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Tel/Fax: (61) 7 55 200101 Email: pixie@onthenet.com.au

Publisher: Sir Mekere Morauta
Editor: Roslyn Morauta
Production: Dianne McInnes
Editorial Board Member:
Eva Arni (Air Niugini)

Contact the Port Moresby office for:
Subscriptions:
Marie Manumanua

(675) 3212163 Advertising:

Mona Weana (675) 3212163

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- 3 OIL INDUSTRY Ripples on Lake Kutubu
- 7 HAUS POROMAN Nine kilometres from Mt Hagen
- 9 ISLAND RESPITE On Loloata
- 13 BOOK REVIEW Body Art
- 19 THE LITTLE THINGS OF WAR Tales of a different time
- 25 CREATIVE WRITING Smugglers' Night Out
- 27 LOCAL GOURMET FOOD Cassava
- 28 COFFEE FESTIVAL In Goroka
- 35 THE KARAWARI RIVER
 One leg of a round-the-world trip
- 38 JACK OF THE MOUNTAIN Climbing Mt Wilhelm
- 42 **DESTINATION**In search of old Manila
- 45 35,000 YEARS IN NEW IRELAND Archaeological research
- **48 GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN**Australian airmen rest in peace
- 51 TROPICAL GARDEN SHOW Cairns and Lae
- 53 MUSEUM NEWS
 Gulf artefacts

ON BOARD

	ON DOARD		
16	Inflight	44	Have Fun!
31	Air Niugini Fleet	57	Audio Entertainme
32	Domestic Route Map	59	Films

33 International Route Map 60 Duty Free Shopping
 34 Air Niugini Offices 64 Tourist Information

Cover: Double rainbow seen from Loloata Island Photograph: Mary Jonilonis



Welcome aboard

The winds of change are blowing on Air Niugini. The airline is aggressively adopting new strategies to develop market share and to-boost the number of tourists coming to Papua New Guinea.

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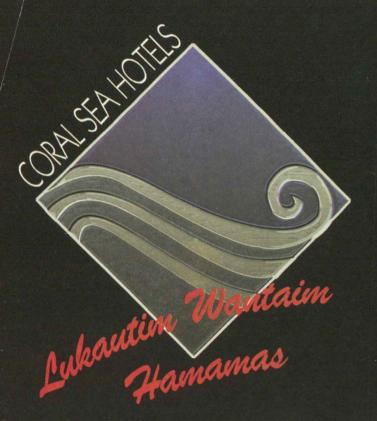
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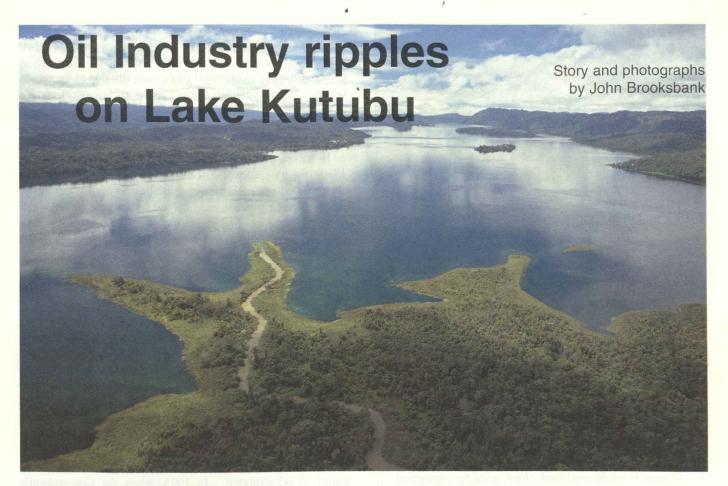
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glorious lake ... set like a jewel in the midst of this terrible country ...' were the words of the first European to see Kutubu — Jack Hides, patrol officer of the Papuan colonial administration.

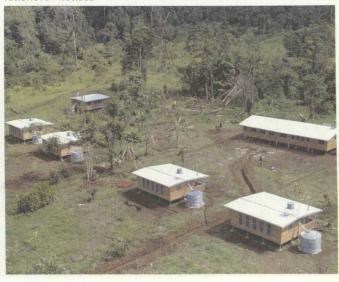
It was early February 1936. Hides was with Ivan Champion and James Taylor peering through the windows of a single engine Junkers W34 of Guinea Airways, piloted by the experienced Bob Gurney. They had set out from the Mogei airstrip at Mt Hagen in order to see the country that Jack Hides and Jim O'Malley had recently walked over in their epic Strickland-Purari patrol. In a few hours they flew over an area it had taken the intrepid officers many months to traverse. The reconnoitring flight was also of great value to Ivan Champion, who with newly inducted patrol officer Charles Adamson, was soon to trek in on foot to see the lake.

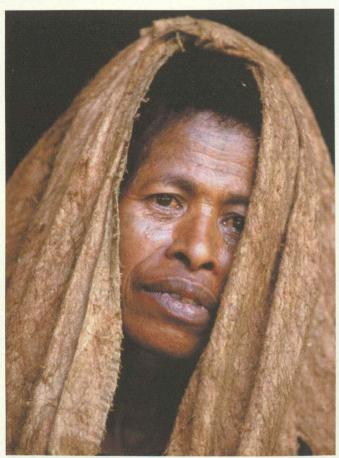
Hides named the new discovery Lake Marguerite after his wife. After leaving the Bamu River at the end of April 1936, and crossing the top of Mt Bosavi, Champion and Adamson's patrol eventually reached the shores of the lake on 21 October. They found that the local Foe people called the lake 'Kutubu', and so it has been named ever since.

From the air Lake Kutubu is a beautiful sight (photo above). Its deep turquoise blue water contrasts vividly against the dark green of jungle-clad shores. Unlike other valleys that corrugate this part of the Highlands landscape, no major river drains this feature, which has consequently filled up to create the lake. In some ways Lake Kutubu epitomises the potential risks and benefits facing many of Papua New Guinea's unique ecosystems.

Central to the traditional lives of the villagers who live on its shores, the environmental health of the lake is also core to the World Wildlife Fund (WWF) Kikori Integrated Conservation Development Programme. The WWF project area encompasses the whole of the Kikori River watershed, stretching from near Tari in Southern Highlands down to the coast of the Gulf of Papua. Their concern is that the various developments occurring in the region — including roads, logging and the petroleum industry — do not have irreversible effects on the environment and the unique biodiversity it contains.

Infrastructure benefits to the region — classrooms and teachers' houses





Foe woman in traditional bark cloak, used for protection against the heavy rain

The environment includes people. For centuries the Foe and their neighbours the Fasu lived in the fertile valleys near the lake subsisting on sago and other foods hunted or gathered from the forests. They were not gardeners — they were traders, middlemen in a complex tangle of exchange arrangements that were conduits for the interchange of goods between highlands and coastal peoples. The main commodity that they produced was digasso oil, extracted from the sap of a tree that grew adjacent to their sago swamps.

'Discovery' by the outside world did little to disturb the lake, used to land the flying boats that serviced the intermittently manned government station, set up on Tage Point on its north-western shore. The only lasting ripple from the European intrusion was the establishment of the Unevangelized Field Mission (now the Evangelical Church of Papua) by Murray Rule at Inu and Orokana villages in 1951. He worked closely with the Foe, learning their language and setting up a primary school to complement the Mission's other pastoral work.

Local villagers had always known of small oil seepages in the area. The mineral oil they extracted, called *tege* in Foe, was used as body paint in ceremonies and was an important item of trade. After fieldwork in the Kutubu area in 1955 Australasian Petroleum Company geologists John Zehnder and Keith Llewellyn identified certain surface structures thought worthy of further investigation. They named these locations after local features — Lavani, Juha, Mananda, Hedinia, Iagifu, Hides and Kutubu.

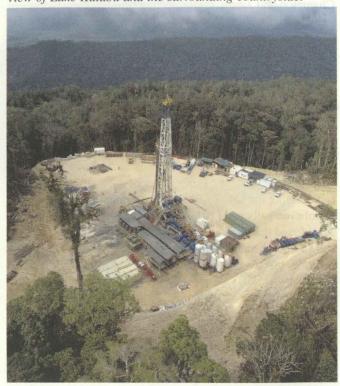
Although the geologists report stated that '... oil and gas seepages indicate the area to be a petroliferous province', their suggestions were not followed up. APC Chief Geologist N A Osborne did not recommend further activity due to the region being '... inaccessible under the present conditions of development'. Thus the structures named after obscure local villages remained untouched, and the peace of Lake Kutubu undisturbed for a further 30 years.

However, with the start of oil exploration activities in the 1980s, the tranquil world of the Foe and Fasu really began to change. Village men were recruited as labour for cutting of seismic lines, camp construction and rig crew personnel — all of a sudden people had access to cash. The quiet of the lake was also rudely shattered by the constant buzz of helicopters servicing the drilling rigs and associated camps.

After commercial flow of oil from the Iagifu 2X well on 27 March 1986, activity around the lake picked up in tempo. By 1990, 22 more wells had been drilled, at enormous cost, to fully delineate the now well known Iagifu, Hedinia, Agogo and Usano oil reservoirs that make up the Kutubu petroleum development project. This was the culmination of 75 years of exploration — since the 1911 report of oil seepages along the Vailala River in Central Province triggered the search for petroleum in Papua New Guinea.

The declaration of the Kutubu petroleum development licence and the first export of oil in 1992 further changed the lives of the Foe and Fasu landowners in the area. They were now the recipients of monthly royalty payments for every barrel of oil exported. In 1995, when the Government's accumulated liability was cleared, these traditional landowners also started receiving regular dividend payments from their equity share in the Kutubu Joint Venture.

Many of the ridge top drilling rig sites have a bird's eye view of Lake Kutubu and the surrounding countryside.



Apart from receiving a cash income where virtually none existed before, the people of Lake Kutubu benefited in many other ways. Oil developments resulted in the construction of a road linking their area to the Highlands Highway whilst Chevron Niugini and the Government constructed village feeder roads, schools, aid posts, community halls and communal water supplies. Additionally, local landowner companies were formed to carry out various service contracts. Some of these paid dividends to their village shareholders.

All these events combined to change forever the lifestyle, outlook and expectations of the people of Lake Kutubu. In contrast, their environment has not been greatly altered by these developments. WWF monitoring of the lake has found that up to 70 tonnes of fish are caught from its waters by the local villagers every year. Despite heavier fishing than before, due to higher numbers of dinghies, outboard motors and nets, the populations of fish, some species not found anywhere else in the world, have apparently not suffered significantly.

The positive and negative effects of development on remote rural populations have been documented in many areas of Papua New Guinea and overseas. Lake Kutubu has also seen many consequences of such transition.

For example, Kutubu landowner and developer relations involve negotiations and communication, usually in Tok Pisin or English. Only a few of the more educated, and frequently younger, community members have been able to be properly involved in this process. They have taken on responsibilities, and therefore influence, that they would never have otherwise achieved in traditional village society. The youth have control of cash and a desire to move away from a subsistence economy — yet are often ill equipped to survive outside the village environment.

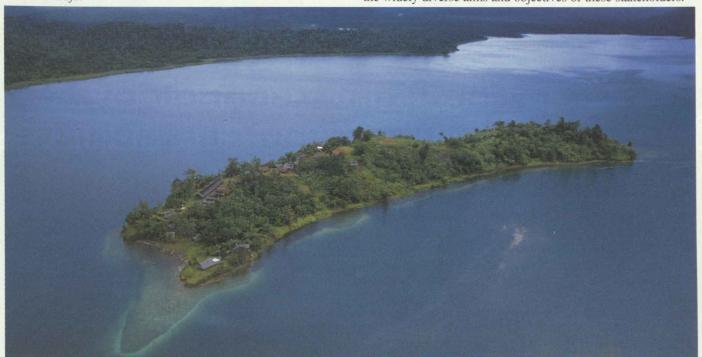
Wasemi Island in the middle of the lake has seen great change. The village longhouse is no more and many houses have tin roofs. Outsiders have come into Kutubu villages as wives and local landowner company employees. Later their relatives, in turn, come to find work and stay — sometimes straining the communities' social structures.

These, and many other manifestations of oil development impacts, are a focus for Chevron Niugini, who employ community relations staff to monitor and assist local communities. The company supports government services to the villages and provide business development staff to work with local landowner companies. There is also very close liaison with the Namo'Aporo Landowners Association, the local Fasu representative body, in all issues that impact local villages.

Nothing is ever static. Traditional village societies too underwent constant change — assimilating and accommodating influences arising from new trade goods, inter-tribal warfare, taking of wives from distant societies or natural disasters. At Lake Kutubu, petroleum development has greatly accelerated this process, catapulting once subsistence fish and sago societies into the modern Papua New Guinea cash economy.

Once the PNG Gas to Queensland project comes to fruition the Foe and Fasu people will continue to enjoy the benefits of being landowners in part of the country's petroleum 'province' for decades to come. Integral to the future welfare of the lake peoples is the establishment of the Community Development Institute. Although funded initially by Chevron Niugini, this entity will eventually be a stand alone non-government body funded from various sources that will, as its name suggests, focus on community development issues in petroleum industry impacted villages.

Lake Kutubu will doubtless remain a centrepiece of attention for government, environmental and oil industry executives as well as local landowners. Like nature's checks and balances that have controlled its development to date, Lake Kutubu's future health will be determined by a compromise of the widely diverse aims and objectives of these stakeholders.





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Haus Poromai

Story and photographs by Chris Ashton

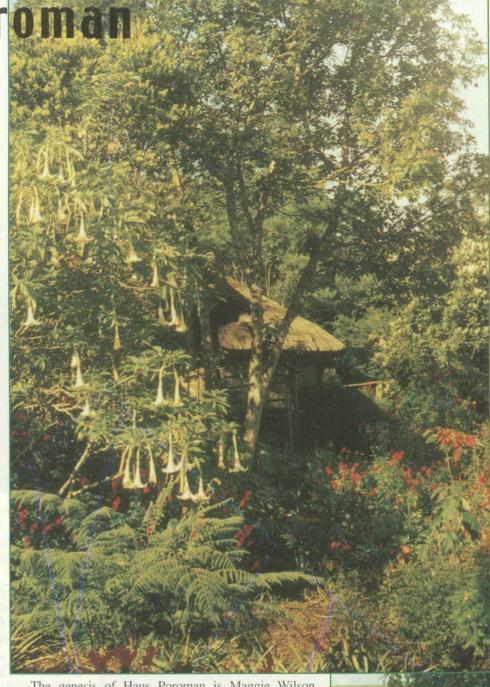
Francis Bacon (1561-1620) for his reflections upon the divine origins of gardening. God planted the first garden, he wrote, and indeed it is one of the purest of human pleasures.

Mention of divinely inspired gardens brings to mind for me the Haus Poroman garden. Picture a dozen thatched-roof cabins fashioned from Wahgi Valley building materials — timber poles and split plaited bamboo walls — but crucially equipped with such western amenities as double beds, timber floors, electricity and ensuite bathrooms.

The backdrop to these cabins brings us back to Sir Francis and that first garden. Here in the Western Highlands Province, nine kilometres from the sprawling town of Mt Hagen lying 300 metres below, is an heir worthy to the Garden of Eden. Here are narrow pathways and manmade streams; hectares of tropical and temperate climate flowers and shrubs punctuated at intervals by stands of bamboo and casuarina trees, all spilling down the upper slopes of Kuta Ridge and blending into dense tropical alpine forest that surrounds it.

