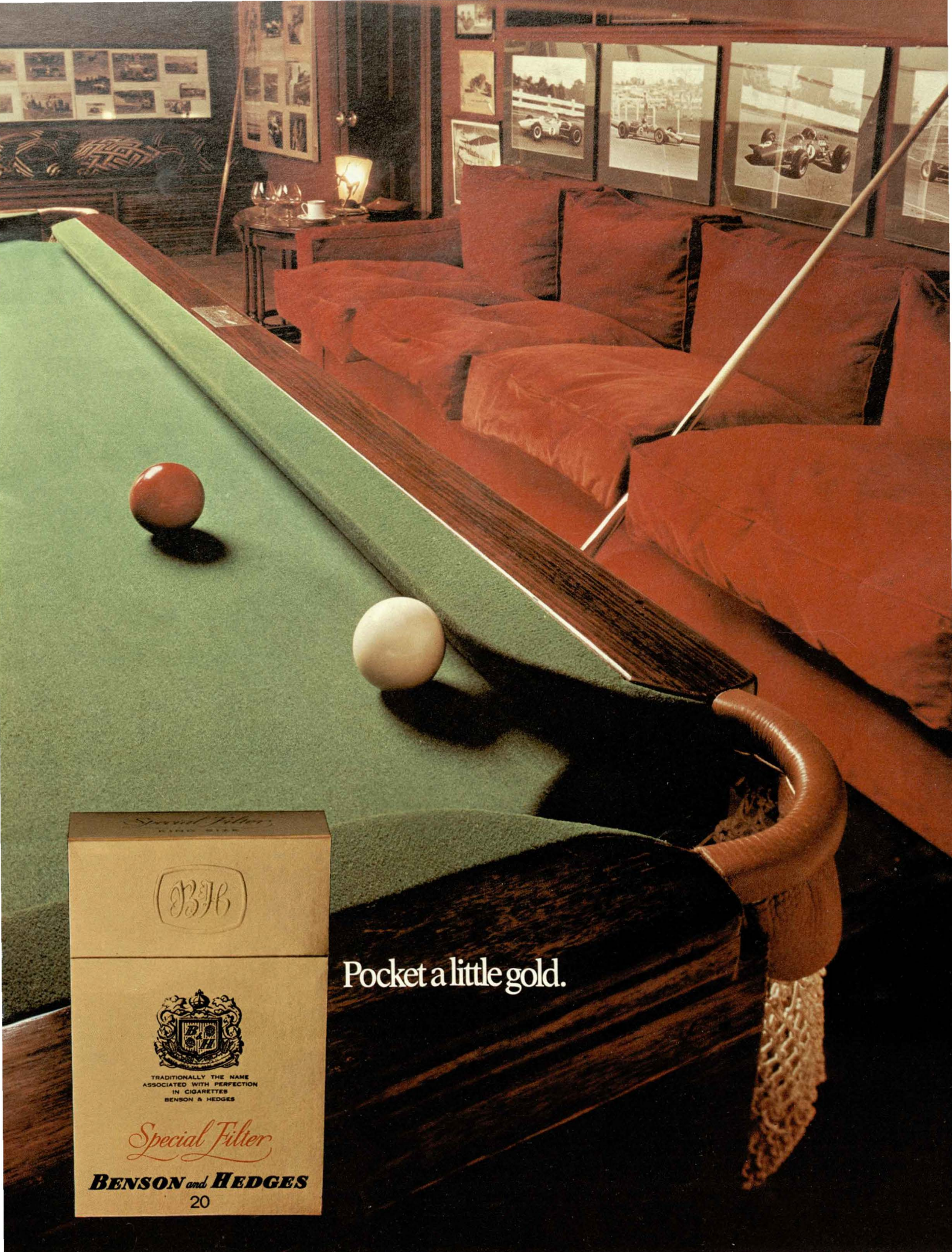
The Papua New Guinean craftsman rarely if ever uses a model for his creations. The images of his ancestors are still perceived in his mind's eye as a result of mythological description and a study of the meaning of the ancestor's name.

World fascination for Papua New Guinean art has led to a severe drain on my country's traditional works. The government and the people are now taking strong measures to put an end to the export of our ancestors to foreign countries. It is vital that we preserve our culture.

But to preserve this culture it requires close co-operation from a variety of bodies. It is all very well for the government to enact legislation to prevent a continuing drain. Village people themselves must be vigilant to see that the legislation is enforced.

To stimulate cultural awareness among the people, a body known as the National Cultural Council has been set up with a K5 million grant from the Australian Government. The council in turn has set up three national institutions with what I see as a common aim of fostering the cultural development of Papua New Guinea and its people.

The Papua New Guinea Museum in its early days was devoted almost exclusively to traditional art forms. I believe today there is a rightful place in the museum for our new generation of artists and craftsmen. The 'house of spirits' - as I prefer to call the museum - will collect these modern works which represent Papua New Guinea's signature on the contemporary world art scene. - *Geoffrey Mosiwadoga*, Curator of the PNG Museum



Pocket a little gold.

Benson and Hedges Special Filter. When only the best will do.

Magnificent Bird of Paradise (Diphyllodes magnificus), male. These males clear an area about two metres square on the jungle floor with one or two saplings in the centre from which all leaves are stripped. In the final stages of the display to a female, the male spreads his green breast shield, makes his brilliant yellow cape stand straight out from the nape, and opens his mouth to show a pale apple green interior. In a relaxed position, the yellow cape can be seen partly obscured by loose brown feathers

BIRDS OF PA

By William S. Peckover



PARADISE

'In these ilands onlie is found the bird, which the Portingales call passaros de Sol, that is Fowle of the Sunne, the Italians call it Manu codiatas, and the Latinists, Paradiseas, and by us called Paradice-birdes, for ye beauty of their feathers which passe al other birds; these birds are never seene alive, but being dead they fall on the Ilands; they flie, as it is said alwaias into the Sunne, and keep themselves continually in the ayre, without lighting on the earth, for they have neither feet nor wings, but onely head and body and the most part tayle.'

John Juyghen van
Linschoten (1563–1611)
Dutch geographer, after a
voyage to the East Indies.

Words like these provided the substance of early legends which were to veil the anatomy of Birds of Paradise for many years.

One early writer scolded Antonio Pigafetti for even suggesting that Birds of Paradise had legs. Modern cynics suggest that astute East Indies merchants deliberately kept alive the legend of wingless, legless creatures to ensure continuing high prices for the brilliantly-plumed birds.

