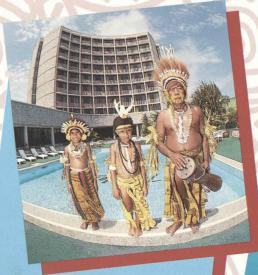
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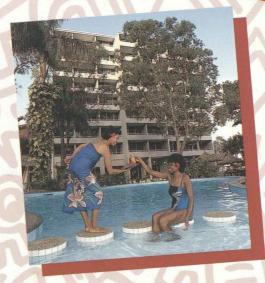
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Lae is the commercial and industrial city of the country and the administrative centre of Morobe Province. With a major port facility built on a natural harbour, the city serves as the gateway to five highland provinces. Lae has a vibrant population of diverse ethnic cultures from regions all over the country. Air Niugini operates one hundred and sixteen flights per week to or from Nadzab, the airport that serves the city of Lae.

Mt Hagen is the bustling commercial and administrative centre of the Western Highlands Province. The city is centrally located in the Highlands region, almost 4000 metres above sea level. It is the crossroads of three other highland provinces, Enga, Southern Highlands and Simbu. The Mt Hagen airport also services passengers travelling to and from the giant Porgera gold mine in Enga and the Kutubu oil central processing facility near Moro in the Southern Highlands. Currently, each week Air Niugini operates four direct international services from Cairns to Mt Hagen and seventy-two domestic flights in and out of Mt Hagen, to cater for the travelling public.

Further improvements planned for Lae and Mt Hagen include additional airport terminal services to provide better check-in facilities, an upgraded baggage collection area and a fully equipped lounge for the comfort and convenience of our Executive Club members.

The renovation and upgrading of these two airport facilities demonstrate our emphasis on customer service in 1996.

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Moses Maladina Chief Executive



SOME FAMOUS

PAPUA NEW GUMEAN

ORCH105 Story and photographs by Wolfgang Bandisch

apua New Guinea is an orchid paradise. With an estimated 3,200 species, it is almost impossible to say which one of them is the most exciting. In this country, orchids can be found from the sundrenched seashores to the highest mistshrouded mountain tops. Many of these orchids are the parents to those hybrid cut-flowers sold by countries such as Thailand, Malaysia, Taiwan and Singapore. In fact, both parents of the hybrid that triggered the orchid cutflower business in Thailand about thirty years ago, Dendrobium Madame Pompadour, came from Papua New Guinea. The total annual trade in cutflowers in the Asian region is currently estimated to amount to over five hundred million US dollars, with growth rates of a steady 10 per cent per annum in recent years.

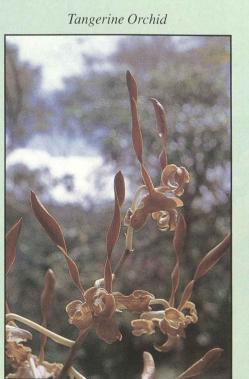


Dendrobium williamsianum

One does not have to venture far off the beaten track to see orchid species in the wild. Look up into the trees as you travel along your way to work on the Hiritano, Magi or Highlands Highways or any provincial road. You will be surprised what you can see once your eyes are trained a little. The intrepid will is highly rewarded when venturing deeper into the bush. Visit old logging camps or old plantations, you will find orchids everywhere. Contrary to popular belief, orchids are not parasites and take nothing from the tree they are attached to, apart from anchorage for their roots.

Many of Papua New Guinea's most famous orchids have been given names in reference to the place they were first found, and these are often better known than their correct scientific names. Port Moresby residents may be familiar with an orchid called *Moresby Gold* (*Dendrobium discolor*) with its spikes of golden flowers. There are several varieties of this orchid depending on the colour and twisting of their sepals: one variety is known as the *Rigo Twist*.

In Lae, you may encounter the *Morobe* Shower (Dendrobium lineale) with its pristine white flowers and purplish lip. This species again is highly variable in its flower colouring and such local varieties as Karkar Island Pink or Kui Blue have been named, or the Tangerine Orchid (Dendrobium tangerinum) growing in the Markham valley.





Dendrobium magistratus

Without doubt, the most famous orchid of Papua New Guinea is the Sepik Blue (Dendrobium lasianthera) found on trees in the lakes and along the upper tributaries of the mighty Sepik River. Legend has it that a Captain Blood grabbed one of these orchids in the Upper Sepik while retreating from Wewak from the advancing Japanese forces and brought it to the attention of botanists upon his arrival in Australia. Undoubtedly occupied with trying to save himself and his troops, he did not lose his sight for beauty. Many years later, the orchid was again collected in the area and other colour varieties were found, like a deep maroon-red form then named May River Red and a pale blue-red form named in honour of Sir Michael Somare's wife, Veronica Somare.

Sepik Blue





Bottle Brush Orchid

The Bottle Brush Orchid (Dendrobium smilliae) is another easily recognised orchid, found in all lowland forests of the country. Its flower colour ranges from white to pink. Other wellknown orchids of Papua New Guinea include the Pomio Brown (Dendrobium helix) and the Talasea Mushroom Pink — the same orchid, but different flower colouring gave their distinctive names.

An orchid superficially similar to Lae's Morobe Shower is the Bougainville White (Dendrobium gouldii). Another orchid from Bougainville with snowwhite flowers, Dendrobium rhodostictum, was known as Kip's Special after the owner of Arawa Plantation, Mr Kip McKillop, who owned perhaps the finest orchid collection in Papua New Guinea before Arawa township was built on the plantation.

Papua New Guinea can boast of being the home of the largest orchid in the world, *Grammatophyllum papuanum*, often called the *Tiger Orchid* because of its yellow and brown coloured flowers. This species is widespread in the lowland and coastal forests, often attached to large trees where the roots form a spectacular eagle nest-like mass of catch-roots. The canes can achieve lengths of more than five metres and plants weighing more than two tons have been found. Not for the window sill, it is a most impressive orchid, especially when covered in hundreds of blooms.

Another orchid gem from the country is the *Moth Orchid* (*Phalaenopsis amabilis*). Growing high up in trees they are not easily detected when not in flower. However, when flowering, the first sight is the pristine white flowers resembling butterflies dancing in the wind. Hybrids of *Phalaenopsis* are grown in huge numbers in several Asian countries. They are most suitable for cut-flowers and the white colours are preferred by the Japanese for wedding bouquets.

Not all orchids grow on trees; some grow on rocks and many terrestrial species can be found growing in grasslands, on roadsides and in the leaf litter on the forest floor. Among the country's more famous terrestrial orchids are the *Slipper Orchids* (*Paphiopedilum*). These only grow in certain areas, either on volcanic ash or limestone. Unfortunately, the *Slipper Orchids* are all endangered due to over-

Dendrobium spectabile





Dendrobium conanthum

collection and need strictest protection to ensure their survival in the wild.

The Highlands are blessed with a huge variety of orchid species. In general, it can be said that orchids from the Highlands are smaller, but there are quite a few that rival their relatives from the steamy lowland jungles in size. One of them, known as *Pike's Special (Dendrobium engae)*, has become the provincial emblem of the Enga Province.

The high altitude marshlands and moss forests are a host to hundreds if not thousands of orchid species. The marshlands with their greyish-green stiff grasses appear to be inhospitable and only the toughest of plants can survive. Nonetheless, marshlands are the habitat of many terrestrial orchids including species such as *Spathoglottis parviflora* with their erect stem of pastel pink flowers and the wonderful *Corybas*, tiny plants, appearing to stand to attention like toy soldiers, or very small epiphytic orchids growing on tree ferns such as *Dendrobium sulphureum*.

In the high mountain moss forests the lush growth is fascinating. Southern beech trees, trunk and branches covered in thick moss, ginger plants, huge tree ferns and pandanus stands give the impression of some primeval land. The forest floor is covered with fallen trees and branches, thick layers of moss, vines and shrubs make up an almost impenetrable jungle. Everything is dripping wet; the thick water-clogged tangles of moss often get so heavy that they cause the thinner branches to break. On moss-covered branches, broken off, but still dangling in mid-air, held in their position by the long stands of moss and starkly contrasting with the grey/brown/green colours of the vegetation, the striking fire-red flowers of Dendrobium cuthbertsonii appear almost unnatural in such a dreary surrounding. They are like glittering gems, eye-catching and growing anywhere from the forest floor to high up in the canopy. It is time to stand and take it all in, a flash of colour here and there. In a rather harsh environment with frequent rains, cold mists and howling winds, these small growing orchids make up for their size with their 'electric' colours. Any imaginable colour can be found in the species *Dendrobium cuthbertsonii*, from scarlet red to snow white. The flowers are larger than the leaves. In the eerie scenery of mossladen trees, these orchids are a delightful find.



Dendrobium cuthbertsonii

Both the National Botanical Gardens in Port Moresby and the Lae Botanical Gardens have a large collection of Papua New Guinea lowland orchids. The Gahavisuka Botanical Sanctuary just outside Goroka has a magnificent collection of cool growing highland orchid species and the largest collection of *Rhododendrons* in the country.

Orchids have neither a traditional nor culinary value for most Papua New Guineans. In a few areas, the skin of the yellow canes of some *Dendrobium* species is used for customary 'bilas' while in the Lake Kutubu area, an orchid species is used as medicine for sick pigs. In one part of the country, it is actually considered a bad omen to have an orchid growing near your house or garden.

Many people in Papua New Guinea grow orchid species and hybrids as a hobby. There are some impressive private orchid collections in Port Moresby and Madang, as well as in the Botanical Gardens. Since orchids occur naturally in the country, they are very easy to care for and most rewarding when in flower. Restaurants, hotels and florists have a steady, high demand for these exotic flowers. However, most of them are still imported, not unlike 'carrying coals to Newcastle'.

Orchid species are not really suitable for cut-flower business as they normally only flower once a year. Orchid hybrids, with their flowering cycle broken, are the ones to grow commercially. Most orchid hybrid flowers have long-lasting properties that make them good value for money. They come in all colours and shapes imaginable, are available all year and can provide a steady income for those interested in venturing into a new and exciting business. A famous Thai orchid grower once said: 'If you want to be happy for a few hours, get drunk; if you want to be happy for a week, kill a pig and make a feast; if you want to be happy a life long, grow orchids'.



Dendrobium antennatum

Wolfgang Bandisch and Sylvia Aiba have a thriving small orchid business on the Sogeri Plateau outside Port Moresby, at the turn-off to the Kokoda Trail Motel. Wolfgang and Sylvia have a laboratory where they propogate orchids and a number of shade houses for growing orchids. Melanesian Tourist Services and Trans Niugini Tours run regular bus tours to Sogeri Orchids. Wolfgang and Sylvia also supply a number of hotels, restaurants, offices and the public with cut-flowers. Orders can be placed by phone (3232798) or fax (3251887).

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SAGALI ON THE TROBRIAND ISLANDS

Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

undreds of people were converging on Kiriwina, the main island of the Trobriand Islands to attend the sagali for Chief Nalubutau. The sagali is a traditional Trobriand ceremony which takes place several months after the death of a member of the community. The sagali is a time of what Trobriand Islanders call 'Lisaladabu', which literally means the 'releasing of emotional energy'. In this case it is the emotional energy which surrounds death and mourning. The sagali marks the end of the old and beginning of the new.

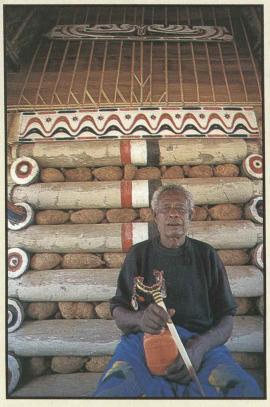
Trobriand Island kinship is matrilineal where land is inherited by the eldest child of a man's sister. During the sagali, it is women who are responsible for releasing the community from mourning and sadness. The basic principle of the sagali is exchange. As elsewhere in Papua New Guinea, exchange underlies much of Trobriand Island culture. In the instance of this sagali it is a repayment by the women of Chief Nalubutau's matrilineal clan to all those who have mourned, who have brought food for the Chief's widows and for those with whom Nalubutau had trade and social relationships. In



In preparation for the exchange large piles of grass skirts are piled on to frames. These skirts are made of banana palms and take women many hours to produce. They are a highly valued item amongst Trobriand Islanders. Nicola Kasaipwalova is pictured in front of the skirts.

After Chief Nalubutau's death, his sister Rosemary carries his basket until the sagali is completed.

the process of r e p a y m e n t , Nalubutau's spirit is released from all earthly obligations. His spirit is free to leave and travel to Tuma, the traditional place of the dead, a small island off the coast of Kiriwina.



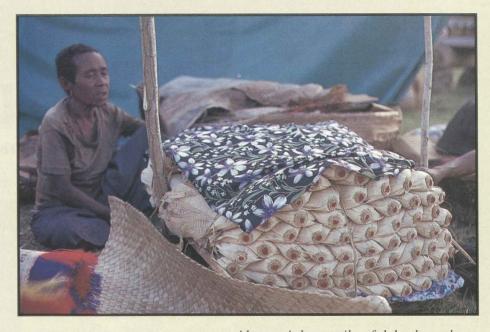
Uwelasi sitting near a part of Chief Nalubutau's yam house which has been placed just above his grave. Uwelasi is the main partner of Nalubutau's clan in the Kula trading ring; he was also a good friend of Chief Nalubutau.



The main form of payment during the *sagali* is *doba*, women's traditional wealth. *Doba* are small bundles of dried banana leaves, scraped across a board so that they become imprinted with a design, then left in the sun to dry. Once dry, the leaves are tied together in small bundles. They are used in groups of five to purchase goods from the market such as fish or tobacco. *Doba*, along with grass skirts, are the main items of women's exchange during ceremonies such as a *sagali*.

The actual exchange took place over three days. Normally, a *sagali* will last only one day, but because this ceremony was in honour of a chief, it was more elaborate. From morning until night the women gathered in a large open area with enormous baskets of *doba*. As names were called they ran into the centre with *doba* and grass skirts. Men entered the circle with large clay pots, also part of the payment.

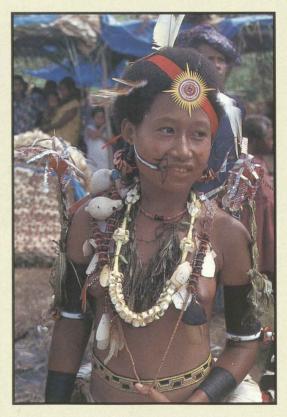
On the afternoon of the third day the ritual drew to a close. The women had successfully managed to repay all obligations. In Trobriand society this is of great importance. With this knowledge comes relief and the last remaining *doba* were distributed amidst fun and games and a great deal of laughter. It was now time to take off the dark clothes which had been worn since the Chief's death and begin once again to enjoy life.



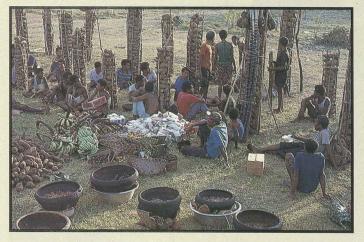
Above: A large pile of doba brought to the village of Modawosi in preparation for the sagali. In the days preceding the event hundreds of people arrive with their doba, grass skirts and clay pots.

Doba are used during a sagali by the dead person's relatives to repay all those who have come and mourned, brought food or had connections with the dead person. They are also used to release the dead person from all obligations to the community in which they have lived. In the case of an important person or great chief's death, as was the case with this particular sagali, great quantities of doba are required for the relatives to fulfil their obligations. Below: A young woman carries doba to Modawosi in preparation for the sagali of Chief Nalubutau.

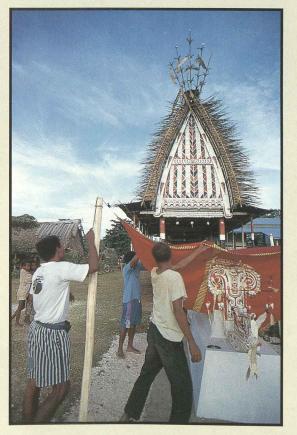




Above: Sera Clark, niece of Chief Nalubutau, applies decorations to symbolise that it is time to take off the dark clothes and begin to be happy again.

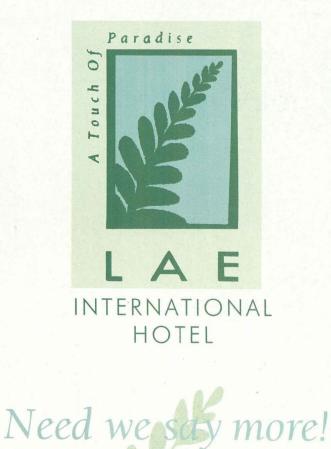


It was then the men's turn to repay the women for their work. This was done in the form of food. Huge pots of taro and coconut milk were prepared, and rice and fish cooked. Pigs were killed and baked in earth ovens and large piles of yams were distributed. As night fell, people sat about fires and smoked and talked with the sense that the community had been released from its sadness, making way for a new beginning. After three days of women's exchange the men built large piles of yams in front of Nalubutau's grave. At dusk these too were distributed along with large quantities of food cooked by the men. After the sagali it is the men's job to cook for and feed all those who have been involved.