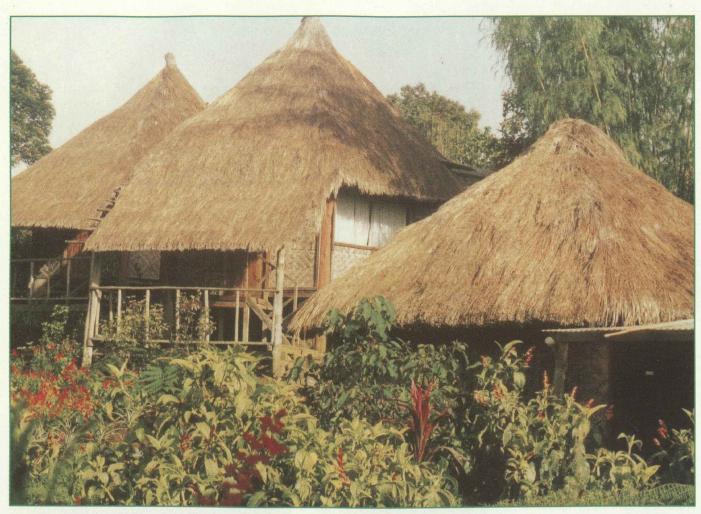
For my money, Lonely Planet guide books are indispensable aids to adventure-minded travellers all over the world — not least for their disarming candour about the pitfalls, quite as much as the pleasures of travelling in foreign parts.

Haus Poroman is described in the 'Lonely Planet Guide to Papua New Guinea' as one of the nicest places to stay in Papua New Guinea no matter what budget you're travelling on. The place has atmosphere, class and comfort. The name means House of Friends, which is appropriate — the staff are a very happy lot.



The genesis of Haus Poroman is Maggie Wilson (photo on right), mother of four children and wife of Keith Wilson, an Englishman hailing from Ipswich, who found his way to Papua New Guinea's Western Highlands as a Commonwealth Bank officer posted to Mt Hagen.

Maggie's father was Paddy Leahy, eldest of the four Leahy brothers — Paddy, Mick, Jim and Dan — who grew up in the Queensland town of Toowoomba at the start of the 20th century. Seventy years ago they answered the call of a gold rush in New Guinea. In different combinations they mounted expeditions and prospected for gold, sometimes eking out enough for a living, though never enough to make their fortune. Two of the four, Mick and Dan, wrote themselves into the history books as explorers, members of the first European expedition into the Wahgi Valley.



In the mid-1930s they settled there, and for some years worked a small gold mine that paid its way. As air services and roads linking the region to the coast were developed in the early postwar years, and the Wahgi Valley opened to commercial development, the Leahy brothers acquired arable land and turned their energies to farming, trade stores and cash cropping.

All four have since died. The first to go was Paddy, in 1963. Maggie's father was very much the archetypal Irishman of legend, happy-go-lucky, something of a rolling stone, with a ferocious thirst.

Maggie was raised entirely by her mother, Jara, and her mother's extended family, part of the Penumbi Wia clan. As she recalls her childhood she grew up 'running wild' in the village, Kunguma, absorbing its language, folklore and spirit world.

All that changed after Paddy's death. Her Uncle Dan, who farmed nearby, insisted she must have a formal western education. She was then 11 years. In the years that followed she attended schools in Rabaul, Port Moresby and north Queensland, before returning to Mt Hagen. After a stint as an assistant in the local pharmacy, she opened a retail outlet for casual wear. Today in partnership with her husband she runs three retail clothing shops.

Haus Poroman began 20 years ago when Maggie acquired 13 hectares of her tribal land on Kuta Ridge. With Keith and three then very small children, they moved from suburban Mt Hagen to a one-room thatched roof village hut. And yes, says Maggie, it was indeed a shock to the family. But they came to terms with it.

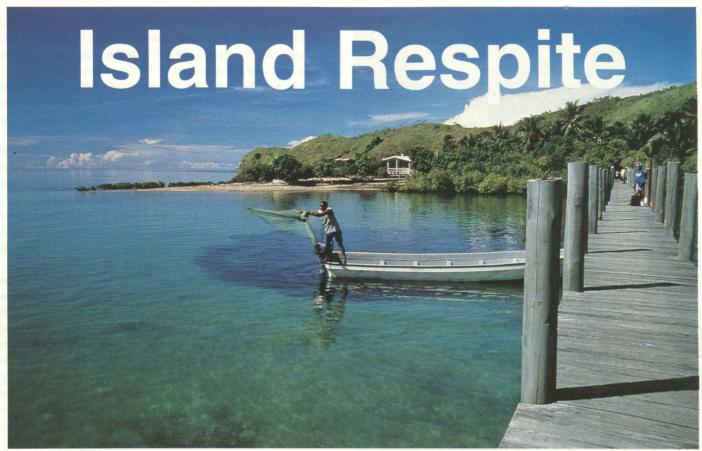
Employing local villagers, Maggie cultivated her beloved garden and commissioned thatched-roof cabins. Such was the origins of Haus Poroman. At its heart is a large thatched-roof communal roundhouse, which serves simultaneously as reception area, tourist curio kiosk and bar. Around the open fire in the centre, are scattered armchairs and couches.

For the benefit of newcomers, it also stocks a small library of reference books, together with documentary films in video-cassette format, complete with TV, celebrating the country and its people. One room partitioned off within the roundhouse is the kitchen. Here are prepared large plain-cooked wholesome fare, breakfasts, lunches and dinners, served at prescribed hours at the communal dining table.

Complementing Haus Poroman's bed and board are such optional extras as excursions by foot or 4WD to inspect local villages, tea and coffee plantations, waterfalls, orchids, birds of paradise, the town market and, in August, to the three-day Mt Hagen Show.

Haus Poroman is more than a guesthouse; it is also a sanctuary to adventure-travellers.

Haus Poroman Lodge, PO Box 1182, Mt Hagen, Western Highlands Province Tel: (675) 542 2250, 542 2722 Fax: (675) 542 2207 Air Niugini flies between Port Moresby and Mt Hagen daily.



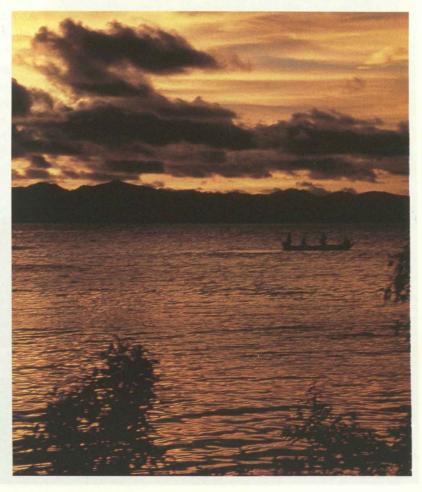
Story and photographs by Mary Jonilonis

friend mentioned the name, casually, when I spoke of our forthcoming dive trip to Papua New Guinea. *Check out Loloata Island*, she suggested, *I've heard good things about it*.

The focus of our long-awaited trip was to be the world-famous Milne Bay. We were set for a week on a luxurious live-aboard offering four or five dives a day. But, after travelling half way around the world, we wanted more diving days. I checked out other well-known dive resorts. They all required extra flights and stretched our trip budget steeply upwards.

So I checked out Loloata's web site, and found articles raving about the diving and pictures of ocean front bungalows. It promised sunsets, affordable prices, and only 20 minutes from the Port Moresby Airport — what more could we ask for?

The week aboard the twin-hulled 30m *Paradise Sport* was sensational, but we were ready for some solitude and a slower pace. Arriving in Port Moresby after our flight from Alotau, I was happy and relieved when smiling, cheerful Barry Taga met us. He escorted us to his air-conditioned van and then handled all the transfer of baggage — and underwater photographers travel with a lot of bags. A short drive through the countryside, a 10-minute boat ride across Bootless Inlet and we stepped into another world.







The island is 1.5 km long, 300 metres wide and has one hill leading to a high ridge with a walking track on top. The hill accounts for the name. In the local language, Motu, *loloa* means hill and *ta* means one.

Dik Knight deserves the credit for the quality and ambiance of the resort. He has lived in Papua New Guinea for almost 30 years and is an avid diver. The resort is the Island's only inhabitant.

There are 20 two-person beachfront units, each with veranda. The restaurant's generous and delicious meals are served on a waterfront patio with a perfect view of the stunning sunsets. Sink into a chair on the comfortable, homey patio and enjoy a pre-dinner drink from the fully stocked bar with the complimentary hors d'oeuvres. Dik, our host, often joined us at dinner. He amazed and entertained us with his diving and adventure stories.

For the non-diver Loloata is the perfect hide-away. Sit on your balcony and allow yourself to be mesmerised by the view of the shimmering turquoise water and the sound of the soft lapping of the waves. Peacefulness prevails. If you're feeling a bit more energetic walk the trail to the top of the hill to see the world, or circumnavigate the whole island in about an hour. There's also excellent snorkelling, fishing, or kayaking. Play a game of darts, table tennis, cards, or browse the extensive book selection. Talk to the caged parrot or seek out the wallabies that make the island their home. It's a good place to rest your spirit.

Above left: Cockatoo wasp fish Left: Flying helmet gurnard Below: Loloata Island dive boat



Scuba divers prepare to be surprised. The pristine reefs offer a profusion of marine life with wrecks, walls, bommies, tunnels and pinnacles. The resort's 9-metre aluminium boat has an inboard Volvo diesel and comfortably carries 10 divers. A hot shower and all safety equipment are aboard. The dive sites are close and the boat skims along with a full compliment of divers at 20 knots. You leave the pier at 8:00am and by 8:20 you're in the water.

The dive manager is the driving force behind the well-run dive operation. The dive shop has wet suits and scuba gear for hire, nitrox mixing equipment for those who are certified, and an extensive range of parts for scuba equipment servicing and repair. The dive master knows photography, marine life and his dive sites. He gives thorough site briefings and knows where to look for that special, elusive critter. His knowledge and friendly, helpful attitude

made our diving fun, comfortable and productive. He treats people as responsible divers. No cattle boat rules here. He asks that you dive safely, within sport limits, and do a safety stop.

This boat has an unusual and very special experience awaiting those who are lucky. A pole has been permanently fitted through the bow of the boat. When dolphins come to swim along in the boat's wake, the captain stops and the crew hang specially rigged nets from this pole. These nets, on each side, are secured so that people can lie in them with mask and snorkel and be comfortable while the boat is underway. We were able to be slightly underwater watching the dolphins while they were right beside us jumping over the boat's wake. Sensational!

I wanted to photograph specific critters I had heard were found in the waters of Papua New Guinea. My top request was the pygmy seahorse (photo on right). This adorable minute animal was only discovered in 1970 in a lab in New Caledonia. A piece of coral had been brought into an aquarium to be studied and they discovered a tiny seahorse living on it. The largest only grow to 1.5 centimeters and they blend perfectly with the one species of sea fan upon When you find the right fan, which they live. it takes a magnifying glass to find the little seahorse.

Right: White spotted hermit crab Below: Caledonian stinger



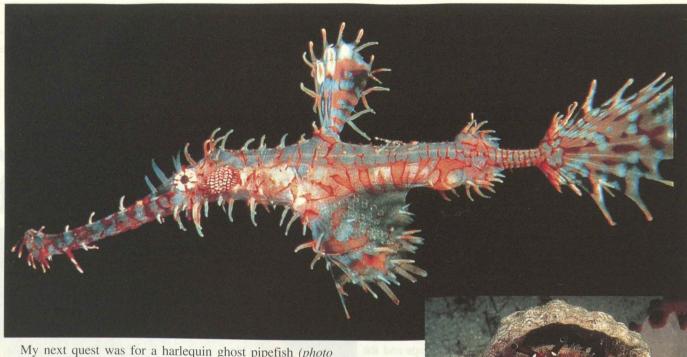


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Right:

White

spotted hermit

crab

My next quest was for a harlequin ghost pipefish (photo above). This Disney-like creature is smaller than my little finger. There are not a lot of them and they usually hide in sea life that acts as camouflage. The dive master knew where two were living in a wreck off Lion Island. Down we go on a night dive to snoop around the wreck, using our lights to surprise the wary critters.

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We discover the weird and the wonderful — the Caledonian stinger — a fish that uses his front fins as legs to walk, the cockatoo wasp fish — a member of the scorpion fish family, its pectoral fin poisonous. A helmet gurnard with its supersonic wings, even a thumb-sized jellyfish, pulsated its way along. And, happily, the harlequin ghost pipefish. What a dive!

My husband and I dive a lot, all over the world. But the crew aboard the Loloata dive boat are really special. They could not do enough for us. Every request is a priority. When I flooded my housed camera, the dive master worked a whole afternoon helping me make the necessary alterations to my housing to fit another camera.

The proximity of Loloata to Port Moresby allows it to be the resting-place for business travellers, people on layover, locals on vacation, scuba divers, and visitors touring the country. On weekends Dik opens the resort to day-trippers. Families enjoy the short break from busy, crowded Port Moresby. Night dives can be arranged for 2 or more divers.

Our discovery of this resort with its pristine waters and its peaceful, friendly ambiance became the highlight of our trip.

Loloata Island Resort, P O Box 5290, Boroko Papua New Guinea Ph: (675) 32585900 Fax: (675) 3258933

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AUCTIONS

Papua New Guinea

LEASING

Decorated Skin

A World Survey of Body Art

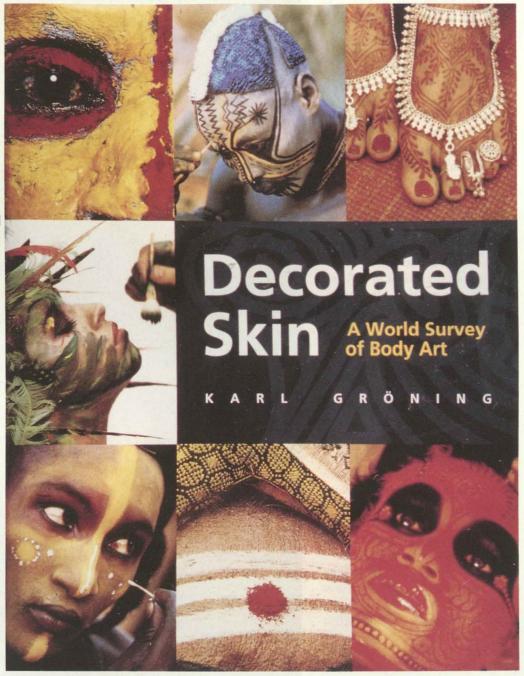
By Karl Groning

is smoke-affected redrimmed right eye peers at me from the top corner of the dust jacket. Accompanying him, a Nuban youth adorned with orange ochre; the hennaed feet of an Indian maiden are rimmed in silver to ward off evil spirits. Below, a painted face and feathers of a modern American beauty; and far below a Wodabe man from Niger, brown skin washed with yellow and enhanced with white; the red dotted forehead of the Hindu holy man; and the glowing sunset colours of the Teyyam actor's face echo the evening sky of his native Bangalore.

Inside there are Papua New Guinean highlanders, Japanese kabuki, Berber siyala, Maori tattoos, Nuba scarification, Western body painting.

From the captured images of explorers/artists/photographers to the beauty of Hideki Fujii's eroticism these are illustrations to be savoured and enjoyed.

The importance of the Pacific in this type of art is reflected in the 41 pages devoted to the crafts and body art of Oceania: the intoxification of colours of New Guinea, Solomons, Vanuatu; the masters of the tattoo from Polynesia, New Zealand and even the tattooed tongues of the Hawaiians. (Indeed, the very word tattoo comes from the Tahitian *tatau* 'to inflict wounds'.)



Two chapters, with text by specialists Martin Saller and the late Dr Hanns Peter, cover the essentials of body decoration in the south-west Pacific. Here are the colours and forms we are familiar with — the wigmen of Huli, the startling *malanggan* masks of New Ireland, the mudmen of Asaro, the eyes of the Mendi peoples. Missing are the beauty of the Mekeos, the crocodile tattoos of the Sepik, the fire dancers of the Bainings.

The Aboriginals of the great southern land, and of Torres Strait, are here. The Secret of the Rainbow Snake is revealed in the decorated dancers from Arnhem Land, the Tiwi burial poles, the art of Wondjina. Hinted at are the incised art of the boomerang, the yandi dish, the tjarra shield. Missing are the hand stencils, and the petroglyphs of the Centre.

But, there is so much to view that we must excuse these omissions — there just wasn't space for everything. And for those who want more, of Papua New Guinea, there are other works to fill the need.

