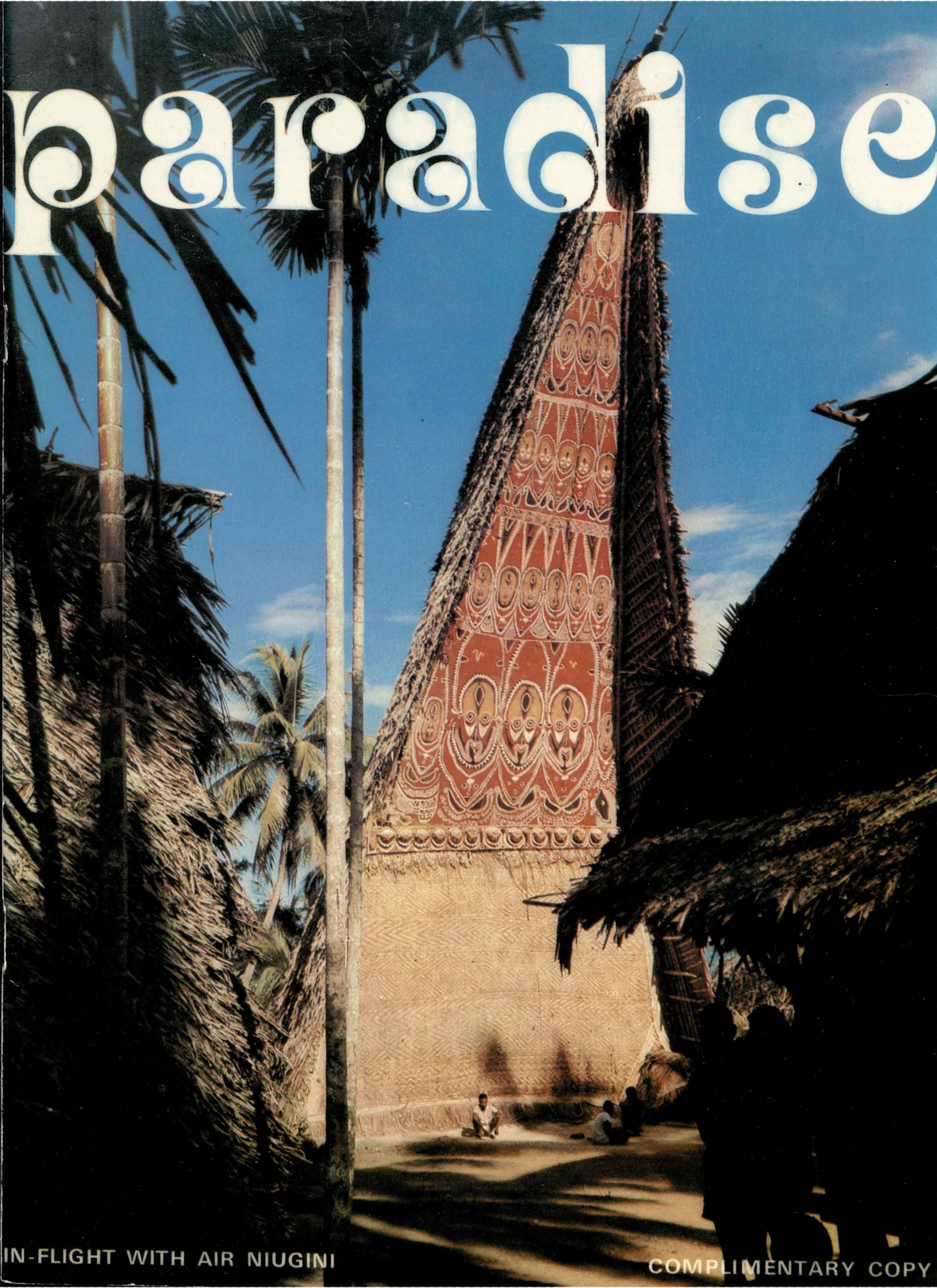
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Every morning I go down to the beach
And find my favourite shell.
I look to the horizon
As the sun comes up

The sun rays strike my friend, shell.
It smiles at me.

Shell
SERVING THE NATION

paradise

No. 2. October 1976

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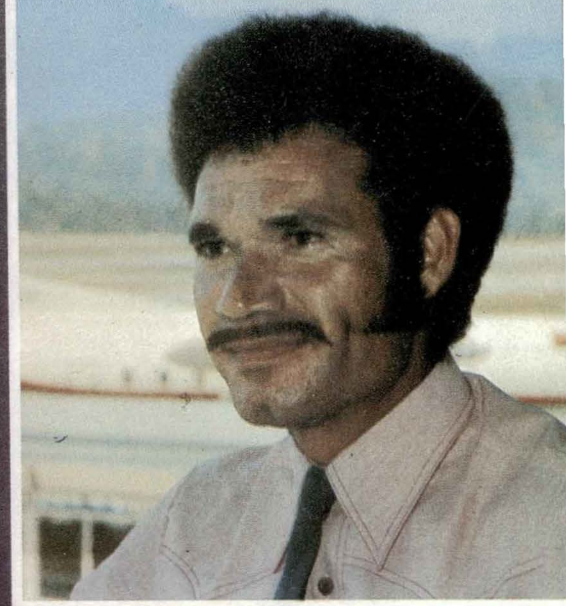

PAUL RORA MBE

Hello and Welcome

I am pleased to introduce Mr Paul Pora (above), Chairman of the National Airline Commission of Papua New Guinea. He is the executive officer for the Mount Hagen Local Government Council. Mr Pora's service to his fellow countrymen was recognised recently when he was awarded the MBE.

As this issue of Paradise goes to press, Air Niugini is preparing to launch new services to Sydney, Australia and Kagoshima, Japan. These routes will boost tourism in Papua New Guinea and, at the same time, the Sydney route will provide a better service for our regular passengers who may wish to fly beyond Brisbane.

This month we open a new sales office in Sydney. It will be in King George Tower building at the corner of King and George Streets. Our NSW regional manager is Mr Brian Costello, who spent 21 years in Papua New Guinea and was Ansett Airlines of Australia's regional manager based in Port Moresby before returning to Australia.

Congratulations to Captain Bert Ritchie who recently retired as general manager of Qantas Airways and vice-chairman of the Papua New Guinea National Airline Commission. Captain Ritchie will not be idle in his retirement. He has accepted the position of chairman of the Australian Tourist Commission.

Papua New Guinea's Minister for Transport and Works, Mr Bruce Jephcott, has announced Air Niugini's intention to purchase a Boeing 707 series 338C aircraft from Qantas. We expect this aircraft to be in service on our routes in February 1977.

C.B Grey
General Manager

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COVER PICTURE

Haus tambaran – spirit house – in the Sepik Province of Papua New Guinea. This magnificent example of Papua New Guinean art and architecture is taller than an eight story office block. It was photographed by Neville Moderate of the PNG Office of Information. The late Errol Flynn (page 6) was fascinated by his visit to the Sepik during his youth.

COME IN ...LIKE FLYNN

By Margaret Wilson

Fifty years ago, a penniless young Australian arrived in Rabaul, determined to make his fortune in the New Guinea goldfields. He left the country five years later with 40 ounces of gold dust, £400 and a shaving brush handle full of jewels.

To get men to mine the gold (from a claim he won in a raffle) he sold to a village chief a machine which he claimed would turn halfpennies into shillings . . . To get the £400 he sold the men to a copra planter for £20 each. And the jewels? He had stolen them from a woman in Sydney.

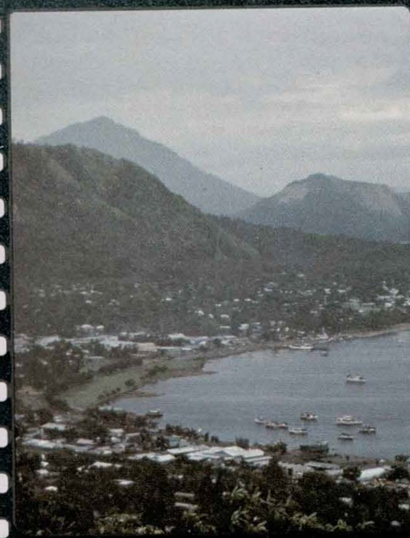
Errol Flynn wasn't proud of the fortune he took out of New Guinea. But he had to go: 'The old aphorism hung over me that, if you spent more than five years in New Guinea you were done for, you'd never be able to get out, your energy would be gone, and you'd rot there like an aged palm.'

