

paradise

A photograph of two young women in traditional Niugini attire. They are wearing large, circular, sunburst-like headpieces with intricate patterns. They are adorned with multiple necklaces, including one made of white flowers and another of red and white beads. They are also wearing skirts made of woven fibers with colorful fringes. The woman on the right is holding a large, white, shell-like object in her hands. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting.

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Welcome aboard

In this issue we pay tribute to that grand old lady of the skies, the Douglas DC3, which was withdrawn from commercial service in Papua New Guinea last year. At one time Air Niugini operated 12 DC3s in addition to our fleet of Fokker Friendship F27s on domestic routes. One by one they were sold as more airports were upgraded to accept F27s. Passenger traffic was increasing and it became obvious that we needed more seats. Just two months before we purchased our two Fokker Fellowship F28 pure jets and introduced domestic jet operations for the first time, our remaining DC3s were grounded. But the DC3 lives on in Papua New Guinea, flying the flag of the Papua New Guinea Defence Force.

C.B. Grey,
General Manager.

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COVER

Flowers and concentration were essential elements of a traditional Trobriands Island dance performed at the Kiriwina Guest House by local village maidens during a Sunday night performance. More of Tom Cooke's photos are in our centre-spread.



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Fish in a basket

Story and photographs by
Brian Mennis

Fish abound in the waters around Papua New Guinea and with today's fishing aids it's not difficult to land yourself a feed. But *long taim bipo* (in days of old) for Papua New Guineans a lot of hard work and careful planning was necessary for father to be reasonably sure of bringing home a catch.

Like so many other things Papua New Guinean, fishing methods vary across the nation. But in most areas fishermen were, and in many areas still are, dependent on some form of trap. The coastal Tolai of the Gazelle Peninsula around Rabaul in East New Britain Province still use their traps on a regular basis, anchoring them out to sea in Talili and Blanche Bays. In the best times of the year for trapping, passengers flying into Rabaul will see quite a number of bamboo rafts anchored off the shore line.

The rafts, a *babau* in the Tolai language, support the traps just below the surface of the sea. All this sounds easy. But the waters around Rabaul drop steeply away from the land, and where the traps are anchored it is about 300 metres deep. Not quite so easy. Even less easy when it is considered that often

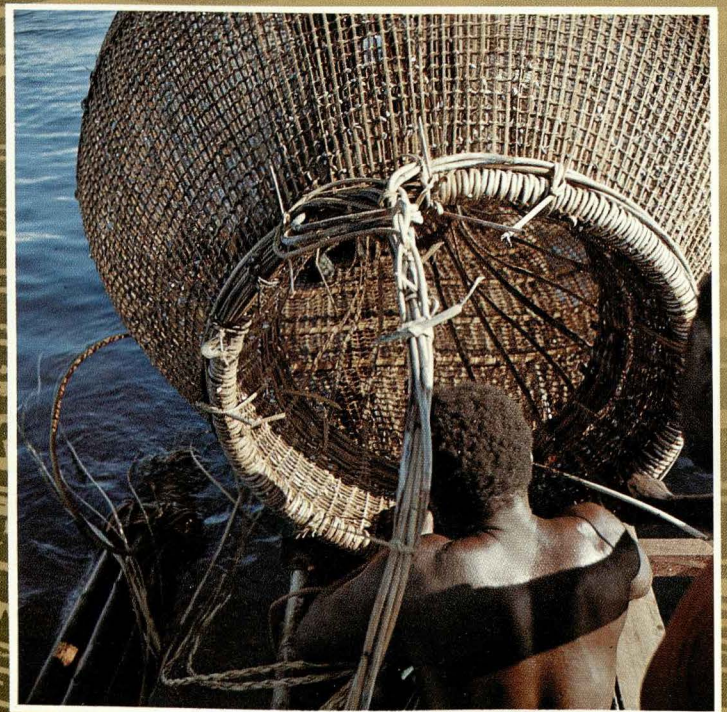


everything used in the construction of the trap comes from the lush tropical forest behind the coastal villages.

The traps — up to 2.5 metres high by two metres in diameter — are a work of art in themselves. They have a central core surrounded by an outer basket. The inner core, running the full length of the trap, bells out at each end. Where it starts to bell out at the top end to make the mouth, it is closed off by a woven bamboo partition. Bamboo strips, used in its construction, are spread a couple of inches apart and are flexible enough to permit easy passage of fish into the main basket.

The main basket is made up of three layers of woven bamboo, shaped by four main ribs of thick *kanda*, a strong bush vine. Some villagers are now replacing the outer basket with 1.25 cm chicken wire. Soon, no doubt, the woven bamboo will become a thing of the past. Bamboo's major advantage is that it does not seriously hurt fish caught in the trap and it allows them to live

Tolai fisherman takes great care in fastening the trap to the raft



several days. Chicken wire damages the fish and they live only about 24 hours or less after entering the trap. This is an important consideration when heavy seas prevent daily inspections and clearing of the traps.

The trap hangs vertically with its mouth set less than a metre below the surface. It is held in this position by the anchored raft. The 300 or so metre rope linking the raft to its anchor comes from the same place as everything else — the jungle. Five thicknesses of vine, each about 10 mm in diameter, are twisted and spliced together to make up the length required. One rope I saw laid out measured 350 metres. The anchor is a pear-shaped basket about two metres high filled with stones from a nearby reef.

After collecting the bamboo and vines, all the work involved in making the traps is carried out on an area of the seafront, set aside for the purpose, called the *motonoi*. Each of these areas, in past times, would have belonged exclusively to one village. However, with the alienation of so

much of the seafront for plantations, it is now necessary for several villages to share one area. A part of each of these areas is used exclusively for building the trap. All women, also men not directly connected with the actual making of the trap, are forbidden entry. Tradition has it that if this prohibition is ignored the trap will not attract fish and could easily be broken by a shark.

Once a trap, with all its extras, is completed, the next task is to get it out to sea and into position. Because of the sizes of the components, this is done in two operations. First the anchor and anchor rope are put down and attached to the raft. Then the trap is taken out and tied to the raft. But it is not just a simple matter of picking the trap up, taking it out, and tying it on. The Tolai people still consider it necessary to follow all the traditional practices associated with the installation of a trap. This involves such detail as there being only one way to fasten the trap to the raft.

Once in place, the traps are visit-

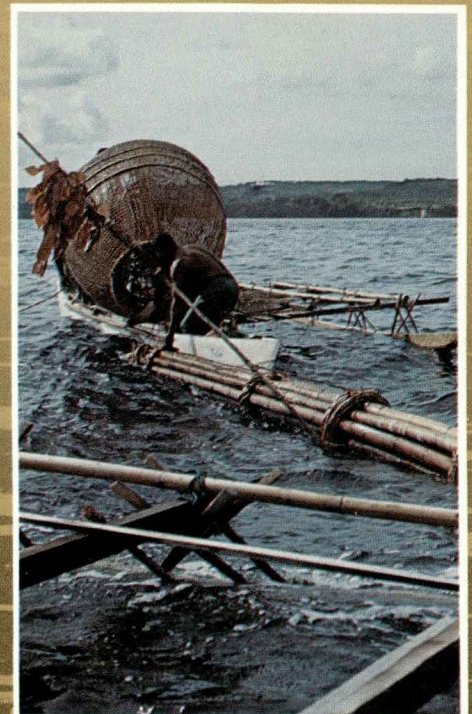
ed, if possible, at least once a day to collect anything that may have been caught. Catches of up to 30 2-4 kg fish are not unusual. Fish mostly are sold on the beach as soon as they are landed. Quite often the sale is made in traditional currency — one fish bringing one 'fathom' of *tabu* or shell money. If the fisherman does not dispose of his catch at the beach, he will display it beside the road or take it into the market.

The trap lasts only about four months at sea before it loses its strength and has to be replaced. Sharks also break them quite frequently to get at fish trapped inside. However, the raft, rope and anchor will last up to a year provided the anchor is on a sandy bottom, so it is merely a matter of replacement of the trap to keep the fish catches coming. — *Brian Mennis is a freelance writer based in Madang, Papua New Guinea.*

Traps are anchored with a basket of rocks attached to a bamboo raft on a 350m rope



Fixing the trap to the bamboo raft where it will hang less than a metre below the surface



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Forty-four years old and still flying

Hoppy and the Swallow

By Gerry Dick

'Uniform Uniform Romeo . . . ah, I'm about a mile east inbound at 300 feet . . .' The rest of the message doesn't really matter. Any pilot near Port Macquarie on the east coast of Australia who hears it immediately knows that Alex (Hoppy) Oliver is about to land in his Klemm Swallow. He's certain to be flying lower, slower. He'll circle and touch down before anyone else has time to lower their undercarriage.

It's been like that for 24 years; long before I had my first ride in an aeroplane — with Hoppy in the Swallow — and before Port Macquarie, where Hoppy and the Swallow live, boasted a real airport.

The Swallow is still hangared in a rectangular shed — with a door which runs the full length of one wall and flaps down to the ground from half way up the wall — just outside the cone markers of Port Macquarie's airport. The shed and its occupant have seen many changes. Port Macquarie now has a sealed runway with landing lights which has replaced the grass strip that was the town's aerodrome when East West Airlines started flying there in a converted Hudson bomber. Today East West goes to and returns from Sydney up to six times a day in brand new Fokker Friendship 500s.

