

12  
7/78

# paradise



*in-flight with Air Niugini*



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



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

**TAA**  
Fly the Friendly Way



## R. F. & M. F. MACEY

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

# paradise

No. 12 July 1978

Paradise, the in-flight magazine of Air Niugini, is published bi-monthly by the Advertising and Public Relations Department, Air Niugini House, Jackson's Airport, Port Moresby. Typeset by Air Niugini Printing and printed in Hong Kong by Dai Nippon. For advertising or editorial contact the Advertising and Public Relations Manager, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea. Phone: 259000 or 273348 Telex: NE22177 or NE22153

Editor: Gerald Dick

Design: Tom Cooke

Art: Rob Kysely

### IN THIS ISSUE:

- 5. Kokoda track
- 9. Running the Watut
- 15. Fipi
- 18. A show-off at heart
- 21. Nurse Maiogaru of Milne Bay
- 25. Melpa Mokas
- 29. Free as a bird
- 33. Pick a pot



### Welcome aboard

This month as *Paradise* enters its third year of publication we are releasing a book titled *Best of Paradise*. It's a hard-bound volume of 136 pages containing a selection of stories and pictures from early issues of *Paradise* magazine. It's sure to become a collectors' item so you should order your copy to save disappointment. Our co-publisher, Robert Brown and Associates, Box 3395, Port Moresby will send you a copy by mail for K6.95. *Best of Paradise* also will be available from leading book-stores in Papua New Guinea.

In this issue we record the bravery during World War Two of nurse Maiogaru Gimuleia (pictured). This remarkable woman is a living legend in the Milne Bay Province.

Would you navigate a fast flowing river full of rapids in a rubber raft? That's exactly what journalist Richard Bangs of California did recently with a group of adventurers from the United States. His account of the thrills and spills in the Watut River in the Morobe Province starts on page 9. We prepare you for this adventure with a walk across the Kokoda Track.

C.B. Grey  
General Manager

### PHOTO CREDITS

Robert Hawkins  
Jim Fenwick  
Paul Croft  
Sheridan Griswold  
Bart Henderson  
Richard Bangs  
George Halton  
Brian Mennis  
Martin Kirkby  
Australian War Memorial

### COVER

One of the many small islands in the Woodlark Group in the Milne Bay Province visited by Sydney film producer Peter Whitchurch during a fishing holiday. Cameraman Robert Hawkins took the photo.



Quality in Air Transport



# Travelodge- soon for Port Moresby.



Port Moresby, the Nation's bustling capital now boasts a spectacular new Travelodge tri-arc hotel on a superb hillside location in the middle of the city. This 186-room property, open for business late 1978, offers guests panoramic views of the magnificent harbour and ocean together with a full range of facilities including convention rooms. With bookings now being taken for November 1978, Travelodge offers the first truly international standard hotel in this exciting new nation to extend the Travelodge chain of fine hotels across the South Pacific.

For further information write to the General Manager, Travelodge  
P.N.G. Limited, P.O. Box 3386, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea.  
Or phone 21 4798 - Telex NE 22248

**TRAVELODGE**  
South Pacific <sup>®</sup>

AUSTRALIA • NEW ZEALAND • FIJI • TAHITI • PAPUA NEW GUINEA • INDONESIA • NEW CALEDONIA • JAPAN



# Kokoda Track

The Kokoda Track — a name which will live on in the memories of more than just the military historian — is a place where only the fit should venture if the object is to walk it.

Thirty-six years ago along the Kokoda Track, Australian and Japanese soldiers were locked in combat. First the Japanese pressed south from Kokoda, reaching Ioribaiwa before the tide of battle turned, the Imita ridge marking the southern most limit of the Australian retreat.

Today the trail from Owers Corner on the Sogeri plateau just outside Port Moresby to Kokoda, more than 60 kilometres as the crow flies north over the Owen Stanley mountain range but nearly 100 kilometres by foot, is growing in popularity as a tourist attraction.

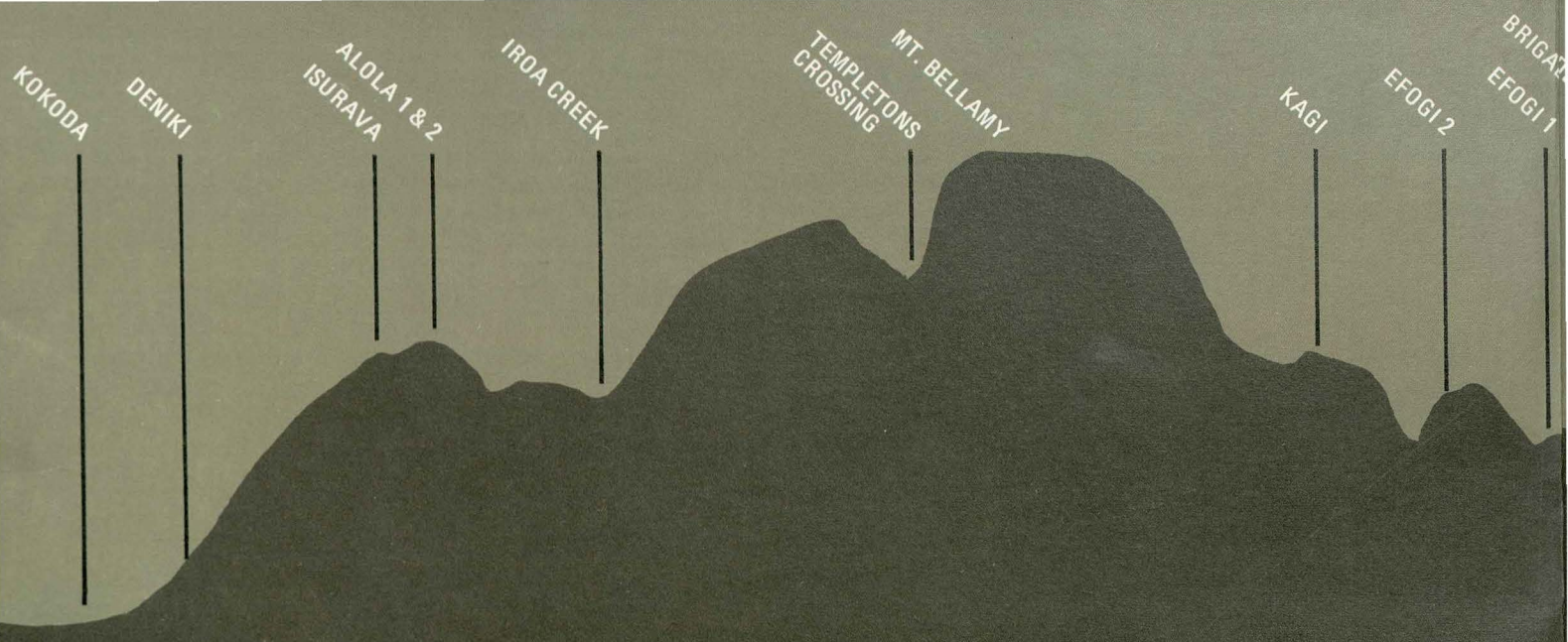
But visitors to Papua New Guinea who see themselves blithely driving up to Owers Corner and then walking over to Kokoda should first pause — and ponder the rules of Port Moresby's Hash House Harriers relating to members who wish to tackle the Kokoda Track.

The Harriers' rules demand three months preparatory training involving a series of demanding walks in and around the national capital. Notes covering the Harriers' February 25 Kokoda adventure say: 'The estimated



**OFI CREEK**  
← KOKODA 77-6KMS  
BUSH SHELTER 1HR  
NAORO 1 3/4 HRS  
NO WATER TILL  
NAORO  
OWERS CORNER 16KMS →  
BUSH SHELTER 3/4 HR  
NO WATER TILL VA-ULE  
CREEK 2 1/2 HRS





time of the walk is six days . . . This is walking around eight hours per day. We hope to have a half day rest about mid-point, to allow drying out of boots, clothes, sleeping gear etc.' A footnote says: 'As with most forms of walking, your feet are rather essential. Look after them. Regular bathing in methylated spirits will toughen them. And keep your toenails extra short.'

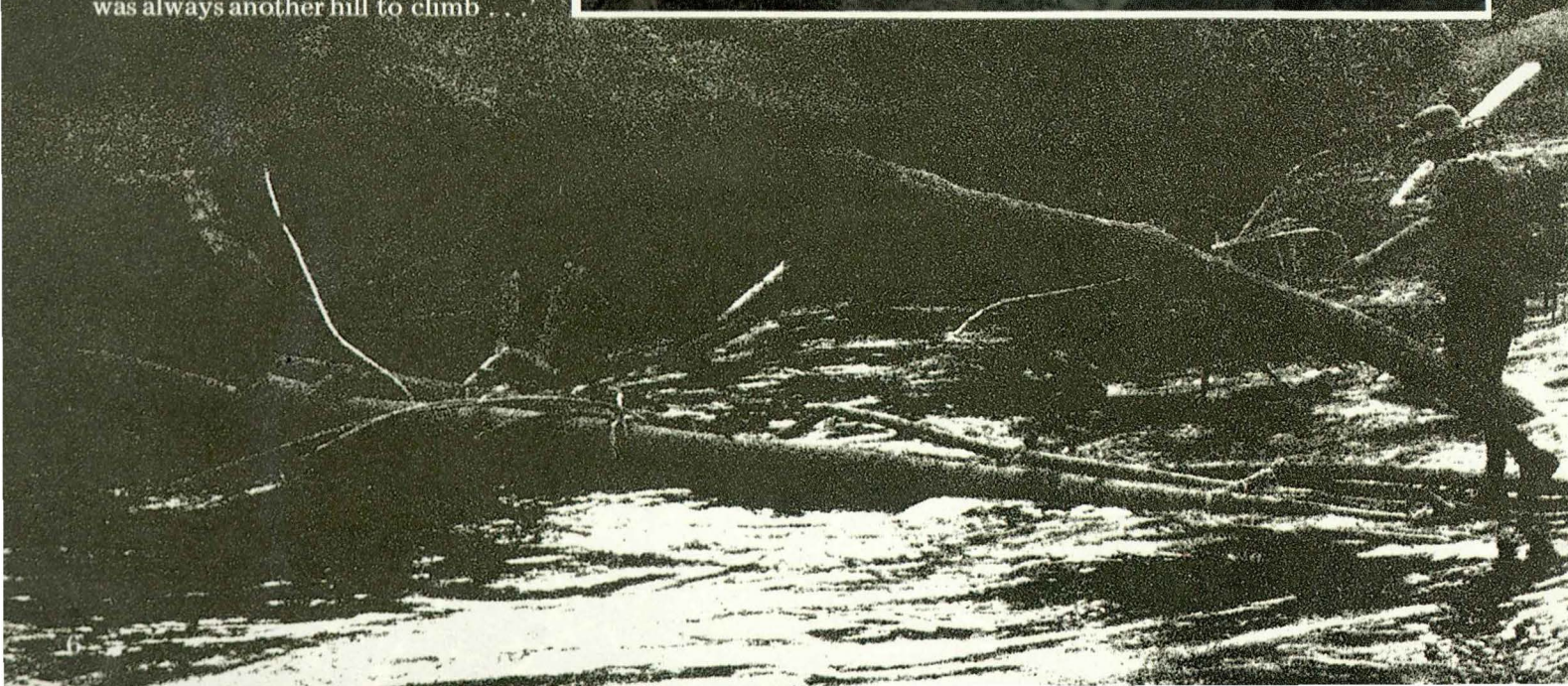
So, you have been warned. But for those who feel their fitness will withstand the rigours of the track, there's much along the way of interest — as long as you can put up with the elements. In a report of the Harriers' 1976 Kokoda Track walk, from north to south, a member noted: 'It was raining heavily . . . the trail, under a mantle of thick, damp jungle vines, was treacherous and most walkers fell frequently. When the party reached a crest after seemingly hours of slogging and slipping, there, in front, was always another hill to climb . . .'