It may be impossible to choose a favourite from the array of images we see. Top of my personal list is the ghostly white figure of a naked Japanese lady decorated with pink swirls on left breast, belly and buttocks. But beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and equally as striking are the kathakali dancers from Southern India or the feet of the Indian woman painted in mehndi style or the dignity of Stu-mick-osucks, head chief of the Blackfoot Nation; or ..., and so it goes on.

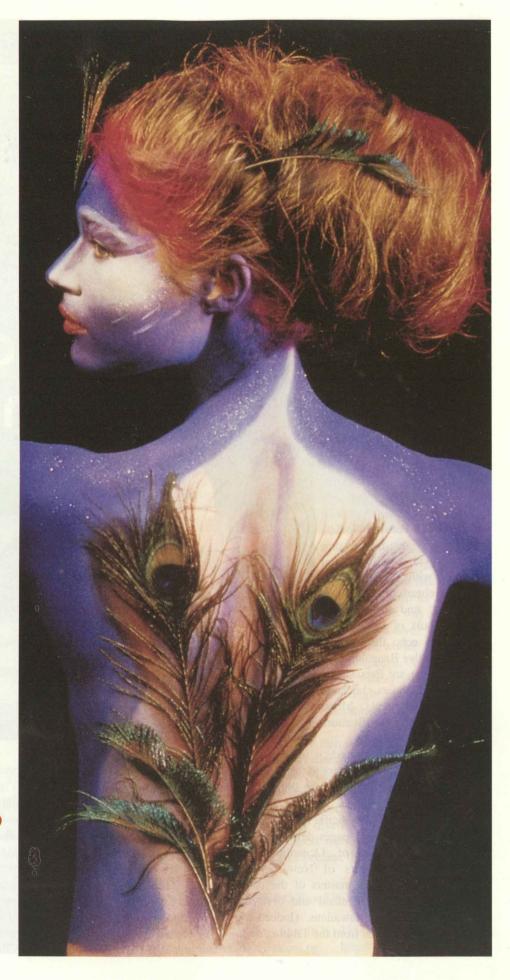
There are similarities in differing parts of the world — the ochrespotted black, white and umber face of the Hemab woman from Africa would not seem out of place at a Hagen singsing; the Amazonian Kayapo man wears a halo of yellow parrot feathers mirroring the tail feather head-dresses of Papua New Guinean highlanders.

Punks and soccer fans, carnival crazies and clowns may think they invented body art. But long before them came the rituals and traditions of woman/man in our spiritual days. Both sexes adorn, both tattoo, both paint, both cut, both disappear behind colourful and uncolourful facades.

In an age of increasing uniformity it is a relief to see that creativity is still applied to the human body. And a relief to see that many of the 'vanishing' cultures of the world are maintaining their own in the face of 'Western economic rationalism'. This is not a book for the politically-correct, for the timid or the shy. It is a sensual book to luxuriate in, to take pleasure from be a hedonist for a day!

Decorated Skin: A World Survey of Body Art, Karl Groning, 256 pages, with 418 illustrations, 378 in colour, and 4 maps. Published by Thames and Hudson, London 1997.

ISBN 0-500-01755-1 AUD148.50



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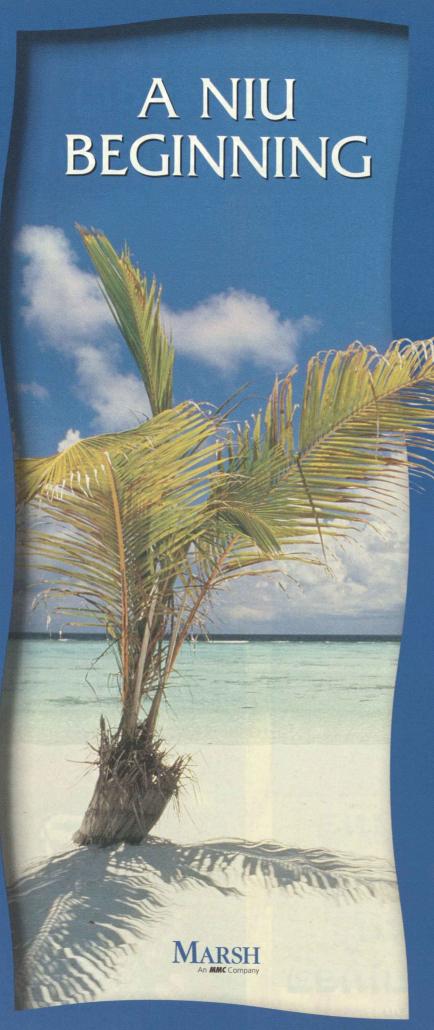
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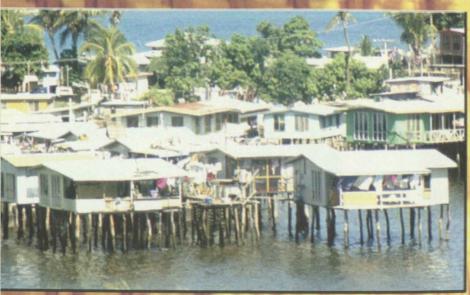


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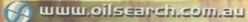
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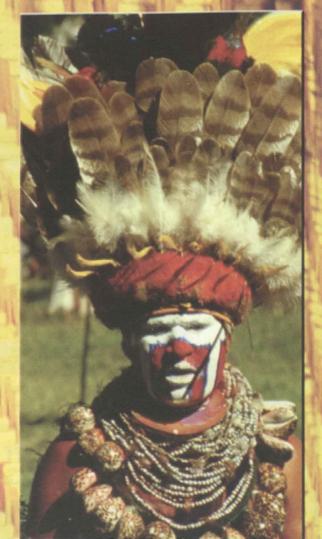
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The Little Things

of War

These stories, written in 1978 by Tim, Roland, Carl and Eric Lindgren and rediscovered in 1999, are tales of a different time.

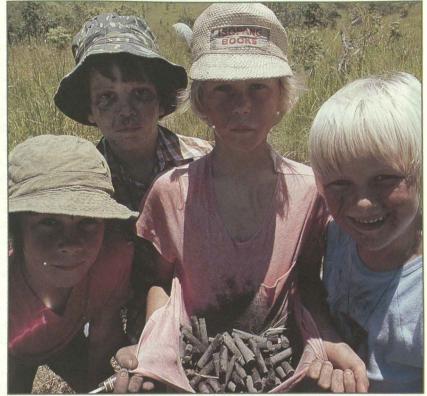
Introduction by Eric Lindgren

Back in the early 70s, my children were avid members of the Port Moresby Pony Club. We built stables for their horses near the Bomana War Cemetery just outside Port Moresby and quickly noticed many concrete slabs nearby, obviously remnants of the Pacific War. Some could be identified as shower bases, toilet blocks, aerial anchors, and so on. But some kept their purpose a secret.

It was not long before we became accustomed to the discarded paraphernalia of war — the wheel cover off a P-39 Airacobra, a tail fin off a bomb, screw drivers, spanners, jerrycans marked QMC-W, or QMC-G (Quarter Master Corps-Water and -Gasoline). These were the larger things, on the surface, easy to find.

But then we began to see smaller trinkets. Some lay brazenly in the open, others lay half buried. So, we began a serious systematic search of the campsites. Soon the locality revealed itself as the site of a former USAAF camp associated with the nearby Berry Strip (now the site of Bomana Police College). This was one of the seven strips constructed in and around Port Moresby during WW2.

The old campsites yielded an abundance of US bits and pieces. Spent Springfield and Garand rifle cartridges outnumbered the occasional .303 Short Lee Enfields of the Aussie Army. Buttons showed a laurel leaf or a pattern of stars; others held the US eagle with wings extended and talons clasping oak leaves and arrows; Carlisle-model field dressings in their copper jackets revealed their origin in WW1 days — 'Contract Dec 10, 1917' it proclaimed in bold letters on the lid.



Above: The find of spent .303 shells



Below: The boys examine an Allison engine of a P38 Lightning.







Above: Geoffrey Mosuwadoga, then Director of the PNG National Museum driving an old World War 2 truck

Below: USAAF button

The finding of a 1920 US dime and a 1942 Australian sixpence led to the joke that we should have a metal detector. (These were just coming into Australian shops in the seventies.) It became reality during our next leave down south.

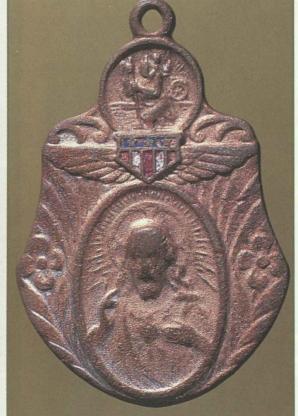
Now we began to get serious about looking for relics. Each afternoon when one of my three boys was riding, the other two and I would find a new spot to search. We would spend a few hours scrutinising the ground closely and running the detector over promising places: Warateti Road, home of the Fifth Airforce signal station; a 500-bed hospital on Johns Gully Road; the Australian workshop areas behind Jackson's Strip; POM's major anti-aircraft installation at ANA near Zero Hill; a large billet with beautifully made culverts near Bootless Bay; etc, etc.

The sites of many aircraft crashes were visited: two P-38 Lockheed Lightnings at Lea Lea and Waigani; a B-17 Flying Fortress near the Laloki River; an unidentified liaison plane near the Sewage Ponds. At Gerehu a B-24 Liberator wreckage yielded an Australian five shillings, the large Crown of 1937 (sadly, not a lucky charm for its owner!).

It was fun, and the boys' finds passed beyond a casual accumulation to become a collection of significance. It is a collection that demonstrates the human side of war, a collection of the little things produced and consumed in the everyday business of living in a strange land in a strange time conducting the strange business of war. The men and women of the 1940s reveal their lives as similar to ours — rolled-up toothpaste tubes, half-made artifacts, lucky St Christophers (the patron Saint of travellers) (photo below), boot scrapers, empty beer and coke bottles and, occasionally, hand written signs.

The collection will eventually be donated to the 'War Museum' in Port Moresby, to add to similar items collected at the same time by its then Curator Bruce Hoy. May these 'Little Things of War' inform future generations of viewers of the lives caught up in that tumultuous event.

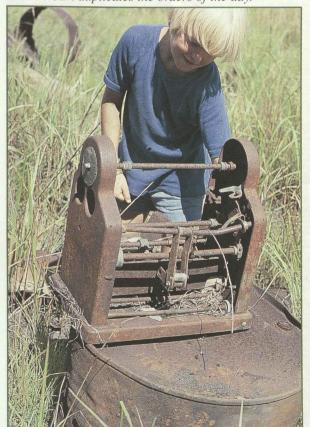




I asked my boys, at the time, to write about their hobby. These are their stories:



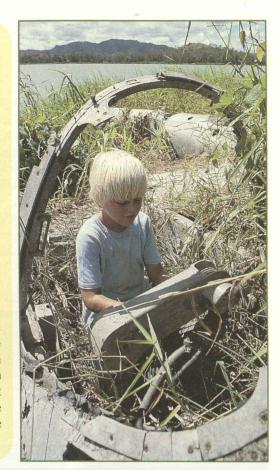
Above: One of Carl's favourite keys from his collection Right: Carl pilots a crashed P-39 Lockheed Lightning. Below: Carl duplicates the orders of the day.

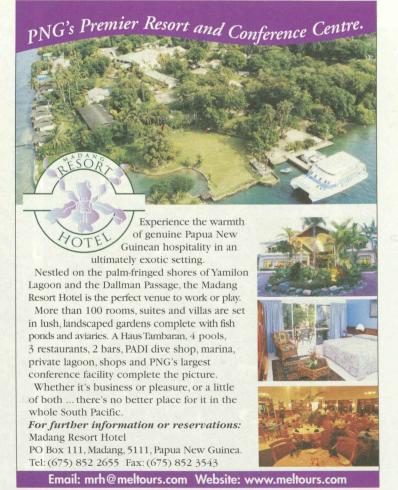


From Carl, aged 8, Grade 3, Gordon Primary School:

Coins

My brother and I collect coins. Suddenly he stopped but I kept going. When we got a metal detector I started looking for coins from the war. Some coins are dated 1940, 1942, 1946, 1938 and 1920. Now, just a little while ago we got our new stables and so far we have found about 25 coins, which is very good for about a year. We have found a dime, a sixpence, a hapney (half-penny), one penny, a florin and lots of rubbish like cans and other stuff. We have found some war helmets. Some of these have three-inch holes in them. My friend Malcolm found a Japanese helmet at Wewak. We also found coke bottles with New York on the bottom, and Oakland.





From Roland, aged 10, Grade 5, Gordon Primary School:

Looking

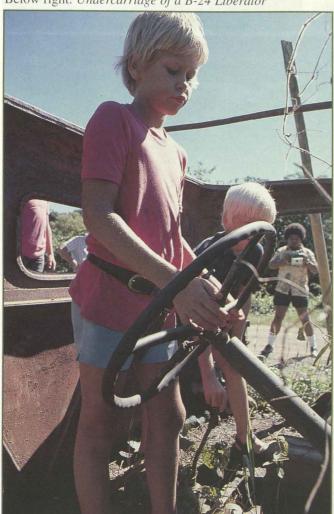
Nearly every Sunday or Saturday we go out looking for War Relics. Sometimes we find planes. The first plane we found was a B-24 behind Gerehu. It took off from Jackson's Airport and was so heavily loaded with bombs that it hit a hill and blew up. Debris flew all over the place. We saw the fuselage and tail of the plane.

The next one we went to was a Lockheed Lightning. It had something wrong with the engine and ditched into Waigani Swamp. It was in shallow water at the edge of the swamp. My brother Carl sat in the cockpit and pretended to fly it.

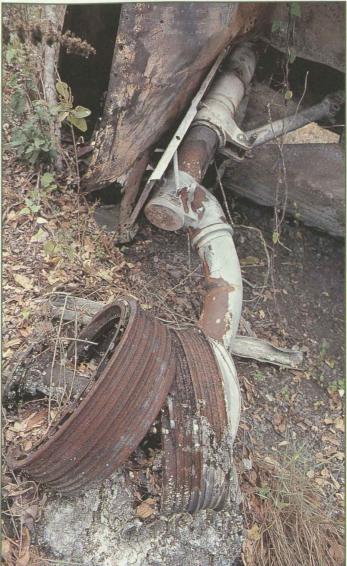
After that we went to a bomber out at Laloki. We saw the tail with a number on it and a gun mount that looked like a ball with a hole in the middle. There was not much left of this plane. My dad said it probably took off from Berry Drome at Bomana.

Above: Roland's coins

Below left: Roland drives and old WW2 truck Below right: Undercarriage of a B-24 Liberator





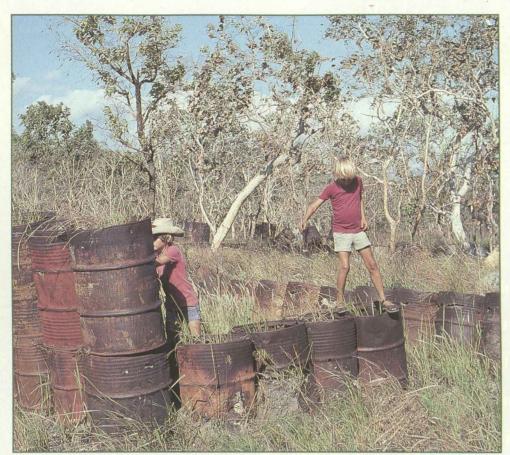


From Tim, aged 13, 1st Year, POMHi.

Our finds

We, my brothers and I, collect war relics. That is, anything to do with WW2 in Papua New Guinea. We often find interesting things telling us about the soldiers' life and what it was like. Sometimes we find coins, other times we find hand-made rings, halfmade knives and this shows us the soldiers probably had a lot of spare time.

Dad takes his camera along when we go out searching and photographs any especially interesting finds. We also have stables near an old airforce camp and we find old ammunition and buttons. We all enjoy collecting war relics and look forward to going out during the weekends looking for future sites to search.



Timothy and Roland play in an Australian workshop area.