One of Australia's oldest flying aircraft, VH-UUR was registered in 1935 by Father F. Zeigler, a Swiss on loan to the Catholic Mission of the Holy Ghost at Alexishafen in Papua New Guinea's Madang Province. It was one of the original German-designed Klemm Swallow L25 two seaters which first flew in 1927. Later models were built in England by the British Klemm Aeroplane Company Limited of Hanworth which, in 1935, was renamed the British Aircraft Manufacturing Company Limited. Considering that the tropical climate of Papua New Guinea does not suit wood

and fabric aircraft, VH-UUR is remarkably well preserved. Log books show the aircraft was operated through both wet and dry seasons, over inhospitable terrain, to carry supplies and passengers to remote mission outposts.

When Madang Aerial Transport Company bought the Swallow in October 1941 it still had its original Siemens Haslke 80 hp engine which gave it a cruise speed of 70 knots.

On January 7, 1942, after the Japanese invasion of Papua New Guinea, the pilot of VH-UUR, on a flight from Madang to Chimbu, recorded in the log book that he 'sighted a Jap aircraft'. Fortunately the enemy pilot either did not see the Swallow or, if he did, took no notice of it. Two weeks later, on January '21, the Swallow survived a Japanese bombing attack on Madang. The following day it left for Australia and safety.

The ferry pilot was Stan Johnson who flew for the mission, Madang Aerial Transport Company and later Australian National Airways. Retired and living in Brisbane, Johnson in a letter to Air Niugini Boeing 707 captain John Regan, recalled the ferry trip. The log book records that the flight from Madang to Mount Hagen took one hour and 50 minutes followed by five hours and 55 minutes to Horn Island, and another eight hours and 50 minutes to Cairns. After reaching Brisbane Johnson stored the Swallow under his house.

Between Horn Island and Cairns Johnson was forced to land on a

salt-pan to refuel because of strong headwinds. His letter continued: "Finally arriving at Cairns around 8.30 pm I found the whole airfield was covered with obstructions. Had I been flying anything other than the Swallow I would have been smashed to pieces.

"My belated arrival there stirred up the army no end. The aircraft was impounded and I virtually became a prisoner of war. This unfortunate circumstance was brought on by the fact that VH-UUR was not included in the list of expected arrivals from New Guinea. The log books had lots of entries in German and a huge black cross appeared on either side of the fuselage."

Colin McLeod, of Southport, Queensland, bought the Swallow in September 1951 and, two months later, after the completion of a certificate of airworthiness inspection, VH-UUR made its first flight for eight years.

It was in July 1953 that Hoppy Oliver, a Port Macquarie radio repairman, bought VH-UUR, owning it to this day. He replaced the Siemens engine in August 1956 with an 85 hp engine. With a good breeze, it can become airborne in 6.4 metres though the average take-off run in nil-wind conditions is 45.7 metres. The Swallow can climb at more than 300 metres a minute after take-off, which puts many modern light aircraft to shame.

The stories of Hoppy Oliver and his Klemm Swallow are too many (and too clouded with colour to be accurate) to record here. But his

'dead stick landing' demonstrations have delighted country air show goers in New South Wales and Victoria for many years.

His usual take-off run is made across the airstrip and is followed by a spectacularly steep, slow, climb. At about 450 metres Hoppy shuts down the engine and raises the nose to stall the propeller. Once the propeller has stopped, spectators on the ground can hear the wind whistling around the aircraft, which, to the surprise of most, does not seem to be losing altitude. The Swallow is a very good glider.

My memories of Alex Oliver include the day he landed the Swallow on a tidal sand spit in the Hastings River where I was pumping yabbies to earn pocket money to pay for my flying lessons. And then there was a windy Sunday afternoon when he flew backwards across the coast at Flagstaff Hill, the Swallow's nose high in a near-stalled attitude allowing the speed of the sea breeze to exceed the machine's ground speed.

Best of all was my first ever flight — in VH-UUR. Just after take-off, when we had settled in cruise, Alex throttled back to reduce noise so he could talk over the slipstream from the back cockpit: 'Put your head over the side. Don't be afraid to look down,' he said. For the first time, I did — and loved it.

VH-UUR parked at Alexishafen before World War Two. Standing with two unidentified assistants are (from left) Brother Suton, Brother Felician and Father Stanislaus. When it first arrived on the mission field in 1935 the Klemm Swallow was affectionately known as "St Paulus"





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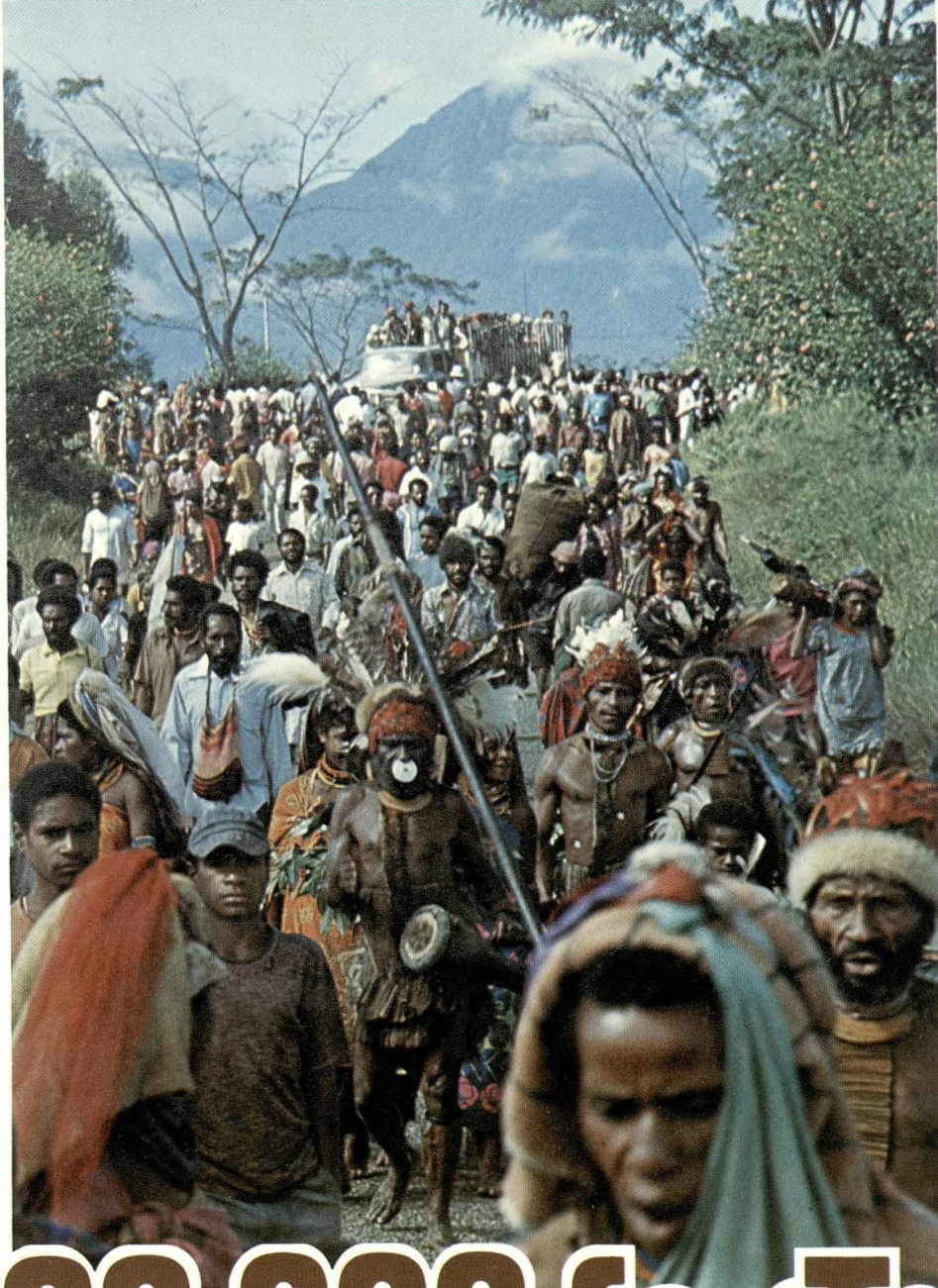
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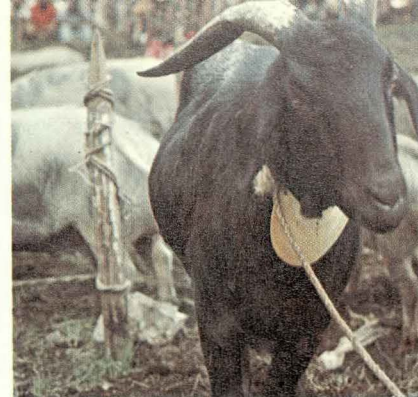
Story and photographs
by Paul Brennan

The people of the Enga, deep in Papua New Guinea's highlands region, have many ceremonies — youth initiation, bride price, compensation for murder — but none is as elaborate or as important as the *tee*, an exchange ceremony touching on virtually every aspect of their culture.

The Enga, the largest cultural group in Papua New Guinea, whose numbers are approaching 200,000, did not become exposed to western culture until 1948. Living in dispersed hamlets in an area of more than 10,000 square kilometres, they found a rich existence as subsistence

farmers in the fertile valleys about 130 kilometres northwest of Mount Hagen. There they raised sweet potatoes (today more than 50 varieties), protected clan territories, and exchanged pigs and other valuables in the rugged, mountainous terrain 1500 to 3350 metres above sea level.