The report records 'plenty of evidence of the Japanese invasion along the trail near Templetons Crossing. The walkers found rounds of live ammunition, spent shells and army helmets — both Japanese and Australian . . .'

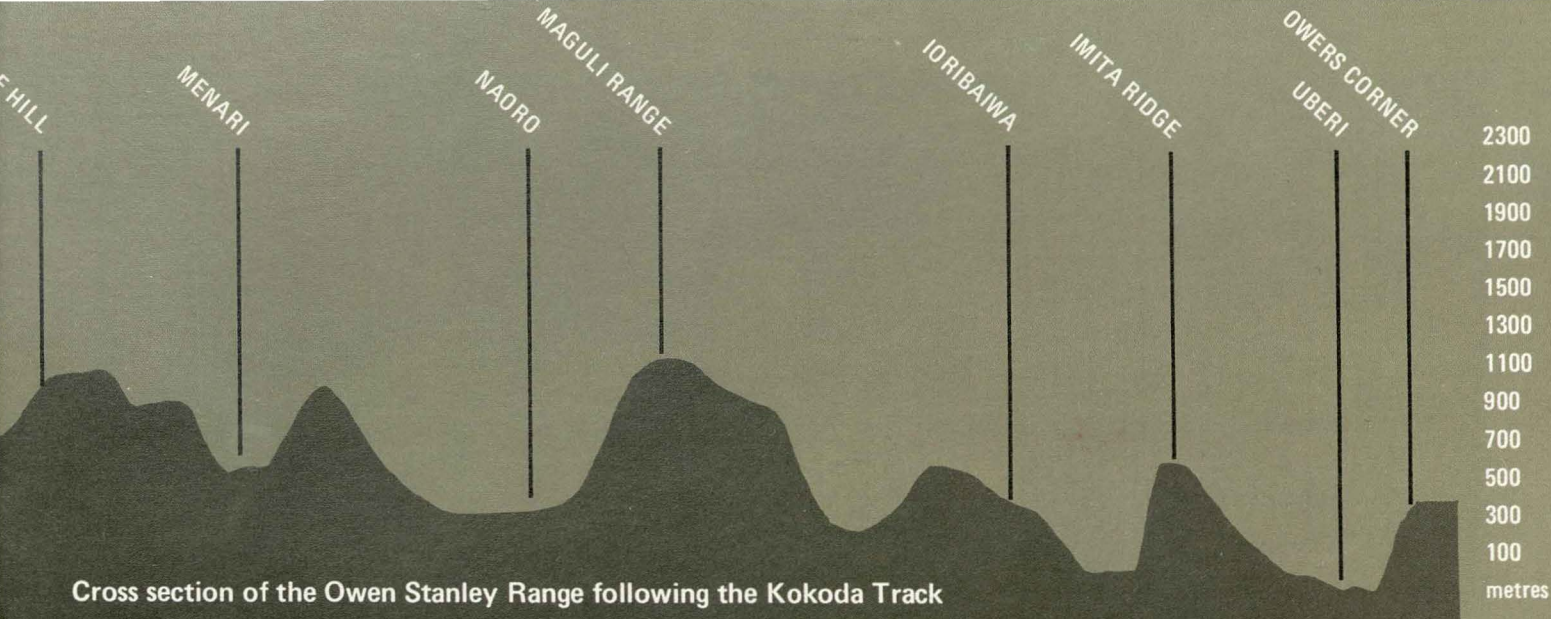
On top of Mount Bellamy, at

2,300 metres, the highest point on the 97 kilometre track, the walker enters the world of the moss forest. Said one: 'The bewitching beauty of this ethereal place erases all memory of the desperate climb from Templetons Crossing.'

The middle section of the track







Cross section of the Owen Stanley Range following the Kokoda Track

is a series of highland valleys, gardens clinging to steep slopes. Villagers along the way are pleased to see travellers and usually have mandarin oranges and bananas for sale. Rest houses are in most villages.

After the valleys, the track plunges into forest again as it weaves its way, left and right, up and down, toward Owers Corner. It is hard to decide which is worse: the steep, backbreaking climbs or the treacherous descents. Up or down, there's mud everywhere.

The Papua New Guinea National Parks Board is in the process of

negotiating with traditional owners to take over the track. When this has been achieved, rest houses will be upgraded and the track properly signposted.

Before setting out to walk the Kokoda Track, notify Civil Defence Emergency Services or the duty officer at the Central Police Station, Boroko, of your plans. Advise the names and addresses and telephone numbers of the party, their employers, start and finish points, and dates and times the party expects to complete the walk. Give brief details of food and equipment carried and names and addresses of

reliable contacts in Port Moresby. The information should be given in writing. Be sure to report your safe arrival.

Aerodromes along the track are at Kokoda, Kagi, Efogi, Menari and Nauro. There is usually a radio link at the Primary Industries Department station at Efogi and at Nauro. Walkers should take notepaper and a pencil for sending messages.







# Melanesian Patrols

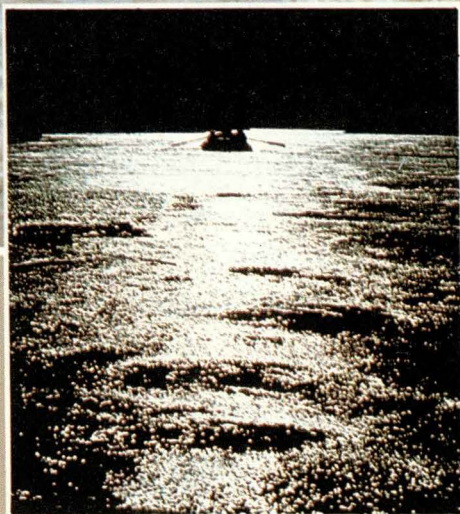
We are proud to announce four great new Holiday Patrols. As Papua New Guinea's leading tour operator, we invite you to view the majesty of our young nation. We will take you, in style and comfort, through our magnificent Highland areas, to the coral wonderland of our coast and, by houseboat, up the mighty Sepik River.

Write to Melanesian Tours, PO Box 717, Madang (telephone — 822766; telex — NE82707) or ask your travel agent for your Holiday Patrols brochure.



**Melanesian** TOUR SERVICES PTY LTD





I gasped for air as we careered down the far side of the wave. The universe was moving at freight-train speed but I stopped a frame to reflect, as people do in disquieting situations. I was surrounded by water — fast, frothing, spitting water. It was wrapped in a magical green canyon whose walls curved into the clouds. A bird with such brilliant markings a rainbow would pale by comparison flapped overhead. It was all too bewitchingly beautiful to be real. Then I snapped back at a command from Jim: 'Brace for the next wave . . . lean into it!' I choked the throat of my paddle and stabbed the boiling water. We rolled to the crest of another wave, spun around and sailed into the calm of an eddy below.

# *Running the Watut*

By Richard Bangs

It was only the beginning of one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life.

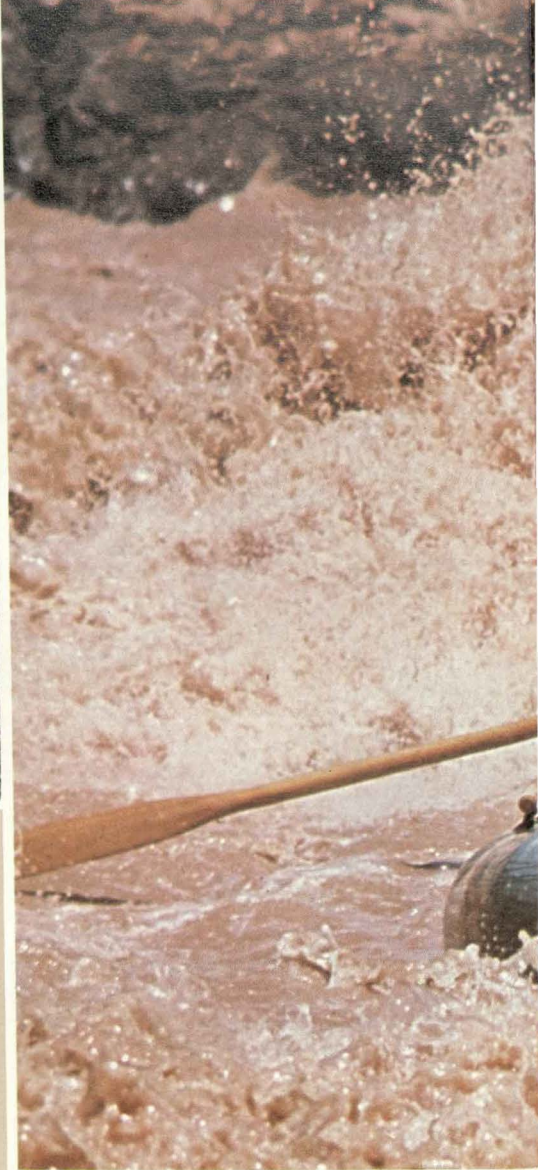
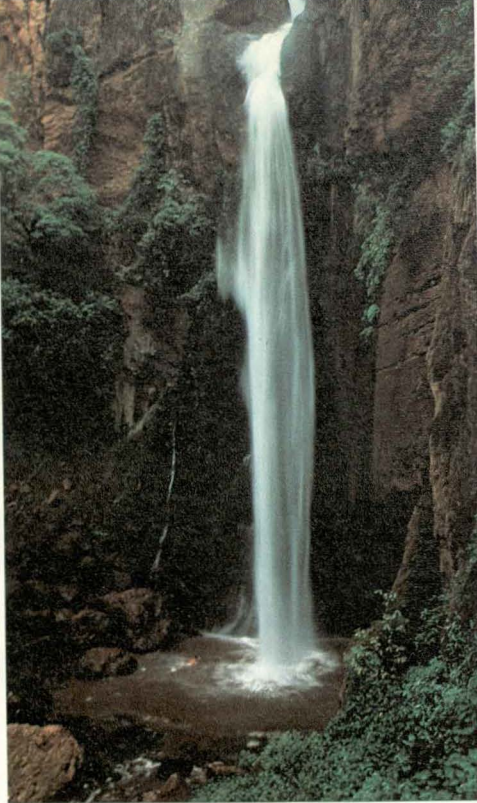
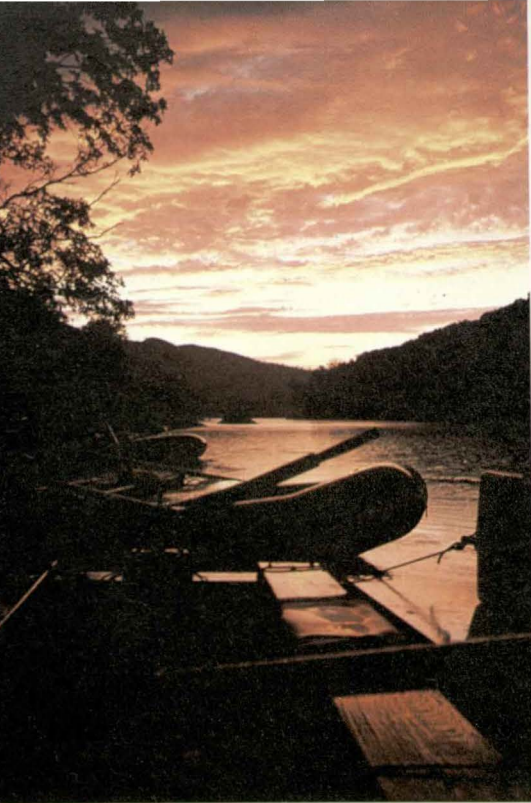
A scene from the sequel to the movie *Deliverance*? A vacation raft trip down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon? Hardly. Far from it . . . very far from it, about 16,000 kilometres. It might have been several worlds. We were in Papua New Guinea, the adventure centre of the South Pacific. River running, a sport enjoyed by millions throughout America, Canada and Europe each summer, has come south of the Equator to the jungled highlands of one of the wildest countries on earth.

