

# paradise

in-flight with Air Niugini

21  
1/80





## *some of our delicacies*

In Papua New Guinea we can show you more delicate orchids than any other country in the world. On the way we'll treat you to some of our very own delicacies. Gourmet dishes such as New Ireland Avocado and Chicken Cocktail, Daru Lobster Mornay, Pacific Prawn Cascade, all served with the best Australian wines. You'll enjoy our delicate touch.

**AIR NIUGINI**   
THE NATIONAL AIRLINE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

SPS008

# paradise

No. 21 January 1980

Paradise is published by Air Niugini's Public Relations Department, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea (telephone 273542 or 273537; telex NE 22177 or NE 22153), and printed by Dai Nippon. No responsibility will be accepted for unsolicited editorial material.

**Editorial:** Editor – Gerry Dick; Editorial Advisor – Bob Hawkins; Art Director – Tom Cooke; Artist – Rob Kysely

**Advertising:** Papua New Guinea – Advertising Department, Air Niugini, PO Box 7186, Boroko; Australia – The Globe Bridge Company, 11a Euroka Street, Waverton, NSW 2060 (telephone (02) 92 1249); Japan – Universal Media Corporation, GPO Box 46, Tokyo (telephone 666-3036; cables 'Unimedia' Tokyo).

## IN THIS ISSUE

- 5. Mekeo gold
- 11. Crocodile patrol
- 17. Bright and beautiful
- 21. Atea Kanada
- 29. Adams
- 31. Tale of a 'tin goose'
- 35. Arigato
- 41. Coral Sea classic

**R. F. & M. F. MACEY**

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



## Welcome aboard

As you joined your Bird of Paradise today you may have noticed the new emblem we are wearing. Depicting the sun, sea and the canoe, it is the symbol of the third South Pacific Festival of Arts which Papua New Guinea is hosting this year and to which Air Niugini has been appointed official airline.

All in all, 1980 looks like being a big year for Papua New Guinea. We're thinking big too. So much have we grown since we launched our in-flight magazine in 1976 that no longer are 25,000 copies of *Paradise* adequate to meet the demands of our many more passengers. From this issue we will be printing 50,000 copies of an even bigger *Paradise*.

In March and May *Paradise* we will be bringing you more news of plans for the festival which will run from June 29 to July 12. Coming to our shores will be about 2000 of our Pacific neighbours from a score of countries and territories. They will be joined in music, dance, poetry, drama and song by an equal number of our own people from every part of Papua New Guinea.

Port Moresby, our national capital, will be the main focus of activity but regional festivals are planned for Mount Hagen, Goroka, Wewak, Madang, Lae, Rabaul and Popondetta. If you fly with us at South Pacific Festival of Arts time you're bound to have a lot of fun. In July Air Niugini will not just be offering you Papua New Guinea; it will be a stage for all the cultures of the South Pacific. Best wishes for 1980.

G.S. Fallscheer  
General Manager

## PHOTO CREDITS

Bruce Adams  
Colin De'Ath  
Rudi Frank  
Julie M. James  
Brian Mennis  
Jerome Montague  
Niugini Nius  
Chris Prior  
Tony White  
Steve Worthington

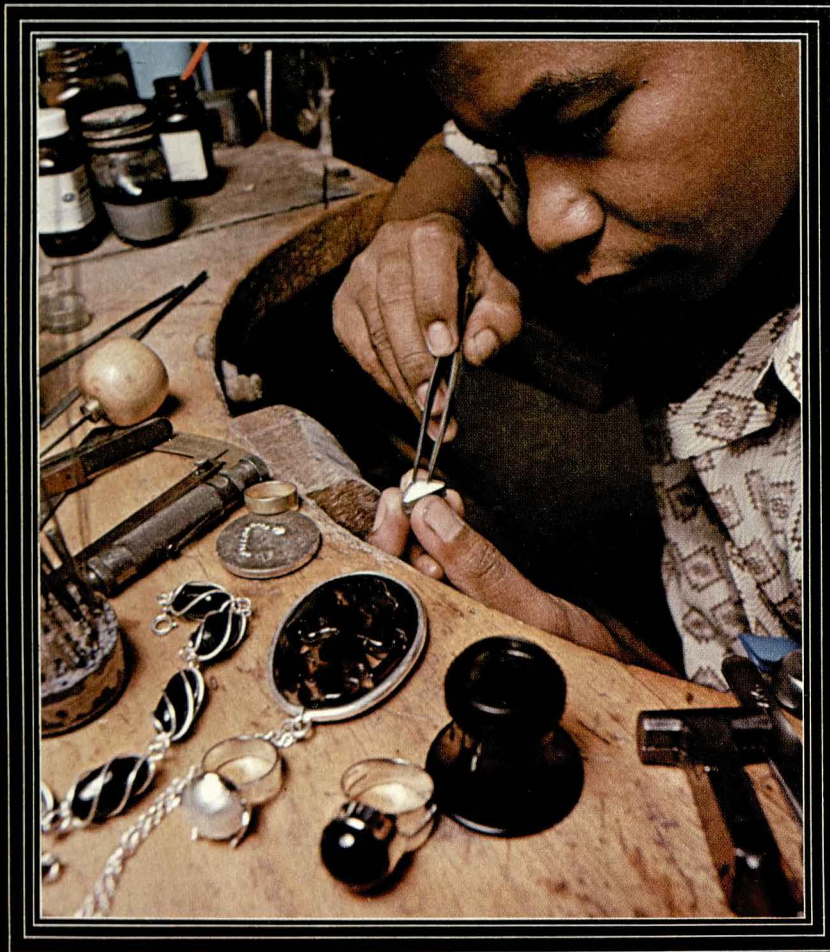
## COVER

The Atea River plunges into the unfathomed depths of the Muller Range in Papua New Guinea's Southern Highlands.



Quality in Air Transport

something  
beautiful  
for you



Exclusive hand made jewellery in diamonds, precious stones, local gold, silver, south sea pearls, tortoiseshell and black coral.

**KARA** PTY. LIMITED.

Diamond merchants, manufacturing jewellers and watchmakers. Official agents for Rolex, Cartier of Paris, Certina, Seiko. PO Box 329, Port Moresby, phone 214662.

# mekeo gold



By Colin De'Ath

The home of Papua New Guinea's Mekeo people is to the northwest of the national capital, Port Moresby — 25 minutes by light aircraft, about four hours by road. The Mekeo are famed as traders, sorcerers, agriculturists, dancers and fighters. They're famous too for the quality of their betel nut, a product which, besides giving them much pleasure, is a substantial source of cash.

Betel (*Areca catechu*), for the uninitiated, is an astringent nut which, when chewed with lime and leaves, bark or the flowers of the betel pepper (*Piper betel*), causes a warming of the skin and, to me, a 'high' not unlike that caused by a blend of marijuana and amphetamine. The palm on which the betel nut grows may reach 17 metres and lives about 70 years. When felled, its slender trunk can be split and used for house construction, particularly flooring.

The Mekeo, who call their golden betel nut *mafe*, live on an alluvial plain through which rivers such as the Saint Joseph meander and regularly flood. Each new year villages and roads are ankle-deep in mud; in the dry season they are dusty from the fine grey alluvial talc which blows up from cleared ground. The population is growing rapidly: there are many children and villages and clans are getting bigger.

Prolific farmers, the Mekeo grow all the usual staples such as taro, cassava, yams, bananas, corn, sago and greens. They also produce rice

Above: Slender young betel nut palms at Amoamo; above right: villagers inspect the latest crop



and cash tree crops including coffee, cocoa and coconuts. But the best money-spinner, according to people I spoke to in Amoamo village, is betel nut. The family group with which I am friendly, headed by a chief or *lopia* named Aisa, told me their tractor, passenger vehicle, housing materials and school fees had all been paid for with profits from the sale of betel nut.

The production, distribution and consumption economics of betel nuts are not complex. A copra bag of betel weighing 55 kg sells for around Kina 230 in the scarce season (January-August) and around Kina 150 when the nut is plentiful. The road to Port Moresby has been open since 1968 and the cost of freight-ing one bag of betel to the national capital is Kina 2.

On arrival in Port Moresby, the person with the bag will leave the bulk of his cargo at the home of a friend or relative and take a much smaller quantity to one of the city's produce markets. There he will sit cross-legged behind small piles of nuts, usually in twos and threes. He is not alone. There may be many more venders, seated in serried rows. Each pile may be accompanied by betel pepper and bags of lime which may be made from burned sea shells known locally as *apu*.

A city dweller who buys the nuts may pay up to 10 toea for one large

**Left:** Amoamo chief Aisa . . . many extras from betel nut profits; **above:** chewing betel nut heightens the sense of pleasure and drama of Mekeo festivities

nut and a similar amount for betel pepper.

To eat the nut, the outer husk is removed and the nut is popped into the mouth along with lime and a portion of the betel pepper plant. A scarlet liquid results when this mix comes into contact with saliva. After the nut has been chewed for five to 10 minutes it is spat out. As the solid-liquid mixture is red and the saliva it induces copious, there is a disposal problem. The inconsiderate stain the sides of buses and taxis, the walls of public and private buildings and footpaths.



In the villages on special occasions, such as when a man is sharing betel nut with an enemy, he is careful to 'blow' or spray the chewed betel nut over a wide area so that sorcerers cannot gather it.

A big chewer will consume as many as 35 nuts a day. People of all ages chew them and there are signs that the habit is gaining in popularity despite Prime Minister Michael Somare's order that betel will not be chewed in government offices. My Mekeo friends tell me that such prohibitions don't make much of a dent in their trade. Addicts, they say, include many highly-placed public servants.

The collection of nuts can be hazardous. The girth of the betel palm stem rarely exceeds that of a human calf muscle, making it a risky bus-

iness for an adult to climb up to the nuts. Young children usually do this job but, even with their lighter weight, palms still break, especially in the wet season when water loosens the roots.

Insects too are a threat to the well-being of a palm and in other parts of PNG entire groves have been eliminated. Worms attack fallen nuts whose husks are decomposing. Large bats are partial to the husks and their fancy helps to spread the palm over wider areas.

The Mekeo identify five types of nut — *fopa*, *unia*, *fala'a*, *angua* and *fefeina*. The first two are soft and preferred by the elderly who have fewer teeth and mouths which are sore after years of exposure to harsh lime. The soft nuts will keep only two or three days whereas the hard

varieties will keep indefinitely even though the husks may go black and soft.

Marketplace life can be tough for the scarce season betel nut seller. Addicts are ready to fight over the few nuts which are available and others can be embroiled in the scramble for them.

As with other cultures which chew the nuts, betel has great social significance among the Mekeo people. A *lopia* who wants to make war against another group seals his alliance with other *lopia* by personally handing them gifts of nuts.