Thirty years of contact with the westerner — missionaries, government officials, businessmen — have brought changes at a breathtaking rate. Roads and bridges have made possible greater mobility in a few hours than, traditionally, in an entire lifetime. Tradestores now sell ice cream, suitcases, and the ubiquitous red billowy blouses. Hospitals and clinics bandage spear wounds, pull teeth, and dispense birth control



Above: The *tee* in progress. Pigs are lined up for presentation to their new owners; top: goat decorated in hair oil and vaseline and wearing a kina shell at Wakumale *tee*; bottom: cassowaries take the centre of the stage when the pigs have gone

devices. Schools are helping to dispel superstitions and inform eager minds of unbelievable worlds, not as far away as Australia or Japan, but as near as the closest urban centre.

In this world of transition from subsistence agriculture to consumerism, the Enga ceremony of the *tee* is thriving. It does so primarily because the value system of the traditional Enga world view is still basically intact. While the external symptoms have changed drastically, the concerns for family, clan solidarity, public display of power, and ancestral spirits, among others, continue to motivate and define the Enga existence. Nothing on the horizon of change appears to be able to replace or radically restructure this complex ceremony of exchange.

The *tee* does not emerge at the whim of one individual. The influential men of an entire clan, perhaps about 400 people, will listen carefully for word of the initial exchange perhaps some 80 kilometres away. Since the *tee* has a chain reaction beginning at a southerly point, it is important for all contiguous clans to be alert to its progress. Traditionally, and continuing into the present, the cycle of exchanges occurs only every seven to 10 years. The time needed for the *tee* to travel to its most northern point and then return to its southern origin may take two years. A cycle is now in progress.

The function of the *tee* is basically twofold: to repay debts (perhaps incurred two cycles ago by one's father), and to make investments in exchange partners. Relationships outside a clan are of great importance — and therefore appropriate gifts must be selected to ensure mutual security and growth.

A pig is not mere protein to be consumed into the body. Its primary value is as a mediating symbol. It can heal divisions, settle differences and establish friendship in ways far beyond the cold business mind of the westerner. That explains why its monetary value has escalated tremendously during three decades of contact. Today its price is roughly K2.85 a kilogram. That's live weight.

The concept of interest accumulation is well known to the shrewd Enga mind. A pig given to my father 10 years ago might demand of me, his successor, two pigs of the same size. And what I give now in new investments can conceivably bring me 100 per cent profit in another 10 years, to say nothing of the binding quality accruing to both of us (and hopefully by extension to our clan) in the newly established relationship.

Excitement for the *tee* begins to build several years before it arrives. A couple of lesser ceremonies will take place on a clan's *tee* ground, at which time the hosts invite exchange

partners from neighbouring clans for a day of discussions. The 1000 or so invited guests listen intently as the hosts make speeches in praise of their own wealth but, more importantly, to hear what gifts they are intending to give when the *tee* does arrive. Often guests will remind their hosts of ignored or forgotten payments made in earlier cycles. The successful finale occurs when all present share in food — sweet potatoes, possums, sugar cane — provided by the hosts, to symbolise agreement in *tee* plans.

Several months prior to the actual day of the *tee*, a 'big man', wealthy and influential, will place stakes in a line, just over a metre apart, leading from the *tee* ground of his clan in the direction of his own house. The number of stakes will be the number of pigs he will actually give on the day of the exchange. Great care is taken to ensure that his population is in good health and of correct number and size. With clan brothers he will carefully allocate his gifts to intended recipients. Normal activities — house building, forest clearing, planting and harvesting — are suspended, for nothing is more important to the individual and his clan than the successful staging of the *tee*.

The date is carefully chosen to ensure maximum participation by hosts and guests. Since the entire



Tribesman presenting shell money under the watchful eye of his father at Yakane tee; left: Yombone family tribesman presents a cassowary

clan is responsible for it, they must wait until the chain reaction of the cycle progresses to their clan territory. But when the day is selected, word is passed quickly throughout the valley.

On the afternoon prior to the event most recipients of gifts will be invited to arrive at the homes of the host clan. Each will be informed of the gifts he can expect to receive the following afternoon. Food is generally provided and all aspects of the overnight accommodation carefully arranged in order to ensure a favourable reaction from the guest.

Very few sleep during the night. A holiday mood fills the air. Before sunrise the hosts will begin to adorn themselves in their finest attire: Human hair wigs, bird of paradise plumes, woven armbands and loin-cloths, shells and tree oil, the latter being used as a skin cosmetic, producing a luxuriant, glistening effect.

The same care for appearance is taken with all gifts to be presented. Pigs are smeared with decorative muds and clays. Cassowaries, flightless birds standing up to 1.5 metres tall, have their thick black and brown plumes rubbed with tree oil, more recently vaseline. Shells and stone axes get the same treatment.

By 10 o'clock in the morning the *tee* ground, a cleared, choice site of the clan, edged by old forest hardwoods, has become a theatre of

noise, colour, and activity. Animals and people prepare for their finest hour. Children lead pigs on ropes, women carry netbags of shells and axes, and the men, proud in their feathered splendour, supervise the staking, tying and decorating. Each big man must ensure that his row of stakes is straight and evenly spaced, and that to each is tied its appropriate pig.

At about noon, when all is in place — the audience of several thousand, the host clansmen, the gifts — the curtain rises on the opening scene. All men of the host clan, in parade fashion, form 10 or so rows, five to eight across. The prominent donors conspicuously line in front and together they make their appearance, singing and marching as they come.

It is a spectacular scene of oiled bodies, swaying feathers, flipping loin-cloths. Holding their ceremonial stone axes high, they sing short but brisk tunes, all in honour of their clan's heritage, strength, and invincibility. After marching along the rows of pigs several times, they then disband and allow each row of pigs to be given in succession.

The man or men responsible for each row (usually a sub-clan of relatives), will run along the row, axes high, calling out names of ancestors or counting the pigs as they go, jubilantly proclaiming

their clan's wealth. The donor responsible for a particular number of pigs, then, in full view of the crowd, begins to call out the name of each pig's recipient. Quickly the recipient steps from the crowd surrounding the pigs and, taking the rope, leads it away. Another name is called and another pig departs. All the pigs, perhaps 500 in number, are given one at a time along each row. The wealthiest of the big men may give 100 pigs or more. Usually these men are of sufficient age to allow their eldest sons to handle the actual giving transactions. No one, however, is unaware of the big men's presence.

Timing is of utmost importance. Many recipients have walked as far as 25 miles and they must quickly begin leading or carrying their pigs toward their clan territory, hoping to arrive before nightfall. The host clan must therefore keep the schedule moving, especially if rain is threatening. No lengthy speeches are permitted, and the actual handing over of each gift takes no more than a few seconds.

Following the presentation of pigs, cassowaries take centre stage. Usually a clan will have no more than a half dozen of these valuable birds, but their handing over is often accompanied by excitement. Since many of the birds are caught wild in the forests, their safe



Yombone family, three generations in tee ceremonies. The money pole (background right) is common at the tee but unlike the pig, has no personality and can not be expected to 'live' as long

conduct is not guaranteed. Often the larger male birds are blindfolded. If their behaviour is sufficiently docile — and their handlers usually know — each will be held by a vine harness. Sometimes the wilder ones have their heads completely wrapped in a covering so as to be less excited, since they are unable to see the crowd.

Occasionally the strutting birds leap into the air, break away from their handlers, and dart wildly into the crowd. Pandemonium breaks out as the people scatter to avoid darting beaks and flying toenails. This explains why many of the cassowaries with meaner reputations are not released from their slatted pallets at all but are simply handed over in the safety of their cages.

When all animals have been given out, the audience crowds closer around the hosts in anticipation of the final act of giving. The items involved here are usually ceremonial stone axes, shells and money. Their display is as ostentatious as that of the pigs and cassowaries. The handles of the axes are stuck upright into the ground in rows, like the pigs. The large, gold-lipped shells (worn as pendants) are carried in loose netbags. Each shell is placed in a flat, circular resin holder the size of a large platter, and ochre colours this 'gift-wrapping'. Money, usually bills of two or more kina denomination, are placed linearly on long poles, rising to six metres in the air. All the money on a pole, perhaps K100, may be given to a single recipient, or it may be parcelled out to several. But, for the donors, what is important here is that they make conspicuous display of all their wealth and

thereby impress the audience with their influence and power.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the host's *tee* ground is a quiet, deserted stage as the donors sit in clusters around the trees, relaxing and discussing their success in having given in proper fashion so lavishly of their wealth. During previous weeks they themselves had been guests and recipients at *tee* exchanges farther down the valley. But now, in their minds, none can compare with the display their clan has accomplished.

In succeeding weeks the *tee* will, in turn, be hosted by contiguous clans up valley. But the hosts will not attend for those gifts will be intended for other clansmen farther northward. Their thoughts, however, will be leaping several months ahead when the return of the *tee* will bring them some repayment. Especially, will they dream of the returns to come during the next cycle, some seven to 10 years away.