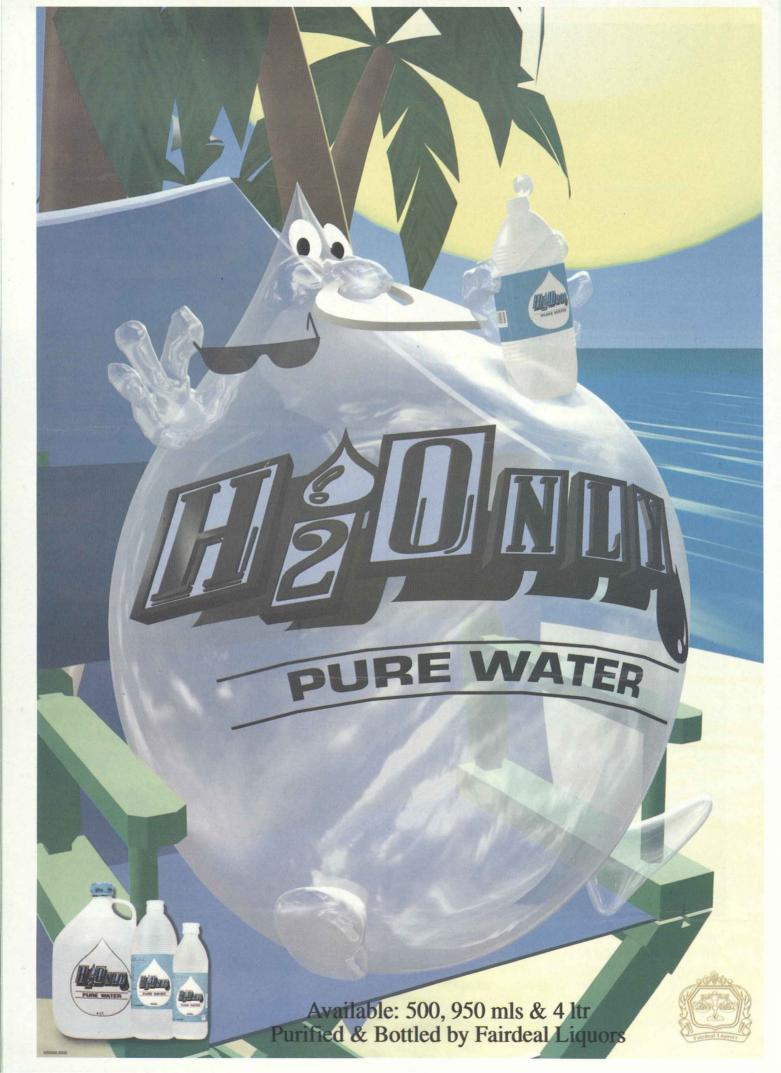


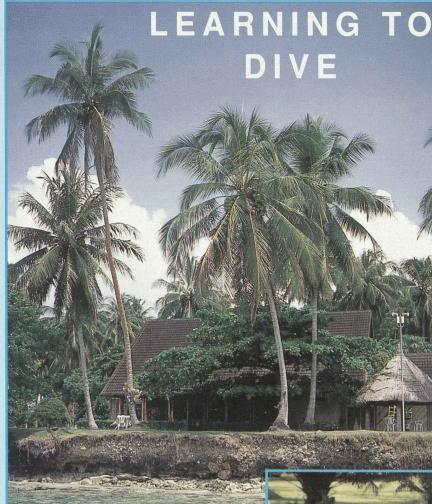
Chief Nalubutau's grave decorated with a traditional canoe prow. Nalubutau was a great Kula chief and took part in the Kula trading ring in which shell armbands and necklaces are exchanged between islands. The canoe prow also represents the fact that Nalubutau is travelling to Tuma, the traditional island of the dead which lies off the coast of Kiriwina.

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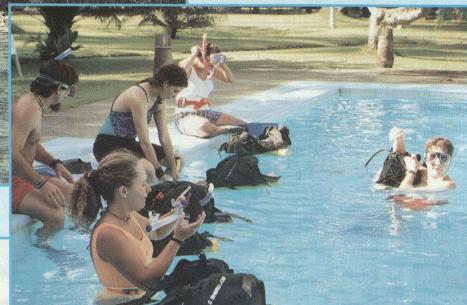


was first introduced to Jais Aben by my mother when I was just one. At that time we were living on the Rai Coast where my father was planting cocoa and copra. Through my mother I met the landowners from the Minintibun clan. Now, fifteen years later, I returned to Jais Aben from Goroka, my home in the Highlands, to visit and also to undertake an open water diving course.

People who take the beginners diving course do it for their own personal reasons. I did it because I feel very attached to the sea and what lies beneath it. For this reason I hope one day to be one of the few marine biologists and marine photographers in Papua New Guinea.

Many people come to Papua New Guinea to enjoy the country's physical beauty, see our people, the bird life and the forests. There is another world of extraordinary beauty to explore beneath the sea. So, may I suggest that on a holiday in our country, learn to dive.

Story and Photographs by Taimil Taylor





The PADI Open Diving Water course was conducted by Kate Anderson who recently moved to Jais Aben from Queensland. At the age of 26 she has completed her underwater instructor's licence and has a degree in Marine Biology. When you first arrive at Jais Aben it would be sensible to pick up your underwater diving package from the dive shop. This consists of a diver's manual which you will have to study, a log book for recording dives and a certificate when you complete the dive course. It would be extremely helpful if you got the book a week prior to the course so you can read its 250 pages.

It took 4 days to complete the diving course.





The course:

In the morning we watched a video revising what we had read in the first chapter. Then revision with the instructor covered the basic points in the book and video. After this was the pool session. We learned how to assemble our gear and the names of each part of our equipment. The pool session lasted till 12:00, when we broke for lunch. We returned to the classroom at 1:00pm. The same procedure was followed in the afternoon but with a new chapter every class session. This was done for two days. On the third day we had only one class session and then went into the sea.

Jais Aben itself has wonderful reefs just off the beach. For diving practice in the sea there is a plane wreck just off the jetty. This was our first dive in the sea and the same exercises that we practised in the pool were then carried out in the sea.

After all our dives in the area of Jais Aben resort we went out to Pig Island and dived on the reefs and on a shipwreck. A final exam was to be taken on the third day of the course. Everyone passed in our class and were all relieved.

Our class consisted of seven people, my mother Meg from Goroka, Julie from Lae, Jackie from New Zealand, Emil from Germany, Andrew from Australia and finally David from the US and myself.

Advanced Course:

After completing the Open Water Diving course I was so excited that at this point there was nothing stopping me from wanting to extend my knowledge. I decided to do the advanced open water diving course with instructor Clayton Partridge. I was the only person in the class, so had a lot of good attention. I was given a package consisting of another diver's manual for advanced training with specific chapters to read. The instructor assigned several chapters for study and at the end of every chapter there were questions to be answered.

This course consisted of five dives. In my course I completed a deep dive, underwater navigation dive, night dive, drift dive and a wreck dive. I passed the course easily.

The advantage of taking the advanced open water course is that it gives you more choices of diving, for example night diving. As a beginner you can go on a night dive with an instructor but not with an inexperienced buddy.

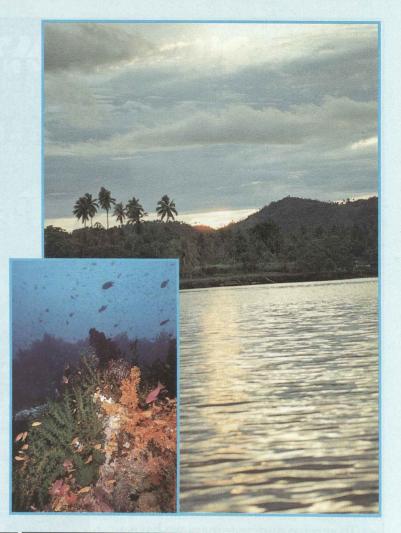
I particularly found the night dive interesting. Though you cannot see as much life in the night as in the day, it is very mysterious. There were fish that glowed inside a shipwreck and the darkness made the underwater world quieter. I made the night dive with my instructor. Being with an advanced diver makes the dive less nerve-racking for the first time because you know you are in capable hands.

When most people think of scuba diving they see pictures of sharks in their minds. The truth is that sharks are most likely more frightened than you are. If they do decide to swim around and have a look at you, it's only because they are curious. Looking at the real life of the ocean makes you more respectful of the underwater world. In my first experience of diving I encountered three silver tip sharks and two white tips. It was an awesome experience.

Now that I have successfully completed both diving courses, I want to dive all around my country and become an experienced diver.

Conclusion

If you are coming to Papua New Guinea in the near future or live here and are tempted to do the PADI underwater diving course, one of the best places to do it is Jais Aben. If Jais Aben is out of your way there are many other diving areas, off Port Moresby, New Ireland, Rabaul, Milne Bay and Walindi. Papua New Guinea is very special as a diving destination because we have some of the world's largest and most exciting reefs. If you do plan on diving in Papua New Guinea we welcome you, but my message is: Please respect and care for the underwater life and environment and treasure what we have in the Western Pacific.





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MUSEUM NEWS

Modern History Department

Story and photographs by Joe Kaiyo Papua New Guinea National Museum

The new look Modern History Department of the National Museum is definitely worth a visit.

The renovation of the Department's exhibition galleries and buildings was funded by the Commemorative Association for the Japan World Exposition and was undertaken by Fletcher Morobe Construction Pty Ltd. The improvements include fresh paint, a new fence, signboard, office furniture and air conditioning. The galleries have exhibitions from the colonial period, the Second World War and Papua New Guinea's Independence, as well as post-Independence items.

Below left: Boy looking through the sights of an anti-aircraft machine gun Below right: Hatch from Japanese General Yamamoto's plane which crashed in Bougainville





From left: Director of the National Museum & Art Gallery, Soroi Eoe, President of the Board of Trustees, Peter Kende and former Miss PNG, Sharon Onsa admire the cars of the first Prime Minister and Governor General.

Some of the major items on exhibit include items from the southwest Pacific campaign during World War II, such as a Lockheed P-38F Lightning, a CAC Wirraway, a P-47 Thunderbolt, a P-39 Airacobra, a Kawasaki Ki-61, a Studebaker army truck, a Dodge weapons carrier, a GMC army truck and a Willy's Jeep. These exhibits serve to remind us of the war that effectively changed the course of our history.



Also among the exhibits are aircraft that helped develop Papua New Guinea: a Cessna 140, the famous Ford Trimotor, a commercial Piaggio P166 and the tail of an Air Niugini DC3. The contribution of aircraft such as these to the country's development is unmatched anywhere in the world. Indeed, some people say that Papua New Guinea was founded on the aviation industry.

Exhibition items from the country's pre-Independence era include an agricultural Fordson tractor and the earliest Ford fire tender in the country. Collections from the 1970s include the first Prime Minister's Daimler Sovereign, the first and second Governor Generals' Daimler limousines and State gifts from all over the world given on the occasion of the country's Independence on 16 September 1975.

Plans are currently being made for a new Contemporary History Museum to be located near Parliament House in Waigani. In the meantime, visitors are encouraged to visit the newly renovated Modern History Department on Ahuia Street in Gordons which is open from 9am to 3pm from Monday to Friday and from 1pm to 5pm on Saturday. For more information, please ring 323 0602.

POSTAGE STAMPS OLYMPIC GAMES ISSUE

Post PNG will release a new stamp issue on 22 July 1996 to commemorate our athletes' participation in the Atlanta Games. The stamps feature shooting, running, weightlifting and boxing. The denominations of the stamps are 25 toea, 50 toea, 65 toea and K1.00.

The Philatelic Bureau is proud to honour the Olympic participants as part of its effort to foster the spirit of 'One People, One Country, One Nation'.



The stamps were designed by Larry Santana. Larry, from Madang, has come a long way since his first job in 1979 as a graphic designer for Air Niugini, in the Paradise magazine production team. He has worked for a number of different advertising agencies and in television in Port Moresby, and now runs his own design company, Danbury Pty Ltd. Larry has represented Papua New Guinea as an artist at international exhibitions in Belgium, Australia and the United States of America. Despite Larry's prowess and experience as an artist, this is the first time for him to design stamps. He told Paradise he is thrilled that his work will feature on an official national imprint.

OFF TO THE OLYMPICS

Story by Stephen Dawanincura Photographs supplied by the **PNG Sports Federation**

Papua New Guinea first set foot in an Olympic arena back in 1984 at the Los Angeles Olympic Games. Only 12 years later the Olympic Movement has returned to the United States, this time to Atlanta. And this time, the PNG image has changed.

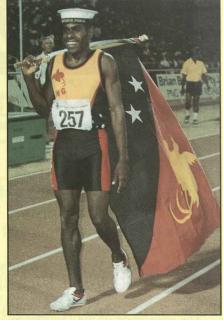
Our first Olympians attended the Games on little more than a courtesy ticket from the International Olympic Committee. Nonetheless, our five flagbearers in 1984 -Iamo Launa, Lapule Tamean, Tau John Tokwepota, Elizabeth Ingiro and Barbara Sapea - were at the peak of their careers and represented their country in fine form.

That was the year of the overpowering American Dream — Carl Lewis, Mark Spitz, Mary Lou Retton. And the year of the boycott of the Eastern bloc nations, including the then Soviet Union. It was the chant USA, USA that rang out from the athletic track to the swimming pool and the basketball courts. But the chant meant little to Iamo and her teammates. It was their red, black and gold uniforms that spurred them on in front of millions of spectators so far from home.

Tamean today is a sports administrator, devoting time to athletics and to the National Universities Movement. Tokwepota, who survived a crippling attack by criminals while dabbling his hand in a favourite pastime, boxing, is actively involved in junior sports development. Instead of her trademark heptathlon training, Launa now devotes a large part of her free time to the netball courts - and represented her country last year at the World Netball Championships and the South Pacific Games. But she still manages time to go to the track to urge on a new breed of athletes like Subul Babo and Peter Pulu.



Iamo Launa — veteran Olympian



Sprinter Subul Babo on a victory lap 1991 SP Games

Both men are in the group of 15 Olympians bound for Atlanta in July, representing three sports. The team is:

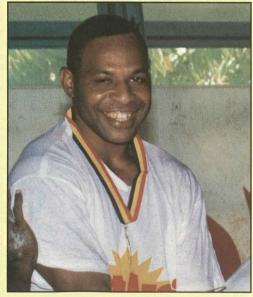
Athletics			
Peter Pulu	100m	4 x 100m	4 x 400m
Subul Babo	400m	4 x 100m	4 x 400m
Amos Ali	200m	4 x 100m	4 x 400m
Allan Akia		4 x 100m	
Terry Seph		4 x 100m	
Ivan Wakit	400m Hu	urdles	4 x 400m
Samuel Bai			4 x 400m
Angela Way		High Jump	

Boxing

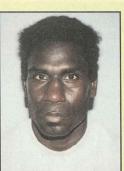
Howard Gereo	51 kg
John Sam	54 kg
Lynch Ipera	57 kg
Henry Kunsi	60 kg
Steven Kevi	63.5 kg

Weightlifting Peter Kilapa

70 kg Class



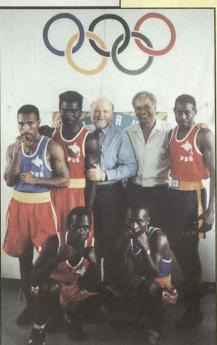
Peter Kilapa — 1996 representative



Left: *Henry Kunsi*

Below: Coach, administrator and boxers

APIC TEN



On the world's sporting stage, Papua New Guinea has gone from a minnow in the Pacific to South Pacific Games superiority and Commonwealth Games medallists. The next obvious challenge will be to achieve Olympic glory and each one of our fifteen youthful athletes has the goal of transforming blood, sweat and tears into one of three precious metals up for grabs at the Olympics - gold, silver or bronze.

From a few grants and minor sponsorships, sport in Papua New Guinea has turned into a major marketing product. Generous financial support from business houses, dedicated administrators and hard effort have ensured that junior sports development, professional sports administration, technical training, elite training and competition have become the norm. Through the work of the PNG Sports Federation under the able leadership of Sir Henry ToRobert and John Dawanincura, our sportsmen and women now have the chance to participate competitively in many arenas.

For the Los Angeles team members from 1984, the opportunities available today are unbelievable. Now all that awaits Peter Kilapa is the weight that lies on the Olympic stage. Peter Pulu will take barely 10 seconds in his 100m sprint, the 400m runners less than a minute and Angela Way a split second to become airborne. For our five boxers, an opponent in the ring for three 3 minute rounds awaits each of them. Can Henry Kunsi 'knock' his way through?

But it will not be medals that drive our athletes. Rather, the will to succeed and the pride of wearing red, black and gold, as they share in the spirit of the Olympic flame.



MASCOT

The mascot for the PNG team for Atlanta is a kokomo. The mascot was designed for the official sponsors of the team, Coca-Cola by Craftworks, a Port Moresby advertising and design agency.



Major Sponsors of the Papua New Guinea Team for Atlanta Olympics.

REFRESHING

4445







REFRESHING THE OLYMPIC SPIRIT

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The Justice System Did Me Injustice

Story by Mary Toliman Photographs by Hugh Davies

Sereima fanned herself inside the packed Kokopo court room. Despite the fan swinging at full speed, she was sweating. Humidity in Rabaul can be mercilessly hot and uncomfortable and since the volcanic eruption, days had been even hotter. It was like being roasted in a copra-dryer.

The once beautiful and quiet township of Kokopo was overcrowded with the influx of homeless people. Signs of a place being shattered and people slowing brushing off the ashes to start a new life were highly visible from the dried fronds of coconut trees, the leftover dried bamboo trees in the care centres behind the court house and the recently built houses opposite the Kokopo market. Rabaul remained a ghost town, and people went there only to see the destruction or to check on the remains of their homes.

One would feel better walking in his birthsuit! someone from the back of the room exclaimed in Kuanua, in strong and clear Matupit dialect. As Sereima turned around, she saw an elderly man fanning himself vigorously with a pandanus-leaf woven fan. He didn't have the slightest smile on his face as he spoke, but concentrated on fanning. A couple of women chuckled at the man's ordeal. Sereima grinned as she turned back to the front. She held the neck of her meri-blouse up with both hands, allowing cool and fresh air to flow through her breasts and stomach.

Her face was weary from sleepless nights but her hands were soft and warm. She wore a coloured meri-blouse made of material from Jayapura. Her lips were attractively pink and her round gold earrings glittered as she tilted her head. Her skin was the colour of deep chocolate, and her brown permed hair portrayed the bushy, fresh, neat growth of a pruned hybrid cocoa tree. She was a modern PNG woman and the meri-blouse and matching laplap she wore were obvious indications of her strong Tolai identity. She was from Matupit Island and the only child in the family. Prior to the volcanic eruption, Sereima was living with her parents and her four year old son on the island. For ten years she had worked as a secretary-typist with the East New Britain Provincial Government but since the eruption two months before, she had been out of a job. She had been married to a man from North Solomons, who had died in a car accident on Blue Lagoon on the Rabaul-Kokopo road six years previously. She then married a man from Manus, the father of her son, but he had left them abruptly a year ago to live with another woman. Sereima had served him a summons to pay maintenance for their son.

Due to the destruction of the Rabaul court house, all cases had been shifted to Kokopo. To her right sat her lawyer, Vagi, in his best lawyers' uniform for court proceedings.

Sereima! he exclaimed, I want you to know there is a strong case against us. Sereima quickly swallowed her saliva. She had been dreading this for some months now. The lawyer continued, Mandra has medical reports from three different doctors, all showing he is infertile. He straightened his collar. Sereima stared at him. He is disputing being father of Chokou. It is hard to beat this kind of case, especially when one has strong medical evidence.

Vagi paused for a while and then continued, not looking at Sereima, You have to be prepared to accept whatever decision that comes, especially if it is against us.

Sereima kept her eyes on the floor. Her emotions were flowing through her like electric currents. It had been a psychological battle for her, and she dreaded the decision of the court. She could not believe that Mandra could ever disown Chokou, his one and only child. Leaving her was bad enough, but disowning his son was something she couldn't believe or accept. She didn't know whether to answer or to cry. She scraped for words, and all that came out of her mouth was the sentence: *How does a man feel when he disowns his own child*?