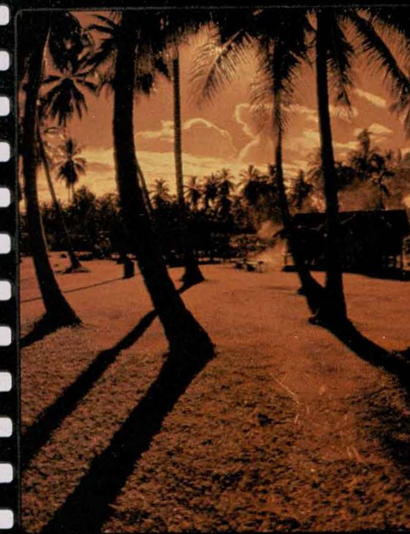
From his arrival he tried unsuccessfully to bluff himself into money as a copra and tobacco planter, mariner, miner, slave trader and bird of paradise hunter. He lived more rough than smooth; said he enjoyed idyllic love affairs and stormier liaisons; and found that his face was his only fortune.

Several times, he gave up and left – but each time, the magnetism of this huge island tugged him back. 'I knew how rich and terrible that land was, its entrails loaded with gold, copper, all kinds of natural wealth, teeming with animal life and ablaze with rich verdure,' he said later.

Since then, not so much has changed in the country that is now called Papua New Guinea. Everything he wrote remains substantially true, despite the veneer of civilisation that smoothes today's tourist's path. You don't have to move far off that path to find yourself suddenly thrown back on your own resources – to communicate, to move, even to survive.

Which is why so many of the world's adventurers still come here – and why so many never leave. There's something here that the rest of the world has lost. 'New





OPPOSITE: Errol Flynn as millions of his movie fans remember him;

TOP: Anything for money, Flynn once hunted crocodiles in Papua New Guinea; CENTRE: Rabaul, where he worked as a patrol officer; BOTTOM: A village near Salamaua where Flynn and scores of other gold miners started their trek to the goldfields around Wau.

Guinea, with its enormous variety of queer customers, has taught me more about men than I'd learn in 20 years in a city like London,' Flynn wrote to his father from Port Moresby.

He never forgot the ambush in the New Guinea jungle on the way to the goldfields – nor the soft water of the beautiful Laloki river, near Port Moresby, where the man who was to become the world's top sex symbol first experienced the thrill of sexual conquest by patient gentleness. 'We let ourselves be carried down by the current of the stream and, on the shores, in a secluded nook of shade, at last we made love. I can only say that I don't know when again my heart pounded so.'

That was one of the sunnier interludes in his career. Long afterwards, he wrote: 'Sometimes, as I frolicked with Tuperselai by the river banks or lay with her in the soft sand at the shore, I thought I heard or sensed the subtle gura-gura mystique of the region. Little people, they said, like the leprechauns of Ireland, who watched out for you. Maybe it was only the eyes of the Melanesian natives spying on us.

Tuperselai and I drifted. So, in our language of gestures, our smiles, closeness, Tuperselai and I made love and it was a beautiful thing. I was less alone and soft-aired Laloki River is one of my most precious poetic memories.'

Today's visitor to Moresby can still see the Laloki river as Flynn saw it. They can still enjoy drifting in its strong, but safe, current, around its sweeping curves, from sandbank to sandbank, under the tall trees, vines and orchids that briefly shade the sun. Even the crocodiles are still there – Flynn ate one and said it was delicious, 'like a tender lobster or crayfish' – but still rare enough to be forgotten.

Today, there is a pleasant inn on the banks of the Laloki, a few kilometres from Port Moresby. There you can sit with a cool beer and look down into the blue and green reflections in the river – or, if you like, enjoy a cool swim.

Flynn came to Moresby on his yacht *Sirocco*, which is still a visitor to these waters. He bought it with the proceeds of a windfall sale of a New Guinea gold claim, then found he had no money left to ship it out of Sydney. So he sailed it up the coast of Australia to New Guinea: 'I decided that New Guinea might still be lucky for me, figuring that if this deal had come my way, others still bigger might fall to me . . . '

Now he had his first sight of the south coast of the island. 'We piloted our ship into the rather fine harbour of Port Moresby. We arrived during the rainy season and the whole area was brilliant green. The region seemed beautiful to me and I poked around searching its resources.' He decided to start a tobacco plantation and built himself a comfortable, large house of palm and bamboo on the banks of the Laloki. The tobacco crop prospered – but trading was harder. More money was needed . . . The Moresby adventure came to an end.

Flynn's first sight of the island of New Guinea was Rabaul, in East New Britain, the capital and administrative centre of the then Australian Mandated Territory of New Guinea.

His best memory of Rabaul was of 'a wonderfull saloon' where you encountered 'everything the world could yield up – miners, recruiters, con men, thieves, beach-combers, prospectors, planters – cubicles both downstairs and upstairs, several pho-nographs playing, cards . . . '

Old-timers still living in Rabaul re-member it, too. Former planter Fred Archer says it was a 'happy sort of joint' where down and outs were welcome to sleep free, provided they paid for their meals and drinks. 'Ah Chee's was famous from the German days . . . There used to be a picture show opposite. You paid a couple of bob to see the show, and when-ever the film broke down, which happened frequently, you went over to Ah Chee's and drank until someone shouted: 'She's on again, boys!' Then everyone cheered and most people went back to sit on the rickety chairs again and watch some more of the film.'

Fred remembers Flynn's arrival. 'He came ashore with a Major Ayres and they stayed at a rooming house which had once

TOP: The Sepik River which fascinated Flynn when he sailed there in his first yacht. SIROCCO; CENTRE: The social scene along the banks of the Sepik has improved since Flynn's days. Tourists explore the river from a comfortable houseboat. ABOVE: Ceiling designs in a haus tambaran in the Sepik.

been Queen Emma's store. It was called the Ambassadors and I was staying there, too, at that time.

'I remember thinking what a good-looking young man he was. He was tall, slim, well dressed and well spoken – like a public school boy – very pleasant in his manner.

'What recommendations he had other than his own person I don't know, perhaps Ayres helped him, but within a very short time he became a cadet patrol officer and was sent to Kokopo, where he was considered a likeable, capable, good-looking, athletic, pleasant young man.'

But praise of the young Flynn was always qualified. 'As one gentleman who knew him said, he was just the sort of man who could run, jump, fight or wheel and borrow with anyone in town . . . He proved he could fight all right – and there was trouble over that . . . He ceased to be with the Administration,' said Fred Archer.

From then on, Flynn's reputation for roguery quickly spread. 'He stayed around town for quite a while, got into low water, borrowed money and lost his friends.

'He used to go to the Rabaul and the manageress, Mrs Luxmoor, got a little tired of providing him with free meals, so he took to slipping in through the dining-room door while she was busy elsewhere in the hotel . . . If she suddenly came back, he would abandon his meal in the middle and leave the room . . . The waiters thought it was a good joke – they would normally refuse to serve a man with no money, but they understood that with Flynn it was a bit of game . . . Flynn was well liked by women.

Long after Flynn had left he was remembered around Rabaul, mostly for the unpaid bills he left behind. Even after he became famous as a film star, he never paid any of those bills. If people wrote asking him to pay, he would send them autographed photographs of himself saying these were worth much more than he owed them.

Fred remembers the famous occasion when a film of Flynn's was showing in Rabaul and, at the end of the credits, a

dentist to whom Flynn owed a large account jumped up and shouted 'And teeth by Eric Wein!'

'He never paid . . . So no one has a good word for him, except that he could fight – in the days of the gold-miners here, that was a tribute . . . He was entirely without principles. But somehow he got by with a lot of people . . . Women all liked him, even though his actions were not those of a gentleman.'

The glorious hills and harbours, rainforests, white beaches and shady copra plantations are today still just as Flynn describes them in his autobiography, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways.* The superb scenery around Rabaul, Kavieng and Madang remains as he saw it; and, thanks to an active programme of gazetting areas of special beauty as national parks, the PNG Government is making sure that it will remain always.

Nor has the world-famous Sepik river today lost its appeal for the adventurous: 'The last place in the world I wanted to go was the fearful Sepik River, a human graveyard . . . I cruised to the north-east coast, where the red, muddy Sepik flowed into the sea. We moved into the broad stream, running against a strong current,' Flynn wrote.

'The Sepik is a monster waterway 600 miles long. No white man had ever been up the river more than 200 or 300 miles and the nature of the river or the land beyond that was practically unknown – and remains little known even to this day. The waterway was heavily populated with mosquitoes, kanakas and *puk-puks* (crocodiles) . . .

'As we travelled, the *garamuts*, tom-toms made of crocodile skin, kept up a steady communication. 'Outsiders, big magic on the water, beware,' the drums said.

'When we came in close to shore and tried to get film of the natives, we got arrows instead, real ones, and poisoned.'

The social scene along the Sepik has improved since Flynn's day, but not the river itself. You can travel along it today by air-conditioned launch, stopping at villages to buy the famous local carvings – esteemed above most other primitive art internationally for their simple power and individuality. You can go much further, too; the river winds right along the border with Irian Jaya so that for long distances you have PNG on one bank and Indonesia on the other. The crocodiles are still there, and are still hunted for their skins but now they are protected by legislation banning the killing of small animals.