Among the numerous cultural institutions of the Enga having survived the onslaught of three decades of cultural clash, probably no institution is as secure as the *tee*. The banking system of the western world is little threat. It places its emphasis upon impersonal commodities. Cheques and currency have no personality like pigs and cassowaries, nor can they be kept 'alive' for as long a time — they disappear quickly when tempted by consumer goods. Cash cropping, likewise, will not replace the *tee*. This innovation has to some extent shifted concern from human relationships to tangible commodities, but people will probably always be central in the Enga value system.

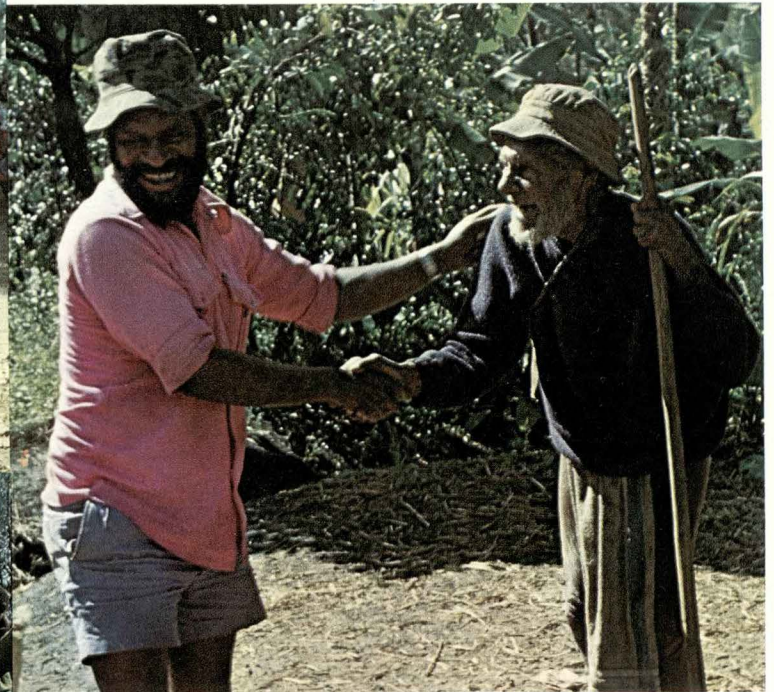
Banking and cash cropping have, in addition, attempted to shift corporate ownership and activities to a more private type. But this too has not fitted in comfortably with the pervasive traditional value system.

In many respects the *tee* going on at the moment does not look in detail like those of previous decades. Indeed, the items used in the exchanges have sometimes seemed odd and ill-fitting. Live cattle, goats, and sheep have already been seen incongruously in the lines of pigs. And, like the pigs, their skins have been decorated, not with clays, but with store-bought hair oil and vaseline. Moreover, on several occasions, new pick-up trucks, their flaming red 'skins' shining brightly, have been parked in the most prominent positions, alongside the pigs and cassowaries, to be given graciously to their appreciative recipients, and at least one case is known where a four-tonne Toyota, fresh from the dealer's showroom, was presented in a lavish display of opulence.

Who can say what the next items might be? The Enga have already cleared many boundaries of culture, time, and cost. But one thing seems certain. The *tee* must go on. No functional substitute introduced by outside cultures has yet been able to compare with its function, its scope, its wealth — and its bizarre ability to find meaningful gift substitutes. — *Dr Paul Brennan who is now with the Papua New Guinea Office of Information has been doing research among the Enga people since 1968.*



PEOPLE AND TOYOTA



Buying coffee

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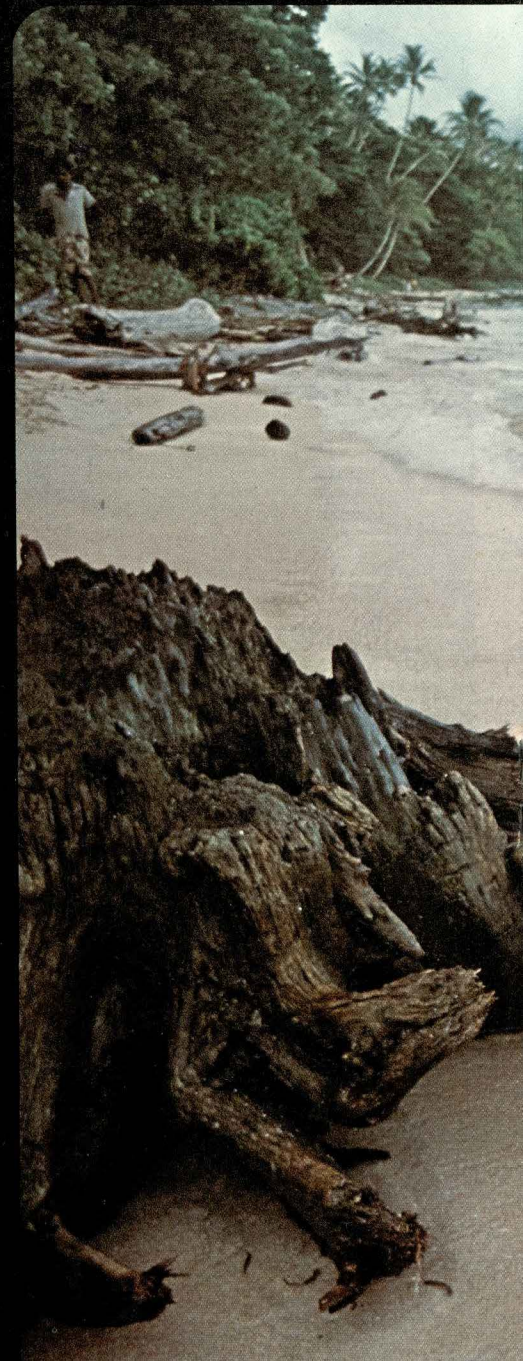
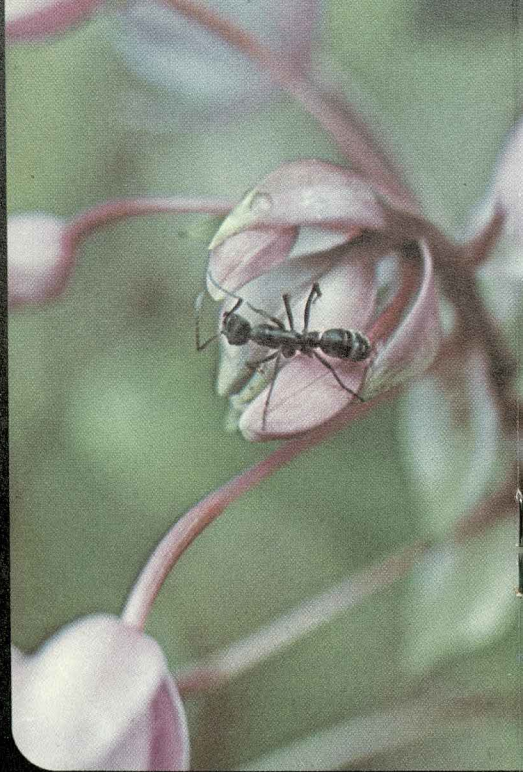
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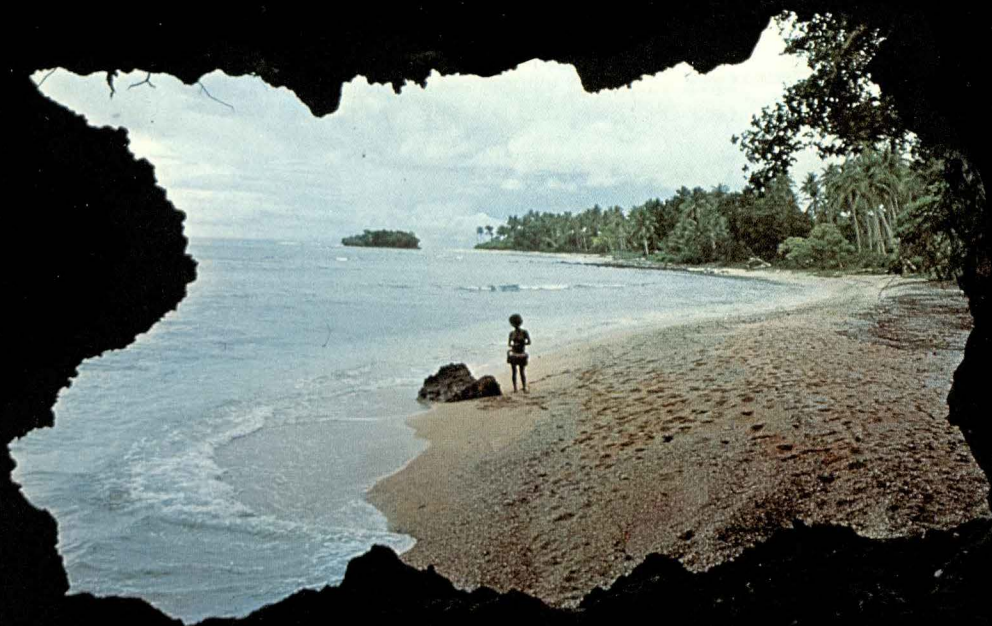
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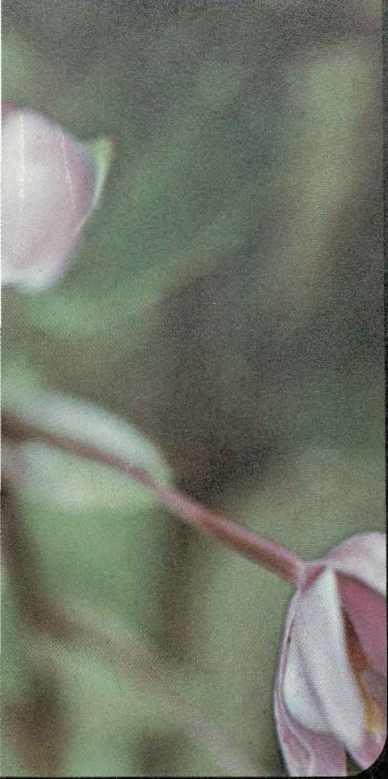
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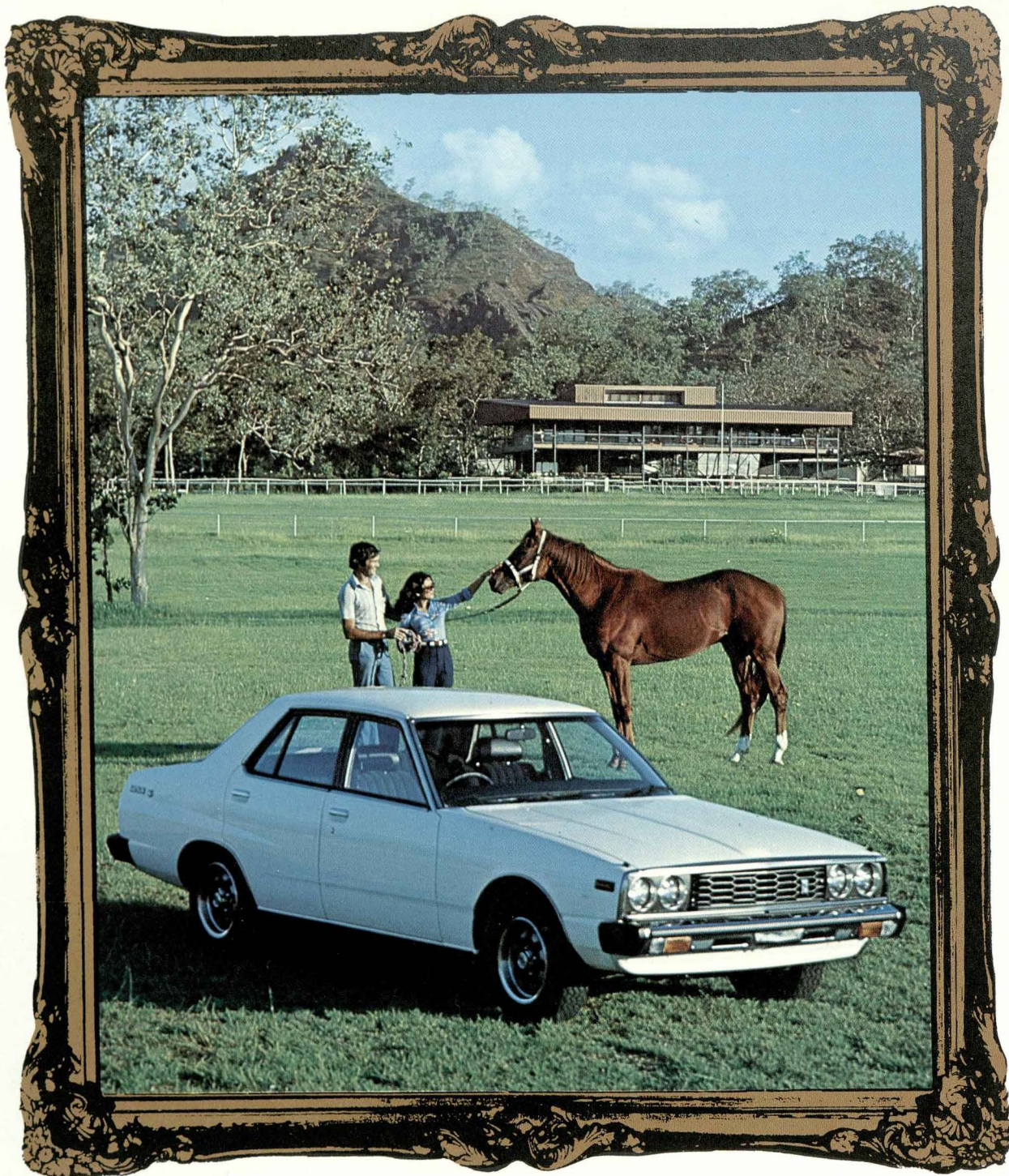