Betel nut is a vital ingredient to the sorcerer. If the sun is in the right direction and an offended person has his body in the right position, he will, surreptitiously, gather the husk of a nut chewed by an enemy. But



Left: Beipa village house under construction; above: the completed building has no walls . . . and therefore no need for the equivalent of a spittoon

he won't touch it with his own flesh. (If he allows it to touch his person when picking it up he knows he is likely to die.) He will then give it to a sorcerer chief who puts it in a bamboo container with other items belonging to the enemy. The theory is that a slow heating of this combination will result in the enemy dying slowly in acute agony.

When a person dies, betel nut is buried with him so that his spirit can use it.

By refusing a nut, a man can offend a visitor. Offence can also occur if a host is niggardly about handing nuts around. The exchange of betel among the Mekeo is so common that it surpasses in fre-

quency the exchange of greetings, cups of tea and coffee in Western culture. It is the social lubricant *par excellence*.

The Mekeo say betel nuts give them strength plus happiness; in humdrum jobs it buoys the spirits; in disputes over such things as pigs, women and land, betel nut heightens the sense of drama, or dampens the impact on those for whom a dispute is going badly.

Betel nut also serves as an image prop, as does a cigar or a cigarette for the Western corporate executive. The lime gourd (*apu bobau*) and flat mixing stick (*i'iwa*) which formerly accompanied all big men, serve very much the same function as did the snuff box and smelling salts bottle of days gone by in Western society. Cigarette and cigar boxes and liquor flasks would be their modern day counterparts.

The Western spittoon has had no

parallel in Mekeo society. Instead, they adjusted their architecture to suit their expectorative requirements: houses and ceremonial platforms have no walls, only back rests for the occupants who sit on the floor, thus making it possible for them to aim their spittle earthward from their high-stilted structures.

Traditionally, the kiss did not exist in Mekeo culture, but, I am told, it is most desirable to have a good betel nut breath and mouth. The best condition can be achieved only by eating the flowers of the 'long' variety of betel pepper known as *keu*.

And where did this potent golden nut come from? A dictionary will describe it as an 'East Indian palm'. The Mekeo know much more precisely. They say the betel nut's mother used to live in the Goilala mountains, but, because that area was rocky and inhospitable, she fled to the rich flat areas of the Mekeo where her children grew tall and strong. — *Colin De'Ath is a longtime resident of Papua New Guinea.*



# Delivering the goods – that's our business.

An efficient, regular service by New Guinea Pacific Line links the ports of Hong Kong, Kaohsiung, Manila, Singapore, Jayapura, Wewak, Madang, Lae, Rabaul, Kieta, Port Moresby, Honiara, Santo, Vila, Noumea, Suva, Apia, Pago Pago, Papeete, Tarawa and Nauru.

The New Guinea Pacific Line is a joint service between The China Navigation Co. Ltd. and Mitsui O.S.K. As a member of The Swire Group in Hong Kong, China Navigation is one of the longest established and most experienced shipping lines in Asia. When we say that delivering the goods is our business, that's exactly what we mean!



## New Guinea Pacific Line



The China Navigation Company Limited

Swire Shipping (Agencies) Ltd.  
GPO Box 1  
Hong Kong  
Tel: 5-264311  
Telex: HX 86000

Taiwan Swire Ltd.  
PO Box 111  
Taipei 100  
Taiwan  
Tel: (02) 393-5151  
Telex: 21622

Soriamont Steamship Agencies  
PO Box 2039  
Philippines  
Tel: 50-18-31  
Tel: ITT 742 0138  
RCA 722 7694  
Eastern 3385

Straits Shipping Pte. Ltd.  
PO Box 398  
Singapore  
Tel: 436071  
Telex: RS 24301

Steamships Trading Co. Ltd.  
PO Box 1  
Port Moresby  
Papua New Guinea  
Tel: 212000  
Telex: NE 22115



Flight hostesses Corina (Malaysia), Vivian (Hong Kong), and Wati (Indonesia) at Victoria Peak Tram Station, Hong Kong.

## Discover the fascination of Asia through Cathay Pacific.

Throughout the Orient and beyond Cathay Pacific knows where you will discover the fascination of beauty. The beauty that is a landscape, or the kind that peeps out from behind parasols. . . .

Come fly with Cathay Pacific in the

care of flight hostesses from nine different countries and cultures.

Cathay Pacific. From the heart of Asia.

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

# paradise



# paradise

We'll airmail *Paradise* to you anywhere in the world for a year (six issues) for Kina 15, \$Aust 18 or \$US 20. Tear off this card, print your name and address overleaf, put your cheque or bank draft with it, and post it to:

**Air Niugini**  
**Public Relations Department**  
**PO Box 7186**  
**Boroko**  
**Papua New Guinea**

*in flight with Air Niugini*

# Paradise now on subscription

Please post me the next six issues of *Paradise*.

Payment is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

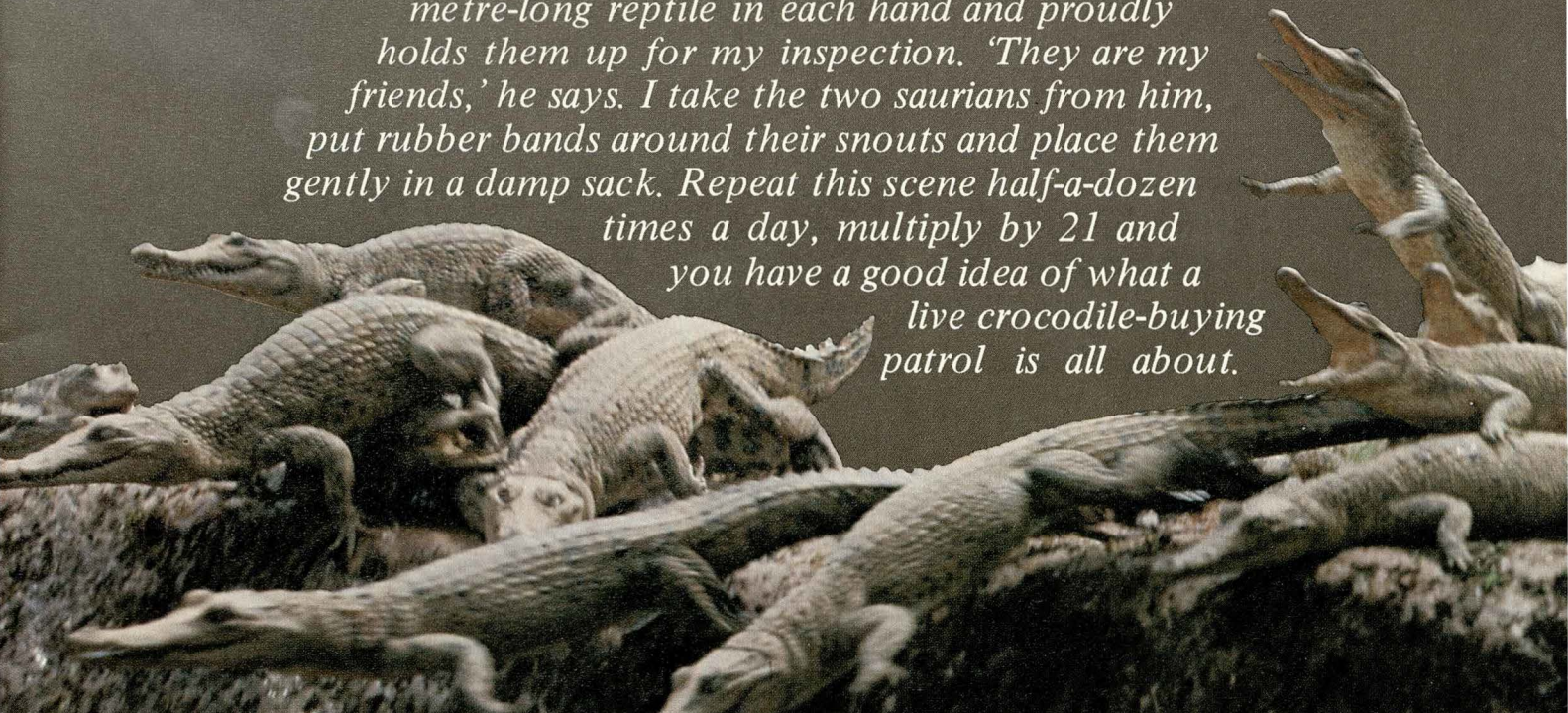
Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Air Niugini, Public Relations Department, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea

*The Lake Murray man wades, waist deep, through his pool of more than 200 captive crocodiles. He grabs a metre-long reptile in each hand and proudly holds them up for my inspection. 'They are my friends,' he says. I take the two saurians from him, put rubber bands around their snouts and place them gently in a damp sack. Repeat this scene half-a-dozen times a day, multiply by 21 and you have a good idea of what a live crocodile-buying patrol is all about.*



# CROCODILE PATROL

By Jerome Montague

Patrols are conducted once every two months in the Lake Murray and other regions of Papua New Guinea. They are an important aspect of a project run jointly by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) and the PNG Wildlife Division. The project, which has been under way for several years, aims to achieve wise utilisation of the two species of crocodiles found in PNG by teaching the people how to extract the maximum benefit from this natural resource without depleting stocks.

The low land of south-central New Guinea — comprising mainly the Fly and Digul River drainages — is perhaps the largest river-swamp system in the world. Its eastern boundary is the Leonard Murray mountains and the Karius range in PNG. The western edge, 500 km distant, is the Arafura Sea in Irian Jaya. It extends from the Torres Strait coastline in the south 400 km northward to the foothills of New

Guinea's central cordillera. Most of this land is only a few metres above sea level and is under water in the wet season. There are only 90 km of motorable road in the Lake Murray area of PNG's Western Province and no land link either with the ocean or any other part of the country.

Lake Murray lies like an ink-blot in this watery wilderness, measuring 60 by 20 kilometres across its longest tentacles. When the area was first visited by Europeans in the late twenties the people of this sparsely-populated region were described as the most primitive of all of the island's myriad stoneage cultures.

Today, outsiders get to the lake either by a two-hour charter flight from Daru, the provincial capital to the south, or by a five-day voyage up the Fly, Strickland and Herbert Rivers. Usually they come strictly on business, do their work as speedily as possible and get on their way. The beauty of this great swamp and its

waterways is apparent only after long and close inspection. Lake Murray and tourists have yet to meet.

Preparation for a patrol through this home of crocodiles and mosquitoes is not a slight undertaking. It is not uncommon to go weeks without hearing the sound of a motor other than our own outboards so it is important to be not just self-sufficient for the anticipated duration of a patrol but for considerably longer in case of breakdown. And that means spare petrol, spare motors, spare parts, food, torches, river trucks - even spare people to stand in for anyone taken ill or injured.

For the crocodiles we take an odd assortment of cages, trays, copra sacks, a box of stout rubber bands and about Kina 3000 in cash.

We leave the Baboia Crocodile Station on Lake Murray during daylight. At midnight we are still motoring toward our first village. The beam of a 12-volt spotlight

reveals an eerie scene as we glide along at half-throttle. Floating trees become canoe-loads of people beckoning to us; the ever-changing jungle of bamboo, scarlet d'Albertis creepers and towering hardwoods add to the tricks being played with our aroused imaginations. The glowing red orb of a crocodile eye dances in the spotlight. We move in for a closer look. It is a hatchling crocodile — a delicate creature weighing a quarter of a kilogram — floating motionless, stricken with fear at the approach of this blinding, noisy alien.