Vagi knew the question did not warrant an answer. It was more a statement than a question. He himself didn't know the answer.

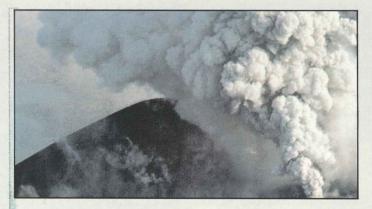
On top of this, having to leave Matupit Island, their home being completely destroyed by the volcano, was already too much. The house had been totally covered with ash, and was now under the sea. She and her family had lost everything except for a few clothes she quickly grabbed before their abrupt departure. They had been taken in by the Toma Community Government which sheltered and fed them but, as the saying goes, nothing is ever like home. Many a night she would sit with her parents and other relatives, talking about their escape from the eruption and their current daily activities. Rarely would they talk about life on the island prior to the eruption. It was too hurtful.

Wanem taim bai Magistret I kam? said an impatient and husky voice from the back, in Pidgin. The familiarity of the voice came to her mind like memory in a computer, flipping through programme after programme until the right one is identified. Only then did Sereima recognise the voice. She turned her head to the left and as she did, she looked straight into the eves of Mandra, her former husband. It was not surprising to see this kind of behaviour from Mandra. He was always



nicknamed 'Short-fuse' for losing his cool easily. It took her a few seconds to absorb everything. In him she instantly saw Chokou: the face, the nose, the broad shoulders. In her mind she saw her son talking, smiling, laughing, all in a way typical of Mandra. The only feature Chokou had of her was her smile. Chokou's hair was a beautiful blend of coffee and milk; not blond and not dark, but just like Sunshine milk mixed with Highlands coffee. In her mind she saw Mandra lifting up Chokou and playfully throwing him into the sky and catching him again. She saw Mandra throwing Chokou into the rough and rising waves, teaching him to swim in rough seas. Although Mandra was not tall, he was handsome, with olive skin that contrasted sharply with his dark curly hair. He was proud to be a Manus Islander in every way, and wanted his son to be a Manusian in every way too. In fact, Chokou had already acquired the skills of telling stories or cracking jokes the Manus style. The last word Mandra would like his son to be labelled was 'koloata'*. In her mind she heard Chokou jokingly saying, If only you buy me an ice-cream Daddy, my ears would no longer be painful. She tilted her head backwards allowing scenes of the past to run through her mind like flash-back scenes in a teardrop film.

In his eyes Sereima saw both hatred and love: love for his one and only child and



hatred for her, for being too independent and not following how he wanted things done. He loved Sereima and Chokou, but the fact that he could never have Sereima under his control was frustrating indeed. To Mandra, five frustrating years of marriage were too much. As for Sereima, she couldn't understand why Mandra left her for another woman and, worst of all, abandoned his only child. She thought of the ways she may have gone too far for Mandra, in education, having a stable job and being too independent. All she knew was that a man prefers a woman he can easily control and one who will rely on him for everything she needs. Sereima had believed in independence, but maybe she was too independent for a man.

A hand touched her on the shoulder and she quickly came to the realisation that she had been in deep thought. She looked up and found her lawyer, Vagi, tapping her on the shoulder to stand up, as the magistrate had already entered the court room. As she turned around, she realised every one else was standing except her. The court room was filled to the brim as people poured in for their own cases. She quickly brushed her bag aside and stood up. For a moment they stood in silence. As soon as the magistrate sat down, everyone else took their seats. The magistrate sat on higher elevation, visible to all. It reminded Sereima of a priest preaching from a pulpit. She had already been cross-examined by her lawyer while in Rabaul. This was Mandra's turn.

Could George Mandra's lawyer stand up please? announced the magistrate.

A tall man from the North Solomons Province stood up. Like Sereima's lawyer, he was also in his best uniform for court proceedings.

George Mandra, do you know this woman?" asked the lawyer.

Yes. I do! answered Mandra. What's her name?

Sereima Tigil.

How long have you known her?

Since 1990, answered Mandra.

Between 1990 and 1994, did you have any contact with Sereima?

I lived with her between 1990 and 1993. I left them in 1993.

Were you married? asked the lawyer.

No, we were only living together.

Why did you leave them?

Mandra paused for a little while. For an instant, he didn't quite know what to say. It was like climbing a mountain in a truck in fourth gear, and suddenly realising the truck couldn't go any further. The lawyer was certainly picking his brain.

I just left, I mean, I don't know, I just left. Sereima smiled to herself. She knew that the real reason for Mandra leaving them was because he was having an affair with their baby-sitter and he moved out to live with her. After much opposition from the girl's family and a demand that he pay a huge amount of compensation for having spoilt her reputation, he ran away and came back to Sereima and Chokou. It wasn't long before he took off again with the woman he was presently living with. Many more questions were asked but Sereima couldn't remember them all.

The most important questions came at the end.

Mandra, are you married? asked his lawyer.

Yes, I am, my wife is with me in the court room. Sereima looked back to see a woman by the name of Cathy sitting upright, her head poised and her long neck sticking out like a white crane's. She reminded Sereima of a drawing of a witch in the children's story of Pinnochio. She had a neat long hair cut that did not match the dress she wore. To Sereima, she looked like a dried long bean, tall in height, but dried in beauty and freshness. Sereima had expected a woman of great beauty. At the sight of this woman, she didn't feel too bad at all.

Do you have any children? continued the lawyer.

No! answered Mandra.

Do you know of a male child by the name of Tommy Chokou, born at Nonga Base Hospital on 15th April 1990, and whose mother is Sereima Tigil?

No! He tilted his head to where the woman was sitting, as if saying 'this should please you'. Sereima's ears popped up like a dog's. She could not believe what she was hearing. She felt like screaming out that Mandra was a liar. She knew in front of her people and in front of her God, the only person with whom she had ever had a relationship during the last five years was Mandra. She knew that Mandra knew the truth but was afraid that if found guilty. he would pay a huge amount of money for leaving the child with no support.

Are you father of the four year old male child, namely Tommy Chokou?

No, I am not; I don't even know him, answered Mandra.

Sereima looked at her lawyer. She quickly looked at Mandra, then at her lawyer and again at Mandra. Like a huge wave, her emotions were coming on her heavily, drowning her. For a moment she thought she'd stop breathing. How could Mandra ever do such a thing? How could he be so cruel? She fought back her emotions, as tears collected in her eyes.

Let me be strong, she told herself.

No more questions, Your Worship, said Mandra's lawyer as he turned to the magistrate, gave a quick bow and sat down. The magistrate straightened himself up, looked at the papers in front of him and then asked if Sereima's lawyer had any questions to ask Mandra.

Yes, Your Worship, I have a few.

Mandra was not comfortable at all. Sereima noticed he was nervously changing feet as he stood to respond.

Mandra, did Sereima ever inform you she was pregnant with your child?

Yes. she did!

What year was that? 1990.

Did you go for a medical check-up to prove whether you were fertile or not?

No. Mandra continuously changed feet.

Now that you are living with another woman, why do you think it is necessary to get a medical check up now, as opposed to before?

He paused for a moment and then said softly, I think it was for the purpose of this case.

Before asking the next question, Sereima's lawyer walked closer to Mandra.

What makes you believe you cannot have children? To Mandra, the questions were certainly getting harder and he was feeling more and more uneasy.

Because of the medical evidence I now have.

Sereima's lawyer then looked at the magistrate, and then to Mandra. He then asked: Mandra, my final question to you. Parents love children and part of marriage is to have children. Does it ever worry you that you will never have children of your own?

This question totally put Mandra off. He looked to the roof, the front, the floor and everywhere all at once, not quite knowing where to focus. He held his right hand on his face, as if to wipe out sweat, but there was no sweat. He was heard whispering something,

but the words couldn't come out of his mouth. He remained quiet until the lawyer repeated the question.

My question was, parents love children and part of marriage is to have children. Does it worry you that you will never have children of your own? He paused a while, gave a deep breath and then said, I don't know. My whole life is useless! Sereima couldn't believe it. This was a man who seemed to have been very sure of what he was doing.

No more questions,Your Worship, and Vagi sat down.

The magistrate announced that he needed a break before he could hand down the final decision and thus postponed the session for an hour.

The one hour break didn't take too long. Sereima had to quickly grab a pie and a bottle of coke. She was conscious of the fact that Chokou was left down at the beach, swimming with one of his cousins. The road to Gelegele plantation, where they had been told to resettle, was a long way into the Warangoi area. She had the responsibility of making sure she had a piece of land where she and Chokou and her parents could resettle. The first thing to do was to get this matter settled. As she was out of work, she was hoping that Mandra would assist her in resettling at Gelegele.

The magistrate was true to timing. It reminded Sereima of what old people used to say about Japanese doing everything on time. She was relieved at this, as the earlier they finished, the quicker she'd get to Gelegele before nightfall. magistrate then The straightened himself up to hand down the court's decision. He started by announcing the original complaints from Sereima that the child belonged to Mandra, and that Mandra had left Chokou and his mother with no means of support.

It is clear from evidence of both sides that Serima and Mandra lived together for a number of years, he continued. It is also clear from the information presented on both sides that the relationship was not stable, and that a few times the couple separated and came back together again. He continued to mention a few more facts, before coming to the final statement. To Sereima, the final bit was more important than the rest.

To conclude, after weighing up the evidence on both sides, I have found that there was a long term relationship between Sereima and Mandra. I have found that there is sufficient medical evidence that Mandra is infertile and unable to bear children.

Sereima raised her head. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

In addition, it brings the question of who is the real father of the four year-old male child Chokou. Medical evidence has shown that Mandra is infertile and unable to have children. I therefore have sufficient evidence to show that George Mandra is not father to Chokou, and that he has no case to answer.

Sereima felt tears running down her cheeks, tears of plea for natural justice to her and to her son. Tears that called for greater understanding beyond the legal concept that 'a person is innocent until proven guilty', and fatherly love and acceptance of her son by his father.

Her lawyer held her by the shoulder as she tasted the salty tears from her cheeks flowing down her neck. Her eyes were focussed on the floor as she let her tears unashamedly flow down her cheek like river tributaries, each with a different message. Tears clouded her eyes so that everything and everyone in the court room were just shadows. Deep down in her heart, she knew she had told the truth. She was not a regular churchgoer, but she knew that in front of her God, she had told nothing but the truth. She asked herself, Why did she have to go to the courts to tell the truth, when she knew it was the truth?

She knew the justice system which exists to tell the truth, had done her the greatest injustice, and as long as she lived on this Earth and for the sake of Chokou, she vowed that the truth must be known.

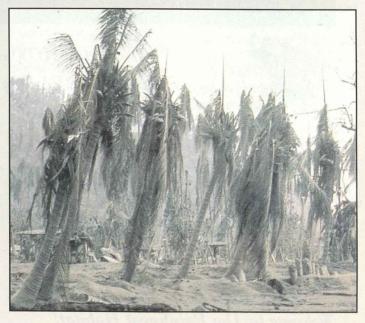
Everyone stood up to allow the magistrate leave the room. As this happened, the voice of a child was heard shouting. Everyone's eyes focussed on the door. To her amazement, Sereima recognised her son Chokou, running right into the court room shouting Daddy, daddy, daddy, mi gat liklik pis insaet long botol. Lukim! Sereima was instantly on her toes, but she was immediately pulled back by her lawyer, who told her to leave him alone. Sereima saw Chokou running in and threw her hands out so he could recognise her and run to her. Interestingly, he didn't do that. He ran past her and headed for the direction of Mandra, grabbed him by the shirt, shouting and laughing, Daddy, em ia! Em ia! Yu tokim mi long kisim ikam, handing him a bottle which contained salt water and a small blue-coloured fish.

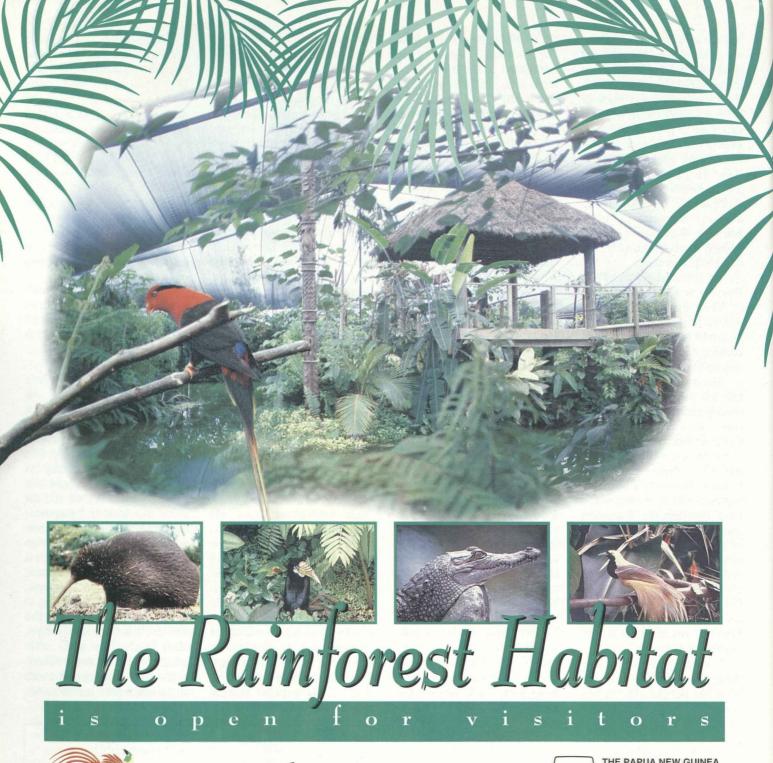
Everyone stood staring at them. The magistrate, who was walking down the elevated steps, stood frozen in ice. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He stared as Chokou held onto Mandra's shirt. There was dead silence in the court room. Did people read the signs The coffee bottle right? containing the small fish was the thing causing all excitement in Chokou. He was totally unaware of his surroundings. What puzzled Sereima was that when Chokou spoke, Mandra had told him to come.

Of all people, the one in a very conflicting situation was Mandra. As much as he would have wanted to brush Chokou aside, he just didn't have the courage to do so. All he had to say was Go away, I am not your father, to confirm his stand in court. How come he had the courage to disown Chokou in court by words, but did not have the courage to ignore him? Everyone started moving quietly out of the court room, the magistrate being the last to leave, with Chokou still holding on to Mandra's shirt.

Had the final and real truth been told? Sereima left that to Mandra to solve. She walked out of the court room in dead silence, but with sweet relief.

Mary Toliman is from East New Britain and works for the Melanesian Environment Foundation in Port Moresby. Mary is a strong advocate of women's rights and equality. This short story portrays not only the perhaps too familiar plight of a deserted wife and child and the power men wield 'in the system'. but also the unique social problems confronting women today in East New Britain as a result of the volcanic eruption: loss of home, possessions, gardens and income, living in temporary care centres, the formidable task of resettlement. Mary wrote this story after witnessing a court case in Kokopo in late 1994. The story is based on the actual case, but the names of the characters are fictitious.







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NATURE'S QUARTER ACRE

Story and photographs by Eric Lindgren

Dr Eric Lindgren is an author-photographer now living in Brisbane. He worked in Papua New Guinea for 26 years. This fascinating account of a back yard in suburban Port Moresby demonstrates how a relatively barren urban area can be transformed into a lush tropical garden and wildlife habitat.

t wasn't really a quarter acre, or should it be converted to hectares? just a typical suburban lot gouged out of one of Port Moresby's dry hillsides by the pre-Independence administration in 1968. First they ran a bulldozer on a contour above the house sites to stop erosion from the Christmas rains, then below this, they scraped away at the stony earth until there was enough room to build a row of houses, each faced side-on to the road. The lot my house occupied had barely enough space between the end of the house and the steeply sloping spoil from the excavation to locate a dwelling. In fact two years after being built the earth around the downhill concrete supports eroded away; a rock wall was hastily constructed to retain the soil and stop the house from sliding off the hillside.

We were the second family to live in this house on the hill. There were a few eucalypts and little else, apart from a magnificent pumpkin vine which tumbled over the slope down to the road, and threatened to invade the neighbours next door. Being a naturalist, with a deep interest in conservation and the local wildlife, it wasn't long before I started trekking out to the rainforests at Brown River to dig up seedlings and establish my personal rainforest. The barren hills of Port Moresby were to house this little pocket of plenty and create a habitat where animals could find succour. Of course I had no idea whether the seedlings plundered from the forest would grow, and if they did what they would grow into. I just dug, bagged, brought and transplanted these tiny plants and hoped for the best.

By the time my family had grown up, there was an urban rainforest on that quarter-acre. Tallest trees climbed to 20 metres or more, lianes tangled through the branches and provided fun for the nearby children who used them as swings. But best of all, the birds, animals and insects of Port Moresby found a haven to visit or to make a home in.

LAHARA: December and the change of season is upon us. Gone are the dry, still days of the second doldrums; in their place the first tentative winds from the north-west. Now comes Lahara, the wet season of the Motuans, when the monsoon winds bring their moisture-laden air across the island of New Guinea and deposit their rain on this southern dry coast. In three months most of the year's rain falls on lands of the Central Province, providing relief for the gardens and the growth of plentiful produce.

December: With the growth of the grass comes the distinctive whistle of the Bladder Cicadas. For years the nymphs have been growing beneath the surface, feasting upon roots of the savannah plants. Now, stimulated by the rain, they emerge as adults into the air and call their strident call. So shrill a whistle, rising as I come near, dying as I recede, abdomen swelling, the insect emits a noise that pierces my eardrums and I can barely stand nearby to capture a picture of these shy creatures. I must retreat lest my eardrums burst. This call, so loud, has come from the land on which I live, my quarter acre, from the kunai beneath my rainforest trees.



Bladder Cicada, abdomen enlarged, pierces the air with its deafening whistle.

January: As I search at dusk for the source of a whistle, I meet a lizard out for the last meal of the day. Spotted Skink, whose small, bright eyes comb its territory for any sign of food, is one of the many species of lizards which live in my forest, sharing their prey, laying eggs in secure places to hatch in the better days of spring when food is more abundant.

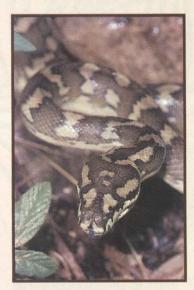


Spotted Skink, fast predator, out for its last meal of the day.

March: I come out of my front door and stand at the steps down the hill. On the rail rests a Robber Fly, something in its grasp. Ah! the table is turned — the Robber feeds on a Dragon Fly, swift predator this, catching insects on the wing, the Dragon Fly is now food for a swifter opponent — Robber Fly, large, pugnacious, ever alert for a juicy morsel of food, has beaten the master predator at its own game, such is the fate of the hunter.