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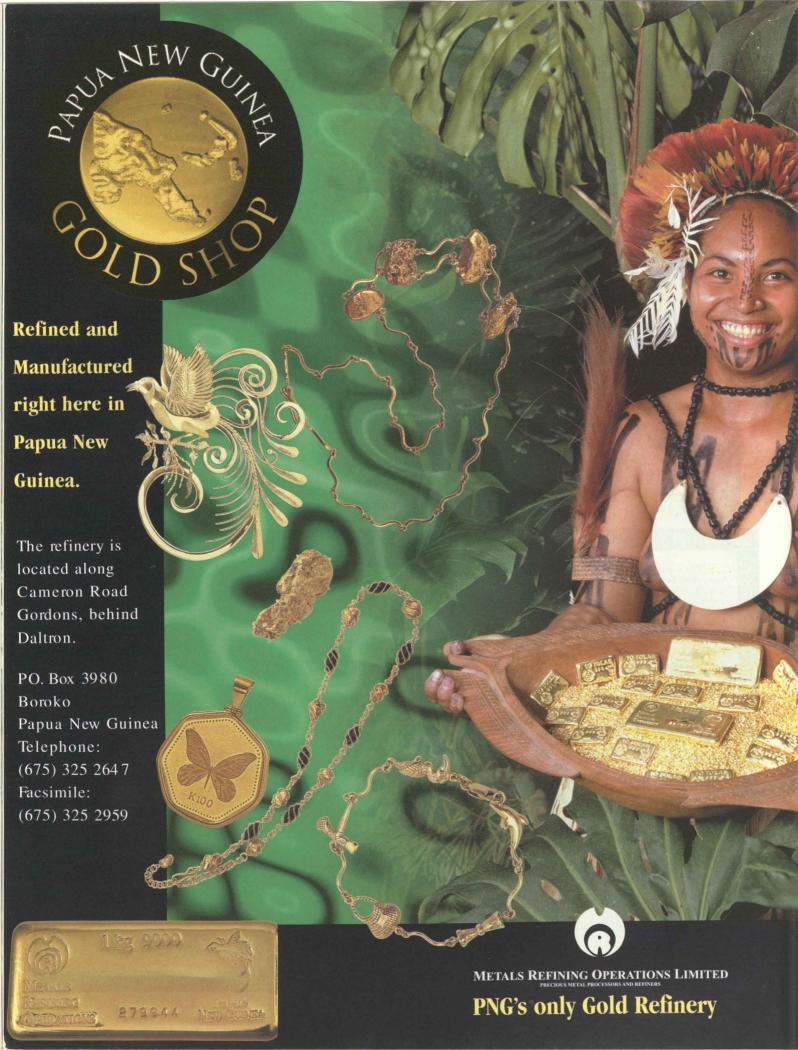
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Creative writing - Smugglers' Night Out

he 40-horsepower outboard engine started on the first pull of the starter rope and then settled to almost noiseless purring. Biengte signalled with his hand and Matete pulled the long pole he was using to manoeuvre the 19-foot dinghy out of the water. On the deck under canvas sheets lay twelve cartons of whisky and three television dish antennae. To one side, treating the loose end of the canvas as a blanket, was Sando — dead drunk and sound asleep.

It was 2.30am in Djayapura, and fishermen in their double outrigger canoes powered either by outboard motors or converted water pumps were already making out to sea. The moon had just gone down over the horizon. The harbour was dark except for the stars and the lights from the stilt houses built over the sea sending twinkling reflections that seemed to dance over the water. These provided enough light to make out the islands of Kayapulu, the distant headland of Kayabatu and most importantly the passage through the reef around Argapura Cove.

Every now and again a canoe went by silently, gliding through the surface of the water. The land breeze was just starting to blow down to sea from the hills, but would not pick up for another two hours and so the sea remained calm, disturbed only by ripples caused by the canoes.

Biengte opened the throttle to ease the dinghy through the passage in the reef. Once through, slowly out of the harbour and into the open sea, the dinghy left a foamy white trail in its wake. Biengte worked the engine up to full speed and headed north for fifteen minutes before turning east and running parallel to the coast. He then concentrated on guiding the boat over the swells, trying as much as possible to make the least possible noise. Noise carries well over water, especially in the dead of the early dawn. On a trip like this, the least possible noise the better. Thirty minutes later Djayapura was but a cluster of fading lights to the west.

The cargo was for certain customers in Papua New Guinea and had cost those persons well over K8000 inclusive of the expenses, but minus the risks and taxes.

The police at the border post in Wutung are always on the lookout for boats running such trips. They have a ten-seater landcruiser vehicle and a 23-foot boat powered by a 50-horsepower engine. Police in Vanimo also have a similar boat and lots more cars and can track smugglers on land and sea along a coastline of 80 kilometres. Therefore, on this extraordinary trip, lots more than television antennae and whisky were at stake.

The trip had begun at six o'clock the previous afternoon from Vanimo. Leaving, the boat seemed just like any other heading west along the coast for Djayapura. The three friends had beached their boat at eight and had gone into town in a hired taxi to do the 'shopping'. They had cruised around the town visiting relatives and friends and then buying home kerosene and cooking oil for their mothers before being dropped off at their boat.

By then it was ten o'clock. They had their takeaway 'ikan bakar' before washing it down with one of the bottles of whisky they had bought for themselves.

Biengte had then seen to the refilling of the petrol tanks and the condition of the engine. He had come back later to find the two starting on the third of their eight bottles of whisky. But that was normal. He knew they would sober up in seconds if the need arose. At 2am, he woke Matete who, in a half drunken state, manoeuvred the boat from the shallows into the passage in the reef, a job he did mechanically from years of experience and familiar knowledge of the cove.

Now as they passed Mushu village, Biengte turned the dinghy towards the shore and mentioned that Sando should be stirred awake. The morning was still dark as the dinghy bumped its way silently towards the shore. by Alfred Mutona



The white sandy beach suddenly showed itself hiding again as waves rushed up to the edge of the grass. Biengte brought the boat to a crawl as the trio strained their eyes for land marks. Matete pointed to the trees and Biengte acknowledged, lining the boat behind the waves and then gunning the engine, riding the back of a huge wave in towards the shore. The wave broke on both sides sounding like thunder, but the middle of the wave continued right up into the mouth of a river, transporting the dinghy and its cargo into a sheltered harbour.

Here they disposed of their cargo, concealing it well in the undergrowth of the forest, easily accessible to the highway but completely hidden from view. Then they were once more at the mouth of the river counting the waves. As they died down Biengte had them back in the open sea. Fishing lines with eight hooks attached were released by Matete and Sando over the sides of the boat. Biengte then headed north and all three looked for seagulls while Biengte drove the boat slowly, almost casually.

As the morning light grew stronger they saw seagulls feeding above a school of yellow fin tuna. They circled around, turned and then the fishing lines were tight. Matete and Sando were both struggling with eight yellow fin on each line. Some more circles and turns later and the deck was scarlet red with the blood from fish wounds. They reeled in their lines and turned towards Vanimo fish market. Nothing wrong with earning a few kina on the side as well.

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need to minimise the impact we make on the landscape, while maximising the benefits for the people. After all, it's only natural that a country as beautiful and rich in resources as PNG, should continue to remain pristine while advancing into the next millennium. We'll be maintaining our close eye on the environment as we continue our close contact with PNG.

LOCAL CUISINE — Cassava

By Céline Peter



assava is a common root tuber grown and consumed all over Papua New Guinea. Cassava has a relatively bland taste, but there are many ways to enjoy it, either as a vegetable, main course or dessert. Bon appetit!



Baked cassava roll with corned beef filling

1 kg cassava root

1 tin of corned beef

4 tbsp butter 3 eggs

1½ cups flour

1 cup finely chopped onion

1 tsp chopped garlic

6 ripe tomatoes, finely chopped

1 tsp fresh hot chillies, chopped

1 tbsp of oil Salt and pepper

Peel the cassava and cut the root into fine slices. Cook in boiling salted water until tender (about 30 minutes). Drain and return the cassava slices to the pan. Slide the pan back and forth over moderate heat for 10 to 15 minutes until the cassava is dry. Mash the cassava then beat in 4 tbsp of butter. Let the mixture cool down then add 2 of the eggs, the flour and 1 tsp of salt.

In a fry pan, heat the oil then add garlic and onion. Stirring frequently, cook for 5 minutes until onion is soft but not brown. Add tomatoes and chillies, salt and pepper. Still stirring, cook until most of the liquid evaporates. Add the corned beef and taste for seasoning.

Gather the cassava dough into a ball and place it on a lightly floured sheet of waxed paper. Roll the dough into a rectangle about 1 cm thick. Spread the meat mixture on top of the dough. Starting with the long side of the dough, lift the paper, and using it for support, roll the dough lengthwise into a thick, compact cylinder. Transfer the roll to a baking sheet. Beat the third egg and brush it over the top and sides of the roll. Bake in the oven for about one hour or until the crust is golden brown. Serve at once.



Cassava biscuits

Cassava tubers sufficient to make 2 cups of grated, drained cassava 4 tbsp butter, softened

½ cup sugar

2 cups self raising flour

 $1^{\frac{1}{2}}$ cup grated fresh coconut 1 egg

Preheat the oven 230°C. With a sharp knife, peel the brown bark-like skin from the cassava, then grate it finely. Vigorously squeeze the grated root in your hands to extract its liquid (which can then be used for the cassareep recipe).

In a bowl, beat the butter and sugar with a fork until the mixture is light and fluffy. Beat in the egg, the cassava then the coconut. Keep on mixing with your hand and add the flour, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup at a time. The dough should be firm enough to be gathered into a compact ball. If necessary, add a little bit more flour.

On a lightly floured surface, knead the dough for a couple of minutes then roll it into a circle about ½ cm thick. Cut the dough into rounds, using the rim of a small glass. Gather the scraps of the dough and roll into another circle and cut rounds as before, until you have used up all the dough. Place the biscuits on a large baking sheet. Bake in the oven for about 20-30 minutes, until firm and golden brown.



Cassareep

1 medium sized cassava

Salt and pepper

With a sharp knife, peel the brown bark-like skin from the cassava, then grate it finely. Squeeze the grated root hard in your hands to extract its liquid. Use the pulp for another recipe.

Transfer the liquid into a saucepan. Stirring constantly, cook over moderate heat for about 1 minute, until the mixture is smooth and thick enough to hold its shape almost solidly in the spoon. Add salt and pepper and mix well. Serve at once with your favourite meat and vegetables.

For those who don't like sago, you may find cassareep more tasty!



Cassava cake

2 cups of grated, drained cassava

(see biscuit recipe)

1 cup coconut milk

5 tbsp sugar

½ tsp cinnamon

 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp nutmeg

1 clove, crushed

½ tsp ground ginger, or a small ginger root cut into tiny pieces

Preheat the oven 200°C. Mix sugar and all spices together. Add the coconut milk and mix well, adding some more if you feel the mixture is too dry. Pour onto the grated cassava and mix thoroughly. Bake in the oven for about 45 minutes, until the cake is strong and golden brown. Let the cake cool down and thicken before serving.

Goroka Coffee Festival

See the first Goroka Coffee Festival. The Festival will be an outlet for the coffee industry to showcase itself.

Coffee is the economic backbone of the Highlands. The Festival will highlight some important issues for the industry, including the crucial infrastructure necessary for the coffee industry's survival.

The Goroka Coffee Festival will provide some relief for travel groups and agents who experience difficulties with the congested flight and accommodation situation around the Goroka and Mt Hagen Shows in August and September, by providing an alternative festival/show.

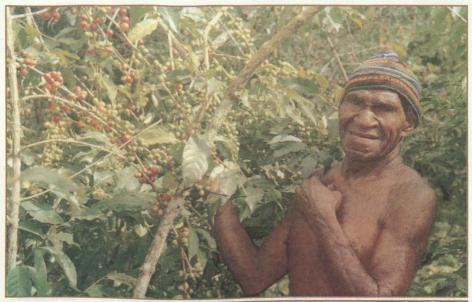
The venue for this celebration is the magnificent Raun Raun Theatre traditional building and its surrounding lawns. About 40 singsing groups will be packed into the theatre and grounds. Art and craft sellers have been invited to sell their wares.

The process of production of coffee, from seedlings to cherries, all the way to the roasted coffee product, will be on display — with actual roasting at the venue. Experts from the industry will be on hand to demonstrate or answer questions.

The Festival will end with a play by the world renowned Raun Raun Theatre inside the traditional building.

Special weekender packages will be offered to Port Moresby and Lae residents and inbound tourists to *Getaway to Goroka*. For bookings please contact your local travel agent.

Come and taste coffee at its source!



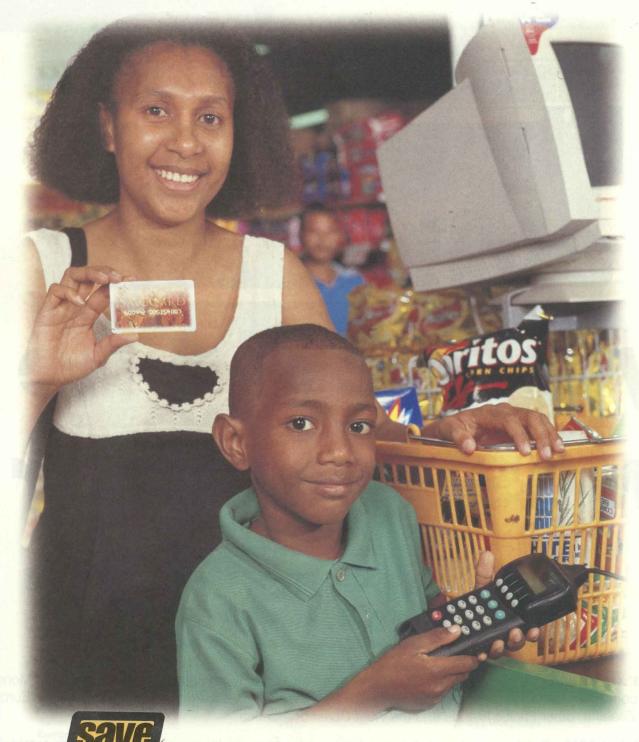
Above: Omene in his Kama village coffee garden

Right: Some of the dance group in front of Raun Raun Theatre building

Below: Coffee beans drying in the sun







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F28-1000 Fokker The Netherlands	27.60	23.58	2 Rolls Royce RB183 - 15	750	9,000	60 pax + bags + 794kg cargo	1,600
DHC-8-202 Bombardier Canada	22.25	25.89	2 Pratt & Whitney PW123D	550	7,600	36 pax + bags + 331kg cargo	1,700

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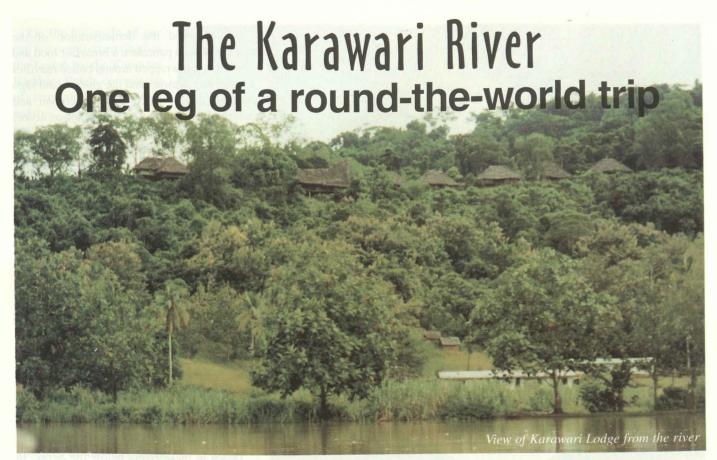
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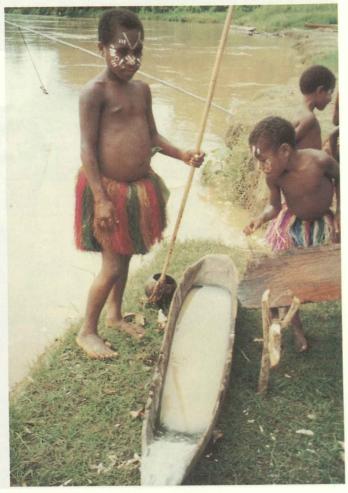


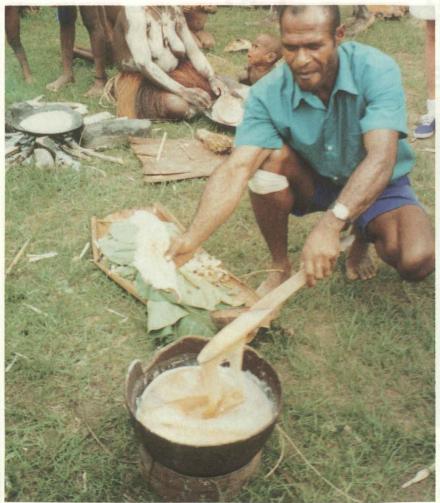
ast year I guided a group of American tourists to the Karawari River, a tributary of the Sepik. They were part of a group travelling around the world by private jet, a 757. After arriving in Port Moresby, 30 guests flew to Tari in the Southern Highlands, while the other 30 flew to Mt Hagen, where I met them and we went on by twin otter to the Karawari Lodge. On the flight over the Bismarck Range and down to the grass airfield of Karawari, we looked out to vast tracts of rubber and sago and coconut palm trees, like a dense pattern of filigree green, cut only by the loose oxbows and switchbacks of meandering rivers.