Cooke's tour

Paradise designer, Tom Cooke, and his wife, Ann, recently enjoyed the hospitality of the people of Kiriwina, the main island in the Trobriands group in the Solomon Sea. This selection of Tom's photographs was taken with the Olympus OM system.







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At the end of the rainbow

By David Tholler

Years ahead of its time. An expression used much too often nowadays. But apt if someone had thought of it on December 17, 1935, when a new shape took to the air at Santa Monica, California. Even today, aviation buffs will dispute anyone who suggests that the passage of time has made what we, in this part of the world, know as the DC3 anything less than sleek.

One gets the feeling that the designers whose ideas moulded the Douglas Sleeper Transport (DST) — which was the name given to the first 'DC3' — did not have their eyes simply on the air; more likely they were gazing into space, such, at that time, was the futuristic appearance of a flying machine which was to entirely change the concept of air transport.

Coincidentally, the day the DST took to the air was the thirty-second anniversary of man's first heavier-than-air powered flight by the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, US.

A development on its smaller predecessor, the DC2, the DST had a 16 sleeper, 24 passenger capacity. Success with the design was immediate. Even before that first flight, American Airlines, for whom it had been designed, doubled its order, with more on option. Soon, orders were flowing in from major airlines worldwide. An air revolution was underway.

Australia's first DC3, VH-UZJ, arrived on September 8, 1937, and was



delivered to Airlines of Australia in Melbourne. Before the outbreak of World War Two in September 1939, several hundred DC3s had been delivered to airlines around the world. The United States military were quick to realise the DC3's potential and ordered hundreds to be produced under the designation of C47 Dakotas.

When Japan entered hostilities with the United States in December 1941, Australian National Airways (ANA) commenced evacuation flights from Port Moresby to Cairns in North Queensland with DC3s and other aircraft. In February 1942 ANA started to carry war materials from Townsville to Port Moresby in the DC3 VH-UZJ. Later in the year ANA DC3s were to airlift troops and equipment inland from Port Moresby to Wau.

The Royal Australian Air Force received its first Dakotas in February 1943. Over the next couple of years most of the fleet was engaged on war duties in the South Pacific area. Papua New Guinea saw a fair share of these machines along with their United States counterparts.

Early in April 1945, Qantas Empire Airways began a weekly service from Sydney to Lae using DC3s. VH-AFA, flown by Captains H. Deignan and J. Morton, operated the inaugural flight. Its route was Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville (night stop), Cairns and Port

Moresby, a distance of more than 2400 km and eight hours flying time. This was the beginning of the *Bird of Paradise* service that is so well known to passengers on the Papua New Guinea-Australia run today.

Thus, by the time hostilities with Japan ended in August 1945, the pattern had been set to rebuild civil operations. The Qantas network in Papua New Guinea was expanded over the next few years. In 1947 the Sydney run was extended to Rabaul and a year later to Madang. Some international services were started from Lae with DC3s. VH-EBE operated the first Lae-Nauru-Tarawa via Embi and Honiara service on November 8, 1951, while VH-EAO began services from Lae to Hollandia (now Jayapura) in Dutch West New Guinea on September 7, 1953, returning the following day.

In 1960 the Australian Government decided Qantas would concentrate on international routes. In those days the 'Territory of Papua and New Guinea' was curiously regarded as 'domestic'. So, on September 1, Trans-Australia Airlines (TAA) took over Qantas' role. Six side-saddle DC3s and four Otters were bought from Qantas. Two months prior to this the service to Australia had been taken over and shared by Ansett-ANA and TAA, using Douglas DC6B aircraft.

The next few years saw the TAA DC3 fleet in Papua New Guinea growing with the arrival of surplus TAA aircraft from Australia. One of these was VH-SBA which operated TAA's first flight, back in September 1946, from Laverton (Melbourne) to Sydney.

W.R. Carpenter, which had been flying in New Guinea pre-war, re-equipped itself with DC3s in the

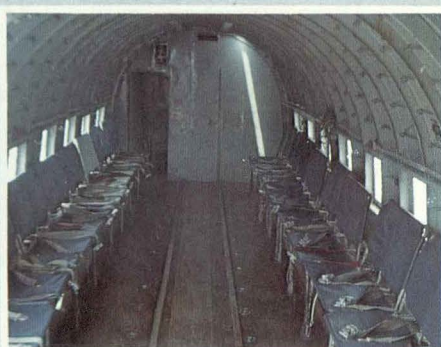
early fifties and became Mandated Airlines which, in turn, leased DC3s to Guinea Air Traders for varying periods. In 1960 Ansett Transport Industries bought out Mandated Airlines and renamed it Ansett-MAL. After this deal, Australia's two airline policy began to influence airline operations in Papua New Guinea.

During the next five or six years, DC3s made up the main part of the TAA *Sunbird* and Ansett-MAL *Golden Orchid* fleets. But, with the opening of the Highlands Highway from Lae to Goroka and Mount Hagen in the mid-sixties, there was a marked reduction in air freight and, in common with Australian airlines, many of these fine aircraft were withdrawn from service and sold. Most went to places like Indonesia, Laos and Taiwan. The introduction of F27 Friendships also made inroads into what had been traditional DC3 routes.