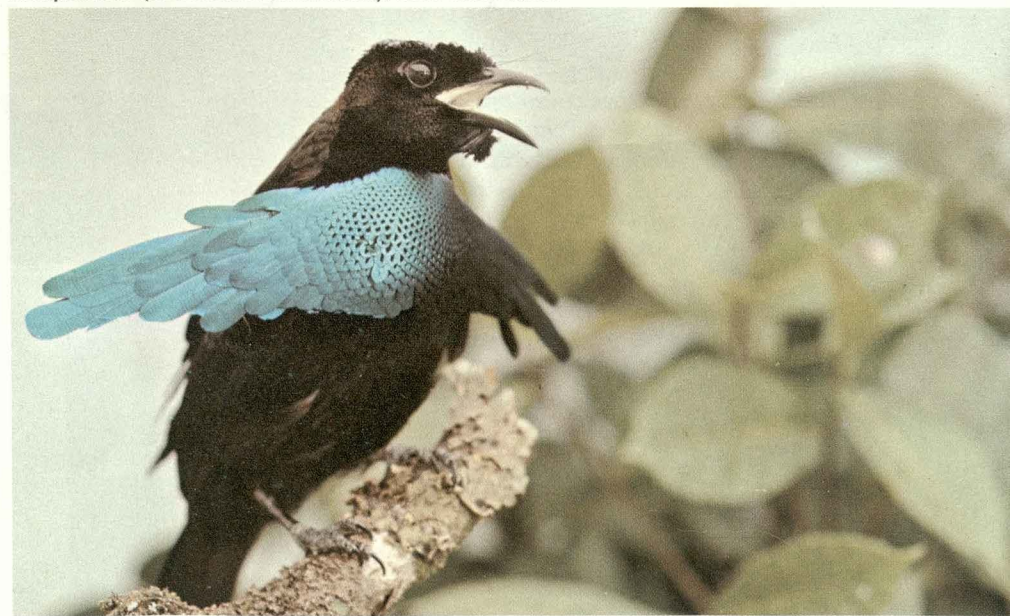
Pigafetti wrote that when the *Vittoria*, Magellan's vessel, reached Tidore in the Moluccas in December 1521, the King of Bachian 'also gave us for the King of Spain two most beautiful dead birds. These birds are as large as thrushes, they have small heads, long beaks, legs slender like a writing pen, and a span (palm) in length . . .'

The *Vittoria* took back to Europe the first known Birds of Paradise to reach the western world. But Birds of Paradise skins which later began reaching Europe had legs and wings cut off – leading an early writer to condemn Pigafetti 'as a most audacious heretic in science, for daring to say that the birds of paradise had feet'.

In modern Papua New Guinea



Trumpetbirds (*Manucodia keraudrenii*), male and female



Superb Bird of Paradise (*Lophorina superba*) male

symbolic Birds of Paradise adorn both the national flag and the crest of the newly independent state.

The Bird of Paradise family, Paradisidae, evolved in the jungles of the island of New Guinea. Only six of the 43 known members of the family are found outside New Guinea and the islands of its continental shelf – four in Australia (two of which are found in New Guinea) and one each in the Molucca and Halmahera islands to the west.

In New Guinea some species range far and wide, being found both in Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya. Papua New Guinea is credited with 33 species, Irian Jaya with 27.

In 10 of the species, males and females look alike and follow a most unusual courtship and breeding pattern. They form pair-bonds that last at least one breeding season. The male assists with nest building, brooding and feeding the young. Anatomical studies suggest that these 10 species have given away promiscuous breeding behaviour for the idea of pair-bonding.

In the other 33 species, while the

Top: The male Trumpetbird is the larger. These are pair-bonding birds. The male has a simple display. He lowers his upper body until it is close to the perch, slightly raises and spreads the wings, erects his body feathers and gives a loud, prolonged call. He relaxes and folds his wings toward the end of each call; **above:** A bird of the mountain forests, the Superb Bird of Paradise uses its delicately coloured mouth during display

female is nondescript in brown and grey feathers the male spends his life parading magnificent plumages. Throughout the mating season – usually from about April to December – the male leads a thoroughly promiscuous existence in his display trees – strutting, dancing, calling, preening. He knows that in his world it is the female which selects the male so he must work hard to win her favours.

Long before the skins of birds of paradise found their way into the palaces of Europe, the plumes were treasured possessions in many parts of New Guinea – and remain so today. They are used in headdresses, play important roles in ceremonial and

festive occasions, and are a major aspect of a man's wealth.

People within Papua New Guinea continue to trade the skins of fully plumed males, the money value varying from about K20-70 a skin. However, it is illegal for visitors to Papua New Guinea to buy the skins or to export them.

All species of Birds of Paradise are protected by law. Hunting is strictly controlled and allowed only by traditional methods. The use of shotguns or even modern bows and arrows can result in heavy penalties. Hunting is not allowed in any form within Papua New Guinea's national parks.

Studies suggest that traditional hunting methods have never endangered the Bird of Paradise. Birds have been taken for probably thousands of years but the hunters have been careful only to take males and to always leave at



Above: Crested Bird of Paradise (*Cnemophilus macgregorii*) caught blinking. Instead of an eyelid, birds have nictitating glands that act like a windscreen wiper. The plain brown female is caught 'wall-eyed' as she uses the gland. The male, busy displaying, has puffed out his feathers, opened his colourful mouth, and is quietly 'purring' to her. She later responds by 'purring' but in a lower tone; **left:** Emperor Bird of Paradise (*Paradisaea guilielmi*), male. Found only in the low and mid-mountain forests of the Huon Peninsula, little is known about this bird's display except that he clings upside down to a branch throughout




least one male at a display tree. In this way, the birds continue to use the same tree for display year after year.

The real threat to the Bird of Paradise is a growing population which constantly requires more and more room to build its towns and villages and to grow its food. Papua New Guinea's answer to this problem is a national parks program which is designed to set aside large areas which will provide protection in perpetuity, not just for the bird of paradise but for the countless creatures which make up the nation's wildlife.

Visitors to Papua New Guinea must not expect to see a bird of paradise in every tree. It requires time and patience to find them. Visitors must be prepared to travel to jungle areas in the early morning when the males call from their display trees.

William S. Peckover, who lives in Port Moresby, is a co-author of a book entitled *The Birds of New Guinea and Tropical Australia*, to be published by A.H. and A.W. Reed Pty Ltd of Sydney, Australia, toward the end of 1976

PORT MORESBY 25-8258
LAE 42-2468
RABAU 92-1131
MADANG 82-2714
MOUNT HAGEN 55-1350
GOROKA 72-1084
KIETA 95-6175
WEWAK 86-5236


nationwide
RENT A CAR
AVIS



Air France's Concorde. Rediscover what flying is all about.