I was with Sobek Expeditions of Angels Camp, California, a company

which organises and operates white-water rafting and trekking expeditions to remote wilderness areas of the world. They pioneered river running in Papua New Guinea. I was with them for a descent of one of the country's most spirited but runnable rivers, the Watut. Cascading from the Kuper Mountains on a roundabout route to the Huon Gulf, the Watut drops 20 metres per kilometre. The Colorado drops only one metre. It's a whitewater buff's dream.

We flew from Port Moresby to Wau Ecology Institute, a research station perched in the highlands of the southern section of the Morobe Province. It's associated with the Bishop Museum of Honolulu and is dedicated to active research into the flora, fauna and ecosystems of Papua New Guinea. From there we set off down the washboard road to a





bridge over the Bulolo, a tributary of the Watut, just upstream from a village called Sunshine, a fanciful name in a region that soaks in an average of 155 centimetres a year. But we were on the western side of the coastal range which falls into the Huon Gulf to the east, a comparatively dry area.

Our first glimpse of the rushing river matched our dreams — a feather-white stream bounding over polished rocks and punctuated by sparkling rapids. It was small at this point, barely big enough to hold our Avon rafts, the toughest professional whitewater rafts manufactured. This river, by all accounts, doled out the real tests, and other boats hadn't passed.

We loaded up, launched and were suddenly swirled downstream. Before I could focus in on something of interest it was around the corner — gone. In a kilometre we joined the Watut, our highway for the next five days.

The area is steeped in gold mining history. In the twenties and thirties a mini-gold-rush crowded the area with sluices and crude machinery. It took miners eight days to hike the 56 kilometres from the coast at Salamaua to the strikes on the Watut, but their persistence and tenacity paid off. In 20 years more than \$10 million worth of gold was taken from the area. And evidence of those days is everywhere. Ancient dredges, sluices, rusted gear boxes clutter the banks on one three-kilometre stretch. A 30 metre cliff,

created and cleaned by hydraulic mining, loomed on our left. But now the strikes were dry, the fields abandoned. We could only make ghostly projections of the activity on the banks 50 years before. One living vestige remained, though. We rounded a turn and surprised a gnarled old Papua New Guinean prospector panning for gold in the shallows. He looked up, boggling at our strange appearance as if he'd just dipped up a two-kilogram nugget.

Ten kilometres downstream the river cut sharply west and sliced through the 3,000 metre Kuper Range. Without warning we were swept into this abyss and the ride really began. The river kicked into fourth and we hung on as we swept along on three-metre waves, barrelling through hydraulics and spun into whirlpools. It was wet, wild and dizzying. The crew, the first to ride this crazy course, named the rapids. All avid bridge players, they came up with Finesse Falls, Grand Slam Chute and Ace of Spades Sluice.

A scream! I snapped my head to check the boats behind. Everything seemed in order. I swept the south bank. A village lad emerged from the bush, gesticulating madly. We pulled over and found we were at the village of Taiak. They invited us to their huts, gave us the Cook's tour of their tidy compound, and tried out their pidgin on us. A group of women washing at the riverside, amidst screeches, scattered, re-emerging, blushing, covered.

I asked about the river down-

stream. The villagers said the rapids got worse. And they were right. A kilometre later we entered a spuming maze with a dozen churning channels littered with house-size boulders. We thrashed from tube to tube, swashed and tumbled. A washing machine world. We were tossed out at the other end, giggling like kids. On a sunny, summer Sunday in the US, on a good run more than two hundred boats may be vying for space on the water. Wall to wall rubber. About as much of a pristine wilderness experience as 5pm freeway traffic. On the Watut there was no question — we were alone.

We camped in a small clearing, cut from a jungle-tressed ledge above the river's high water mark. Apparently the volume of the river can change radically in a few hours with rainstorms far upstream. We feasted on a Dutch Oven Creole tripe casserole, created by the expedition's gourmet cook, John Yost, and capped the evening with hot butter-scotch pudding.

The clouds in highland Papua New Guinea are capricious. They're





ever-present, ever-changing. Next morning the clouds, like fluffy kittens, pawed and played with the pandanus trees, 1,000 metres above us at the canyon's rim.

We breakfasted on freshly-caught catfish and buckwheat pancakes. Then it was downstream for more action. In a weak moment, caught in a back eddy behind a boulder, I asked Jim Slade, the expedition leader, if whirlpools on the river ran counterclockwise in the southern hemisphere. He cocked his head raising an amused eyebrow. I chose not to pursue the matter.

The rapids kept coming; the adrenaline kept running. But other things raised pulse rates, too. One was when we screeched around a bend and almost collided with a crocodile snoozing in the shallows. The three metre reptile was as frightened of us as we were of him. As we crowded to the centre of the raft, just to be safe, he slipped into the deep.

Another heartstopper. We drifted too close to shore and were crashing through overhanging bush when a crocodile spilled from a high branch

right at my feet. I almost leapt out but he beat me to it. Actually, it turned out, he wasn't a croc but a big lizard, common along Papua New Guinea rivers. He's the source of rumours that circulated in the 1700s that New Guinea harboured the world's only tree-climbing crocodile.

We passed under a number of vine bridges, supported by bamboo poles and woven in complex lattice designs. Masterfully crafted but no signs of their builders or users. The gorge narrowed. It was steep, ominous, only a sliver of sky above. No doubt we were seen without seeing for much of the journey.

The birdlife improved as the river flowed. Hornbills, lorikeets, golden herons, kingfishers, multi-hued parrots, darters (which swim under water to catch a fish dinner), sea eagles, and the largest pigeon in the world. Just above one particularly forbidding rapid the sky suddenly blackened as hundreds of flying foxes (members of the bat family) crossed the canyon.

One afternoon, after an exhilarating set of rapids, we pulled into a

tiny cove on the north bank. I started to untie the duffie to pull out bread for lunch when someone let loose an audible gasp. I looked up. One of the most beautiful waterfalls I've ever faced was spilling its 100-metre veil, just a stone's throw up a tributary creek. The top of the fall spat over a rock lip in a parachute arc. Sparkling rivulets streamed to earth resembling hundreds of nylon-white canopy support strings. Never have I scrubbed behind the ears in a more exotic setting.

On the fifth day we came to a quaint community called Wowas. We were treated like celebrities, presented with trays of ripe pawpaws, bananas and coconuts. For dessert they offered us betel nuts, their most prized snack (mild stimulant). After the feast it was our turn to entertain. We gave a concert with harmonicas and kazoos. They were all swinging and stomping like junior highers at the hop.

Time came to leave and we waded through wide-eyed children and semi-wild pigs back to the boats. One ancient member of the clan





wobbled up to us as we were about to embark and asked: 'Mi laik draivim bikpela kanu bilong yu?'

How could we refuse? He clambered aboard, we spun out to the current. He tittered and chattered as the entire village followed their elder eccentric along the banks. Some kids began pounding drums. The cicadas started up in a raucous chorus, like special effects in a sci-fi film. We had trouble getting the old man off the boat. Every time we

got close to shore he creased his brow and motioned us back to midstream. Finally, three kilometres downstream, with stern insistence, we got him off. He gave us a happy, hearty wave and we sailed on.