After a week of dry days comes the rain, dropped from the sky, no wind, straight down at night, as if God had emptied a bucket from above. In haste and forewarned, the ants had moved their nest during that day. As a witness I saw their frenzy — so many eggs and so little time for the move. At dusk, before the downpour, they had made the shift, workers ever diligent scurrying past, an egg in their jaws, moving to dry ground.

Nearby, with no care in the world, sleeps a wasp. Its narrow waist tells me that this is a Eumenid wasp, solitary, flying by day and sleeping by night at the end of a fragile sliver of grass, ready to take to the wing if grass trembles, not by wind but by seeker of food.



Shiny appearance and fresh pattern indicate that this Carpet Python has recently shed its skin.

An encounter by day, as slowly slides by a Carpet Python, common in Moresby, with its pretty pattern proclaiming it as an innocent creature, no poison, wanting nothing more than to be left alone in its quest for food rats, mice, lizards, large insects - this is a cleaner-of-theenvironment, acting as nature intended to keep lesser animals in check. I watch as it passes down the hill and on to the road; but second thoughts make me interfere with nature, place it in a bag, and later in the day release it far from the suburbs, safe that it will survive to do its job in the web of life.

April: At night, with my torch, I inspect my trees for signs of animal life. In the curl of a leaf I find a strange caterpillar tended by red ants which by day live in a ball made of sewn leaves. Later I read that on its back the caterpillar has special glands which exude a sweet nectar that the ants gather and take to their nest. In return the ants allow it to shelter from predators in their leaf-ball by day, and when ready to pupate it does so with the help of the ants. Guarding it by day and night, they watch while it transforms into a jewel of a butterfly, blue wings iridescent in the sun; one of a group of Blues which survive only because of their intimate



with ants. Not far from this strange relationship, I come across a string of bees, like the beads on a necklace. each grasping a twig in their jaws, sleeping a sleep unafraid. By day, these are solitary bees, going their about

business alone; by night, they seek the company of their kind.



A visitor from Australia, this Sacred Kingfisher stayed in my garden for a few nights before moving on.

In daylight on the Oleander in the front of my garden, I see hanging upside-down beneath a leaf, a brown caterpillar, three pairs of horns on its body. I await the change of this Common Crow caterpillar into the tiny gold-flecked pupa in which body fluids will be broken down and reformed into the adult with wings. Marvel of nature this, for how can an animal change so much, from a sluggish fleshy pencil to a delicate winged apparatus of flight?

May: A soft four noted tseetsee-tsee-tsee alerts me to the fact that the season is changing. Autumn is well on its way down south and the migrant birds are starting to forsake their summer home for the warmer climate of the tropics. This call comes from a Sacred Kingfisher, a bird which breeds in Australia and moves to the New Guinea Island during the southern winter. At night, I find the bird in a Leucena tree at my front door. It is a juvenile bird, with tawny smudging on its underparts. How do these birds know where and when to leave their childhood grounds and move so far across the oceans?



Bright neck tells me that this is a Spectacled Fruit Bat, one of the smaller flying foxes in the Port Moresby area.

June : A chatter at night near my bedroom window reminds me of the first night I spent in this house. New to the tropics, I could not work out why there were kittens making so much noise in the banana trees near my bedroom window. A troubled night led to the revelation that it was the fruit bats squabbling over the ripe bananas nearby, not kittens. When I found a long-feelered moth on the Pandanus I had planted years before, I could not believe that such a small moth could have such long feelers; later I found a grasshopper with even longer ones.



Caterpillar of a Blue Butterfly tended by red ants at night.



Pre-pupa of Pupa of the Common the Common Crow, embellished Crow Butterfly with gold, is like a tiny jewel.



Common Crow Butterfly asleep in my rainforest

LAURABADA: The winds have changed, no longer the moisture-laden monsoons from the north-west. In their place have come the strong, persistent winds from the south-east the winds of *Laurabada*, the dry season in the area of the Motuan people along the Moresby coast.

July: Now that the seedlings had grown to such heights a variety of birds which normally were only found in the rainforest came on visits to my quarter acre. A Green-winged Pigeon made its home there for a few weeks and I encouraged it with rice strewn on the leaf litter. A Leaden Flycatcher visited each year for three years at the same time of the year almost to the day - in its first year it was in juvenile plumage, like a female; but in the latter years it changed to the brighter male plumage. The same bird? Well, it slept in exactly the same place each year, not nearly the same, exactly the same, to within a centimetre. Surely the same bird!



Feelers three times longer than body, this moth is an unusual sight.



One year only did the Greenwinged Pigeon visit, enough for two good pictures.



Usually found in the canopy, the Brown Tree Snake is not harmful to humans.

August: A Brown Tree Snake, out of character on the ground, curls its neck in an S to warn me to stay clear. More bluff than anything, for this is a snake harmless to humans, relying upon inefficient fangs in the back up its mouth to poison its prey.

A swarm of black termites marching up a tree trunk alert me to the fact that rain is approaching. 'It always rains in August', I have joked for many years; suddenly I realise that it may be true — these termites show me that rain is coming, and a check of the rainfall records for the past decades reveals that my joke is true well almost, for it usually does rain this month, but not invariably. The rain sets off a croaking from the White-lipped Tree Frog which lives in the bananas near my bedroom window. The night I photograph it, I am pleased with the result. The smile on its face probably reflects the nice position to catch insects attracted to the nectar of the banana flowers. My sleep is broken, but the photograph was worth it.



Huntsman Spider with a Hawk Moth larger than itself

October: The winds have gone and the doldrums are upon us. For six weeks or so, it will be still, hot and humid. Dryness will prevail and life in the garden will slow down. On the odd night when rain is felt in the air, the moths will fly. A large Hawk Moth has fallen prey to an even swifter Huntsman Spider. No maker of webs, this spider roams far and wide in its search for prey. It has a meal larger than itself and is covered in the scales from the wings of its food.



Black termites, not the usual 'white ants' on the move preceding rain



Like a classic Greek statue, this White-lipped Tree Frog waits for moths coming to the banana flowers below its perch.

November: This grasshopper has feelers so long, they are unbelievable. The moth I had found before is nothing compared to this. I wonder what these feelers are used for?

December: The weather is changing again and with the change comes increased activity among the animals of my garden. In a writhing tumble down the hill come two Papuan Whip Snakes, entwined together in their dance of love. Like partners in a ballet they caress each other, oblivious to my presence, until they proceed over the wall and into the tangle of undergrowth beneath my rainforest trees.



Papuan Whip Snakes gently caress each other in their courtship dance.



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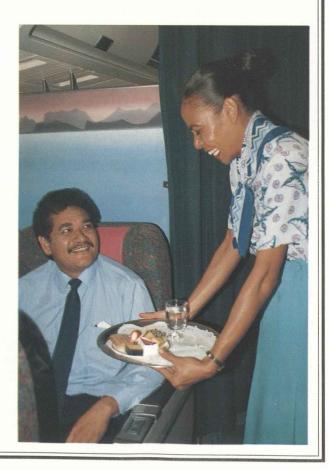
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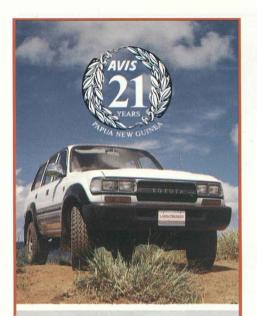
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Aviation Papua New Guinea.

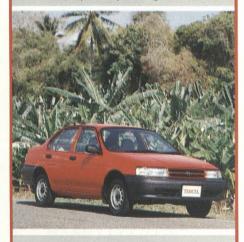


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Travellers' Guide

Landform:

Papua New Guinea, over 1400 islands, atolls and coral reefs in the Bismarck, Solomon and Coral Seas, lies within the tropics, just south of the Equator. With a total land mass of 462,840km2, its mainland is the eastern half of the island of New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. Mt Wilhelm (4509m), the highest mountain lies in the rugged central spine, the Owen Stanley Range. Mighty rivers, including the Sepik and the Fly, descend towards the coastline through the highland valleys, dense rainforests, fertile coastal plains to mangrove swamps or broad sandy beaches.

Climate:

Mostly mild and tropical, it is colder in the highland areas and more humid in coastal and island areas. Usually there is a dry season from May to October and a wet season from December to March.

History:

First settled more than 30,000 years ago, interaction between language groups was restricted due to the topography of the land. The indigenous people are predominantly Melanesian with some Micronesian and Polynesian. European explorers, traders in bird of paradise plumes and beche-de-mer came in the 1500s. In the 19th century, the country was divided between the Germans and the British. In 1905, Australia took over the British sector, naming it 'The Territory of Papua' and then became responsible for German New Guinea after World War I.

On 16 September 1975, Papua New Guinea, a member of the United Nations, became a fully independent country and a member of the Commonwealth. The system of government is based on the Westminister model. Governments are democratically elected every five years.

Time:

Papua New Guinea is 10 hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time (GMT). **Economy:**

Most people live a traditional subsistence lifestyle that has existed for hundreds of years. Many supplement their income by growing cash crops of coffee, tea, palm oil or vegetables, producing copra or fishing. Others work in the public service, mining or private enterprise. The main exports are oil, gold, copper, coffee, tea, cocoa, palm oil, copra, forest and marine products.

Languages:

Although there are approximately 800 languages throughout the country, representing a third of all the languages in the world, Tok Pisin and Hiri Motu are widely spoken and English is the language of education and commerce.

Driving:

Valid drivers' licences issued in other countries are recognised. A new resident may drive on this licence for up to three months, then apply for a Papua New Guinea licence which is issued for three years. Vehicles travel on the left side of the road. Speed limit is 60kph in built up areas, 80kph out of town.

Safety Precautions:

Keep doors locked at all time whether in a hotel or your home. Lock your car at all times. Do not walk around the streets after dark.

Electricity:

220-240volts (50cycles) but all plugs are three slanting pins.

Water:

In the towns, water quality is within the World Health Organisation standards. In rural areas, it is advisable to boil water at all times.

Communication:

Local calls are 20 toea from a public phone. Direct dial facilities are available throughout the country. ISD, STD, telex and facsimile services are available in most areas. The directory is in English.

Transportation:

Metered taxis, PMVs (local buses) and hire cars are available in the towns. Some major centres can only be reached by air or sea.

Airlines:

International: Air Niugini, Qantas, Solomon Airlines

Major Domestic: Air Niugini, Airlink, Islands Nationair, MAF, Milne Bay Air, Trans Island Airways.

Diplomatic Representation:

A number of countries have full diplomatic or consular representation in Papua New Guinea. Consult the telephone directory for contact details. **Visas:**

All foreigners entering the country need a valid visa. A 30-day non-extendable tourist visa is available from overseas consulates or on arrival at Port Moresby and Mt Hagen airports. The visitor must have an airline ticket with a confirmed outbound flight before the expiry date of the visa. Business people must obtain a visa prior to entry.

Customs:

Adults over 18 have a general allowance of new goods to the value of PNGK250 and are allowed duty free:

- * 200 cigarettes or 50 cigars or 250 grams of tobacco;
- * One litre of alcohol;
- * A reasonable amount of perfume.

Departure Tax:

K15.00 is payable at the airport or tax stamps can be purchased from Post Offices. **Health:**

Visitors are advised to commence anti-malarial medication before arrival and continue while in the country and for two weeks after departure. Certification showing vaccination against yellow fever or cholera is required for travellers over one year of age coming from or through infected areas. Dentists, doctors and hospitals are in all major centres. Remote areas have health centres or aid posts with medical orderlies.

Dress:

Lightweight casual clothing is acceptable in most areas. In the highlands, a sweater or jacket may be necessary in the cool evenings.

Recreation:

Sport includes football, cricket, netball, basketball and softball. Golf, tennis and squash are available in the towns. Fishing, diving, snorkeling and bush walking are popular tourist pursuits.

Restaurants:

Western cuisine is available in hotels, restaurants, guest houses, lodges and village resorts. Port Moresby has many Asian restaurants. Some hotels may have a traditional 'mumu' of roast pork, chicken or fish with local vegetables such as sweet potato, taro, yam, pumpkin, banana and greens. Major hotels may have local bands.

Tipping:

No service charge or tipping is required in hotels and restaurants.

Currency:

The unit of currency is the Kina divided into 100 toea. Travellers' cheques and international credit cards are accepted in major hotels and restaurants.

Banking Hours:

Monday to Thursday — 9.00am - 3.00pm; Friday — 9.00am - 5.00pm

Business Hours:

Commercial Firms: Monday to Friday — 8.00am - 4.30 or 5.00pm

Saturday — 8.00am - 12.00 noon

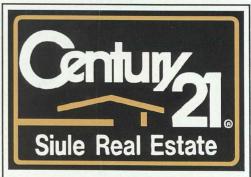
Government Hours: Monday to Friday - 7.45am - 4.06pm

Shopping:

Large stores and artifact shops offer a variety of merchandise. Artisans sell their craft beside the roads. Saturday is a half day for most shops and virtually every shop is closed on Sunday. **Handicrafts/Souvenirs:** A wide range of art forms are in diverse styles.

- * Bilums string bags made from natural fibres.
- * Masks woven from cane or rattan; made of wood or clay; painted or decorated with shells, hair and pigs' teeth.
- * Carvings bowls, walking sticks, stools and tables fashioned from local timber.
- * Woven items baskets, trays and place-mats have different patterns and styles.
- * **Drums** garamuts are made from a hollow tree trunk and the smaller kundu, shaped like an hour glass, has snake or lizard skin stretched over one end.
- * Story Boards carvings illustrate village life.
- * Spirit Boards act as guardians of the village.

Many artifacts and other historical and cultural objects are prohibited exports. Others require an export permit. Contact the Export Permit Officer at the National Museum for details. For export permits for wildlife and animal products, contact the Nature Conservation Division of the Department of Environment and Conservation.



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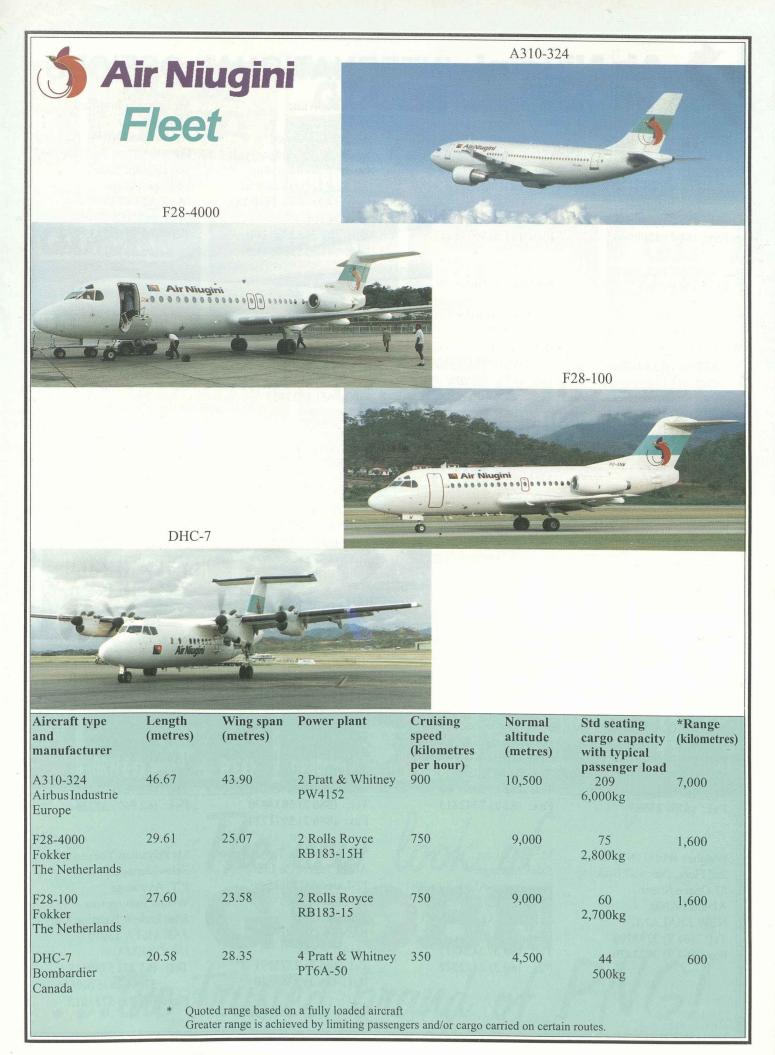
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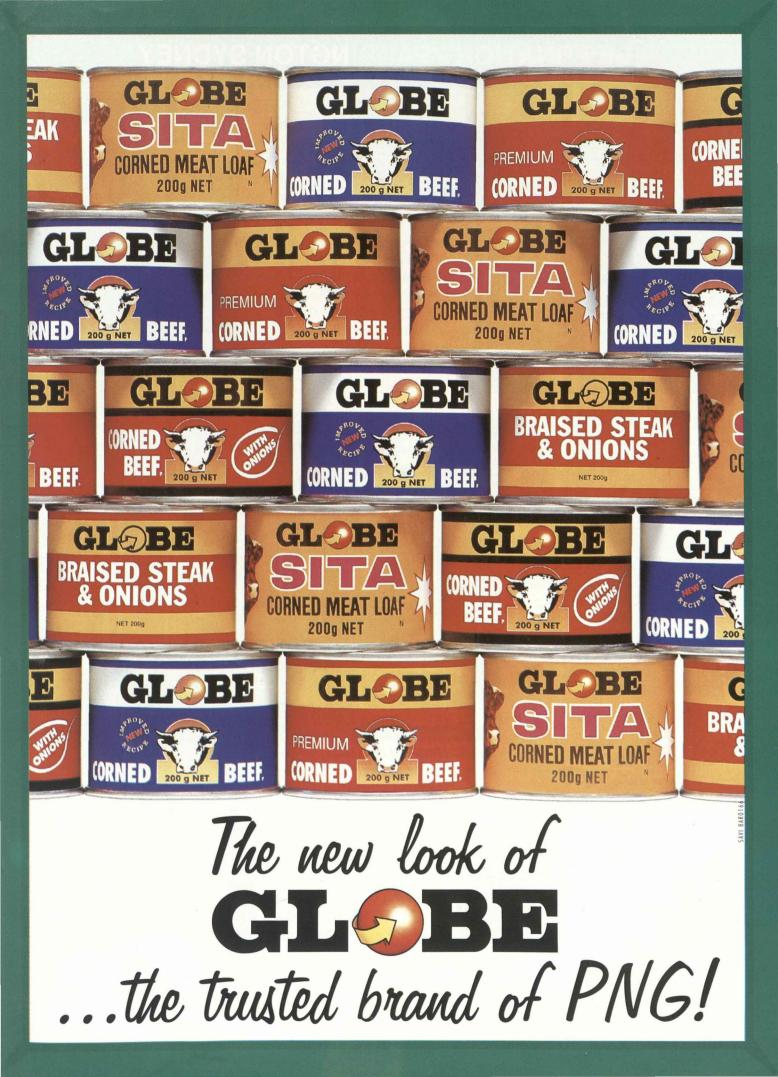
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DESTINATION - PADDINGTON SYDNEY

Story and photographs by Michael Gebicki

ar more than a suburb, Sydney's inner-city suburb of Paddington is a lifestyle. If you want to see what Sydney is wearing, eating and where it wears its earrings at the moment, or have a painless history lesson, there is nothing quite like a promenade through Paddington.