Flynn came to New Guinea at the time of the gold rush. The goldfields, still there, had to be approached from Salamaua by 10 days' march through leech-infested jungle, in constant fear of ambush, and at night wondering 'whether that crawly sound you heard a few feet away might be a snake, a cassowary or maybe only a wild boar razor-back . . . I have seen Central Africa, but it was never anything like the jungle of New Guinea.'

Today you can fly into Wau in an hour. People are still hopefully panning for gold – and finding it. The pioneering days of Edie Creek are not forgotten. Many expatriate goldminers still live there but most of them have long since turned to other forms of business.

Errol Flynn still lives in Papua New Guinea. His book is a steady best-seller and, wherever you go, people will talk about him as if he was still around. 'Flynn used to drink here,' they'll tell you, or 'This is the courtroom where he was charged with murder.'

Flynn didn't do much good while he was here – but he put New Guinea on the world map as a place where a young man can find himself. It is still a place where people from sophisticated societies can come to terms with life at grass roots level. Flynn came to make money – and failed. Others, today, are looking for more elusive gold – an understanding of what life is all about.

That understanding is here, clear in view for all who come with open eyes. Along with it, hardly coincidentally, comes a wealth of visual beauty such as few other places on earth can offer. Following in Flynn's footsteps, you can't miss it.

THE DRAGON OF WAU

Ninety on August 28 this year, Flora Stewart wouldn't be able to take the lamp outside for drunken goldminers to brawl any more. But there's more than a glint of fire still in her eyes which made her the 'Dragon of the Goldfields' in the early 1930s.

Flora Stewart now living in Lae, still loves to recall those rip-roaring days when, along with Errol Flynn, fortune-seekers from all over the world made their way over the mountains from Salamaua into Wau, Edie Creek and the Bulolo Gorge.

Many were destined never to strike it rich but, says Flora, 'you could go to a camp and sleep over a bed that had pans of gold under it and nobody would steal from the next person'. She remembers the miners as 'the most generous of people. If there was a tragedy and they whipped round the hat you would be amazed at what they would get.'

Ela Birrell, Flora Stewart's daughter, remembers why her mother was dubbed 'The Dragon': 'She had this beautiful black brocade dressing gown embossed with a big gold dragon and they'd say "Look out, here comes the Dragon," and they'd scatter like kids.'

One night Flora had gone to bed in the belief that the bar had been closed. She thought she could hear something going on in the bar. The Dragon came storming out to find a group playing strip poker. 'Here was the bank manager with a towel around his hips. He'd lost everything. "Out, out or I'll lose my licence," I screamed.'

There was no fighting in Flora Stewart's Wau Hotel. When fisticuffs seemed imminent, she says, 'I would say "All right, outside. I'll hold the lamp for you but fight outside." We would all go out, I would hold the lamp whilst they fought and then we would all come back inside, the best of pals.'

There were two miners Flora remembers who were great friends. 'But they used to fight regularly in the glow of my pressure lamp. There was Bill Tracy who had a glass eye. So Bill would take out his glass eye and put it on the counter, and Bert Spence used to take out his false teeth and plonk those on the table. Then they would go out and they loved to fight, the two of them, just like terriers. Then they would come back and drink together'

PNG Stamps

By Alex Nonwo

The 'World's Most Beautiful Stamps'. That was just one of the many awards Papua New Guinea postage stamps have won at international exhibitions. Honours like this give the PNG Philatelic Bureau a constant headache – how to live up to its reputation.

Artists of international repute and professional artists are responsible for most of our stamps. We tell them the subjects and they do the artwork. Some artists, such as Australia's Paul Jones, pick up their own subjects. Paul Jones designed our 1969 Orchid sets and Tropical Fish.

Papua New Guinea fauna and flora – birds, fish, reptiles, butterflies, flowers – are featured on one or two issues each year. Traditional Papua New Guinea arts and folklore are popular subjects.

Current events, especially sporting activities, are subjects for our stamp designs. A recent definitive issue depicted the activities of each of the PNG Provinces.

A question often asked is whether stamp collecting is a good investment. The answer is yes. Take, for instance, our 1958 cattle stamp, issued for 1/7d (about 18 toea). It is worth K40 mint. Another valuable one is the 1952 fisherman, now worth K28 mint. The double overprint Kiriwina yam house sells for more than K200.

But most people who take their stamp collecting hobby seriously end up specialising. They may concentrate on one region of the world. Or perhaps on a certain selection of countries which have something in common, such as Commonwealth countries. Others may concentrate on a specific subject or activity.

The next PNG issue to be released this month is a double – four fish stamps and one commemorating Father Ross, a pioneer missionary. Designed by Paul Jones, the tropical fish are typical of those in PNG waters. They are the clouded rainbow, imperial angel, the strikingly coloured freckled rock cod and the threadfin butterfly fish.

The story of Father Ross would fill a book. He was an American missionary who arrived in New Guinea in 1926. He worked among the Highlanders of New Guinea for 40 years. He died and was buried at Mt Hagen in 1973.

In February 1977 the first stage of our latest definitive series will be issued in K1 and K2 denominations. This set will replace our $1 and $2 stamps which were withdrawn from circulation recently. The new stamps will feature two headdresses, one from the Mekeo region west of Port Moresby, the other from the East Sepik Province. The rest of the definitive series will be issued in 1978 to replace the current issue.

The protected butterflies, flora and fauna conservation issue were released on June 11, 1975. Papua New Guinea has some of the largest butterflies in the world. The stamps featured four species of the genus Ornithoptera, also known as 'birdwing butterflies'. These rare insects are as much a part of Papua New Guinea's cultural property as the Birds of Paradise, ancient carvings or limestone caves.

To save the seven species of Ornithoptera from extinction the then Administration of Papua New Guinea declared them 'protected fauna' on October 31, 1968. It was the first time that rare insects were individually protected in the Pacific region.

The national heritage stamps featuring four types of canoes used by the coastal people of Papua New Guinea for centuries were issued in February 1975. The *lakatoi* canoe shown in the 7c stamp was used by the Motuan people who controlled the central coast of Papua, for long trading voyages to the Gulf region, where they exchanged pottery for sago palm.

Pioneer missionary, Rev James Chalmers, described the crew that usually manned a lakatoi: 'There were six officers in all – one fore and one aft, two for the mast and two for the sail. For a long time the captain has been sacred.'

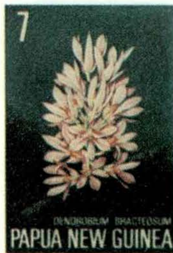
The flora and fauna conservation issue featuring orchids was released in November 1974. The four species featured were of the genus Dendrobium, which is among the largest species of orchid to be found in the world.

The four native dwellings stamps in the national heritage stamp issue were released in June 1976. Four examples of Papua New Guinean architecture were featured.

The flora and fauna conservation stamp issue featuring birds heads was released in June 1974. The three featured – the kokomo, muruk and tarangau – are common in Papua New Guinea.

– Alex Nonwo is publicity officer for the Philatelic branch of the Postal and Telecommunications services in Port Moresby.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA



A-OK ON THE TEDI

By Hugh Davis

'Seno! Num Seno! Seno Sene! Seno Sene!' Our guides led us through this village, across a small stream, and into another village of 14 houses. Here another crowd had gathered. Out of their midst there stepped a short stocky man with a black beard, hooked nose, black twinkling eyes – Jewish features – deep chest and broad shoulders, and wearing the customary cassowary plumes and bands of Job's tears. He hugged me saying 'Num Seno! Seno!' banged his chest with his open palm, made a sweeping flourish with his arm which included the people, the village, and the surrounding country; then stooped and with his closed fist struck the ground, at the same time exclaiming loudly in a high-pitched voice, 'Bolivip! Bolivip! Bolivip!' Upon rising he patted my chest and pointed to my carriers, then patting his chest pointed to his people, meaning that as I was chief of my party, so was he chief of these people and of the village which was called Bolivip.

This was how explorer Ivan Champion described his arrival at Bolivip in May 1927, in his book *Across New Guinea from the Fly to the Sepik.* It was the first recorded encounter of a European with the Min people of the Ok Tedi region.