Papuan Air Transport (Patair), which had started DC3 operations in 1958, was bought by Ansett in 1970, giving Ansett operating rights in Papua. Three DC3s and many light aircraft were included in the sale. To replace some of the DC3s sold by Ansett-MAL, four surplus machines from MacRobertson-Miller's fleet in Western Australia were transferred in early 1969. By this time, Ansett-MAL had been renamed Ansett Airlines of Papua New Guinea.

On November 1, 1973, Air

Below: Side-saddle seating; bottom: the more comfortable tourliner



Line-up at the Goroka show





Niugini commenced operations as the national airline of Papua New Guinea, taking over the internal services of Ansett Airlines of Papua New Guinea and TAA. Twelve DC3s and four F27s were purchased as the basis of its fleet.

The standard of these aircraft varied greatly from Tourliner P2-ANT, with its multi coloured seat coverings and murals on the forward and aft cabin bulkheads, through the regular 28-seaters to the austere interiors of the freighters, most of which were equipped with side-saddle seating, much as they were back in the days of the Pacific War.

In the early sixties, two DC3s (Patair's VH-PNA and TAA's VH-SBK) were fitted with jet-assisted take-off (JATO) rocket bottles to help in the event of engine failure at some of the more marginal airstrips.

Many foreign operators have flown DC3s through Papua New Guinea on scheduled and charter

flights, including De Kroonduif, Garuda Indonesian Airways, Merpati Nusantara Airlines, Bush Pilots Airways, Airfast Charters and Queensland Pacific Traders.

The last DC3s to come to Papua New Guinea were four ex-RAAF aircraft, given under the Australian aid program to the Papua New Guinea Defence Force as a basis for its Air Transport Squadron. These machines are taking over a lot of the work previously done by RAAF Caribou aircraft.

Today there are no 'true' DC3s operating in Papua New Guinea. All are converted C47s or Dakotas. Apart from their military careers, which include service with the air forces of Australia, Britain, Pakistan and the United States, several have had interesting civil lives. Some have spent all their commercial time in Papua New Guinea.

Perhaps the most interesting is P2-ANQ. First it was the personal aircraft of Field Marshal

Montgomery toward the end of World War Two. Then it was executive transport for the Greek shipping magnate E.L. Niarchos before coming to TAA in 1965.

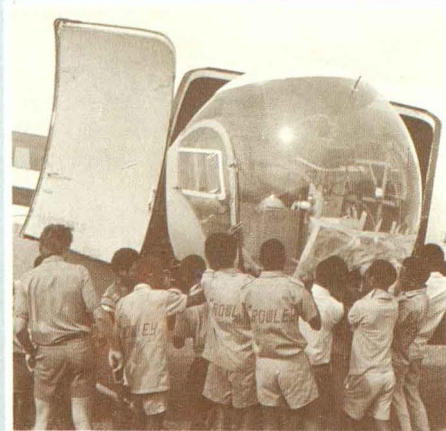
In 1972 Lae Technical College began using VH-SBI, after its flying career with TAA ended, for the training of apprentice aircraft mechanics. In 1975 it was returned to Lae airport where it can still be seen. It would be a fitting tribute to a fine aircraft if one of these machines could be restored and mounted in a place of honour at one of Papua New Guinea's major airports.

The days of the DC3, apart from military operations in Papua New Guinea, appear to be numbered, but there is no doubt that their contribution to aviation will not be forgotten for many years to come. — *David Tholler, an Air Niugini aircraft maintenance engineer, first flew in a DC3 in 1953 and has worked on them for the past 20 years.*

Open the cargo doors . . .



heave and push . . .



DC3 swallows helicopter





An affair of the air

He's not so much older than the oldest DC3. You might almost say that Air Niugini's Captain Larry Blackman and McDonnell Douglas's miracle machine grew up together. Blackman first flew in a DC3 35 years ago — and has spent nearly 17,000 hours inside them in that time.

Not surprisingly, when you spend that much time with anyone or anything you can't remain indifferent in your emotions. In Larry Blackman's case it has been a love affair. Must have been a very pleasing experience too — being enchanted by a lady of the air who never wrinkles, who is as shapely to the eye today as when she was born.

We asked Larry to recount some experiences. Here are a few of his memories:

Berlin Airlift: The all-up weight of the C47 (a DC3 military-style) was 29,600 lb (about 13,500 kg) and the maximum fuel uplift was 235 gallons (just under 1100 litres) for the round trip. On occasions, when the aircraft were 'stacked' because of the weather, I have seen them lose one engine on approach and the other after touchdown.

Indochina: On one occasion we set out from Changi, Singapore, for Hong Kong but had to divert to Tourane (now Danang) in Indochina

because of bad weather. During the night the enemy occupied a ridge overlooking the airfield. As we were taking off early next morning they were sighting us up with mortars. My navigator was in the astrodome calling the shots as they landed closer and closer behind us. I dragged the plane into the air as soon as possible and pulled into a sharp turn. Just as well as they must have figured they had us. And they would have. The next bomb, a phosphorus type, landed right where we would have been had we continued normal takeoff.

Japan: One night we were flying from Okinawa to Iwakuni. Strong winds and driving snow from a deep low over Siberia were making things a little uncomfortable. To avoid the wind as much as possible we were right on our minimum safe altitude. Suddenly, a dark form slid past our port wing. We had been given the wrong altimeter setting and the dark form was the volcano at Kagoshima.

India/Burma: We arrived in Calcutta late one afternoon and intended staying overnight. Our 'hosts', however, were a real 'shower' so we decided to push on to Rangoon. Relations deteriorated further and they refused to give us a weather forecast or a clearance. We were getting annoyed so we told them what we thought of them and that we were going anyway. It was quite a long drive back to the plane and by the time we had got it wound up our 'friends' had run a herd of sacred cows onto the runway in an

attempt to stop us. Half-an-hour later we were wishing we hadn't gone — the Bay of Bengal at night in the monsoon season is no place to be in. We arrived at Mingaladon a little after midnight, slap bang in the middle of a shoot-out. The rebels were on one side of the field, the troops on the other. As we enjoyed a beer in the mess, the shells whistled overhead. We had to wait an extra day before getting away because the rebels had knocked off the tanker on its way to refuel our aircraft.

The love affair: Sitting on Guadalcanal in the Solomons, writing up the load and trim sheet using the horizontal stabiliser on the wing as a table, the other pilot, doing his pre-flight check, raised the elevator on the other side of the plane. I was caught between the stabiliser and the elevator and suffered a very nasty bruise just below the ribs. Of course, I had to explain this to my wife when I got home. Her retort: 'I know you are having a love affair with that aeroplane but when the thing bites you, it's just too much.'

Larry Blackman (pictured) joined Trans-Australia Airlines in 1951 and came to Papua New Guinea with TAA in 1960, transferring to Air Niugini in November 1973. Blackman's flying hours now total close to 23,000.

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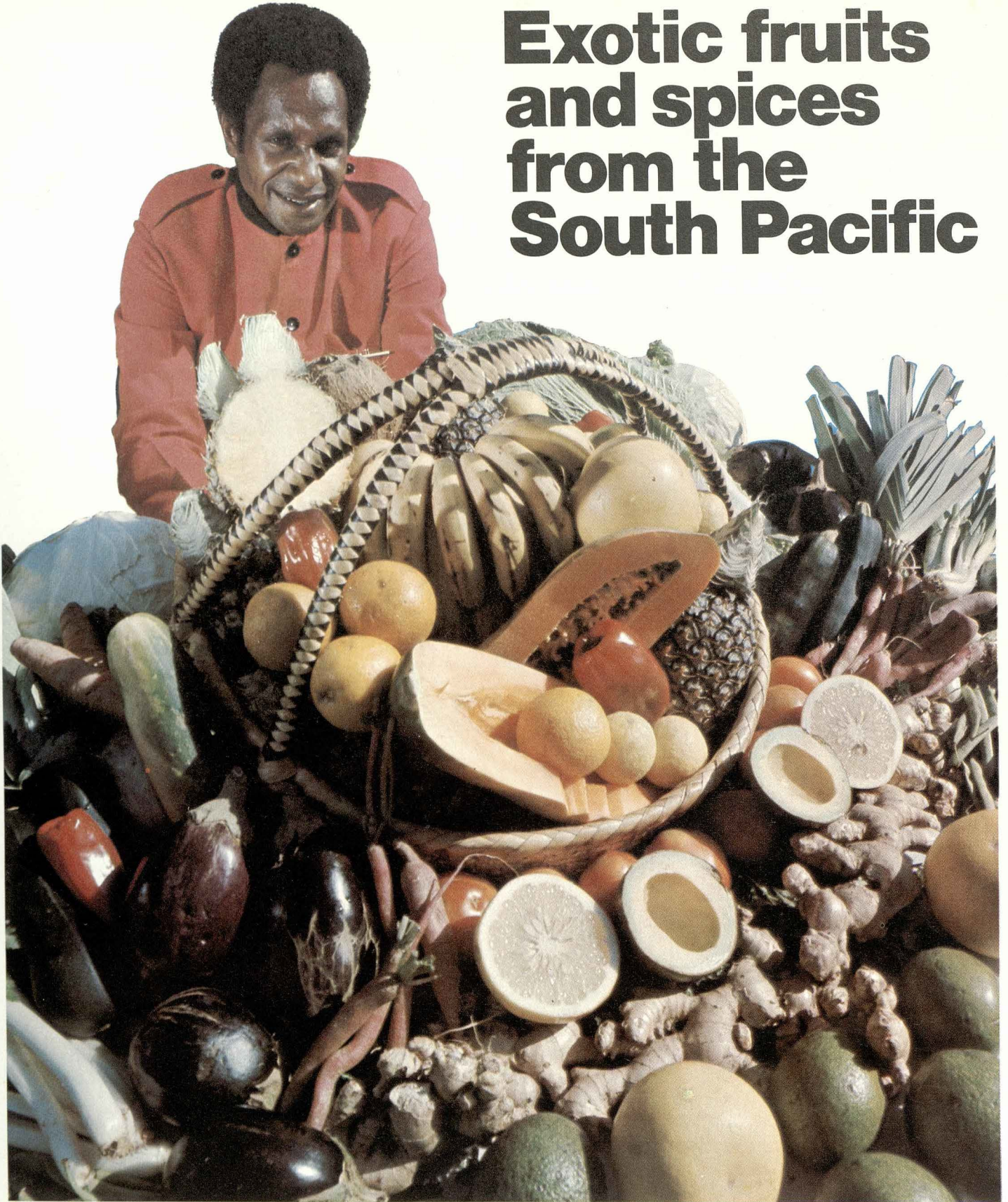