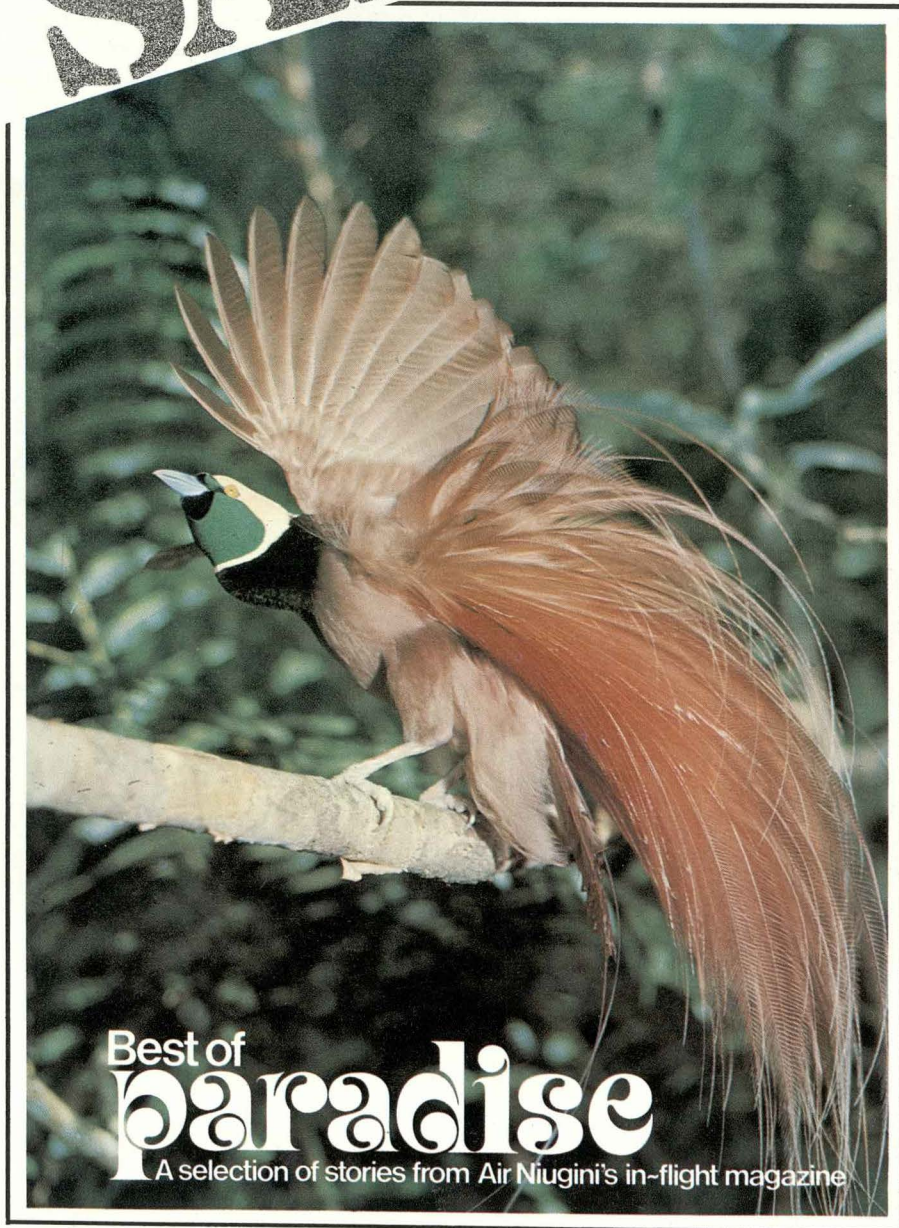
On the final day we merged with the Markham River, a major waterway with 10 times the volume of the Watut. We were closing in on civilisation. We passed a few dugout canoes, waving cross masts with trimmed sails. The current, though, was too

swift for just wind power so several crew members were wading in the knee-deep water, pushing and dragging the canoes upstream.

At dusk we pulled into Lae, the second largest city in Papua New Guinea. With regrets we piled ourselves and equipment in the back of a pickup and trundled off to our hotel. A hot shower sounded nice, but river running in Papua New Guinea provided thrills, sensations and satisfactions no hotel could ever match. — *Richard Bangs is an American journalist living in California.*



# ON SALE NOW



It's the book readers asked us to publish. **Best of Paradise** is a selection of stories and pictures from early issues of **Paradise** magazine. It's on sale now at leading book-stores in Papua New Guinea for just K6.95. Or you can order your copy by mail, from Robert Brown and Associates, PO Box 3395, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea (add K1.00 for postage).



# The Real Hong Kong is around the Plaza.

A 30-storey first class international hotel. Around it – Chinese markets, junks, sampans, nightclubs, bars, floorshows, Japanese department stores and Chinese emporiums, horse racing, a yacht club, squash, tennis, swimming, American hamburgers and Indonesian satay and the flavours of every

country in Asia . . . Only 15 minutes from the airport. 10 minutes from the Central business district. But right in the heart of the bright lights, the colour and the excitement of the real Hong Kong. 850 rooms, 10 function rooms, 4 restaurants, a discotheque and service that's unlimited.



For reservations call any JAL office in the world. In Australia call Ambassador Express, Tel. 212-2482 Sydney.

# PLAZA

**HOTEL PLAZA**  
HONGKONG

Tel: 5-791021  
Telex: 75343 PLAZA HX  
Cable: "HOTELPLAZA"





Change is coming to the Gogol valley, inland from Madang on Papua New Guinea's north coast. Some say it is coming too quickly. In the midst of things are the people who live in and around Sehan village. Their tradition is gardening and hunting. The clear-felling of tropical hardwoods around Sehan for trucking to a wood chip mill at Madang is having a drastic effect on Sehan lifestyle. Recently a group of scientists were invited to Sehan so that the people would have an opportunity to tell them how their lives were being changed. While in Sehan, the scientists heard the story of Fipi, a great *masalai* (ancestor spirit) and saw a dance invented by Fipi which, until recently, had only once been seen by a woman and rarely by outsiders. Professor Colin De'Ath, who has been researching the impact of clear-felling in the Gogol valley, recorded the story of Fipi as told by Gamanak, a village elder. Brian Mennis took the pictures.

*'Long taim bipo, wanpela man, nam bilongen Fipi, istap long wanpela ples longwe liklik long Sehan . . .*

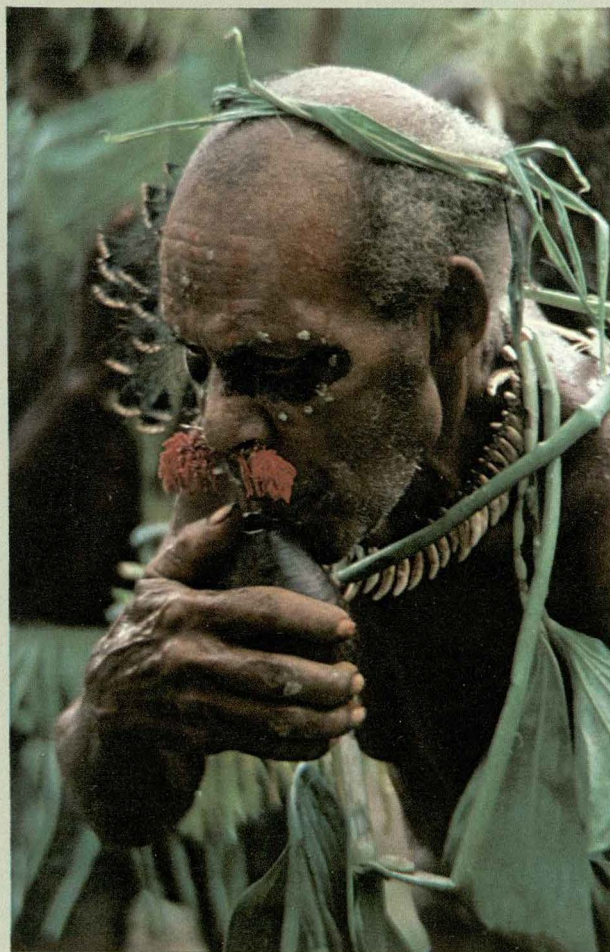
A long time ago, a man whose name was Fipi, lived near Sehan. He had a garden and slept in a small house. Near his house were some bamboos. Many times Fipi heard sounds coming from inside the bamboo clump. One day he cut down one of the green bamboo poles. When the pole fell, Fipi opened his mouth like a frog and put the open end of the pole in it. There was a *masalai* in the bamboo by the name of Karus. Karus went through the bamboo pole into Fipi's stomach.

'Later that night, when Fipi was sleeping, his stomach swelled up and, in the morning, when he awoke, it was very painful. Fipi vomited and a whole lot of small frogs came out of his mouth. They jumped everywhere and then started to croak. But it was really Karus singing. Fipi liked their music very much and wondered for a long time how he could sing like them.

'Eventually he took a small whole coconut shell and bored two holes in it, one in the top and one in the side. By blowing on the top hole of this new kind of flute he could make one kind of frog-like note. By blowing again, but this time covering the second hole with his finger, he was able to make a different note. The sound was very good but Fipi wanted his music to sound like a lot of frogs. So he asked other men to make flutes and play them and to dance like frogs with him.

'Fipi then called on his clan to bring a lot of food together for a *singsing* dance. The young boys were gathered together and taken to the *haus tambaran* (men's spirit house) where all the decorations and the secrets of the clan were kept. Here the boys were decorated. Then the *garamut*, a big drum made from a tree-trunk, was beaten to call the people to come with food to the edge of the village. The women had to hide themselves and cover their eyes when the men and boys came for the food because they were not allowed to witness any part of the ceremony. The males went back to the *haus tambaran*, which was not far from the

village, and started to dance. The women and children heard the new frog sounds and were terrified. Later the men ate lots of good food in silence. Then they started to dance again. The uneaten food was taken to the village for the women and children. Later, during the dancing, which went on all night, the young men were



Coconut shell produces frog-like note



Fipi's dance is an all male revue and rarely witnessed by women

Years of wonder explained to an old woman who watches the dance for the first time



beaten with sticks and their skin burned. In the morning they were very weak.

'The dance became very popular and any village which wanted it had to pay many pigs and other things to get it. One night in Fipi's village, when the dance was being held again, a woman dared to look at the men dancing. She told her relatives and Fipi found out. Later he arranged for the dance to be held yet again.

'This time when the people brought the food, Fipi told Buroa, the offending woman, to stay with the food. She was hidden under some old *bilum* string baskets. When the dancing men came for the food they took her back to the *haus tambaran* with them. They scornfully played with her and then cut off her head and put it in the *haus tambaran*. They cut up the rest of her body and cooked it with the pig and wild wallaby. They then ate some of her and sent food including some of her body back to the village.

'Her father and mother and relatives ate the body without knowing

what they were doing. After the feast Fipi called all of the people together and told them to listen to him. He went and got the head of Buroa and told them what he had done. He then buried the head and on top of the grave planted a *balbal* tree. He then tied a sacred *tanket* leaf and told the people that this was the last time they would eat human flesh. Whenever people see the *balbal* tree they remember Fipi's laws. This happened before the great fall of blue ash which killed many people and hid the story. Now only three men know it and know that whenever they want to prepare food for a good feast, have a good dance or build a *haus tambaran*, they should call Fipi's name.

'He is the strongest *masalai* and can do many things. For example he controls the red paint that people put on *buai* (betelnut) trees to warn people not to climb and steal from them. If they ignore this sign they will become cripples. During the night Fipi will take the law-breaker's spirit on a wild dance and in the

morning his body will be like a crushed pawpaw. For him to be cured he must wash his limbs with a mixture of coconut water and blood. Fipi and the offender should also drink some of this mixture. If Fipi is to be made really happy he should also eat some pig.

'Fipi can be helpful. He can help to prevent quarrels and stop children from whining and crying. He is also the *masalai* of work, of hunting and gardening. For example if a man wants to be successful at hunting he must tie a *tanket* leaf high on a tree. Fipi will cause the wind to pass over it and pull lots of game to the hunter'.



An aerial photograph of a coastal town and bay at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a golden glow over the water and the sky. The town is built on a hillside overlooking the bay, with many buildings and a large stadium-like structure. The water is calm, and several boats are visible in the bay. The sky is filled with soft, golden clouds.