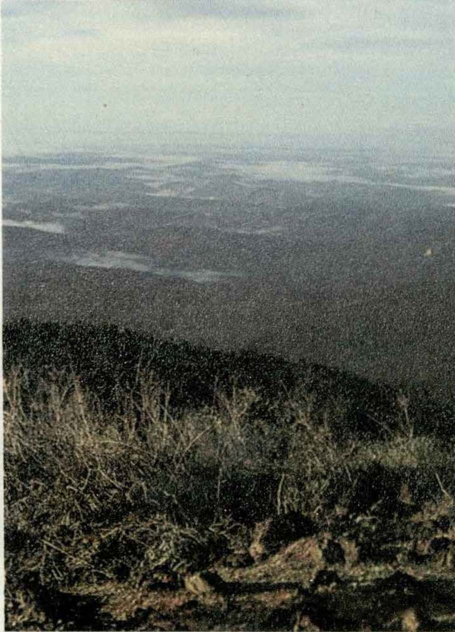
Champion described a hardy and generous people, eking out a living with stone tools from the thin soil of the mountains, poorly protected by their scanty dress from the extremes of mountain weather, the men wearing penis gourds and little else and the women in brief fore-and-aft grass skirts; a wiry people living in the shadow of towering limestone cliffs, their lives dominated by the struggle for survival and separated from their fellow man by natural barriers of mountain and river and by traditions of warfare and suspicion.

Over the succeeding years came Australian administration officers and missionaries to provide medical care, education and improved agricultural techniques. Warfare ceased and some of the common sicknesses were eradicated.

Children near the government stations and missions attended school. But progress was slow, limited by the difficult terrain, poor soil, sparse population and the natural hazards of landslide, flood or famine. Fifty years later most of the people continue to live in the traditional way, much as Champion had found in 1927.

The first harbinger of major change in the Ok Tedi region appeared in 1968 in the form of a brightly-painted helicopter, skimming across the pock-marked limestone ranges, transecting in minutes the barrier which Karius and Champion had struggled against 40 years before. On board were Kennecott geologists Doug Fishburn and John Felderhof searching for copper, their hopes buoyed by news of the recent major copper discovery on Bougainville Island. They did not know that the events of the next few months were to give them momentary fame and to take the name of a mountain river, Ok Tedi (*ok* meaning river), from the obscure pages of the geographic gazetteer to the front pages of national newspapers and across the world to boardrooms in New York.

They found copper – big lumps of



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Helicopters take the hard work out of copper prospecting, but spare a thought for the pilots who regularly are required to set down their machines on unprepared landing pads such as a fallen log in a river bed; the Ok Tedi River near the border between Papua New Guinea and Indonesia; young recruit from a village confidently straps himself into the seat of a helicopter; view from the heights of the Star Mountains in which lies Ok Tedi's wealth.

green-stained massive sulphide ore in the gravel banks of the Ok Tedi. Within days the train of boulders was traced back to its source near the bare bracken-covered hill called Fubilan and, within months, the diamond drills were on site, probing up to 750 metres below the surface to establish the continuity and grade of the deposit.

Barges, carrying supplies, sailed regularly from Port Moresby across the Gulf of Papua and 800 km up the Fly River to Kiunga. From there the cargo was moved by aircraft to Ningerum. A fleet of helicopters transported supplies 60 miles from Ningerum to Ok Tedi base camp, and then moved men and gear between the base camp and Mount Fubilan.

Pilots and field staff developed a very special camaraderie as they battled problems of terrain and weather, the remarkable limestone cliffs of the Hindenburg Wall, a 10,000 mm annual rainfall (about 400 inches), and the persistent fog and low cloud of the southeast monsoon season.

Costs were high and by the end of 1971 more than K13 million had been spent. However, the explorationists had done their job well and were rewarded with drill and assay results which indicated a major ore body of 230 million tonnes averaging 0.88 per cent copper and a smaller richer body of 27 million tonnes of 2.5 per cent copper.

Then, with excitement at its peak, came the first of a series of setbacks. The Fly River fell. Drought struck the mountains for the first time in many, many years and the river, normally an impressive turgid mass of slow-moving yellow-brown water, shrank to levels so low that supply barges could no longer reach Kiunga. Fuel and equipment for the 1972 drilling programme accumulated on the wharves in Port Moresby. Contracts which had been let for helicopters and drilling had to be deferred.

At about this time Kennecott engineers reported that only a little more than half of the ore discovered could be removed by conventional open-pit mining. Simple calculations showed that with recoverable reserves so drastically reduced, the Ok Tedi prospect no longer had the makings of a profitable mine.

In addition, company finances had been hard hit when Kennecott's most profitable mines were taken over by the Chilean government in 1971 and the Papua New Guinea Government was being urged to renegotiate the agreement with Bougainville Copper Limited and to introduce an excess profits tax. Kennecott top management decided that the time had come to approach the Papua New Guinea Government for assurances against any possible future takeover, and guarantees of an acceptable tax rate.

So began three years of negotiations. Exploration activities ceased and the Ok Tedi base at Tabubil tidied itself, made improvements to school and hospital and prepared for the resurgence of activity which all thought would come at any time.

By late 1974 a legal agreement had been drafted and an air of optimism prevailed. There appeared to be agreement in principle and plans went ahead for drilling to resume in January 1975. Then the unthinkable happened. When the chips were down the company found that it could not accept the PNG Government's

Early morning fog creeps over the Hindenberg Wall in the Star Mountains; BELOW FROM LEFT: Wongop River people inspect a helicopter on a survey flight; villagers from small hamlets in the Ok Tedi area were surprised when they came face to face with a prospecting party; 'Hong Kong', as workmen have dubbed the Ok Tedi drill site.

proposals on taxation and arbitration (meaning the method of settling any disputes between company and government). The government, on the other hand, was satisfied that its stance on both matters was reasonable by international standards and that it could not afford to give ground if it were to ensure a fair return of profits from the mine to the people of Papua New Guinea. The deadlock could not be resolved. Kennecott withdrew.

The government turned to persuading another mining company to take over. At the same time the government-owned Ok Tedi Development Company was established, its charter being to take over further investigation in the event that the private sector could not be persuaded.

The new company was given a more than useful head start when Kennecott offered to transfer in full all of its hard-earned information on the prospect. In addition, almost all of the project staff who had formerly worked with Kennecott transferred to the new company. When it became obvious that the private sector would not move in time, the government-owned company rolled smoothly into action.

By January this year an ambitious programme of diamond drilling and metallurgical testing was under way and by June the company could report that mineable reserves had almost doubled to 250 million tonnes averaging 0.85 per cent copper and 0.65 grams gold per tonne. After a number of harrowing years, confidence in the future of the Ok Tedi prospect burgeoned once more.

Meanwhile the negotiating team had not been idle. In April 1975 a conditional agreement providing for further testing and eventual mine development was signed with BHP. At the same time a settlement was reached with Kennecott in the form of an offer of a continuing share in the project or repayment of all past expenses out of future earnings.

With the August announcement by Australia's BHP that it is near to forming a consortium to carry out a thorough feasibility study, the future for Ok Tedi looks bright. But it's still not plain sailing.

On the international scene there's the capricious nature of copper's price. At home there's the prospect that even at present day prices it's going to cost K500 million or more to get the mine into production.

Roads must be built. A pipeline must be laid to get the copper concentrate from the mine to the Fly River. A port must be established on the Fly. Barges will have to be commissioned to carry the concentrate to a seaport. But the reward is attractive. Already copper ore with a present-day value of K3,000 million has been found.

For those people of the Ok Tedi region who have any concept of what the go-ahead to develop the mine will mean to them, their feelings have to be mixed. Many of the Min people will become well off, some of them rich; cash, goods and amenities will be theirs. Their life style must suffer change.

Both the developers and the Papua New Guinea Government will have to tread cautiously, particularly in their handling of the social stresses which almost certainly will emerge when thousands of migrant workers from all over Papua New Guinea move in to change the face of Ok Tedi.

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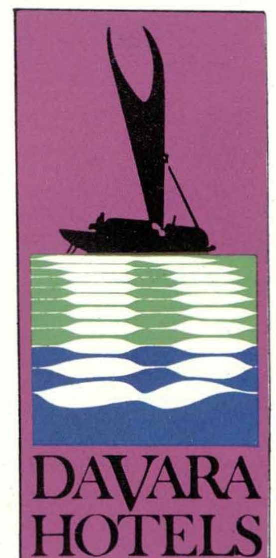