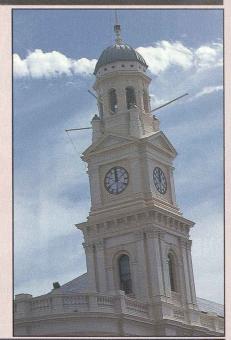
Paddington's main artery is Oxford Street, which links the city with Bondi Junction. Officially, Oxford Street crosses into Paddington just east of Taylor Square but for sightseeing purposes, a more convenient starting point is Paddington Town Hall, where Oxford Street finally levels out after its climb up the hill from the city.

Diagonally opposite the town hall is an impressive mansion set back from Oxford Street. This is *Juniper Hall*, built by a gin distiller, Robert Cooper, who named it after the berries used to make the liquor that had made him a very rich man. Cooper liked to do things in style. He built the mansion for his third wife, Sarah whom he married when he was 46 and who bore 14 of his 24 children. The house was later acquired by the National Trust and renovated. Unfortunately, it is presently closed for lack of funds.

Sweet William - chocoholic's delight



Just a few doors further along Oxford Street, *Folkways* at number 282 is a record shop and the place to go for just about anything Australian — rock to jazz to Aboriginal. As it follows the ridge in a long, slow sweep, Oxford Street settles down into a series of fashion boutiques, homeware shops, jewellers and cafes — each one of them a browser's delight.





Top: Paddington Town Hall Above: Oxford Street

Close to the corner of William Street, *The New Edition Tea Rooms* is a favourite hang-out, where the well-

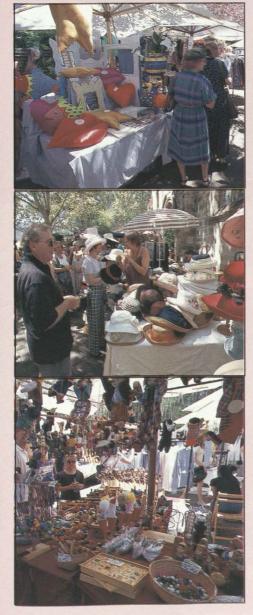
> stuffed baguettes and croissants come with a stack of international food, decorator and lifestyle magazines. The front tables give a close view of the passing parade. Just around the corner in Wiliam Street is *Sweet William*, where the hand-made chocolates are an irresistible stop for chocoholics.

Continuing down William Street, gradually the buzz of Oxford Street dies away to a distant murmur and the shops give way to the exquisite terrace-house architecture for which the suburb is famous.

Some of the oldest houses in Paddington were built in the middle of last century to accommodate the workers who constructed Victoria Barracks. Shadforth Street, almost opposite the gate of the barracks, has several remaining examples of these tiny stone cottages. But the house that typifies Paddington more than any other is the two-storey terrace. Soaring and dipping with Paddington's contours, these gorgeous, ornate houses were constructed in the building boom of the 1880s when the gold rush brought a flush of prosperity to the colony.

The characteristic feature of these houses is the wrought iron balcony, which became known as 'Paddington Lace'. Originally imported from England, this wrought iron was later made in Australian foundries.





Wall mural



Look closely, you may be able to distinguish between the English rose-andthistle motif and the flannel flower, fern and lyrebird designs that were made in Australia.



Paddington fell into decline during the depression of the 1890s. A few years later the advent of cheap, motorised public transport sparked an exodus to outlying suburbs, where houses were surrounded by spacious gardens and crowded, inner-city Paddington became an unfashionable, working class suburb. The area declined further during the Great Depression of the 1930s, when many terrace houses were converted to boarding houses and most of the balconies were boarded up to make an extra room.

In the late 1960s, Paddington suddenly became fashionable again. Inner-city living acquired a new sheen for young couples and the dilapidated but quaint terrace houses were snapped up at bargain prices. Today, renovated, restored and repainted, new life has been breathed into these century-old houses and a Paddington address is once again highly desirable.

Return to Oxford Street and continue as it rises slightly, past more boutiques, gournet delicatessens and cafes. The *Hot Gossip Deli* at number 436 has a fabulous selection of breads, smallgoods and farmhouse Australian cheeses — everything you need for a picnic. At number 470, *The Game Kitchen* offers a range of meats — kangaroo to spatchcock — ready to cook or ready to go.

Paddington is at its colourful best on Saturdays. Everything and everybody goes in Paddington on a Saturday — punk, New Age, suburban chic and grunge. The magnet is the leafy St John's Church where the market stalls of the Paddington Village Bazaar sprawl beneath a mushroom field of big umbrellas. The array of goods is as varied as the clientele — crystals, plants, tribal silver, pre-loved clothing from the past generation and one-off fashions for the next, hats, socks at factory prices, a multi-cultural collage of food and the soap bubble man, a perennial favourite with the kids.

At the top of the rise just above the churchyard, Oxford Street has already left Paddington and entered Woollahra — another leap up the social scale. A left turn will lead you down Queen Street, where the antique shops throw down a challenge to the wallet. To the right is Centennial Park, Sydney's open-air gymnasium. Forget about shopping for a while. Take a stroll among the palm trees and paperbarks, feed the ducks, have a bite at the super-chic *Centennial Park Cafe*, sprawl on the grass and watch the passing fashion parade of cyclists, joggers, horse riders and cyclists a lesson in leisure to add to the urban sociology of Sydney.

Saturday market

Air Niugini has daily services to Australia.

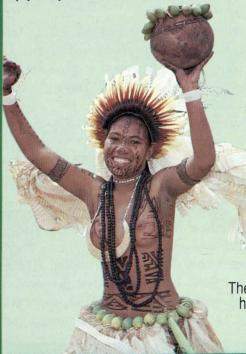
Port Moresby and Central Province... Gateway to Papua New Guinea ~ The Last Paradise The Hiri Moale Festival September 14th to 18th

he major cultural event of the year in Port Moresby and Central Province is the Hiri Moale Festival held to coincide with Independence celebrations.

In olden days, the Motu Koitabuan people of the region constructed giant canoes (lakatois) for the 'Hiri' (trade in the Motuan language).

Severe annual droughts forced the men to sail from home in often stormy seas to barter clay pots for food (mainly sago).

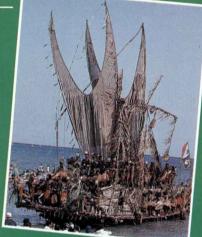
Their departure was a time of great sorrow - and their return one of immense happiness with the womenfolk dancing joyously on the beach.



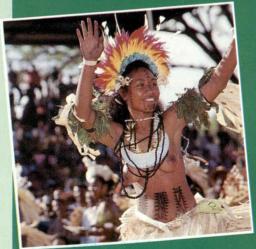
The Hiri Moale Festival held each year recreates these spectacular homecomings complete with giant lakatois and traditional dancing.

Associated festival events include dancers from other parts of the country (even other Pacific nations), canoe races and string band performances.

The Hiri Moale Festival is held from September 14th to 18th.



The giant lakatoi (canoe) used for hundreds of years by the Motu Koitabuan people to trade with 'neighbours' along their coastline.



A Hiri Queen is chosen at the annual Port Moresby and Central Province Hiri Moale Festival each September.

ENQUIRIES:

Air Niugini offices throughout Papua New Guinea & Overseas. WRITE:

National Capital District Commission and Port Moresby and Central Province Office of Tourism, PO Box 7270, Boroko, N.C.D. Papua New Guinea FAX: (675) 324 0819 PHONE: (675) 324 0823 324 0824 The Motu Koitabuan people bring to life their ancient traditions each year in Port Moresby.

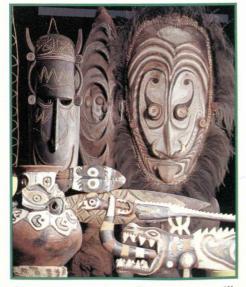
The Hiri Moale Festival

The sea has sustained the Motu Koitabuan people of the Central Papuan Coast since time immemorial. Not only has it supplied a rich harvest of fish and shellfish, it has also provided vital trade routes to procure sago and vegetables during frequent times of drought.

The entire Motu Koitabuan domain, from Manu Manu to Gabagaba, is located geographically within a rain shadow area. In pre-colonial and colonial times, during long drought periods, the Motu Koitabuan mariners raised the giant crab clan sails on their huge multi-hulled log canoes, known as lakatois, and navigated west to the Gulf Province on trading expeditions.

Clay cooking pots, manufactured in Motu Koitabuan villages, were the main item of trade in return for sago and vegetables.

These historic voyages were the subject of heroic narratives by the



Clay pots, a main item of hiri trade, are still used for cooking. They are also sold as artefacts.

Story by Robert Suckling, MP Photographs by Rocky Roe

ancient mariners, passing down by word of mouth the traditions and legends of the 'hiri' which in Motu simply means 'trade'. Unfortunately there was no written Motuan language until the arrival of the British, whose skippers and sailors alike were extremely impressed with the seaworthiness of the enormous canoes.

The trips were fraught with danger, the trading vessels often encountering huge storms capable of washing almost an entire crew overboard many miles out to sea in an age when lifejackets, radios and flares did not exist.

So the departure of the Hiri lakatois was a time of special preparations, tension and sadness for the women and children of those hardy seafarers, believed by some anthropologists to be descended from the magnificent Polynesian sailors who in ancient times crossed the Pacific with little more than the wind and the positions of the sun and the stars to guide them, settling in Hawaii and New Zealand.

The return of the hiri canoes was a time of anxiety as the women and children waited near the beach for the loved ones and providers. As the giant sails appeared on the horizon and were recognised as belonging to the various villages, the women raised the alarm with cries of 'Bogibada' and assembled on the beach for traditional 'Marara' dancing to welcome home their men folk who had often been away for many weeks, even months.

Due to the extreme interest shown by the Motu Koitabuan peoples in retention of their culture and the support of the National Capital District Commission and commercial sponsors, including Mobil, Steamships Trading, Coca-Cola, SP Holdings, Air Niugini and many



Canoe racing at Ela Beach

other Port Moresby companies, the Hiri is now celebrated each year during September. The Hiri Moale Festival reenacts the return of the lakatois and is a time of great joy and celebrations. (Moale means happy in Motu.)

Once again the crab claw sails are seen on the horizon, proudly sailed into the nation's capital at Ela Beach by the direct descendants of the bold mariners who plied the Pacific and Papuan trade routes in historic times. The sight of the giant canoes coming ashore and the colourful dancing on the beach are on their own worthwhile reasons to visit Port Moresby during the festival. But there is much more for the visitor to Port Moresby and Central Province to do and see.

This year's festivities include an iron man competition, traditional singsing, string bands, canoe and banana boat races (ocean going fishing dinghies which have largely replaced canoes in the capital), a float parade through the streets and sporting events. Dancers from other Pacific and Asian nations will perform and a popular magician will thrill the children in the parks.

A main feature will be the annual judging and crowning of the Hiri Queen, where beautiful Papuan lasses dress in full traditional costume to compete for the Hiri Crown.

And if the Hiri guests can bear to turn their cameras away from the giant canoes, the dancers and Hiri Queens for a few hours, then there is the worldfamous Parliament House styled architecturally on traditional lines, designed to represent a Sepik Haus Tambaran and Highlands Round House, and the National Museum featuring artefacts from the country's legend filled past.

For 30 years Papua New Guinea has been enjoying the taste of Goroka Coffee, hand picked and sun dried, Goroka Coffee is a blend of beans from the finest plantations of Papua New Guinea's Highland's. It is renowned among coffee connoisseurs for its full bodied flavour.

...a taste

of paradise

Goroka

Coffee

Parliament House

One of the world's most extensive orchid and tropical flora displays is at the city's Botanical Gardens which also feature a raised rainforest walk, bird and animal life and picnic areas. Papua New Guinea has two thirds of the world's orchid species and the Gardens have most of these on public view including many exotic as yet unnamed orchids.

The traveller with still more time can visit Port

Moresby's colourful markets where a huge variety of tropical fruits and vegetables, freshly caught fish, shellfish and crabs is offered for sale along with whole roasted wallabies and sections of freshly killed pigs. Alternatively one can take a mini coach tour to beautiful Varirata National Park and Owens Corner, the start of the world famous



Kokoda Trail, where so many Australians and Papua New Guineans sacrificed to defend the freedom of the two nations.

There are many first class hotels in Port Moresby and comfortable, clean budget accommodation is also readily available. Do come to the Hiri Moale!

To arrange bookings intending visitors to Port Moresby can contact: the National Capital District Commission, Port Moresby and Central Province Office of Tourism, any Air Niugini office in

Papua New Guinea or overseas, a travel agent.

MT HAGEN SHOW 1965

It was 1965, I was eight years old and my family had just arrived in the Territory of New Guinea from Canberra Australia. In August, we decided to brave the treacherous Daulo Pass in our little Volkswagen Fastback and drive from Goroka to the third Mt Hagen Show in the Western Highlands.

The journey to Hagen was not like our usual family weekend trips to the New South Wales beach town of Moruya. The road was muddy and slippery with steep drops on the side of the road. When we came to landslides, we had to be pushed through with wheels spinning and spitting mud everywhere. I was so scared we were going over the precipice in our little car, I begged to be allowed to walk to Hagen.

The Show turned out to be the biggest and most spectacular to that time. About 28,000 people from several districts had walked up to seven days over mountains and through the bush to dance at the show.

Tom Ellis, the administrator of the Western Highlands District and President of the Show society at the time, built the 'Instant Hilton', a mile-long kunai grass hut, to provide shelter for the traditional dancers.

Three thousand tourists had come from all over the world and Mt Hagen was overflowing with people. Planes flew into Kagamuga airstrip all weekend with international tourists, newsreel cameramen, newspaper reporters and photographers. They came from

Story by Dianne Bluett Wellington Photographs by Noel Bluett

Australia, USA, Germany, France, England and even Brazil. Many slept in schools, storage sheds and coffee factories and those who couldn't find accommodation spent the night at the Show Ball. The visitors really suffered when the town ran out of water. There was no water for washing or drinking, so the Collins & Leahy stores did a roaring trade in 'lolly water' (soft drink).

We stayed 40 miles out of town at Talu Coffee Plantation in Banz with David Falconer, a Scottish planter ex-Malaya. On trips between the plantation and the showgrounds, we discovered the lush, green and tranquil setting of the newly established Mt Hagen Botanical Gardens which were a delightful contrast to the dry and dusty town area.

Saturday morning came and just as the show was due to start, 8,000 Wabag and 3,000 Jimi Valley clan members charged onto the old town airstrip ready for a full scale tribal fight. I remember leaning back into a kunai grass hut and staring at all these tall men with their threatening spears and axes running past yelling. Their black, shiny bodies smelt of pungent pig grease and tanget leaves. I was awestruck and terrified. Tom Ellis was able to calm the warriors down and the police band, acting as a riot squad, came between the two angry groups. Remarkably, the show continued on peacefully for the rest of the weekend, if in a somewhat tense and guarded atmosphere.

Among the bedecked warriors

Although these are dancers at the 1965 show, dancers from this area will be wearing similar bilas at the 1996 show.





Dancer stands beside a carved 'meri' statue.

performing in the singsing dance arena were 8,000 Wabags, 9,000 Minj men, 3,000 from the Jimi Valley and 8,000 Tambuls. The sight of the long lines of Wabag men with their blue striped laplaps swaying to and fro, while chanting as loud as a dozen planes on the airstrip, was magnificent. The colours of the feathered headdresses and painted faces were rich and patterned. Sounds of kundu drums beating for hours and dancers wailing and chanting were hypnotic. There were more performers than spectators that year and even the thousands of local spectators were in traditional attire. which in 1965 was 'ass tanget tasol' (only a small grass covering). Opening this breathtaking event, the Territory Administrator Sir Donald Cleland said he was 'amazed and gratified by this huge gathering of people'.

It's now thirty-one years since that unforgettable trip to Mt Hagen. As an eight-year-old girl, fresh from the quiet, orderly, predictable suburbs of Canberra, the experiences, sights and sounds of that weekend trip left a vivid impression on my mind.

The early Hagen Shows were logistic feats because they brought together such large numbers of diverse groups, many of whom were warring people. The shows also played an important role in the recognition and celebration of the culture and costume of the Highland singsing in a rapidly changing society. The Mt Hagen Show is an event one should not miss seeing at least once.

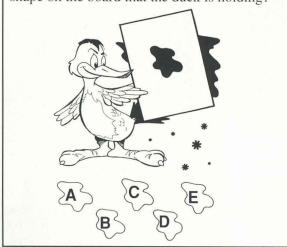
The Mt Hagen Show will take place on 16, 17, 18 August 1996.

Air Niugini flies to Mt Hagen from Port Moresby daily. There are also services from Lae, Madang and Wewak.

Puzzles for the young at heart

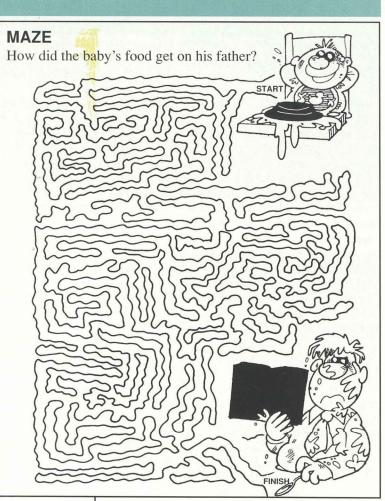
SHAPE

Which of the shapes below fits exactly into the shape on the board that the duck is holding?