At last Washington, Rio and Caracas have something in common. They're all served by the Concorde from Paris.

This means that you can now fly to North or South America in half the usual time at over twice the speed of sound, and still dine on French cuisine accompanied by fine wines en route. For your entertainment we have

individual stereo headsets and for your information we have a special machmeter in the passenger cabin as the only real indication that you're travelling at 1350 miles per hour.

There is of course more to the Concorde than just good food served at high speed.

Your travel agent will be only too happy to fill you in on the rest.



AIR FRANCE
Concorde a new world of flying.

TWO IN A DUKE



One hundred and twenty-two hours 40 minutes packed with hail-fire, time-consuming frustrations, incredibly good luck and equally incredibly costly fuel, add up to a record around-the-world flight in a piston-engined aircraft. The holders? Australian pilots Dennis Dalton and Terry Gwynn-Jones.

They made their epic flight in a Beechcraft Duke – VH-TKE – in July last year but it was not until early this year that they were told that the Federation Aeronautique Internationale (FAI) had ratified their claim to the record.

Dennis, a Gold Coast restaurateur, and Terry, an Australian Department of Transport examiner of airmen, based in Brisbane, packed like sardines in their Duke filled to the gills with long range fuel tanks, set off from Brisbane before dawn on July 20 last year.

Their first destination was the island of Tarawa – the spot on the Pacific that Amelia Earhart was heading for in a bid for the same record after leaving Lae in 1937. Earhart didn't make it and was never found. Dennis and Terry had no trouble and were soon heading on to Honolulu. They got there 20 minutes ahead of schedule – and then lost 40 minutes because the refueller had forgotten to set his alarm.

From Honolulu it was 10 uneventful hours across islandless ocean to San Jose, California. Then vital minutes were lost while 'leg pilot' Gwynn-Jones picked out the airport from the kaleidoscope of city lights and criss-crossing brightly-lit freeways.

A series of thunderstorms near Sioux Falls pushed the pair another 20 minutes behind schedule on their way to Toronto. Next came Gander, New-

foundland, before heading out on the Atlantic crossing to London. Their time on this leg proved an unofficial record but they could not claim it because they had not nominated it before departure.

The nightmare stages were about to begin. Between London and Singapore they were refused then granted permission to cross Greek air space; diverted from Damascus (because it had no suitable fuel) to Beirut; hit by a hail storm which holed the nose cone and cracked the windshield from top to bottom; met by filthy weather over the Arabian Sea which made life difficult considering their radar had packed up half a world before; charged K600 for 200 gallons of fuel at Madras and then got stopped by a human wall as they headed out from the apron because, it was claimed, they had short-changed the refueller by K10.

Because they were forced to use the shorter Seletar airfield at Singapore they were unable to stock up with enough fuel to comfortably make the hop to Darwin. Clear skies and no headwinds would have made the leg possible but the weather turned solidly against them.

A RAAF Hercules flying above the storm bound for Darwin got them out of trouble by directing them to clearer skies over North Borneo but now, being way off course, Darwin was beyond the Duke's reach. There was no alternative but to put down at Macassar on the Celebes. Both pilots thought this was the end of their bid for the record. Events which immediately followed only helped to confirm their fears.

At first there was simply no breaking the language barrier. And then, when

someone turned up who was able to speak English, Dennis and Terry were told that fuel was available – for cash and at K3 a gallon.

It looked like the last straw. But out of the blue came an Australian Norman Islander and, by coincidence, Terry knew the pilot who was flying on Indonesian Government contract and had authority to purchase fuel.

But still vital minutes were to be lost. The refuellers would only fill the Islander and Dennis and Terry had to wait for this before they were able to siphon enough across to their Duke for the leg to Darwin.

As they took off from Macassar their spirits soared after a quick calculation told them the record was still within their grasp.

The day had lost them five hours but a rapid refuelling at Darwin had them winging their way toward Brisbane. The elements made one last bid to take the record away by closing Eagle Farm because of fog. But at 3.04 am on 31 July the Duke swept along Runway 13 at 1,500 feet, the fog breaking up enough for the official FAI observer to identify VH-TKE.

Dennis Dalton and Terry Gwynn-Jones had knocked three hours forty minutes off the record. And when ratification of their record came through this year, with it came the news that the FAI had also awarded the pilots records for London-Darwin and London-Brisbane.

The two later took part in the Brisbane to Port Moresby air race held during the Independence celebrations last year. To them the 2500 mile course must have been like a weekend joy-ride, but they failed to win a place.



PORT MORESBY

It's everywhere. It's near. It's far. It's not quite so near. Nor quite so far. It's Port Moresby *dekenai**. It doesn't hit you immediately. But within a week or so of arriving in Port Moresby one gets that bewildering feeling that if you lived the rest of your life in this, the national capital of Papua New Guinea, you would never see all of it.

It hasn't always been that way. Only in the past 15 years or so has Port Moresby taken on this puzzling characteristic. For those who knew the town in, say, the early sixties, Port Moresby was a quaint miscellany of old, not quite so old and some quite new buildings straddling the shoulder between Touaguba Hill and the Paga Hill promontory, the extremity of the short