Virtually every airline in the world can trace its heritage to a time when it flew the DC-3. For many airlines, the DC-3 was a start to greatness. For many people, the DC-3 was the gentle lady of the skies on which we had our treasured first flight. The factories where the DC-3s were built have now been torn down, but the heritage of the DC-3 – dependability, comfort, quality – lives on in DC-9s and DC-10s of McDonnell Douglas, latest to bear the time-honoured letters the DC-3 made famous.

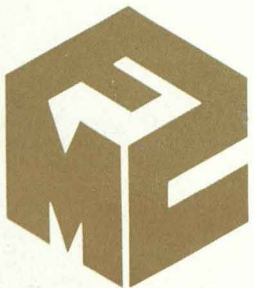
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KOTUNI TROUT

Over the roar of lashing, foaming white water, pioneer fish farmer David Hunter shouts: 'We could produce 10 million rainbow trout a year. That's enough to supply us and the Australian market five times over. And the export potential — to the US for instance — is terrific.'

He is standing by a tumbling river, the Omahaiga, in the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea, over 2000 metres above sea level, about 10 kilometres north of Goroka. Before him are the ponds of the only trout farm in the country. 'Conditions here for breeding trout are excellent,' he says. Pointing toward the river: 'There's abundant unpolluted water and it is always at exactly the optimum temperature (15 degrees C) for maximum growth rate. And there's another thing. Some trout farms need to pump their water. We don't. One farm in Australia I know spends K30,000 a year on pumping alone. That's a cost we don't have.'

Add to that labour at reasonable cost, excellent communications (20



By James Pilditch

minutes to the airport), no predators, absolutely no disease, and Hunter's claim that 'we can produce trout cheaper than they can in Europe, Australia or the US,' and you see he could be right. The Eastern Highlands could become an important supplier of trout to world markets.

It all started in 1973. David Hunter, 39, a Briton, was sitting in the Bird of Paradise Hotel, Goroka (where Queen Elizabeth, known colloquially as *Mama bilong ol*, and Princess Anne stayed), with a friend,

Ian Holder, sipping a beer. David, who'd lived in Port Moresby as a boy (his father was with British Petroleum) returned to Papua New Guinea nearly a decade ago. He is employed by the Civil Aviation Agency as air traffic controller at Goroka airport, a skill he learnt with the RAF in England. Ian, 36, now with Air Niugini in Port Moresby, was then airport manager at Goroka. They fell into conversation with two men who worked a trout farm in Australia. What they heard sounded good.

They picked up books about trout farming, sought advice where they could. They journeyed to meet Niels Blichfeldt, a Dane who had started an experimental trout hatchery in Mendi for stream stocking purposes. He fed their mounting enthusiasm. Fingerlings released in the streams weighed up to 4.5 kg two years later. The Highlands, he was convinced, were ideal for trout.

The two men hired a helicopter to survey the region. On one trip, dipping between mountain ridges,

they saw a place where river, road and two villages met. It was Kotuni. They settled on it, built an experimental pond (nine metres diameter, 0.6 metres deep) and imported trout eggs from Australia. The eggs hatched. They were in business.

But a business needs financing. To raise money they did two things: one, they started a trading company, called Seafood Marketing, which today supplies the local market and exports seafood; two, they approached the Development Bank but could not win its support. Hunter and Holder, still in their jobs, persevered but, they said, there were heavy losses. They had a lot to learn. Today, Kotuni trout farm, though still lacking capital, looks established.

Hunter explains how it works. Between July and September eggs are bought from Australia (say 150,000). These arrive in meshed trays stacked in insulated containers. They're put into boxes to hatch, 5,000 to a box. Five boxes at a time go into a wooden trough through which fresh river water passes at the rate of nearly 20 litres a minute. After three or four days the eggs hatch. The embryonic trout stay on the bottom of the box until they absorb the egg yolk. After about 10 days the fish swim to the surface. Then they must be taught to eat. Every hour during the day they are fed with specially compounded dry food and ox liver.

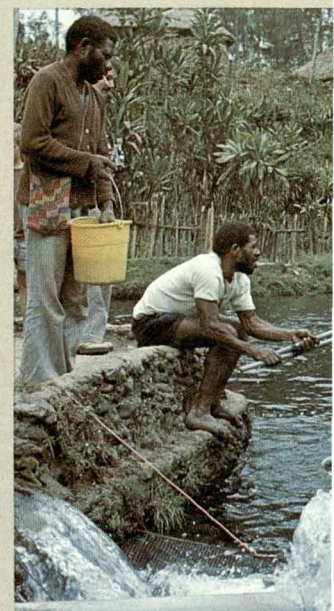
This is a tricky process. Mortality, up to 50 per cent, is highest before or during hatching. When the fish swim up, one of the staff tips up the boxes to let the fish roam the length of the trough. There's a psychological problem here — fish psychology, that is. Some say that fish feel crowded in a horizontal trough. The theory is that they perceive horizontally. To combat this, a vertical rearing tank has been developed. At Kotuni they're experimenting with one. It is a bright blue plastic drum. Water comes in from the bottom. That gentle upwards pressure keeps the food up near the surface and encourages the fish to rise. So, theory has it, they don't feel crowded. David Hunter says



fish grow well in this tank so maybe the idea is good. Whichever way, horizontal or vertical, fish stay in these troughs six weeks.

Then they're moved to what are called 'fingerling' ponds (named because the trout are then the size of one's finger). The ponds, 3.6 metres diameter, 0.45 metres deep,

Trout for dinner; from left: unpolluted water and exactly at the optimum temperature of 15 degrees C; grading trout by size; fingerling pond





are kept filled with circulating fresh water. There are four ponds at Kctuni. Each holds about 43,000 fish.

After two or three months the growing trout are graded by size. Then they're put into intermediate growing ponds which take up to 12,000 fish. Water, charged with

oxygen (the effect of tumbling over the rocks downstream) keeps circulating into the ponds.

Finally, they go into one of three growing ponds. Two are rectangular (20 metres long). The other is a 10 metre-diameter circular pond. Hunter has learnt circular ones are better so all new tanks will be. He plans five more this year. The trout stay here until they are of marketable size. Hotels like trout around a

quarter of a kilogram. This generally takes about a year from hatching.

It is important, David Hunter says, to achieve this marketable size before sexual maturity is reached (about 18 months after hatching). When that happens fish go off their food. What food they do eat is converted into eggs or sperm, and males fight. When ready, the trout are killed, cleaned, packed in ice and delivered to the freezing plant in Goroka. From there Seafood Marketing distributes them.

Last year Kotuni trout farm produced about nine tonnes of trout. This year production is expected to double. In 1979 Hunter expects it to reach 50 tonnes. By 1980 he wants to reach 100 tonnes. But this needs investment. Hunter (25 per cent) and other shareholders, including the Provincial Government with 55 per cent and workers with 10 per cent, hope to invest over K100,000 in the next two years.

Farms could be far bigger but David Hunter believes one producing 100 tonnes (about 400,000 fish) is ideal for Papua New Guinea's Highlands. He gives three reasons. First, everyone wants to encourage work in the villages. To achieve this goal it would be better, he says, to have 25 farms in 25 villages than one giant factory swamping one village. Second, insurance. Should there be flood or disaster, risk is localised. That is the third point too. At the moment trout farming in Papua New Guinea is entirely disease free. Should disease come, it too would affect one fraction of production, not the whole.

But it takes money. Each 100 tonne farm costs about K200,000. Return on investment will be about 25 per cent. David Hunter is working to find the guaranteed markets that will satisfy bankers' usual caution.

At the moment total production is absorbed by the PNG market but Hunter looks forward to substantial exports. 'We can ship trout to the West Coast of America for 30 toea a kilo,' he says. 'Our landed price is below that of other countries.' Australia is an obvious outlet but there are strict quarantine require-





ments on the entry into the country of fish such as trout.

