

paradise

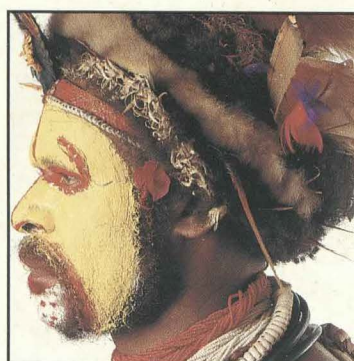
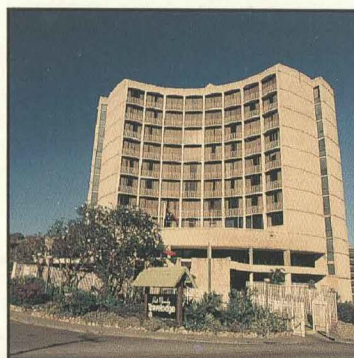
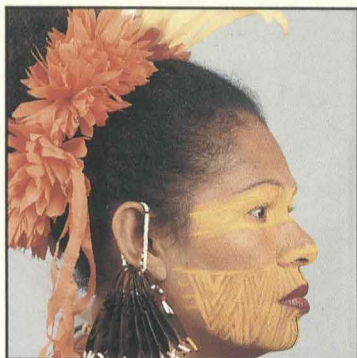
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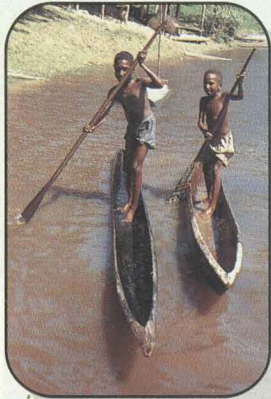
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Cover: A family of Spotted Cuscus
Photograph by Dr Eric Lindgren





Welcome Aboard!

As part of Air Niugini's continuing commitment to the promotion of tourism in the country, the National Airline commenced charter flights from Japan to Port Moresby in 1994. That year, 7 flights operated. They proved popular and the number increased to 17 in 1995. In 1996, 25 charter flights from Japan will operate, with a minimum of 200 passengers per flight.

Air Niugini hopes to cement the charter flights further by the introduction of regular flights to Japan. Air service talks are expected to conclude later this year between the Governments of Papua New Guinea and Japan. Subject to government approval, it is anticipated that in 1997 Air Niugini will operate a scheduled service twice weekly to and from Japan.

A scheduled service will enhance commercial interests in both countries and offer special opportunities for businesses. In Papua New Guinea, those involved in long-line fishing, especially for fresh sashimi tuna, will benefit greatly from a regular and direct air cargo service to Japan. Opportunities will also be created for export to Japan of live seafood, such as lobster and crab. Prawn exporters too may well benefit from the existence of additional freight routes to their primary market in Japan, as might other agricultural producers, particularly for commodities processed to final consumer form such as tea, roasted coffee beans and ground coffee.

Similarly, Japanese businesses will be able to take advantage of scheduled direct flights. Tourist operators and suppliers of engine spare parts and motor vehicle components are the most likely immediate beneficiaries of the enhanced Japan-Papua New Guinea trade.

Opportunities will become available for small traders involved in activities such as art, artefacts and the myriad of other tourist-related activities. The spin-off activities and benefits from these flights can be substantial. Properly utilised, both the charter and scheduled flights could be a bonus for Papua New Guinea.

Air Niugini staff, both in Papua New Guinea and Japan, worked hard to make the charter flights successful. Through the new direct service, when established, Air Niugini will provide opportunities for the development of tourism and business generally in Papua New Guinea. It will then be up to the travelling public, those in the hospitality and tourism industry and other entrepreneurs in both Papua New Guinea and Japan, to make use of the opportunities provided.

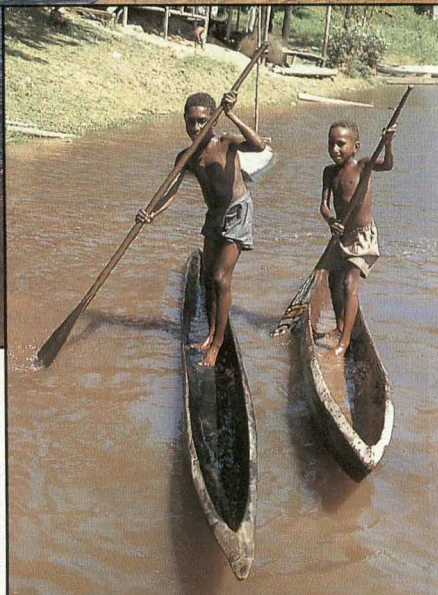
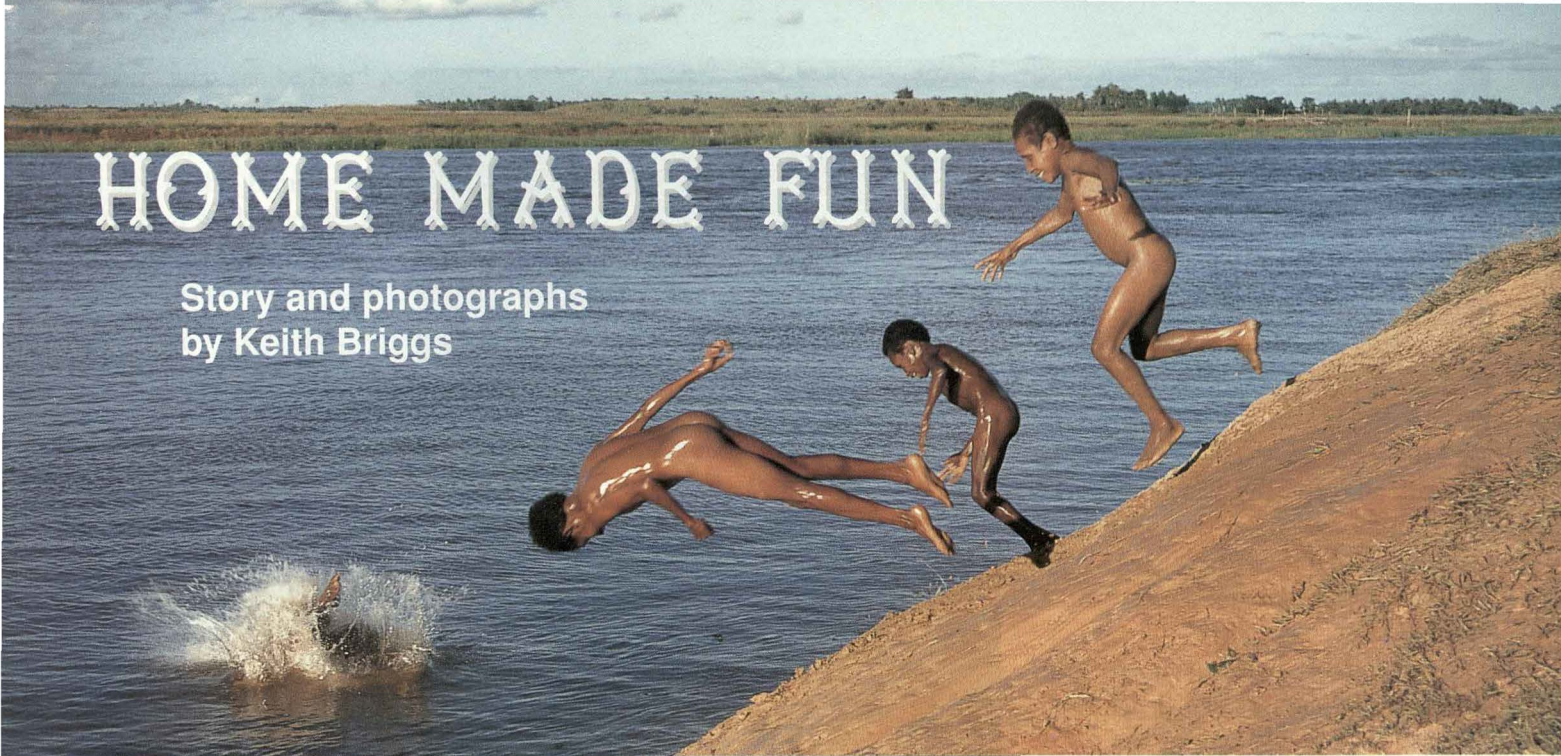
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'M. Maladina', written in a cursive style.

Moses Maladina
Chief Executive

The Air Niugini logo, featuring a stylized bird in flight (a frigatebird) in red and white, followed by the text 'Air Niugini' in a bold, sans-serif font.

HOME MADE FUN

Story and photographs
by Keith Briggs



Mostly kids just have fun, and with their small bamboo bows the boys shoot sago rib arrows at anything that moves. Birds are fairly safe but there is usually one or two people in each village with an eye blinded in childhood from these sharp toy missiles. Grass arrows are shot just for the sheer pleasure of firing them as they dart from the hand and glide to earth. As the leaf is pulled around under the finger it propels the stalk forward at high speed.

Mankind is creative by nature, inventing and manufacturing the things required to meet his needs.

Children on waterways learn to swim at an early age and spend most of the day in the warm water. They grow up in the family canoes and while very young learn to paddle their own, made for them by doting grandfathers. The greasy clay banks of the lagoon or river provide slippery slides that give hours of fun as kids launch themselves onto it at the run and splash into the water.

Children in Papua New Guinea use natural materials to make playthings that are educational and entertaining. Often it is the gathering of materials and the making of items that give the fun and challenge rather than the actual usefulness of the finished products. In many of the things children do or make they are imitating their parents and learning life skills. This is especially so in the crafting and use of weapons, wearing apparel or string bags.





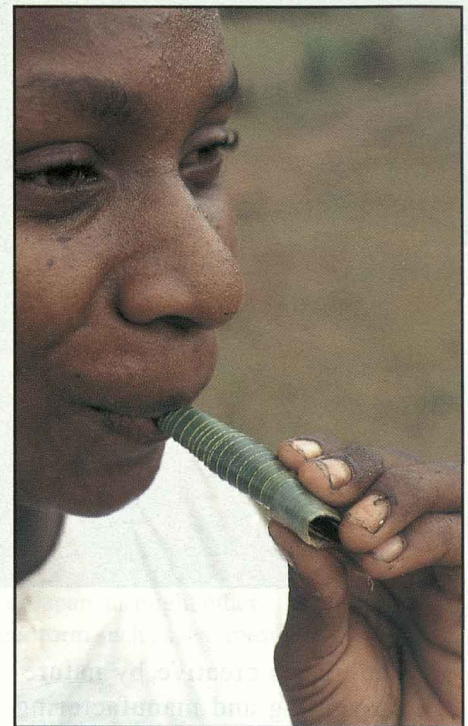
Propellers are made from coconut leaves with a piece of leaf rib or grass for spindle. Some are held into the wind with thumb and forefinger while others are trailed on the end of a streamer of sago leaf.

Aeroplanes and helicopters appeal to boys of every country and Papua New Guinea is probably one of the most aircraft oriented nations in the world. Village boys use the balsa-like inner pith of the sago fronds to create excellent replicas of every type of plane and helicopter they have seen, with amazing attention to detail. Most Community School rooms have squadrons of them hanging from the rafters, moving realistically in the breeze.



HOME

Whistles of rolled coconut leaf are in the reed instrument group, with a sound like the deeper notes of a mouth organ.



'Origami' objects are made from folded coconut leaves and include balls, snakes, stacked biscuits and wrist watches.



Cats' cradles of traditional string amuse girls for hours as they conjure up intricate designs and shapes that evaporate into a loop of string at the flick of the wrist.

Berry guns can be heard popping all day during the season when the ammunition trees are bearing. The gun is a tube of thin bamboo into which are poked hard seeded berries having a thin outer layer of flesh. With a ram-rod the first berry is pushed through to within a few centimetres of the muzzle. A second is inserted into the breech and when sharply forced along the barrel with the ramrod creates a high compression that ejects the first berry at great speed with a loud pop. The thin layer of flesh makes an airtight seal in the barrel. The juice squeezed from it comes out under pressure as a fine spray, for all the world like gunpowder smoke.

Water pistols of a similar construction provide great fun, but are made with a piece of rag securely bound to the end of the ramrod as a piston. The front end of the barrel is cut off at one of the nodes. A small hole is bored in the node providing a restriction that increases the velocity of the water as it is forced through. Combatants standing in the water a few metres apart squirt each other and on the return

stroke bring the gun through the water as the piston is pulled back to draw up another barrel full. It is raised, squirted, dipped, filled and squirted in such rapid succession that there is an almost unbroken stream of water splattering into each contestant's face.

As well as being cheap, home made playthings teach children skills, occupy their time, make them more self reliant and often give as much pleasure as the

expensive, commercially made toys of their counterparts in the towns.

Keith Briggs was born on Kwato Island in 1939. He and his wife returned to Papua New Guinea in 1965 as missionaries for the Evangelical Church of Papua New Guinea. They served in the Southern Highlands for 21 years before moving to the Western Province, where they are stationed at Balimo.



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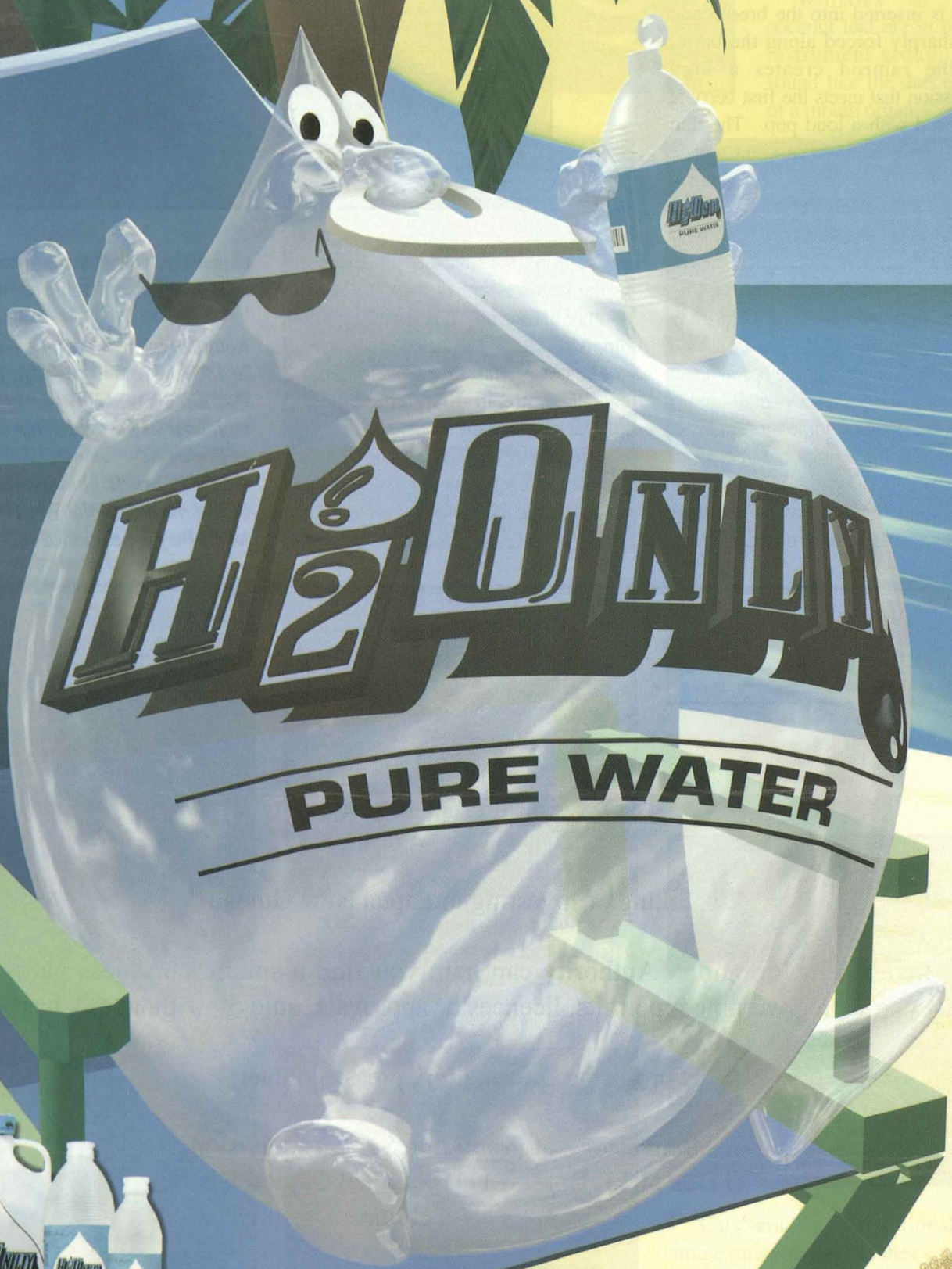
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GINIUBA KAIHEA

THE SAMARAI PEARL FESTIVAL

Story and photographs by Suzanne Mather

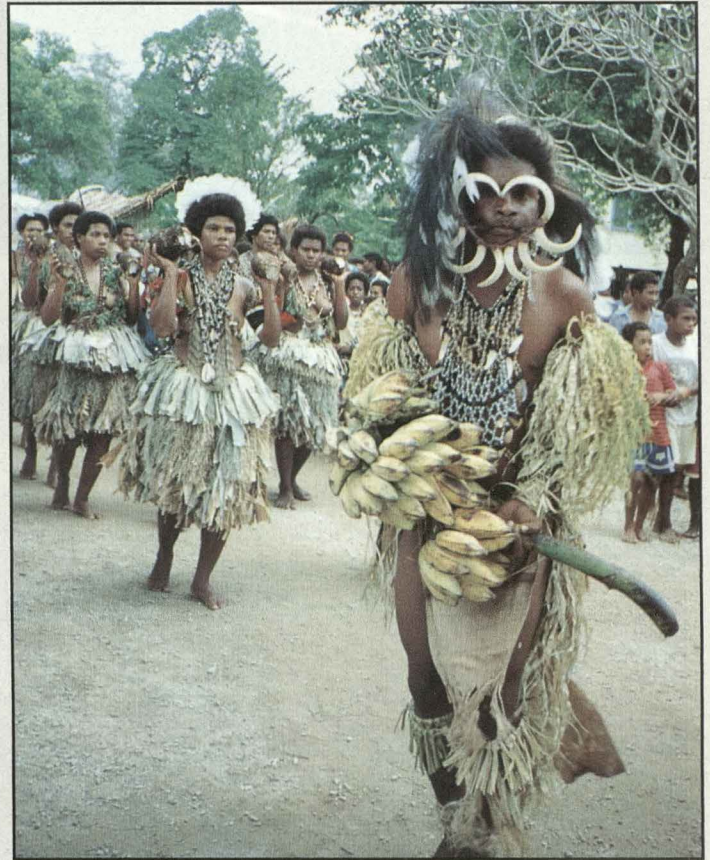
Samarai hosted and organised an exciting cultural weekend for the Independence Day celebrations in September last year. Thousands of people crowded into this tiny island to enjoy the traditional singing and dancing, the choirs, the stringbands and especially the canoe races.

The 24 hectare island of Samarai which is central to many Milne Bay Province communities provides a superb setting for such an event because of its location and history. Its proximity to Alotau and the Gurney airport makes transport to the island relatively simple. From Alotau, it is either a 25nm boat trip in sheltered water or a flight to the nearby China Strait airstrip.

For many years, the island was called Dinner Island by the Europeans. It was bought in 1877 by Rev McFarlane to be used as a mission centre. By 1888, the British Government wanted the island for a station because of its good anchorage and central location, right in the China Straits.

By the end of the nineteenth century Samarai was an active and exciting goldrush town, servicing the goldfields of Misima, Rossel, Tagula and Woodlark Islands. Trade in copra and pearls was also big business. In 1942, just two months before the Japanese army attacked Milne Bay, the Samarai population was evacuated. This was the end of the island's former glory as the administrative centre was moved to Alotau in 1968. But a cultural event, such as *Giniuba*, heralds the rebirth of Samarai.

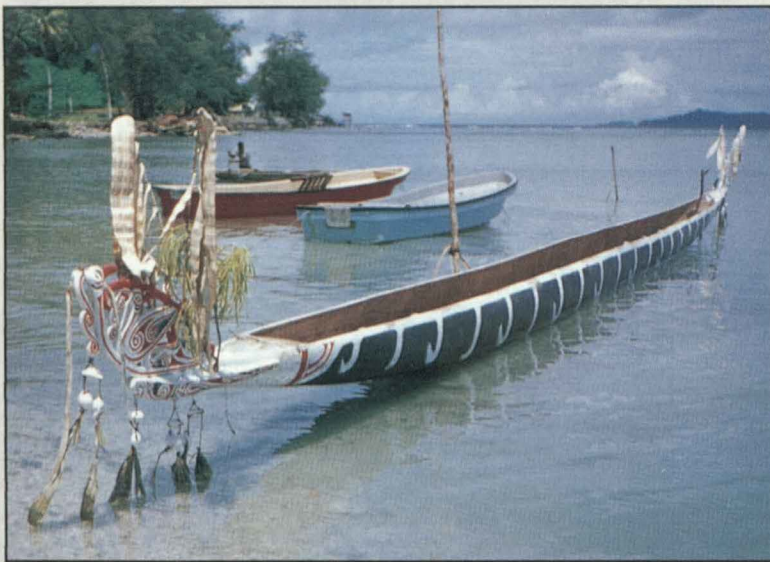
The traditional dancing with superb costumes, kundu drums and chanting captured a huge audience. The dances all told stories, such as how a huge log for a war canoe is hauled from the forest. The sound of stamping feet and reverberating drums seeped into the soul of the audience.



The sound of stamping feet and reverberating drums seeped into the soul of the audience.

Some of the dancers were dressed in tapa cloth, some in magololo grass skirts. These, made from sago shoots, use the four main traditional colours in Milne Bay: red, made from the croton stalks or magololo palm; black from charcoal; white lime powder; and yellow, made from the kanyoga plant of the ginger family. Every dancer was immaculately turned out, painted, decorated, dressed and not a wristwatch to be seen.

The canoe races were equally spectacular. There were four types of canoe competing for up to K1,000 in prize money. The



War canoe, decorated and ready to go.



Above: The pandanus mat sails are covered to help protect these traditional canoes at anchor off Samarai.

Below: White cowrie shells decorate a traditional trading canoe.



used to sail between outlying islands, and the small personal canoes, were made from natural materials.

The war canoes were used traditionally for cannibal expeditions so it is a credit to the people of the area that they have retained both the skills and the cultural traditions involved in the construction of these magnificent craft. They have no outriggers, are up to 20m long, depending on the size of the tree that has been dug out, and can hold up to 25 warriors. The design on the prow depicts sea animals and birds while white cowrie shells, cassowary feathers and colourful croton leaves adorn the prows. Highly decorated, they present a frightening image, particularly when the dull, resonant, rhythmic sound of paddle on hull is heard.