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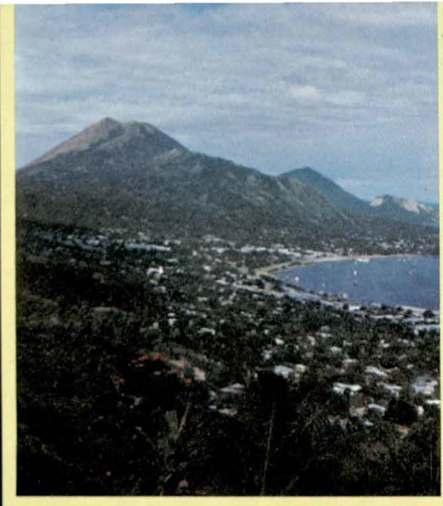
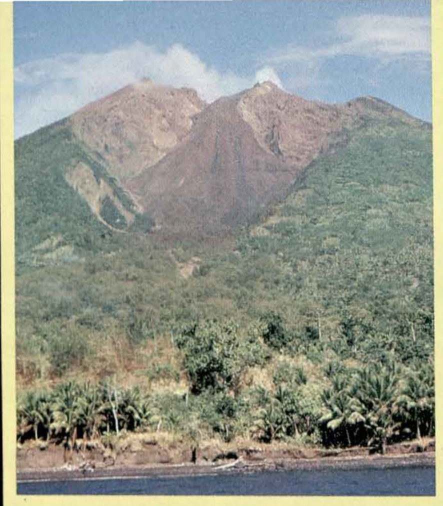
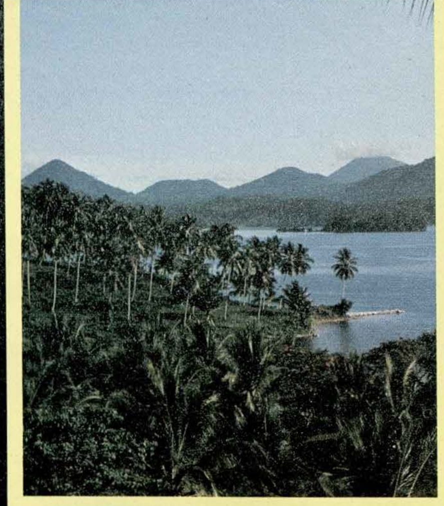






By Dick Pearson

About 3400 years ago a dramatic geological change occurred on the northeastern tip of a volcanic island known as New Britain. It was one of nature's cataclysmic phenomena – a volcanic eruption which inadvertently began reshaping a minute portion of the earth's surface to suit the needs of man today.

For another 2000 years the volcano went through periods of instability until about 500AD when there occurred a final massive upheaval. The 2000m mountain collapsed leaving a depression nine kilometres across which the ocean filled to form what is now Blanche Bay.

The ultimate effect of this phenomena is clearly visible today, for where a large volcano once stood is one of Papua New Guinea's most picturesque and natural deep water harbours. Around its shores is the town of Rabaul – once ruled by Germans, Japanese and Australians and now Papua New Guineans – hemmed in by the caldera or collapsed walls of the ancient volcano.

On this elliptical caldera, breached to the southeast for five kilometres and filled by the sea, stands Papua New Guinea's main volcano monitoring observatory – a vital establishment for the future safeguard of the caldera's 15,000 inhabitants. For Rabaul is still inside a potential 'ring of fire'. There are active centres within the caldera known as Tavurvur (Matupi), Vulcan, Rabalanakaia and Sulphur Cree!:.

In 1878, when a new volcanic island (Vulcan) grew out of Blanche Bay, early Christian missionaries realised that the caldera was capable of producing strong eruptions. At the same time a lightly steaming crater in the small cone of Matupi burst into spectacular activity for about two weeks. There was little or no loss of life – but the warning had been given.

For the next quarter century the volcanoes slept and, in 1904 the German colonists felt it was safe to establish the present townsite of Rabaul and take advantage of the safety of the natural harbour. Already there were a number of well-established villages of the Tolai people along the shores of the bay.

By May 29, 1937, nearly 60 years of volcanic quiet had bred a situation where the possibility of a new eruption was hardly considered. The first eruption that day from the sea to the northwest of Vulcan Island caught the people unawares.

Surprise became horror as 500 people perished. Almost all of them were Tolais in villages on the western shore. By the time the eruption ceased four-and-a-half days later, a new cone, the present day Vulcan, had risen to 300m and connected Vulcan Island to the mainland. Matupi erupted at the same time. Parts of Rabaul were covered by up to 150mm of pumice and ash.

A year later the frangipani was the first flower to rise from the thick mantle of ash which killed Rabaul's greenery. It has since become the emblem of East New Britain.

Thought was given to moving the town to a safer site but an investigation after the eruption resulted in the establishment of an observatory to monitor the condition of the volcano and to give as much warning as possible of future eruptions. Regular inspections of the active cones and temperature measurements started before the end of 1937 and in the next few years an observatory was built up. It proved its worth by giving six months warning of the spectacular eruption of Matupi which began in June 1941.

The Japanese invasion of Rabaul in 1942 resulted in a lapse of recording but a legacy of the Japanese occupation was a seismograph left intact on the instructions of a Japanese officer, which to this day is useful in recording very strong earthquakes because of its low sensitivity. Regular monitoring resumed in 1950 and the Rabaul Volcanological Observatory is now the headquarters for all surveillance and research carried out by the Geological Survey of Papua New Guinea.

One volcano under continual surveillance is Mount Lamington in the Northern Province on the PNG mainland. In 1951 Lamington was the scene of Papua New Guinea's biggest natural catastrophe this century. More than 3000 people in the then district headquarters of Higaturu, and in the villages around the mountain, died on the morning of Sunday, January 21. Although many accounts of the eruption state that it happened without warning, at least six days of activity preceded the climax. Beginning with landslides on Lamington's summit – possibly triggered by the small tremors felt at the time – and a thin column of smoke, the activity gradually increased until by January 20 the vapour column was 8000m high, heavily charged with ash and fed by explosions every five minutes.

Rumbling noises were heard. Fireballs, red flashes and lightning lit the ash column. Incessant earthquakes made it difficult to stand. At 10.40am the following day, although the tremors had ceased, emissions increased rapidly until the mountain was wreathed in violent belchings of smoke. The rumblings changed to a loud and continuous outrush of gases and a dark grey cloud of ash rose 15,000 metres.

Then, an avalanche of fire-charged particles described as 'a black cloud, whirling and billowing like an oil fire', swept down the mountain in all directions, completely devastating 177 square kilometres of country. The whole sky was obscured and almost complete darkness lasted two hours.

Now, 25 years later, there is still widespread fumarolic activity from Lamington's dome. The Volcanological section maintains an outstation at Popondetta, manned by a trainer observor, and volcanologists make periodic visits for firsthand observations, gas condensate collections and temperature measurements.

To the layman, the significance of such cataclysmic phenomena as volcanic eruptions and earthquakes usually lies in the death toll or resulting damage. But to the geologist, volcanologist and seismologist, the earth's crust and mineralisation is invariably the heart of the matter. This past decade has in fact been of vital significance in both volcanic and earthquake activity, also in the geological discoveries of the huge copper deposits on Bougainville and at Ok Tedi in the

Mount Ulawun exploding at night; OPPOSITE PAGE FROM LEFT: Rabaul Harbour, a giant crater ringed by caldera wall; Manam volcano with lava flow; the view from Talasea of the Willaumez peninsula on the north coast of New Britain.

RING OF FIRE

Western Province.

There have been more volcanic eruptions in Papua New Guinea since 1970 than in any other equivalent period recorded this century. Most have occurred in what geologists call the Bismarck Volcanic Arc. This is a chain of active and dormant volcanoes running from the Schouten Islands (off the northeastern coast of the New Guinea mainland near Wewak) to Rabaul. The country has more than 100 volcanoes. Thirty-five are regarded as active or dormant and more than half of these form the volcanic arc in the Bismarck Sea. Most eruptions have occurred in this zone. Six volcanoes erupted during the three years from July 1972 to June 1975 – some of them more than once.

One of the most imposing volcanoes in the 'arc' is Mount Ulawun, often referred to as 'The Father'. Other volcanoes known as 'The Mother' and north and south 'Daughters', are in Rabaul. Ulawun lies about 75km from Rabaul in West New Britain. A Catholic mission is at the coastal base of the 2600m Ulawun. Twice this decade the volcano has burst into violent, spectacular eruption. Ulawun has behaved like a lesser Lamington – avalanches of fire-charged particles curl down the mountainside incinerating great tracts of woodland. The mission so far has escaped with little more than a thick covering of ash.

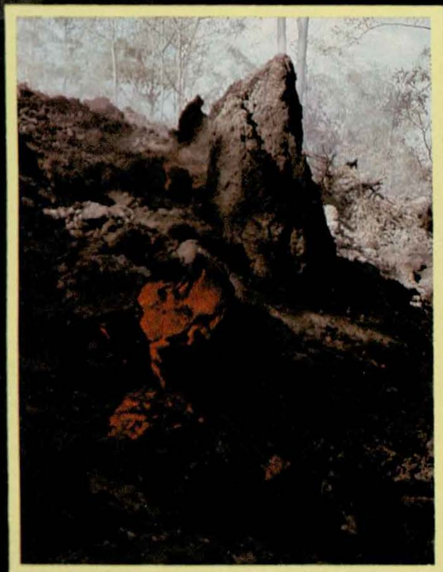
Ulawun is on the *Air Niugini* route from Port Moresby to Rabaul. Passengers are able to see it in various stages of activity, ranging from small smoke palls to incandescent lava jets. The Kieta-Buka run on Bougainville Island by *Air Niugini* also overflies a volcano – Bagana – Papua New Guinea's most frequently active cone.