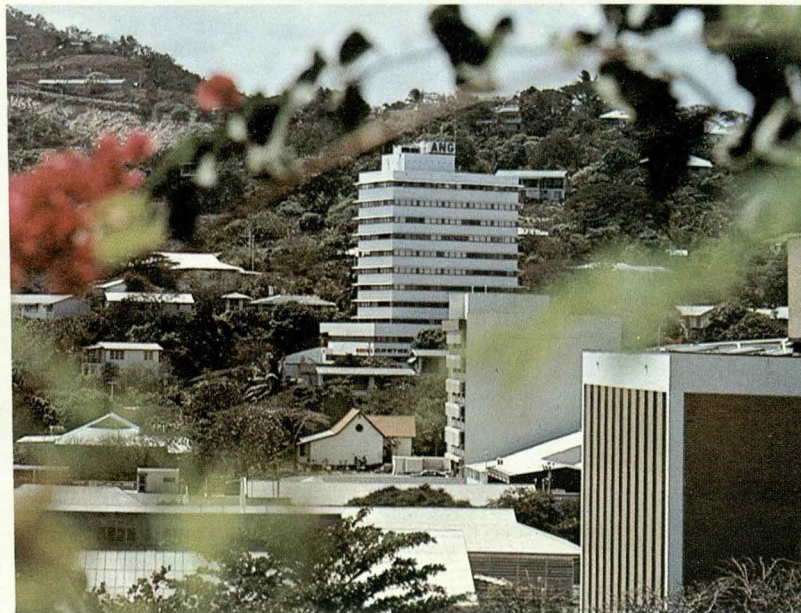
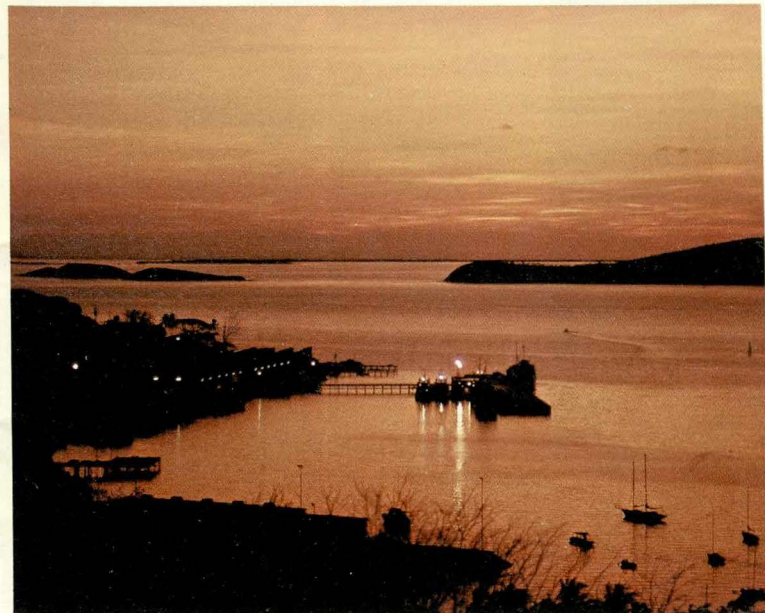
peninsula jutting out between Fairfax Harbour and Walter Bay. Port Moresby's only other development of major significance was Konedobu, administrative headquarters, along the road north from the town proper toward Hanuabada village.

Today the City of Port Moresby – population about 80,000 – has a multiplicity of 'hearts' – and all beating at a lively rate. There's still the town proper, of course, but with the development of outlying areas its importance as a central meeting place has waned. At Four Mile – the name is a legacy of Australian colonial rule where everything was measured in miles from the centre – there's busy Boroko shopping centre; at Seven Mile, Jacksons

Airport, hub of PNG's vital air communications system; at Waigani, the new seat of National Government administration; at Gerehu, Tokarara, Saraga, Hohola, new satellite towns; at Hanuabada, the stilted town over the water, home of the people Captain John Moresby met when he sailed the *Basilisk* into Fairfax Harbour in 1873.

A city Port Moresby is, but a city it does not feel in the sense of the endless string of suburbia one associates with Australia's eastern seaboard cities. The satellites are widely distributed, separated by large tracts of open, rolling country, lush and green in the wet months, November to April (give or take a few weeks), often brown and dusty in the dry balance of the year.

Left: Port Moresby today and as it used to be; insets (left to right) Waigani Government offices rise out of what was once swampland; the Bird of Paradise is the emblem on the National Flag; six-lane Independence Avenue, at the moment a road to nowhere – but big plans lie ahead; since 1975, Papua New Guinea has had its own currency



Y DEKENAI

The magnificence of the Port Moresby that the *Basilisk* crew came upon is not experienced by air arrivals until they top Three Mile Hill on their way into the city. There may be even more spectacular vantage points – Touaguba and Paga Hills and Burns Peak – from which to view Port Moresby proper. But that first glimpse on topping the rise into town at Three Mile is a breather: Walter Bay stretches out to the arc of coral reef which protects it from the southeasterlies; Fisherman's Island shimmers low on the water in the far distance; Koki and its world-renowned market bustles a mile or so down the hill; and to the right of Fisherman's, in middle distance, is Paga Hill, backdrop to Port Moresby

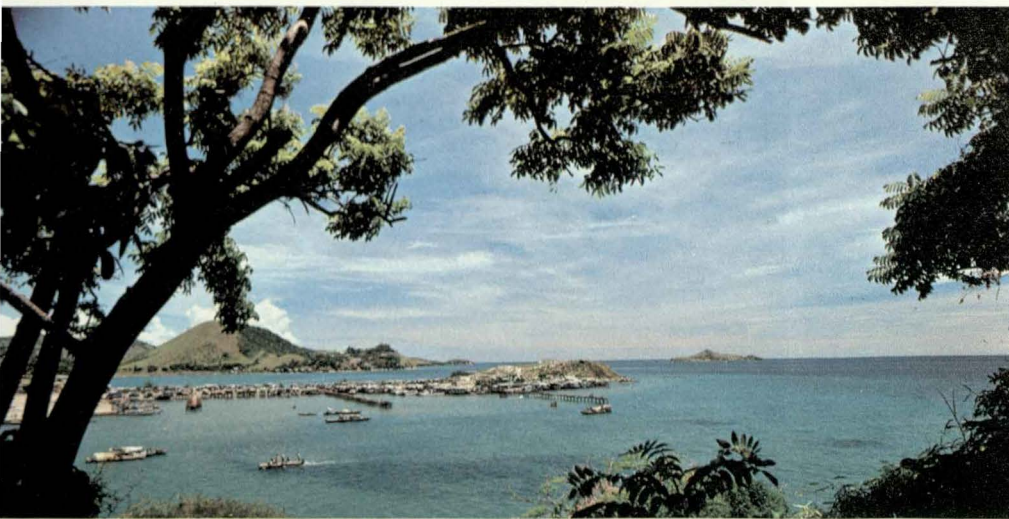
city centre, still known to a few old-timers by its original name of Granville West.

The old town area is an odd little shopping centre, stretching only a few roads either way. Cuthbertson Street, falling down to the wharf under Paga Hill, was built only a couple of decades ago because of the steep incline. Touaguba Hill, to the northeast, was so named because it catches two big winds – the southeast trades and the northwest monsoons. The naming of Paga Hill, to the southwest, is open to speculation. One version has it that Captain Moresby, tapping a villager on the shoulder, asked him the name of the hill. The man replied *Paga* – which, in the Motuan language, means

Top: No limit to the block that this house is built on; above: Port Moresby city centre through the bougainvillea; above left: The port area at sunset



Left: Behind the city, a band of coral which protects Port Moresby's harbour
below: The village of Koki at the bottom of Three Mile Hill; Rouna Falls in full spate, just out of Port Moresby, tourist attraction and source of the city's power supply



shoulder! Paga is one of the more desirable places to live but Touaguba has greater claim to the status of 'Snob Hill'. High covenant housing is springing up like hibiscus. Diplomats and private enterprise executives have settled into luxury residences and offices on this prestigious site which has a sweeping view of the harbour.