HOLIDAY ON THE COAST

Fit these words into the appropriate spaces. **3** letters **4** letters **5** letters **6** letters ball net camp beach boats camera dune oar fish cloud coast dinghy oil gull sand coral ferry trunks sea ship surf shell hotel sun wave spade towel 7 letters 8 letters 9 letters **10 letters** holiday starfish aeroplane sunglasses suitcase rock pools swimsuit



S	ANAGRAMS Unscramble these words and phrases to find words on the bookshelf.			
A	TRY COIN IDA			
N	LAST A			
	CLAM ANA			
	UTAH'S SURE			
	EL BIB			
	LONE V			
	CAD PLOY NIECE			
	AT GOAL CUE			
	GET SID			
	CRY TO RIDE			
	Answers on page 48			

A little tougher!

RIDDLE

Write the answer to each clue under the numbers (one letter per number). In the puzzle answers, the same letter may have different numbers. Then put each letter into the diagram under its number. If you are correct, this will make a riddle and an answer in the grid.

Clu	les					
Α.	Not sour	30	1	24	17	26
В.	The sun in the east.	23	27	6	35	12
C.	Amusement	21	29	18		
D.	Start	13	20	36	25	34
E.	Use this to stop a car	19	14	3	16	31
F.	Type of tone (on a telephone)	32	5	10	8	
G.	Talk	. 28	33	. 11		
H.	Small horned animal that eats anything	37	15	7	4	

2	3	4	and the second sec	5	6	
8	9	10	11	12		13
15	16	17	18		19	20
22	23	24		25	26	
28		29	30	31	32	2
33	34		35	36	37	
	8 15 22 28	8 9 15 16 22 23 28 28	8 9 10 15 16 17 22 23 24 28 29	8 9 10 11 15 16 17 18 22 23 24 28 29 30	8 9 10 11 12 15 16 17 18	8 9 10 11 12 15 16 17 18 19 22 23 24 25 26 28 29 30 31 32

PAPUA NEW GUINEA QUIZ

In what way is it done?

1. Are long-beaked echidnas, which live only on the mainland of Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya, mammals?

- 2. What is the sea cucumber called in Asia?
- 3. Who was the first Papua New Guinean Secretary for Finance?

2

- 4. What is Papua New Guinea's leading cash crop? _
- 5. Who was Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea from 1988-92? _

1

2

DOWN

ACROSS

I.

Short fast run 1 Dark-coloured volcanic rock 6 11 Rip or pull Large flightless bird 12

- Russian emperor 13
- Defame or slander 14
- 16 Poison or stench
- 18 Get up
- 20 Avarice
- 21 Pencil point restorer First note of the musical scale 22
- 24 Road-surfacing substance
- 26 Period of one hundred years
- 27 Finish
- 29 Pea skin
- 31 Full of feelings
- 34 Cooking herb
- 36 Gripping device on a bench
- 38 Meeting discussion list
- 40 Military policeman's hat
- 41 Fishing bait
- 42 Brazil's largest city 43
 - Another name for Ireland Decimal system of measurement 39
- 44 45 Edges of countries

- Member of the House of Lords Seize and take by force
- 3 People of Eire 4

Piece of cotton

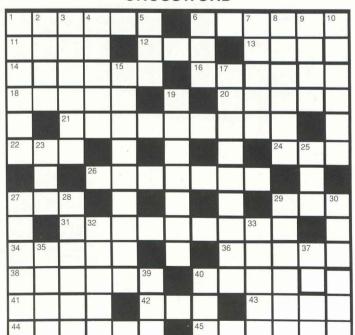
- 56 Rest for golf ball Vagrant or tramp
- Gaze fixedly 7

22 9

- 8 State positively
- Such a 'duck' is a helpless person 9
- 10 Merchant
- Land letting tenure 15
- Lack of knowledge 17
- Soviet space satellite 19
- Have all to oneself 23
- 25 Long, long ...
- Preserve dead body 27
- Dry sandy land 28
- Composed, peaceful 29
- Smart, fashionable 30
- Digs copper 32
- Birch-like tree 33
- Shivering cold, fever 35
- 37 Female horse
 - Circular section Steal, burgle 40



CROSSWORD



Coral Sea Hotels There Presents.... are seven **HAGEA** wonders of the world There are seven pillars of wisdom The wise King Solomon also liked the figure seven, it is recorded he had 700 We also wives like We believe the figure we have seven of the seven best hotels in Try us. Coast Watchers Hotel - MADANG Smugglers Inn Resort - MADANG Ph: 82 2684 Papua New You will be Ph: 82 2684 Guinea impressed seven days of the week Highlander Hotel MT. HAGEN Ph: 52 1355 Melanesian Hotel LAE Ph: 42 3744 FLAG Lamington Lodge Huon Guli Lodge Gateway Hotel PORT MORESBY POPONDETTA LAE Ph: 42 4844 Ph: 29 7222 Ph: 3-25 3855 P O BOX 1215, Boroko N.C.D., Papua New Guinea **CENTRAL RESERVATIONS PHONE** Local call 180 2020 International call (675) 325 2612

AUDED ENTERTAINMEN

CLASSICAL Channel: 5

Chanson de Matin, Op.15 (Elgar) The London Philharmonic Conductor: Hilary Daven Wetton COLLINS/FESTIVAL

Karelia Suite, Op.11 (Sibelius) Halle Orchestra Conductor: Sir John Barbirolli EMI/EMI

Chanson Triste (Duparc) Elly Ameling: soprano San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Conductor: Edo de Waart PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Three Pieces for Lute -Allemande, Sarabande, Gigue (Bach) Andres Segovia: guitar MCA/BMG

Oboe Concerto in C (Allegretto) (Mozart) Heinz Holliger: oboe Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields Conductor: Sir Neville Marriner PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Romance, Op. 37 (Saint-Saens) Richard Stoltzman: clarinet Nancy Allen: harp Irma Vallecillo: piano RCA/BMG

Dance of the Little Swans (Swan Lake) (Tchaikovsky) The Philadelphia Orchestra Conductor: Riccardo Muti EMI/EMI

Flute Concerto in G - Arioso (Ouantz) Jean-Pierre Rampal: flute Orchestre Antiqua Musica Conductor: Jacques Roussel PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Pictures At An Exhibition -Baba Yaga, The Great Gate of Kiev (Mussorgsky) London Symphony Orchestra Conductor: Jacek Kaspszyk COLLINS/FESTIVAL



POP **Channel: 6**

Oh Virginia Blessed Union Of Souls EMI/EMI

Power Of A Woman Eternal **1ST AVENUE/EMI**



Imagination Deni Hines MUSHROOM/FESTIVAL

Father And Son Boyzone POLYDOR/POLYGRAM

Ironic Alanis Morissette MAVERICK/WARNER



Get Down On It Peter Andre MELODIAN/FESTIVAL

Don't Look Back In Anger Oasis CREATION/SONY

One of Us Joan Osborne MERCURY/POLYGRAM

Like A Rolling Stone The Rolling Stones VIRGIN/VIRGIN

Wonder Natalie Merchant ELEKTRA/WARNER

The World I Know Collective Soul ATLANTIC/WARNER

Delilah Blue (Edit) Joshua Kadison EMI/EMI

Whatever You Want Tina Turner FESTIVAL/FESTIVAL

Missing

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7



You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman Celine Dion ATLANTIC/WARNER

But Not For Me Harry Connick Jr CBS/SONY

Secret Love Anne Murray EMI/EMI

One For My Baby Charles Brown ALLIGATOR RECORDS/FESTIVAL

All My Love Is Gone Lyle Lovett CURB/SONY

Bewitched Bothered and Bewildered Kerrie Biddell ORIGIN/POLYGRAM

Where Did My Heart Go James Ingram WARNER BROS/WARNER

Unforgettable Aretha Franklin LEGACY/SONY

James Billy Joel CBS/SONY

When I Need You Julio Iglesias **CBS/SONY**

Good Morning Heartache Carmen McRae DECCA/MCA

Wait For Me Frank Sinatra CAPITOL/EMI

Here, There and Everywhere John McDermott EMI/EMI

If You Could See Me Now Mel Torme with Rob McConnell & The Boss Brass CONCORD/FESTIVAL

Stormy Weather (Live) Grace Knight ABC/EMI

COMEDY **Channel: 9**

Train Of Events The Two Ronnies **BBC/POLYGRAM**

Catch It And You Keep It National Lampoon RHINO/WARNER

I Will Tell You About Myself and Wee Waa Noel V. Ginnity LUNAR/MASSIVE

Phonetic Punctuation Victor Borge CBS/SONY

Fast Food Ben Elton **BBC/POLYGRAM**

Hitchhiking Steven Wright RHINO/WARNER

Two Black Crows Part 1 Moran & Mack RHINO/WARNER

Get A Horse: Lost Rodney Dangerfield DECCA/POLYGRAM

A Letter From Bill (From BBC TV Series, 'The Rag Trade') Miriam Karlin/Sheila Hancock/Esma Cannon **BBC/PYE RECORDS**

I've Got You Under My Skin Stan Freberg CAPITOL/EMI

What It Was, Was Football Andy Griffith CAPITOL/EMI

Musical Instruments Robert Klein RHINO/WARNER

You Can Be A Millionaire Steve Martin WARNER/WARNER

The Party Griff Rhys-Jones, Rory McGrath & Company RONCO/EMI

The Incredible Harry Hoo Get Smart RAVEN RECORDS/EMI

The Driving Lesson Jasper Carrott CHRYSALIS/EMI

Lotsa Luck Allan Sherman RHINO/EMI

COUNTRY Channel: 10

You Can Feel Bad Patty Loveless EPIC/SONY

Every Time My Heart Calls Your Name John Berry PATRIOT/EMI

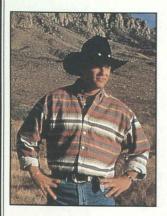


Gone (That'll Be Me) Dwight Yoakam **REPRISE/WARNER**

Someone Else's Dream Faith Hill WB/WARNER

Not That Different Collin Raye SONY/SONY

I Will Always Love You Dolly Parton featuring Vince Gill SONY/SONY



Long As I Live John Michael Montgomery ATLANTIC/WARNER

48

COUNTRY Channel: 10

The Woman In Me (Needs The Man In You) Shania Twain MERCURY/POLYGRAM

One Good Love Neil Diamond with Waylon Jennings COLUMBIA/SONY

C-O-U-N-T-R-Y Joe Diffie EPIC/SONY

Oh, Atlanta Alison Krauss ROUNDER/FESTIVAL

Lay Down Sally Asleep At The Wheel CAPITOL/EMI

The Swimming Song Mark O'Shea ABC/EMI

To Be Loved By You Wynonna Judd CURB/SONY

Years From Here Baker & Myers MCG/SONY

Endless Seasons The Rankin Family EMI/EMI

Round Here Sawyer Brown SONY/SONY

Channel 8 recordings compiled by Cultural Studios Division National Research Institute

CHILDREN'S Channel: 11

The Origin of Superman Bob Holiday, Jackson Beck, George Petrie, Joan Alexander, Ronald Liss & Jack Grimes METRO/PHONOGRAM

Apple Pie Arlo Guthrie LIGHTYEAR/FESTIVAL

Bugs Bunny Meets Elmer Fudd Mel Banc CAPITOL/EMI

The Dog Next Door Don Spencer & Friends ABC/EMI

My Dog Spot Don Spencer & Friends ABC/EMI

Adventures With Skippy The **Bush Kangaroo** 'The Bush Orphan' John McCallum EMI/EMI

Do The Teddy Bear Genni Kane ABC/EMI

The Ugly Duckling Paul Wing RCA/BMG

The Tale Of Jemima Puddle-Duck Wendy Craig EMI/EMI

Goldilocks & The Three Bears The Count from Sesame Street AXIS/EMI

Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da Beatles Barkers TELMAK/TELMAK

PUZZLE ANSWERS from Page 44 and 45

QUIZ

1. yes;

4. coffee;

almanac.

directory

novel,

2. beche-de-mer

or trepang;

3. Mekere Morauta;

5. Rabbie Namaliu

ANAGRAMS

dictionary, atlas,

thesaurus, bible,

encyclopaedia,

catalogue, digest,

of Kendrian Pacific Gold Studios Recordings Namo me kesa Ketafani village (Fasu 1) Southern Highlands Province Saillor

Rock Band by Navigators of Manus Kalang Studios Recordings

HOLIDAY ON THE COAST

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MAZE

RIDDLE Answers to clues: A. sweet; B. rises; C. fun; D. begin; E. brake; F. dial: G. say; H. goat; I. how Diagram: What is always broken before it is used? An egg

SHAPE E

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1 sprint; 6 basalt; 11 tear; 12 emu; 13 Tsar; 14 revile; 16 miasma; 18 arise; 20 greed;	
21 sharpener; 22 doh; 24 tar; 26 century; 27 end; 29 pod; 31 emotional; 34 basil; 36 clamp; 38 age	enda;
40 redcap; 41 lure; 42 Rio; 43 Eire; 44 metric; 45 border	

DOWN: 1 strand; 2 peer; 3 ravish; 4 Irish; 5 tee; 6 bum; 7 stare; 8 assert; 9 lame; 10 trader; 15 leasehold; 17 ignorance; 19 Sputnik; 23 own; 25 ago; 27 embalm; 28 desert; 29 placid; 30 dapper; 32 miner; 33 alder 35 ague; 37 mare; 39 arc; 40 rob

PAPUA NEW GUINEA Channel: 8

Konggol Tsingoropa & Kwipun villages (Narak 1) Western Highlands Province

Take Me Back Gospel Rock Band by Max Manibi Kalang Studios Recordings

Aseng 'Afegenip eitokon singap' Imigabip village (Faiwol 1) Western Province

Eve Wara Rock Band by Fx Band of Port Moresby CHM Recordings

Taro Dance Telefol village West Sepik Province

O Ina Ni Keke Rock Band by x b1 Vol 1 CHM Recordings

Pakeke Kailona/Gilolo villages (Mamusi 1) West New Britain Province

Ki Tambua Pelpel Brothers Stringband

20		-	-	

REATION BERTANS

JULY

International flights: from Port Moresby

Grumpier Old Men



Genre: From: Rated:

PG-13

Romantic ComedyWarner Bros95 minutes

Maria Ragetti has taken over Chuck's legendary bait store and has the unspeakable notion to threaten the cherished fishing hold and its rustic way of life by converting the store into a romantic Italian ristorante. To keep that from happening, John and Max begin a strategic campaign of innuendo, gossip and sabotage that spread quickly through town. But the pair aren't prepared for the strength of Maria, who has no intention of surrendering so easily.

Featuring: Jack Lemmon, Sophia Loren, Walter Matthau, Kevin Pollak, Ann Margret, Daryl Hannah Director: Howard Deutch Producer: John Davis, Richard C. Berman

Sense and Sensibility

Genre: Romantic Comedy From: Columbia 136 minutes Rated: PG

to Port Moresby

Sense and Sensibility tells the story of the Dashwood family, who lose everything when Mr Dashwood falls ill suddenly, and is forced by law to leave his fortune and his vast estate to his son by a previous marriage. The family's reduced circumstances cast a shadow over the romantic aspirations of daughters Elinor and Marianne, who must learn to mix sense with sensibility in approaching their problems with both money and men.

Featuring: Emma Thompson, Hugh Grant, Alan Rickman, Kate Winslet, Greg Wise, Imogen Stubbs, Gemma Jones Director: Ang Lee Producer: Linsay Doran

AUGUST

Happy Gilmore



Genre: Comedy From: Universal Rated: PG-13

92 minutes

What happens when an ice hockey player switches to professional golf? He creates mayhem on the greens and infuriates all the golf pros, especially 'Shooter'. But the fans adore him, and there's nothing Happy loves better than the cheer of a crowd. If only he could control his hockey temper, he might win the pro tour big money, save his grandmother from losing her house to back taxes, and win the heart of the girl he loves.

Featuring: Adam Sandler, Julie Bowen, Christopher McDonald, Frances Bay, Carl Weathers, Bob Barker Director: Dennis Dugan Producer: Robert Simonds





Genre: Drama

From: Buena Vista Rated: PG-13 128 minutes

Based on a true story, this adventure follows a group of teenage boys onboard a brigantine sailing school on an eight-month Caribbean voyage. Under the captain's tutelage, the boys begin to develop their skills and self reliance until a freak storm sinks their ship in a matter of minutes. As the survivors confront their situation and its aftermath, they discover their own inner strengths and resolve.

Featuring: Jeff Bridges, Caroline Goodall, John Savage, Scott Wolf, Balthazar Getty Director: Ridley Scott Producer: Mimi Polk Gitlin, Rocky Lang

Channels 1 and 2

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A PHOTOGRAPHER'S GUIDE TO PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Story and photographs by Irvin Rockman, CBE

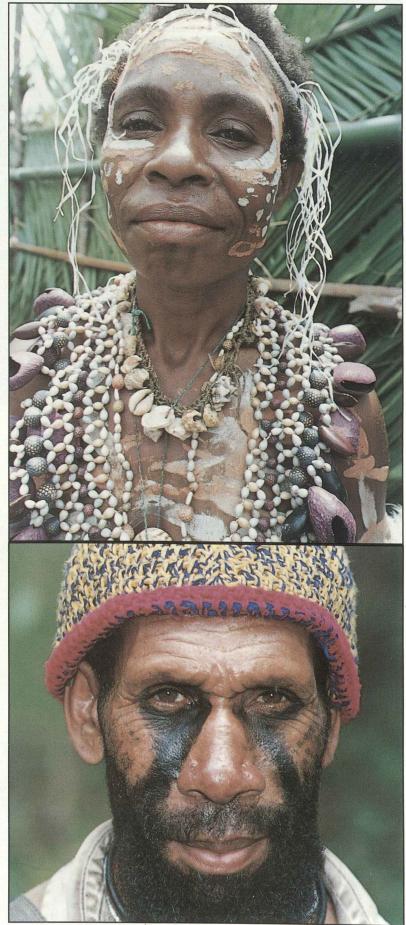
Provery time I think about going to Papua New Guinea, I get excited! Why? Because it's a photographer's paradise. A country of unmatched natural beauty with mountains, hills and volcanoes. Beaches and reefs surround a land where broad rivers and hot, bubbling volcanic streams flow. It is a land and people of contrast and diversity, with hundreds of different cultures, sophisticated city people and simple rural folk.

Papua New Guinea is one of the world's last remaining wilderness areas. It is easily accessible from Asia and the Pacific's major population centres via Air Niugini, yet in a strange kind of way inaccessible in its outback regions, because people 'think' it's hard to get to, which in fact belies the truth. There is a network of jet routes throughout Papua New Guinea and smaller feeder prop aircraft routes that take one to the most inaccessible regions on earth.

Take 35mm camera gear which is more compact and lighter than the larger formats. These days, the quality of lenses is so good, together with high quality film, that this smaller format gives one a great deal of versatility, especially for travelling.