# Steamships and Coral Sea

Two great names from the Pacific bid you welcome to Papua New Guinea. Steamships Trading Company Ltd and Coral Sea Travel Service. Together they offer you friendly and personalised service as warm as the tropics itself. It's waiting for you at the Lamington Hotel (Popondetta 297152), The Highlander Hotel (Mount Hagen 521355), Melanesian Hotel (Lae 423229) and the Boroko Hotel (Port Moresby 256677). Call Coral Sea Travel 214474 or 214768 to discuss your travel requirements.



**Steamships**

Members of the Steamships Trading Company Ltd. Group



# A show-off at heart

Photography: Bob Halstead

If any artist can justifiably claim to have been neglected, it is the cuttlefish. However, it has only itself to blame because the multitude of textured technicolour designs the cuttlefish creates on its body are intended to help hide itself from the world.

At least, that is the theory. But I'm beginning to suspect that this magician of the reef, with its quick change body paintings, knows when it has an appreciative audience. In fact, at heart, it's probably something of an exhibitionist.

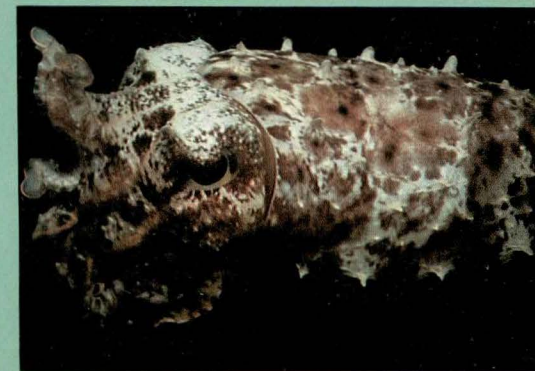
On visiting a new reef, divers find it hard to spot cuttlefish because, with their disguise, they blend in with the surroundings. Shape, patterns and colours are immaculately arranged as they crinkle up their skins when among soft corals or they make themselves silky smooth when on sand.

However, some particular friends of mine, resident at my favourite dive sites, now seem to deliberately change their decorations so that they stand out against their backgrounds.

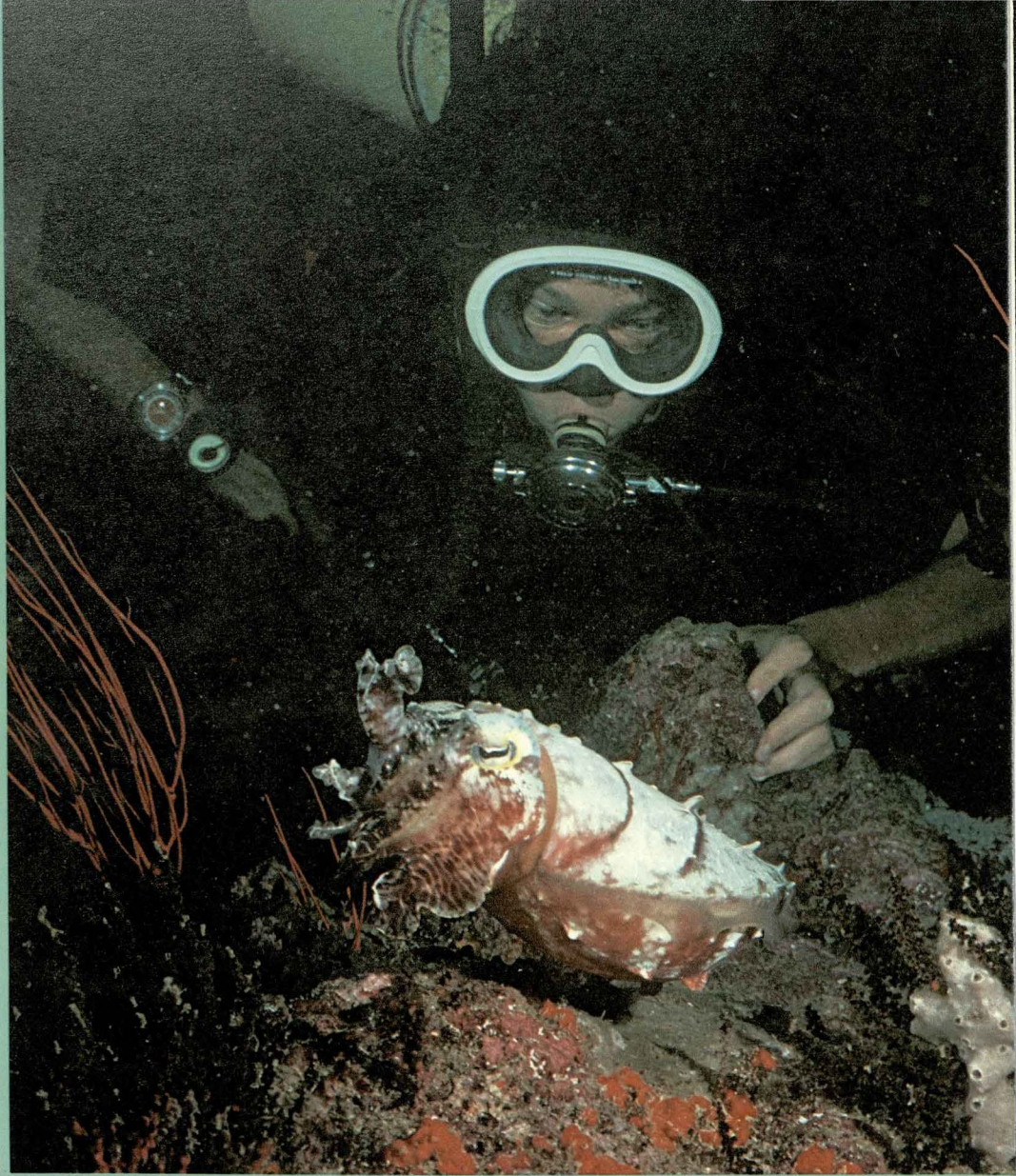
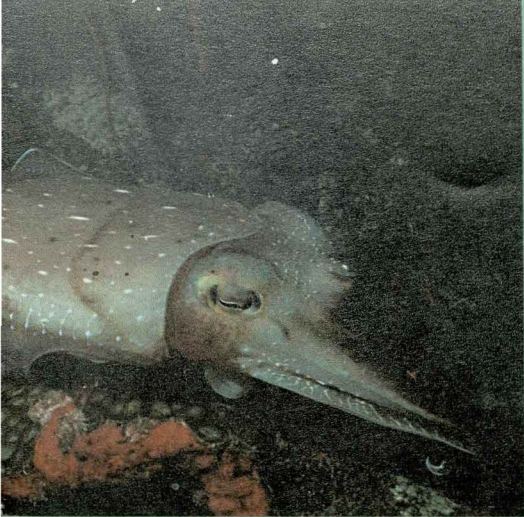
Approached gently, one cuttlefish in particular allows its back to be stroked, its body a-shiver with glimmering colours. A second hand gently tickling its tummy produces what appears to be ecstasy as it blinks its remarkable eyes and flushes with excitement.

But a clumsy movement will be greeted with contempt and then, instead of a delicate undulation of its frilly fins, the jet system will come into operation and, with a super boost, the cuttlefish will flash away, pumping water furiously.

This strange but beautiful mollusc is common among the corals of Papua New Guinea's magnificent tropical reefs. Take a stroll along any beach and you will find its skeleton, washed up by tide and wind. These bones are often collected for pet budgerigars to peck on — rather a sad end for one of nature's true artists. Much better that you see it in all its splendour — alive among the corals.









# PEOPLE AND TOYOTA



## Buying coffee

Every day during the coffee season, buyers travel hundreds of kilometres throughout the Highlands of Papua New Guinea. From village to village — checking quality, making an offer here and there and possibly buying.

## Toyota country

From dawn to dusk over rough highlands bush tracks that demand tough vehicles. This is Toyota country. The reliability of traditional Toyota quality makes coffee buying just a little easier and more efficient.

## Wheels for the nation

You'll find Toyota performance backed by Ela Motors service and spares almost everywhere, coffee buying in the Highlands or on a coastal plantation. A family car in Port Moresby or moving timber in Rabaul.

**ELA MOTORS  
LIMITED**



**Wheels for the nation**

PT. MORESBY  
254088  
LAE  
422322

MT. HAGEN  
521888  
MADANG  
822188

RABAUL  
921988  
KIETA  
956083

WEWAK  
862255  
KIMBE  
935115

**TOYOTA**



# Nurse Maiogaru of Milne Bay

By Paul Croft

Bill Whettters lay on the beach, right arm useless, his tattered, scorched flying gear adding to the agony of the steamy tropical day. More than 12 hours had passed since he had dragged himself above the high water mark on the tiny island of Gahilama in the Killerton group on the northeastern corner of Milne Bay.

Two nights had passed since he had fought his way out of a disintegrating Kittyhawk and managed to parachute into the bay. Flying Officer Whettters' part in the August 1942 battle for Milne Bay was over.

In fact, his chances of ever again taking part in anything at all were bleak at the moment. Wavering between semi-consciousness and coma, Whettters may have occasionally realised that not only was he seriously wounded; he was now behind enemy lines.

Gahilama is too small to support a village community but for many years people from the nearby village of Divinai had used the island to rear pigs and, from time to time, to collect coconuts. They also visited it to fish over the surrounding coral reef. It was two fishermen who spotted Whettters on the beach and took their news to the medical hut at Divinai.

In the hut was Maiogaru Gimuleia, known for miles around as a highly competent, no-nonsense nurse. War had come to Milne Bay. Cannon fire and exploding bombs reverberated through the mountains and echoed to and fro across the bay. But it was a war between Australians and Japanese. What had it to do with the people of Divinai? War or no war, people still suffered their usual aches and pains, cuts and bruises. And for Maiogaru it was business as usual.

The Japanese had already pushed into Milne Bay. Divinai was becoming subject to Japanese patrols. The danger to herself and fellow villagers, should she extend a helping hand to an injured Australian, was enormous. Yet Maiogaru knew her duty as a mission nurse. Whoever it was, she had to help. But it took Maiogaru some time before she persuaded a number of men to abandon a hunting trip and paddle out to bring Whettters in from Gahilama.

Maiogaru Gimuleia was born before the turn of the century. She was near middle-age when she trained as a nurse at the Kwato mission hospital near Samarai, due south across the bay and through the China Strait.

Maiogaru had little formal education and her command of English was patchy. But she was a natural nurse, dedicated to her work and determined not to let the war get in the way of her doing what she knew to be the right thing.