The warriors were painted in red for blood, white for sky and black for the earth, They carried spears, clubs and their paddles. The whole armada was accompanied by the mournful sound from the conch shell.

The traditional outrigger canoes, sporting pandanus mat sails, set a fine pace as they tacked to windward along the south of Samarai. These craft were used in the Kula Trade Ring by the people of the Trobriand, Louisiade, Woodlark and D'Entrecasteau Islands, uniting the people in a friendly exchange of goods: the people of the Amphlett Islands traded clay for pots from Wapolu on West Fergusson Island; Rossel and Sudest Islands from the eastern end of the route traded shell for bagi, strings of shell jewellery still used as traditional gift items. Nowadays, work boats and some canoes with polytarp sails ply the same route.

Stalls edged the central oval where the singing and dancing took place. Traditional craft items, the ubiquitous T-shirt and delicious food were sold. All weekend a thriving waterfront market sold fresh fruit, vegetables, shell jewellery and claypots. At night, the sound of kundu drums echoed across the island and the bay until dawn crept across the water.

This was a festival for the people of Milne Bay Province, but the organisers hope that in future many tourists will also attend.

Air Niugini flies to Gurney every day. On Samarai, accommodation is available at the Kinanale Guest House, run by well-known local Wallace Andrew. To obtain more information about the Festival which is planned for early November 1996, contact Jennifer Varsilli at the Milne Bay Visitors' Bureau, PO Box 1119, Alotau, Phone 6411503.

Suzanne Mather happened on the Samarai Pearl Festival while on a 7 month yacht cruise around Papua New Guinea.

COCA-COLA Bottles

- Folk Art

Atlanta, the host city of the 1996 Centennial Olympic Games, is also the international headquarters of Coca-Cola. Whilst the Games were on, Coca-Cola staged a fascinating exhibition at the Georgia Freight Depot, a historic building adjacent to the World of Coca-Cola Museum in downtown Atlanta.

The exhibition displayed more than 50 different representations from all over the world of the universal icon of the *Coca-Cola* brand — the contour bottle. The images celebrated the special bond consumers have with the distinctive *Coca-Cola* contour bottle, as part of the fabric of life in cultures and communities of every nationality and language. Visitors encountered artistic expressions of the bottle from Africa, Europe, Latin America, the Middle and Far East, the Pacific and North America.

The purposes of the folk art exhibition were to create an 'international welcome' for visitors to the Games, greeting them with a touch of home, and to celebrate the traditions and heritage found in everyday life around the world, using the *Coca-Cola* bottle as a symbol of friendship and sharing.

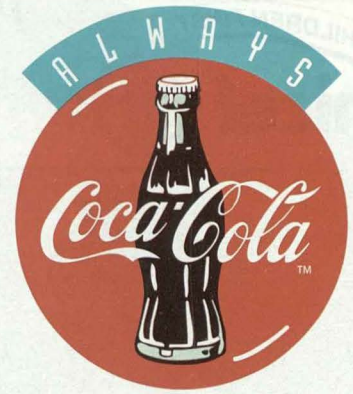
The term 'folk art' was first used in Europe in the 19th century, referring primarily to the tradition-bound household arts of peasant communities — pottery, weaving, embroidery, carving and painting of wooden vessels or ceremonial objects. These folk arts were bound together by close ties of ethnicity, regional or local heritage and religious faith.

Today, the term is used more broadly. In the United States of America, folk art refers to artistic expressions created by gifted individuals who have no formal academic or fine arts training. In Latin America, the Pacific, Asia and Africa, folk art reflects age-old approaches to creativity through craftsmanship.

Folk art today also includes everyday objects representative of contemporary culture. In this category, the artist transforms an everyday object into a work of art through the highly skilful use of materials and the application of imaginative surface decoration or other features.

The Coca-Cola Olympic Salute to Folk Art drew huge crowds of spectators, athletes and officials in Atlanta. Papua New Guinea's exhibit aroused much interest. The artists, twin brothers Moses and Arron Pinjo, come from the East Sepik Province. They spent three months carving their *Coke* bottle, pictured below.

The Pinjo brothers decided to represent a range of well-known



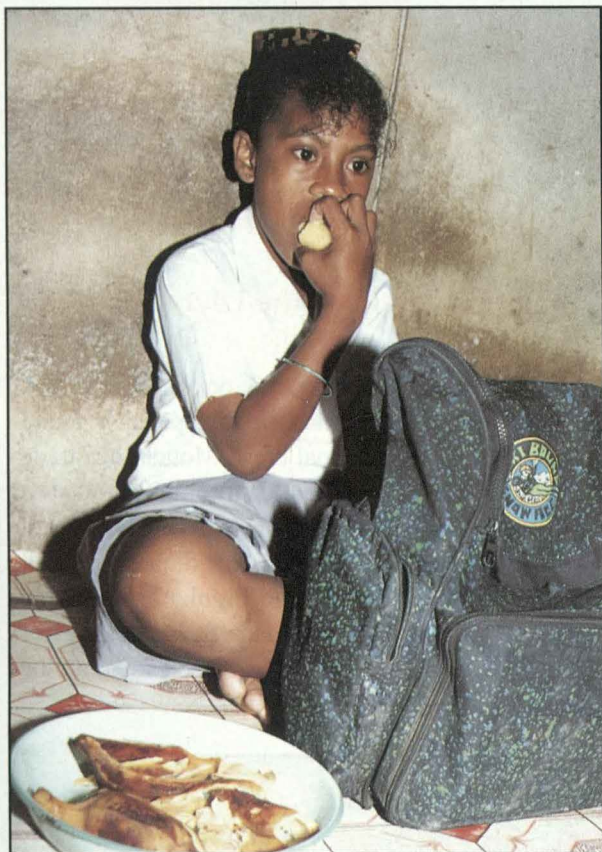
Refreshing the Olympic Spirit

traditional emblems on the bottle. The carving depicts the bird of paradise, found on the national crest, Motuan hiri trade canoes, a typical highlands house, a typical coastal house, Tolai duk-duk dancers, Baining fire dancers, Sepik River canoes and highlands warriors. The carving is made from a variety of kwila, a valuable hardwood found in the tropical forests of Papua New Guinea.



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Our Children



Story by Eileen Tugum-Kolma
 Photographs by Tommi Laulajainen
 UNICEF, Port Moresby

As we talk, Rita, Patricia's mother, makes hot tea for us, apologising and obviously embarrassed at not having an option to offer. Her discomfort is typical of villagers. They generally lead simple lives. Breakfast would normally consist of sometimes only a sweet potato, taro or banana either boiled or roasted in the fire. For those who can afford protein or tea, they would add that. But for most families these are luxuries reserved for a special occasion. We tell Rita tea is fine. Besides, with both of us soaked to the bones, any hot drink is welcome. We had walked 20 minutes uphill in the downpour after our utility decided not to climb the hill to Kamaea.

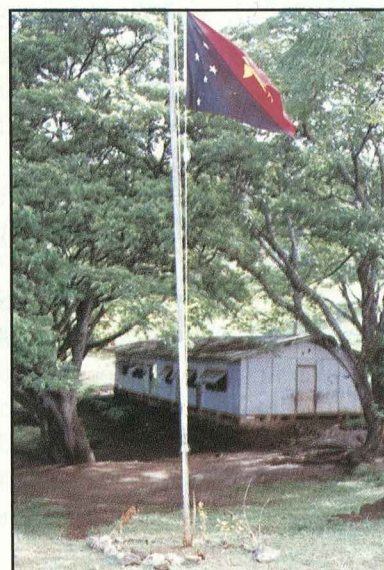
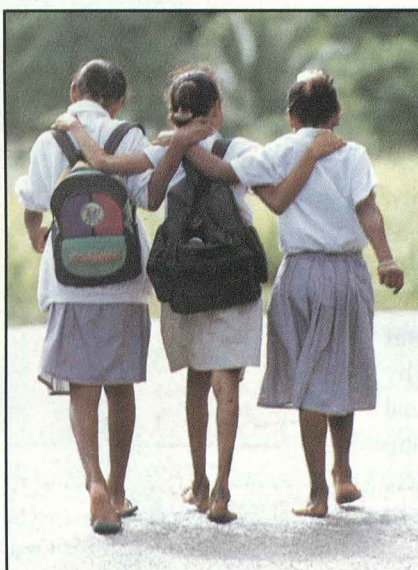
As we sip the tea and share the sweet ripe *kalapua* (banana) that Rita gave us, the rain stops. Patricia and brother Malcolm, 12, wash quickly in the small creek behind the village, followed by the other village children, hoping to be photographed. Back at the house our young starlet dresses quickly and sits down to a breakfast of *kalapua* and tea. Rita passes her the leftover bananas which she packs for lunch.

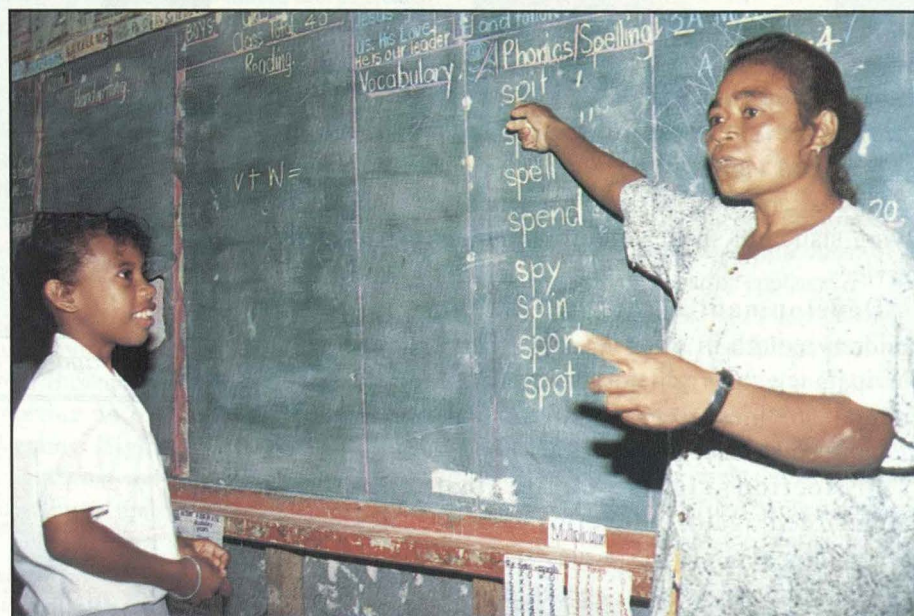
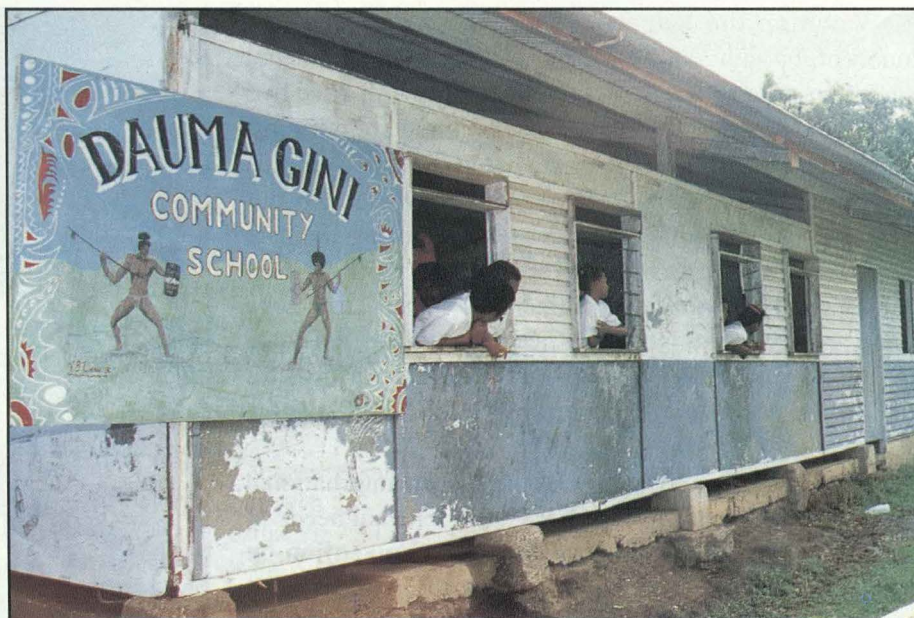
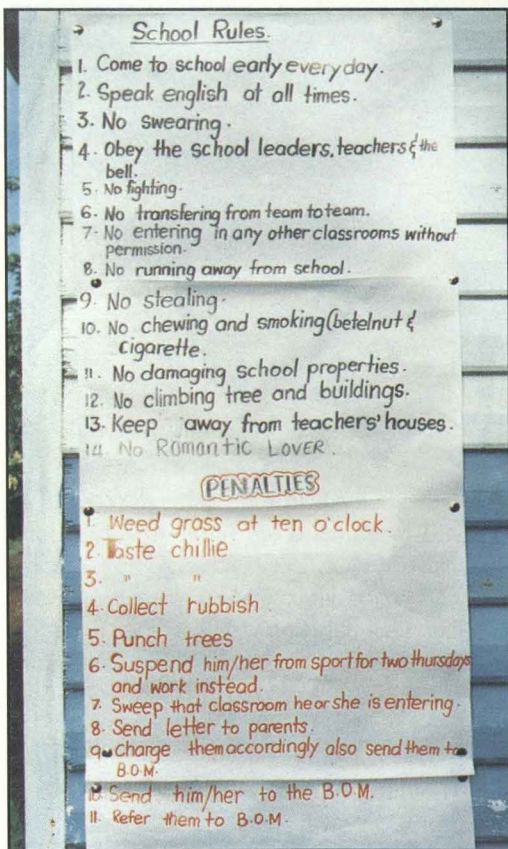
At 8.05 the children go on their way to school. School, Daumagini is 30 minutes walk away. Today, going is wet and slippery after the heavy rain. It may take longer. As we reach the foot of the hill to Kamaea, Oscar, one of the boys slips and falls, muddying his uniform. It's bad luck the children say, and move on.

Not to be disheartened by the weather, the children break into traditional party and *pereveta* (prophet) songs, laughing and giggling, their voices as clear and beautiful as the freshness of the surroundings. For us city dwellers, it is an unexpectedly delightful and welcome treat. We savour every melody. The singing and laughter help to take the children's minds off the distance — maybe ours more than theirs. It is quite an effort for Tommi and me to keep up with the children who skip along with a lightness borne of constant walking.

Wednesday 6 March 1996... Up in the hills of Rigo, Central Province, 80 kilometres from Port Moresby, Kamaea village lies quiet in the cold, dreary morning. In the house of village counsellor Gutuma Kila, grand daughter Patricia Gadebo (pictured above) reluctantly leaves the warmth of her bed. Another school day has begun for this 10-year old Grade 3 pupil. But today is a little different: she has visitors who will interview her for a magazine story.

The visitors, UNICEF Communications Officer Tommi Laulajainen and I, sit on the verandah, the rain beating down around us, and chat with Patricia and her family. The house, like the rest of the houses in the village, is of processed timber and corrugated iron roofing. This is more modern than most traditional houses in more remote villages which are of thatched roof and other bush materials. As happens when visitors are rare, the whole family has come out to see us. The rest of the village would have joined us too, but for the rain. They content themselves with calls of greetings from their verandahs. The Gutuma 'tribe' huddle together in a corner of the verandah, smiling at us shyly. We discover that this village, only about an hour's drive from the nation's capital Port Moresby, has not seen outside visitors for years.





Above: School rules tacked to the school wall.

Above right: Daumagini Community School

Below right: In the classroom Patricia stands in front of the blackboard with her teacher, Antoinette Vali.

We reach the school at 8.45. Headmaster Renagi Vali meets us and takes us to Patricia's class. We discover that our Patricia is a model pupil. Says class teacher Antoinette Vali, 'Patricia is well behaved, and eager to participate and learn. She is doing very well and I believe given the opportunity and the right support, she has the potential to be somebody'.

Patricia is not only a model pupil, she is also a model child. After school she helps mother Rita with household chores. 'She does her homework and then helps prepare food for cooking, washes the dishes and sweeps the house and the yard,' says Rita proudly. 'When any member of the family is sick she helps me nurse them.' Patricia's day ends when she goes to sleep around 8pm for a well-deserved rest before the next school day begins.

Patricia's personal dream is to be a school teacher. For the village, she shares the other children's wish for a school bus, their own village aidpost, household tap water, electricity and other modern conveniences that now characterise today's urban living.

The school is a good half hour walk from the village; the aidpost is 10 minutes further. For water, the well is 10 minutes away, but the small creek is often dirty and does not run in the dry season. When this happens women fetch water in containers carried in bilums on their backs from Gomore, a two hour walk away, unless some kind vehicle owner offers them a lift. Grandpa Gutuma says with resignation, 'It would be nice to have these things, but for now, they are a distant reality'. While the children and their families desire a better standard of living, they are far better off than many in other parts of the country.

Papua New Guinea is home to 4.3 million people who are scattered in some of the most rugged country in the world with several large islands and some 600 small ones. On the north island is a massive mountain range which includes some of the highest peaks in the Pacific, rising to over 4000 metres. Almost half — about 2 million — of the population are children.

Watching the Kamaea children, so carefree and innocent, brought out a sense of wanting to protect them. And it was not just maternal sentimentality — I have two children of my own — but because children are our most important and richest natural resource, that remains largely undiscovered and untapped. They are also our most fragile and vulnerable resource, requiring delicate care and urgent attention to develop to their full potential. Their needs are numerous. Apart from love and a sense of belonging, they need health care, adequate food and nutrition, education, time to play, to be children, space to grow and develop into strong, healthy, balanced adults.

In 1993, Papua New Guinea signed an international agreement which brings together all the relevant needs of children into rights. This agreement, the **Convention on the Rights of the Child**, has become the world's most widely accepted human rights treaty with 187 signatories. Unanimously ratified by the United Nations in 1989 it contains 54 articles, each of which details a different type of right under the four categories of: **survival, development, protection and participation.**

Survival rights cover a child's right to live and the needs that are most basic to existence, such as adequate living standard, shelter, nutrition and access to medical services.

Development rights include those things that children require in order to reach their fullest potential, for instance the right to education, play and leisure, cultural activities, access to information, and freedom of thought, conscience and religion.

Protection rights require that children be safeguarded against all forms of abuse, neglect and exploitation. They cover issues such as special care for refugee children, torture, abuses in the criminal justice system, involvement in armed conflict, child labour, drug abuse and sexual exploitation.

Participation rights allow children to take an active role in their communities and nations. These encompass the freedom to express opinions, to have a say in matters affecting their own lives, to join associations and to assemble peacefully. As their abilities develop, children are to have increasing opportunities to participate in the activities of their society, in preparation for responsible adulthood.

Recognition of the potential for this underdeveloped resource — our children, and investing in it, would reap great dividends for our country. The Convention could serve as a guide to our investment in this greatest natural resource — in a child like Patricia.



Patricia and her friends



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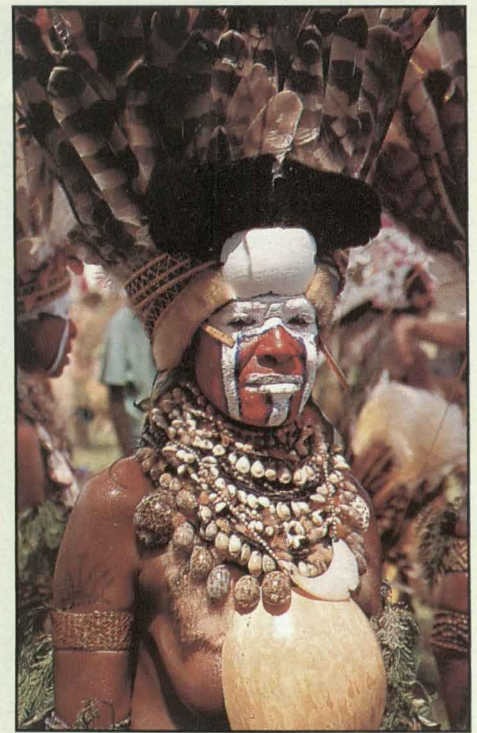
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THE MOROBE SHOW

Story by Margaret Stevenson
Photographs by David Cross

Both Margaret Stevenson and David Cross teach at the International School of Lae and have lived in Lae for a number of years, giving them the opportunity to experience the Morobe Show, an important event in the country's cultural calendar. Below Margaret gives her 'personal view' of the 1995 Show. This year the Show will be held on 26-27 October.



*A woman from the
Western Highlands Province*

perform before the biggest crowd of the year and they are making the most of it, spurred on by enthusiastic applause.

Wherever there is music and dancing a crowd gathers — the Health Promotion stall has been attracting a huge audience all weekend with its music. Now the crowd is totally engrossed in the intricate antics of a solo mime artist, his bright orange loin cloth in vivid contrast to his darkly oiled body.

As I wander inside, the heat in the huge tin sheds is stifling. The prize winning orchid blooms from yesterday are beginning to wilt; only the winning certificates bear testimony to their lost beauty. Sebi, with her Kainantu pottery, is doing well. Trade is brisk and she is proud of the red pennant which her winning display has earned on her first visit to the show.

'Ol i kam! Ol i kam! Ol i kam!'

The welcoming cries of the numerous stall holders signal the opening of the Morobe Show. As I approach, it is clear that the show extends far beyond the boundaries of the showground. The roadside stalls and onlookers increase as the day progresses until they stretch nearly half a kilometre down the road: women selling coconuts, ice wara, buai; a man selling mudmen masks and figures of varying size and dubious quality; a tired band relaxing in the shade, their blackened bodies shining from a combination of perspiration and pig grease; a weary child, bedecked in a cardboard giveaway hat, tightly clutching a balloon in one hand and a parent in the other.

Once inside, I weave my way patiently through the crowd. A hint of a smile on my part and I am rewarded with a warm smile or an 'apinun' in return. I feel a tap on my shoulder and turn around to find a middle-aged woman wearing the traditional laplap and meri blouse. She is worried that 'raskols' may steal my bilum and advises me to keep it safely in front of me. I thank her, touched by her concern.

This year is different: the mud which has plagued the show for so many years has given way to a fine film of dust. The horde of umbrellas sheltering the enthusiastic spectators in front of the rock concert are shielding their owners from the blistering sun rather than the usual rain.