Through Seafood Marketing, Hunter is already building export experience. He is also probing into other fish marketing. The company has two fishing boats, one a 15.2 metre freezer processing craft off the Trobriand Islands, the other a 10.9 metre lobster boat off Daru. He is exporting fish to the United States, buying more land to build up Kotuni and is now exploring the possibility of exporting freshwater crayfish to Sweden. With other interests he is thinking of building a lodge by the Omahaiga River to offer tourists good trout fishing.

David Hunter sees himself as 'an enthusiastic amateur'. Enthusiastic he certainly is, and rightly so. Trout, as he and Ian Holder have proved, can be reared in the Highlands of Papua New Guinea. There is reason to hope their initiative will show the way to a new, sizeable export industry for Papua New Guinea. — *James Pilditch is a freelance writer based in London.*



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PACIFIC ISLANDS REGIMENT

By Gary Scully

It was one of the most extraordinary actions of the Pacific War: a company of barefoot troops from the Pacific Islands Regiment and a platoon of Australians routing an entire Japanese marine battalion without a shot being fired. It was also one of the final actions of the war in Papua New Guinea.

The raid on Kiaruvu airport, one of many exploits by men of the Pacific Islands Regiment, is a tale well worth telling, for its own sake and as a superb illustration of the calibre of the force that had its genesis in the anxious days of June 1940 and which now provides the backbone of Papua New Guinea's defence.

Kiaruvu was deep within enemy territory, near Yangoru station on the southern side of 1200 metre Mount Turu which forms part of the mountain barrier separating the Sepik River region from the sea.

It was listed on old maps as an emergency landing ground. The Allies needed it as a base to establish a perimeter within the underbelly of the Japanese defences in the Aitape-Wewak area.

Allied Command planned to occupy the airstrip with the 2/7 Australian Infantry Battalion. But first it needed to be taken by stealth. That is where the PIR came in. A Company of the 2nd New Guinea Infantry Battalion was assigned to

the job, backed up by a platoon of 2/7 Battalion. To reach the airstrip meant an advance across many miles of unmapped country from Hayfield airstrip, south of Maprik.

But let the man who commanded the operation take up the story — Colonel Ron Garland, MC and Bar, now a full-time official of the Australian Returned Services League in Sydney:

Men of the PIR were chosen because of their ability to penetrate enemy positions, to operate behind enemy lines, because of their bushcraft, their skill in ambush and silent operation.

The trek to Kiaruvu took us four days and we had to cover our tracks by repeated ambush. I think we set up as many as eight ambush positions on the way in.

To make it more difficult, the Japanese knew we were in the area — news of our coming had been passed on from village to village by garamut (a hollow-log, talking drum of the Sepik) and the Japanese had local people with them who were translating the drum messages.

To confuse the issue we had to change direction several times en route. By the time we got close to Kiaruvu we reasoned that the Japanese knew of our objective. We

knew full well they'd be waiting to ambush us.

There were two ways in — one down a creek bed that offered good cover. That was the most likely spot for an ambush because it was the logical approach. The other was over kunai (tall grass) ridges which would leave us partly exposed. We decided to try the ridges, to go for the element of surprise.

Sure enough, the Japanese were concentrated in force down by the creek bed and when they saw us coming over the ridges, silhouetted against the skyline, they must have thought a whole army had been sent against them. They got out fast, without firing a shot.

It was a full Japanese marine battalion which pulled out — part of the 18th Japanese Army commanded by Lieutenant General Adachi — leaving the small force of New Guinea and Australian infantry to seize all their major objectives — the airstrip itself and key positions in the surrounding hills.

The men feasted on the rations the Japanese left behind and waited for the main body of the Australian 2/7 Battalion, a day's march behind, to join them.

But the story didn't end there. Kiaruvu's capture had cut the main Japanese line of communication between the inland and the coast. Adachi, understandably, was furious

that one of his crack battalions had been cleared out of such a strategic objective by a force of little more than 100 men — and without a fight.

He began moving up heavy reinforcements to surround the airstrip, the Australian battalion, and the men of the PIR who'd captured it. Meanwhile an airdrop supplied the surrounded Australian battalion with artillery. After 10 days of perimeter skirmishing the stage was set for a major, and certainly bloody, battle in which a concentrated Japanese force was to make every effort to win back the airstrip.

Then, far away in Japan itself, the sky exploded over the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the war in the Pacific came to an abrupt end.

According to Ron Garland it took the Japanese surrounding Kiaruvu a few days to realise the war was over. Then the resistance around the perimeter gradually melted away as the Japanese marched into Wewak to lay down their arms.

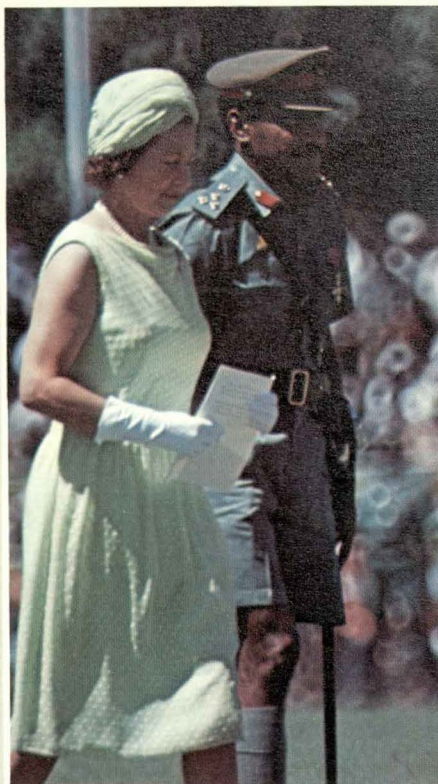
For Ron Garland the action meant a bar to the Military Cross he'd earned as a commando in the Wau-Salamaua campaign. For the Pacific Islands Regiment it was the climax of a bitter war that gave the people of Papua New Guinea battle distinction in their own fighting unit.

At war's end the record showed that units of the PIR killed 2,209 enemy for the loss of only 63 of their own troops. Three PIR troops had won the Distinguished Conduct Medal, one the George Medal, 12 the Military Medal and seven were mentioned in despatches.

The Pacific Islands Regiment was born in June 1940 when the first company of the Papuan Infantry Battalion was raised with volunteers from the Royal Papuan Constabulary and from men recruited from Kokoda and other districts in Papua. By the time Japan entered the war the unit had expanded to a battalion headquarters, a headquarters company and two rifle companies with a strength of more than 300.

But habits died hard. It was probably the only infantry unit in World War Two whose members preferred to go into action barefoot.

In July 1942 the infant fighting force received its baptism of fire. It harassed the flanks and rear of Japanese troops advancing up the Kokoda Trail from Awala. Then, after a short respite, the battalion advanced with the Australians back



Queen Elizabeth and Brigadier-General Diro at the Trooping the Colour ceremony during the Jubilee celebrations

up the Kokoda Trail, providing reconnaissance and deep penetration patrolling.

The PIR had an active life of 5½ years, operating almost constantly in support of Australian and American troops in all but one of the PNG campaigns, serving with particular distinction in Bougainville.

The distinguished history of the PIR was vividly recalled last year during a visit to Papua New Guinea by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. One of the highlights of the royal tour was the ceremony at Sir Hubert Murray Stadium, Port Moresby, in which Queen Elizabeth presented a new Queen's Colour to the First Battalion, Pacific Islands Regiment. It was symbolic of the PIR's new status since Papua New Guinea achieved independence in September, 1975.

The PIR passed from Australian to local command as part of the Papua New Guinea Defence Force under Brigadier General E.R. Diro, OBE. As Brig Gen Diro and the Queen sat side by side, troops of the First Battalion marched by in proud review. The old Queen's Colour, presented in March 1971 by Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Daly to replace original colours presented in 1956 by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, was trooped slowly

from the parade ground to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*.

The new Queen's Colour was draped over the drums of the regiment, consecrated, blessed and dedicated. Then, men of the First Battalion marched past in slow and quick time, advanced in review order and came to the salute with a precision that would have done credit to one of the Queen's own guards' regiments.

All Queen's Colours derive from the sovereign who personally approves their design as a recognition of distinguished service in battle. They embody the history, spirit and traditions of the regiment to which they belong.

The history of the Pacific Islands Regiment very nearly ended with the close of World War Two. The unit was disbanded in 1946. But then, in 1951, it had its revival. The PIR was reactivated with one battalion to become the Australian Regular Army component in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. A second battalion was added in 1965.

In 1962 the Australian army command began to see the inevitable shape of the future. The then commander, Lieutenant Colonel (later Major General) J.W. Norrie, began a selection program looking for the men who would become the officers of tomorrow, against the time when the people of Papua New Guinea would take command of their own army.

Among the leaders of the PIR who came out of that selection process was the man who now commands the Papua New Guinea Defence Force, Brigadier General Diro.

The Pacific Islands Regiment now plays an integral role within the Defence Force. Its units are engaged in constant patrol activities along the incredibly rugged border between Papua New Guinea and West Irian. In this role they also provide an important link between people in extremely remote areas and the government in Port Moresby.

Gone are the days of 'the bare-foot soldiers' of World War Two. Today the better-armed, better-equipped and better educated soldiers of the Pacific Islands Regiment are providing the nucleus of a defence force of the future. — Gary Scully is a journalist with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

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