But one never knows when that glow will reveal a six-metre leviathan. Sometimes we count as many as 100 crocs in a night of motoring. These 'night counts' are carried out to assess trends in crocodile numbers throughout PNG's main crocodile habitats.

Arriving at our destination we arrange mosquito nets in a thatched

guest house standing on six foot-posts. The hollow, rhythmic pounding of chest-high *kundu* (drums) signify our coming has not been unnoticed. Soon the air fills with the sound of stomping feet, whistling, singing and drumming. It is the welcoming party. We are surrounded by bobbing cassowary feather head-dresses and swishing twisted bark skirts. Greeting takes the form of a peculiar knuckle-snapping process, a Fly River phenomenon.

We travel leisurely on the outward leg of a patrol, spending a day or two in each village. We advise of methods of crocodile care and capture and lecture villagers on the longterm consequences if they kill small crocodiles. We encourage them to catch them alive and then raise them in their farms until they are bigger and therefore more valuable. If a village is in an area not suitable for farming or existing pools are full then the

people are encouraged to sell the surplus young crocs to wildlife officers who can redistribute them to understocked farms near urban centres.

The Wildlife Division has a policy of paying prices for small live crocodiles which are higher than the market value of their skins. This helps achieve two goals: it gives the village hunter-farmer a good financial return for his efforts and makes it uneconomical for him to kill small crocodiles.

Villagers also are reminded that it is illegal to sell the skins of crocodiles with a belly width greater than 50.8 cm (20 inches) because these come from the all-important breeders which form the basis of a viable population of wild crocodiles.

Before moving on during the outward trip we place the animals we have purchased into holding pens for quick pick-up on the way back.



The homeward journey can best be described as a 'blitz'. We travel night and day, stopping at villages long enough only to load the crocodiles and pay the villagers. This helps to minimise the time young crocs have to suffer the trauma of being handled, packed and transported. This is the part of the journey the villagers enjoy most. To people who have little or no other opportunity to achieve a cash income, Kina 20 for a 22.8 cm (9 inch) belly width live freshwater crocodile is little short of magic. Although it may take many days of paddling in their stately 12-metre dugout canoes

to reach mission trade stores along the river, the thought of being able to buy a new torch, a bolt of red cloth or a substantial amount of black stick tobacco is enough to brighten anyone's day.

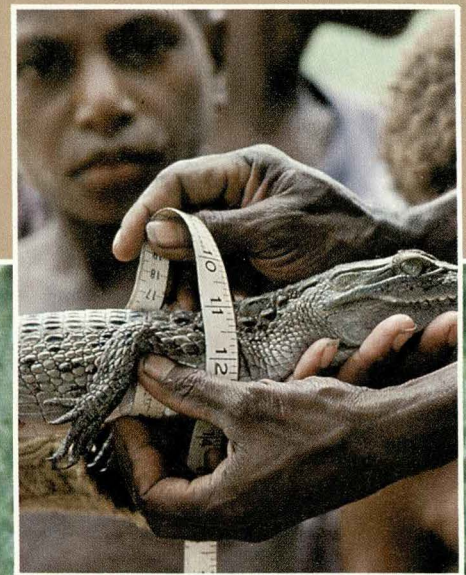
With fuel tanks topped, we start on the final leg against the six-knot current of the Strickland River. One river truck brims with more than 300 live crocodiles. The other is loaded with patrol supplies, fuel and people.

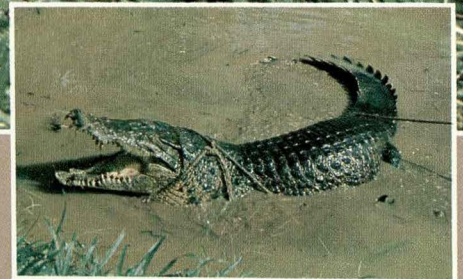
On reaching Baboa station the crocodiles begin a three-week recuperation period in which they are fed fresh chopped fish and are allowed to swim freely in clean pools.

Then it's time for them to move on. A chartered Britten Norman Islander comes in from Port Moresby and, usually to the discomfort of the pilot, 350 crocodiles in cardboard cartons are loaded. At Port Moresby either they are purchased by the large crocodile farm just outside of the city or are flown on to Lae where there is a similar facility. They are then fed for two or three years before their skins and by-products realise about Kina 100 each.

The people of Lake Murray live a simple life as hunter-gatherers. They do not make gardens and subsist primarily on the bland starch of the

*Right: Wildlife officer Kurumop Yande buys a crocodile from an old Lake Murray man; far right: the belly-width decides buying price; below: around Lake Murray the rivers are the highways*





Above: *Swinging croc in the process of weighing and measuring . . . the copra bag has a calming effect; right: Baboa's 3.5 metre Somare is hauled in for statistical purposes*

sago palm supplemented by fish, cassowary and pig meat.

Apart from the *kundu* they do not carve or paint but they are skilled makers of wickedly beautiful arrows which range from a simple bamboo blade to the terror of them all, weapons armed with hundreds of echidna (spiny anteater) quills. These, their owners inform me, will not come out once they are in you. The information is a grisly reminder of the recent past when headhunting isolated each village into a pocket of fear.

In the steamy swamps around Lake Murray, where many — more

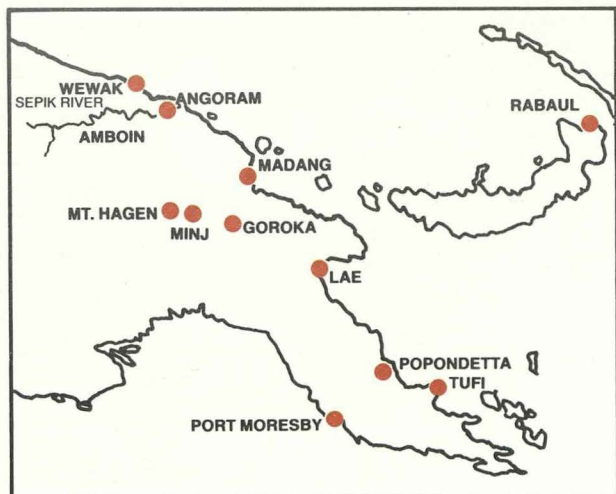
traditional — forms of development have failed, the gathering, rearing and selling of live young crocodiles is proving a success. Villagers have taken to the activity easily and enthusiastically.

Careful monitoring, a programme which is constantly being improved, will ensure that Papua New Guinea continues to be home to one of the healthiest crocodile populations anywhere in the world.

Considering that *National Geographic* not so long back carried an article entitled 'A bad time to be a crocodile', the PNG scene provides a sound basis for hope and may prove a model to be copied elsewhere. — *Jerome Montague is a wildlife biologist with the FAO stationed at Lake Murray.*



# Club Melanesian...a new concept in travel within Papua New Guinea



How often have you thought of visiting areas, but have been reluctant to commit yourself because you were not sure exactly how much it would cost . . . Club Melanesian overcomes this problem, as you only pay once, and the package or tour you purchase is inclusive of accommodation in twin-share basis, all meals, transfers, sightseeing excursions, air-fares, charter flights, admissions, even morning and afternoon tea.

Melanesian Tourist Services have calculated a rate which includes everything at the Madang Resort Hotel, aboard the new m.v. Melanesian Explorer, aboard the m.v. Sepik Explorer II, shortly at the Ramu River Wildlife Lodge and come up with 5 exciting patrols and 5 new cruises featuring the m.v. Melanesian Explorer.

## MELANESIAN HOLIDAY PATROL

For more than 10 years, Melanesian Holiday Patrols have been the most successful range of tours continuously offered on Papua New Guinea.

In 1980, the new patrols all feature the Melanesian Explorer, Madang Resort Hotel, plus highlights of the Highlands on an inclusive basis, the only things not included are items of a personal nature, liquor, etc.

When comparing other tours, remember that Melanesian Patrols only use the best hotels and include all meals.

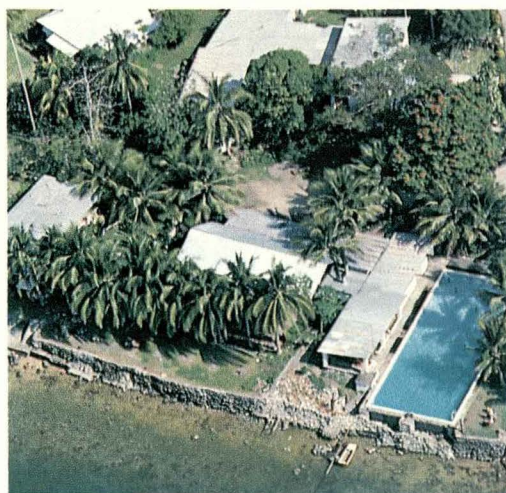
\*Brochure available

## SEPIK EXPLORER II

For many years Melanesian have been pioneering tourism in Papua New Guinea. One of the most famous areas is the Sepik River, where 'Sepik Explorer' houseboats operate. In 1981, 'Sepik Explorer II' will operate on a charter basis between Ambunti and Angoram. This vessel accommodates 8 people, is comfortable and crewed by experienced staff who know the river like no one else. Apart from the houseboat, the vessel is equipped with a river truck that can whisk you away into remote villages and waterways. Camping equipment is also available for extended tours of the Sepik.

\*Broadsheet available

## MADANG RESORT HOTEL



One of the oldest hotels in Papua New Guinea and perhaps the most beautiful, with spacious grounds along the waterfront, a large swimming pool, tennis courts, two restaurants, a coffee shop, fully equipped conference rooms for up to 200 persons. At present there are 50 twin airconditioned suites, and in 1980 a further 50 de-luxe bungalows will be built along the waterfront.

Daily tours and harbour cruises operate and rental cars are available.

The entire hotel was rebuilt, renovated and refurbished in 1979 especially for Club Melanesian.

\*Brochures available

## m.v. MELANESIAN EXPLORER



The most exciting way to see the Sepik River, coastal areas and island groups in Papua New Guinea, cruises commence on Feb 5, 1980 and open an entirely new era in tourism, exclusive to Club Melanesia.

The vessel accommodates 40 persons in twin-berth cabins with adjoining bathrooms. A separate lounge and dining room, plus a large covered deck provide ample space for all passengers. Fully airconditioned, it is fitted as an expeditionary type of vessel with two Zodiac excursion tenders.

\*Brochures available

## SOON RAMU RIVER WILDLIFE LODGE

Plans are in hand for another exciting development on the Ramu River.



BOX 707 MADANG, PAPUA NEW GUINEA TEL: 822766  
TELEX: 82707 CABLES: 'TOURIST' MADANG

# STEEL BEAUTY IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP



Fine steel structures, the work of specialists. Oil rigs to ocean-going yachts. Multi-story buildings to truck bodies. That's our metal.