Several years ago urban planners decided to move the city centre inland to the swamps of the Waigani Valley. Their decision was based upon projections of expansion in industry and the public service. Today multi-lane highways are pushing through hills, bushland and swamp, to provide access to an ambitious city centre project.

The project is still far from completion. So far, with plenty of space between them, the Waigani Government headquarters building, the Port Moresby Arts Council Theatre, the Supreme Court Building, and the 12-story Australian High Commission block have been completed. Under construction are the State Reception Building and the National Museum. Bulldozers are pressing on with land

clearance to allow surveyors to peg out future developments.

Port Moresby may not have that finished appearance which characterises other coastal Papua New Guinea towns such as Lae, Rabaul and Madang. But neither are these places faced with the problems confronting the national capital – or at least not to the same extent. With progress, to the nation's capital have come the inevitable thousands of rural dwellers, their eyes on the bright lights. Still they come, usually without the slightest prospect of work, usually depending on friends or relatives to provide for them. The result? A growing squatter problem and makeshift hamlets popping up here, there and everywhere, often on steep hillsides ignored by town planners as unsuitable or too expensive to build upon.

What progress and the rush to Port Moresby have done is to make the city a melting pot of the nation's 700 identified and distinct languages. It has brought together people who might never have known of each other's existence if the colonialist situation had persisted without a hint of progress toward independence.

Logically, social strain has accompanied these developments. But today, in Port Moresby, lies one of the trump cards of a National Government dedicated to creating a sense of nationalism among the citizens of this new nation. If a national identity is to be established, the people of Papua New must first get to know each other. They can do this in Port Moresby like nowhere else in the country.

**Dekenai* – Defined in the PNG Office of Information *The Dictionary and Grammar of Hiri Motu* (the main coastal language in and around Port Moresby) as 'to, at, on, beside, because of, with, for, concerning, about, aboard'.



HAECO Prens the feathers of Air Niugini's Bird of Paradise and our 2700 employees also service exotic birds from over 100 other airlines

HONG KONG AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED
HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



The Swire Group

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

the unique travel experience



Unique in our range of cultures. Unique in the variety and richness of our scenery and climates. Unique in the vitality and warmth of our many peoples. Unique in the welcome we extend to our visitors.



Office of Tourism

PO Box 773, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea cables: 'PANGTOUR'
phones: 25 4200 (headquarters) 24 2915 (town) 25 4240 (airport)

BAMBOO

*I have seen old cathedral towns,
Gazed on hill castle walls,
Walked on tall cliffs, traversed wide downs,
Wandered by waterfalls,
These have not won my heart from you, *Bamboo!**

*I have seen cities, neon-bright
As diamonds under moon,
Seen many slim skyscrapers' height,
Seen summer seas at noon,
But none of these compares with you, *Bamboo!**

*At nights I've seen your sinuous form
Like large snakes rising
Shuddering to a silent storm,
Internal! Agonising!
Such times I've stood in awe of you, *Bamboo!**

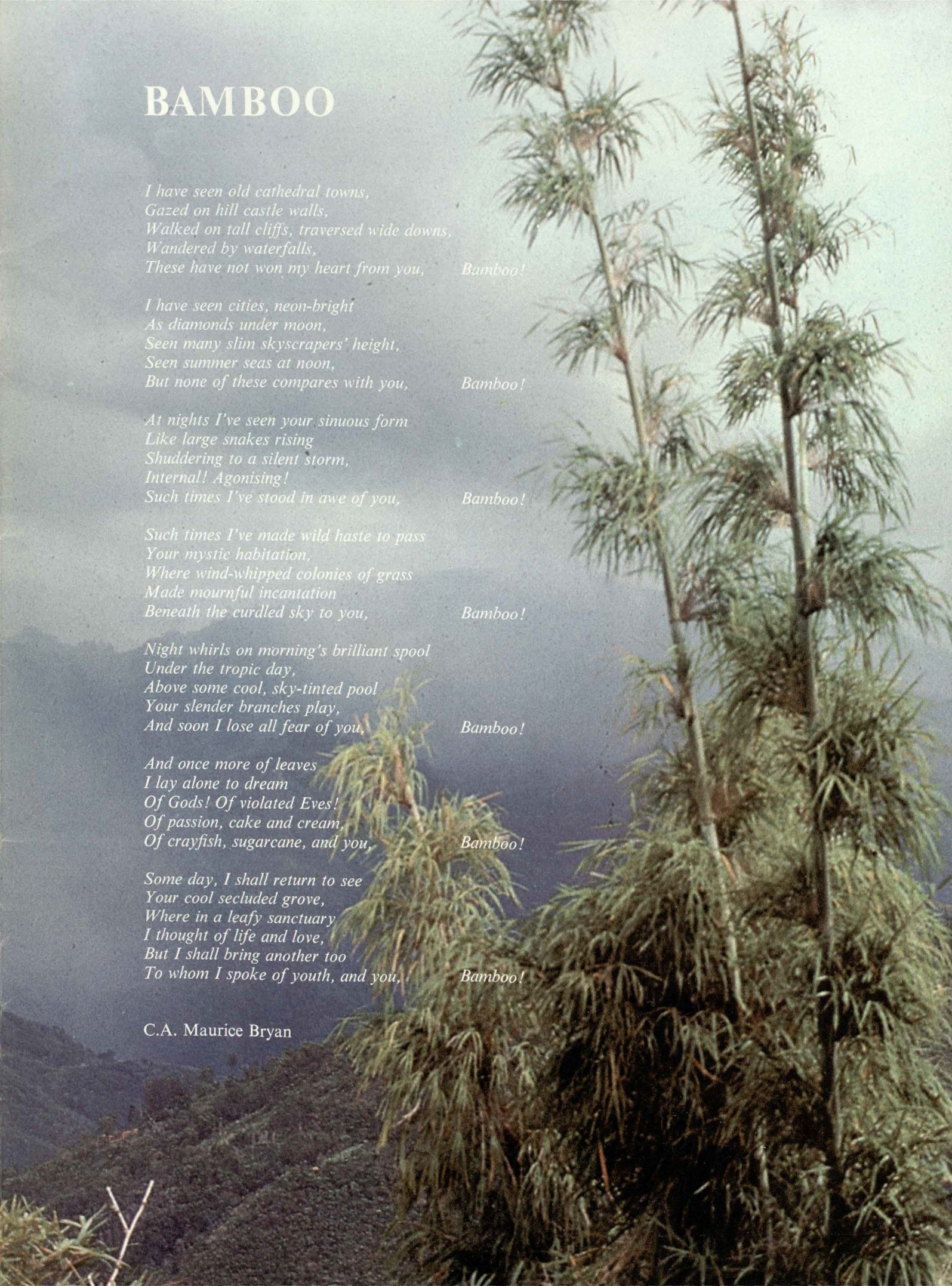
*Such times I've made wild haste to pass
Your mystic habitation,
Where wind-whipped colonies of grass
Made mournful incantation
Beneath the curdled sky to you, *Bamboo!**