The singing groups are assembling in the main arena and I, along with thousands of others, press for a better view of this stunning spectacle. Over forty groups have descended on Lae for the event and the pulsating rhythm of the kundu drums creates an overwhelming, almost hypnotic effect.

I marvel at the art work and creativity before me; the Hulis with their magnificent, bright yellow faces, bringing a ferocity to the most placid demeanour; the little boy in the Kudjip Band proudly clashing his improvised symbols, a pair of builder's trowels; the group from Teptep and Kabwum with their unusually fat kundu drums and their circular, ornately decorated tapa cloth headdresses; the faceless figure from Busama shrouded in a grass skirt and sporting an ornate fish headdress; the Western Highlands women with their magnificent red and white painted faces, their huge feathered headdresses, their wealth of cuscus fur and magnificent shells. While there are flashes of the twentieth century — a watch here, a pair of sandals there — I am struck by the authenticity of the whole event.

Away from the arena, the traditional kundus give way to the guitars of the local groups, perched on the backs of lorries or on improvised stages. It's their chance to



Local district produce display



Kainantu pottery on sale

Leaving the sheds, I walk around the agricultural displays for this is what the show is really about. The district displays are housed in bush material huts which have sprung up with amazing speed during the previous week. The occasional breeze finds its way inside, creating a pleasant sanctuary. A gentleman courteously approaches me and becomes my self-appointed guide, happy to share his knowledge about the produce: the difference between wet and dry cocoa beans; the various types of kaukau; the use of marita, a type of pandanus, to create an oily paste which looks similar to its western counterpart, tomato sauce.

Moving outside, my attention is caught by a young cassowary, looking through the bars of its tiny cage and clearly not one of the show's more enthusiastic participants.

I wander among the side stalls. The infinite range of hoopla and 'laki tiket' stalls consume many people's time and money throughout the weekend. Concentration is intense: winning the bottle of Coke with K2 wrapped around it becomes a matter of principle for some, no matter if three kina is spent in the process. Dart boards, lodged on large cardboard backdrops, fail to stop the most wayward darts, shooting through as people wander casually around. Miraculously, no one seems to be injured.

Potential danger of a different sort lies

further ahead. A curious crowd has gathered around the salt-water crocodiles, the innocuous looking babies in their tanks and the young adults lethargically sliding into the pools. Next to them stands a full-grown four-metre crocodile, its open jaws looking threatening even in death. And for the truly adventurous who want to taste crocodiles, there are 'Pukpuk Rolls' at only a kina, with or without tomato sauce!

From crocodiles to dragons and the sound of crackers heralds the arrival of the colourful Chinese Dragon dance. Then it's time for the fireworks, a cause of great excitement amongst the youngsters. In contrast to the helicopter's bombardment of lollies the previous day, which landed like hail stones on the tin roofs, the Papua New Guinea flags which unfurl high in the air drop gently from the sky attached to parachutes. The souvenir hunters gather in eager anticipation, trying to gauge the landing spot, and as the flags near the ground the stampede begins in earnest.

The crowd provides a fascinating backdrop to the major events: little Elizabeth from the Highlands, dressed in her best cuscus fur and bird of paradise feathers, perched on her mother's shoulder and totally bemused by her surroundings; the tiny Tolai boy sitting forlornly alone by the busy path, dwarfed by the huge striped

umbrella which hides him from the afternoon sun; the pretty Morobe girl shyly smiling and showing off the Papua New Guinean flag carefully painted on her soft cheek; the young Morobe boy quickly snatching his hand away as he suddenly realises that the hand which he has been clinging to so tightly for the last few moments is not his mother's hand, but mine.



As the show closes, many of the crowd seem reluctant to leave. The sun's heat has gone and the late afternoon is pleasant. As I go to the gate, I reflect on all I have seen and experienced, and I know that it is the warmth and friendliness of the people that will linger in my memory long after the sound of the last kundu drum has faded.



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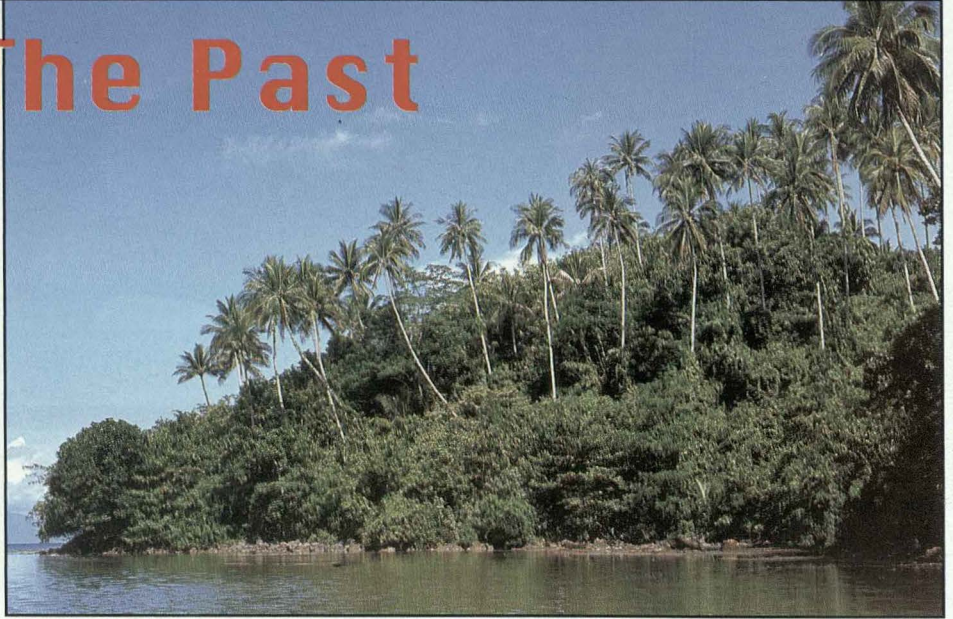


MUSEUM NEWS

Peeling The Past

Story by Peter White
Photographs by
Robin Torrence

Both the writer and the photographer work at the Division of Anthropology at the Australian Museum in Sydney. The project featured in this story was undertaken with the support of the Papua New Guinea National Museum. Technical officers from the Prehistory Section who have worked with the Sydney archaeologists include Robert Mondol, Baiva Ivuyo and Herman Mandui. John Namuno, Manager of the West New Britain Cultural Centre, has also been closely involved in the project.



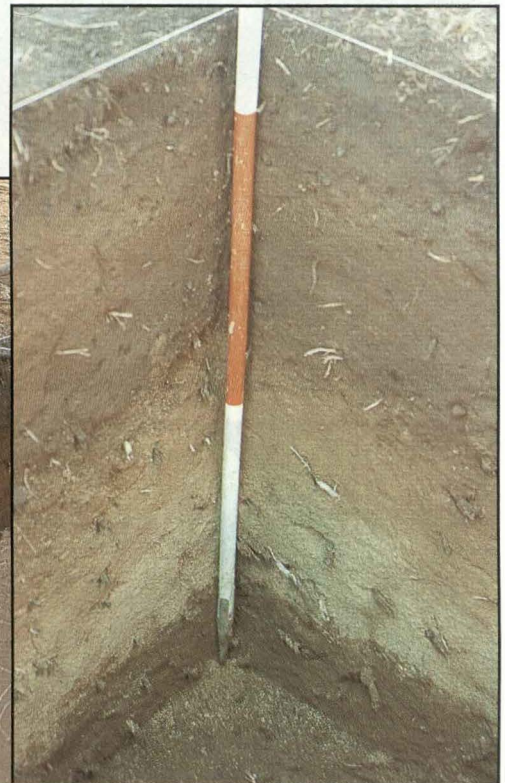
Archaeological sites on Garua Island are commonly found on hilltops.

Standing in a two metre deep pit, Robert Mondol and John Namuno slowly peeled away the layers of rubber latex and gauze they had painted on one wall. Was the soil glued on well enough or was the clay too wet to stick? From up above, archaeology team members, Garua Island helpers and students from Kimbe International Primary School eagerly waited and watched, hearing lumps of dirt fall into the pit.

Luckily, not much was lost and as the peel was lifted out of the pit and held up (sideways!) beside it, everyone cheered. There was a complete record of the layers of volcanic ash, deposited by eruptions during the last 5,000 years. In the dark soil between the lighter coloured ashes were knives of the black glassy stone — obsidian— and pieces of broken pots, relics of the village and gardens of Garua Island's past.

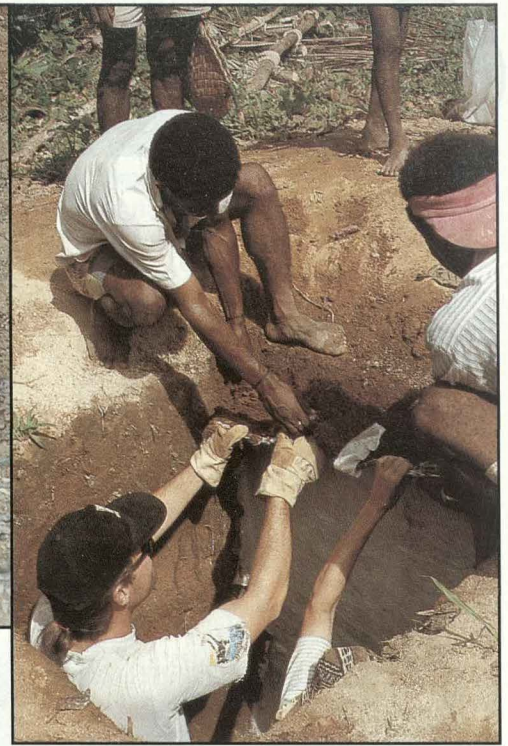
Bottom left: Excavation and survey in progress on Garua Island, West New Britain

Bottom right: Alternating layers of dark soils with artifacts and light coloured volcanic ashes after excavation





Above: Making the peel, step 2: painting latex glue on the walls
 Right: Peeling away the soil

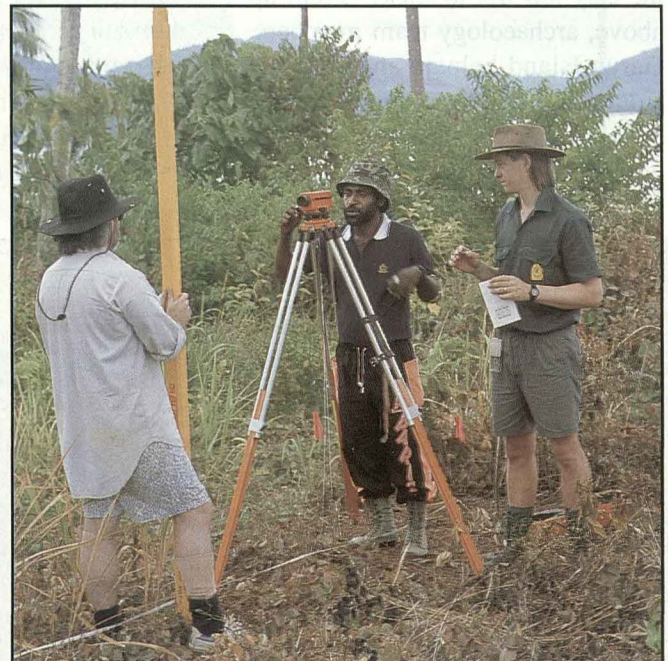


This was the first latex peel to be made in Papua New Guinea. Holding it upright, it was shown to the people in Garua, later in the West New Britain capital Kimbe, in Port Moresby and Sydney exactly what the archaeological excavation had revealed, how old it was and how the cultures of past times differed from that of the present. Complex concepts like stratigraphy (the

study of soil layers) and chronology (when things happened) are hard to explain to people who have never seen an archaeologist at work. They are much easier to understand when standing beside the actual layers of soil.

The peel from Garua Island showed that people lived there during three periods in the past. The first, starting at least 5,000 years ago,

ended when an eruption from Mount Witori, a volcano 60km away, covered the island with a meter or more of ash and stones. If they were not killed, people on Garua would have seen their gardens destroyed and had to move away. The second group of people occupied the island about 3,000 years ago and their descendants lived there until Mount



Above: Excavation and survey in progress on Garua Island, West New Britain at site FAO where the peels were made. Top left: The makers proudly display the latex peel. Bottom left: Drying the peels before mounting them for the exhibition.

Dakatau, about 25km away at the north end of the Willaumez Peninsula, erupted violently. This time, no one may have escaped. Ancestors of the recent inhabitants recolonised the island about 1,000 years ago. Each of these periods shows up on the peel as a dark brown layer. This is caused by people and plants living on top of the latest tephra fall and gradually turning it into a dark soil. The lighter coloured layers are the remains of each ashfall, which deeply buried the prehistoric landscape.

In theory, latex peels are quite easy to make: paint a particular kind of liquid rubber (latex) on a pit wall so that it sticks to the soil; give it a backing of gauze or sacking so it stays in one piece; put on a couple more layers for strength — soil is heavy; then pull the whole peel off and hang it up. That's in theory.



Stone axes from Garua Island were used during the past 1,000 years



Lapita pottery from Garua Island, about 2,500 years old



The latex peel on exhibition



Archaeological team members on Garua Island



Obsidian tools typical of the period around 2 - 3,000 years ago



Obsidian tools from Garua Island and the nearby Talasea region typical of the period from about 3,500 to 5,000 years ago

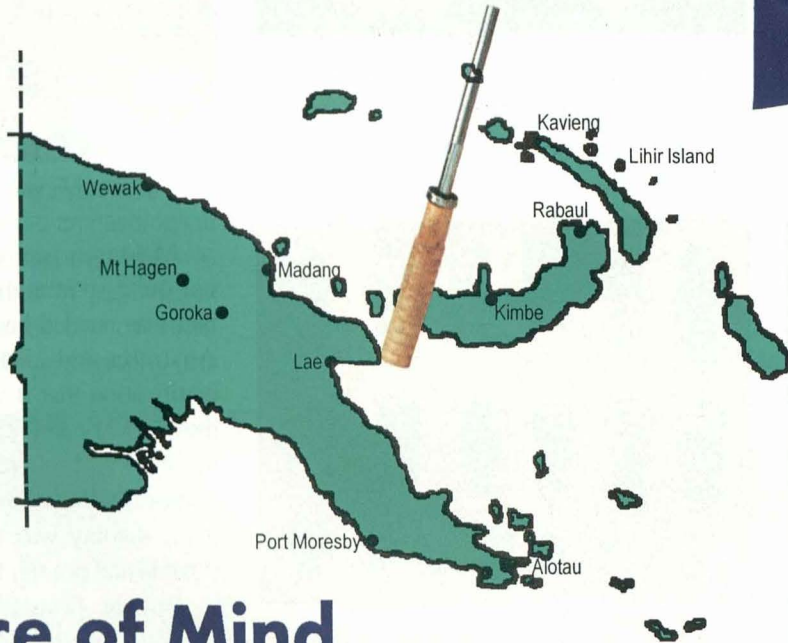
Making a peel on Garua Island was not quite so straightforward. The latex that was needed had to be brought from Australia and airlines wanted special certification that it wouldn't burn before they would carry it. The peel was very heavy and required a special box to transport it from Garua Island. Mounting it for display was tricky as the peel is flexible and not rigid.

But the problems were eventually solved. In early 1995 the peel was exhibited at the Macleay Museum, University of Sydney. The peel then went on display at the Papua New Guinea National Museum in Port Moresby. It forms the centrepiece of a display about how archaeologists find the past — and the archaeology of Garua Island.

Why don't you visit the Museum and see it for yourself?

The National Museum at Waigani is open Monday to Friday 8.30am-3.30pm, Sunday 1.30-5.30pm and is closed on Saturday.

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RUSTY CUS, FAMILY AND FRIENDS

Story and photographs by
Dr Eric Lindgren who
raised a cuscus family in
Port Moresby.

Rusty Cus was a Spotted Cuscus, one of a group of mammals which have radiated in the Papua New Guinea environment and are now represented by a number, and variety, of species.

Rusty came to us as a tiny ball of grey fur, curled head down in the hand of a man in the market at Koki, Port Moresby. Like many of his ilk which were popularly kept as pets in many of the lowland villages in Papua New Guinea, he was soft, quiet and a joy to hold.

As a youngster he did what most small animals do, except that he did it at night instead of during the day. He explored our house in Saraga, searching for any good hideaways where a cuscus might spend a private hour or so. He ate his food with little trouble, quickly stepping from the milk of babyhood to the tender and juicy leaves which he was to relish throughout his stay with us.

Rusty came from the Central Province of Papua New Guinea, and as such was named after one of the early naturalist-collectors who based himself in Port Moresby during the latter half of the 19th century.

In scientific terms Rusty was *Phalanger maculatus goldiei*. Andrew Goldie was primarily a botanist, collecting plants for Kew Gardens in

England. He ran a trade store in Port Moresby during the 1870s and explored much of the nearby coastal area, finding the first gold in the region in 1877. The Goldie River

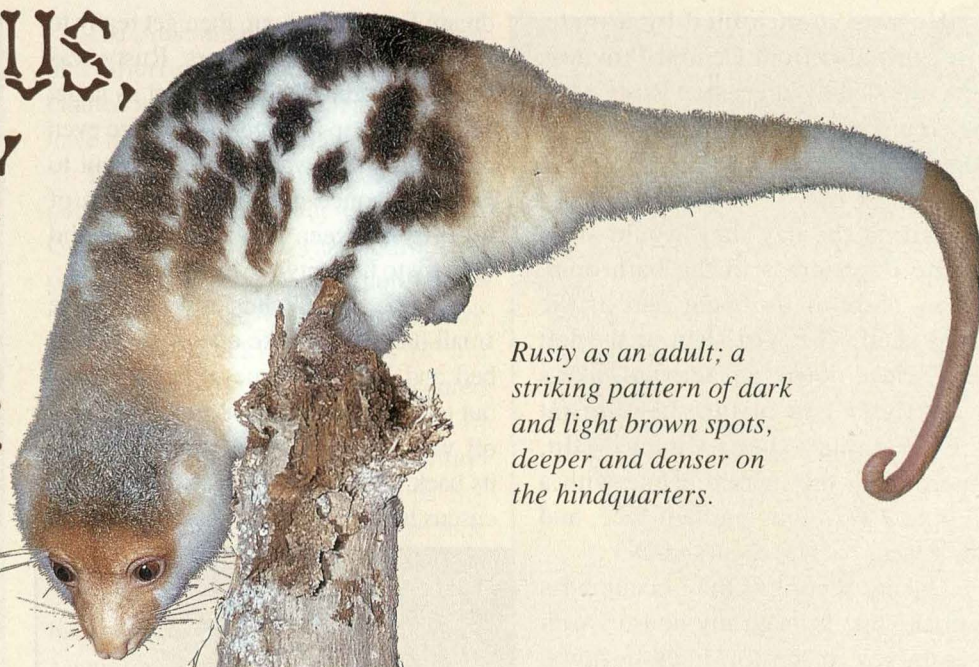
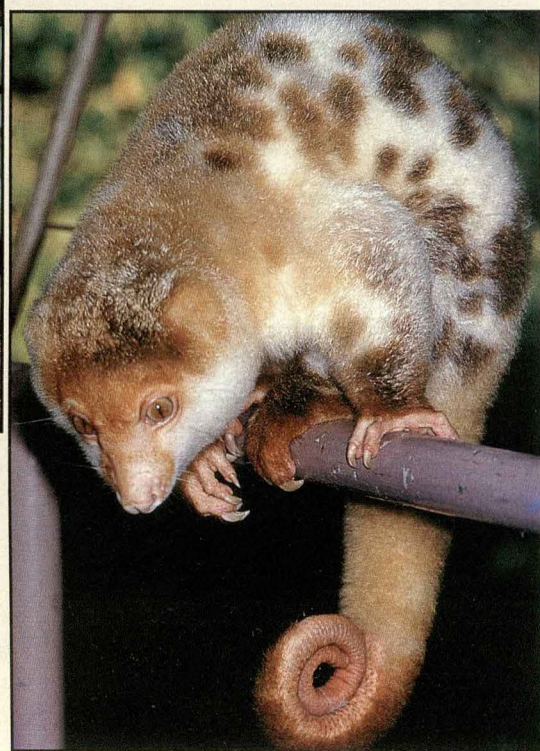
where he found the gold, was named after him. In addition to collecting plant specimens Goldie sought new species of animals for many of the world's great natural history museums. The curator at the British Museum of Natural History no doubt sought to honour Goldie's efforts by naming this subspecies for him.

Rusty grew steadily, changing colour from his even pale grey upperparts to a brighter pattern of cream, russet, light brown and grey.



Above: *Baby Rusty Cus enjoys a snack of bananas in a food basket from the Western Province.*

Right: *In juvenile pelage the Spotted Cuscus shows the adult pattern but in paler tones of colour.*



Rusty as an adult; a striking pattern of dark and light brown spots, deeper and denser on the hindquarters.

He was soon joined by a mate, Greygirl, also from Central Province. She was slightly larger than Rusty when he first came and they both grew up together. A fine pair bond developed between the two.

During the day they would sleep in the linen press in the bathroom. Rusty slept at the right end of the third shelf, Greygirl slept at the left end. Head down, tail forward, like a giant fluffy ball of fur, they dreamt the dreams that Cuscus do. Interrupted, they gazed at me with a *not-quite-here* look on their face, and soon went back to their slumber.

During the night they occupied a special cage beneath my house: with two boxes in the top back corners, covered with a hessian flap for privacy. The floor was slatted so that the cage could be washed down and not remain wet for any length of time.

An evening feed of fresh leaves from my garden — *Acalypha*, *Hibiscus* (including the bright red flowers), banana, the younger and juicier the better. A special favourite was the fresh red tips of the *Eucalyptus* trees which grew in the hills around Moresby. Each night we spent an hour or so gathering these red tips to feed our pets. As an experiment a variety of leaves were introduced until we learned what their favourites were.

A daily routine was soon established: in the morning I would open the cage door and Rusty and Greygirl would slowly stride out, walk up the front steps into the house, walk up the internal stairs to the bathroom, and settle themselves down for the day in the linen press. Come twilight one or the other would appear at the top of the stairs, slowly walk down to the lounge room, leave a small pile of hard, dry pellets on the floor, then start their evening exploration of the living room. Invariably they would come for a cuddle, and with three young boys in the house there was no shortage of cuddlers. Greygirl, in particular, was like a living Teddybear — soft, warm, deep fur, sitting on my hands in my lap with her arms about my neck and head on my shoulder. She would go off into a

dream for half an hour, then get ready to move to her night quarters. Rusty was much the same, but he was not as large. He was perhaps two-thirds her size even at maturity but was always pleasant to hold. Not once was there any sign of hostility between them, and never did they try to hurt anyone in our family.