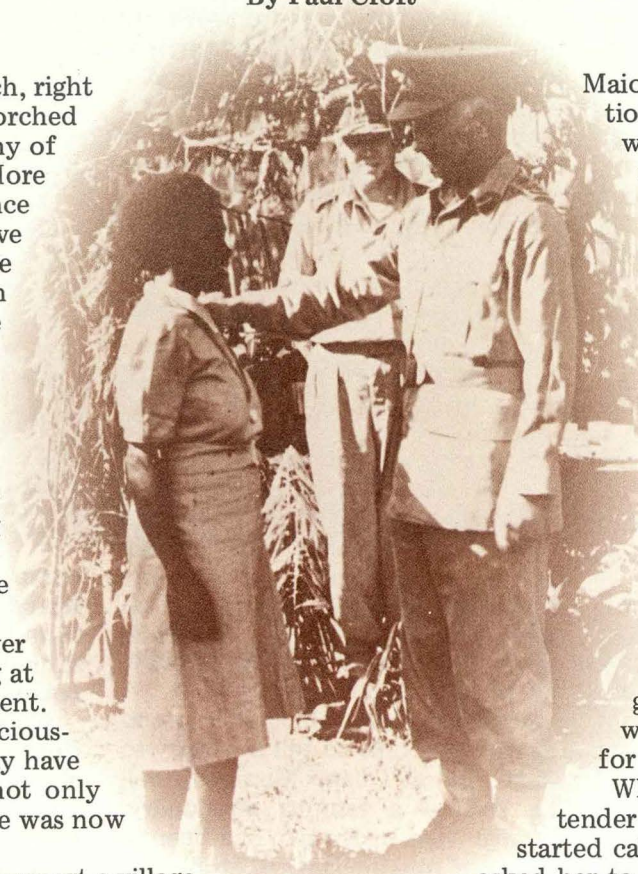
When they brought Whettters into Divinai she put him into her own home. Working with limited medical supplies she cleaned the extensive burns on the pilot's body and shaved his beard off. Whettters was in great pain, hardly able to bear having his blistered skin touched. But exhaustion left him unable to resist. Maiogaru applied tannic acid jelly and gauze and bandaged Whettters' wounds. This became the routine for the next seven days.

Whettters soon warmed to the tender care of his Papuan nurse. He started calling her 'Mummy' and at night asked her to pray for him before he went to sleep. Maiogaru knew that no matter how well she nursed him, Whettters was not going to recover without the expertise of a doctor and the resources of a hospital. The danger to the village was also intensifying. The Japanese were stepping up patrols.

So, as she slowly built up her patient's strength, Maiogaru began to consider escape plans, simultaneously evolving an elaborate warning system to protect Whettters while he remained in the village. Five village men volunteered to keep watch and warn of the daily Japanese patrols which passed through Divinai on their way to East Cape. When the patrol drew near the alarm would be given and Whettters would be taken into the jungle until the danger had passed.

Then Maiogaru decided the time had come to ship Whettters across to the south side of the bay which had not been occupied by the Japanese. But, as she was taking him to the canoe, a Japanese patrol took them by surprise and Whettters was hidden just in the nick of time.

Obviously something more elaborate was required. Maiogaru first asked Whettters to write a letter to Alfred Coleman, an Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (Angau) officer who managed a sawmill and a plantation at Labelabe on the south side of Milne Bay. A villager paddled the 20 kilometres across the bay and delivered the note to Coleman. The Angau officer relayed the news to the Royal Australian Air





Force, which was still at Gurney up the bay, that Whettters, who had been reported missing believed killed, was alive but in need of rescue and medical treatment. Coleman then sent a large canoe with a powerful man on the paddle to Divinai to pick up Whettters.

Maiogaru's part in the rescue of Whettters might have ended there. She owed him nothing and the whole village had exposed itself to risk which it need not have taken. But this brave nurse decided to travel with Whettters across the bay. It seemed she was determined to place him in safe hands before abandoning her part in his recovery.

When she was sure the coast was clear, Maiogaru had Whettters taken to the canoe and wrapped in a blanket. As he lay in the bottom of the canoe she covered him with a pandanus palm mat and baskets of vegetables. Whettters probably was still vague about what was happening to him. For the past couple of days his injuries had been aggravated by heavy bouts of malaria which Maiogaru had helped to alleviate with limited supplies of quinine and aspirin.

The direct route from Divinai to Labelabe was regarded as too long and too exposed to the elements for Whettters to survive the trip so, with Maiogaru helping to paddle, the canoe made its way westward along the north side of the bay to Wutunou village, close to the Japanese headquarters at Ahiona. By the time they reached Wutunou the sea had become far too rough for a crossing attempt so the trio headed for Maniana, an islet within calling distance of the coast. By morning the sea had calmed enough for a crossing. A Japanese patrol saw

Maiogaru and the Labelabe man paddling south west across the bay but gave them no more than a glance, presumably taking them for a couple of harmless villagers on a trading voyage.

The crossing was hard work but uneventful. When the canoe arrived just on dark there was a big welcome awaiting it. Whettters was taken to Coleman's house. He owed his life to the courage of the people of Divinai and especially to the tenacity of one selfless woman.

Maiogaru was asked what she would like in return for her devotion to Whettters. Her requests were modest: nurses' dress material, sunglasses, a raincoat, a warm cardigan and a bicycle, all items which she believed would make her a more efficient nurse.

The next day a small coastal lugger, the *Giligili*, commandeered by the military from one of the plantations, arrived and took Whettters to Gurney where he was placed on board the hospital ship *Manunda* which stayed in Milne Bay throughout the fighting.

Maiogaru then walked 30 kilometres into the hills to tell her story to Cecil Abel at Duabo Mission. Abel, the son of a famous missionary, Charles Abel of Kwato, had been in charge of mission staff in Milne Bay and was, at the time of Maiogaru's visit, playing a major role in helping to evacuate wounded soldiers. After returning to Labelabe, Maiogaru was taken back to Divinai where she continued to serve the villagers.

After the Japanese were pushed out of Milne Bay, Maiogaru's requests were not forgotten. Whettters, well on the road to recovery, sent everything she had asked for. The RAAF had to search for her for a

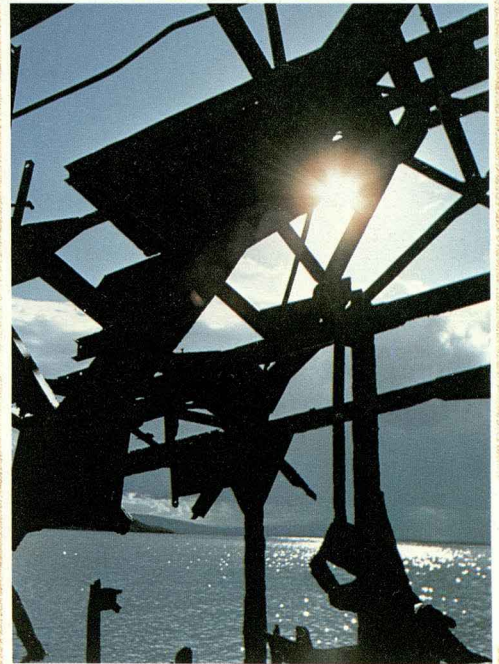
while because she had been transferred from Divinai. But when they found her, Whettters' gifts were personally handed to her by RAAF personnel.

Toward the end of the war, at a full military ceremony attended by about 3,000 Milne Bay people, Maiogaru was presented with the Loyal Service Medallion consisting of a large silver medal and a heavy silver chain. Her fame spread throughout the province. Even now a visitor is not long in Milne Bay Province before hearing of Maiogaru's bravery.

Today, this devoted nurse, lives with her proud family at Maiwara village near the Gurney airfield, one of Papua New Guinea's living legends. — *Paul Croft is planning officer for the PNG Office of Tourism.*



*Australian War Memorial  
photograph of Kittyhawks at  
Milne Bay painted by  
W.A. Dargie;  
Below: Rust in peace*





# "This truck makes sense."



Mercedes-Benz trucks make sense anywhere. Throughout the world you'll find Mercedes on the move. Highlands Henene, a Papua New Guinean company operating on the rugged Highlands Highway insisted on reliability, proven quality and readily available spares back-up for their fleet. The logical choice was Mercedes. With their fleet of 8 trucks they move everything from fertiliser to fuel oil, under some of the toughest conditions anywhere in the world. Mercedes - making sense - world wide.

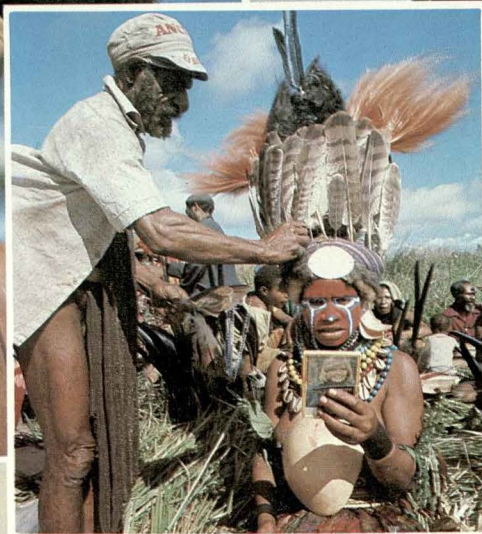
Distributed throughout Papua New Guinea by

**BREWO MOTORS Pty. Ltd**

Head office Port Moresby - Tel 25 2477 - Telex 22165  
Lae - Tel: 42 2164 - Telex 42542 - Rabaul - Tel: 92 2266







# Melpa Mokas

Traditional dancing — better known by the pidgin expression *singsing* — is popular Papua New Guinea-wide. But, for some reason — perhaps because of the fame of the Mount Hagen Show — when the tourist conjures in his mind's eye the image of tribal dancing, it is probably that of the Melpa-speaking people who live around this Western Highlands provincial capital.

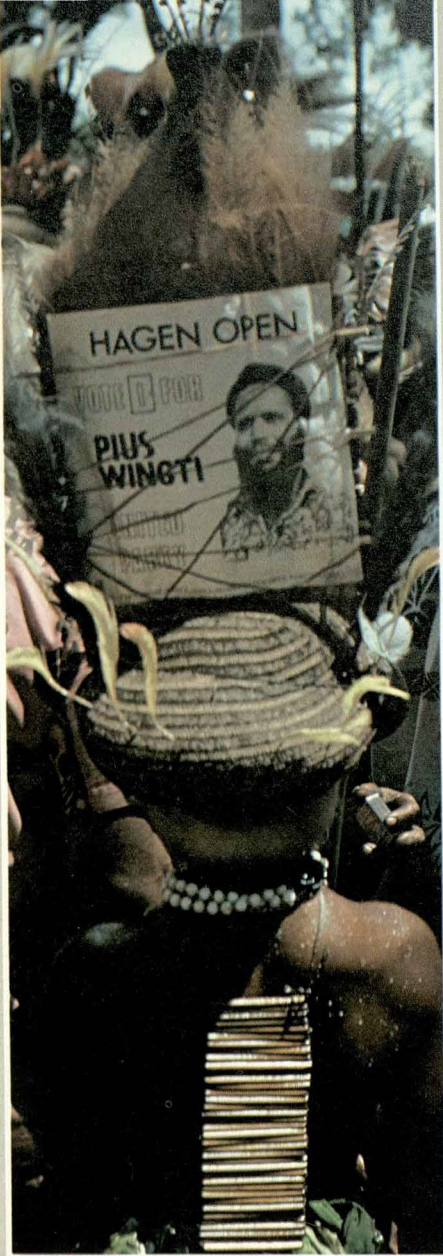
The most striking element about a Melpa dance — but not the most colourful — is the swish of a line of warriors' 'aprons' as they ripple smoothly from one end of the line to the other. The aprons, made of fibres and hung in grey and white stripes, sweep down from the waist to ground. They are held in place by bark or woven belts through

which, sometimes, are hung Hagen axes, usually slung across the right hip.