**STEEL**  
**INDUSTRIES**  
PTY. LTD.

Phone: 253085 PO Box 1249 Boroko, Port Moresby

# Bright and beautiful ~ but just a little lonely

Story: Brian Parkinson Pictures: Chris Prior



*Long-nosed butterfly  
fish (Forcipiger flavissimus)*

They flash and shimmer through the coral thickets and, to even the most blasé observer, it is clear how the butterfly and angel fish got their names. Not so easily settled, though, is the reason for their colouration. Most likely explanation is that it serves as a 'no trespassing' sign to others of the same species, thus avoiding excessive competition for food.

A fact which supports this theory is that the less brightly-coloured angel and butterfly species seem a much more friendly crowd. For example, the black angel fish, *Centropyge nox*, and white-tailed angel fish, *Centropyge flavicauda*, are found in groups of 20 or more, while the spectacular emperor (*Pomacanthus imperator*) and regal (*Pygoplites diacanthus*) angel fish are usually found only in ones, twos and, at most, threes.

Papua New Guinea is well endowed with angel and butterfly fish. The count so far is 51 species, some of which are very rare. For instance, the golden angel fish, *Centropyge aurantius*, is so shy and secretive in its habits that it has been recorded only three times — and on each occasion it was in the form of a dead specimen collected several years ago near Madang on the PNG mainland's north coast. However, as divers ex-

plore more thoroughly the waters of Papua New Guinea it is almost certain that past recordings will be reconfirmed and new species will be found.

The temptation for many newcomers to the reefs of the tropics is to set up a fish tank and stock it with these colourful fish which are caught fairly easily on coastal reefs. The result is that many quickly die because the simulated conditions are not adequate, the main problems being overcrowding and incorrect diet.

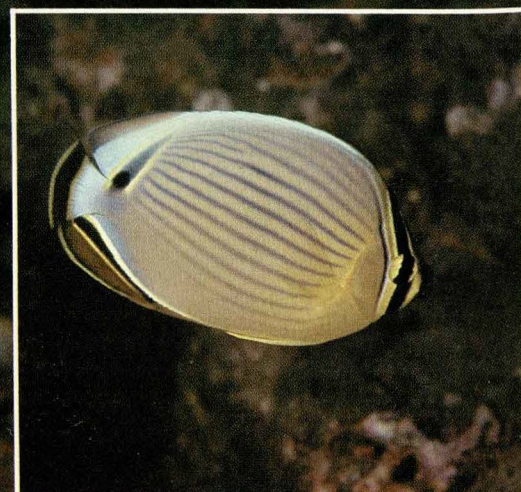
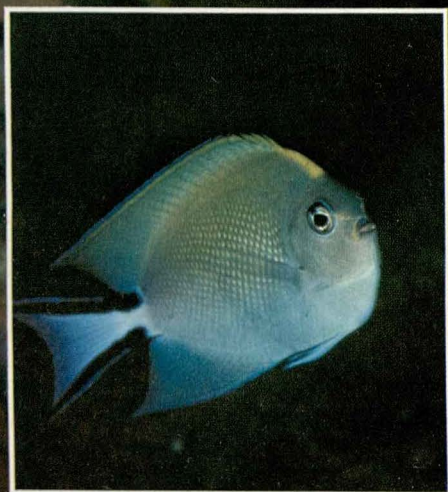
Many angel and butterfly fish are extremely specialised in their food requirements. Some live entirely on coral polyps and reproducing these conditions in an aquarium is both time-consuming and destructive to the reef from which the transplant coral is collected.

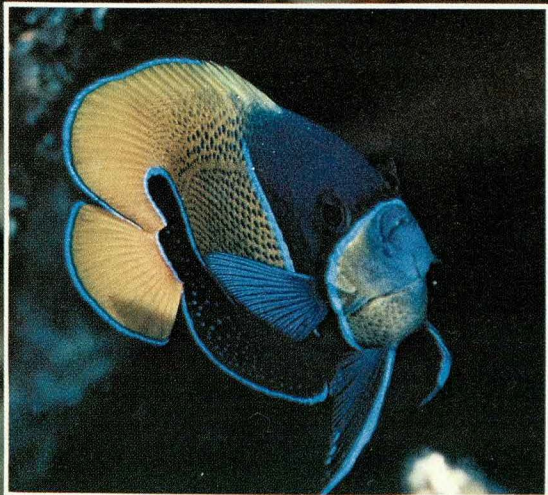
Would-be aquarium keepers would be well advised to begin with some of the hardier species — such as the bi-coloured angel fish, *Centropyge bicolor*, which is common in most

parts of Papua New Guinea, particularly around Rabaul, Madang and in the waters of Milne Bay Province. The black-backed butterfly fish, (*Chaetodon melonnotus*), also is common and easily kept in an aquarium.

Once experience is gained in caring for the hardier species a collector can then move on to the more delicate types.

Several years ago Rabaul-based New Guinea Shells began exporting marine fish to Australia and New Zealand. Enquiries about tropical fish continue to come in, some from as far away as Europe. — Brian Parkinson is a tropical fish specialist with the PNG Government based in Rabaul.





Above: *Moorish Idol* (*Zanclus Canescens*);  
left to right: *Blackspot angel fish* (*Genicanthus melanospilos*); *regal angel fish* (*Pygoplites diacanthus*); *Red-finned butterfly fish* (*Chaetodon trifasciatus*); *Blue-girdled angel fish* (*Euxiphipops navarchus*)



## *See Papua New Guinea with Douglas Airways*

*Within an hour's flying time of Port Moresby we can show you the historic mission at Yule Island, the exciting mountain scenery of Tapini or Woitape, tea plantations and butterfly farming at Garaina, the unique fiords of Tufi, or the never-to-be-forgotten 'jungle' airstrips and villages dotted along the famous wartime Kokoda Trail. Our scheduled and charter flights can take you country-wide in comfort and safety.*



Head Office: Jacksons Airport, Port Moresby  
Telephone: 25 3499, 25 3330, 25 3440

A person in silhouette stands in a cave, looking up at a waterfall. The scene is dimly lit, with the waterfall creating a bright, misty area. The cave walls are rugged and textured.

# **ATEA KANADA**

## **guardian of a deep secret**

*The Atea River plunges over two spectacular 35-metre falls into a pool which, in turn, spills into the depths. In a valley, 750 metres below, the Nali River emerges from a hole in the escarpment. Chances are good that the Atea and Nali rivers are one and the same. Not only that. As far above the disappearing Atea as the Nali is below, is the mouth of a deep shaft. If it can be linked with the Atea the total depth of the cave system would be around 1500 metres, 168 metres longer than the world's deepest known cave of Gouffre Pierre St Martin in France. Gary Steer tells the story of an expedition which set out to see if the record could be taken away from France.*

*Tiny figures at bottom right put the Atea doline into perspective; inset: inside the cave the going was far from easy*

Atea Kanada is a cave in the Muller Range in Papua New Guinea's Southern Highlands Province. Early reports from expeditions through this limestone country indicated that the Atea could be a very deep cave. But, to stake a claim to caving records it is imperative that a person must travel the length of a cave. This is what the 1978 Atea expedition set out to do.

Among the first reports of cave systems in the Southern Highlands was one by Champion and Karius after their Fly-Sepik patrol in 1927-1928. Champion wrote:

*Worse and worse it grew; limestone rocks with razor-like edges to clamber over; chasms 20 to 30 feet deep to cross by rotten tree trunks . . . a false step would have meant falling into an abyss or impalement on needle-pointed pinnacles of limestone.*

Geomorphologist Professor Joe Jennings told of rivers entering caves with the sound of boulders grinding against one another and flood debris lodged tens of metres above the floor. Experienced cavers who visited the Muller Range in 1973 reported that difficulty of access made these limestone areas among the hardest in the world to explore.

The range is clad in rainforest. Humidity is consistently high and it rains heavily almost every day. The average yearly rainfall is about 4000 mm (155 inches).

The point at which the Atea disappears underground (the 'doline') was visited briefly by the 1973 expedition which noted the potential of the area:

*Atea Kanada may have a depth . . . of 1500 metres . . . No water tracing was attempted but, because of the respective water volumes, it can be assumed that the Nali is the 'resurgence' Atea . . . [Resurgence is the hole from which a stream reappears in limestone country.*

The report questioned whether it would be possible to explore the cave system because of the size of the river and because the 'unpredictable Papua New Guinea weather pattern, with the risk of a flash flood, also lessens its prospects'.

In 1976 another expedition declared that 'the Atea Kanada is one of the most spectacular and exciting



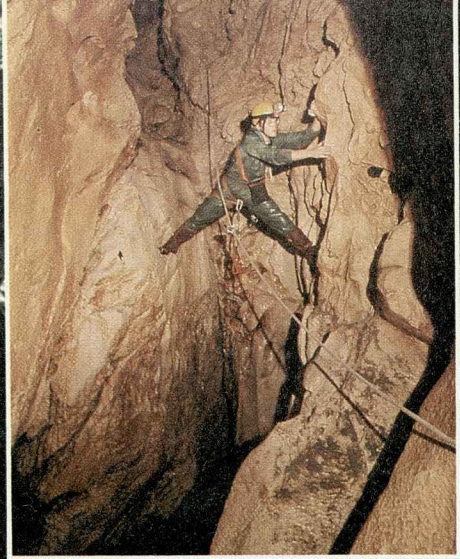
river caves in the world' and, if it could be connected with the deep caves to the north such as Uli Guria (Earthquake Hole), 'depths of 1000-1500 metres are possible'. That expedition pushed 3.8 kilometres into the Atea cave.

It took two years to prepare for the Atea-78 expedition. Ninety cavers applied to go along; the final party numbered 50. Most were Australian but also there were cavers from England, America and New Zealand. They were a mixed bunch including students, biologists, geologists, teachers, computer pro-

grammers, doctors, a customs officer, an army lieutenant and a station master. Expedition leader was Dr Julia James, lecturer in organic chemistry at the University of Sydney, who had been a joint leader of the 1973 expedition. Interpreter and organiser at the Papua New Guinea end was Kevan Wilde, formerly a PNG policeman and mineral explorer and a joint leader of the earlier expeditions.

June-August was chosen for the expedition because it is the 'dry' season, the time of the year when it rains only half of each day. 'Dry' or





not, expedition members knew the biggest hazard was the threat of flash flooding.

When the first band of cavers moved into the Muller Range the people of the area, the Duna — who have become known as the 'wigmen' because of their human hair head-dresses — assumed the search was for minerals. However, by the time Atea-78 arrived the Duna understood they were just looking for good caves to explore.

Carriers had to be recruited. Because of traditional friction between the Duna and their neigh-

bours it was decided to recruit, as far as possible, only Duna carriers. Without the co-operation of the Duna the expedition would not have been possible, particularly as most of the activity took place on Duna lands. There were no detailed maps of the area and we relied on local knowledge and aerial photographs to get us to the Atea Kanada. (*Kanada* is Duna for house or cave.)

An advance party set out a month before the main group. Its tasks were to re-open some of the old hunting tracks by slashing the undergrowth, construct simple bridges, collect

airdropped supplies at Geroro and to establish camps.