At one stage when my sons were small they would take one of the two to bed and I would come in before lights out to find a small boy sleeping his head off with a cuscus in his arms, lying on its back, arms in the air and obviously in cuscus heaven.



Greygirl and her baby which was dark grey in the pouch and became paler later.

Rusty and Greygirl finally mated and produced a son, Fred. Why he was called Fred escapes me but there must have been a valid reason at the time. Fred followed the example set by his parents and became just as lovable as them. He was like a little Rusty in appearance, growing up to be about the same size as his dad and much the same colour. At first, when he was in the pouch, he was naked like all marsupials. His first coat was dark grey above and pale off-white below. Like Rusty he went through a transition pelage of muted colours, then finally assumed the bright colours of the adult.

There was virtually no antagonism between Rusty and Fred as adults, though they lived in the same cage during the night and occupied the same shelf during the day. Fred did spend more time in Greygirl's 'privacy box' in the night cage, probably because of the maternal bonding. When Fred was in the pouch part of Greygirl's routine consisted of relaxing the muscle holding it closed and giving the inside a thorough washing. At such times Rusty showed a great deal of interest and closely inspected Fred, smelling him all over and on occasion helping Greygirl with her cleaning chores.

Rusty, Greygirl and Fred were joined by three more cuscus over the years: first there was Fredtwo, the only appropriate name I could think of for Greygirl's second baby; then there was Ginger, a cuddly female from Popondetta, which rivalled Greygirl in size and temperament; and finally there was Noname (pronounced Nonarmee), a pure white female from Madang, typical of many of the north coastal populations.



White forms of the Spotted Cuscus are found along the north coast of the mainland. This one is from Madang.



A beautiful gold female characteristic of Spotted Cuscus from the Oro Province.

Spotted Cuscus are found in the lowland rainforests of all of Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya, and even reach the wetter tropical forests of Cape York Peninsula in Australia.

The Australian populations are not as colourful as those of Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya. Generally they have little or no brown in the pelage.

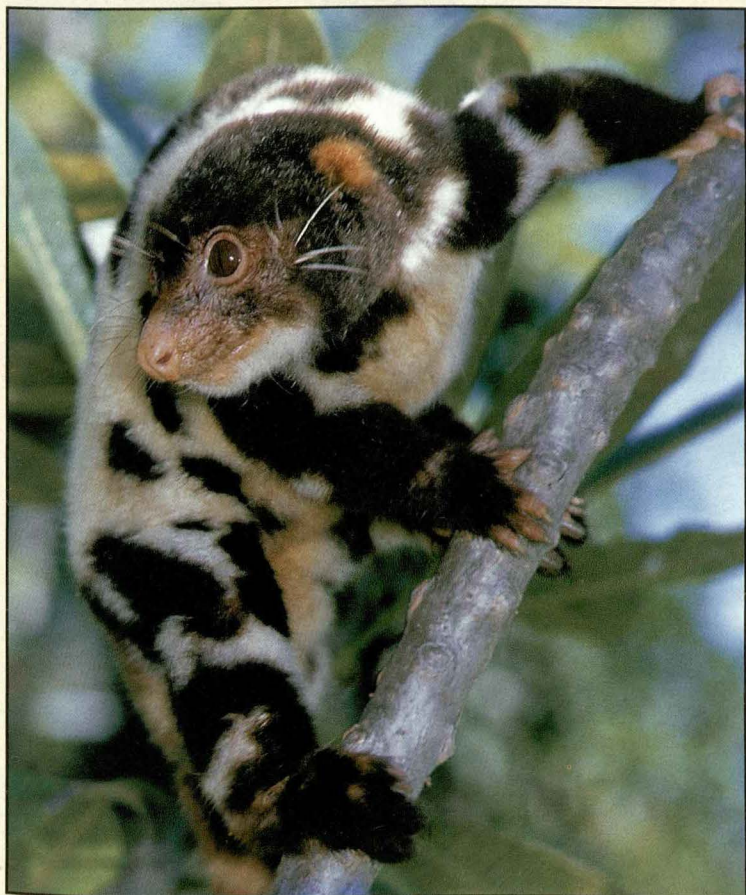
There is a complex series of subspecies throughout Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya, varying from the pure white forms along the north coast of the island to the Vogelkop to the dark and dense blackish browns of the subspecies on Manus. All are favoured pets and are frequently found in marketplaces. Only small animals grow to be as sweet natured as my Rusty and Greygirl, who had become accustomed to humans from their age of innocence and therefore learned they had nothing to fear from their hosts. Mature animals, caught in the wild, are fearful and ferocious; they will bite and claw their way to freedom and should be released as soon as possible into a suitable forest habitat. In the wild they eat mainly leaves but will add eggs and small animals on occasions.

A number of species are related to the Spotted Cuscus and each is found at an altitude characteristic of the species.



The Brown Cuscus is found in the lowland rainforests of Papua New Guinea, Irian Jaya and Cape York Peninsula.

The Brown Cuscus occupies lowland forests like the Spotted, but prefers more open woodland and does not penetrate into true rainforest. It is a common animal, hiding in hollows or dense leaf clusters during the day and active at night. A large population occurs on Long Island in Madang Province.



The dark, almost black, form from Manus Province, shows no mid tones in its pelage.



In the mid-mountain forests the Grey Cuscus replaces its lowland relatives.

Higher, in mid mountain forest, the Grey Cuscus occupies the same niche. It is a leaf eater with infrequent animal food. A conspicuous white spot on the back of each ear and a sharp division between the furred and naked part of the tail are typical of this species. Higher again, in the cooler high mountain forests, is found the Silky Cuscus. Very dark brown, almost black fur which is long and so soft to the touch reflects the cold climate this species encounters. These are all species of the genus *Phalanger* (drawing attention to their finger-like hands).



The Painted Ringtail is a member of the Cuscus family though of a different genus from the Spotted, Brown and Grey.

Related to these cuscus, in the same family, are the Ring-tailed Possums. Throughout Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya there are many species, as in Australia. Perhaps the prettiest of the whole group is the Painted Ringtail (*Pseudocheirus forbesi*) from mid and high mountain forests.

This species is named after Henry Ogg Forbes, another of the early European settlers in Papua. Forbes was an explorer and collector like Goldie, but unlike him was a member of the colonial government in Port Moresby during the 1880s and 1890s.

Two unusual members of the family are the Striped Possum and the Pen-tailed Possum. The Striped Possum is a

slender, muscly black and white animal with a peculiarly long ring finger on its hands. It uses this to probe for insect larvae which bore into wood. First it listens for the gnawing sound as a caterpillar chomps a tunnel inside a tree. It tears into the tunnel with very sharp and long incisor teeth; then it probes through the hole with its long finger and hooks the grub out for a fine meal. In captivity, worms, large moths and dragon flies make a juicy meal for a *stinky*. (Yes, they do stink!)

The Pen-tailed Possum is a mouse sized marsupial from northern lowland forests. It has an unusual band of dense hairs along each side of the tail, which leads to an alternate name, Feather-tailed Possum. The contrasting black and white striping on the face is characteristic of this species.

The Australian connection shows up again in another of the group. The Sugar Glider is fairly common in the open forests of southern Papua New Guinea and is a relatively recent arrival from Australia where it is found along the northern and eastern coasts, a common inhabitant of *Eucalyptus* woodland as in Papua New Guinea.



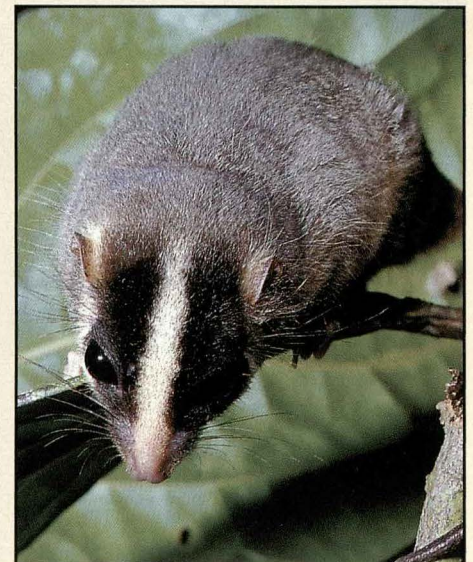
A Striped Possum peeks from its coconut shell sleeping quarters.

But the transnational connection is not made with the Brush-tailed Possums so common in the Australian bush. These are the common possum of the suburbs in many capital cities, and have many representatives in the various forests of Australia. But they did not make the jump to Papua New Guinea or Irian Jaya at a time when climate was right; probably because they are essentially a southern colder group which does not like the tropics.

Rusty, Greygirl, family and friends? They went to the then newly established nocturnal house in the Perth Zoo and captivated the hearts of their keepers.



Above: Same family as Rusty Cus, but a distant relative, the Common or Brush-tailed Possum is found in southern Australia. Left: The Sugar Glider is common throughout eastern and northern Australia and southern Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya.



The Pen-tailed Possum has a facial pattern similar to the Striped Possum.

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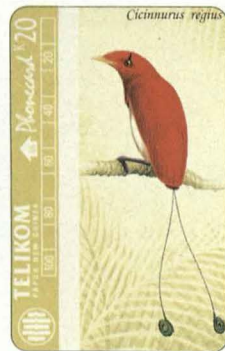
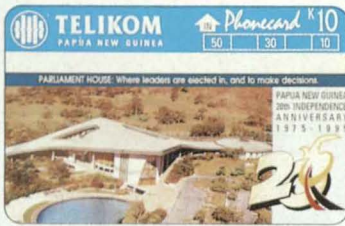
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Centenary of Radio

New stamp issue — 11 September 1996

Over one hundred years ago, Guglielmo Marconi, who was trained in physics and electrical engineering, began experimenting at his father's estate in Bologna Italy, attempting to transmit radio waves. He used a telegraph that sent morse code signals, coils and a spark discharger to send his signals. After two years, he was sending and receiving signals over 2.4 kilometres. Encouraged by the chief engineer of the Post Office in England, Sir William Preece, Marconi filed the first patent for radio messages in London in June 1896. To commemorate this centenary, the Papua New Guinea Philatelic Bureau has produced four new stamps, designed by Graham Wade.

Many experiments and tests increased the distances that the radio waves would cover. Then in 1901, with an aerial attached to a kite, Marconi received a message sent from England across the Atlantic Ocean to Canada.

Radio has proved essential to the growth and development of Papua New Guinea from the early goldfields, through the war years, now providing the best means of transmitting public information to a widely dispersed and scattered population.

These days, radio is taken for granted as a way of communication in public broadcasting, for television transmission, mobile telephones, business networks, ship to shore contact and air traffic control — to mention a few of its applications.



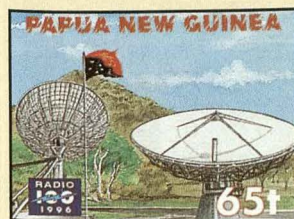
25t Air Traffic Control

Radio is essential to air safety. Civil aviation headquarters are based at Jackson Airport, Port Moresby. In the Port Moresby Flight Information Centre, air traffic controllers who were trained at a nearby college, monitor the progress of each flight and provide pilots with information about aircraft and weather conditions that may affect their flights. Radio is the ground to air link that makes aviation safe in Papua New Guinea and other countries. In front of each officer is a map of air space with each airstrip clearly marked. Some communicate directly with aircraft in flight via headset and microphone while others monitor all aircraft within a 30-mile radius, handing over to the approach controller who issues the pilot with clearance to land when he reaches the airfield.



50t Radio Broadcasting

With a twist of the dial or a push of a button we can enjoy a wide range of radio in Papua New Guinea. Voice broadcasting began from the AWA station before World War II with the call sign 4PM. When war broke out, 4PM closed. In 1942, the Post Office opened a radio station to entertain the soldiers. Its buildings house the National Broadcasting Commission (NBC) training school today. After the war, Station VLT, later the Australian Broadcasting Commission, broadcast programmes all around the country, handing over to the NBC on 1 December 1973. NBC now has three services — Karai, Kundu and Radio Kalang. A private broadcasting station NauFM commenced recently. The nation's only television station EMTV transmits via radio waves and satellite beams. This stamp shows a radio announcer spinning a CD and operating a modern broadcast studio.



65t Gerehu Earth Station

The pride of the Gerehu Earth Station in Port Moresby is the Intelsat A, an 18m dish that commenced operations in 1994. With the older 11m Standard B dish radio links are transmitted to satellites in orbit around the earth enabling telephone messages to be sent worldwide from Papua New Guinea. When added to the micro wave radio trunk telephone routes across the country, all citizens can say 'Now you're really talking!'.



K1.00 The First Radio Transmission

The first wireless installation in Papua New Guinea was driven by a pedal generator by Amalgamated Wireless (Australia) Limited (AWA) in Rabaul. In 1938, the Administrator of Papua wrote in his annual report, 'The progress made in aviation and wireless telegraphy has had the effect of practically annihilating distance in Papua and has facilitated administration'. Large radio stations in Port Moresby, Rabaul and other centres gave people the opportunity to send radio telegrams anywhere in the world. Telegraphic phones were the means of outstation contact for many years, and with portable transceivers made it possible for people to communicate with each other.

Information for this article was supplied by the Philatelic Bureau of Post PNG.



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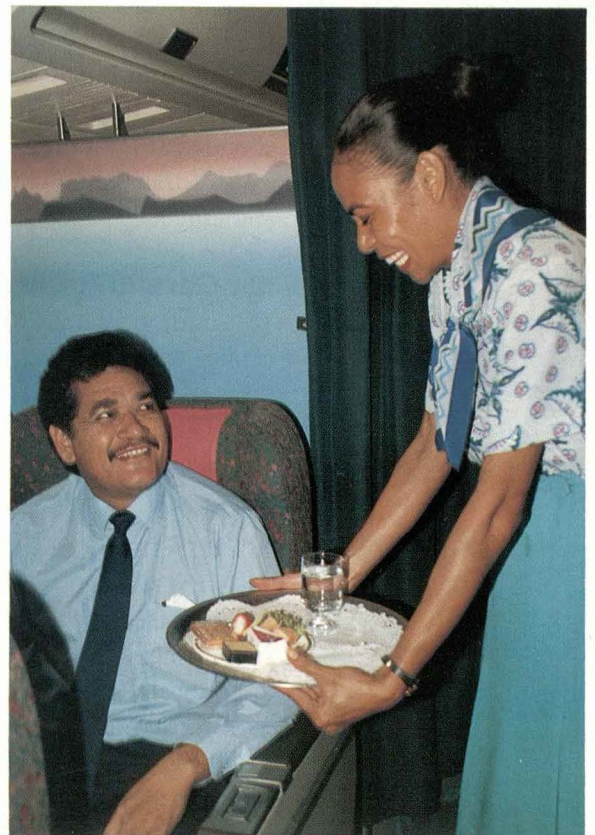
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Landform:

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 Westminster 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

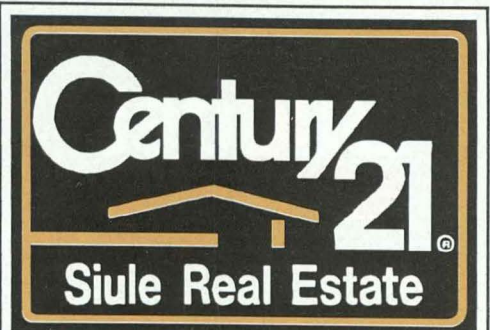
Shopping:

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.

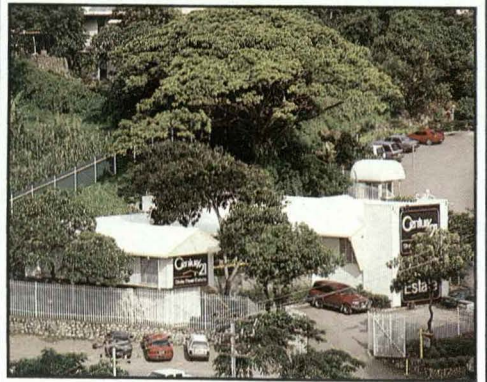
Handicrafts/Souvenirs: A wide range of art forms are in diverse styles.

- * **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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Honiara

Santa Cruz Islands

NAURU

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Vanimo

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A310-324



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F28-1000



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F28-4000 Fokker The Netherlands	29.61	25.07	2 Rolls Royce RB183-15H	750	9,000	75 2,800kg	1,600
F28-1000 Fokker The Netherlands	27.60	23.58	2 Rolls Royce RB183-15	750	9,000	60 2,700kg	1,600
DHC-7 Bombardier Canada	20.58	28.35	4 Pratt & Whitney PT6A-50	350	4,500	44 500kg	600

* Quoted range based on a fully loaded aircraft
Greater range is achieved by limiting passengers and/or cargo carried on certain routes.



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Port Moresby and Central Province...

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The Hiri Moale Festival

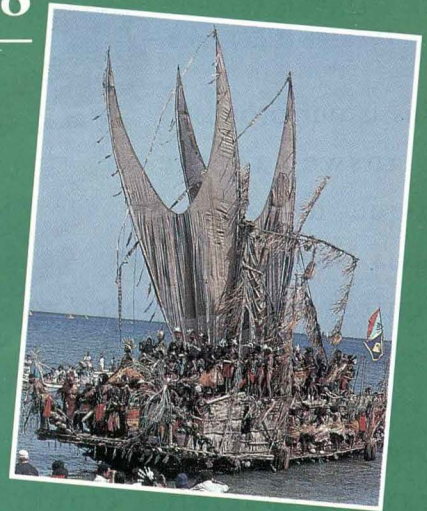
September 14th to 18th

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

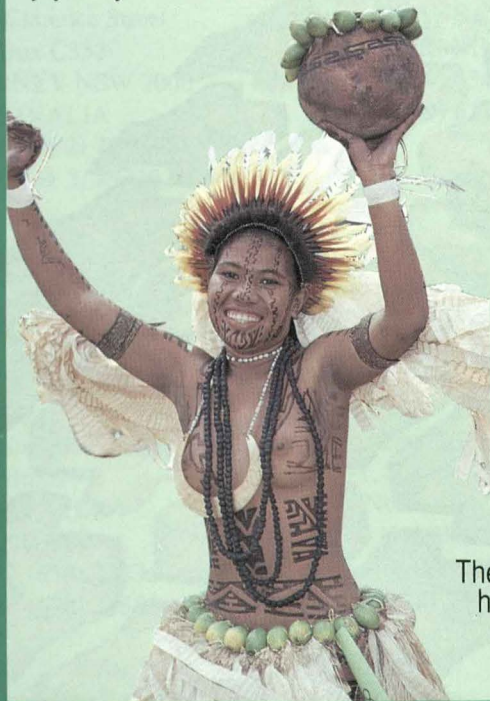
In olden days, the Motu Koitabuan people of the region constructed giant canoes (lakatois) for the 'Hiri' (trade in the Motuan language).

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.



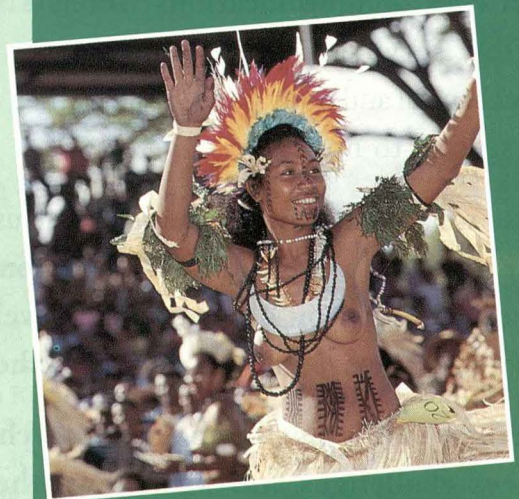
The giant lakatoi (canoe) used for hundreds of years by the Motu Koitabuan people to trade with 'neighbours' along their coastline.



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.



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

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My First Sariva Voyage

Story by Iru Kakare

The National Capital's Hiri Moale Festival (14-18 September) celebrates the historical trading expeditions between the Central and Gulf Provinces. This story recounts an actual expedition undertaken in 1940.

Origins of Gulf trading expeditions

Over 200 years ago, a *lakatoi* from Vabukori came to the mouth of the Lakekamu River where the travellers met some people from Karikara Murumuru (village of darkness). The *lakatoi* could not get up the narrow creek to the village so, to facilitate accessibility for their trade in pots for sago, the Vabukori persuaded their Toaripi friends to move to a sandy island at the mouth of the river. The visitors named the new village MotuMotu, which means island in Motu. MotuMotu grew quickly in size after its establishment. After about twenty years it divided into two villages, Mirihaea and Uritai.

Before long the Motu taught the MotuMotu people about their *hiri* (trading expeditions) and how to build *sariva oroti* (Toaripi for *lakatoi*). Around 1810 the MotuMotu began their own reciprocal voyages to the Central Province.

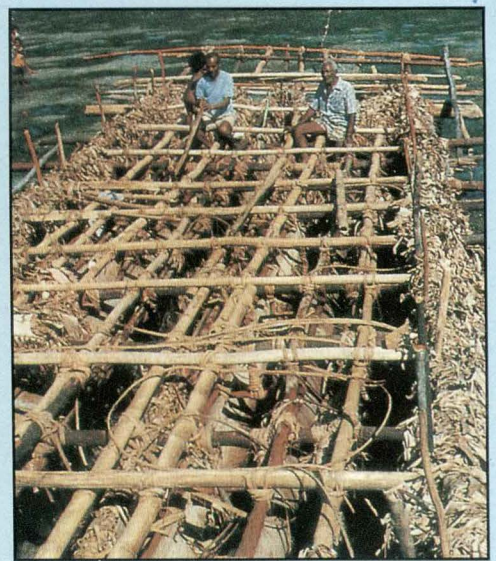
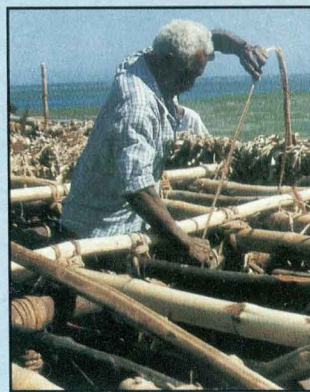
MotuMotu people were the only Toaripi to make *sariva* voyages. The related Moripi people from Lese and Miaru followed some years later after a number of successful trips by the MotuMotu. However, it was not until long after the Australian Administration had been established that other Elema groups joined in the trade. By the late 1920s trading voyages from the Gulf to the Central Province had become a widespread practice.

The 1940 MotuMotu sariva

The Pukarihaea section of the Lavaipi clan of Uritai became experts in *sariva* expeditions. When I was five, I was taken on the 1940 voyage by my father, Kakare Lari. In 1946 and 1949 I made further *sariva* to the Central Province. Although I describe the making of only one canoe, in fact eight were made for the 1940 voyage, one by each clan in Uritai.