The men's bodies are highly oiled — sometimes by traditional greases, more often now by petroleum jelly or similar ointments. From their necks hang kina shells; ropes of 'moka' which indicate how much they have given away, thus measuring their 'big man' status in the community; and chokers of bright beads. Woven armlets may ring the upper arms.

Charcoal, used to blacken faces, dramatises the patterned lines drawn in reds, blues and yellows. On the forehead a band of small cowrie shells may be worn and on top of the head is a giant horned wig of human hair into which is planted a





frame holding a brilliant array of feathers.

This crowning glory can comprise a variety of plumage: the feathers of the King of Saxony and red birds of paradise, of parrots and even the domestic chicken.

As the men stand in line, they hold, alternately, a spear or a *kundu* (a drum made from a hollowed log with a reptile skin stretched over the wide end).

The women are painted in even brighter colours, their faces red or yellow masks with blue patterns drawn over them. Around their necks are piles of beads while eagle feathers are usually included in their headdresses. These may be mixed with the feathers of the red parrot or Goura (crowned) pigeon and often all are topped with the feathers

of the red bird of paradise. Pleated leaves make up their skirts and are dangled from their armbands. Ferns and other plants may be used for extra decoration.

Young boys often will dance alongside their fathers or uncles, their faces decorated with brightly-coloured zigzag patterns.

In contrast to the frontal view and the magnificent headdresses, the rear view of the men reveals relatively simple attire. They hang branches from their belts to cover their buttocks.

Papua New Guinea's highlanders are renowned for their ability to cope with change and to initiate change themselves. In a simple way, this is reflected in their *singsing* regalia. It is not uncommon to see such items as old playing cards,

postcards, cigarette packets, all worked into their headdresses, adding to the colour.

One man included in his headdress a portion of a poster of the Papua New Guinea Government's eight stated aims, while a young man, probably unwittingly, added a political bias to his make-up by wearing in his headdress a campaign poster of a candidate in the 1977 general election.



In Manila, the action starts at the lobby of the Century Park Sheraton. Imagine exotic tropical birds, a waterfall, full-grown trees, a band playing, a sidewalk cafe... right in a one-acre, six-storey-high Atrium lobby!

If you think that's something, wait till you see our eight great restaurants and lounges. Or our ultra-modern convention facilities. Or our efficient secretarial services. Or our 510 extra-large guest rooms.

Take a five-minute walk and discover night life at noon in rows of entertainment clubs. A 6000-capacity convention center. And all the bargain shopping you want in a vast, air-conditioned shopping complex right next door.

Century Park Sheraton. It's right where it's happening in Manila.



# Get to where it's happening in Manila!

**For reservations, call your travel agent  
or the nearest Sheraton hotel.**



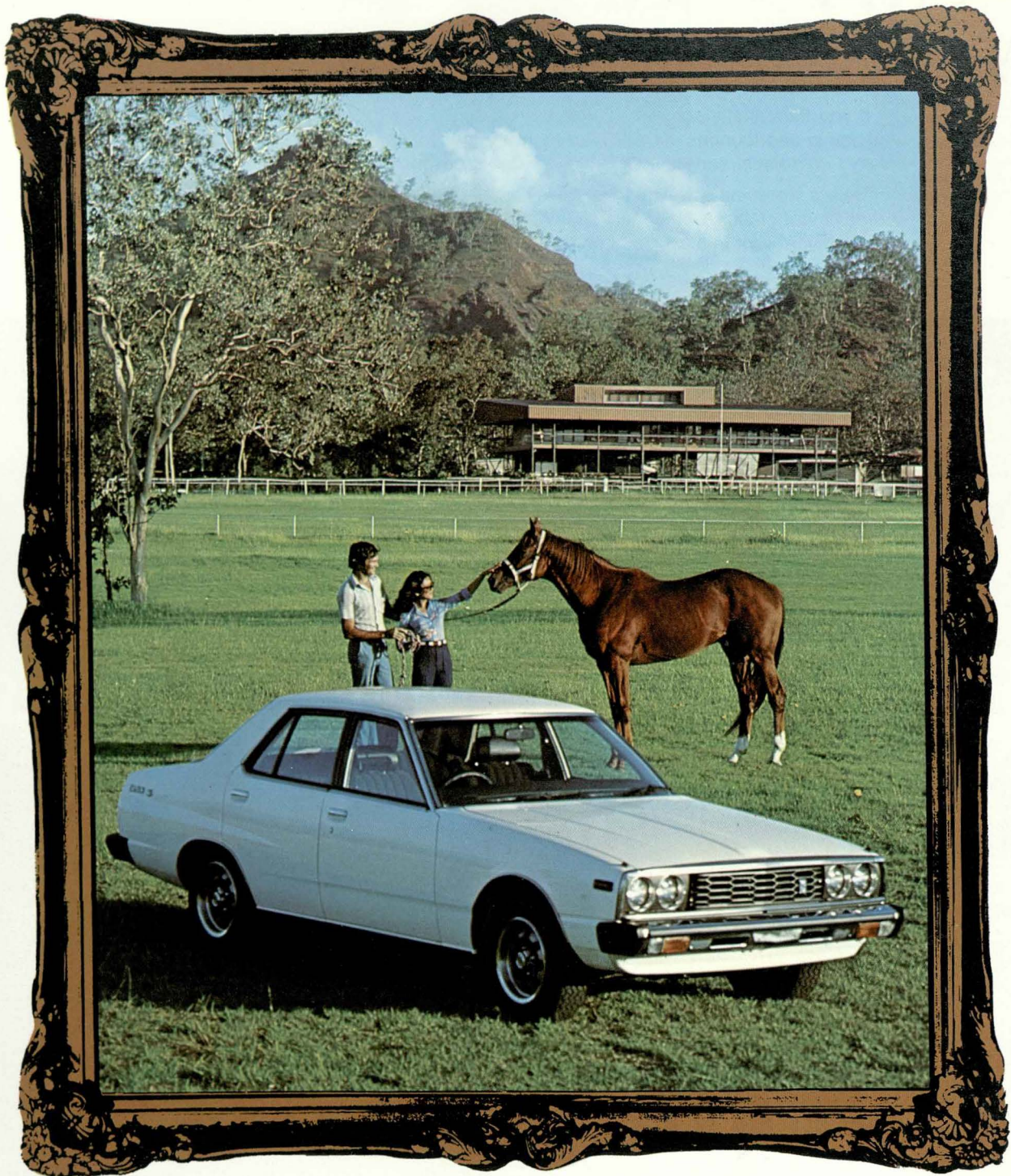
**Century Park Sheraton**

SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS. WORLDWIDE

Vito Cruz cor. M. Adriatico, Malate, Manila Tel No. 50-60-41 • 59-60-41  
Cable: CENPARK Manila, Philippines Telex: CPH-7791 (Manila - PH)

Operated by ANA Hotels





**DATSUN thoroughbreds  
from BOROKO MOTORS**



Hubert Murray Highway PO Box 1259 Boroko Telephone 255255





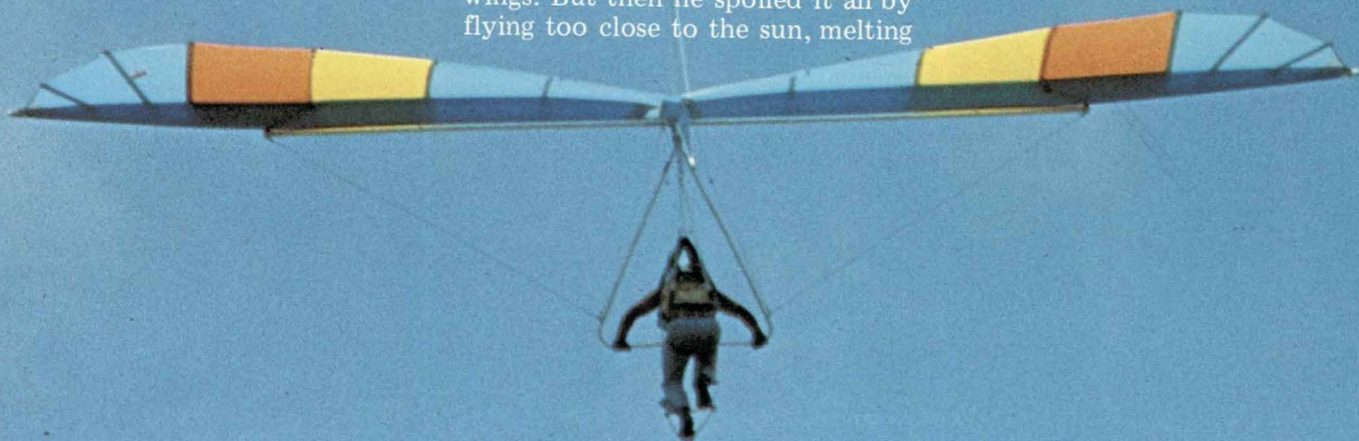
# Free as a bird



Photography: Jim Fenwick

A bird flaps its wings to fly. But, for thousands of years, man flapped his arms — usually wrapped in gadgets resembling avian appendages — and scarcely got off the ground. Even when he did, descent was usually direct, frequently disastrous.

Myth has it that Icarus — when fleeing from King Minos of Crete, with his father Daedalus — got off the ground with the help of wax wings. But then he spoiled it all by flying too close to the sun, melting





his wings and plunging to a watery grave in the Mediterranean on the way to Sicily.

It was not until the invention of the balloon in the eighteenth century that man managed to get over his desire to flap. With this obsession out of the way he was at last able to appraise the possibility of flight through more scientific eyes. In 1825 a short flight was made in a heavier-than-air machine which could be described as a crude forerunner to the hang-glider. Later that century many and varied types of glider were made around the world and gliding became the rage.