The main party flew from Mount Hagen (away to the east in the Western Highlands Province) into Koroba. From there some travelled in a 4-wheel drive vehicle and a tractor and trailer while others walked the 33 kilometres to the mission post of Kelabo, site of the nearest airstrip to the Atea. From Kelabo to the Atea base camp we had the option of a 20-minute helicopter trip or three gruelling days on the track.

News of our coming seemed to

speed faster than bare feet could carry it along the bush tracks. Our next stop after Kelabo was Harage where we were met by an excited crowd of at least 100 Duna. They were eager to be taken on the payroll and we selected 32.

Harage was the real starting point of the expedition. Gear was split up among carriers and expedition members with the well-built Duna generally carrying more than us. Bare-footed and with awkward loads, they skilfully negotiated every obstacle along the track.

We broke up into two parties. An 'express' group pushed ahead with a larger group bringing up the rear. Duna women and children, carrying food for their menfolk, accompanied the expedition from one isolated garden settlement to another. The advance party had built three overnight camps along the way and it was a relief after a day of hard walking and climbing muddy mountain tracks to stagger into a dry, comfortable, ready-made camp.

We climbed through mixed tropical montane rainforest to 2800 metres (seeing a wondrous variety of plant-life along the way) before dropping again and breaking out of the forest on the third day and reaching base camp at about 2000 metres. The rumble of the waterfalls rushing down to the Atea doline could be heard from the camp and we could see a mist rising from the base of the falls.

Our first glimpse of the doline was a breather. In two plunges the Atea leapt down the mountain face, into the pool and then spilled over into the ground through the main cave entrance. Directly behind the lower waterfall was another entrance and, to one side, in the face of the cliff was a window entrance.

We assessed that four tonnes of water a second were coming over the fall which, when it hit the pool, created a blizzard of wind and spray. We made our way through the fall to the Fury Tube where it was impossible to hear each other speak. The Fury Tube linked with the passage from the window entrance.

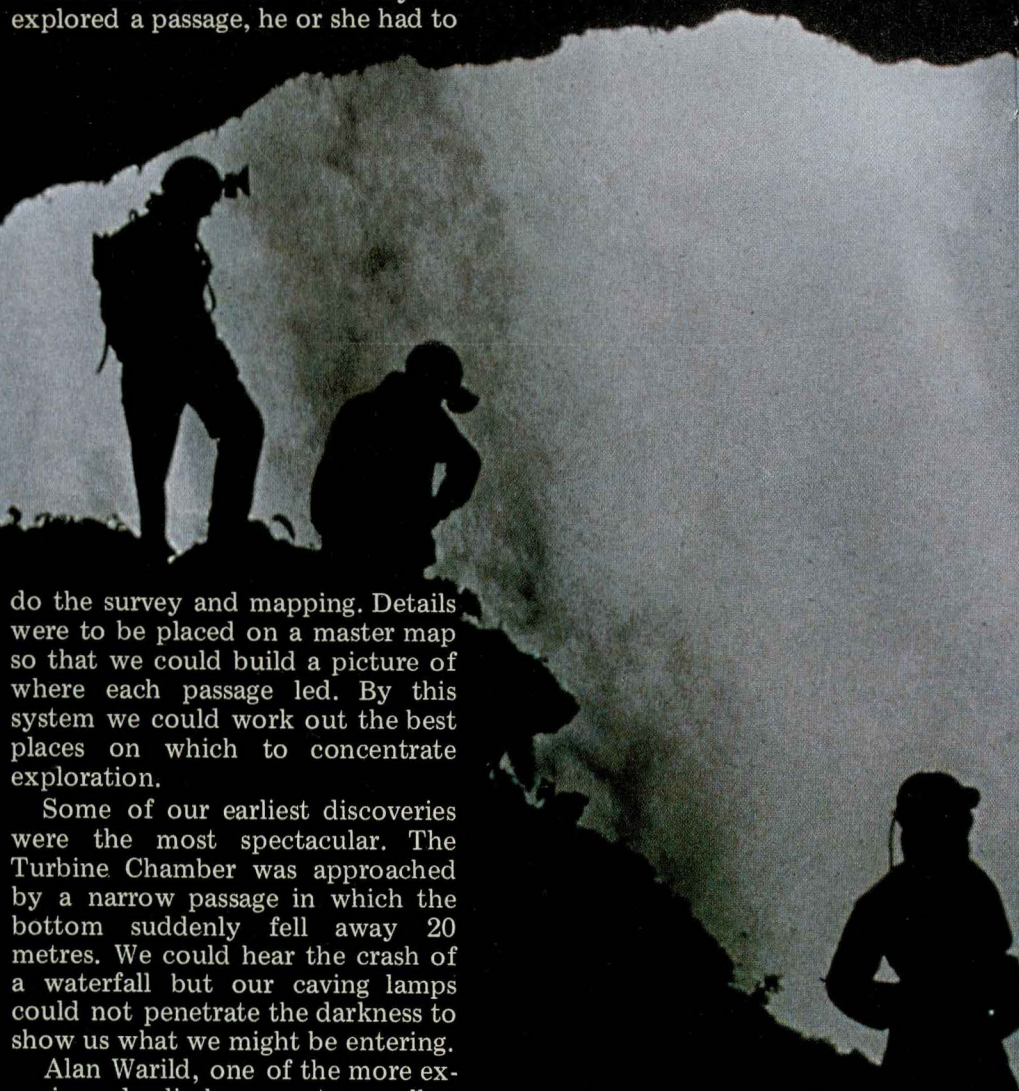
In the main entrance of the cave, where the river disappears, it is possible to scramble over rocks for about 30 metres. We found a 13 metre log which was jammed where the river had carried it during a flood. Beyond the log the Atea cascaded down into darkness.

We decided on a three-pronged attack, one concentrating on the doline entrance in search of a way to follow the main Atea flow downstream toward the Nali; one pressing in the opposite direction along the Ugwapugwa passage which had been followed for 1.3 kilometres by the 1976 expedition; and one approaching from the Nali valley below in search of a way up the Nali resurgence.

The rule was that when anyone explored a passage, he or she had to

and extra metal ladders would have been an advantage in the Atea.

At the foot of the Turbine the roar was deafening — just like being at bottom of an underground hydroelectric station. We pushed on to the Crucible, a peanut-shaped double cavern with beautifully smooth and rounded walls which had to be negotiated by 'abseiling' (a double-rope friction method of descending sheer cliff faces) and then, because the



do the survey and mapping. Details were to be placed on a master map so that we could build a picture of where each passage led. By this system we could work out the best places on which to concentrate exploration.

Some of our earliest discoveries were the most spectacular. The Turbine Chamber was approached by a narrow passage in which the bottom suddenly fell away 20 metres. We could hear the crash of a waterfall but our caving lamps could not penetrate the darkness to show us what we might be entering.

Alan Warild, one of the more experienced climbers, put an alloy chock into a crevice, attached a rope and then disappeared. Three minutes later there was a tug and a muffled shout saying the rope was free and that his landing site was dry. One at a time we went down to join him.

Caving methods have changed dramatically in recent years and we are now far more mobile. Heavy metal ladders have been replaced by single rope techniques (SRT). Without this gear we could not have tackled the Atea system. However, because of the mud, the SRT equipment was being worn out by friction

bottom was full of water, penduluming to the other side.

Although we were heading in the direction of the Atea waterway, a more direct link with the river had been found by the 1976 expedition through the Beeline Passage which joins the river at Glop Drop — a muddy four-metre drop into what looks like an underground lake. The roof above it is so high we could not see it.

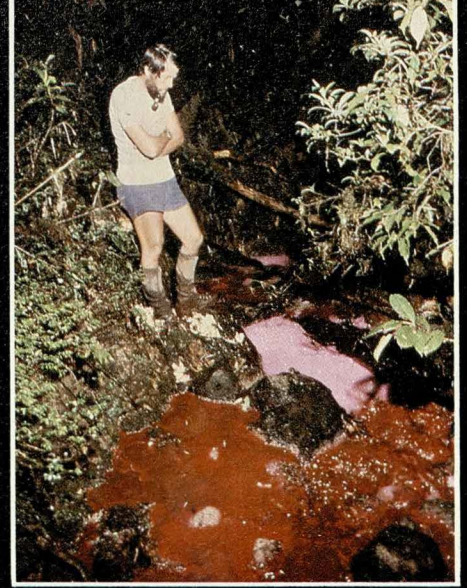
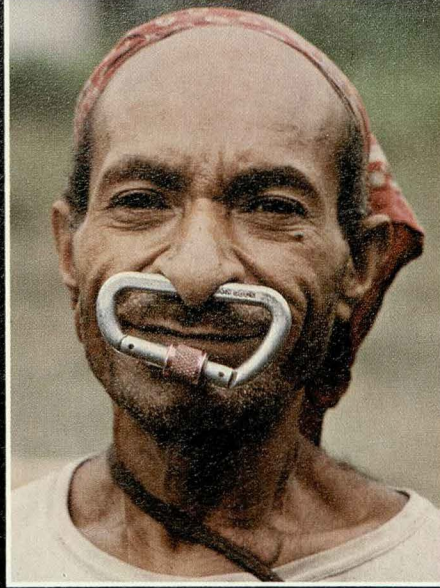
It was in this direction, along a waterway named the Ship Canal, that the expedition was to concentrate its activities in search of a

route big enough for a person to pass along.

While we were in the Ship Canal others were searching down in the Nali Valley. We kept in touch by radio, as we did with those pushing up the Ugwapugwa Streamway toward the Uli Guria.

Soon we established that the Atea and Nali were the same river by placing red dye in the Atea and seeing it come out at the Nali resurgence.

Neil Montgomery, in 1976, was



cavers had difficulty pulling themselves back upstream because their clothes and packs were waterlogged.

Each time there was a small amount of rain the canal would rise alarmingly. The canal, which started as a large chamber, gradually narrowed until the ceiling came down very close to the river level. At times it was necessary for the explorers to do a bit of 'roof-sniffing', the term used when it is necessary to turn one's nose to the roof in order to squeeze through an area where the water almost touches the ceiling. One of the English cavers commented: 'It isn't really a roof sniff until you can only get one nostril above water.' This caused a few smiles but everyone was acutely aware of the dangers involved in these situations. The sections where roof-sniffing was necessary were called 'ducks' and, in case the river rose after swimmers had passed through, we left emergency food beyond them. When the canal 'sumped' (when water and ceiling meet) operations were abandoned until the level dropped.

Up in the Ugwapugwa Streamway — a Duna word meaning long and winding — the parties were pushing up passages formed by a meandering stream. As a rule we called all features above ground by Duna names but those below were left to our own imagination. The Ugwapugwa extended 6.5 kilometres and turned out to be the longest single passage we found. Progress was not easy and we had the knowledge that above the Upwapugwa, on the surface, the main Atea River was flowing. In some places the roof just dripped; in others water poured down through cracks.