After landing, we were ferried by riverboat to the Lodge, which is fashioned after a classic saddleback Sepik *Haus Tambaran*, and sits on the highest ridgetop in the area, overlooking the wide and muddy Karawari. It was then that I think the tourists realised how far they had come from home. They were on a trip that would take them to points all over the globe, and to some of the world's most celebrated wonders — from Easter Island to the Serengeti Plains. The Karawari River was probably the most remote and most exclusive of their destinations.

After lunch we set out to visit our first village, Kundiman, where one man's house line prepared a demonstration of sago processing — how the pith of the palm is pounded and mulched, then sieved with water (photo on right), and sedimented to produce the chalky sago flour that is the staple of everyone's diet in the Sepik region. This is nowhere more true than along the Karawari, where people have come from the bush of the foothills behind only in the last two generations, and shifted from seminomadic hunting and gathering to fishing, foraging and planting a few yams and taro. Only sago production has remained constant for them.

Story and photographs by Nancy Sullivan





We watched the demonstration of the making of sago pancakes, a breakfast food and snack (perfect wrapped around boiled mayflies during rainy season), and the gluey, bland sago pudding that is eaten every afternoon and evening (photo on left). The smiles on scores of kids who surrounded us and happily posed for photos testified to the quality of life that defies any measurable standards.

The following day we visited Manjumai village, where a family line performed an initiation singsing for us. They explained how this was normally performed after young boys who had been secluded in the Haus Tambaran for months learning clan secrets, and then had their skin cut, finally reemerge with their fresh scars and new identities. They even demonstrated with the lipstick fruit's juice how the pattern of keloid scars is cut down the backs of initiates here (photo below right) — not unlike the pattern for Iatmul boys on the Sepik. And how the boys are then made to lie over smoke fires as clay, then ash, then antiseptic tree oil are applied to the cuts to help them mound up and heal over without infection.

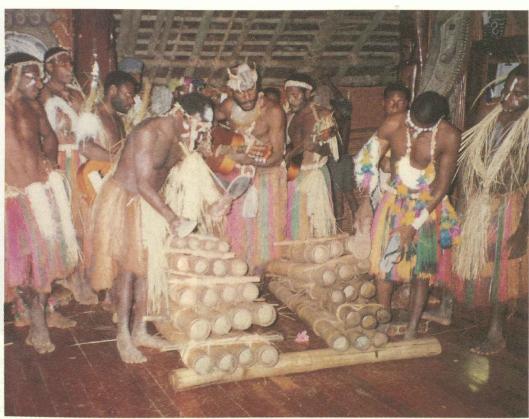
Down in these rivers below the Sepik, in the Krosmeri, the Blackwater and the Karawari, young girls are also initiated and have their skin cut in these crocodile-like patterns.



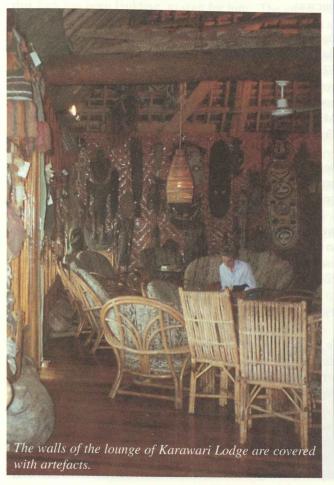


On the last night of our trip we were entertained at the Lodge by the Karawari Bamboo Band, comprising of ten young men from nearby Yimas village brothers and cousins (photo on right). Two had guitars, while another rhythmically pounded away at the open ends of wide bamboo poles stacked in five tiers on the floor (an instrument introduced to the region from Madang).

All of them belted out their Yimas and Tok Pisin songs with enthusiasm. By the middle of their act, they had several guests and a handful of lodge workers up and dancing to the invariably upbeat tempo, enjoying the happy atmosphere created by the band, the lodge and the villagers we had met along the river.



Karawari Lodge is owned and operated by Trans Niugini Tours, which is based in Mt Hagen, and from where all the charters to the lodge depart.





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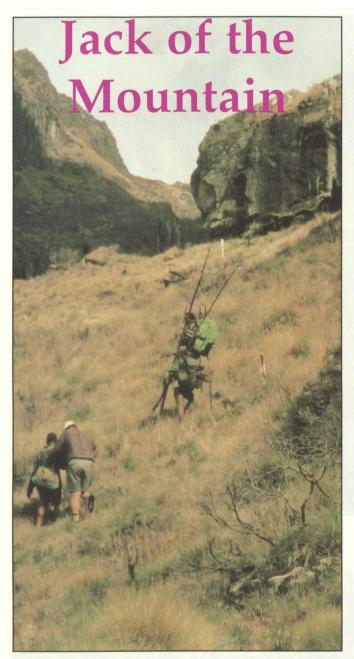
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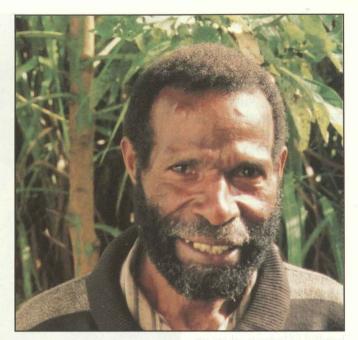




Story and photos by Michael Bates

t Wilhelm is the highest mountain in Papua New Guinea and until recently could only be climbed from the Simbu side. Now there is a new trail to the summit from the Western Highlands village of Ambullua. It does not simply go up and back, it goes over the summit, joining the traditional trail to Keglsugl, which is near Gembogl. The track has been dubbed 'The Wilhelm Traverse'. The development of this track is an interesting story and can be attributed to one man: Jack Bal (photo above right).

Jack was born in Ambullua. He lives in a simple house made of traditional materials. He does what most highland villagers do: he grows kaukau. Ambullua is a very poor village, with no easy access and even lacking a trade store. At present the only access is by walking, or helicopter, as the airstrip has been closed for some months.



Way back in the 60's my father had the idea of trying an alternate route to the summit of Mt Wilhelm, but he never got around to it until January of 1998. Then he, a friend from Keglsugl called Mondo and I choppered into Ambullua, much to the surprise of locals. Upon arriving we soon discovered that the man to see was Jack. Unfortunately he was out in the bush at the time, so we took a couple of guides and started on our way.

After a couple of hours of walking we ran into Jack, who had heard the helicopter and dropped what he was doing to run down and see what was happening. He immediately said, *I'd like to go with you*. Since it was indeed his land we were walking on, one of the other guides volunteered to turn back and six of us and one dog set out again: Jack, his brother Michael accompanied by his faithful K-9, one of their friends Francis, my father, Mondo and myself.

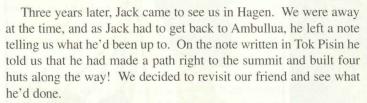
We learned from Jack that only a couple of weeks beforehand a group of three Japanese had exactly the same notion and had tried to do what we were doing now. However one of them fell violently ill and they had to turn back.

The first couple of days the weather was atrocious. One day we didn't achieve more than a couple of hours walking. To add to this, the lower parts of the trail were little more than a seldom-used hunting track. When we got to the upper parts, there was no path! As we started to run out of food we sent Francis back to Ambullua. We eventually made it over the summit to Lake Piunde on the Simbu side after an extremely long day.

We were picked up in Keglsugl by a vehicle. Mondo stayed in Keglsugl, while Michael and his dog were dropped off on the way back to Kundiawa. Michael was afraid that his dog – who had never been to a large town before – would be scared and run away. So he chose to walk back to Ambullua. Jack came back to Hagen with us, and talked to my father about building a track from Ambullua to Keglsugl. Being in the tourist industry, my father was interested, but having heard these sorts of ideas before many times, he was skeptical about anything being done about it.



Camp 1 in the forest—we slept in the hut on the left and the guides were in the one on the right.



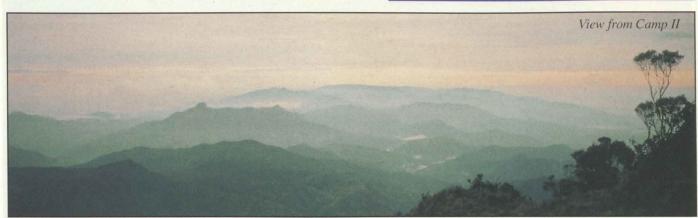
Half an hour's chopper ride later we were back in Ambullua. We were told that Jack had gone to tend his gardens — two hours walk away. So we were taken to the nearly complete guesthouse that Jack has been building, to wait for him. The guesthouse is a very quaint building made from traditional materials, with a kunai roof, walls and floor. It has a pit toilet out-house and a 'wash house'. The only reason why it was incomplete was because Jack had run out of money for any more nails or even hinges to put doors on. Jack had planted grass and collected bushes and orchids from the surrounding area and placed them in the grounds of the guesthouse.

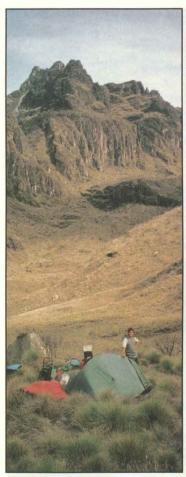
Two hours later Jack arrived. He is a short unassuming man and fairly quiet. This hides his seemingly boundless energy and capacity for work. Jack told us that no one else had visited since we were through three years to the day! He said he would follow us later after a brief rest from hurrying back to greet us. Jack also asked us if we saw the helipad that he'd built. We hadn't seen it, and on inspection found that it was a bit too small for the helicopter anyway. So he said he'd make it larger.

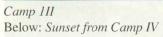


One of the lakes — the Korel-erum, headwaters of the Korel River — can be seen from the path.



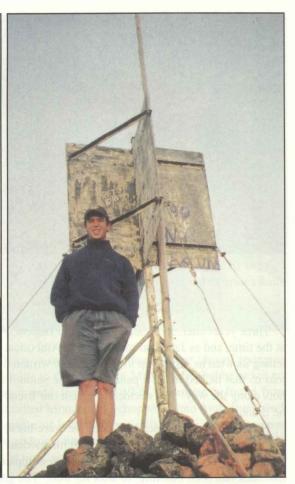




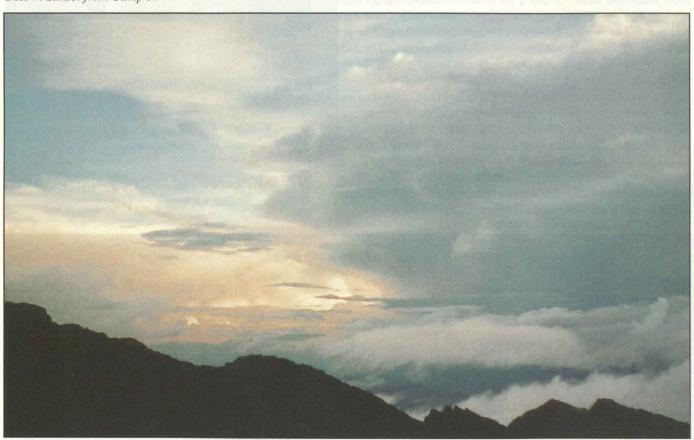




Camp IV — summit can be seen



Michael on the summit



We set off and once we got onto the path, there was an immediate obvious difference — there were log steps and in places even handrails to help you up the steep sections. We set up camp in one of his basic huts. It had only one wall and a pandanas roof. A couple of hours later Jack and a group of his friends turned up. It took us three nights before we were ready to make an attack on the summit.

In that time we talked to Jack a fair bit and he revealed that he had had a little help from friends and relatives but he'd built most of this amazing track virtually single handedly. He was even told by some not to bother, because *only people with money can make anything like this work*. Jack certainly has very little of that, but he has enormous amounts of initiative and energy. In three years he had received little if any encouragement (and no financial reward) and yet he had a vision for himself and his village, that they could improve their situation from the income of people preferring the more challenging route from Ambullua to Mt Wilhelm.

The upper reaches of the track are still a bit rough. This is because as Jack himself said (translated from Tok Pisin) *One man can only carry so much kaukau*. He has however put sticks with red and white paint on them all the way through the grassland and to within an hour of the summit. Jack told us that when he had done this, it had taken him and his companion so long that they had to walk back to their camp in the dark without torches (because he can't afford them or the batteries needed to run them). All that guided them back safely were the sticks they had been painting earlier in the day.

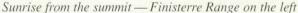
Jack also does not let anyone litter on his trail. All rubbish must be burned. If they are tin cans they are burned on the fire and then buried. Jack said: *If we drop litter it goes into our rivers and streams and because these are the rivers we drink from, we could get sick.* Such statements show Jack to be a very forward thinking man, despite the fact he has little formal education. Although he does not speak English, he speaks six different languages.

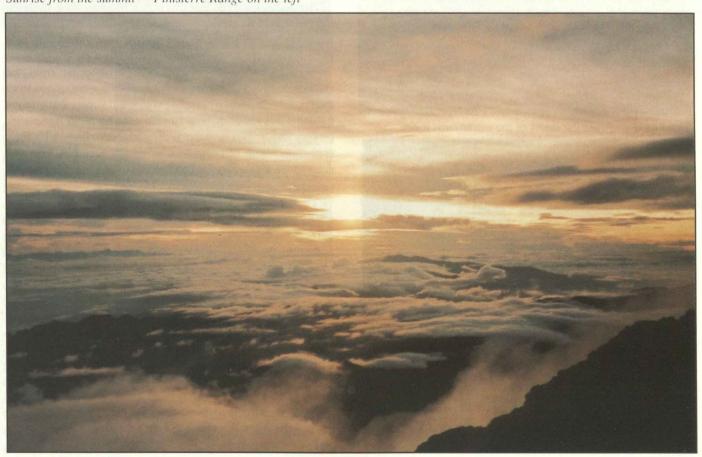
When we completed the traverse for the second time we again took Jack back to Hagen with us. We told him what he needed to do. He needed to get the airstrip open, finish the guesthouse and fix the upper reaches of the track. The first two are relatively easy, but the third was trickier. My father promised to go back with shovels (until now Jack has only had a machete and axe at his disposal) to help Jack and to show him how to build easier walking tracks on the more difficult slopes.

Jack is hoping that our visit will spur some more members of his community to help him, with the hope of some income from trekkers through the region if the track is improved further.

Jack cannot be contacted directly in Ambullua, so the easiest way to organise a trip is to contact
Trans Niugini Tours on: (675) 5421438
or PO Box 371 Mt Hagen

Visit http://www.pngtours.com/wilhelm/index.htm





Destination — In search of old Manila

had seen a photograph of this grand old wooden mansion in a book on Philippine ancestral homes. The time-blackened walls, their capiz shell windows and columns picked in low relief, wrapped themselves around the corner of Madrid and Penarrubia in the old residential quarter of San Nicolas. Armed with a sketchy tourist map, I tracked the old house down. And there it stood, its bulging upper storeys a tad tottery now, yet retaining all their dignity, even with the laundry hung out from every ledge.