But with the Wright brothers' first man-carrying powered aeroplane flight in 1903, the forerunners to the hang-gliders of the 1970s were virtually forgotten. Nearly half a century was to pass before a US National Aeronautics and Space

Administration engineer, Francis Rogalle, developed a 'sailing wing' which could be used to carry big payloads and dropped from high altitude. The 'sailing wing', which was being used experimentally by the US government in the early sixties, awakened the world once again to hang-gliding.

While the 'sailing wing' was being developed for more serious reasons in the US, an Australian engineer, John Dickenson, was developing a delta-winged kite adapted for towing

behind a power boat. It was not long before Dickenson was releasing his kite from the tow rope and allowing it to be brought back to the water in free flight. Australia was on the brink of a sport which today boasts 10,000 active flyers and many thousands more earth-bound enthusiasts.

Followers flock to the Australian coastline at weekends to watch hang-glider 'pilots' leap off the sheer cliffs, a feature of much of Australia's coastline. Man today is so close to his dream to fly free as a bird. He stands on the cliff top, awaiting a gust of wind. About him is a metal frame and a sailcloth. Once launched, he is up and away — sometimes for only minutes, sometimes for hours, depending on his skills and luck. He can soar, and glide, and hover, and bank, and dive. It's the 'ultimate freedom' says a Queensland enthusiast.

But hang-gliding is not just a matter of going over the edge and finding a friendly thermal. There's danger — particularly for the inexperienced.





Deaths have been recorded in several parts of Australia. Experienced flyers will admit to the danger but they claim it need not be a hazardous sport as long as all the rules are obeyed and as long as the hang-glider is not asked to do more than it is designed to do.

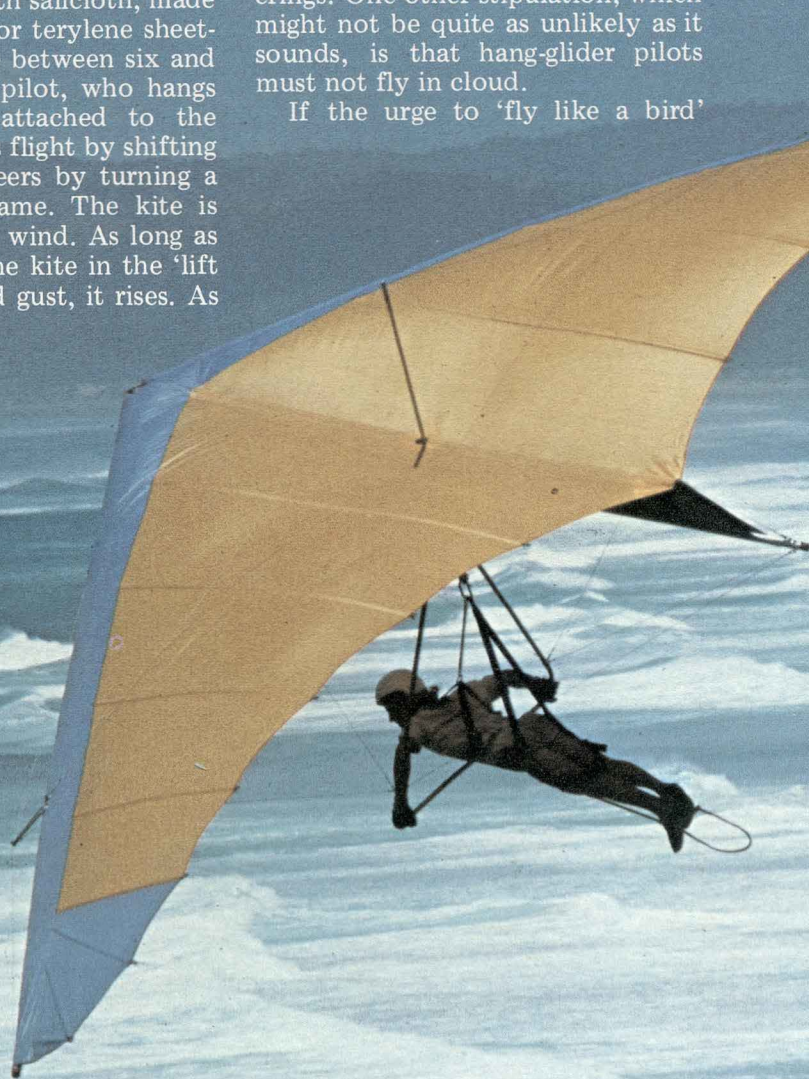
The hang-gliding kite is not a complicated piece of equipment. They have basic tubular aluminium frames covered with sailcloth, made usually of plastic or terylene sheeting. Wingspans are between six and nine metres. The pilot, who hangs from a harness attached to the frame, controls his flight by shifting his weight and steers by turning a bar below the frame. The kite is launched into the wind. As long as the pilot keeps the kite in the 'lift band' of the wind, it rises. As

soon as he is out of it the kite starts to fall.

The Australian Government in 1975 introduced a code designed to protect other airspace users, the public and the kite-flyers from themselves. Regulations stipulate that hang-glider kites cannot be flown within controlled airspace, over built-up areas, or, without written permission, over public gatherings. One other stipulation, which might not be quite as unlikely as it sounds, is that hang-glider pilots must not fly in cloud.

If the urge to 'fly like a bird'

grabs you on your next visit to Australia and you find a hang-glider kite handy, take the opportunity to go aloft. But first seek expert advice available from one of the many clubs now established in Australia. Even better for starters, while they've still got their feet firmly on the ground, is for them to read Glenn Woodward's *Hang-gliding — catching the wind*.







# Cathay Pacific is at the heart of Asia.

## 218 flights a week through Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is the heart of Asia. A vitally active community that embraces all of Asia. An economy that has grown phenomenally in recent history. A place that is as alive at night as it is by day. Cathay Pacific is the airline of Hong Kong. To and from this communications hub of Asia, we fly more often than any other airline. And when you fly with us, you will savour the vital and cosmopolitan character of Hong Kong, for the people who care for you come from nine of the different countries we serve.

Cathay Pacific is Hong Kong.

Cathay Pacific. From the heart of Asia.

Hong Kong's discovery airline  
**CATHAY PACIFIC**   
The Swire Group





# Pick a Pot

Photography: Bob Halstead

The islands which make up the Amphlett group in the Solomon Sea are in sharp contrast to their better-known neighbours 50 kilometres to the north, the Trobriand Islands. Whereas the Trobriands are of low-lying coral, the Amphletts are the tips of mountain peaks, rising sheer from the depths, a consequence of long past volcanic upheaval.

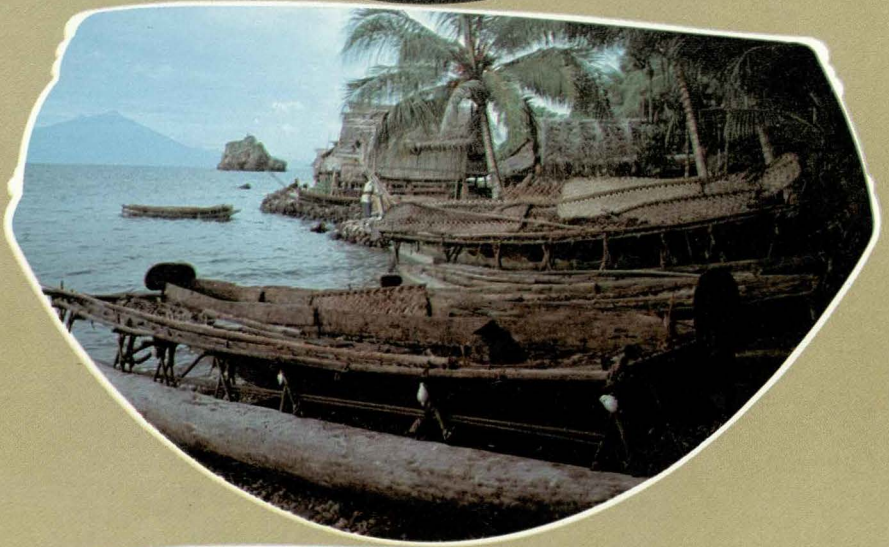
There are no airstrips in the Amphletts, making them accessible only by sea. And, because the slopes are just as steep beneath the water as above, visiting vessels have to come close in before they can gain an anchor-hold on the coral shelves just off the narrow strips of land on which the islanders have built their villages.

Thick bush hugs the slopes which sweep upward immediately behind the villages. This breathtaking effect, plus the soothing image of coconut palms along the shore, gives the visitor an insight to why these people are content with their quiet way of life, well off the beaten track.

The Amphlett islanders, in days gone by, won themselves a special respect in the eyes of passing traders. While people from other islands in the region would usually offer items such as carvings, chicken and fruit, the people of the Amphlett group earned a reputation as skilled potters.

When we called in to Gumawa village on Urasi island we had barely dropped anchor before the islanders had loaded up their canoes and paddled out to greet us. A visiting vessel causes great excitement — visitors are rare. Villagers race around gathering pots — new and old.

Soon our boat was surrounded by canoes and the trading began. The traveller who brings tobacco is particularly popular. It can be traded for pots. However villagers are also ready to sell a wide range of pots from







as little as K2 to a maximum of K10.

As is found in many out-of-the-way places in Papua New Guinea, where trade continues to play a vital role in everyday life, the people of Gumawa are most insistent that the price paid is a fair one. A striking example of the islanders' determination to give a fair deal came on my last trip to Gumawa. The captain of the boat asked a family if they would be willing to sell a tame sea eagle. Yes, they were quite happy to sell it, they said. The captain, who wanted the bird as a present for his wife, offered K5. 'Too much, too much,' was the embarrassed response. The most they would accept was K2 and even then they threw in a basket of limes with the bird.

The pots are not just souvenirs. They are the real thing. Some offered for sale might even have had the morning meal cooked in them. These, being of proven quality, are especially sought after.

Though used for cooking, they are

painstakingly and proudly worked, and then decorated with simple but very appealing traditional designs. The clay varies in colour, ranging from light brown to black. Used with care, these delicate pots will last for years.

The Milne Bay Province, in which the Amphlett group lies, is renowned for the friendliness and generosity of its people. The people of the Amphlett group are no exception. The warm welcome into their homes is overwhelming. The children, many of whom have learned English in primary school, usually act as guides and interpreters.

With the recent improvement in air services from Port Moresby to the nearby Trobriand Islands, a visit to the Amphlett group is now much easier to arrange, even if it is only for a few hours. You'll come back feeling at peace with the world after sampling an Amphlett Islands welcome. — *Bob Halstead is a diving instructor with Tropical Diving Adventures.*





# San Mig



## An International Favourite.



In 54 countries around the world San Mig is available for the traveller. Whether San Mig comes from our brewery in Port Moresby, Manila, Jakarta, Hong Kong or Spain, its quality never varies. A truly international beverage.





# Australia is holiday country.



## And that makes it our country!

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

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

**ANSETT**  
AIRLINES OF AUSTRALIA