*Night whirls on morning's brilliant spool
Under the tropic day,
Above some cool, sky-tinted pool
Your slender branches play,
And soon I lose all fear of you, *Bamboo!**

*And once more of leaves
I lay alone to dream
Of Gods! Of violated Eves!
Of passion, cake and cream,
Of crayfish, sugarcane, and you, *Bamboo!**

*Some day, I shall return to see
Your cool secluded grove,
Where in a leafy sanctuary
I thought of life and love,
But I shall bring another too
To whom I spoke of youth, and you, *Bamboo!**

C.A. Maurice Bryan



Geologist Ken Phillips is still able to laugh about the day he gave away a fortune. He had it in the palm of his hand, held it for a year with scarcely a thought – and then threw away all rights to it without a second thought . . . almost. The fortune in question is the massive deposit of copper ore on the volcanic island of Bougainville in eastern Papua New Guinea.

Ken Phillips is the man who proved beyond doubt that a valley high in Bougainville's rugged spine was indeed hiding a rich copper deposit. Others had suspected copper was there but none had proved it was worthwhile exploiting.

And Ken Phillips, just a battling young company geologist from New Zealand with no expectation of earning anything more than his usual salary, didn't realise for a while that he had inadvertently been handed the copper mine, legally and in writing.

Neither did his employers, Conzinc Riotinto Australia. When the company started exploring the Bougainville mountains for copper in 1963 it was not registered in Papua New Guinea.

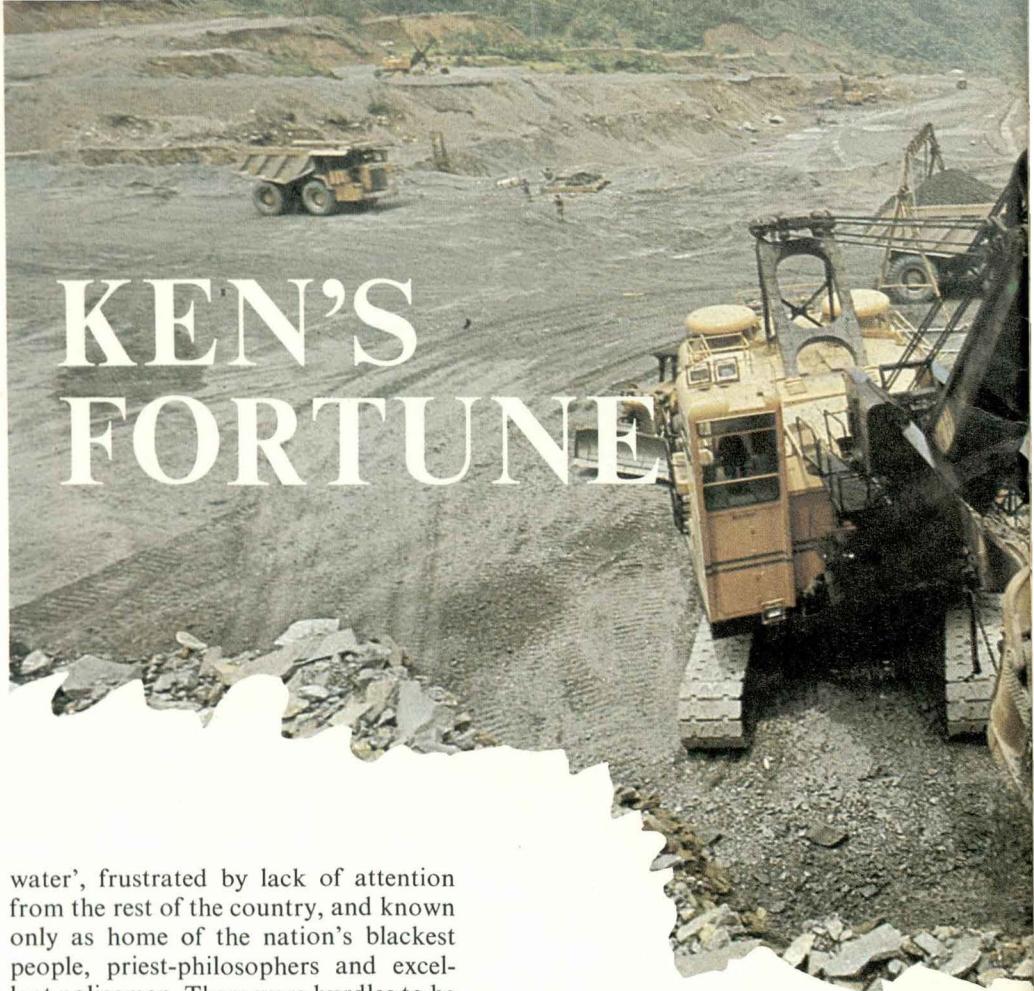
So the geologist on the spot was chosen as a convenient vehicle to hold the prospecting authority granted by the Australian officials then administering the joint New Guinea Trust Territory and Australian possession of Papua.

Nearly 12 months later, when people were awakening to the real worth of the place, the Conzinc Riotinto men suddenly realised that it was all in the name of one man – Ken Phillips.

Talking to him recently in Goroka, Phillips, now 45, recalled the episode, beginning with a hearty laugh: 'By that time, we knew we were on to something, of course, and they were keen to get it transferred.' 'Did you make things difficult?' I asked. 'No, no,' the burly geologist laughed again. 'Sorry I didn't.'

Ken Phillips betrays a considerable chunk of feeling and consideration for the people who were to be affected by his profession – near subsistence village farmers (as they were before the copper discovery).