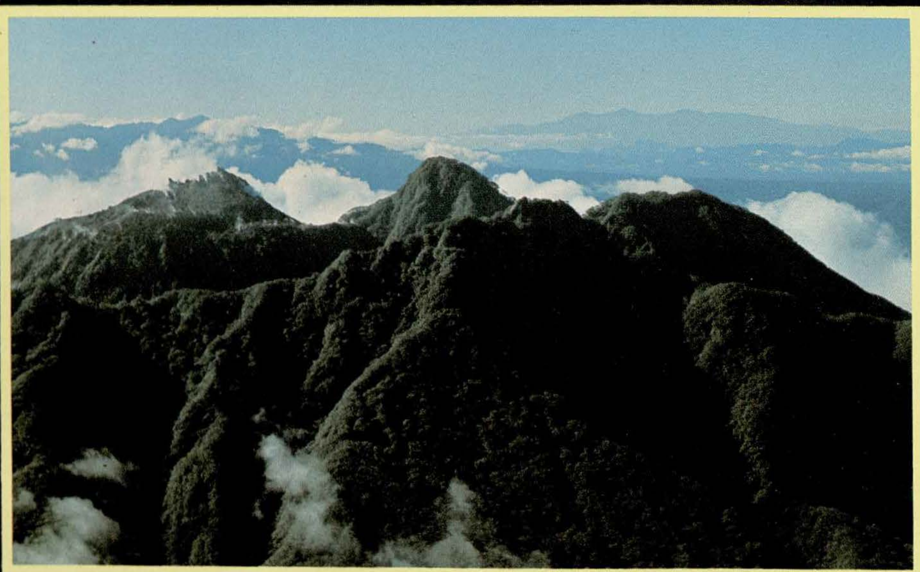
The monitoring of active and dormant volcanoes near populated areas is vital to the safety of places such as Rabaul and Popondetta. Observation of a sudden temperature rise, or irregular movement of a tilt meter, could indicate an eruption in the making.

Although volcanological stations throughout the country can probably give forewarning of pending eruptions, there is as yet no way to predict earthquakes, referred to as *gurias* by pidgin speakers. These are another of nature's phenomena which the people of Papua New Guinea have to live with particularly in the islands region, which lies in one of the world's most active earthquake zones.

Rabaul, again, is right in the thick of it. No other Papua New Guinea town is subject to so many tremors. Seismologists record up to 500 or 600 every month which originate in the harbour. On average, however, three or four are felt by the inhabitants. These local tremors are in addition to the ordinary 'tectonic' earthquakes from other areas which are often felt. Before 1971, volcanic earthquakes within the caldera were rare and small. But from November 12 that year larger events took place and soon became common. Seismologists say it is probably coincidental that this tremor swarm started three or four months after two high magnitude earthquakes, among the largest this century in PNG, caused widespread damage in the Island region.

They both originated southeast of New Ireland, wrecking scores of rural buildings





in East New Britain. *Tsunamis* – tidal waves – generated by the quakes, flooded parts of Rabaul and coastal areas of New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville. The two earthquakes registered 7.9 on the Richter Scale.

Several earthquakes in the islands region have registered more than 7.0 on the Richter Scale. Seismologists say most have occurred under the sea and at least 60 to 70km from concentrated populations, thus accounting for low loss of life.

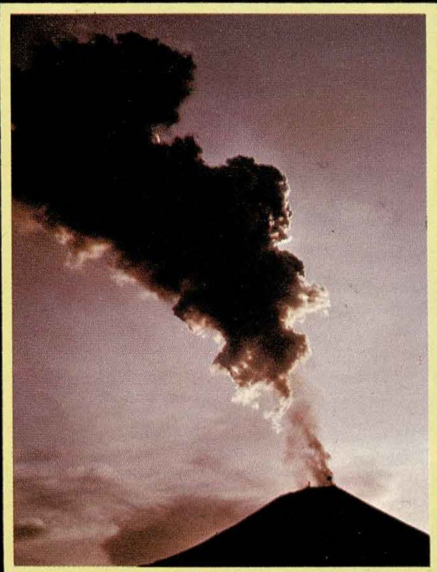
The fact that people are prepared for such events and invariably know what to do and what not to do must be considered. Civil Defence organisations are geared to swing into immediate action with evacuation contingency plans, emergency communications and medical aid. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are part of life in Papua New Guinea. The people accept them. Really, its only the horrifying aspects which are perturbing. To actually watch a volcano in full eruption from a safe distance is the sight of a lifetime.

Your first earthquake might be disturbing. But because of their frequency, after a while they become 'a piece of cake'. In fact some visitors to Rabaul secretly hope for a little 'shake' just for the experience.

In theory, because earthquake activity at present is fairly frequent in the New Guinea Islands, energy is being released and not being allowed to build up. Geologists will argue that there are a thousand and one influencing factors and this is not necessarily the case. But for the people of the islands there's no harm in them believing in a slightly distorted proverb: A tremor a day will keep the earthquake away.

Dick Pearson is the PNG Post-Courier *representative in the New Guinea Islands. The article was written and illustrated in co-operation with R.J.S.Cooke of the Rabaul Volcanological Observatory.*

Mt Langila at Cape Gloucester explodes in the early morning; BELOW FROM LEFT: lava flow from Mt Ulawun – the Father; Mt Lamington which can be seen on the flight from Port Moresby to Popondetta; Mt Ulawun belches; crater on Kar Kar island off Madang.



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KAHATA
lapun bilong taim bipo

Kahata Wakang whiles away his time surrounded by village infants on the steps of his home in Hengali—Ahi near Lae.

By Bob Hawkins

Yesterday – a battered paramount luluai's cap – sits squarely on a healthy shock of snow white hair. Today – dark sunglasses – shields his dimming eyes from tropic glare. For Kahata Wakang – a *B-4 tru* – life has come almost to a standstill. He whiles away his time, surrounded by a covey of village infants, on the steps of his home in Hengali-Ahi, just outside Papua New Guinea's second largest city, Lae.

The sway he once held in his village and for many miles around as paramount luluai (mediator between his people and their colonial administrators) has gone. But the respect he always commanded is still there for lapun (old) Kahata. Even the young lions of Hengali-Ahi and neighbouring Butibam will seek the counsel of this near centenarian. His mind remains alert but, as is the way with the old, memories of youth sparkle fresher than those, perhaps, of last week.

It's when you ask Kahata about *taim bipo* that you get to puzzling over just how old he is. From the stories he tells, you get the feeling he was around before 1884, the year Germany colonised the northeastern part of the island of New Guinea.

He clearly recalls paddling up the Markham River with two of the first German explorers to come to the Huon Gulf area; the gruesome death of one of them under a hail of arrows loosed in ambush by the Watut people; the hanging of two Manam Island people for the murder of a German planter.

By the time Australian troops – in a brief skirmish near Rabaul – took over the colonial reins from Germany at the beginning of the first world war, Kahata was a member of the German police force with several years to his credit.

Perhaps another indication of his antiquity lies in the fact that he was retired from the Australian administration's police force in the mid-thirties. They said he was 'too old'. But straight away he was put back to work as a luluai, a job he held for nearly 30 years until a local government council rendered him obsolete.

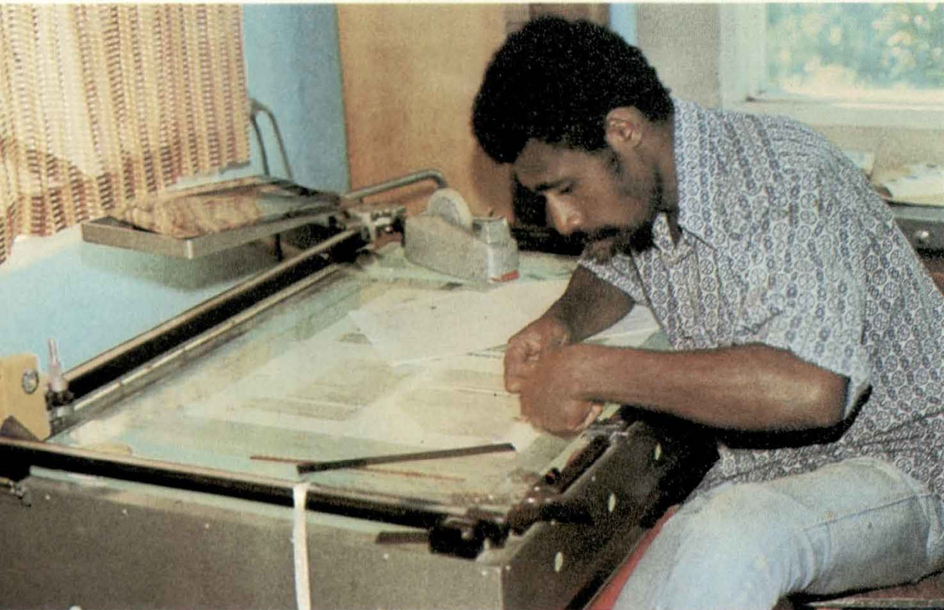
But it still wasn't the end of his working life. He continued to run a cocoa plantation 12 miles from Hengali-Ahi and to walk once a week four miles to the market and back.