Construction of the sariva oroti

In October 1939 I went with my father and uncles Ovasuru, Sova, Suve and Taurake to obtain logs for a new canoe. With camping kits and tools we paddled to Moveave to collect our friends Moka and Fai who were



to provide us with the required logs. At their garden near Urulau we chopped some big *ilimo* trees so that they fell into the river. The men wrote their names on the logs as marks and let them float away with the current. After two days we paddled down the river, checked the logs, paddled to Moveave to drop Moka and Fai and then paddled on home. The logs would be at the river mouth in 2-3 weeks. On arrival they were dragged onto Lalavaipi beach and chopped down to canoe lengths. To do the work the whole clan moved to Lalavaipi and camped. Not all returned home; there are still today some Pukarihaea people of Uritai living at Lalavaipi.

My father and uncles did not help with the chopping as they were the hull owners, but they fed those who worked. When the hulls were ready they were taken to the canoe place at Uritai, called Maikimiri, where *sariva oroti* were built. The following Sunday evening my mother and other women from our clan cooked food and carried it to the *elavo* (men's house) for Karikara who would be one of the two *si* men (magicians) on the voyage. Karikara would tell my father and his friends when to get materials needed for building the canoes — light poles, rope from cane and bamboo — and would put magic spells (*seseva*) on all the materials before they were used.

Our canoe was called *Maikipota*. The individual owners of each of the five single hulls making up our canoe were each expected to kill a pig to mark the completion of certain activities on the canoe. A pig was killed when the men started to build the canoe, another when the men worked on the *takoro* (banana leaves) which would be placed over the edge of each hull, another when the huts were built on the front and the back and another when the two masts for the claw sails were placed

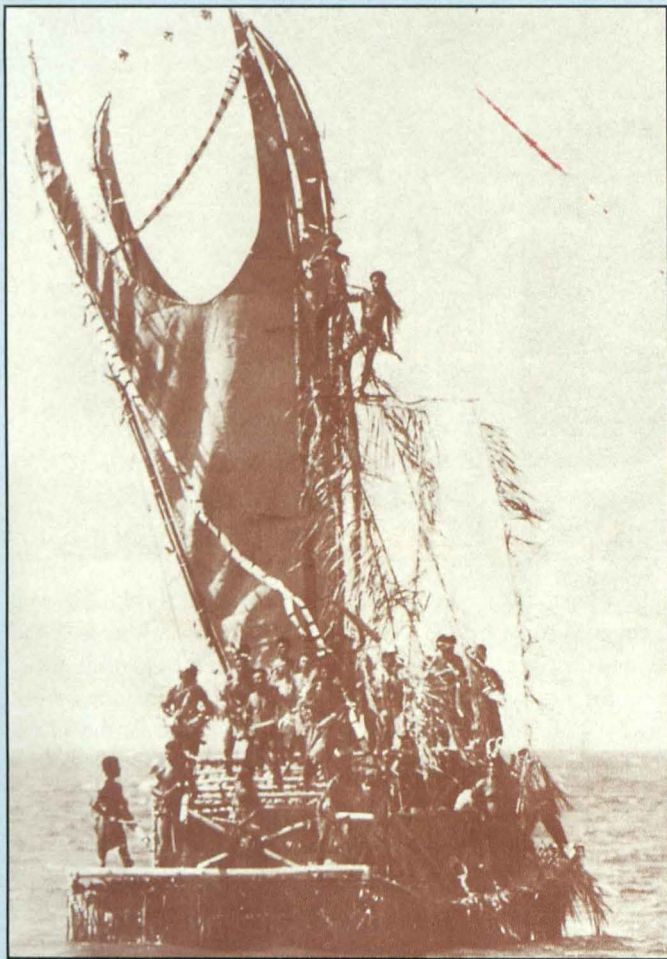
in the middle. The last pig was killed when the work was finished. Boys were asked to provide coconuts for the men to drink while they worked. The obedient ones were promised that they would go on the *sariva* voyage with their fathers.

The clan men and women went out in a group to camp at Uvoria where sago was to be cut. It took us four weeks to make the sago for the voyage. Some was also for the *sikaru*, the men who would safeguard the canoe by their powerful secret spells. They would not eat sago prepared by married women; they would only accept sago from my ten year-old sister, Aroai.

Loading the sariva oroti

Before loading, each *si* man hung his magic sago wrapped up in a leaf about the size of a football and a bunch of betelnuts at the seaward side of each hut. These symbolised all the sago and betel to be loaded onto the canoe. The day of loading, my father decorated himself putting white moss on his hair and bright red and yellow crotons in his armlets and under his belt. He pulled up the sails as a sign of loading. Everyone was very busy all day. Four different types of sago were wrapped up in leaves: *poifae*, short cone-shaped bundles; *sirivo*, which were about 1m long and 20cm in diameter, *u'upoi*, which is made from a butt of sago leaves plaited together about 2m in height; and *erepoi*, sewn up in the hessian-like material found at the base of coconut fronds.

Each man had a place about three metres long in one of the hulls to store all his goods. Loading always took place in the morning. In the early afternoon my mother prepared *likiliki* (mashed ripe banana, sago and fish cooked in coconut cream). This food, which was shared with others from the village, was the last meal taken on the canoe before it sailed.



The voyage from MotuMotu to Port Moresby

All the other canoes left so much earlier than us that they were out of sight. Off Lese, the land breeze stopped. It was uncomfortable to be in the hut because Karikara burned cassowary feathers and bones with seaweed making an awful smell. I could hardly breathe. I was told not to sleep on my stomach but on my back or side so that the canoe would go fast. I was also told not to look back but always in front.

When the *sariva oroti* was in a dangerous situation on the sea, the *si* men burnt certain leaves and roots - leaves of ginger, seaweed and the roots and leaves of *ivuru* trees (a type of tree found only at Lufa a long way up the Lakekamu

River). The roots of the ginger and seaweed were not burnt, they were chewed before the *si* men said the magic words.

When the canoe entered or left river mouths the bones and feathers of the cassowary and the feathers of our clan totem bird, a red and blue wood pigeon (*miro*) were burned. The *miro* nests in the rotten hollows of trees. As it goes in and out of its nest very quickly we believed that our *sariva oroti* might do the same at the river mouths.

Near Iokea, Karikara went to the front of the canoe with his cassowary feathers tied to one end of a stick, said magic words into the feathers and waved them over the canoe. He then sat on top of the feathers and the south-west wind or *lahara* started to blow. *Maikipota* passed all the other canoes between Oiapu and Cape Possession, or Laura as the Toaripi call it. Men were not allowed to talk to the women and children at Laura because it is known as a bad place for the Elema people. Spirits living under the sea might make the canoe sail slowly or even sink.

Maikipota was the first to drop anchor at the Roro village of Pinupaka. The other canoes came in one by one. Nobody spoke a word, although there were about 400 people in the eight canoes. Early next

morning we sailed in to an estuary between Pinupaka and Poukama called Paimumu. This was a traditional MotuMotu fishing ground on *sariva* voyages: we caught mudskippers, eel and catfish. Then we left for Delena to deliver the first sago.

At Delena my father gave some sago to Avia Loi who would later give him pots which were very thin and light. My mother liked these pots called *porosa ero* best. Avia Loi would get the pots ready for us to collect on our way back.

After our transactions had been completed we poled the canoe to Iare where relations of Karikara, our head *si* man, lived. They killed pigs for us to take on our voyage further east. The pigs were counted to see which canoe received the most. After slaughtering the pork was divided into three parts - one for the middle part of the boat where the crew and young people were, one for hull owners in the back hut and one for the rest of the people in the front hut. The division was the same whenever pigs were killed.

During the voyage the *si* men ate *horera*, a clear soup with tiny pieces of sago and sliced banana, cooked in their own personal pots. When the food was cooked a few pieces of ginger were added. The *si* men wanted hot food to make them more powerful and the *sariva oroti* go fast. The only flesh they ate was mullet and other small fish that swim close to the surface of the sea - only small ones, as they wanted the canoe to be light and to float on top of the sea like the fish. The wife of each *si* man cooked but did not collect her husband's food. Collection was the task of young girls of eight to nine years of age, following the belief that as they were light on their feet, young girls would make the canoe go fast.

At Marisa Oraka outside the mouth of Aroa River, one of the crew made a toy *Maikipota* and placed it in bits of sago, coconut and betelnut then floated it on the sea and called out:

*Marisa oraka a-a, eukave oroti reha a-a',
Elaŕo ofae levi eavaia a-a'.
(You two girls, that's your canoe,
and stop staring at us.)*

This referred to two stones, the Kekeni rocks, which stand up out of the sea near the Aroa River mouth.

When we arrived at Gorohu we gave some sago to the Faku family. This was not for barter but a gift to relations of our clan, descended from a MotuMotu man named Karuka Mai. He had been a member of an earlier *sariva* voyage during which the seafarers landed at Aroa River and went

Departure of the sariva oroti

The men poled *Maikipota* around to Mirivase where the seven other *sariva oroti* were waiting. At ten at night, virtually the whole village went to Mirivase, holding a burning torch of dry coconut leaves tied together.

Karikara and Elavo, the *si* men, announced that our canoe would wait for the land breeze to blow. Other canoes went out; my father asked if we could leave but the *si* men said we would be the last and would race the other canoes. After six the next morning we left. My mother was wailing at the top of her voice. I was very young to be on a *sariva* voyage. Other boys and girls were crying because their parents did not allow them to go. My mother would return home and ask Leleviri's mother for her son to come and play with my brother Lari. This was the custom of *ipaisa*, which meant that Leleviri's parents would look after my family until we returned.

As we reached the mouth of the river my father began to beat a drum and dance around the deck singing a chant to make our canoe go fast. He threw away pieces of sago and coconut and called the river mouth sea spirits not to retard our speed:

Au avia - a a.

(You stay back or goodbye.)

inland. Karuka Mai lost his way. At Kanosia near the headwaters of Galley Reach he was stranded by the rivers, but was rescued by the Faku people. His life was spared because he was so tall and large and was useful in the Gorohus' fight with the Koiaris over the Akuru land and swamps, the area where the Laloki River comes into Galley Reach.

The Gorohu people killed pigs and brought them with vegetables to the canoe. Every voyage that *Maikipota* makes must go to Gorohu, otherwise Karikara, who was a direct relative of Karuka Mai, would become angry and the canoe would sail very slowly.

We left Gorohu for Boera where we gave some sago to our trade relations in exchange for pots which we would collect later. Then we left for Porebada where we spent two days. All eight canoes with their total complement of 400 people stayed at Porebada where we had a very good trade for pots.

At Port Moresby entrance my father took me out of the hut, put me on the flat roof and told me to look ahead at Koki Point. A few trucks were going backwards and forwards. I asked him what they were. He said they were pigs. As we got closer he told me they were trucks which were very dangerous and that I should not go near them.

That night my cousin Morala took me to see a picture show at Koki. I was terrified by parts of the movie.

From Port Moresby to Hula

I really wanted to stay at Koki for some days, but my father said that we still had sago to deliver as far as Hula. We had made the *u'poi* sago especially for Tubusereia village that year. At Vabukori we delivered some sago then went on to Tubusereia. Two pigs were killed there for us by Tau, a clan leader. We also gave sago at Gaire, GabaGaba and Hula. At Hula I went inland to Makerupu where I first saw long mustard fruit, which MotuMotu people never grow. We stayed at Hula for one month, waiting for the east trade wind to blow.

The return journey

In June, the MotuMotu *sariva oroti* began their return journey. *Toea* (cone shell armbands) were expected from Hula, Gaire and Tubusereia. At GabaGaba my father's trade partner, Hanua, was prepared for our arrival and brought a string of *toea* and *idau* (cooked fish and vegetables in a clay pot filled right to the top). Hanua and his wife were invited on to our canoe to chew betelnut.

At Tubusereia my father expected the biggest *toea* for the sago bundles we had taken there. As we arrived we saw Tau with two *movio* (dogs' teeth) *toea* strings. There were four big *toea* on one and small ones on the other. My father had saved some betelnut for Tau and his other friends at Tubusereia to chew while sitting and talking in our canoe.

At Vabukori, some money and clothes were exchanged for our sago. At Koki we bought a mosquito net for five shillings and a bush knife for two shillings. Foodstuffs such as rice and flour were not needed very much. Leaving Koki was a sad occasion for everyone on the *sariva oroti*.

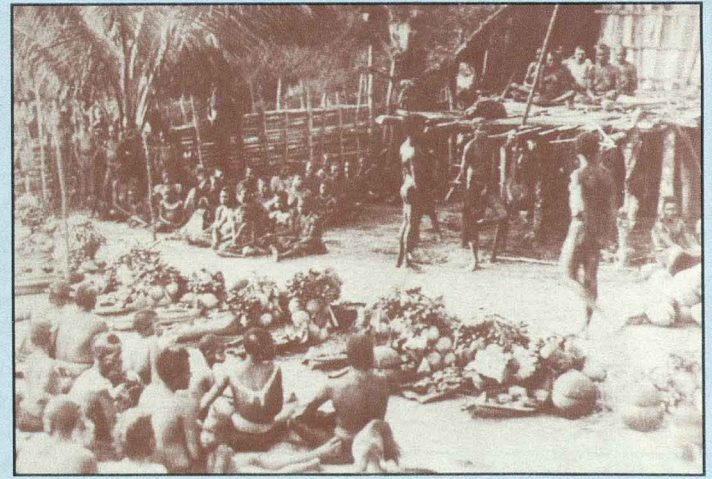
We stayed at Porebada for three weeks while the Motu women were busy making pots. One Saturday I was taken out fishing with men from the village to a reef about four kilometres outside Boera called Dia. There were about fifty canoes with sails on our fishing trip. We caught lots of good fish and had plenty to eat on the way back to the village.

The night before we left I was taken out by friends to join in the gaiety. I could see bigger boys from MotuMotu fighting with Porebada boys for the girls, because the MotuMotu men and boys always thought Motu women looked different and attractive.

The next day some of our men walked to Boera to tell the people there to get ready as we did not want to wait there, just collect our pots and leave. In the early morning, our Porebada pots were loaded. Dry banana leaves were used for packing, to keep them from breaking. In the afternoon

we left for Boera; the next morning more pots were loaded. Most MotuMotu women liked Boera pots better than Porebada ones because they were thick and strong. We went on to Delena, reaching there by dusk.

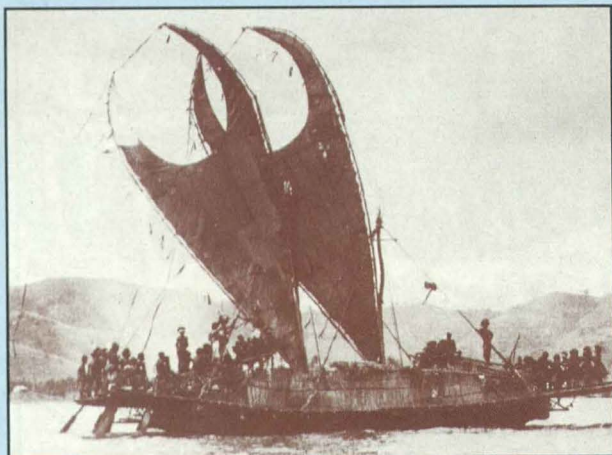
My father was not happy; he looked tired after being on such a long sailing voyage. Avia Loi, our Delena trade partner, brought some bananas



and yams boiled with crayfish to him. In the morning, the loading began. My father had to be very careful packing these pots because they were my mother's favourites. At midday we left for Paimumu to collect shellfish for my mother and the other women who had helped. The *si* men directed the loading of the shells; they had to be placed where they would not burden our *sariva oroti*. If too many shells were loaded the canoe would not go fast and we would lose the race home.

We then left for the north-east end of Yule Island. In the evening, at Akela, we collected special leaves for decoration, while waiting for the land breeze. The canoes went out one after the other between 9 and 10 p.m. They were blown along by the big land breeze towards the Gulf as fast as small motor boats. As we were passing Cape Possession, Setae, a man from Tapala in the Moveave area went outside to catch his puppy dog on the deck, but he fell in to the sea with the dog. He called out for help from my uncle Ovasuru and Karikara. On the canoe we had a long length of joined cane, almost 300 metres long. The men tied coconuts on to the end of the cane to show where the line was. Ovasuru was already in the sea calling for him and pulling the line





towards Setae. Setae could not help himself as he was holding the dog and he also had a pullover on. In addition, being from Moveave he was not as good a seaman as we MotuMotu people. Setae was saved. In the morning we were already past Iokea.

The return of the sariva oroti

My mother knew that it was time to expect our return, so she used to go to the beach early every morning to see if anything was out to sea. This morning she called out *Maikipotā a-a-a* and ran home. The whole village was then involved. My mother took her paddle and went with the other women in their canoes to their gardens. She would later meet me on the *sariva oroti* at Mirivase. As we drew near my father decorated me for dancing.

There was a line of bubbles where the freshwater from the river and the sea met. My father told me to sit on the deck and to put my foot down so that it touched the line of foam. Then he got out his drum and beat and sang:

*Mokoti maruru va elaro toaiva leaoa a
Mokoti erere va elaro toaiva leaoa a
Va vaea, vavaea mairi lala seseaita
Koru, papare lia safarati leia.*

(We are blowing along in the direction of the wind. Here goes the boat reflected in the sea by the light of the moon and the stars.)

His cousins joined in and the children all danced along the deck. Then the men stopped singing and the children were told to go in the huts, because it was very rough at the mouth of the Lakekamu River.

The wind was blowing 20 to 25 knots. This was the time of the south-east trade winds which cause rough seas in Gulf waters. Some men from Uritai came out and stood at the harbour's entrance near the edge of the river. They had pieces of material tied to poles which they held upright over the waves, showing our *sariva oroti* where to go in. There were eight to

ten men on the steering oars of *Maikipotā*. Others were armed with poles while others looked after the sail. My father had to follow the flags at the edge of the waves. I could hear him calling out to the waves: *Ah-ah-ah. A lairo eovi lope.* (You are breaking without warning.) The waves could have killed him by blowing him against the house on *Maikipotā*, but he managed to steady himself by holding the big oar.

When *Maikipotā* was in safely, the other canoes followed. Once safely in the sheltered waters of the river my father started to sing, the drums followed and we danced again. *Maikipotā* came up towards the Lalavaipi beach where the crowd was dancing. I saw Aunty Lakoro run towards us and jump into the water, followed by her cousins with their colourful grass skirts.

There was much rejoicing because *Maikipotā's* five hulls were new ones and had been used for their first *sariva* voyage. Lakoro came up and sat near my father and her husband Fave to chew fresh betelnuts and mustard fruit. My mother arrived with a pot of *likiliki*, followed by others. Everyone was overjoyed.

My father's brother-in-laws poled the canoe around to Maikimiri. The two *si* men were left to sleep on *Maikipotā*.

Unloading

The next morning was very exciting. My mother quickly prepared *likiliki* and took it to the canoe. After breakfast the pots were unloaded and we carried them to our house. They were placed on the ground in the sun to show who had the most pots and *toeas* and bags of shellfish. Most of the pots would go to my friend Leleviri and to those who helped in preparing for the voyage. Some would be put away for Moka and Fai, who gave the logs for the hulls. They would also receive some *toea* and *movio*.

My father and his cousin brothers had made this *sariva oroti* expedition because their sisters Horou and Tete, who were both married to the same man, had promised to make a *morosa* feast when they returned. At this feast Horou and Tete would receive most of the *toea* and *movio* collected during the voyage for their children. Horou and Tete made the feast about a month after we returned, killing 10 pigs for the occasion.

The dismantling of the sariva oroti

A week later my father and his cousins took big strong nets made of rope used to catch barramundi. With these fish they could make the feast to untie the hulls of the canoe. At night they went out fishing towards Mirivase Point. In knee-deep water Ovasuru was attacked by a crocodile on his right leg. He called for help. Araua ran towards him with his spear and attacked the crocodile, but was not able to kill it. Ovasuru, who was at least six feet tall and broad in the chest, clasped Araua. My father also ran forward to attack the crocodile, but luckily it swam away. About 2 am they arrived home and my father woke my mother to go to Ovasuru's house. My brother Lari and I were left asleep.

While they were away, Ovasuru's spirit called *isapea karisu* woke me up. I touched the *isapea karisu* feeling his hands, hair and face and noticed that a crocodile was on his back. I tried to shout out but my lips were heavy and no sound came. Suddenly my parents arrived home. When they opened the door, the spirit disappeared. I gave a huge shout and fell down unconscious. My mother lit the fire and my father carried me to the fireplace where he burned a special root called *ivuru*, which smokes and smells bad, to release me from the power of the *isapea karisu*.

The men carried Ovasuru to Moru Mission Hospital from where he was sent by boat to Ela Beach Hospital in Port Moresby, and recovered.

The end of MotuMotu sariva oroti expeditions

MotuMotu *sariva* expeditions were stopped by the colonial government in 1957 when the canoe of my cousin Karo-Ope was overturned by a storm in the night off Boera and two children were drowned. The tradition of MotuMotu expeditions ended because of these deaths, and finally the hulls of *Maikipotā* were broken into bits and pieces.

However, this did not stop MotuMotu people from coming to Port Moresby. Today most travel by dinghy or canoe to Lavari where they catch public motor vehicles, or come by passenger ferry from Kukipi to Port Moresby.

An extended version of this story was edited by Pamela Swadling and published in Oral History 4/10, November 1974, IPNGS, Port Moresby. The author, Iru Kakare, recorded the story in collaboration with his uncle, Taurake Suve, who was one of the organisers of the expedition.

THE BEER
of PARADISE



SOUTH PACIFIC EXPORT LAGER

Puzzles for the young at heart

There are 31 names of musical instruments hidden in the two blocks of letters. Can you find them?