My camera choice is Nikon, but there are many fine camera systems to choose from. Most manufacturers make excellent zoom lenses so instead of needing a whole range of lenses, from wide angle to telephoto, generally two or three zooms will do the trick. However, if you are halfway serious about your photography, it would be helpful to have some fixed focus lenses which are faster and therefore enable you to shoot under adverse light conditions. Wide angle close-up of a Sepik woman

Fill-in flash is hardly noticeable in this man's eyes.

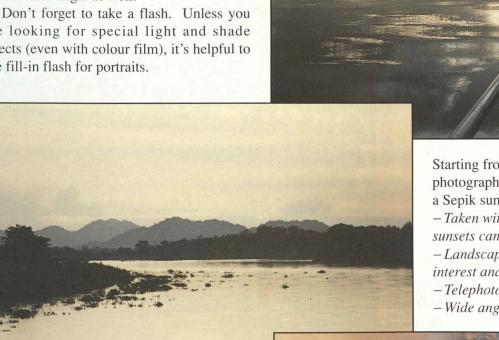




The light is wonderful in Papua New Guinea. It varies, it changes and it has a luminescence all of its own. On this page there are four shots taken on the Sepik, three of them with wide angle lenses and one with telephoto, but all during the space of about two hours. Basically the same scene, but the mood and the light changes and the results are quite different between them all.

On my last trip, I took a 35mm-105mm zoom lens and a 70mm-200mm zoom, as well as a 24mm wide angle and a 500mm mirror telephoto. I regretted not taking a 20mm wide angle as well.

are looking for special light and shade effects (even with colour film), it's helpful to use fill-in flash for portraits.



Starting from the top of the page, photographic information about a Sepik sunset:

- Taken with 200 speed film even late sunsets can be captured in sharp detail. -Landscape shot with foreground to give interest and 3D or depth feeling - Telephoto shot

-Wide angle shot

Even if your camera tells you that you don't need any flash, I recommend you use it, even in direct sunlight, for good portrait shots.

I use Kodak Gold Colour 200 which I find versatile because it is fast enough in low light situations and yet good quality, so my images have a fine grain, provided I have taken them the right way. It's sensible to stick to the one film speed as a general rule, although I suggest you pack a few rolls of high-speed film just for those low light situations or telephoto shots of birds and animals.





Irvin Rockman is a keen photographer and is particularly known for his underwater photography. He has visited Papua New Guinea a number of times, enthralled by the diving and natural scenery of the country. He runs a boutique hotel in Melbourne, Rockman's Regency Hotel and was that city's Lord Mayor from 1977 to 1979.

My portrait of a man with a slouch hat at Moresby airport was taken close-up with a wide angle (35mm) lens with flash. It shows how a wide angle lens can be well used for portraits, if you can get in close enough, compared with the other telephoto shot of the Huli tribesman with the blue and yellow feathers on his head. Portraits close-in with wide angle lenses can be very effective and sometimes a smidgen of background interest helps the portrait instead of simply blocking it out with a full frontal head shot. The photograph of the squid at Walindi was taken 33m underwater at night — while I was having great fun.

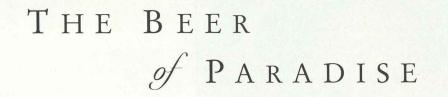
Most people in Papua New Guinea do not mind being photographed, even close-up, but sometimes

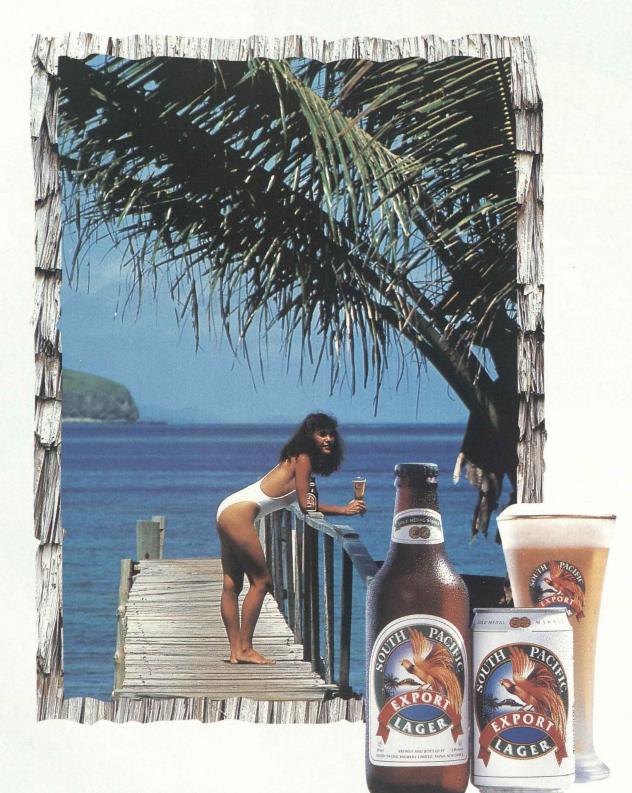
it's better to be a little way back and use the 200mm telephoto lens or something similar, so you can snap off a few quick ones that are natural and unposed. Never be afraid to use lots of film, because the law of averages works in your favour. Two out of six or seven taken will most likely be very good. Film is a relatively cheap component of the total cost of the trip and if you don't stint on it, your results overall will be much better.

Have a good trip — and don't forget, look after your exposed film after it comes out of the camera. It's very precious and will remind you of Papua New Guinea for a long time.

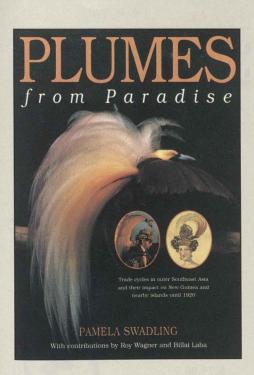








SOUTH PACIFIC EXPORT LAGER



A review by Lucy Palmer

It's hard to imagine that Papua New Guinea could become more fascinating. Already, visitors are presented with so many opportunities to learn about the beliefs and customs of the country's vivid cultures and travel through its magnificent and exotic landscapes.

And now another window has opened - on Papua New Guinea's ancient history.

Much has been written about our most recent past, how the central highlands were discovered by gold prospectors in the 1930s and how this wrought enormous change in the lives of those who gradually came into contact with the rest of the world.

But a new book by National Museum archaeologist, Pamela Swadling, called *Plumes From Paradise*, puts the notion of 'first contact' into a new perspective.

Around the time that Jesus Christ was born, Papua New Guinea was an important source of international trade items and had been so for hundreds of years, Ms Swadling says.

Combined with Irian Jaya, the other half of the island known as New Guinea, coastal and inland river villages formed part of a series of well-established trade routes with Southeast Asia. The trade, which went in cycles of boom and bust, included selling the skins and plumes of our extraordinary birds of paradise. Papua New Guinea has 38 of the known 42 species of these birds. The most famous, the Raggiana, features on the national flag and kina currency notes.

Over the centuries these plumes, which were valued in other cultures for

BOOK REVIEW

This issue introduces a new feature - a book review column. Publishers or authors desiring books on Papua New Guinea to be reviewed in *Paradise* should send review copies, with publication details, to the Editor.

their beauty and the prestige they brought, formed one of the region's major trading links with Asia. The boom periods were about 2,000 years ago when plumes were taken to Southeast Asia, to be soon replaced by the spice trade, and then again in the 18th and 19th centuries, when they were used as hat decorations for fashionable European women.

'By the time the European plume boom ended in the 1920s, the search for Bird of Paradise skins over the millennia had probably brought more New Guineans into contact with foreigners than any other product', says Pam Swadling. Pressure by conservationists gradually put an end to the slaughter.

But our status as a trading nation began long before the first plume boom.

Ms Swadling has spent years of painstaking research to piece together the tiny fragments of evidence that show Papua New Guinea's unique natural resources have been sought-after trade items for at least 5,000 years.

Drawings of plumes from the birds of paradise found on ancient bronze artefacts were just one of the unusual sources Ms Swadling used in her research which also tracked the progress of volcanic glass, spices, sandalwoods, aromatic barks, pottery, pearls and trepang. All have found their way from New Guinea to countries as far away as the Middle East.

In turn, people in New Guinea imported new items. Villagers living on the Ramu coastline of mainland New Guinea began chewing betel nut, brought from Southeast Asia, an incredible 5,800 years ago. A commonly known story is that the sweet potato or kaukau was introduced here from South America in the 17th century and revolutionised the lifestyles of highland people.

As today, Papua New Guineans centuries ago highly prized their natural resources and resented being exploited by foreign buyers. Bronze spearheads and a dagger found in Indonesia suggest that the first specialist traders with New Guinea about 2,000 years ago faced confrontations.

Pam Swadling's research into the trading links between New Guinea and Southeast Asia began in the 1970s when she became aware that Malay traders had long-standing contact with people on the north coast and the Fly River. These glimpses into Papua New Guinea's largely unknown past were the inspiration for the research.

Her fascinating record of these historic regional trade cycles is complemented by contributions from Roy Wagner and Billai Laba. Wagner, an American anthropologist, recounts tales of traders and heroes in the Trans Fly while Laba, now an environmental planner with the Department of Environment and Conservation, gives an informative account of oral traditions about early trade by Indonesians in Southwest Papua New Guinea - his own area. Billai Laba comes from Waidoro in the Daru district of the Western Province.

Much of the popular history of Papua New Guinea has looked inward to find out how and why the cultures, languages and ideas of the hundreds of different clans have developed in the way they have.

This new book, by far the most interesting and informative on Papua New Guinea for a long time, gives us another exciting new window through which we can see the country in the wider context of the rest of the world, and not just as a former Australian colony.

The Look North policies the Government is pursuing today are, in fact, the legacy of our oldest trade relationships.

The timeliness of this book and the significance of our historical 'boom and bust' trading relations with Southeast Asia should also serve as lessons for our leaders as Papua New Guinea carves out a place in this fast-moving region.

Plumes from Paradise by Pamela Swadling (K39.95) is published by the Papua New Guinea National Museum in association with Robert Brown & Associates. The book is on sale at the National Museum, Brian Bell and bookshops. In Australia, it is available from the Brisbane office of Robert Brown & Associates.

Lucy Palmer is a freelance journalist based in Port Moresby.

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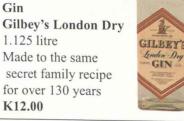
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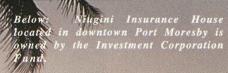


Investment Corporation of Papua New Guinea

The Investment Corporation was established in 1971 by an Act of Parliament to provide for local equity participation in investment projects where sufficient local equity was not readily available.

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LOCAL GOURMET FOOD - Fishy Things

The seas and coastal areas of Papua New Guinea abound in marine life, with literally thousands of different varieties of fish, as well as prawns, crab, lobster, squid, octopus, sea cucumbers, turtles, clams and other shells. The tuna resource is enormous: the territorial waters contain one quarter of the world's skipjack stock. About 150 foreign purseiners exploit this fishery. Only a handful of domestically-based long-line vessels are operating, catching big-eye, yellowfin tuna and albacore.

Marine resources, if exploited in an economic and sustainable manner, have the potential to generate significant employment opportunities and to become major export industries. It is estimated that the non-tuna resource could expand twenty-five times, while the tuna resource could bring hundreds of millions of income and business annually if based in the country. Unfortunately, the nation is currently earning very little from its considerable fisheries resources.

But for coastal and island Papua New Guineans, fish and other seafood are major every-day staples. Fishing is simply part of subsistence. The fresh catch is cooked over the fire, in a mumu, or in coconut milk. If the catch is big, the excess may be smoked to be consumed over the next few days. In coastal towns, fresh and smoked fish are sold in markets, while supermarkets and stores sell both fresh and frozen fish.



Fish at Koki Market. From the top: smoked fish, coral trout (bright red and brown spotted), assorted reef fish, baby red emperor and sweetlip.

Every afternoon, the fish market at Koki bustles with people buying fresh fish on their way home from work. Dinghies pull in right to the side of the market to unload the catch of the morning or night before. Hundreds of people throng daily to the outlets selling fish caught by trawlers. The favourite is a small white fish commonly known as 'susu'. The frozen trawler fish, at less than K2 per kilo, is probably the cheapest protein available in Port Moresby.

Sydney Fish Market and Seafood School, at the Islander Travelodge

In April, Graham Crouch, the General Manager of the Sydney Fish Market, visited Port Moresby, Daru and Alotau. Graham met with local fishermen and representatives of the fishing industry to discuss quality management and control and the advantages of selling seafood through the Sydney Fish Market.

In addition to these industry meetings, the Sydney Seafood School, which is part of the Sydney Fish Market, sent a talented demonstrator, Annette Forrest, to run two courses on seafood cooking. The classes were sponsored by the Islander Travelodge Hotel, and Annette was assisted by the Chef of the Islander Travelodge, Mark Wakeham.

The first course was for the general public and was popular, with over 100 people attending. The second course was for chefs and attracted more than 40 participants. Annette and Mark discussed all aspects of seafood preparation ranging from product type, choice, storage, handling and cooking. Fresh local product was used for the classes.

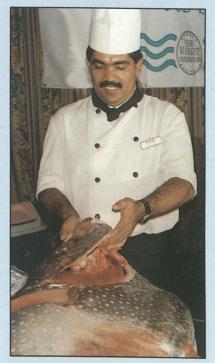
Story by Roslyn Morauta Photographs by Mekere Morauta

The success of the Seafood School at the Islander Travelodge indicated the unfulfilled demand in Port Moresby, and no doubt in other towns throughout the country, for organised instruction in food and cooking by both the hospitality industry and the general public.

Our gournet food feature this issue borrows some hints from the Sydney Seafood School as well as giving some of my own and friends' favourite recipes.

How to choose fish

When buying fresh whole fish, choose fish with a bright, lustrous colour and clear, bulging eyes. The flesh should be firm and elastic, springing back if touched, and the gills bright red. The fish should have shining skin and close fitting scales and a pleasant sea smell. Avoid those which are dull in colour or have sunken, cloudy eyes and grey gills.



Chef Wakeham shows how to check the colour of the gill for freshness.

Fish fillets should look and smell fresh, with moist flesh of firm texture. If touched, the fillets should not ooze with water. Do not buy fillets which show any sign of discolouration or dryness.

If fish is labelled 'chilled', it is frozen fish which has been thawed. It should never be refrozen.

Preparing whole fish

Whole fish must first be gilled, gutted and scaled. To scale the fish, lay it on a flat surface and hold it firmly by the tail. Scale with a flat-bladed knife or fish scaler, working from the tail towards the head. Turn the fish over and repeat. Then rinse the fish well to wash off any remaining scales.

Cut the gills off at their base with a sharp knife. To gut, slit the belly open from the anal vent (near the tail) to the head. Remove the insides and wash the cavity clean. Any remaining blood can be removed by rubbing with a little salt.

If you wish to freeze whole fish, you must gill and gut it. However, it is best to leave the scales on if freezing as they help insulate the fish, retaining flavour and moisture.

To cook fish

Fish can be grilled, barbecued, steamed, baked, fried or even microwaved. The most important thing to remember in cooking fish is not to overcook it. It is ready as soon as it loses its transparent appearance and is opaque all the way through. Overcooking spoils the flavour and texture of fish. By the same token, be sure to cook fish long enough, especially if it has been defrosted. Sashimi - raw fresh fish - is delicious but 'rare' fish, with the blood running, is not! To test fish to see if it is done, insert a fork into the thickest part of the flesh and gently divide it. It is cooked if it flakes easily. With a whole fish, the flesh should come cleanly away from the backbone.

Curry Coated Fish

This recipe is so easy, it can be done in minutes with your eyes closed! Annette at the Seafood School used fillets, but any small whole fish such as susu or sweet lip would also be yummy.

Fish fillets, skinned, or small whole fish 1 cup plain flour

2 tablespoons curry powder

oil for shallow frying

Combine flour and curry powder, mix well. Dust fish in the spiced flour. Shake off excess. Heat oil for frying. Place fish into pan and cook until golden brown.



Barbecued Fish with Bean and Onion Salad

¹/₂ kg of French or string beans, cut into lengths about 5cm and steamed lightly 1 onion, thinly sliced

1 tablespoon chopped capers or anchovies or both

1 tablespoon chopped fresh herbs - parsley, basil, dill, mint or oregano (or ¹/₂ teaspoon dried oregano or thyme)

4 tablespoons olive oil

1 tablespoon vinegar (cider or wine or balsamic)

1 clove of garlic, crushed

salt and freshly ground black pepper

500 g white fish fillets, skinned

2 tablespoons olive oil, for cooking fish

Combine lightly cooked beans with all ingredients apart from fish. Mix well.

Preheat barbecue or grill and brush with oil to prevent fish from sticking. Brush fillets with oil. Season with salt and pepper. Cook a few minutes on each side until fish is opaque.

Serve on top of the bean salad.



Italian Fish Soup

This soup is very easy to prepare and makes an excellent lunch or light supper. The quantities shown are for four people, but it can easily be extended for more.

4 fish fillets or cutlets, cut into 5cm square pieces

a handful of peeled green prawns and/or chopped squid (optional)

3 tablespoons olive oil

3 cloves garlic, crushed

1 large onion, finely chopped

1 chilli, finely chopped

4 tomatoes, peeled and chopped (or 1 can) salt and pepper

1 cup dry white wine

750 m1 water or fish stock

bunch of parsley, finely chopped and mixed with a little grated lemon rind

Heat oil and fry the onion, garlic and chilli until the onion takes colour. Add the tomatoes, salt and pepper, then the wine, allowing it to bubble. Add the water or stock. Simmer 15-20 minutes then put in the fish. Simmer a few minutes until-almost cooked and then add the shellfish if being used. Prawns and squid only take a minute to two to cook.

Just before serving add the chopped parsley and lemon rind.

Serve with crusty bread or garlic toast.

Mona's Baked Fish from Kerala

Some Papua New Guineans may have visited India, but few have lived there. Mona, who works with us at Delta Seafoods, spent last year in Kerala working with the New India Church of God, which receives support from the Christian Revival Crusade at Tokarara. Mona worked as secretary to the President of the Indian Church and assisted with Bible tutoring. This recipe is our potted version of one of her favourite Kerala dishes. In Kerala, the fish would be baked in banana leaves. But we have found that it also works well in that modern city product, aluminium foil.