As we probed deeper into the Ugwapugwa, parties spent longer and longer away from base camp. At last, when it became necessary

*Left: Olsobip man finds another use for cave exploration equipment; above: expedition member at resurgence sees the dye come through*

for them to leave base camp at four in the morning and they were not returning for 24 hours, one party decided to start camping overnight in the damp passages. It was cold and uncomfortable and they did not repeat the performance.

It was impossible to stay dry. Though the water was not exceptionally cold (about 14 degrees C) the cold penetrated the body — and then the caving spirit.

Ugwapugwa eventually led into the Yaragaiya series of passages. A draught of air was felt at one spot in Ugwapugwa and a green tree frog was found far along the passages. Somewhere there was an entrance but our expedition failed to find it.

Back at base camp all the ingenuity in the world was being demonstrated to make rations more palatable. Soy sauce was mixed with orangeade crystals to make a dessert topping; bean sprouts were grown and a five gallon camera drum was used to make stout. Normal rations were tinned fish and meat, rice, sultanas, chocolate, biscuits and all the PNG Highlands coffee we could drink.

The 12 Duna we employed throughout the expedition were helpful to the biologists by bringing in animals and insects for their collections. If a specimen was not accepted it usually went into the Duna cooking pot.

The biologists did a lot of collecting underground as well and it is likely that as much as 95 per cent of everything found will prove to be new species.

The cave spiders and harvestmen (which look like but are not spiders) found in Atea Kanada were a surprise. The 1976 expedition saw

the first person to venture into the Ship Canal. Tying a rope around his waist, he swam off downstream, initially in slow moving water. He did not risk going further than the length of the rope.

In 1978 we explored the canal using more rope. Further down the current picked up speed and where it hit bends it became strong enough to drag a swimmer under. Some

Clockwise from near right: Noel Plumley and pet spider from Olsobip region; pitcher plant at Nali Gorge; grubs which taste like bacon fried with fern and margarine

nothing. Seven spiders and three harvestmen were found in 1978.

The spiders were found building webs at least 300 metres into the cave — which is unusual. The breeze created by the waterfall at the entrance was so strong that flying insects which normally do not enter caves were being blown inside and trapped.

Radio messages from the party down in the Nali Valley carried disappointing news. All attempts at finding a cave entrance were failing. The cavers were given every encouragement but the spirit had gone out of their search.

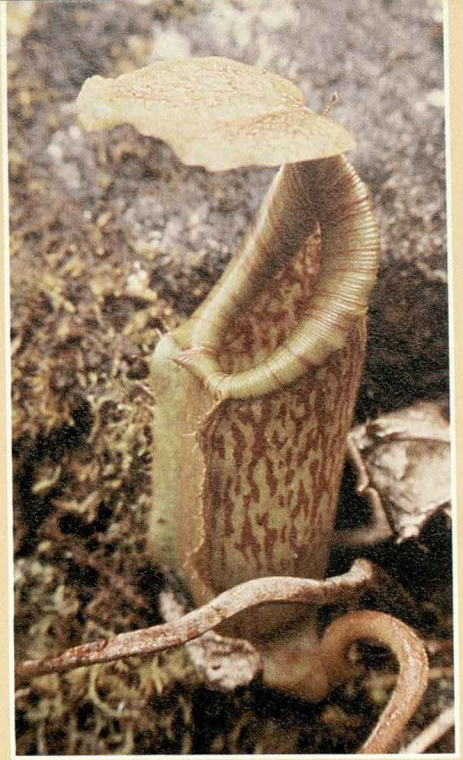
The Nali was a spectacular area with a high rugged scarp and the river streaming out of a hole in the cliff. The valley was swept clean by floods, and saplings just sprouting would be felled by the next flood. The Duna felt extremely uncomfortable. To them it was the home of the *masalai* (spirits) — not necessarily evil but certainly something they should not mix with.

With water in the Ship Canal too high, we turned our attention to another area and it was then that the expedition's only serious accident occurred. Tim Daniel, an army lieutenant, fell into a short shaft and injured his leg which became infected. He was flown out by helicopter, first to Koroba and then to Mount Hagen.

When the Ship Canal reopened we were able to make more progress until we came to the Impeller where the river plunged into a hole in the wall. This held up exploration for several days.

Meanwhile other systems were being explored and Tony White, an English caver, who had left one party to join up with another, decided to do some solo exploring. Stumbling onto a small opening, which he called Hidden Inlet, White moved through into what was to become the New World. It contains some of the best decorations in the Atea.

It was in the far distant reaches of this series that the Atea 'came of age'. It reached 21 kilometres and then went 'over the hill' to reach 30 kilometres. At the farthest part of this area many tight passages in gleaming white limestone were inspected but



each came to a dead end. Strong draughts told us there was an opening somewhere but it refused to reveal itself.

Two big discoveries in two days opened up the Ship Canal to further progress. Ian Millar, a New Zealander, pulled away some driftwood from a boulder pile next to the Impeller and felt a breeze. He moved a rock and was able to squeeze through to where he heard a roar coming from the far end of a chamber. He followed this to another chamber where water was pouring through cracks in the roof but was then stopped by another boulder pile. Soon after, Neil Montgomery found a way through to the old dry way of the Atea. Winchester Chamber, the deepest part of the cave, was found in this area. Seven leads, followed from the chamber, all closed up. Because of the dangers of rising levels exploration was limited.

Geological studies revealed that much of the ground was not limestone as expected. Weak siltstone and mudstone were found interbedded with limestone and, where there is river cave development in ground like this, the siltstone and mudstone will collapse into rubble which is difficult to pass.

We began looking elsewhere but to no avail. We had to admit that Atea Kanada would not prove to be the deepest cave in the world. The river falling into the Atea doline flowed down to the Nali resurgence but a caver could not get through. Weeks of exploration also failed to find a



way up from the Nali. In all we had descended 300 metres.

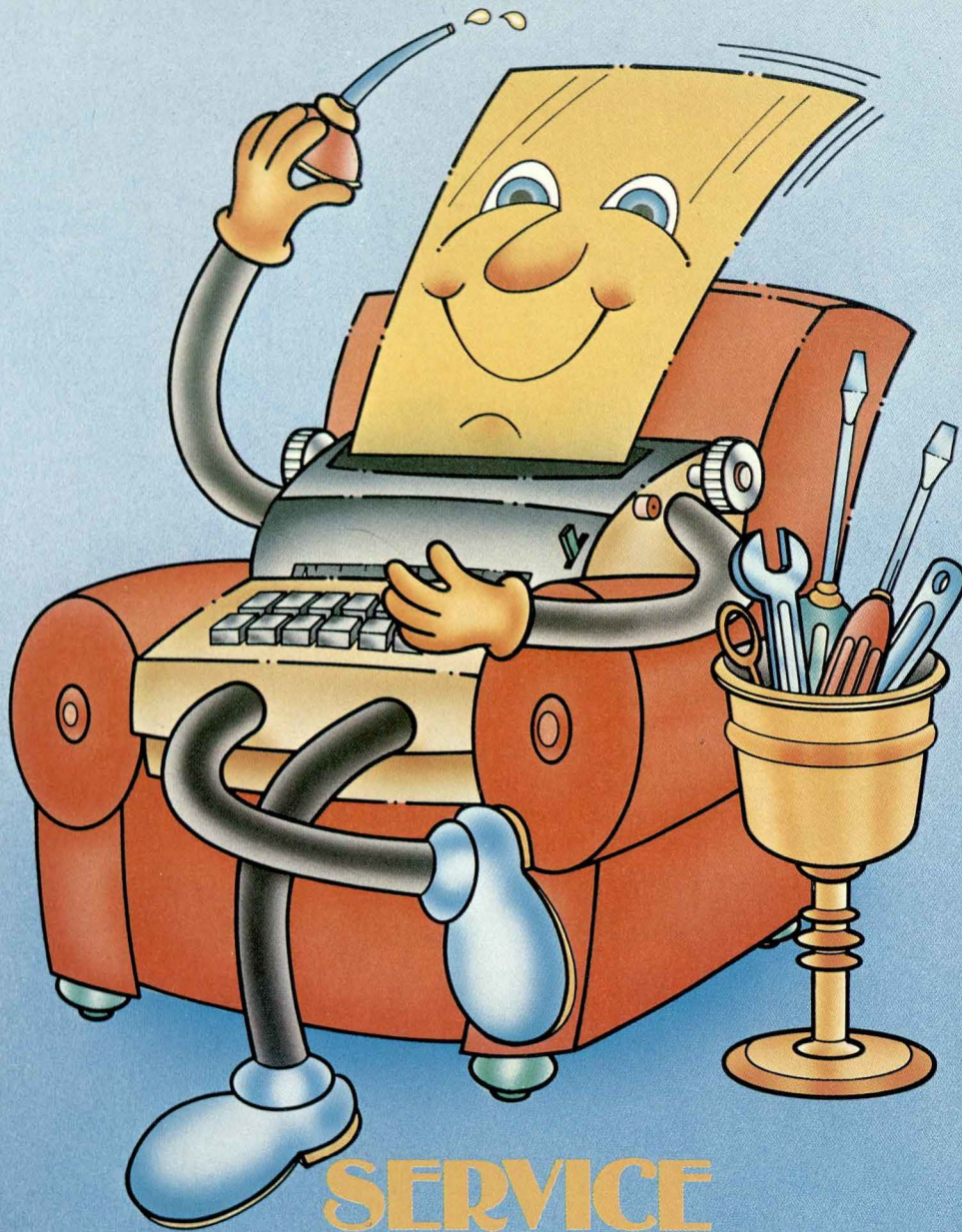
The expedition had come geared, in equipment and mentally, to do a vertical 'cave'. The Atea, toward the end of the Ship Canal, was extremely hazardous. To push for depth under such conditions required a certain type of madness. In pushing further the rewards may not have been worth the risks.

We had not found the deepest cave but we had experienced one of the most remarkable caves in the world. The limestone areas of Papua New Guinea's Southern Highlands are vast. We had the impression we were scratching the surface. There are many more rivers which disappear into holes which may yet lead to the world's deepest cave. — *Paradise extends its thanks to the Australian geographical magazine, GEO, for its assistance in presenting this article.*



**has arrived**

PORT MORESBY: JACKSONS PARADE TEL 255552 TELEX 22294 ● LAE: ELA MOTORS TEL 421772  
RABAUL: ELA MOTORS TEL 921988 ● MT HAGEN: PROVINCIAL AIR SERVICES TEL 551323  
GOROKA: TEL 722986 ● MADANG: PROVINCIAL AIR SERVICES TEL 822594  
WEWAK: PROVINCIAL AIR SERVICES TEL 862584 ● KIETA: ELA MOTORS TEL 956188



# SERVICE NEEDN'T BE A PROBLEM IN P.N.G.

Office equipment suppliers in P.N.G. are usually agents for Australian or American companies; agents that don't really have the facilities to fully support the products they are marketing.

We are the company that disproves the rule. A company that has been in the islands for over 30 years and built up a service reputation of which we are

proud — a reputation for ensuring customers experience the minimum downtime with their office equipment, however sophisticated and wherever it may be installed.