G	C	Y	M	B	A	L	S	O	D	T	O
A	W	P	I	L	V	I	H	U	R	U	E
R	I	H	O	P	R	I	D	O	H	B	N
A	O	I	I	A	A	I	O	R	H	A	O
M	V	I	T	S	R	N	E	L	C	A	B
U	K	I	M	E	T	D	P	B	I	A	M
T	U	D	J	A	R	L	A	I	S	N	O
G	R	D	R	O	I	N	E	S	P	R	R
A	I	T	C	P	J	B	O	B	R	E	T
D	B	E	I	O	C	O	R	L	A	B	S
R	R	U	T	D	N	S	V	D	H	A	S
J	E	W	S	H	A	R	P	C	O	L	G



T	E	N	R	O	C	T	R	R	A	C	S
E	H	N	E	L	I	E	N	T	T	R	M
R	N	A	A	P	T	E	T	C	U	B	X
E	R	E	T	I	M	O	N	T	A	R	B
E	N	U	R	I	O	S	D	P	M	P	P
P	R	O	R	U	T	O	S	L	G	A	X
T	T	A	H	A	O	S	C	N	T	A	N
E	L	P	N	P	P	B	I	E	A	R	N
C	T	E	I	R	O	A	M	T	L	S	E
U	T	U	A	A	M	L	T	A	A	L	R
S	H	H	L	O	N	E	Y	C	T	R	O
D	R	U	M	F	S	O	T	X	A	U	C

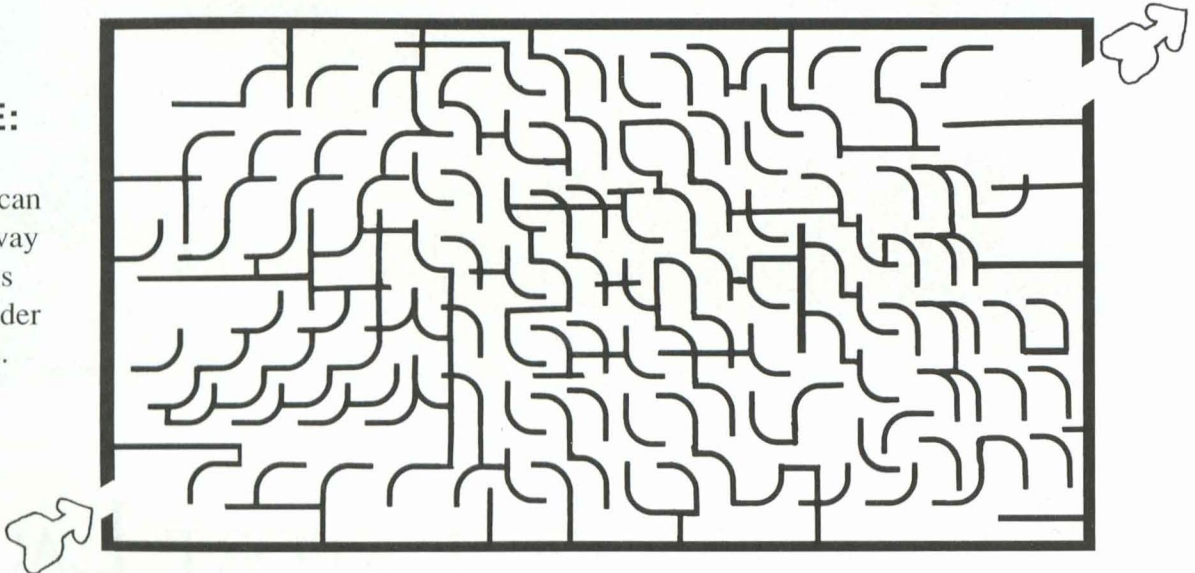


Thirteen are wind instruments (instruments that you blow). Do you know which ones they are?



MAZE:

See if you can find your way through this maze in under 60 seconds.



A little tougher!

CACTUS BONANZA

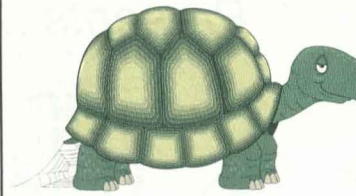


Kila planted some amazing new giant cactus seeds in his greenhouse on Saturday.

'The plants will double in size each day!' was written on the packet... and they did. On Thursday of the following week, the cactus completely filled the greenhouse.

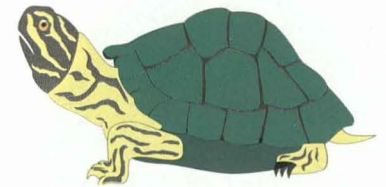
On which day was the greenhouse half full of cactus? _____

BUSH TRACK PUZZLE



At the same time, these turtles started out from opposite edges of the bush track on their way to the river. They moved at exactly the same speed. When they met, they were 50cm from the right-hand edge of the path.

Can you work out how wide the path is?



PAPUA NEW GUINEA QUIZ

1. What spice is made by grinding seeds of a tall ginger-like plant? Oil from its seeds is used in commercial medicine.

2. How many kinds of bats (flying mammals) can be found in Papua New Guinea? _____
3. The Hiri Festival celebrates a particular trading partnership. Who were the trading partners and what did they exchange? _____
4. Which coin features a cuscus? _____

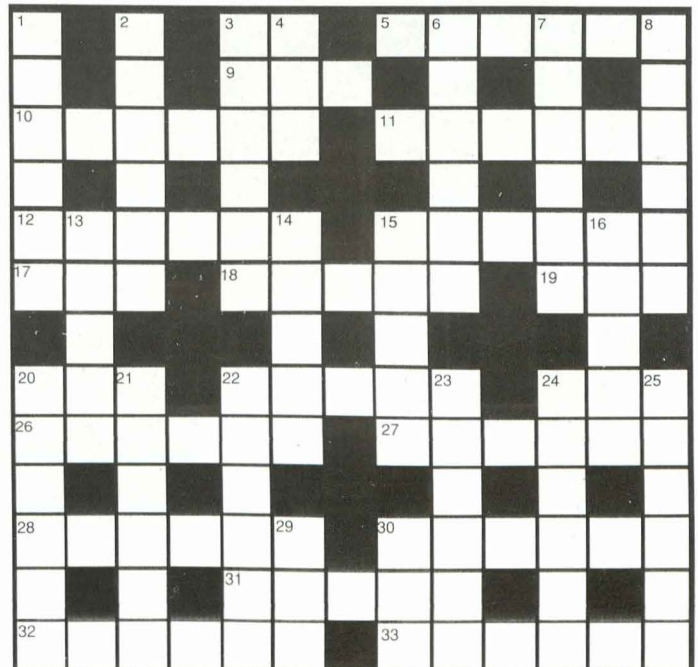
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 5 Assault
- 9 Cut timber
- 10 Fourteen-line poem
- 11 Procession
- 12 In front of queue
- 15 Rubbish
- 17 Attempt
- 18 At no time
- 19 Knight's title
- 20 Male offspring
- 22 Spiral nail
- 25 Long long ...
- 26 Excavation
- 27 Server at table
- 28 Deadly
- 30 Arrival, occurrence
- 31 Serious risk
- 32 Thoroughfare
- 33 Peruser

DOWN

- 1 Outcome
- 2 End of weekend
- 3 Cricket team
- 4 Small child
- 6 Puzzle
- 7 Counting-frame
- 8 Custodian
- 13 Mistake
- 14 Attain
- 15 Restore
- 16 Scorch
- 20 Record player needle
- 21 Honey liquid
- 22 Rub down
- 23 Walk like a duck
- 24 Be present at
- 25 Public speaker
- 29 Permit
- 30 Atmosphere



Answers on page 48



Coral Sea Hotels

Presents....

THE Magnificent Seven

There are seven wonders of the world

There are seven pillars of wisdom

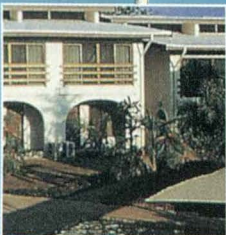
The wise King Solomon also liked the figure seven,

it is recorded he had 700 wives

We also like the figure seven

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Huon Gulf Lodge LAE
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Lamington Lodge POPONDETTA
Ph: 29 7222



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AUDIO ENTERTAINMENT

CLASSICAL Channel: 5

The Marriage of Figaro: Overture (Mozart)
Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields
Conductor: Sir Neville Marriner
PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Concerto in D for Guitar, Strings & Continuo-Largo (Vivaldi)
Celin Romero: guitar
Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields
Conductor: Iona Brown
PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Meditation from 'Thais' (Massenet)
Michel Schwalbe: violin
Berliner Philharmoniker
Conductor: Herbert von Karajan
DGG/POLYGRAM

Concerto in A - Sicilienne (Telemann)
Gheorge Zamfir: panpipes
English Chamber Orchestra
Conductor: James Judd
PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

Lucia di Lammermoor: Il dolce suono mi colpi di sua voce!... Ardon gl'incensi - (Mad Scene) (Donizetti)
Joan Sutherland: soprano
Orchestra e coro dell'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Roma
Conductor: Sir John Pritchard
DECCA/POLYGRAM

Brandenburg Concerto No.3 in G minor: Allegro (Bach)
Australian Brandenburg Orchestra
Artistic Director: Paul Dyer
ABC/EMI

Concierto de Aranjuez (Rodrigo)
London Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Andre Previn
Angel Romero: guitar
EMI/EMI

Gymnopedie No. 1 (Satie)
The West Australian Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Albert Rosen
ABC/EMI

Romance No. 2 in F (Beehoven)
Arthur Grumiaux: violin
New Philharmonia Orchestra
Conductor: Edo de Waart
PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

 **Air Niugini**

POP Channel: 6

Killing Me Softly
Fugees
COLUMBIA/SONY

Everything Is Good For You
Crowded House
CAPITOL/EMI

Free To Decide
The Cranberries
ISLAND/POLYGRAM

Hear Me In The Harmony
Harry Connick Jr
COLUMBIA/SONY

Runaway
The Corrs
WARNER/WARNER

A Simple Life
John Farnham
GOTHAM/BMG

Who Will Save Your Soul
Jewel
ATLANTIC/WARNER

The Only Thing That Looks Good On Me Is You
Bryan Adams
A & M/POLYGRAM

You're Makin Me High
Toni Braxton
LAFACE/BMG

The Crossroads
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
DANCE POOL/SONY

Love Me For A Reason
Boyzone
POLYDOR/POLYGRAM

I Like The Way
Deni Hines
MUSHROOM/FESTIVAL

Too Much
Dave Matthews Band
RCA/BMG

Reach
Gloria Estefan
EPIC/SONY

(It's) All The Way Live (Now)
Coolio
ISLAND/POLYGRAM

Sweet Dreams
La Bouche
RCA/BMG

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

When I Fall In Love
Nat King Cole
EMI/EMI

This Must Be Love
Phil Collins
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Crying
Roy Orbison with k.d. Lang
VIRGIN/VIRGIN

Will You Love Me Tomorrow?
Carole King
EPIC/SONY

Time After Time
Vince Jones
EMI/WMI

All I Ask Of You
Michael Crawford and Barbara Bonney
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Imagine
Randy Crawford
DINO MUSIC/DINO

When A Man Loves A Woman
Percy Sledge
ATLANTIC/WARNER

The Sound of Silence
Simon & Garfunkel
COLUMBIA/SONY

Can't Let Go
Mariah Carey
COLUMBIA/SONY

Yesterday When I Was Young
Julio Iglesias
CBS/SONY

When I Feel This Way
Take 6 featuring Stevie Wonder
REPRISE/WARNER

Baby Won't You Please Come Home
Lena Horne
BROAD MUSIC/BROAD MUSIC

I Love You, I Honestly Love You
Peter Allen
A & M/POLYGRAM

Theme From Harry's Game
Clannad
RCA/BMG

Miss Otis Regrets
Rosemary Clooney
CONCORD/FESTIVAL

I Know That You Know
John Pizzarelli
NOVUS/BMG

COMEDY Channel: 9

Truck Drivers
Jasper Carrott
CHRYSALIS/EMI

Ugly Baby
Flip Wilson
RHINO/WARNER

The Strange Case of Mrs Mace
The Two Ronnies
BBC/POLYGRAM

2000 And Two Year Old Man
Carl Reiner & Mel Brooks
CAPITOL/EMI

The Morning After The Night Before
Shelley Berman
RHINO/WARNER

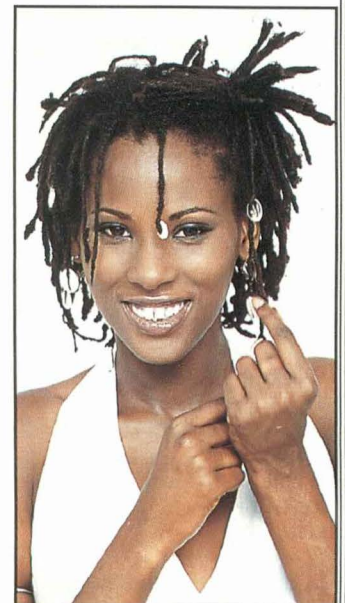
An excerpt from 'The Richardson/Hoffnung Interviews'
Charles Richardson/Gerard Hoffnung
BBC/PYE RECORDS

The Last Two People In The World
Jerry Stiller & Anne Meara
CBS/SONY

Vickie Eydie
Bette Midler
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Abe Lincoln Versus Madison Avenue
Bob Newhart
WB/WARNER

The Ying Tong Song
The Goons
ECLIPSE/POLYGRAM



Deni Hines

COUNTRY
Channel: 10

Treat Her Right
Sawyer Brosn
SONY/SONY

Blue
LeAnn Rimes
CURB/SONY

Holdin' Onto Something
Jeff Carson
SONY/SONY

It's Midnight Cinderella
Garth Brooks
CAPITOL/EMI

No One Needs To Know
Shania Twain
MERCURY/POLYGRAM

I Think About You
Collin Raye
SONY/SONY

Home
Alan Jackson
ARISTA/BMG

A Thousand Times A Day
Patty Loveless
EPIC/SONY

Go Rest High On That Mountain
Vince Gill
MCA/MCA

Starting Over Again
Reba McEntire
MCA/MCA

Missing You
The Mavericks
MCA/MCA

Blue Clear Sky
George Strait
MCA/MCA

It's Lonely Out There
Pam Tillis
ARISTA/BMG

On A Good Night
Wade Hayes
SONY/SONY

She Never Lets It Go To Her Heart
Tim McGraw
CURB/SONY

Working In Blues
Troy Cassar-Daley
SONY/SONY

Whole Lotta Gone
Joe Diffie
EPIC/SONY

I Can't Dance (Club Mix)
Ricochet
SONY/SONY

CHILDREN'S
Channel: 11

The Wind And The Sun
Arlo Guthrie
LIGHTYEAR/FESTIVAL

What's Up Doc?
Bugs Bunny & Elmer Fudd
WARNER/WARNER

How the Camel Got His Hump
Jack Nicholson & Bobby McFerrin
WINDHAM HILL/BMG

Little Toot
Alan Livingston
CAPITOL/EMI

Silly Annabelle
Prairie Dawn & the Muppets
AXIS/EMI

Tree House
Franciscus Henri &
The Lightening Creek Band
ABC/EMI

Tubby The Tuba
Rolf Harris with the Adelaide
Symphony Orchestra
ABC/EMI

**Can you (Point Your Fingers
And Do The Twist?)**
The Wiggles
ABC/EMI

The Three Billy Goats Gruff
Holly Hunter
WINDHAM HILL/FESTIVAL

Jack and the Beanstalk
Paul Wing
RCA/ASTOR

Your Body!
Andy Jones And The Funky Monkey
ABC/EMI

PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Channel: 8

Ji
Buna village
Northern Province

Oro Medley
Rock Band by Alopops
CHM Recording

Tinoiangmehan
Nissan Island
North Solomons Province

Melare Tuvai
KBK Stringband of
Gulf Province
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Keles 'Kwapen'
Mararamu village
Morobe Province

Liru (Niu Ailan)
Rock Band by Temmy Mates
of Rabaul
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Weku 'Kapue'
Gomwa village
Milne Bay Province

Seng Guge Fo
Reks Rock band of Finschhafen
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Peroveta anena
Kilakila village
Central Province

Yei Ewa De
Stringband by Erero Nataba
Youth band
NBC Studios Recording

PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Channel: 8

Beautiful You
The Best of PNG Vol.2
by Memehusa
CHM Recording

Braun Ais Blong Ifira
The Best of PNG Vol.2 by XB - 2
CHM Recording

Giglang 'Mori Mori'
Bongugl village
Chimbu Province

Yellow River
The Best of PNG Vol.2
by Robin Wenzel
CHM Recording

Ai Wara
The Best of PNG Vol.4
by Memehusa
CHM Recording

Mali
Yuyane village
Enga Province

Mi Gat Laik
The Best of PNG Vol.4 by Dejay
CHM Recording

Late Numa Osi
The Best of PNG Vol.4
by Wamsi Ilau
CHM Recording
Channel 8 recordings compiled by
Cultural Studios Division
National Research Institute

PUZZLE ANSWERS from Page 44 and 45

G A R A M U T G A D R R J E	E W R O O I V I T K U T G A I D B R	Y P I H O I I V I M U D D R T C B E I U R J E	M H O R R I A A I S R N E L C A B M E T D F B L A M L A I S N O I N E S P R R E T C P J B O B R E T O C S O R L A B S C S V D H A S H A R P C O L G	T E N R O G T R R A C S W I N D I N S T R U M E N T S : W H I S T L E, B A S S O O N, F L U T E, P A N P I P E S, R E C O R D E R, T U B A, T R O M B O N E, D I D J E R I D U, T R U M P E T, C O R N E T, C L A R I N E T, S A X O P H O N E, J E W ' S H A R P
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CROSSWORD:
ACROSS: 5 attack, 9 log, 10 sonnet, 11 parade, 12 leader, 15 refuse, 17 try, 18 never, 19 Sir, 20 son, 22 screw, 24 ago, 26 trench, 27 waiter, 28 lethal, 30 advent, 31 peril, 32 street, 33 reader
DOWN: 1 result, 2 Sunday, 3 eleven, 4 tot, 6 teaser, 7 abacus, 8 keeper, 13 error, 14 reach, 15 renew, 16 singe, 20 stylus, 21 nectar, 22 scrape, 23 waddle, 24 attend, 25 orator, 29 let, 30 air.

BUSH TRACK:
The track is 100cm or 1m wide. (If the turtles start at the same time and go at the same speed, they must meet at the halfway point of 50cm.)

CACTUS:
The greenhouse was half full on Wednesday. (The plants double in size each day, so the greenhouse is half full the day before it is full.)

PNG QUIZ:
1. cardamom 2. 90
3. Motu people from Central Province exchanged pots & shells for sago & logs from the Elema people of Gulf Province.
4. 10 toea

FEATURE FILMS

International flights:
from Port Moresby

to Port Moresby

SEPTEMBER

Mission Impossible



Genre: Action/Adventure

From: Paramount 111 minutes

Rated: PG-13

A former Russian spy selling international intelligence on the black market... a list containing names of the top undercover agents in the world... a corrupt agent doubling for an unknown organization... a mysterious arms dealer... a spy agency ready to disavow the actions or existence of any of its members captured or killed... and one man on a mission which seems impossible... MISSION IMPOSSIBLE.

Featuring: Tom Cruise, Jon Voight,
Jean Reno, Emmanuelle Beart,
Vanessa Redgrave,
Ving Rhames, Henry Czerny,
Kristin Scott-Thomas

Director: Brian De Palma

Producer: Tom Cruise, Paula Wagner

Flipper



Genre: Family

From: Universal 96 minutes

Rated: PG

Sandy Ricks is a typical rebellious 14-year old city boy, sentenced to spend a summer with his bachelor uncle, Porter, an ex-hippie enjoying his simple life as an island fisherman. Forced to give up concert tickets and backstage passes to see his favourite band, Sandy is at an all time low upon arriving at the ramshackle mess that is to be his summer home — or so he thought. The young landlubber and salty seafarer take an immediate dislike to one another, with Sandy desperate to beat a quick retreat to the mainland. All that changes once he meets an equally feisty orphaned dolphin named Flipper.

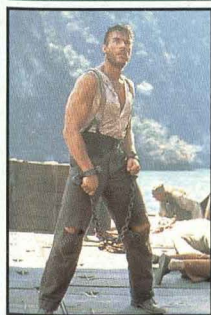
Featuring: Elijah Wood, Paul Hogan,
Chelsea Field, Isaac Hayes

Director: Alan Shapiro

Producer: Perry Katz

OCTOBER

The Quest



Genre: Action/Adventure

From: Airlandsea (Lmt'd Intl)
95 minutes

Universal (Domestic)
Rated: PG-13

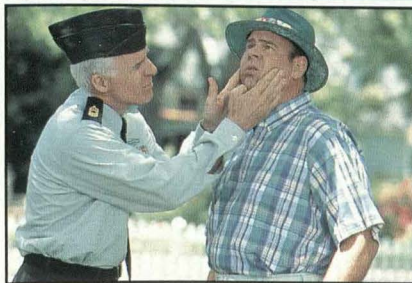
Christopher Dubois is a New York City pickpocket who's as nimble on his feet as he is with his fingers. As he attempts to escape police, he lands on a departing freighter bound for the Far East. On his trip he learns of the Ghangheng, the most prestigious fight in the world. He schemes to enter the invitation-only competition where the winner takes home a golden dragon filled with riches to last many lifetimes.

Featuring: Jean-Claude Van Damme,
Roger Moore, Jack McGee,
Janet Gunn, Aki Aleong

Director: Jean-Claude Van Damme

Producer: Moshe Diamant

Sgt. Bilko



Genre: Comedy

From: Universal 94 minutes

Rated: PG

Sgt. Bilko is a freewheeling master sergeant who's got more angles than the Pentagon. Although he supposedly runs the army base motor pool, his real occupation is profiting from his fellow soldiers. In his latest caper, Bilko finds himself up against Army brass who want to shut down his base. Unless Bilko can save the day, he's going to lose all his paying customers.

Featuring: Steve Martin, Dan Aykroyd,
Phil Hartman, Glenna Headly

Director: Jonathan Lynn

Producer: Brian Grazer

 Air Niugini

Channels 1 and 2

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Spectacular Views



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Shark Calling Ceremony

Story by Toby McIntosh
Photographs by Kimbal Baker

A group of Melbourne Grammar School students, girls and boys, travel to Papua New Guinea every year to live the lifestyle of the people in a number of villages. In 1995, a Channel 7 television crew, a reporter and a photographer travelled with the students.

One of the villages was Kono on the west coast of New Ireland where a Shark Calling Festival was being organised. This festival was a first for the village of Kono although 'Shark Calling' is practised in a number of New Ireland villages. The festival was organised by the Catholic Parish of Kono and its people. During the festival, the Catholic Bishop of New Ireland and the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, Sir Julius Chan, visited and took part in the celebrations.

The following is an account by a student, Toby McIntosh (17 years), who stayed in a village house with a family and entered the lifestyle of the Kono people for four days.



The Prime Minister Sir Julius Chan meets visiting Australian students at Kono. Toby McIntosh in a white shirt and hat is standing behind the Prime Minister.

Distant sound of singing over the groan of a diesel-powered truck greeted me as I started to walk to the *Kono Shark Festival*. As the truck came nearer I could hear men singing in perfect harmony. It was something that made me tingle with enthusiasm. I just could not miss out, so I boarded the truck. I sat with about 25 to 30 men of all ages, singing loudly.