San Nicolas is in old Manila. It is not the very oldest part, but the part that I wanted most to find — the Manila of the 19th century, when the city's commercial hub was on the northern side of the Pasig River, in the sights of Fort Santiago's canons on the river's southern bank.

Fort Santiago is Manila's very oldest quarter, along with the walled city (Intramuros) it was built to protect. These have their origins in 1571, when the Spanish navigator, Miguel Lopez Legaspi, befriended and subdued the Muslim Indios of Maynilad.

Intramuros is these days a tourist destination. Yet it also stands as a poignant reminder of a past in which the indigenous Filipino and Chinese communities were excluded by the Spanish from the protected part of town. They were forced to look for a different place to live. With the fort commanding the river's southern bank, it was natural for them to choose the north.

The first commercial centre of Manila was Binondo. It grew from the parian, the district where the Chinese — numerous and rebellious — had been confined by law. It was the Chinese, along with an emerging indigenous merchant class, who saw the chance to fill the trade gap left when the Spanish galleons stopped in 1815. They were aided when Manila's port was opened up to international trade in 1834. For the first time, luxury goods from Europe and America found their way into the stores of the extramuros town.



Story and photographs by Tom Cockrem



In Binondo shoppers could now buy French luxury goods, American suits and Swiss glass in such elegant emporia as Levys Estrella del Norte, Rebullida's and the New York Paris Manila Department Store.

Around Plaza Caldero were the district's finest fondas (hotels) and office blocks. Commanding the plaza was the magnificent Binondo Church (photo above). Sadly, like most of old Binondo, a good part of the church was reduced to rubble in the war. Left standing was its huge octagonal bell tower which is still the most imposing aspect of the reconstructed church.

Across the Canal de le Reina is San Nicolas. Here lived the merchant princes and sea captains, their town houses decked impressively with glazed or red tiled roofs, balconies and porte-cochere.

San Nicolas' older homes are these days far from the showpieces that they were. But at least they were spared from the ravages of war. It's in these weary old streets that you get the strongest sense of how Manila used to be in those 19th century days. Old wooden walls are everywhere, with their etched panelling and windows of checkerboard capiz. And that old weathered house on Madrid and Penarrubia stands as one grand heroic survivor of its time.

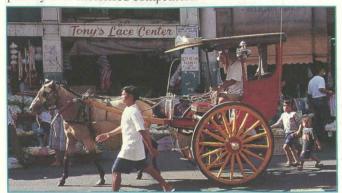
That San Nicolas is largely residential means for the visitor some lively and enjoyable encounters with the local citizens. You somehow get the feeling that everyone has come out especially to meet you on the streets. You are chatted to wherever you might stop, invited by cap-sporting lads to throw a basket or two, and directed or escorted to the places you might want to go — to the old railway station or the produce market.

American colonisation at the turn of the century saw the city's power centre move further east. The new hub was Santa Cruz. Here businessmen caught the news of the day in chic coffee shops, and commuted by tranvia — the new steam powered trams that ran from Plaza Goiti. Gracing the plaza was the hugely domed Santa Cruz Church (photo on left). It has now been totally rebuilt to match the size, if not quite the grace of the original.

While present day Binondo may seem to have gracefully retired, Santa Cruz is still well and truly kicking up its heels. For this is Chinatown. Known as '24 carat street', Ongpin Street is the district's major thoroughfare. It runs off the plaza under the Chinese-Filipino Friendship Arch, and winds its way back to Plaza Calderon, ending at Binondo Church.

Save for some blackened and rickety old weatherboards, Ongpin holds few survivors of pre-war times. Yet old Manila aficionados will be scarcely disappointed here. There are intriguing curio and jewellery shops, and the best Chinese restaurants in town. Besides the established places like Mandarin Villa and the President, there is a string of seafood stalls all along the Estero de San Lazaro canal. Here fresh barbecued seafood does oriental wonders to your palate, and the minimum of damage to your purse.

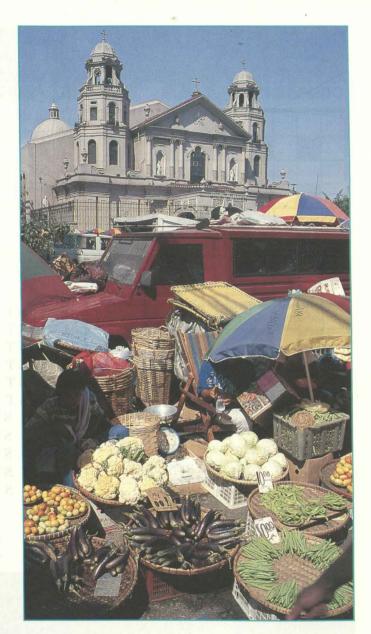
Celesas, the old horse-drawn taxis (photo below) abound everywhere in old Manila. But they are at their elegant, anachronistic best as they clip-clop their way down Ongpin Street, exercising haughtily their assumed civic right — to get priority over motorised competitors.



Further east from Santa Cruz is Plaza Miranda. Early in the 20th century this was a leafy retreat, over given librerias, sheetmusic sellers. goldsmiths and the like. All this would change. Ouiapo Church, which abuts the plaza, housed the Black Nazarene, a figure of Christ carrying the cross. By the 1920s, the image was the focus of a growing city cult.



Fridays especially saw huge devotional crowds flocking to the Church to pay respects. Their weekly pilgrimage would soon see the material as well as the spiritual requirements of Quiapo's devotees fulfilled. Shops became established. By the mid 1930s, Plaza Miranda was the new commercial heart of town.



Quiapo, as the district came to be called, still remains the popular retail capital of Manila. Its streets host a thriving city market (photo left and above). It is here that Manilenos from places such as San Miguel, Pasay, Malate and Ermita converge to pay homage to the Senor, and buy anything from scissors to videos, underwear to trendy jeans, bananas to herbal cures, padlocks to religious amulets.

Manila's biggest businesses have moved to the new glasstowered suburbs of Makati and Cubao. Yet with all their fancy air-conditioned shopping malls, it is still Quiapo that Manilenos refer to when they talk about 'downtown'.

Physical relics of old Manila may now be few. The ones that are there — the great cavernous churches and the weary wooden homes — bring a tingle to your spine. And in the plazas of Binondo, Santa Cruz and Quiapo, there endures almost palpably the spirit of the city's olden days. It's a spirit that is in the people too. Passing by their homes or market stalls, it is they who let you know — with famous Filipino comaraderie — you have come to the place where the soul of old Manila still abides.

Puzzles

ST WORDS

1. ST 2. ST 3. ST 4. ST

5. ST

T T

T

T

T

1. Wasp's weapon

3. Fixed gaze

6. Large flower

8. Starry prefix 9. Up and about

10. Carpet tufts

11. Glue

14. Unclear

16. Indulge

18. Visitor

15. Urgent speed

17. Body cavity

4. Shop

2. Remains of a tree

5. Remove covering

12. Hearty enjoyment 13. Spanish coast

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

11. 12.

13.

14.

15.

16.

17.

18.

19.

20.

21. S

22. S

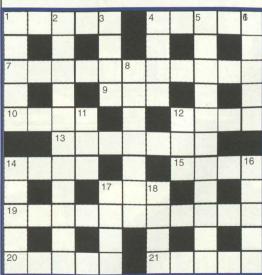
23. S

24. S

25. S

Using the clues,

CROSSWORD



Across

1. 1 1000 01
furniture
4. Broom made
of twigs
7. Subversives
train?

1 Piece of

- 9. His wife's a salty woman 10.Strikebreaker's
- wound mark? 12. Percussion
- instrument 13. VIP's attendants
- 14. The last word!
- 15. Strangely,
- could be even 17. Beer
- 19. Upset at being credited with too much
- 20. Battle to keep in shape
- 21. Brother's daughter

Down

- 1. A support 2. Say goodbye
- (2 words)
- 3. Nobleman
- 4. That Simpson boy!
- 5. Performed by old-fashioned people? (2 words)
- 6. She's not sure if she's coming or going!
- 8. The largest ape
- 11. This big boy has the time
- 12. Twosome
- 14. Explosive device
- 16. Foreign vegetable
- 17. Competent
- 18. Dash

WORDLESS

What same 4-letter word can fit in the spaces?

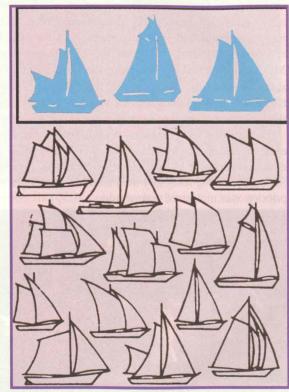
S ---- E D 20. Premier

IN----IVE 25. Bedding item

---- R E 22. Move

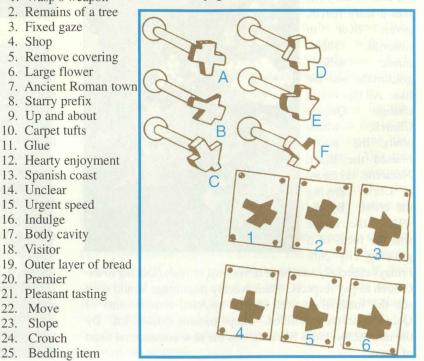
21. Pleasant tasting 23. Slope 24. Crouch

Can you find the 3 blue ships among the complete the words. fleet of 14?



KEYS

Which key goes into which lock?



35,000 Years in New Ireland

During the mid 1980s archaeological research in New Ireland revealed that people had been living there for at least 35,000 years. A recent archaeological expedition by Matthew Leavesley (of the Australian National University) and Nick Araho and Herman Mandu (of the PNG National Museum) to Buang Merabak, a central New Ireland cave site, unearthed more evidence of human occupation going back into the depths of time.

rchaeological research is a slow and meticulous business. All manner of material remains can give the archaeologist an insight into past human behaviour. Stone artefacts are indicative of tool manufacture, resource use and mobility. Exotic items such as volcanic glass (obsidian) can be indicative of trade and exchange across vast distance. Shell remains represent fishing technologies and the use of marine resources for food, and shell ornament manufacture. Animal bones can tell us about diet and the use of the land.

In order to maximise the amount of information collected from a site, the archaeologist must use meticulous and usually time consuming artefact collection methods. Before the actual excavation can begin the site is drawn to scale so that the exact location of all the artefacts can be plotted. Then the portion of the cave floor selected for excavation will be marked on the plan. Once this is completed excavation can begin.

Caroline Read (geologist) and her assistant remove sediment from the archaeological trench for analysis in the laboratory.

Story and photographs by Matthew G Leavesley

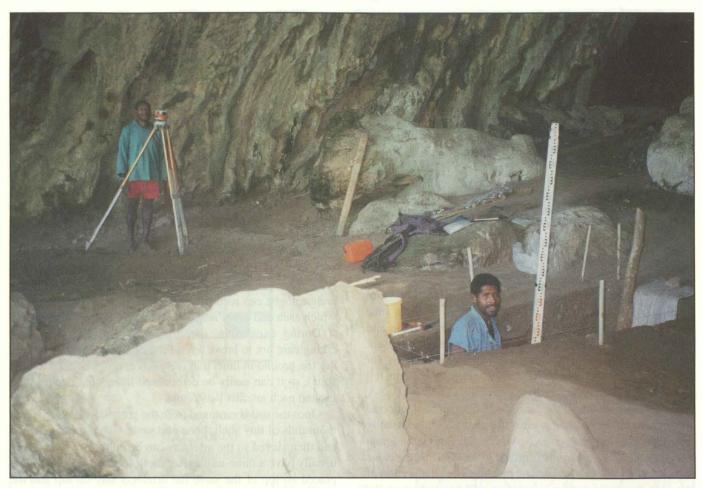
Archaeological excavation is based on the premise of superposition. This means that when sediments build up in a location, such as a cave, the bottom layers must have been deposited before the upper layers can build up on top of them.

The premise supposes that there is a direct relationship between the depth of deposit and age. The deeper the archaeologist digs, the older the artefacts are. Therefore, it is vital to know the precise depth from which an artefact was collected. The process of excavation is designed so that the archaeologist can record the exact depth in the ground from which each and every artefact was recovered.

During excavation, the ground is carefully dug away taking care not to break any of the artefacts. Archaeologists dig the ground in units that are five centimetres deep (called spits), so it can easily be determined from what depth in the ground each artefact was found.

Once the soil is removed from the ground it contains many thousands of tiny shell, bone and stone. The soil is weighed and then sieved so the artefacts can be collected. The sieves usually have a three-millimetre mesh so that when the soil is placed on top of the sieve the artefacts stay on top and the soil falls to the ground. The artefacts are collected and placed in labelled bags indicating the exact location from which they were collected. They are then returned to the laboratory for closer inspection, analysis and interpretation.





People first entered New Ireland 35,000 years ago. It is generally accepted that they came from the Papua New Guinea mainland via New Britain. Recent excavations at Buang Merabak show that people first visited the cave 32,000 years ago.

They were hunter-gatherers who ate both marine and land animals and used stone tools. They ate shellfish and bats while they were at the cave. The shellfish are similar to species that live on the nearby reefs today, and the bats were thought to have lived in other parts of the cave.



Above: The depth of each excavation unit (or spit) is meticulously measured with a Dumpy level.

Left: After the soil is excavated from the test tip it is weighed before it is sieved. Twenty thousand years ago the introduction of two things into New Ireland had a major impact on life. Cuscus were brought for the first time ever, probably from New Britain, and the trade or exchange of obsidian began. Prior to the introduction of the cuscus the only land-based mammals on New Ireland were bats and rats. Therefore, the cuscus would have dramatically increased the availability of land-based animals for prehistoric people to eat.

Obsidian only occurred naturally at a few locations in the region including Mopir, Talasea, the Fergusson Islands and the Admiralty Islands. It is therefore considered to be exotic to New Ireland. Obsidian was highly valued because when fractured, it could produce an extremely sharp blade-like edge that was highly sought after for the production of stone tools. Twenty thousand years ago, obsidian was brought to Buang Merabak from West New Britain, a distance of approximately 150km across the sea. The New Ireland evidence of trade or exchange is the earliest in the world.

At present there is a lack of data representing behaviour during the last global Ice age covering the period from 19,000 years ago to 15,000 years ago. This is an unsatisfactory state of affairs and highlights the need for ongoing research in New Ireland.

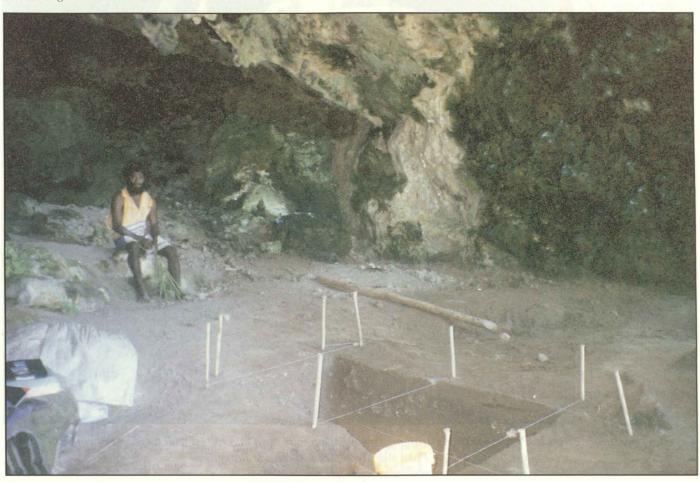
Traditional landowner, Tuvu Telexas, regularly inspected the archaeological excavation.

Eight thousand years ago the Common Pademelon was introduced to New Ireland. This further expanded the number of land-based animals in the diet of people. Also at this time, New Irelanders were eating more shellfish from beach environments in preference to those from reefs. Soon after, we see the greatest use of Buang Merabak as a place to eat cuscus and shellfish before the cave was finally abandoned around 6,000 years ago.