1 large whole deep sea or reef fish For the spice paste:

2 teaspoons coconut oil or vegetable oil 4-6 shallots, peeled and roughly chopped 1 cm fresh ginger, peeled and finely sliced 15-20 fresh curry leaves, if available

4 teaspoons cayenne pepper

¹/₂ teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon vinegar

1 teaspoon black peppercorns

Heat the oil for the spice paste in a small pan over medium heat. When hot, add the shallots, garlic, ginger and curry leaves. Stir and fry for 2 minutes. Add the cayenne pepper and salt. Mix and put into a blender with the vinegar and 2 tablespoons water. Blend. Put the peppercorns in a small, heated pan. Stir and roast over medium heat for 2 minutes. Crush in a mortar and add to the shallot mixture. Put aside.

You then need:

3 tablespoons coconut oil or vegetable oil

1 large onion, finely chopped

4-6 green chillies

1 large tomato, finely chopped

1 tablespoon sesame seeds

 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons chopped fresh coriander

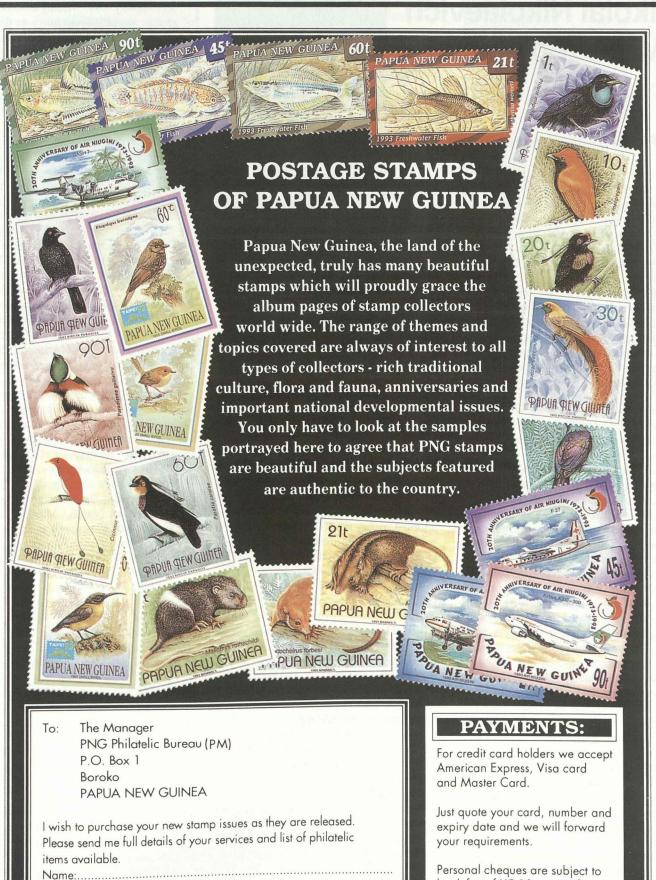
Preheat the oven to 200°C.

Heat the oil in a wide pan or wok over medium heat. When hot, add the onion. Fry until soft (about 3 minutes). Add the chillies and fry until they begin to soften, another 3-4 minutes. Add the tomato, sesame seeds and salt. Stir and fry for 4-5 minutes until the tomato is soft. Put aside.

Make 4 diagonal slits on both sides of the fish. Smear the fish with the spice paste.

Grease a piece of foil, big enough to wrap the whole fish. Sprinkle the centre of the foil with the coriander and half of the onion-tomato-sesame mixture, then place Put the remaining onion the fish on top. mixture over the fish. Wrap the fish in the foil and seal. Bake in the oven for 30 minutes or until cooked through. Uncover gently. Serve from the foil or, if Missus Kwin is coming for dinner, carefully lift the fish out with a long spatula and place on a serving dish, pouring the extra juices over.

Serve with rice and an Indian salad, such as cucumber in yoghurt.



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Nikolai Nikolaevich Miklouho-Maclay 1846 - 1888

Profile by Mieczyslava Sentinella

Why would the people of Papua New Guinea and many other parts of the world commemorate the 150th anniversary of the birth of a Russian? Why indeed does *Paradise*, in this issue, feature Nikolai Nikolaevich Miklouho-Maclay?

Among scientists of the last century he was unique. A man ahead of his time who endeavoured to be truly human. A man of outstanding courage who recognised the rights to independence of the people of New Guinea more than a century before Papua New Guinea gained independence.

To many European scientists who studied in different parts of the world before and after Maclay, the indigenous inhabitants were at best just objects of study. Maclay, however, saw them as human beings like himself. He treated the original inhabitants like brothers which was also in accord with his scientific concept that since we all descend from the same root, we are all in essence closely related. He utterly rejected the theory, popular at that time, that races be divided into higher and lower.

As a mere 25 year-old in 1871, settling in Astrolabe Bay, east of the present Madang, venturing without haste into neighbouring villages, by his day-to-day living and through his scientific work among native inhabitants, he was to prove this theory to the world.

Nikolai Nikolaevich Miklouho-Maclay was born in July 1846 in the Novgorod region. His father, an engineer on the construction of the Moscow-St. Petersburg railway, was of Ukrainian ancestry and died when Maclay was 11 years old. His mother was of Polish and German ancestry. Despite their origins, Maclay's parents regarded themselves as Russians. Maclay was multicultural by birthlife made him even more so. He was first educated in St. Petersburg then in Heidelberg, Leipzig and Jena.

In Jena the eminent biologist Ernst Haeckel chose the 20 year old Maclay to become his assistant on a four man scientific expedition to the Canary Islands. There on the small island of Lanzerotte, Maclay specialised in the study of sponges and the brains of sharks. He discovered a new species of sponge and had his first two articles published in a German scientific journal. Intrigued how the mutability of the



Nikolai N Miklouho-Maclay 1885 portrait by A.I. Korzuhin, reproduced by courtesy of the Mitchell Library, Sydney

organic forms depended on the environment, Maclay was impressed with the integrity and dignity of the all but exterminated remnants of the indigenous people of the Canary Islands, the Guanchas. In their memory he named the species of sponge he discovered *Guancha blanca* and, impressed by an indigenous man's dignified saying, 'A Guancha keeps his word', he adopted as his motto 'Maclay keeps his word'. Later, on the Rai Coast of New Guinea it became 'Ballal Maklai Hudi (or Gudi)' - 'Maclay's word is one'.

On his way back to Germany, Maclay first went to Morocco and then made a journey on foot through parts of North Africa. He inspected collections of sponges and researched available material in museums in France, Denmark, Norway and Sweden where he applied in person to Polar explorer Niels Nordenskjold to be included in a new expedition to study marine organisms, but was rejected.

Back in Jena he developed a close association with Anton Dohrn. Both were former students of Professor Ernst Haeckel who regarded them highly as 'men of outstanding talent and exceptionally gifted'. The two decided to go to Messina to study marine life in the Mediterranean Sea. (This is memorable as it led to the establishment by Anton Dohrn of the now famous Zoological Station at Naples.) The fine biographer of Miklouho-Maclay, Elsie M. Webster, errs in The Moon Man by writing that, while at Messina, Maclay was the guest of the wealthy Dohrn and that they had at their disposal expensive instruments, equipment, etc. On the contrary, they worked on a shoestring budget under difficult conditions.

In February 1869 Maclay considered it of greater importance to hurry to the Red Sea as he realised that there were only a few months left before the opening of the Suez Canal in November that year. It would be the last opportunity to study the fauna of the Red Sea in its original habitat as yet uninfluenced by the immigration of Mediterranean animal life.

At Jedda and whilst travelling on small crowded Arab ships, often dressed in Arab garb, he observed with fascination the multitude of Moslems of many races heading towards Mecca. More and more he was interested in the study of the human races.

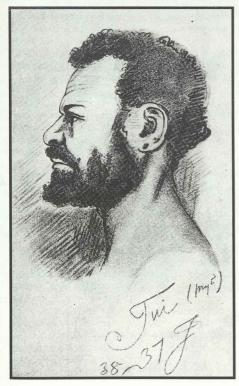
The scientist-explorer was only 23 years old when he returned, after several years absence, via Turkey to Russia. In St. Petersburg he put forward to the Russian Geographical Society a plan for an expedition to the Pacific, suggesting the north-eastern coast of New Guinea as a place to study marine life and carry out anthropological and ethnographic studies. Here could be found nature and culture of a people uninfluenced by even indirect contact with alien cultures. His proposal was accepted. Authorised by the Grand Duke Konstantin, passage on a naval corvette Vitya was arranged and, with an annual grant, Maclay set out in October 1870. The voyage took ten months.

His route went via Cape Verde, Rio de Janiero, Magellan Strait, Patagonia, ports in Chile and Easter Islands. Maclay filled his notebooks with observations and drawings.

They visited many picturesque islands, Mangareva, Tahiti, Samoa, Rotuma, romantic Pitcairn Island, New Ireland, then finally Astrolabe Bay, Maclay's destination. After the ship left, Maclay stayed for about 14 months on Garagassi Point in a hut constructed for him by the ship's crew. This was the initial visit.

Miklouho-Maclay made five separate voyages to New Guinea. The three for which he is best known are to the Rai Coast on Astrolabe Bay, where he lived a total of two years and eight months, to the southeast shore and to the north-west shore of New Guinea known then as Papua Koviai. This coast already had prolonged contact with other cultures but since the failure of an attempted settlement on the coast by the Dutch in 1828, had been rarely visited by Europeans. This settlement had been abandoned because of fearful mortality from disease and the unyielding hostility of the local people. The frequent slave raids carried out by the Sultans of Ternate and Tidore had made people distrustful of all outsiders.

Maclay travelled twice to islands of Melanesia and Micronesia, visited some Polynesian and Philippine islands and made two difficult and dangerous expeditions into the depths of the Malay Peninsula.



Tui from Gorendu village (friend). Tui became the most frequent visitor at Garagassi and Maclay's favoured companion on excursions to nearby villages. Maclay's notes on the drawing: ... a man stood behind him, paralysed. Their eyes met for a moment. Tui dashed into the jungle then looked back and stopped allowing the apparition to approach. But when the white, ghostly hands touched him after handing him a piece of red cloth, Tui's whole body trembled so much it seemed he must fall...

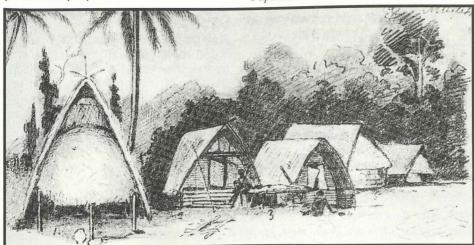
Maclay lived for a number of years in Australia, became a member of the Linnean Society and contributed numerous papers to its journal on subjects ranging from marine biology to Australian Aborigines. He established a Marine Biological Station which served as a field station for research from 1881 to 1886. But increasingly he became diverted from his scientific interests by what he felt was his duty, not only to protect the people on what he named the Maclay Coast of New Guinea, but to strive for justice for the peoples of Melanesia and the islands of the Western Pacific.

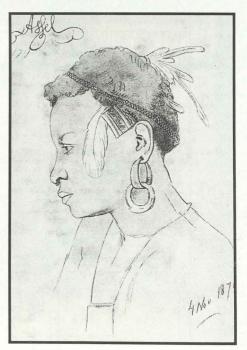
He left for Russia with his Australian wife, Margaret and two young sons shortly before his untimely death in St. Petersburg in 1888. His widow, daughter of Sir John Robertson, a former Premier of New South Wales, returned to Australia where Maclay's grandsons Paul and Kenneth live today.

The first English language translations from the Russian by C.L. Sentinella of N.N. Miklouho-Maclay's *Diaries of the Papua Koviai Expedition, Journeys in the Malay Peninsula* and *Journeys in the Islands of the Pacific* were donated in 1975 in typescript to the Mitchell Library in Sydney, University Libraries in Australia and to the University of Papua New Guinea.

The publishing by Kristen Press in Madang of the first English translation by C.L. Sentinella of the complete diaries of Maclay's three visits to the coast of New Guinea *Miklouho-Maclay: New Guinea Diaries 1871-1883* coincided happily with Papua New Guinea gaining Independence in 1975.

The drawing below represents Maclay's first contact in New Guinea — Gorendu village on the Rai Coast (February 1872) Maclay's notes on the drawing: ... tossing in a boat Maclay noticed a track leading into the jungle ... he leapt ashore and hurried along the path. From the first glimpse of the village, he sensed its perfect rightness. Coconut palms shaded a dozen huts around a small 'square' of beaten earth. Dark jungles and groves of fruit trees set off palm-leaf thatch silvered by time and sunlight, crimson hibiscus flowers and the leaves of multicoloured shrubs. The place welcomed him - neat, pleasant, entirely strange yet somehow homelike. ... two huts stood open, gaping evidence of hasty departure. Rustle behind him broke Maclay's trance. It was Maclay's first Papuan.





Assel, Papuan from Gorendu village (younger son of Tui) - 4/11/1871 ... Today is full moon and two young men from Gorendu, Assel and Vuanvum, painted and decorated with leaves and flowers paid a visit here (in Garagassi) on the way through to Gumbu where they will spend the night.

Founding Prime Minister Sir Michael Somare wrote a foreword to the second hardcover edition of the diaries. Unfortunately, it arrived at the publishers when the books were already bound. It is published here in full, with the hope that the foreword may be included in future editions of the diaries.

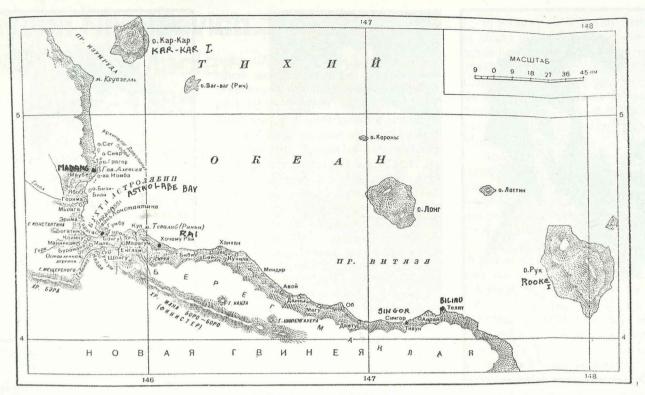
As I read the journal of Miklouho-Maclay, unravelled to us by Sentinella, a few points in particular were brought home to me. These were Maclay's courage, his love of his work and the exceptional tact which he showed in his dealings with others.

The people of Papua New Guinea are thankful. We are now in a position to read and enjoy the knowledge of historical events that occurred in parts of our country.

The English-speaking world is also able to enjoy learning about certain aspects of our traditional heritage, that of the people of the Rai coast area of Madang.

For this we are greatly indebted to Sentinella, without whose efforts it would not have been possible for us to share with Maclay in his moments of discovery and enjoyment, which are now a part of our nation's history.

MICHAEL T. SOMARE Prime Minister 22nd November, 1977



An early Russian map of the Madang coast

Also published on this page are excerpts from the writer Leo Tolstoy's letter to Maclay, one of several letters from Maclay to officials regarding the people of New Guinea and a telegram Maclay sent to Bismarck on behalf of the people of the Rai Coast. (In Russian and other Slavic languages, the word *Rai* means *Paradise*.)

Letter from Tolstoy

September 25, 1886

Dear Nikolai Nikolayevich, thank you very much for sending your brochures. I was very pleased to read them and found in them much of interest. What moves me and arouses my admiration is that, as far as I know, you are the first to prove indubitably by experience that man is the same everywhere, that is, a decent social being, with whom intercourse should be entered into with kindness and truth, and not with cannons and vodka. And you proved this by a feat of genuine courage which is so rarely met with in our society that the people of our society do not even understand it.

Your case seems to be as follows: people have lived for so long under the deception of violence that both the oppressors and the oppressed have come to believe that this abnormal relationship among peoples, not only among cannibals and non-Christians, but even among Christians, is actually normal.

Then, suddenly, one man, under the pretext of scientific Investigation (please excuse me for this frank expression of my belief) goes alone among the most fearsome savages with neither gun nor bayonet, but armed with reason alone, and proves that all the outrageous violence by which we live in this world is only old, outlived humbug, from which people who wish to live rationally should have been freed long ago.

I do not know what contribution your collections and discoveries will make to the branch of science which you serve, but your experience among the natives is epoch-making in the science which I serve, namely the science of how people should live with one another. Write that story and you will perform a great and good service to all mankind.

Telegram to Bismarck January 9, 1885

THE NATIVES OF MAKLAI SHORE REJECT GERMAN ANNEXATION - MAKLAI

Might is not right

From a letter to Sir Arthur Hamilton, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific Sydney, Australia (January 23, 1879)

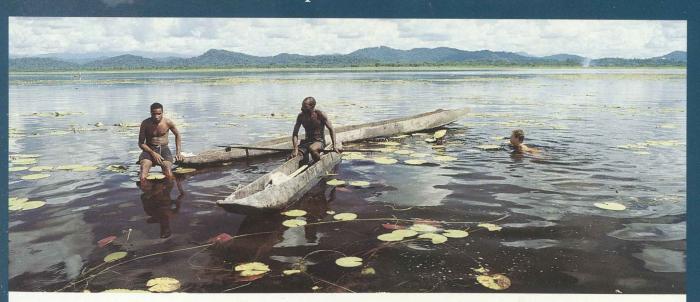
By the exercise of patience and by dint of fair and very friendly behaviour, I have finally succeeded in gaining the full confidence of the natives, who at first, and for several months, were far from friendly.

After learning the Papuan language, I have been able to study their ways and customs. Having spent nearly three years among these people and having had the time to assess their character and capabilities, I feel a deep and disinterested concern for their future, especially since I foresee that an invasion of New Guinea by white men could easily, indeed almost certainly would spark off a chain of catastrophic and regrettable events.

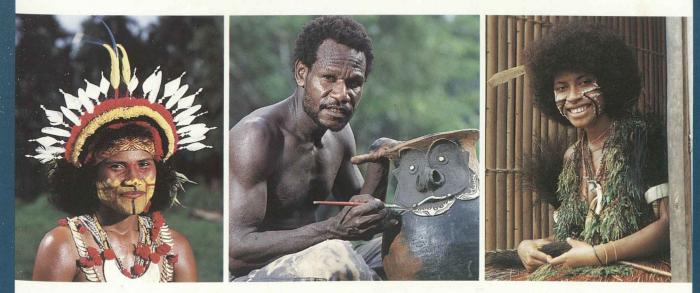
However, I am sure that many of these repugnant injustices committed by the strong upon the weak could be avoided if the governments of the civilised world, respecting the precepts of justice, would confirm and enforce the elementary principles of the law of nations and of international law.

Mimi Sentinella collaborated with her late husband Charles Sentinella in translating the works of Maclay into English. Their interest in Maclay developed virtually by accident, after discovering a children's book written by him when they embarked on learning Russian after Charles' retirement. They became interested in the man, his life and ideas and through Maclay, in Papua New Guinea.

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KI.JANG