While the truck drove down the road, my village host Joe told me that these men were the Kono village's singsinging group and that they would perform in the afternoon. When asked if I wanted to see them dress into their traditional outfits, I said that I would like that very much.

Future shark callers of Kono



After finding a secluded place some 20 metres from the road under the shade of coconut trees, where women could not see the men dress, the ritual began. First the laplaps were put on — a piece of material placed around the waist to form clothing. Then necklaces, 15cm wide, made from coconut leaves, were placed into position. Next were the dancers' head pieces — circular crowns made from dried yellow leaves and colourful plastic crowns with a bird of paradise feather at the top. Dirt fibre — magical dust — was brushed on the thorax, arms, waist and face of all the performers for good luck and to stop any risk of injury for the performer.

Joe turned to me and asked if I wanted to dress in the traditional clothing as well. There was a deafening silence as all eyes were on me. I blushed and nodded my head. Soon, all the traditional attire was upon my body in one form or another, except for the colourful crown.

Some of the elders started to argue with Joe, saying that whites were not part of their society and therefore should not take part in the singing. Soon, everyone was arguing whether or not I should be part of the performance. After five minutes of shouting and arguing, everyone settled down and accepted me into the group.

A drink was passed around to each performer, and Joe asked if I wanted some. Again I said 'Yes'. All eyes were on me as I swallowed a couple of mouths of the potent brew. I did not cough, but instead smiled. There was an immediate thundering of laughter as I was encouraged to drink again. I did. Once again, I was encouraged to drink more, and after each sip was told to keep going. After several involuntary sips, I handed back the bottle. My body had a tingling sensation as the elders of the group started to perform their ritual in order to get the group ready.

I could not believe what was happening to me. This ancient sacred dance that had been passed on from generation to generation for hundreds of years, performed only by the village's best warriors, and I was to be one of a group of very few outsiders to take part. Most of the performers had worked for months practising in order to perform. Then a stranger who had been staying at the village little more than 24 hours comes along, and is immediately accepted into the group. No other race of people to my knowledge is more generous and welcoming. I realised how lucky I was, and prayed that I would not make a mistake.

I was given a bamboo drum and a drumstick and told to sing. As we slowly walked towards the village to perform I learnt the words and began to sing. There was a great movement of people as we entered the village: everyone wanted to see the white boy in the singing group. Many looked at me in confusion as I took my place with the other percussionists. More of their local customs and rituals were performed on the dancers as a huge crowd started to surround us.

The leading dancers were given a small magical stick which they began to shake violently. The magic was taking effect — more dust was spread on the dancers, then tiny bits of bark were forced into each one's mouth. Without warning, the drums began to thunder as the men pounded violently on their drums in complete and perfect sequence.

The dancers began to dance, the drummers watched the dancers, following their lead in order to get the beat correct. My body became overwhelmed by the incredibly powerful throb and beat. I could feel my arms moving in time with the beat. I was starting to get the feel for the music; I really loved it. Disaster struck. I began to play off-beat and I could not get back into the rhythm. My arm was pulled and I stopped.

An old man standing next to me watching the performance laughed in disgust and shouted an insult at me. I tried to ignore it and concentrate. Frustration attacked me, but soon I overcame it and got back into the swing of things, pounding at my drum with growing confidence and strength. After ten minutes of intense pounding on both my drum and heart we finally stopped. The sun was beating down and I felt my skin starting to burn. As we walked out of the village, I suddenly realised that there was sweat all over my body and I was exhausted.

On walking back to Joe's house, I was the centre of attention. I was now a white singing performer and everyone said 'hello' and wanted to talk to me. I had the experience of performing the very magical, powerful and spiritual dance and in doing so became part of Kono culture. It gave me a great amount of pride and deep satisfaction. I will never forget that wonderful day when the people accepted me into their extremely important way of life at the *Shark Festival of Kono*.



Shark callers

Some men in the New Ireland Province have the ability to call sharks to their outrigger canoes by voice or a coconut-shell rattle.

Alongside the canoe, the shark is snared in a cane noose hanging on one of the outriggers. Attached to the noose is a propeller-shaped piece of wood, which turns around tightening the noose as the shark tries to swim away. When you consider the size and strength of the sharks and the size of the wooden canoe, these shark callers have a unique skill.



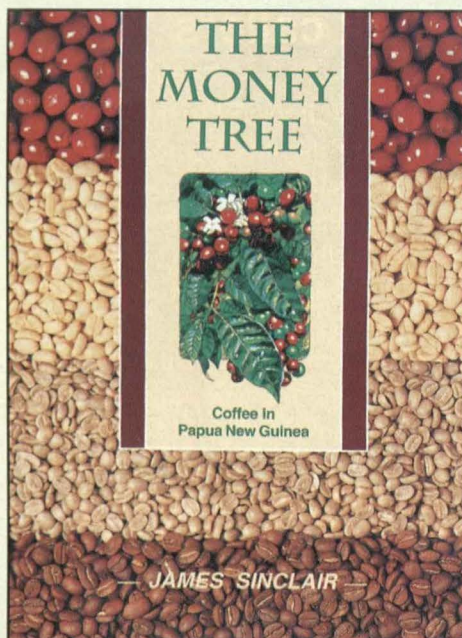
The Kono village shark hunter instructing the other hunters in the art of shark calling.



These photographs clearly show the noose, propeller and the captive sharks.



The film *Sharkcallers of Kontu*, directed by Dennis O'Rourke, is available on video from the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies, PO Box 1432, Boroko. (K39.95 plus postage)



THE MONEY TREE

A review by Paul Barker

Sinclair recounts the years of effort involved in bringing the industry to where it is now.

Coffee was established by the Germans and, less energetically, by the British administration in the late 19th century. One of the major German trial plantings of robusta coffee near Rabaul was wiped out in 1888 by a 'mighty tidal wave', which also swept away the management and most of the labour force. In Papua the major effort occurred on the Sogeri plateau but this gave way in the 1930s to the dominant plantation crop which was, and remains, rubber.

Early efforts were concentrated on encouraging robusta coffee in the Trust Territory of New Guinea, particularly in coastal areas, but as a 1932 issue of 'Pacific Islands Monthly' said: 'it is as difficult to wean the coconut planter away from his copra as it is to convince the whisky drinker that beer would do him less harm, and give him the same pleasant outlook on life'.

Progress occurred when, at the Agriculture Department's request, W. R. Carpenters succeeded, surreptitiously, in securing Blue Mountain Arabica coffee seedlings from Jamaica, which were then planted at a new Agricultural Station at Wau in 1928. The Director of Agriculture, George Murray wrote in 1932: 'the climate and conditions in the Highlands are favourable for producing the finest quality of Arabian coffee'. This was said, however, before any real appreciation had been gained of the large population and fertile valleys lying in the highlands region which were opened up to the outside world over the next few years, starting from the Upper Ramu valley.

In 1935 George Murray said that 'the rich ground of the Upper Ramu is eminently suitable for Arabian coffee, tea and cinchona ... but it is useless to consider the cultivation of these crops until suitable roads have been constructed into the interior.' This same message is being repeated now sixty

years later by communities and estate owners suffering from the current poor state of the country's road infrastructure.

Murray was given approval to set up a research station in the Highlands and Bill Brechin was appointed as the first agricultural officer in the region in 1936. The station was set up in 1937 at Aiyura, the site of the current Coffee Research Institute. The planting material and expertise gained at Wau, and particularly from the miner and planter Carl Wilde, provided a key stepping stone for the crop into the Highlands provinces.

The war years halted expansion of plantings, although available seed from Aiyura was distributed by ANGAU to the neighbouring villages. However, well before the end of the war, plans were afoot for the future and at a conference in February 1944 Major Jim Taylor, the pioneer explorer and kiap (administrator) of the Highlands, said: 'as soon as the retirement of the enemy [permits]... it is hoped to begin native coffee plantations'. A few extensive coffee patrols were launched through what are now the Eastern Highlands and Chimbu Provinces in late 1944 and 1945.

Shortly after the war another early Highlands kiap, John Black, proposed an 'active agricultural policy' encouraging individuals and communities in the Highlands to become involved in cash cropping. His plan for the region's development was based upon the establishment of a major road infrastructure with a highway linking the coast. An unrestricted road link was not to come to fruition until 1966.

The major expansion of the coffee industry, both in the villages and estates, was dependent instead upon the aeroplane and a network of small airstrips. Indeed, the first pioneers of the industry in the Highlands included early aviators such as Bobby Gibbes (of Tremearne plantation and Gibbes Sepik Airways), together with the miners and administrators, such as Jim and Dan Leahy, Jim Taylor and then George

It is hard to imagine the Highlands of Papua New Guinea without coffee. It seems as though the crop was always cultivated in village gardens beneath the shade of casuarina trees and that the estates of the Eastern Highlands and the Wahgi Valley stretch far back in time. The first coffee plantings in Papua New Guinea were around 1885 but it was not until the 1950s and early 1960s that coffee took off in a big way, becoming the country's premier cash crop and for many years its principal single export earner.

James Sinclair's exhaustively researched book *The Money Tree* tells the tale of this 'green gold' and its important place in the country's and particularly the Highlands' development, both before and after Independence. Sinclair vividly describes the colourful characters who launched the crop with such determination and enthusiasm, but often with very limited knowledge, experience or at times capital. He speaks from first-hand experience as well as meticulous research. Sinclair served as a field officer in the Southern Highlands from 1954 to 1959 and in the Eastern Highlands from 1966 to 1974.

Papua New Guinea's mild arabica coffee is today renowned amongst coffee connoisseurs around the world and its various specialty brands such as *Clarens*, *Blue Mountain*, *Sigri* and *Paradise Gold* organic coffee are securing enthusiastic followings in niche markets. James

Greathead, Lloyd Hurrell, Ian Downs and Joe Searson, who chose to leave the Administration and settle into planting and trading, plus the missionaries who introduced coffee in a small way wherever they went. These first planters were quickly followed by their relatives, of whom the Leahy brothers in particular were not short, and by both their overseas and local employees who established further estates and village plantings.

Dick Hagon, who still remains a dominant figure in the coffee industry, was one such. He arrived in 1954 to work for Bobby Gibbes before establishing the country's largest coffee estate, *Gumanch*, in the Western Highlands. Hagon recounted that 'you didn't have to be there for more than five minutes to get caught up in the total enthusiasm, it was just so infectious. PNG attracted people who were frontiersmen, individualists and oddballs, non-conformists. We were all looking for something different'.

The industry was given a boost by the leap in prices in the early 1950s, by the relaxation of the initial restrictions on further white settlement, the expansion of local roads by the kiaps and the rapidly growing awareness of the local population of the benefits of a cash income and 'business'.

Sinclair describes the initial resistance of the local communities to the new cash crop, but as the first highlands *didiman* (agricultural officer), Sabumei Kofikai, said: 'we showed all the house-lines how to plant coffee. When the planters saw the first money from their coffee all the people were envious and they all started to plant coffee'.

One of the first Eastern Highlands growers, Baito Heiro, recalled: 'the Luluais and Tultuls said "this thing, coffee, it's no good, the pigs will die, the gardens will bagarap! Men will die! Baito Heiro, you raus (remove) this coffee". But I put in nurseries in Bena and Asaro and I told them "this coffee is a good thing. What's all this talk about pulling out nurseries?" I planted coffee, too. Taylor gave me coffee trees and helped me to plant them. We sent our coffee to America and we got big money for it. I bought my own car. They said "Baito Heiro, he's a strong man, we'll hear his talk". And all the people in the

Asaro and Bena and Watabung, they all planted coffee, and plenty of coffee.'

James Sinclair's book provides a comprehensive account of the industry's subsequent development — of the booms such as in 1977, of the end of the relatively short period of white settlement and the plantation redistribution scheme, of the problematic twenty hectare estate scheme of the 1980s, of the Coffee Industry Board and the price stabilisation scheme, the shocks of coffee rust and the stock retention scheme, the price support following the collapse of market prices in 1989, and all the other events which have excited and challenged this dynamic industry in its short life.

The book focuses on colonial and contemporary history right through to 1994, amply filled with a gallery of old and more recent photographs of the industry's leading figures. The author once told this reviewer that contemporary history was the hardest to write, as many of the most interesting hometruths can not be printed. Anyone who has been involved in this engrossing industry, which is so closely interlinked with the recent history of the Highlands, will have their own heroes and version of different events. Although Sinclair's book is basically about achievement, it does not gloss over the rule-bending or controversies. He tells, for example, of the use (or misuse) of the company store when funds were short for wages, and of one notable inducement used to encourage shareholding in Chimbu Coffee. (Read the book to find out the connection between coffee and Playboy magazine!) He presents the industry's tale in an unbiased manner, while clearly commending those outsiders and Papua New Guineans whom he feels have particularly contributed in different ways to the industry's development.

Sinclair's extensive interviews with many of the industry's pioneers and more recent players provide a fascinating insight into the industry and into the characters who have driven it and their motivations - the planters, kiaps, traders and the agricultural staff who have also played an important role, such as Aub Schindler, Bob Cottle and Ricky Mitio.

Men? — well yes, mostly, although women have played an often under-

recorded role in the industry's development, as village producers and outside planters, going right back to the famous 'Queen' Emma Forsayth who, with Richard Parkinson, planted coffee last century on her estate at Ralum, near Rabaul.

ANGCO, which since its launch in 1964 has played such a major role in the development of the coffee industry, as a trading and exporting company, financier, producer and processor, should be commended for commissioning James Sinclair to undertake this monumental work. By sponsoring the book now and by using such a thorough writer, ANGCO has enabled the experiences of many of the fathers of the industry to be captured as a timely record. The book provides present and future industry participants and all those with an interest in Papua New Guinea's development a direct insight into one of the country's greatest agricultural and economic success stories, and the one which still provides the most widely dispersed income opportunities. It also provides many demonstrations from the past of the lessons and the pitfalls which need to be avoided in the future.

Papua New Guinea's coffee industry, which for many years has been dominated by its smallholder production, has a grand future ahead if it can maintain the energy and commitment that have dominated it up to now, so long as the drive to maintain and further improve quality can be sustained, and so long as the industry finances and marketing can be run soundly. It is hoped that James Sinclair will be ready to record another successful twenty years of the coffee industry in a further volume in the year 2015.

The Money Tree by James Sinclair is published by Crawford House Press. The book (476 pages, hardback) is available from ANGCO Limited, P.O. Box 136, Goroka, at K69.95 plus postage (K7 within Papua New Guinea, K8 for Asia/Pacific and K11 for other countries).

Paul Barker is an agricultural economist who has worked in the Papua New Guinea public service since 1978.

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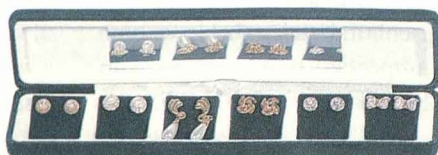


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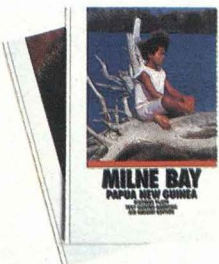
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Blend of 100% Arabica
Coffee from Goroka
Coffee Roasters Pty Ltd
K3.00



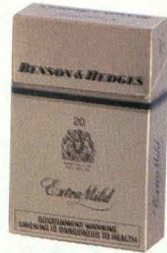
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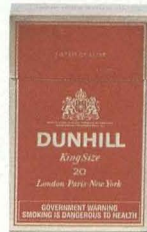
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Matured in oak for
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Overproof Rum
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Gilbey's London Dry 1.125 litre
Made to the same
secret family recipe
for over 130 years
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The Delicious Taste of P.N.G. Coffee in an Instant

The Papua New Guinea Highlands produce some of the best coffee beans in the world.

These beans are then specially selected, carefully roasted and processed into a fine blend of exquisite instant coffee.
NESCAFÉ Niugini Blend.

This rich, aromatic coffee has a characteristic full bodied flavour. It is the essence of the Highlands.

So when you want a taste of P.N.G. Coffee in an instant, It's Time to Get NESCAFÉ Niugini Blend.



Time to get ...

NESCAFÉ



LOCAL GOURMET FOOD - Coffee



James Sinclair's book *The Money Tree*, reviewed in this issue, gives a detailed account of the history of the coffee industry in Papua New Guinea.

Although coffee is our major export crop, Papua New Guinea's production is less than 2% of total world production. In terms of value, coffee is the second most important commodity in world trade, surpassed only by petroleum products. Today, coffee is consumed by over 1,000,000,000 people all over the world. It plays an important part in the economies of over 60 nations. It is the major agricultural export from Latin America and Africa (as well as Papua New Guinea), and is responsible for the basic income and livelihood of over 20 million workers in producing countries.

What are the origins of this most popular beverage?

Legend has it, according to an Arab author of the fifteenth century, that the first man to drink coffee was the Mufti of Aden, who lived in the beginning of the ninth century. Another version claims that we owe the discovery of coffee to a certain Mullah (a Mohammedan priest) called Chadely. This holy man, troubled by sleep in the middle of his prayers, attributed his drowsiness to the half-heartedness of his devotions. Chance, or, according to the legend, the Prophet, touched by his sorrow, led him to an Ethiopian herdsman called Kaldi, who

told him that each time his goats ate the berries of a certain shrub, they would remain awake, jumping and gambolling all night. The Mullah expressed the wish to see this extraordinary plant. Kaldi showed him a pretty little shrub with a greyish bark and brilliant foliage, the slender branches of which had, at the axils of their leaves, bunches of small white flowers mingled with clusters of small berries, some green, others, riper ones, clear yellow and yet others, which had reached complete maturity, of the size, shape and colour of a cherry. It was the coffee shrub. The Mullah wished to test the unusual virtues of these berries. He made a very potent brew and spent the whole night in a state of delicious intoxication which, however, in no way affected his intellectual capacities. He told fellow monks about his discovery and soon coffee became much in demand with devout Moslems, as a divine gift brought by an angel from heaven to the faithful. The use of coffee then spread from Aden to Medina, Mecca and throughout the rest of the Middle East. Coffee was taken during prayers, in the mosques, even at the Holy Temple at Mecca and before the tomb of the Prophet.

In the Middle East, coffee is one of the first necessities of life. Traditionally, one of the commitments which a Turk takes on towards his bride is the promise that she will never go short of coffee.

Coffee was hardly known in Europe until the seventeenth century. Travellers, who had acquired the habit of drinking coffee in the East, imported it at first for their own personal use. It was the Ambassador of the Sublime Porte to the Court of Louis XIV in 1669 who popularised coffee in France. As laid down by Turkish custom, he offered it to all who came to visit him. The vogue for coffee then spread throughout high society and created a furore. Coffee was as rare as it was in keen demand and the price was high.

The Dutch founded the East India coffee trade when they introduced coffee into Java about 1690, but it was thanks to a Frenchman, Desclieux, that coffee was introduced into the Western Hemisphere. Desclieux enjoyed the patronage of

Louis XIV, and managed to bring one tiny coffee plant seedling to Martinique. The plant flourished and from there seedlings were taken to French Guiana and thence to Brazil and Central America. Brazil is now the largest producer of coffee in the world.

Coffee species

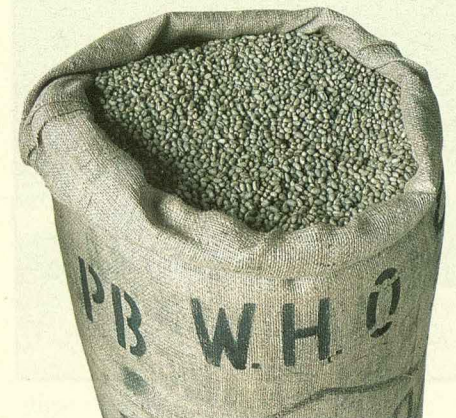
There are three coffee species — *arabica*, *robusta* and *liberica*, the two main commercial species worldwide being *arabica* and *robusta*.

Like wine, coffee gives the greatest production in the plains but the best qualities come from the higher parts of the torrid zone, such as from Papua New Guinea and the Central American countries of Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as well as from the northern part of South America, from Venezuela and Colombia. 95% of the coffee grown in Papua New Guinea is the lighter, sweeter, high-grown *arabica*.

Cultivation

The coffee plant is a large evergreen shrub with dark shiny leaves. Its cultivation is a very labour-intensive operation. Coffee trees are propagated by seeds or cuttings, which are planted in special nursery beds or polythene bags. When the seedlings are about 9 months old, they are transplanted into fields where they are set in wet fertilised holes.

Young trees need very special care — the right amount of shade, regular watering yet good drainage, pest, weed and disease control and, in Papua New Guinea, good fencing to keep pigs out! After about three years, coffee trees produce the first fruit which can be picked, then usually yield good crops up to 15 years.



Harvesting

Due to the botanical characteristics of the tree and the fact that coffee is often grown in mountainous areas, widespread use of mechanical harvesters is not possible. The ripe coffee cherries are therefore usually hand-harvested by pickers. The fruit ripens mainly during a short period called the flush, which in Papua New Guinea extends from April to August.

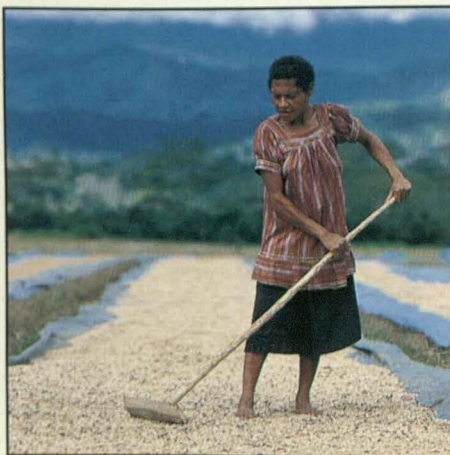


Pulping cherries in coffee factory

Processing

The 'wet' method of processing is commonly used in Papua New Guinea. A pulping machine breaks the outer pulp away from the cherries and exposes the inner protective coating of parchment. The beans, which are still wrapped in this inner coat, are then soaked in vats and fermented. Fermentation eliminates all remaining pulp which is then washed away thoroughly with fresh water until the beans are clean to touch. The wet beans are laid out in the sun to dry and then placed into a huller to remove the parchment skin. The beans are then polished, taking off a thin layer of 'silver skin', then sorted and graded.

The green beans are finally packed into 60kg bags and transported to their international market destinations, usually by container ship. In 1995, Papua New



Drying the wet beans

Guinea exported just over 1 million 60kg bags, worth about K200 million. Just over half went to Germany. Australia is the second largest importer of our coffee, buying about a quarter of total production.