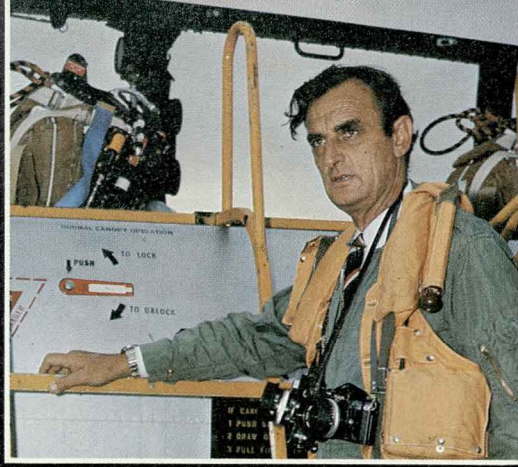
The next time you are in the market for equipment or supplies, you'll do better to contact your local company:

## REMINGTON

OFFICE MACHINES (PNG.) PTY. LIMITED

Port Moresby • Lae • Rabaul • Kieta • Mt. Hagen • Goroka • Madang





# ADAMS eye in the sky

*No one man has clicked his camera aloft in Papua New Guinea air space more times than Bruce Adams. And he's done plenty of aerial clicking elsewhere to earn a reputation as an outstanding air-to-air photographer. In these pages we present a range of Adams' work, both inside and outside Papua New Guinea.*

*The Royal Australian Air Force's Black Panthers blast their Sabres skywards . . . this shot was one of Adams' award-winners*



Adams has been working aloft for many years, as a list of the aircraft he's used to shoot from will reveal: Vampires, Gloster Meteors, Dakotas, Orions, Catalinas, Winjeels, Tiger Moths, Harvards, Hudsons, Canberras, Wirraways ... and, more recently, Mirages, F111s, Skyhawks and Hercules. There have been others but that's enough to go on with.

And it hasn't just been a question of sitting back and shooting from the comfort of a cockpit seat. Have a look at that line-a-stern formation of three Royal Australian Air Force Hercules from 36 Squadron, Richmond, New South Wales. To get that shot Adams, in slender but specially-designed harness, crouched on the extended ramp of another Hercules. The slipstream roared about him, the cold numbed his exposed fingers. Camera at the ready, he waited for the image he wanted.

In that series he got another remarkable shot when his patience was rewarded with a photograph which gave the impression of a mightily extended Hercules, the first blending into the second, the second into the third, the image being of three sets of wings, 12 engines and three tails, all merged into one flying freak. That kind of photography takes courage.

Then there's the kind which takes strength and endurance, like the one of the four Royal Australian Air Force Sabres. Try to imagine the pressure on the hands, arms, fingers — the whole body — as photographer wrestles to counter tremendous G-forces and hold his camera steady for that exact moment of exposure.

Bruce Adams, a quietly-spoken man, is freelancing today, and not necessarily concentrating on aerial activity. In fact his present assignment is of a much slower nature: he's working on a book called *Bullock Teams of Australia*. But if there's a chance to get aloft there's no way he will miss it.

A few months back he was able to realise an ambition he had nursed for some time. Bruce Adams, like many off-the-beaten-track air travellers in Papua New Guinea, knew of an old Ford Tri-Motor aircraft which had lain since November 1942 on the dry bed of Lake Myola in the Owen Stanley Ranges to the north of Port Moresby.

Last year he was able to fly in with the RAAF to photograph the lifting of the Tri-Motor by Chinook



*The Tri-Motor nears the end of its long wait right: on its way by Chinook to Port Moresby*





## Tale of a 'tin goose'

In 1926 Ford Motor Company assumed control of the Stout Airplane Company in the United States and quickly produced the Ford Tri-Motor (known in aviation circles as the 'tin goose') as a rival to the top aircraft of the day, the Fokker.

It had a tubular aluminium framework and a corrugated aluminium skin. Nearly 200 were made between 1926 and 1933, several being used in China by warlords during the civil conflict of the 1930s. One was bought by the Earl of Lovelace for use as a charter aircraft to fly members of the English nobility to

Tanganyika in the late 1920s on elephant hunting safaris. It was this aircraft and three other Tri-Motors which were acquired in 1935 by Guinea Airways, the domestic airline whose operations in New Guinea ended during the Pacific War.

One of the four crashed at Wau in October 1941 and another was destroyed by enemy action in early 1942. The remaining two were pressed into the service of the RAAF when the Japanese invasion of New Guinea began the same year. One was soon destroyed, burnt on the ground during a Japanese attack.

The remaining Tri-Motor was on evacuation work when, the day after it had taken six wounded Australian soldiers from the battlefield, it crashed and overturned on landing at Lake Myola which had been established as a supply dropping zone and pick-up point for wounded soldiers. And that's where it stayed until the RAAF's Chinooks flew in last year.

It wasn't Adams' first sight of the Tri-Motor. He had taken pictures of it earlier and it would not be too removed from fact to suggest he may have played a role in getting the retrieval venture underway.



From top: Royal Australian Navy Skyhawk unleashes a rocket; replica of the Red Baron Fokker triplane with three Winjeel trainers on its tail; Hercules in loose formation



helicopter to Port Moresby for exhibition in the War Museum. (See story of Tri-Motor, page 31.)

The airlift was carried out under the command of Squadron Leader Chris Beatty and the two Chinooks used were from No. 12 Squadron, Amberley, Queensland. The Chinooks had to fly through dense cloud in the Owen Stanleys to get to Lake Myola which lies at about 1800 metres. One helicopter contained members of the Richmond, NSW-based Air Movements Training and Development Unit. Their job was to secure and tie up the Tri-Motor which was then lifted by the other Chinook. On the first trip out the fuselage was taken to Port Moresby, on the second the engine.

Awards have frequently come Bruce Adams' way, mainly for his work in the air. Among his publications so far are *Battleground South Pacific*, *Rust in Peace*, *Macquarie's Five Towns* and *Aviation in Colour*.

Ask him the secret of his success and he will shrug modestly. He doesn't talk of flair; he neglects to tell of the danger he exposes himself to. He says simply: 'My pictures are good today because I work at photography very hard and leave as little as possible to chance.'

Australian-born and a photographer who did his apprenticeship with Sydney's *Sun* newspaper and served in the RAAF, Adams' association with aerial photography has benefited immensely as a result of Australia being a neighbour of the most aviation conscious nation in the world. He may have got good pictures elsewhere, but Bruce Adams knows his most magic moments have been in the skies of Papua New Guinea.



# Business? Pleasure?

The specialists in merchandising, shipping, stevedoring, plantations, customs and forwarding, soft drink manufacture, hotels, travel, transport, automotives – and many more fields

**Burns  
Philp**

THROUGHOUT PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Burns Philp (New Guinea) Limited, Post Office Box  
75, Port Moresby. Phone: 21 2233. Telex: NE22116.

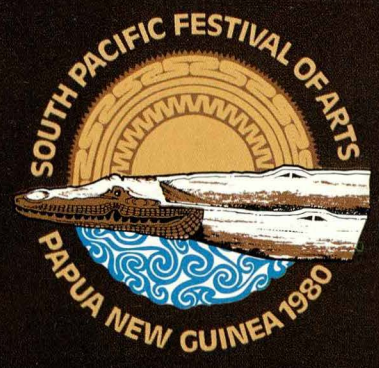


All the Pacific Island Countries together in one unique place: Papua New Guinea · 29 June to 12 July 1980

# SOUTH PACIFIC FESTIVAL OF ARTS

Information on tourism and accommodation:  
The Director Office of Tourism  
PO Box 5644 Boroko Papua New Guinea Cables PANGTOUR POM

Information on all festival events  
The Director South Pacific Festival of Arts  
PO Box 6918 Boroko Papua New Guinea Cables FESTART Boroko



# paradise



*in flight with Air Niugini*

# paradise

We'll airmail *Paradise* to you anywhere in the world for a year (six issues) for Kina 15, \$Aust 18 or \$US 20. Tear off this card, print your name and address overleaf, put your cheque or bank draft with it, and post it to:

**Air Niugini  
Public Relations Department  
PO Box 7186  
Boroko  
Papua New Guinea**

# Paradise now on subscription

Please post me the next six issues of *Paradise*.

Payment is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Air Niugini, Public Relations Department, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea

*Australian Trevor Shearston, seven years a teacher in Papua New Guinea, recently had published by Queensland University Press a volume of short stories titled Something in the Blood. His writing gives PNG literature a cutting new dimension. Too often expatriates who have ventured into print with Papua New Guinea as their subject have indulged in an orgy of self-congratulation. They have sung the praises of early white explorers and reminded one and all of how colonial administration has brought 'civilisation' to a primitive land. Frequently foreign authors have completely misrepresented the way things were in Papua New Guinea. Trevor Shearston is critical of his countrymen's performance in PNG. But in his collection of stories, all set in colonial days, no one escapes critical analysis. Arigato is a good example of Shearston's perceptive pen.*



# ARIGATO

When the woman led me into the hut I recognised the old man. He was lying on a mat facing the doorway. The woman unrolled another mat beside him and motioned me to sit.

'She gave my name uh?' he asked.

The grip of his hand was surprisingly strong.

'Yes.'

'And you know me?'

'I've seen you before.'

'But not in your church.'

The smile played around his eyes but he waited until he was sure I would smile too. Then he turned away and stared through the doorway. The humour left his face.

'I have a question, father.'

'I'm listening.'

He looked at me.

'Suppose a man does not belong to your church, can you still bury him?'

'No. But a man is never too old to be born again.'

His smile flickered briefly.

'Perhaps. But it takes time uh?'

'A little.'

'Then never mind. One birth is

enough for any man. I have another reason for sending the woman to get you. You see how I am. I could not come myself.'

'It's all right.'

We had been speaking in pidgin. He laid his hand lightly on my arm and said something in their language. The woman squatting by the door rose and left the hut.

'They say you are German, father,' he said, still watching the woman.

'Then they are mistaken. I am Australian.'

'When I was a boy there were still some Germans here. You look German.'

'You have good eyes. My parents were German. But I was born in Australia so I am Australian.'

He shrugged.

'Never mind. You are not really Australian. How old are you?'

'Thirty-two.'

'You were still waiting to come when the Japanese bombed Kavieng the first time uh?'

'Yes.'

He reached behind the folded blanket which was his pillow and felt for his basket.

'Do you chew betel, father?'

'No.'

'There was a priest here once who chewed betel. He liked it better than rum. My teeth can't break the nuts now. I chew just *daka* and lime.'

He raised himself on his elbow and bit into the pepper.

'We do not know each other, father, but we can still talk. True?'

'I like talking.'

'Good. But at the end of the talk I will ask you to do something for me. Whether you want to do it or not is your decision, because I am not of your church. I wanted a white, and you are the nearest one. But I

thought you weren't Australian.'

'Does it matter where I come from?'