In New Ireland, agriculture was thought to have begun up to 6,000 years ago and with it, a whole new way of life ensued. Three thousand two hundred years ago a new wave of people, bearing a unique style of pottery, known as 'Lapita', entered the Bismarck Archipelago. The most famous site for Lapita pottery is located on Babase in Anir.

New Ireland Province has a long, rich and wonderful archaeology that has only just begun to tell us about a past that surely must be the envy of every island. It serves to remind us of the greatness of our forefathers and the richness of Papua New Guinean culture.

Thanks to Nick Araho and Herman Mandu of the National Museum, with whom my research was affiliated; Michael Boxos and Tuvu Telexus of Kanangusngus village, central New Ireland; John Aini of Fisheries Research, Kavieng; June and Drew Wright of Kavieng; Leo and Rhondie Badcock of the Kavieng Hotel; Caroline Read of Earth Science, Monash University and Dr Glenn R Summerhayes of the Australian National University.



Gone But Not Forgotten

Story and photographs by Phil Smith Some photographs courtesy of the RAAF

For two Australian for the RAAF

Australian families, decades of uncertainty and years of searching have finally come to an end under the shade of the rain trees at Bita Paka, near Rabaul.

Fifty-seven years after they were reported missing in action, the crew of a Royal Australian Air Force Beaufighter were buried with full military honours on 15 November 2000 at Bita Paka War Cemetery as hundreds of local residents and a school choir marked the solemn occasion.

The crew's remains were recovered a month earlier, in a coconut plantation only a short distance from the wreck of Beaufighter A19-97 that crashed in the Gazelle Peninsula. Residents of a nearby village helped the RAAF team to identify the remains, assisting with the excavation and setting up water pumps to sieve tiny pieces of wreckage.



Rest in Peace — Two Australian airmen have finally been laid to rest with hundreds of comrades in arms at the beautiful Bita Paka War Cemetery just outside Rabaul.



The honour guard from Canberra

Flight Lieutenant Derrick Robert Stone (Pilot) and Flying Officer Edward Burford Morris-Hadwell (Wireless Air Observer), of 30th Squadron, flew from Goodenough Island to join a force of more than 300 allied aircraft involved in an attack on Tobera airfield on 12 October 1943. They were last seen after the raid, climbing to attack a Japanese fighter. accounts of other crews on the raid indicate they turned back to help another Australian aircraft that was under attack from a number of fast and agile Japanese Zeros. It was common practice to open the throttles wide and get down to tree top level. This procedure would usually enable the crew to get away at wave height. Dick and Ted chose to turn and fight to help out another crew.

Flight Lieutenant George Roberston DFC was on that mission in 1943. Of 12 Beaufighters, he was number 11 and Stone was 12. Robertson says the crew of A19-97 were doubly unfortunate: they were the reserve crew and had only rudimentary preparation for a poorly planned raid. The Australian Beaufighters were last on to the target, following 300 American bombers. In fact the Americans didn't recognise the snub nosed Aussies and opened fire on them as the USAAF egressed the target and the RAAF was on the way in! Instead of the total surprise usually gained by the 'Whispering Death', 30SQN found a hornet's nest waiting, with Japanese gunners primed and Zeros already airborne. The raid became part of the legendary Battle of New Britain.





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What happened to Stone and Morris-Hadwell is unclear, but for 57 years two families never stopped wondering. The pilot's son-in-law, Stuart Lovell of Cairns, was working in the Rabaul area during the 1990s and heard of a twin engine plane wreck about 40 kilometres from town. The twin-row radials were Hercules motors, of the type fitted to Beaufighters. 30SQN had only lost one aircraft in that area.

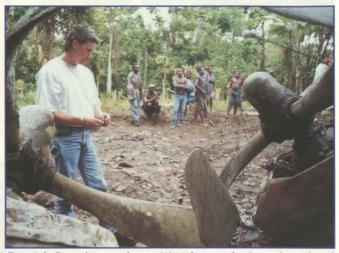
So the puzzle pieces began to fit, and with the help of the Beaufighter and Boston Association, and the Papua New Guinea Museum of Modern History, the story's final chapter began.

The remains of the crew were uncovered and the airmen were positively identified. The crash site was marked with a memorial plaque.

A team of young airmen and women from Canberra formed a burial party and honour guard for the funeral under Bita Paka's beautiful shade trees. The Commonwealth lawn cemetery is a quiet field of small head stones, many hundreds of which read simply, 'Known To God'. A large brass plaque lists those still missing. Three volleys echoed the gunfire that ended their lives on October 12th 1943, as Stone and Morris-Hadwell were laid to rest. The bugle called a final time and Reverend Peter Friend committed them and their families to God's care.

The RAAF located a number of relatives of the Beaufighter crew and brought them from as far as Perth to attend the funeral. They included Flight Lieutenant Stone's daughter, born only a few weeks after his death, and two of his grandsons. Flying Officer Morris-Hadwell's two nieces and a nephew were also at the grave side. All spoke of a great sense of relief at finally knowing their loved ones' fate.

Rabaul business woman, Ailine Ofa-Ki-Tonga Leggett joins the families of the Australian airmen laying wreaths at the Bita Paka graveside.



Derrick Stone's grandson visits the crash site, where local people worked hard to clear the wreck and assist the RAAF scientific team identifying the remains of the Beaufighter's crew.

No longer 'Missing': Flight Lieutenant Derrick Robert Stone 3406 Flying Officer Edward Burford Morris-Hadwell 1433

They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old.

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.



Cairns Tropical Garden Show

Roy Banka, Curator of the Lae National Botanic Gardens will host Papua New Guinea's exhibit at the first ever Sister Cities International Garden Exhibition at the Cairns Tropical Garden Show on 11, 12 and 13 May 2001. The Show is Australia's largest tropical garden event and has been held at the Cairns Showgrounds for the past 17 years.

Cairns has five Sister Cities and over the coming years will invite the Botanic Garden from each city to bring an exhibition of their flora, gardens, culture, dance and music to the north Australian city.

The Papua New Guinean Consul in Cairns, Mrs Mary Karo, has been involved in the organisation of the exhibit from Lae. She says: New opportunities for trade, tourism, cultural understanding and education through gardens and horticulture are a way of developing friendships between close neighbours.

The Lae Botanic Gardens will 'partner' with the Cairns Flecker Botanic Gardens in a collaborative display of two of the world's most outstanding wet tropical Botanic Gardens. Australia's strict quarantine requirements impose some restrictions on the ability to show PNG plants in Cairns. Luckily, says Banka, the Flecker Botanic Gardens have a collection of a substantial number of the species of plants that are grown in Lae, so this solves the need to import plants.

Members of the PNG Cultural and Sporting Association based in Cairns will offer their skills and craft to weave a village-style house that will be the focus of the exhibit. The lack of availability of some 'building' materials such as kunai grass has been overcome by the use of local alternatives. Many utility plants like maniok, aibika, pitpit, tree yams, kong kong cabbage and others are grown by Papua New Guineans living in Cairns.

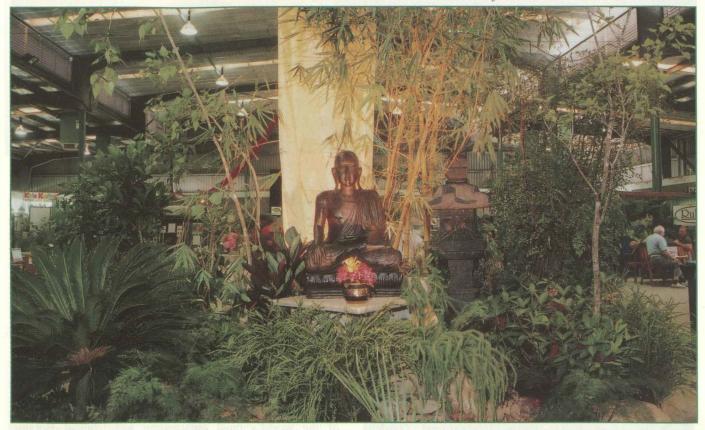
Collections of artefacts are being loaned to the exhibition. Traditional dancing will feature in the entertainment programme with the famous Longhu Women's Dance Group performing during the three days. Other visiting members of the Lae community will mingle with gardeners and swap ideas and hints on craft and gardens.

Chairman of the Cairns Tropical Garden Show Chris Anderson said that having Lae as the first exhibition guests was in keeping with the relationship that has developed between the two cities. He said that PNG businesses were invited to participate in whatever way they could. His committee was grateful for the substantial support that had already been received from Air Niugini, Parkroyal Hotel Port Moresby and the Cairns City Council.

Cairns Tropical Garden Show at the Cairns Showgrounds, 11-13 May 2001



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MUSEUM NEWS — Gulf Artefacts

ittle-known to outsiders, the vast steaming tropical lowlands of Gulf Province are home to some of Papua New Guinea's most diverse and exquisite material culture. While many thousands of examples of the region's artefacts and buildings were lost, either during destructions fuelled by Christian fundamentalism or through the activities of overseas collectors, the people of the Purari and Kikori Delta regions still safeguard some of their precious cultural heritage in their villages and houses and still produce *gope* boards, carvings and pots for their own use.

Culture is not static – its outward appearance and its inward meanings are constantly shifting, and this is the case for these people, as Sebastine Haraha, an anthropological technical officer with Papua New Guinea's National Museum and Art Gallery discovered.

Sebastine recently spent two and a half weeks in the Purari Delta and parts of Kikori District in Gulf Province. The main purpose of his trip was to assist Dr Robert Welsch of the Field Museum in Chicago. Dr Welsch is putting together an exhibition of Papuan Gulf artefacts. Most of these were collected in the early twentieth century and are kept in the Field Museum. Some, however, are stored in other parts of the world, including the Papua New Guinea National Museum.

Assisting in the field was Joshua A. Bell, a student from Oxford University, interested in investigating the Purari Delta area for his doctoral dissertation.

The areas they visited are rich in investigation possibilities. For the last 50 years, little major anthropological fieldwork has been done there, especially in the Purari Delta. It seems that until now, no one has looked into the changes that have taken place in that time, culturally or socially.

In the Purari Delta people have moved from old sites to new sites. The team was very interested in knowing how and why these people moved and formed new villages. Much of the material culture in this area has been lost as has most of the information associated with the objects that remain. When Dr Welsch showed the villagers photographs of the old villages and some of the material objects collected in 1914, the elderly could not positively identify the photographs. Their recollections were quite general. Despite this the team discovered villages producing fishtraps, canoes, carvings, pottery and even the traditional men's houses, or *dubu*.

Story by Sebastine Haraha and Danni Moore Photography by Sebastine Haraha





Top: The people of Mirimailau Village are building a new dubu mere, or men's ceremonial house. All the clans of the village will have their own enclosed space within the house. The personal name of the house is Amoa.

Above: Villagers from Kivoumai Village, Kikori District with Dr Welsch (bottom left), attempting to identify artefacts collected from their area in the early 1900s. Right: This carving is a kakame, the embodiment of one of the bush spirits in the area. Kakame are used in different ways and the beliefs surrounding them vary from village to village, though generally people believe kakame protect them.



The group also learned about the Tommy Kabu movement in the Purari Delta. Tommy was a naval officer with the Australian navy. After serving in World War Two he returned home in 1947. He had a vision to change the people's lifestyle. He tried to move the people to locations where they could make sago and sell it in Port Moresby, in order to make them more self-reliant. However his idea was seen by the government authorities as trying to form a separatist movement among the people of the Purari Delta and he was imprisoned. Tommy Kabu established the Rabia Camp settlement in Port Moresby so the Purari Delta people could bring in sago and sell it to the Motuans and the government agencies in the city.

Tommy Kabu is also seen by some as the man responsible for the destruction of most of the ethnographic materials in the Purari area. According to one of the eyewitnesses interviewed, Tommy's instruction was that people should change their old ways and beliefs and adapt to a new life. On the other hand some people say it was really other missionaries who told the people to do away with the old customs because those customs were evil.

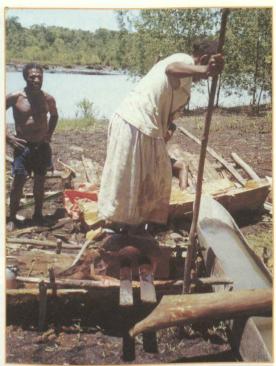
Sadly there are few people alive who could tell the group what really happened in the early days. Some of these people, however, continue to participate in different ceremonies inside the various ceremonial houses. It was interesting to discover that not only men participate in such ceremonies but women too.

The art of the Urama, Gope and Kerema people is also fascinating. From the team's brief survey, they found that art designs have moved from one clan or tribe to another. This is because when a daughter is married into a tribe or clan other than her own, her father gives her the right to take his designs to her husband's clan. The design boards are kept in her husband's ceremonial house and if the daughter has a son, then her son maintains the designs. If the daughter has no son, the art style then returns to her father's family again. This may be why people could not recognise Dr Welsch's photographs of objects purchased in 1914 from their own areas. They could not even identify which clan owns the designs or what the designs mean.

The trip was also a good opportunity for Dr Welsch and Joshua Bell to take part in putting together dog's teeth (*maki*) for Sebastine's sister-in-law's bride price. The group visited Sebastine's village, Iuku, in the Ihu District. There, they spent one whole day working or looping *maki*. Neither Welsch nor Bell made any attempt to move or stand up until the *maki* was finished in the afternoon, completely entranced by the process the men of the village were demonstrating.

The trip demonstrated the ease with which material culture can be lost but also the remarkable resilience of the people and the ever-changing nature of their culture.

Right: There are many different methods of making sago __ the staple food of the area. Below: Joshua Bell learning to loop dog's teeth. or maki. a traditional form of bride price in the Ihu District. Bottom: The villagers of Kairimai Village. Baimuru District, display a kundu drum.









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AUDIO ENTERTAINMENT

CLASSICAL Channel: 5

Vienna Blood Waltz, Op 354 (Johann Strauss I) Queensland Symphony Orchestra Conductor: Vladimir Ponkin ABC Classics

Sheep May Safely Graze (J.S.Bach) Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields Conductor: Neville Marriner

Serenade For Strings In C, Op 48 (Tchaikovsky) London Philharmonic Orchestra Conductor: Norman del Mar EMI

Concerto No. 3 in E minor (Handel) Leslie Pearson: violin English Chamber Orchestra Conductor: Raymond Leppard BELART

Bolero (Pessard) Jane Rutter: flute Gagliano String Quartet RCA

Romeo And Juliet Suite No 2, Op 64c 'Montagues and Capulets' (Prokofiev) The Philadelphia Orchestra Conductor: Riccardo Muti EMI

Peer Gynt, Suite No. 1, Op 46 2nd movement - Aase's Death (Grieg) Berliner Philharmoniker Conductor: Herbert von Karajan

1812 Overture (Tchaikovsky) Slovak Philharmonic Orchestra Conductor:Stephen Gunzenhauser NAXOS

Premiere Gymnopedie (Satie) Ottmar Liebert: guitar SONY



POP Channel: 6

Can't Fight The Moonlight LeeAnn Rimes

The Power Vanessa Amorosi TRANSISTOR

Give Me A Reason The Corrs ATLANTIC

Chances Are Invertigo STANDARD

Crazy For This Girl Evan & Jaron COLUMBIA

911 Wyclef Jean featuring Mary J Blige COLUMBIA

Walking Away Craig David VELOCITY

Nobody Wants To Be Lonely Ricky Martin with Christina Aguilera COLUMBIA

Cruisin
Gwyneth Paltrow & Huey Lewis
HOLLYWOOD RECORDS

This Is Where I Came In BeeGees POLYDOR

Hold Me Savage Garden ROADSHOW

Thankyou Dido ARISTA

Waiting For The Sun Powderfinger GRUDGE

Jaded Aerosmith COLUMBIA

I Ain't Gonna Stand For It Eric Clapton REPRISE

One More Time Daft Punk VIRGIN

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

I Learned From The Best Whitney Houston ARISTA

I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues Elton John ROCKET

This I Promise You N'Sync

Runaway
The Corrs
ATLANTIC

Ricky Martin

Back At One Brian McKnight MOTOWN

Falling
Julee Cruise
WARNER BROS

Always On My Mind Willie Nelson COLUMBIA

By Your Side Sade

A Dream Worth Keeping Sheena Easton

The Mind Of Love k.d. lang

Secret Garden
Bruce Springsteen
EPIC

Only Time Enya WEA

The Look Of Love Anita Baker ELEKTRA

End of the Road Boyz II Men LaFace

PAPUA NEW GUINEA Channel: 8

Kobiai Mailu village (Magi) Central Province

[Panpipes] Gomri village (Chimbu) Chimbu Province

Sore Mama Rock band by Cicilia 'Zenna Greg' Morobe Province Chin H Meen Recordings