And, if it were not for the arguing of Phillips and other field workers at the time, Bougainville might still be an economic and administrative 'back-



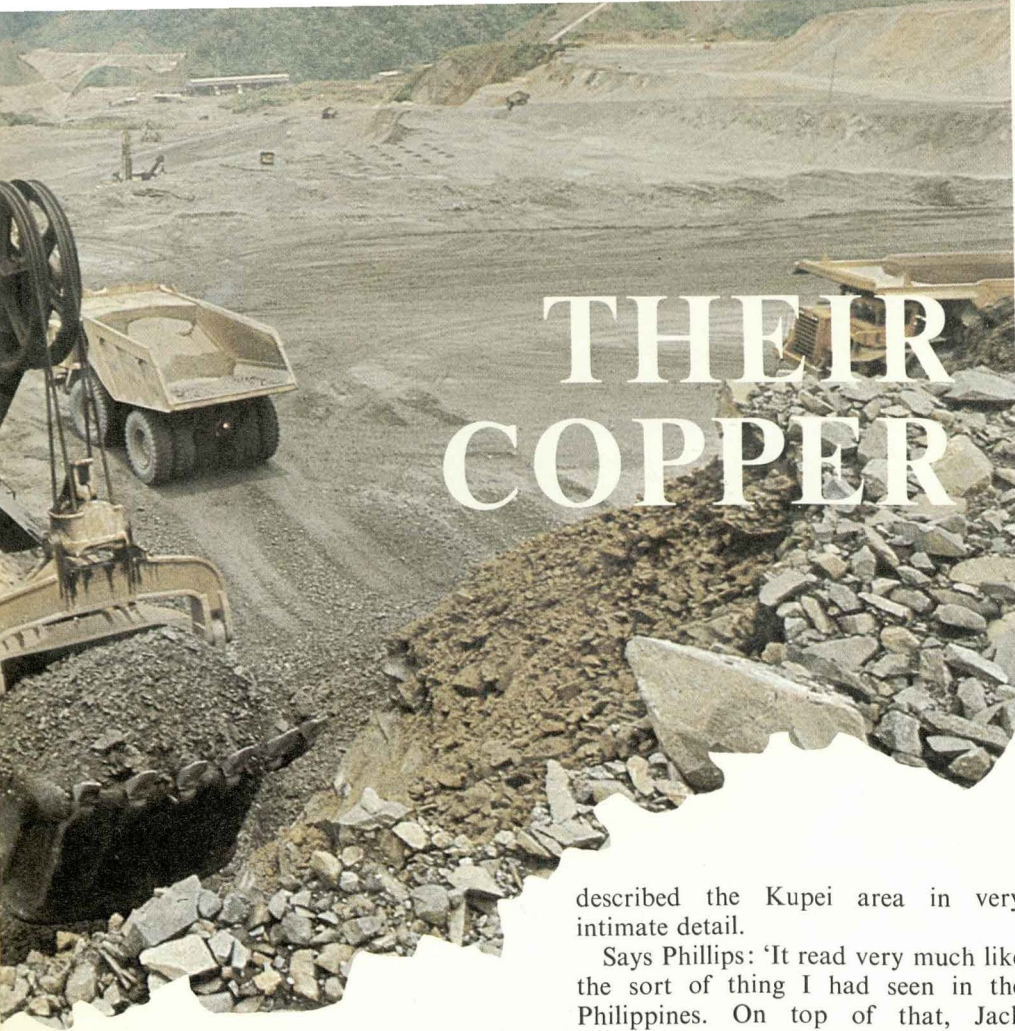
water', frustrated by lack of attention from the rest of the country, and known only as home of the nation's blackest people, priest-philosophers and excellent policemen. There were hurdles to be overcome before the Panguna mine came into existence.

The Bougainville copper story really began on a holiday trip to Asia in 1962 when Phillips saw a copper mine on the Philippines island of Cebu. He recalls: 'It was the first large, low-grade copper deposit of this type I had seen, although we had been looking for them for two to three years in Australia. And I couldn't help noticing differences of geology compared with things we'd seen in Australia, and that we would be better off looking in the islands arc – that is Papua New Guinea, the Solomons and New Hebrides – for these large, low-grade copper deposits.'

There were only three known findings of copper in Papua New Guinea and the Solomons at that time, including a place called Kupei, a gold deposit worked behind Kieta in the Crown Prinz range of Bougainville. Phillips and his company's chief geologist in Melbourne decided to look the area over. First he inspected an old gold field (still going) at Porgera in the Western Highlands.

But he had already written suggesting another look at Bougainville as a consequence of recorded descriptions of associated copper mineralisation by a Dr Fisher of the New Guinea Bureau of Mineral Resources in 1936. Dr Fisher, the Government Geologist, had





THEIR COPPER

described the Kupei area in very intimate detail.

Says Phillips: 'It read very much like the sort of thing I had seen in the Philippines. On top of that, Jack Thompson, who was Government Geologist in 1960, had been to Panguna to look at a little copper vein found by a local Kieta resident, and he sort of generally mentioned the area could be prospected for large, low-grade copper mineralisation.'

So Phillips' company, then known as Consolidated Zinc, decided in late 1963 to apply for a special prospecting authority in the area (the one which could have made Ken Phillips a rich man).

Besides the prospect at Panguna, the company, formed on British capital, was in on the big bauxite deposits at Weipa on Cape Yorke Peninsula of Australia, and the iron ore at Hamersley in Western Australia. By the time Bougainville Copper was formed, Consolidated Zinc had merged and become Conzinc Riotinto Australia, the parent company.

The prospecting authority covered 260 square kilometres in the central mountain range behind Kieta, including Kupei, the head of the Kaverong Valley and Panguna, where there was a little amount of alluvial gold recovered in pre-war years from a small village called Moroni.

Phillips arrived in Kieta in January 1964. Kupei was his principal target and five men, with Phillips as leader, took a boat around to the Arawa

plantation (now a thriving commercial centre) of 'Kip' McKillop and piled their gear onto the plantation tractor for moving to the foot of the mountain. Then came the walking.

'Helicopters were not used,' says Phillips. 'It took a while to get them there. It was a fairly major step in those days for an Australian-based company to come into virgin exploration in Papua New Guinea.'

'It was only a few hours walk up to Kupei and for the first three or four weeks we concentrated on this area. Immediately the mineralisation looked the same or very similar to this thing I had seen in the Philippines. But it was obviously very small so a bit disappointing in that respect. So we carried on across the divide and down into the headwaters of the Kaverong valley.'