Only in the past few years has he slowed down. With the passing of colonial days, Kahata and a few others around Papua New Guinea have made up a dwindling group of the *B-4 tru* variety. In the fifties and sixties little official recognition was afforded the old Papua New Guineans. A B-4 was a European who had come to Papua New Guinea *before* the second world war. Now 'before the turn of the century' personalities can win recognition.

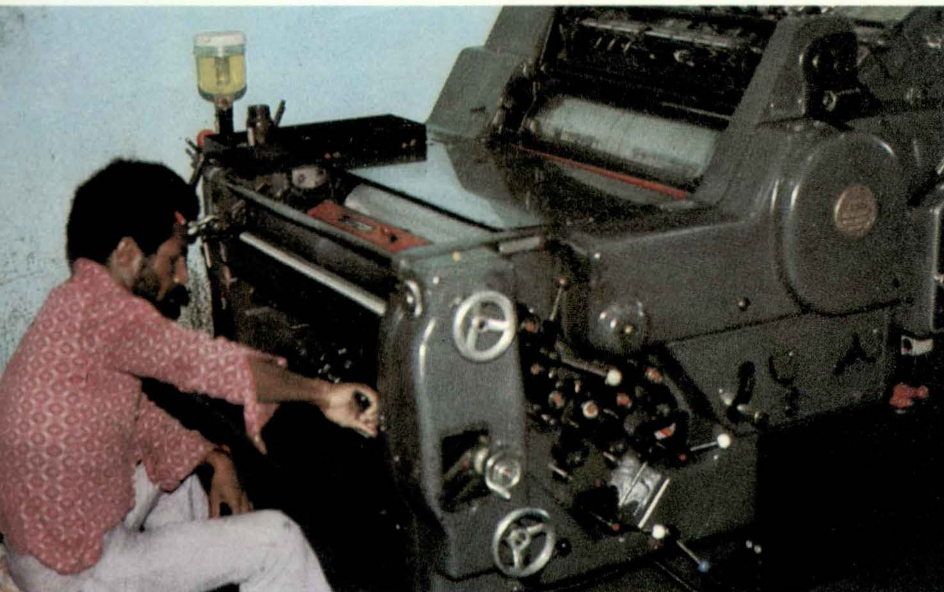
To the people of Hengali-Ahi and Butibam, Kahata embodies perhaps the last living reminder of '*taim bipo*' – the time before when Papua New Guineans, on a much more localised basis than now, ran their own affairs, untroubled by the wisdom – or lack of it – of the western interloper.

Kahata, as he sits in the sun, telling stories of long ago to his village's youngsters, can rest in the knowledge that in the years his life has spanned, the wheel has come full circle for his people.

Bob Hawkins is Counsellor (Information) at the Australian High Commission in Port Moresby.



Making up an edition of the pidgin newspaper Wantok . . .



. . . inking the off-set press and, below, hot off the press

tok long pisin

By Francis Mihalic

Few come to the island of New Guinea simply to listen to the languages of the people. Most travellers – when they fly in to this land of meandering rivers, emerald grasslands and cloud-capped mountains – are unaware that they are entering a linguist's paradise.

Professionals in the field assure us that in the Papua New Guinea half of this second largest island in the world 717 actual languages had been identified by 1975 with possibly a handful more to be discovered. Irain Jaya, the western half of the island, also has a diversity of tongues to offer. But Papua New Guinea's contribution alone is 45 per cent of the world's total languages.

In the cities there is little evidence of this polyglot situation because Papua New Guinea had developed a common language – pidgin, more correctly termed Melanesian Pidgin. It is used as a second language by about a million Papua New Guineans.

Most business in the National Parliament and the 150 local government councils is conducted in pidgin; 15 regional radio stations do most of their programming in pidgin. Fluency in pidgin has even been suggested as prerequisite for citizenship by its more zealous advocates.

Pidgin is a linguistic term. It is the Chinese approximation of 'business', becoming 'bisin', 'pisin' (as it is spelled in Papua New Guinea), then anglicized to 'pidgin'. A pidgin language is a business language, literally a trade language, a compromise language which is consciously or unconsciously put together by two groups of people who do not know one another's language but who must communicate to be able to work together. Each gives a share. Daily usage develops the language.

This is immediately evident in the case of Melanesian Pidgin which developed over a century ago in the copra plantations of Samoa and the sugarcane fields of Queensland. Workers recruited from the greater Rabaul area of New Britain could not communicate with their overseers. So they compromised: the managers used English terms and the Papua New Guineans arranged them according to their inborn Melanesian grammar patterns. Thus a language was born.

These plantation workers brought the language home; used it; shared it; spread it. Hundreds of thousands of indentured workers over the next 40 years travelled,

as plantation workers, from the coastal mainland to the Rabaul area. They adopted the new language mostly so that they could communicate among themselves. (Often people from a dozen language groups worked on one plantation language groups worked on one plantation.) During their contract period they also picked up local words and built them into the newly-learned pidgin. For this reason most Melanesian words in pidgin come from the Rabaul dialects.

By the end of World War I, pidgin was so widespread that the Christian missions on the islands and along coastal New Guinea began to use it as a practical tool for literacy and education. It has over the years been damned by the Germans, condemned by the United Nations, strangled by purist educationists, outlawed from schools, ridiculed as a bastard language, a jargon, baby talk, and broken English. But nothing stops it. And rightfully so: it is just following the normal expansion pattern of a living, useful, graphic, poetic, punchy, expressive language.

Trade languages are nothing new. We had them in Christ's day. We had them in the Middle Ages amongst the multinational 'Crusaders' who communicated in a watered down French referred to as a 'lingua franca' – a term which today is synonymous with pidgin. There are more than 15 pidgin languages in the world. Bahasa Indonesia (the official language of multi-lingual Indonesia) began as a basic Malay; Swahili, which is official in Tanzania and Kenya, is a pidgin or trade language built on an Arabic vocabulary; Afrikaans is the classic example of a full-fledged language which began as a pidgin Dutch and is today the official language of South Africa.

One of Melanesian Pidgin's greatest merits is that by hurdling the 717 linguistic barriers of Papua New Guinea, it has been and still is one of the main unifying factors of the nation, even more so now that we have a wide network of radio communications.

Your first contact with Melanesian Pidgin literature could well be through the national news magazine *Wantok,* a name which comes from the English 'one talk'. Typically, in pidgin, it does not only mean 'one language', or 'of the same language group', it also means 'friend, chum, mate, confidant'.

You should find *Wantok* at the airport kiosk. For those completely unfamiliar with Melanesian Pidgin, perhaps the best place to start is with the Phantom on the back page. The first thing you will notice on trying to read the paper is that the spelling seems odd. It is because it is not English. Pidgin spelling is phonetic – the words are spelled as we pronounce them. Spelt phonetically, the English word 'know' would be 'no'; 'enough' would be 'inaf'; and 'write' would be 'rait'.

Try reading the newspaper aloud. Once you hear the words, their probable meaning will register. If you recognise a word as coming from English, give it the English vowel equivalent – and you are on your way. The grammar, being of Melanesian vintage, will prove to be the puzzler.

Wantok is written for the man in the street. It has an estimated readership of 60,000. It is subscribed to in 16 foreign countries and is used as a working text in four foreign universities where pidgin is taught as an authentic foreign language.

Father Frank Mihalic is the author of Introduction to New Guinea Pidgin *which is written specifically for the traveller and newcomer to Papua New Guinea.*

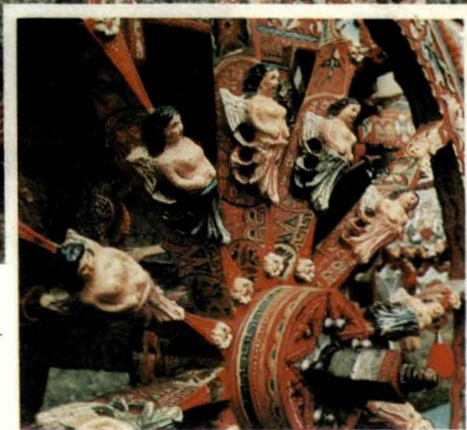
A STYLISH

photography: Bob Niclol AIS

Wheels the world over have converged on Pioneer Valley Park, not far from Brisbane. They have been brought there by John Hunter, obviously more for the love of it than to make a profit when it is considered that already he has outlaid nearly K2 million for his collection.