Uuyambe Kilalum village (Sulka) East New Britain Province

Awalif Ilahita village (South Arapesh) East Sepik Province

That day is coming closer Sonoma Adventist College Choir Recordings by TCPNG

Kaapaumma Iraabo village (Usarufa-Auyana, Usarufa dialect) Eastern Highlands Province

'Iabuti' Irelya village Enga Province

Papa Paulo Harahara Band of Miaru Gulf Province Walter Bay Company Recordings

Kanipu ivi Karurua village (Purari) Gulf Province

Gunal Gohe village (Mawan) Madang Province

Vuvu Ialire Rock Band by Narox Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Kasama Kepara village (Hunjera) Oro Province

Wakuwko Malasanga village Morobe Province

Pipa Man City Hikers Stringband of National Capital District Kalang Recordings

Tatarore Waidoro village Western Province

Gawa Walete (Huli) Southern Highlands Province

E Pain Ta Riwo Bamboo Band of Madang Province Kalang Recordings

Sawo Kwomtari village (Kwomtari) West Sepik Province

Twigul 'Vasu korekore' Voniskopo village (Hahon) North Solomons Province

Iurusalem Gospel Band by Exiles Gospel of Rabaul Pacific Gold Recordings

Leleki Patsui village Manus Province



COMEDY Channel: 9

Masseuse

Guido Hatzis GRUDGE

The Excited Southerner Orders A Meal

Adam Sandler WARNER BROS

Observations -5 Elliot Goblet BELLY LAUGH

Furniture Club Veg

SICK DAY RECORDS

The Excited Southerner Gets Pulled Over

Adam Sandler WARNER BROS

Paperboy Guido Hatzis GRUDGE

Nutter on the Bus

Jasper Carrott CHRYSALIS

The Excited Southerner At A Job Interview

Adam Sandler WARNER BROS

Opening News The Two Ronnies

BBC

Army Joke Danny McMaster N/A

Eat it

'Weird Al' Yankovic SCOTTI BROS

Scary Things Ellen DeGeneres ATLANTIC

The Excited Southerner Meets Mel Gibson

Adam Sandler WARNER BROS

Excerpt from The Comedy Store's 20th Birthday

Jim Carrey UPROAR

The Excited Southerner Proposes To A Woman

Adam Sandler WARNER BROS



COMEDY Channel: 9

John Howard

Danny McMaster N/A

Bill Cosby Goes To A Football Game

Bill Cosby RHINO

Cop Jokes

Danny McMaster

Goodness Gracious Me Peter Sellers

Why Fish Wear Socks

Steven Wright

Closing News

The Two Ronnies BBC

7 Foot Man Adam Sandler WARNER BROS

Puzzle Answers

CROSSWORD

Across: 1.Table; 2.Besom; 7. Underground; 9. Lot; 10.Scab; 12.Drum; 13. Retinue; 14. Amen; 15. Odds; 17.Ale; 19.Overbalance; 20.Bulge; 21.Niece Down: 1.Truss; 2.Bid farewell; 3.Earl; 4.Bart; 5. Square dancing; 6. Madam; 8.Gorilla; 11.Ben; 12.Duo; 14.A-bomb: 15.Swede: 17. Able: 18. Elan

ST WORDS

sting; stump; stare; store; strip; aster; ostia; astro; astir; istle; paste; gusto; costa; misty; haste; feast; chest; guest; crust; first; sweet; shift; slant; squat; sheet

WORDLESS SHIPS

CENT

KEYS

1-B 2-D 3-E 4-A 5-F 6-C



COUNTRY Channel: 10

Leaving On A Jet Plane

John Denver RCA

Good Things In Life

Adam Brand COMPASS BROS

Don't Talk Back

Kasey Chambers

Boots Of Spanish Leather

Nanci Griffith COLUMBIA

I Hope You Dance

LeeAnn Womack MCA NASHVILLE

Too Strong To Break

Beccy Cole ABC

You Are So Beautiful

Kenny Rogers ATLANTIC

But For The Grace Of God

Keith Urban WEA

Wild Horses Garth Brooks

CAPITOL

Looking Forward Looking Back

Slim Dusty

Scream

Mindy McCready

CAPITOL

9 To 5

Dolly Parton RCA

This Kiss Faith Hill WB

In A Perfect World

Gretchen Peters ABC

Our Town Iris Dement WEA

The Pearl

Emmylou Harris NONESUCH

CHILDREN'S Channel: 11

Taba Naba

The Wiggles featuring Christine Anu ABC



Chester,

The Cheerful Chipmunk

Rachel Sumner RACHEL'S RECORDS

Little Ms Muffet

Rachel Sumner RACHEL'S RECORDS

Winnie The Pooh and Tigger

James Stewart CAMDEN

Animals

Julie Blanchard CBS

The Three Little Pigs

Holly Hunter WINDHAM HILL

North South East & West

Hi-5 SONY

Jack And The Beanstalk

The Muppets

AXIS



Keeping Clean Jolly Doctor Dolliwell

METRO

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to Port Moresby

MAY

Proof of Life

Miss Congeniality



Genre: Drama Rated: R Warner Bros 120 mins Peter Bowman, an American engineer in a Latin American country, is kidnapped for a \$3 million ransom. Abandoned by her husband's employer and insurance company, his wife Alice refuses to give up on his life. She takes on the task of bringing him home but quickly realises she can't do that without help. An expert in 'K&KR', Terry Thorne is Alice's best and only hope of saving Peter. Alice and Terry develop a mutual respect, which evolves into a mutual attraction.

Featuring: Meg Ryan, Russell Crowe, David Morse, Pamela Reed, David Caruso **Director: Taylor Hackford**



Genre: Comedy/Action Rated: PG-13 From: Warner Bros 110 mins The Miss US Pageant, hallowed and revered home of American Beauty for the past 50 years, has received a bomb threat. The FBI has a simple plan. Get one of their agents into the pageant, undercover, as a contestant. Special Agent Gracie Hart, looks terrific on the computer in a bathing suit; she might even fool everyone in an evening gown, especially if she puts a brush to her hair. But Gracie's refusal to follow orders has already placed her job in jeopardy.

Featuring: Sandra Bullock, Michael Caine, Benjamin Bratt, William Shatner, Candice Bergen **Director: Donald Petrie**

JUNE

Chocolat

What Women Want



Genre: Comedy, Romance 105 mins From: TSI Rated: PG-13 When a single mother and her six-yearold daughter move to rural France and

open a chocolate shop — with Sunday hours — across the street from the local church, they are met with some scepticism. But as soon as they coax the townspeople into enjoying their delicious products, they are warmly welcomed.

Featuring: Juliette Binoche, Judi Dench, Johnny Depp, Lena Olin, Alfred Molina

Director: Lasse Hallstrom



Genre: Drama Rated: PG-13 From: Jaguar 126 mins

A Chicago advertising executive, Nick Marshall, gets a whole new outlook on life when a fluke accident gives him the ability to read women's minds. At first, this 'gift' provides Nick with way too much information, but he begins to realise that he can use it to good effect, especially when it comes to outwitting his new boss. In spite of his best efforts to finesse his boss, Nick soon finds himself falling in love, and ultimately understanding what women want.

Featuring: Mel Gibson, Helen Hunt, Bette Midler, Lauren Holly, Marisa Tomei, Alan Alda

Channels 1 and 2

Director: Nancy Meyers

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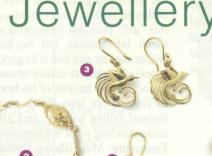
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AVAILABLE DURING FLIGHT . PLEASE ASK FOR ASSISTANCE



50ml

Boss Men's Eau De Toilette **Natural Spray**

Hugo Boss



Kouros

Natural Spray

Yves Saint Laurent



50ml

Paco Homme Men's Eau De Toilette **Natural Spray**

Poco Robanne

Presentation box of

Collection Homme



Limited Edition Stainless Steel Souvenir Hip Flask

Filled with Scotch Whiskey



50ml

Drakkar Noir Men's Eau De Toilette **Natural Spray**

Guy Laroche

NOTE: Prices of listed items vary in accordance to the daily international exchange rates of

the PNG Kina.

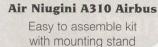


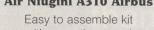
Men's Eau De Toilette



Cigars

Tabaculera 5-pack Cigars. Top quality hand rolled cigars made for Air Niugini







PNG Gold 9ct and Sterling Silver Jewellery

Unique designs from Kara Jewellers

- 1. Broach 2. Charm Bracelet 3. Bird of Paradise Earrings
- 4. Bilam Earrings 5. Kundu drum 6. Knotted necklace
- 7. Crocodile Pendant 8. Mask broach 9. Opal necklace 10. Bird of Paradise Necklace 11. Bilam necklace



AVAILABLE DURING FLIGHT . PLEASE ASK FOR ASSISTANCE



Johnny Walker Black Label

1 litre

Highly awarded!



Courvoisier V.S.O.P. Cognac

Finest quality champagne!



SMOKING IS ADDICTIVE BENSON'S HEDGES

BENSON & HEDGES

Benson and Hedges carton

Special Filter, Extra Mild & Ultra Mild - 20 & 25



Winfield 25s carton

Popular red & mild blue





Hennessy V.S.O.P. **Privilege Cognac**

1 litre

Ideal gift for lovers of fine Cognac.



Black Label Bundaberg Rum 1.125 litre

The great Australian Black Label Rum



Exclusive to inflight sales

Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky

1 litre



Bombay Sapphire

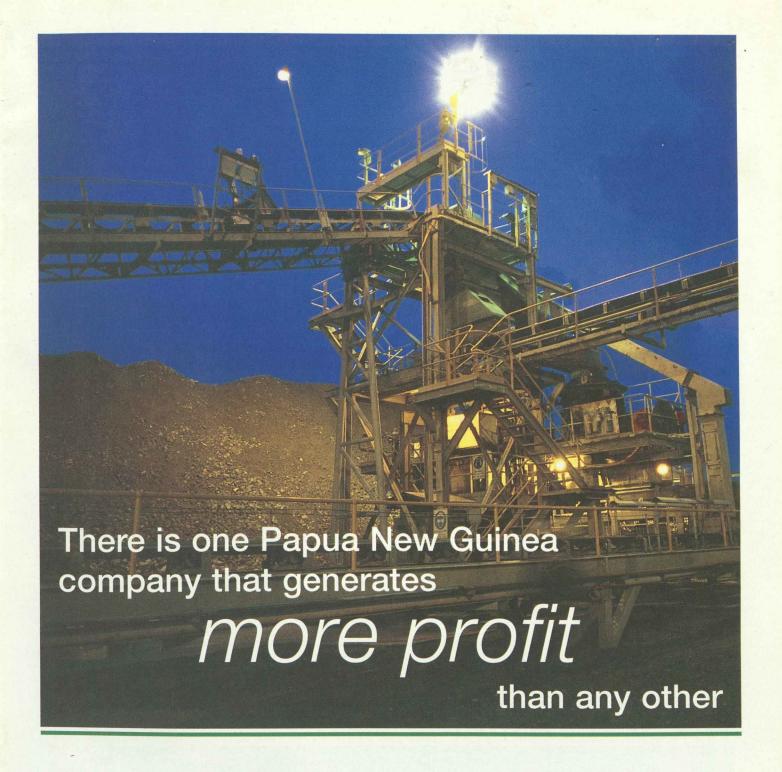
1 litre

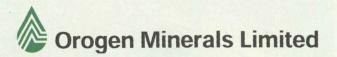
The best dry gin available!

NOTE: Prices of listed items vary in accordance to the daily international exchange rates of the PNG Kina.



Air Niugii





Welcome!

Getting Around: At Jackson's Airport, which is 11km from the centre of Port Moresby, there are rental car counters, a bank and duty free shops. Major hotels have a courtesy bus to and from the airport. Taxis have meters. Within the city, PMVs (public motor vehicles) cost 50 toea per journey.

Elsewhere, PMVs, taxis and hire cars are available.

Useful Port Moresby Numbers: Air Niugini Information 3273480; Reservations & Confirmation 3273555 (Domestic) and 3273444 (International); Police 000; Ambulance 3256822.

Currency: Papua New Guinea's unit of currency is the Kina which is divided into 100 toea. Exchange your money at Jackson's Airport or in banks which are open from 8.45am to 3pm, Monday to Thursday and until 4pm on Friday. Credit cards are accepted in leading hotels and shops.

Customs and Quarantine: Adults over 18 have a general allowance of new goods to the value of K250 and are allowed duty free:

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

Drugs, pornographic literature or video tapes, firearms and weapons are prohibited. Food items, seeds, spices, live or dry plants, animals, animal products and biological specimens such as cultures and blood need special import approval.

Languages: Although over 800 languages are spoken in Papua New Guinea, English is the language of education and commerce. Tok Pisin is widely spoken and Hiri Motu is common in Papua.

Time: Papua New Guinea is 10 hours ahead of GMT, in the same time zone as Eastern Australia. There is no daylight saving.

Communication: ISD, STD and facsimile services are available in most areas. Large towns have public telephones. Phone cards can be used in some. Many rural areas have radio phones.

Driving: Drivers' licences issued in other countries are valid for 3 months after arrival. Vehicles travel on the left side of the road; speed limits are 60kph in built-up areas and 80kph out of town.

Electricity: Electricity supply is 240 volts AC 50 Hz. Some hotels have 110 volt outlets for shavers and hair dryers.

Health: Water quality is within WHO standards in most towns. Bottled water is available. In rural areas it is advisable to boil water. As malaria continues to be a health risk in the country, anti-malaria tablets should be taken two weeks before arrival, during your stay and for 4 weeks after departure. Use insect repellent and wear long-sleeved shirts, trousers and shoes in the evening. Dentists, doctors and hospitals are in all major centres. Rural areas have health centres and aid posts staffed by trained health workers.

Dress: For most occasions, dress is informal. Thongs and shorts are not allowed in some bars and restaurants. Lightweight clothing is suitable for coastal areas but a sweater or jacket will be needed in the highlands.

Restaurants: Western cuisine is available in hotels, restaurants, guest houses and lodges. Port Moresby has several Asian restaurants. Some hotels especially in the provinces serve local food such as roast pork, chicken or fish with sweet potato, taro, yam, pumpkin, banana and greens cooked in coconut milk.

Tips: Tips are neither expected nor encouraged.

Shopping: Large stores and artifact shops offer a variety of goods for sale. Saturday is a half day for most shops and nearly all are closed on Sunday. Artisans sell their craft beside the roads or in markets. All markets sell a wide range of fruits and vegetables.

Cultural Events: Celebrations of traditional culture include:

June Port Moresby Show August Mt Hagen Show

September Hiri Moale Festival Port Moresby; Goroka Show October Maborasa Festival Madang; Morobe Show

Export Rules: Many artifacts, historical and cultural objects are prohibited exports. Others require a permit from the National Museum. Export permits for wildlife and animal products are issued by the Nature Conservation Divison of the Department of Environment and Conservation.

Tourism Promotion Authority,
PO Box 1291, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea
Phone: 320 0211 Fax: 320 0223
Email: tourismpng@dg.com.pg





trukai.
RICE
That's right

TOUGH RUGGED AND DEPENDABLE

LAND CRUISER



For many years Toyota Land Cruiser has proven to be the best choice throughout Papua New Guinea for complete reliability under all types of road conditions. Powered by the performance-proven Toyota 6 cylinder 4.2 litre diesel engine and supported by a sturdy yet flexible heavy-duty suspension, Land Cruiser will handle the most rugged terrain with ease. You can rely on Toyota.



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