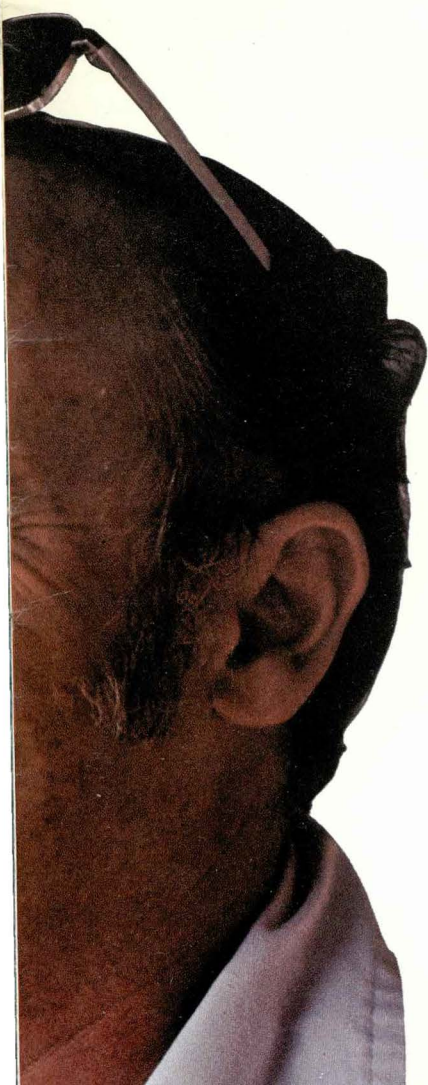
And that's where the find was made. The prospectors found high responses to their tests all over the head of the valley. Ken Phillips describes the area, in those days, as 'pretty much unpopulated'. He says: 'There were little gardens high up on the ridges and Moroni village had only six or seven old people living in it. All the others had moved down to the coastal side, mostly, I think, because they were closer to the facilities of Kieta and it was better ground for growing cash crops.'

'They had a bad time in the war, too, I'd say. Paul Mason, the coastwatcher, lent me his diaries and it was quite helpful in understanding what was happening with the people.'

One of the local people led Ken Phillips a mile or so to a place across the valley, to become famous to copper men as 'Panguna ridge' - an extremely rich outcrop of copper.

There was a little tunnel created by a pre-war radio operator at Sohano, Jimmy Widdup, to follow a gold lode. Phillips looked at it and the surrounding area. 'My first reaction was, well, if this isn't one of those porphyry copper deposits, then there's no way we're ever going to find one because it had to be so obvious that people must have come across them already.'

But the work of finding the extent of the mineralisation took nearly three months. 'By August 1964, we could see we had a very interesting target,' says Ken with supreme understatement. It was interesting but was it continuous,





the prospecting team wondered. The only way to find out was by drilling.

The first drill was 'a toy really,' says Ken Phillips. Time was wasted before the company decided to get bigger drill rigs and to begin using helicopters.

The company had aimed at drilling 2,000 feet from October to Christmas. If the average grade of ore was better than 0.45 per cent copper, the company would be in for a big exploration program. 'If it was less than that, they wouldn't do much about it except have a geologist chopping rocks here and there, digging a few pits.

'This, actually, was a very critical thing because by Christmas we had drilled around Panguna ridge and only done about 1,200 to 1,300 feet and the grade had come out at an average of 0.43. They were just getting ready to put it on ice down in Melbourne. Well I went down to jump up and down and say I thought it needed a better test. It certainly did. We had left one rig running and of course it intersected this good stuff on Panguna ridge at the critical time . . . So that problem was overcome.'

Panguna was not the easiest copper prospect ever to come into production. Ken Phillips recalled another problem earlier that year: 'At one stage it looked as if we would not get a drill in at all. The field laboratory samples are always pretty rough and the values came out not as high as we'd expected, not high enough to head off this mine to justify drilling. But we thought something was wrong and sent the samples to Cairns, North Queensland, to a company lab there where they were re-assayed. They came out much higher.

'Both these things were critical. If there had been a delay of, say, a year,

at that time, I don't think Panguna would be developed now. After 1968-69, when they borrowed the money to develop Panguna, the political situation - with self-government and approaching independence - made it far more difficult then to get these large amounts of borrowings to start one of these things off.'

In early 1965 the program went ahead with more drill rigs and 'it just grew and grew until we had a small squadron of helicopters and, up to my time, 11 drill rigs'.

Ken Phillips spent much of his time, after the first year exploring the region, on the political and social scene.

'Contrary to a lot of what's been written in the papers and spoken about, our relations in the early stages with the local people were very good. When we first went into Kupei a lot of the people came from far and wide the first day or two to have a meeting and to ask "What's going on, what are you doing here now and in the future?" We told them we were looking for copper. We were not really sure if we would find it, that it might take three months or a lot longer, especially if we found anything. So they went away fairly happy and were very helpful later that year.'

The people became more and more curious as the number of outsiders grew and 'a little more fearful of what might be about to happen'. Some outlying groups told Phillips: 'You had better concentrate in that area rather than trample over here, because if you find copper there, we'd like to see what it's all about first.'

The story of Bougainville copper since it was decided to establish the mine has been told over and again,

Left: *The 100-tonnes-plus Euclid ore-carrier at the mine face; above:* *Panguna mine*

worldwide. Copper has known boom prices. But, in the past year or two, as the world economy as a whole has faltered, there have been moments when it seemed hardly worth while digging the ore because of the rock bottom prices offered.

Recently copper prices have started climbing again. If the long-awaited global economic recovery materialises in the next year or so Bougainville Copper can look forward once again to the type of profits which motivated the initial investment.

It's mere conjecture now. But it's fascinating to ponder on a mid-sixties situation where a young geologist might just have changed the whole story of Panguna by insisting that, as the holder of the prospecting authority over the area, he was going to demand the rights he may have thought were his. If a long legal battle had ensued, the development of Panguna - made possible during the sixties because investment money was flowing fast and furiously - might still have been something of the future. - *Noel Pascoe*



MTS

MELANESIAN TOURIST SERVICES PTY LTD

P. O. Box 707 Madang, Papua New Guinea Tel: 82 2975 Cables : Tourist Telex: 82707

Papua New Guinea as the Melanesians see it. That's the specialty of Melanesian Tourist Services. We're the biggest, and most experienced, tour operator in the country – by far. Select a sight-seeing patrol, from five to 14 days. Or, if you like, piece together your own itinerary from our prepared kits. Our trained staff will help you. Meet them when you arrive in Port Moresby at our Islander Hotel office. You'll find the same expertise at any of our branch offices – one in every major centre. Make the most of Papua New Guinea. It's an experience you won't forget.



Australia is holiday country.



And that makes it our country!

Ansett Airlines would like to show you an Australia you may not have seen. It's a big holiday country, brimming with fun places—and we know them all. We plan individual holidays tailored specially for you, or turn on low-price travel-

accommodation jaunts that leave you free to do whatever you wish. For information contact Ansett Airlines of Australia, Champion Parade, Port Moresby, any office of our General Sales Agents, Air Niugini, or your Travel Agent.

ANSETT
AIRLINES OF AUSTRALIA