Green coffee keeps for a long time, provided it is protected from damp; keeping it actually improves it. It is entirely devoid of smell. To release the aroma and flavour, coffee has to be roasted.

Roasting coffee

Large modern industrial equipment roasts the beans at temperatures of between 200-240C. Average roasting times are about 12-15 minutes, although roasting times do vary to influence the final flavour of the coffee.

Well-roasted coffee should be brown, of varying degrees of darkness, but never black. If not sufficiently roasted, it produces a colourless infusion and is rough and astringent. If over-roasted, it produces a black infusion, bitter and unpleasant.

The last operation through which coffee has to go before it is ready for use is grinding. Ideally, coffee should be ground immediately before being made, though the advent of vacuum packing has extended the shelf life of coffee considerably — up to 18 months.

After roasting and grinding, coffee does not keep its aroma for long. It should therefore be stored in airtight containers and refrigerated.

Instant coffee

Soluble coffee, more commonly known as instant coffee, was the invention of a Mr G. Washington, an Englishman living in Guatemala. While waiting for his wife one day to join him in the garden for coffee, he noticed fine powder on the spout of the silver coffee pot, the powder seeming to be the condensation of the coffee vapours. This intrigued him and led to his discovery of soluble coffee. In 1906 he started experiments and put his product on the market in 1909.

Instant coffee is best described as 'dehydrated brewed coffee'. It is made by blending, roasting and grinding coffee beans, just as roasted and ground coffee is prepared. The difference is the beans are ground, then brewed in large vats.

Vacuum concentration removes water from the brew, then it is spray dried or

freeze dried. Spray drying involves passing the 'brewed' coffee through a spray nozzle into a continuous stream of hot air to 'atomise' the liquid into fine particles. Agglomerated or granulated instant coffee is produced by re-wetting the spray dried powder before a further drying process.

In freeze drying, the brewed coffee is snap frozen at minus 40C, then ground into the required particle size. The particles are suspended in a vacuum tunnel and low heat is applied, causing ice crystals to vaporise, leaving particles of freeze dried coffee ready for packing. Minimal heat application results in a superior coffee, but bean quality is the essential factor in determining the quality of the final product.

Further processing in Papua New Guinea

While 98% of Papua New Guinea's production is exported in raw green bean form, there has been a push by the leading producers and distributors to process the product locally.

The country's two largest exporters, Angco Ltd and Collins and Leahy, have established a roasting factory, Goroka Coffee Roasters, where they produce their well-known brands - *Goroka Coffee* plantation blend, *Paradise Gold Organic* and *Clarens Classic* estate coffee. The *Air Niugini blend*, packaged especially for the

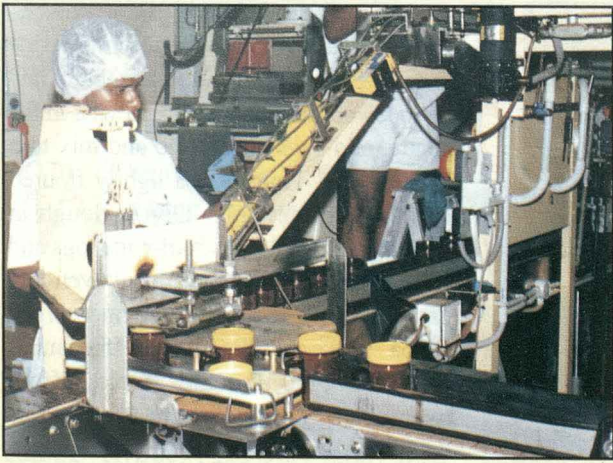


airline, is available from the Air Niugini Duty Free Inflight Shop on any international flight. All of these blends are medium roasted and ground for regulator dripolators and plungers.

Recently Goroka Coffee Roasters have developed a special Italian-type roast, *Espresso*, for use with espresso-cappucino machines.



Another major producer and exporter, W.R. Carpenter Estates, roast some of their crop from the Wahgi Valley producing a distinctive brand of organic coffee, *Sigri Coffee*.



Inside the Nestlé factory in Lae

In addition, Nestlé Pacific Islands imports beans from the Highlands to a factory in Gympie, Queensland, for processing a 100% Papua New Guinean instant coffee. Nestlé, on a worldwide basis, actually purchases about K50 million of green coffee beans from Papua New Guinea annually. The majority of this is used by Nestlé factories in Europe to blend with products from other coffee regions and enhance their flavour. Nestlé is the producer of the world's largest instant coffee brand, NESCAFÉ.

After processing the green beans from the Papua New Guinea Highlands in Gympie using the spray dried process, the instant powder is shipped back to the modern Nestlé factory in Lae where the coffee is packed in jars and sachets as NESCAFÉ Niugini Blend. The jars bearing the traditional Bird of Paradise emblem come in 50g and 75g sizes, while the economical 30g and 75g sachets offer consumers good value for money. NESCAFÉ Niugini Blend is by far the most popular instant coffee sold in Papua New Guinea. Approximately 150 tonnes were consumed in the country last year.



Making good coffee

When making coffee, either from freshly ground beans or instant coffee, a number of basic rules apply:

* Use good tasting water. If from the tap, let the tap run for a while before filling the kettle.

* Bring water to the boil but do not boil for a long period as this removes dissolved oxygen and makes a flatter cup of coffee.

* Coffee should never be boiled, as it causes bitterness. Ground coffee should be brewed at 90-92C - just off the boil.

* Do not re-heat coffee: drink as soon as possible after making.

* Make coffee in a clean dry cup.

* Keep in an airtight container and in a cool place, such as the refrigerator.

* For instant coffee, use a rounded teaspoon of powder for each cup.

* For ground coffee, use 2 tablespoons for each cup.

* Do not reuse coffee grounds.

Using coffee

Apart from drinking coffee — hot or iced, with or without milk — coffee is used for flavouring a great number of cold and hot sweets.

Coffee Granita

1 litre good strong black coffee
4 tablespoons sugar or to taste
300ml whipped cream (optional)

Dissolve the sugar in the coffee while it is still hot. (It is best made not too sweet.) Let it cool then pour into ice cube trays. Cover with clingfilm and put in the freezer for several hours.

Just before serving take out the required amount of ice cubes and blend in a food processor to a soft or crunchy consistency. Serve in glasses, topped, if you like, with cream.

Quick coffee ice-cream

Flavour ricotta, enriched with thick cream, with finely ground espresso beans and sugar and freeze until firm (2-3 hours). Transfer to refrigerator 20 minutes before serving.

Easy coffee mousse

1 tablespoon instant coffee
1 cup hot water
2 teaspoons gelatine
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Dissolve coffee in half the water and gelatine in the other half. Blend together and chill. When beginning to set beat until frothy.



Whip the cream with the sugar and add to coffee-gelatine mixture. Pour into

glasses and chill well. Dust with cocoa.

Budino di caffè - Coffee pudding

5 eggs
125g caster sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ litre milk
1 coffee cup very strong espresso coffee

Beat eggs with sugar until pale and thick, then add milk and coffee. Strain through a fine sieve and pour into ramekins. Place in an ovenproof dish and pour in sufficient boiling water to come halfway up the dishes. Bake for 50 minutes or until set. Remove from water bath and cool. Serve with unsweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle with chocolate shavings.

Mocha Raisin Cake

2 cups strong coffee
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 cup seedless raisins, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teasp. each cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves

Combine coffee, 1 cup sugar, cocoa and raisins in a saucepan. Heat until almost boiling; simmer 10 to 15 minutes; cool. Cream butter and remaining sugar until light and fluffy. Add vanilla, then eggs one at a time; beat well after each addition.

Mix in flour, salt and spices alternately with the coffee mixture, stirring thoroughly. Bake in a greased, floured 25cm square tin in moderate oven about 1 hour. When cold, sprinkle with icing sugar. Cut in squares and serve.

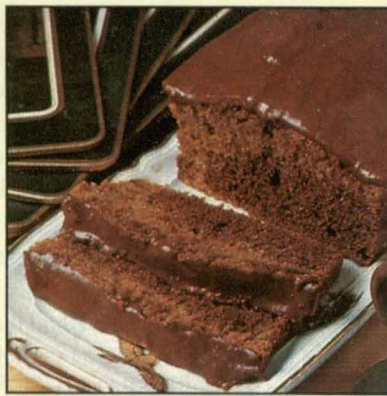
Goroka Coffee

...a taste
of paradise



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.

**PNG
COFFEE**



Mocha loaf

125g butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 2 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour
 2 tablespoons cornflour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 1 tablespoon instant coffee
 1 teaspoon hot water
 2 tablespoons cocoa

Icing:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 1 tablespoon cocoa
 2 teaspoons instant coffee
 2 tablespoons milk
 2 teaspoons melted butter or margarine

For the cake: Cream butter and sugar until light and creamy. Add beaten eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in sifted flours alternately with milk. Divide mixture in half.

To one half add sifted cocoa, mix well; to the other half add coffee which has been dissolved in the hot water, and mix thoroughly.

Spoon coffee mixture into greased loaf tin. Spoon the chocolate mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven 50-60 minutes or until cooked when tested. Turn out and cool on wire rack. When cool, top with mocha icing.

For the icing: Sift icing sugar, cocoa and coffee powder into bowl, add milk and butter, beat until smooth.

Coffee-bean biscotti

400g plain flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 60g butter, cubed
 1 cup caster sugar
 125g hazelnuts, toasted, skins removed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coffee beans, chopped
 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 1 tablespoon very strong coffee
 icing sugar, ground cinnamon or cocoa powder, for dusting

Sift together flour and baking powder. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine crumbs, then stir in sugar, hazelnuts and chopped coffee beans. Make a well in the centre, add eggs and coffee and mix to a firm dough. Knead on a lightly floured surface until smooth. Divide dough in half, roll each half into 5cm-wide logs and flatten slightly. Place on a lined oven tray and dust with icing sugar, cinnamon or cocoa. Bake at 180°C for 40-45 minutes or until cooked through. Remove from oven and stand on tray for 20 minutes. Cut into 1cm thick slices, place on an oven tray and bake again at 180°C for 8 minutes. Turn biscotti over and bake for 8 minutes

longer, or until lightly golden. Cool on oven trays and store in an airtight container. Serve with coffee. (Makes about 30.)



Walnut coffee crisps

125g butter or margarine
 1 cup caster sugar
 1 egg
 2 teaspoons instant coffee powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 1 tablespoon milk
 2 cups self-raising flour
 walnut pieces or halves

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg, mix well. Stir in combined coffee powder, vanilla and milk; mix well. Stir in sifted flour. Roll teaspoonsful of mixture into balls and place on slightly greased oven trays. Press walnut piece on top. Bake in moderate oven 10-15 minutes or until light golden brown. (Makes about 50.)



Story and recipes by Roslyn Morauta.
 Information supplied by Goroka
 Coffee Roasters and Nestlé.

DESTINATION - CEBU CITY, QUEEN OF THE SOUTH

Story and photographs by Tom Cockrem

When I came to Cebu City during the Sinulog Festival, like everyone, I was doused with water and got black stuff smeared across my face. There were parades, dances and teeming crowds.

Memories include friendly folk, swarms of kids following after me calling 'Hi Joe!', the jolly tubby man who greeted me with a 'Welcome', and rubbed fresh herbs onto a cut that had festered on my arm. The poison went in less than a day.

Cebu, the Philippines' second largest town on the central island of Cebu, is the main port and commercial capital of the Visayan island group.

Magellan, the Spanish explorer who came here in 1521, made the site the first colonial settlement in the Philippines before being killed by Lapu-Lapu, the Indian chief of Mactan.

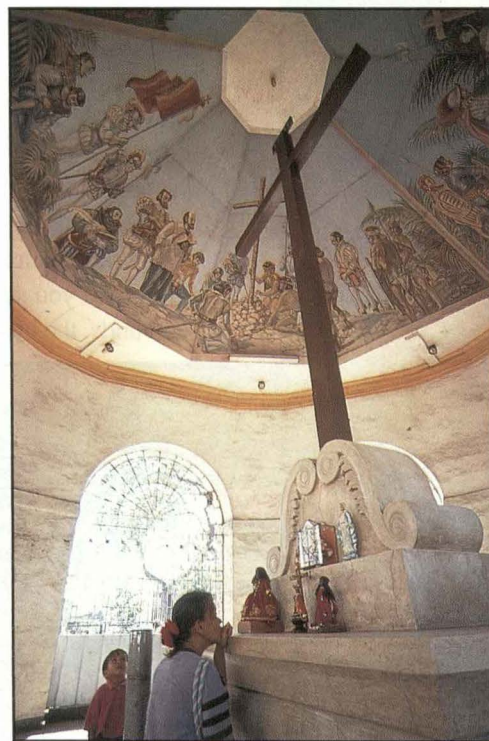
'There was a misunderstanding', explained Merlyn, my guide. 'Lapu-Lapu's men attacked Magellan as he came up on the beach. They carried his body off. It is still buried on the island.'

Both these adversaries are heroes to the people. There's a monument to Lapu-Lapu and a marker where Magellan met his doom. More impressive is the booth that contains Magellan's cross at the spot where the first Zebu people were converted to Christianity. Magellan Cross is on Magallane Street. (Yes, there are two spellings for the explorer's name.) Next door is the Basilica. Its crumbling walls house the image of Santo Nino, the oldest relic of the Philippines. Every day, a line of devotees waiting to kiss the image snakes out onto the courtyard where old ladies peddle candles and the men with balloons add colour to the sky.

Cebu was the country's first Spanish settlement. Fort San Pedro, its first and smallest fort, triangular in shape, has been refurbished and until recently housed the Department of Tourism office. This office is now at GMC Plaza Building in the Plaza Independencia which abuts the fort.



Top: *Mactan Island*

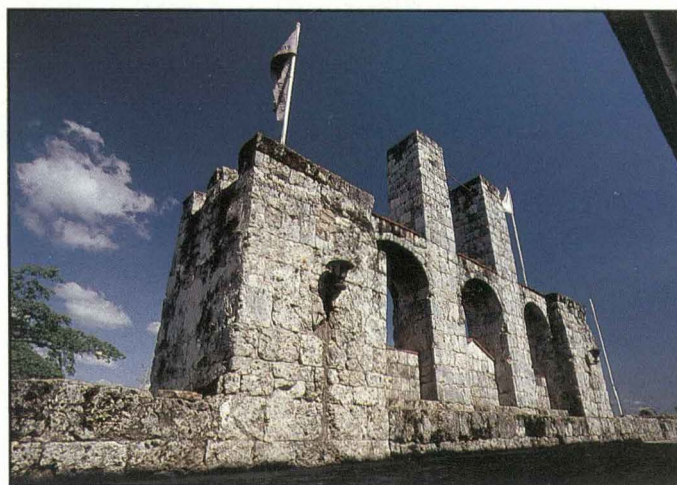


Left: *Magellan's Cross*

Bottom: *Fort San Pedro*

This 'Queen of the South' also has sparkling beaches, fishing villages and the resort delights of Mactan Island, which is joined to the city by a bridge. It's mandatory in Cebu to take a trip to Mactan Island, a flat infertile coral island where rattan furniture, guitars and building bricks are made. By whichever way you go — taxi, jeepney or on a tour — cross the bridge on foot. For to the right is a beautiful fishing village. Looking down: the pump boats are a nest of spindly-legged insects; the nipa huts are a honeycomb of thatch; the fishing pens a watery checker board and a bustling little town of Lapu-Lapu that seems to have more tricycles than citizens.

Many of its beach resorts are exquisite and exclusive with closed gates and signs 'No I.D. No entry'. One place that's open is Hadsan beach resort which has picnic shelters and a beach that's only a little less attractive than the ritzy ones next door.





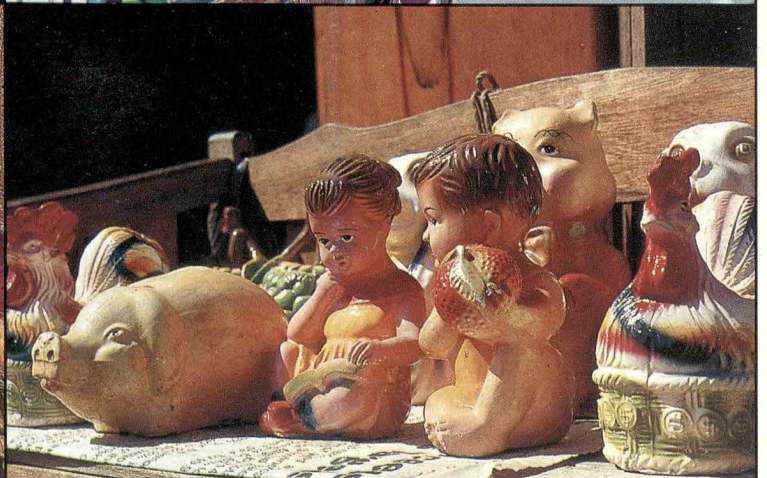
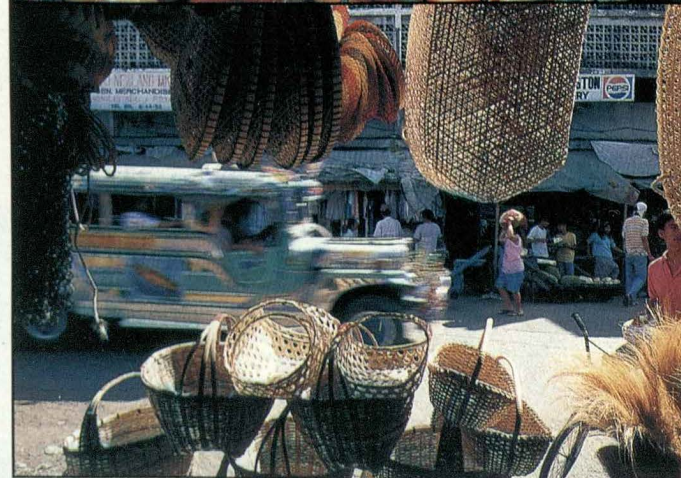
To see Cebu at its best, you really have to go to Carbon Market. To get there, jump in one of the hundreds of jeepneys that have 'Carbon' on their window plaque.

At the market goods are displayed with an eye for art: fruit in colourful triangular tiers; branches of bananas set in front of piles of coconuts; the greenest beans; peppers and asparagus interspersed with little piles of glossy red tomatoes; groceries stacked in perfect geometric shapes; chubby fish laid out in pink and silvery rows; hand-made guitars from Llang's factory on Mactan Island that is a shed where the craftsmen, who sit on makeshift stools, make fine instruments; and handicraft with jewellery made of shells, monkeys made of shells, chimes made of shells and mirrors framed by... this time, bamboo cane. It's a great place to hone your bargaining skills, getting some laughs and souvenirs as you do.

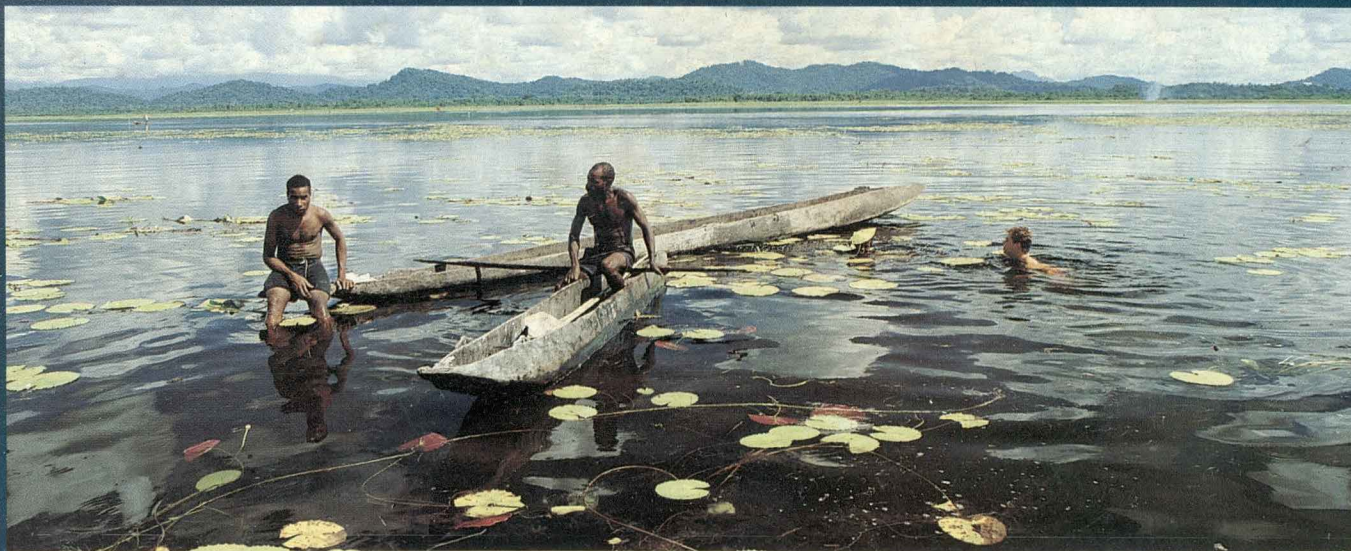
Anywhere else you'd pay twice as much for the clothes. If you want a sports shirt, you ask for polo. If you want a polo, you ask for a tee-shirt. If you ask for a shirt, you'll be shown shorts. Still I managed to leave with seven shirts, I mean polos — brushed rayon numbers — that cost US\$5 each.

Carbon's streets are decorated by most every kind of taxi that Filipino ingenuity has managed to contrive — Jeepneys, motorised tricycles, peddled trisikads and horse-drawn calesas. The people, as if conscious of the whole intricate canvas, deck themselves in straw or kerchief hats and smile to say they like you.

The ideal way to finish off a day in Cebu city is to drive up the mountains at the back of town to the lookout 'Tops'. From here you see the whole of Cebu city — its very green surrounds, the bustling port and Mactan Island far below.



This is Papua New Guinea.



If you think our scenery is impressive
wait until you meet our people.



P RIMITIVE cultures? Think again. Some of our ancestors were tending irrigated market gardens thirty thousand years ago. ♦ Others devised giant multi-hulled sailing vessels to increase cargo volume on trading voyages. These Lakatois are still built each year in celebration of those epic voyages. ♦ You may also marvel at the skills needed to construct massive Haus Tambarans - buildings soaring to heights that would shame many a modern architect. ♦ Yet the most impressive fact for the jaded traveller is that so many fascinating cultures and traditions are still a part of everyday life; not something turned on for the benefit of tourists. ♦ And with over 800 languages in PNG, we probably have more ways of saying "welcome" than any other people on earth. ♦ So come to PNG for the natural, breathtaking scenery and you will quickly discover that it's our people that make PNG a truly unique destination.

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