Pioneer Park, on John Hunter's 80-acre Kuraby property, is proving a major week-end attraction to both the people of Brisbane and visitors to the Queensland capital.

There's nothing else like it in Australia. As a result of the travels of John Hunter and his brothers, visitors can now see a ceremonial gold inlaid coach dating back to 1825 and once owned by the Maharajah of Mysore; bullock wagons, bread and milk carts; coaches and broughams once owned by Dutch aristocracy; a hearse used in Dublin in the middle nineteenth century; a gypsy caravan; a coach built in 1815 upon which gold lettering proclaims it to have



CARRIAGE – OR TWO

been the fastest in the world, having once covered the 185 miles from London to Manchester in just over 18 hours.

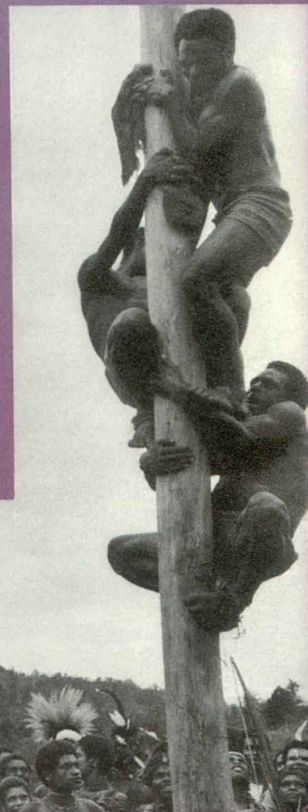
John Hunter's pride is a Sicilian cart, not one part of which is without some form of colourful carving or painting. The story goes that four men worked for six years to create it.

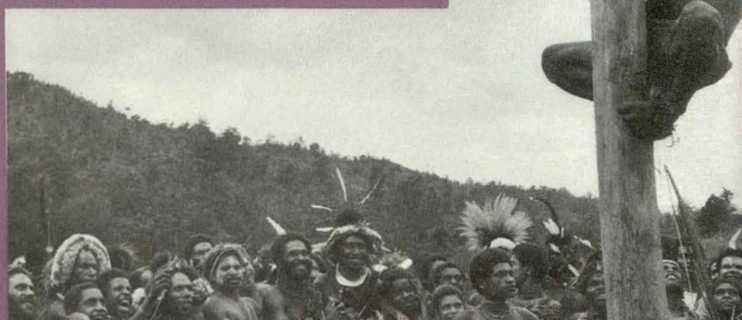
It's not just old coaches and fine horses at Pioneer Valley. On display also are a 1900 steam train, a Canberra bomber, and myriad items such as 400 coach lamps and a Japanese emperor's saddle, harness, weapons and whips.

A turn-of-the-century Australian village is being built and, for those too young to wallow in the nostalgia which Pioneer Valley evokes, there are horse and paddle boat rides, a pool and a ring program of whipcracking and wood chopping. On Sundays and public holidays the coaches go on parade.

CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT: Congo River; Yosemite National Park, USA; Oregon Coast; West Indies; East Africa; Papua New Guinea

GEORGE BAKER'S SELECTION





George Baker, OBE, VRD—diplomat, naval officer and, at the moment, Britain's High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea — never misses an opportunity to record the sights of the country in which he is serving. In this article, which features some of his work in PNG, Africa and North America, George Baker offers a few tips for visitors who also want to record PNG on film, whether it be with a box Brownie — or a 5 x 4 Linhof...

There is such a tremendous variety of subjects in Papua New Guinea that photography can be as demanding a recreation as any other and, certainly, at times, I find that work gets in the way of time for taking pictures.

Papua New Guinea offers a great deal to the photographer – with 600 islands and a thousand tribes there is everything you could want for photographing people and places.

For the pictorialist there is the grandeur of the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, the teeming life of the forests and rivers, and the serenity of the blue seas and blue skies viewed from the shade of the palms along the coastlines.

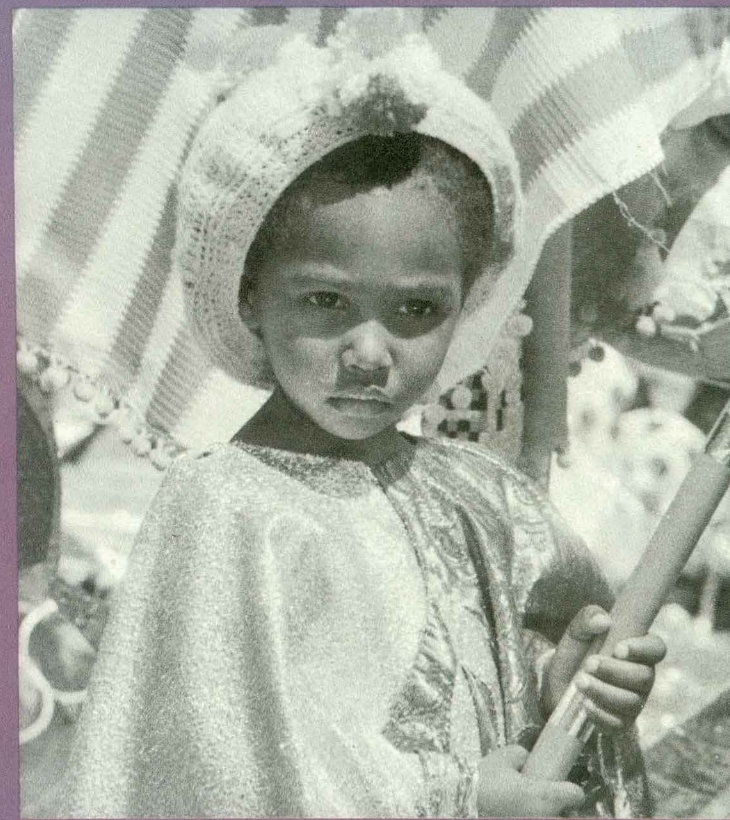
For those who prefer to use the camera to portray their fellow beings there is an infinite and exciting variety of people in the highlands and lowlands, in swamplands and on the great ranges from Talasea to the Trobriands, Manus to Misima, Wewak to Morehead.

Many of the people of Papua New Guinea are clinging to all the traditional values in their way of life while adjusting themselves to the new world into which their country is moving. The *bilum* (string bag) and the *balus* (aircraft) have now learned to live together and what a fascinating kaleidoscope all this provides for the keen observer with a photographic eye.

When you are taking a sky and beach scene from the shade of the palm trees as a frame for the picture, if your exposure is right for the sky there will be no detail in the shadows as there ought to be in a good picture; it is right for the shadows the sky part will print thin and lack cloud detail because it will be over-exposed. Also, the darker faces look like ceramic if taken in strong sunlight but like black sihouettes if taken in shade.

Lens filters can help to reduce the range of contrast. I also always use fast film – 400 ASA – because it records more shadow detail in a short exposure; People think that the slower emulsion films have finer grain and will therefore produce better negatives but I find that high speed film can be developed in fine grain developers without grain and with a much greater range of tone density. The secret lies in doing your own developing, even if you cannot undertake your own printing.

Lightweight, small-format cameras with automatic exposure control have become



very popular. They have brought successful photography within reach of everyone and are marvellous within their limits. But they do have limits which not even all the expensive extra lenses and gadgetry you can buy for them (and thereby add to their weight) will overcome. With a focal length of 45mm it has to be an exceptional negative to blow up well at anything more than 15x12 inches and that is hardly large enough to do justice to a good pictorial landscape.

Another trap peculiar to the tropics is that with 36 exposures on a roll there is a tendency to leave the film in the camera until all frames are used up, which is usually too long. Heat and humidity are killers of crispness in a photograph: it is better to take a film out when half finished and get good negatives, than to leave it in until the end and get poor results with them all.

My best pictures usually prove to be those where I have been able to whisk them out of the camera and into the darkroom for developing within an hour or two.

I confess to being old-fashioned over my gear. I prefer my trusty old Linhof and Graphic 5x4 cameras, heavy though they are, because their film holders take only six at a time and can be removed between exposures; and also because when you have a good 5x4 negative you can do justice to it on large format prints. The biggest I ever did was a panorama 42x6 feet of the city of Kinshasa. It was from four negatives but that picture had quite an impact.

Lastly, I confess to being a little old-fashioned too over the choice between black and white and colour. From time to time there are pictures which can gain something from colour but in the purist pictorial field I never feel that colour would add anything much to a good picture. When it does I have usually found that the range of colour, being chemical, is not a true reflection of nature. My best colour pictures are those made from black and white prints and painted by an artist. The sense of composition is vital to a good picture and, if you are working in colour all the time, there is a risk of photographing colour for colour's sake to the detriment of good composition.

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