'Old men live in the past, father. The Australians were here before the war. To them we were the same as pigs. When the Japanese came the Australians ran away without fighting for the plantations they said were theirs. I was a big man in this place then. The Japanese came to me and said, you will be *kempeitai*. You know what that is? *Kempeitai*?'

'A policeman.'

'You read it in books uh?'

I nodded.

'The Japanese made hard rules, but they were rules for everyone. If I strike a Japanese soldier, I am punished. If the soldier strikes me, the soldier is punished. You understand? I heard stories of the Japanese in other places but they were not like that here. They treated us like men, not like pigs. These people here were stupid. All the time they were lazy with the soldiers, they ran away, they hid food in the bush. But they did not do it any more when I became a *kempeitai*. They still hate me for that time. I think you have seen it. If the Japanese had stayed this would have been a better country than today.'

'When the Australians came back, these people told them I was a *kempeitai*. You should have heard the bullshit stories they told about me. The Australians held me over the drum and beat me on the arse with canes. They waited one week until I could walk, then they beat me again. I still have those marks. One very tall Australian with red hair was in charge. These people went to him and asked him to shoot me with his pistol. He just laughed and said it was not worth wasting a bullet. Now you understand something of Australians uh? It is a long time ago but old men remember such things.'

He lay back on the mat.

'In the corner is a bottle, father. Would you pass it to me. I can offer you only water. I have told the woman to prepare some taro. We will eat a little before you go.'

I fetched the bottle and unscrewed the lid and handed it to him. He washed out his mouth, then drank some and handed it back to me.

'Arigato,' he said.

'What?'

'Arigato. In Japanese it means "thank you". With it, you do this with your head.'

He held up his hand and bent the fingers over in the motion of a man bowing, then let his arm fall across his chest.

'Time runs in circles, father. I hear the Japanese have come back to Lemeris to cut the trees.'

'Yes, I saw the camp. There are more of them in Kavieng too, catching tuna and mackerel.'

He laughed harshly.

'A little bit of money and any enemy becomes a friend, eh father? Never mind. For them too I suppose the war is only something in a book. I want you to write a letter to those ones at Lemeris. Tell them there is an old man at Huris with a Japanese key on a string around his neck, and he has something to show them.'

'I think it would be better if I went to see them.'

'True, but a letter is enough to ask for.'

'It's no trouble. I need some things in town.'

'You have a car?'

'A motor bike. The one out there.'

He levered himself up onto his elbows again.

'They should come quickly, tell them that. And they should bring a camera, and a small box. When will you go?'

'Tomorrow.'

'Tell them I said they must give you some money for petrol.'

'I don't buy the petrol.'

He smiled.

'They don't know that.'

'All right, I'll ask.'

'Good. When they come, will you come too?'

'If you wish.'

'I can't pay you, father, but I can teach even you something. Not all of the war is in a book.'

He lay back.

'My talk is finished. You?'

I nodded.

'Good. The small son of my son should be sitting outside the door. He can tell the woman we are ready to eat.'

\* \* \*

I heard a car enter the mission while I was saying morning mass. It stop-

ped for a moment at the church, then went on to my house. As I crossed the yard later, four Japanese and a local youth got out of a Land-cruiser. The man I had spoken to the previous day smiled and nodded, but it was the middle-aged man who came forward and offered his hand.

'We are sorry to disturb you during service, father. My name is Masaru Ko. I was not at the camp when you called yesterday. Mr Ikuta you met yesterday, and this is Mr Matsumura and Mr Kasuga.'

They were all dressed alike in shorts and safari jackets. We shook hands.

'Will you have some coffee?'

Mr Ko spoke for all of them.

'Thank you. We arose rather too early for breakfast. Will our camera



equipment be safe in the car?'

'Yes. No one around here would know what to do with it.'

They laughed politely and followed me up the stairs.

A kilometre from the village the track passes the skeletons of two Zeros with broken backs, and a twin-engined bomber blown sideways against a tree. They asked me if I minded stopping. Mr Kasuga took photographs of the other three standing solemnly beside the planes.

The old man was lying outside on his mat with the boy in the shade of



the hut. There were two men sitting beneath a frangipani tree nearby chewing betel. The old man's wife was at the door of the hut plaiting a basket. She studiously ignored our arrival. When we got out the men emptied their mouths and stood. The old man smiled and said something in Japanese. Mr Ko looked at me, surprised, then took the old man's hand and replied in Japanese. Then he asked him something but the old man shook his head. Mr Ko turned to me.

'He said, "Good morning, sir, how are you?" But he can't remember any more.'

'Do you speak pidgin?'

'Only a little. Most of the local men we employ speak English.'

The old man spoke to the boy. The boy fetched green coconuts from the hut and opened them with a bushknife.

'Father, the two men will carry me, but the Japanese will have to pay both.'

'They speak no pidgin uh?' The old man indicated the Japanese.

'Not much.'

'It doesn't matter. They have eyes. When you have finished the coconuts we will go. I think you know the place where the guns are, father.'

'Yes.'

'We are going there.'

\* \* \*

The two guns stood on the top of a limestone plateau about two hundred metres above the beach. They must once have commanded the passage as far as the islands but the forest now rose like a wall between them and the sea. The two men had taken turns to carry the old man on their backs, like a child. They flattened the grass beside a clump of bamboo and placed him in the shade. He was having difficulty breathing and couldn't speak. I sat with him while the Japanese inspected the guns.

Mr Ko came over to me.

'They are naval guns. Very well preserved. But surely this is not all he wanted us for.'

'I don't know. The other day he mentioned something about a key.'

'Yes, Mr Ikuta informed me.'

Mr Ko looked at the old man.

'He knows he's dying?'

'He asked me to bury him.'

'I see.'

The other three Japanese had disappeared into the network of trenches cut into the stone behind the main pits. Mr Ko motioned towards the guns.

'It is strange, isn't it, that such memories should have brought us all together. I think I would be right in guessing you were born after the Pacific war. I was 15. I remember how proud we were to see the dead soldiers coming home, and how ashamed we were later to walk past their graves with foreigners on our soil. And this old man remembers too, but a different war. Yet, to bring us here, he knows more about we Japanese than we will ever know about him.'

'He said he was sorry to see your soldiers go.'

Mr Ko smiled.

'Then he is a rare man. I hope he didn't say such things after the soldiers had gone.'

'The Australians gave him plenty of reasons for wishing you'd stayed.'

The old man spoke without opening his eyes.

'You are talking about the war uh?'

'Yes.'

He said something to the man who had last carried him. The man again hoisted him like a child.

'We will go first. You come behind.'

A trench with a low wall ran for 20 metres behind the guns, then shallowed and finally ended at the forest. The second man began slashing a path through the tangle of creepers and shrubs. After a few minutes the shrubs thinned and we found ourselves in tall kunai at the base of a cliff.

'Father, tell that one to take the knife and cut the bamboo near the stone.'

I told Mr Ko. He looked puzzled but took the knife from the man and began felling the stalks. Suddenly he stopped and exclaimed in Japanese, then began cutting vigorously. There was a steel door in the cliff with hinges cemented into the limestone. A staple passed through the other edge of the door. The door was locked but the lock itself was wrapped

tightly in pandanus leaves lashed with cane.

'The last time I came here was five years ago, to change the leaves. Here, give them the key.'

Under the leaves was what looked like part of a rain cape. The lock itself was wrapped in oilcloth. It opened with a faint click at the first turn of the key.

'Tell them to just pull the door. It was greased to shut quickly.'

They opened the door. Mr Ko covered his mouth with a handkerchief and went in. The others followed him. The smell slowly filled the clearing. When they reappeared Mr Kasuga was weeping silently and the other three were very close to tears.

'Come and look, father.'

It was a low chamber, about five metres square, without windows. The small tunnels cut for ventilation had been blocked with stones and earth. The room was dry and almost dustless. There were the remains of what looked like maps on one wall, but the other walls were bare. A large desk was pushed to one side cleared of everything except two blackened oil lamps. Six chairs were evenly spaced around the walls. On one of them hung a belt and holster containing a pistol lightly dusted with ruse. The object of Mr Kasuga's tears lay on a mat in the centre of the floor. The skeleton was hunched. He must have died on his knees, then toppled sideways. The uniform had mostly rotted with the body except for insignia and buttons. The short sword had been placed neatly on the mat at his left side. On the edge of the mat nearest the door were two photographs covered with glass in bamboo frames. Even upside down, I recognised the young emperor. The other one looked like a family. I picked it up and took it outside. The two men in the photograph were in uniform. The older one stood smiling in the centre with one arm across the younger man's shoulder and the other around a small woman in a kimono.

The old man looked at the photograph and nodded.

'I will tell you first, father, then you tell them. This one in the middle is Saito. The young one is his son. They were both here. I forget what

they were called in Japanese. The father was the number one of all this area. The son was the boss of the guns. I was friends with the young one. Sometimes he gave me *sake*. You know *sake*?’

‘Yes.’

‘One day we were told that the fight was finished and that the Australians were coming to calaboose all the Japanese. Late in the night we saw their ships. I was going to run away into the bush. The son said, you can go. But first he brought me back here. The door was already shut. He said, my father is not going with the Australians, he is staying here. There were two keys. He took one, the other he gave to me, and that is it we used now. He said to hide this place and guard it and one day he will come back and bring me my pay. Four times since the war finished other Japanese have come to the airstrip and to the guns and taken away the soldier’s bones, but he never came, so I waited and said nothing. Maybe he will still come, but I think he is dead, and anyway I will not be here if he comes. These four can tell their government what I have done. The war did me no good, father, nor my wife.’

I translated it into English. When I had finished Mr Ko took the old man’s face in his hands.

‘Tell him that there are not four

Japanese standing on this ground today. There are five.’

I told the old man. He thanked them, then pointed at Mr Ko.

‘Father, ask him does he know what to do now.’

I asked Mr Ko. He said something to the old man in Japanese. The old man nodded and turned to me.

‘We will leave them. The bushknives will be enough. There are plenty of dead trees near the guns.’

He handed the photograph to Mr Ko.

‘This too.’

\* \* \*

A month later the old man died. I sent word to Lemeris but no one came. I was annoyed that they could have forgotten so quickly. Several days later a deeply apologetic letter arrived from Mr Ko explaining that he and the others had been two weeks in the mountains examining possible sites for another camp. He had sent the ashes and their photographs of the bunker to Japan. He asked whether they could visit me on the weekend.

They arrived on the Saturday morning about eleven, Mr Ko and the other three, and Mrs Ko. All of them apologised again for not coming when the old man died.

‘There has been no word yet from Tokyo or from Port Moresby, father. I’m afraid our government moves as slowly in these matters as does any other government. It is a little difficult to decide what is appropriate

now that he is dead. Our government has always shown its appreciation in the past and will, I am sure, in this case, but one can’t help feeling that it would have been better to have given him something other than words when he was alive. That was what we all felt when we arrived back at Lemeris that day. We bought him a gold watch, then we heard he was dead. You know these people better than we, father. Could we, perhaps, present it to his widow on his behalf?’

‘I don’t see why not.’

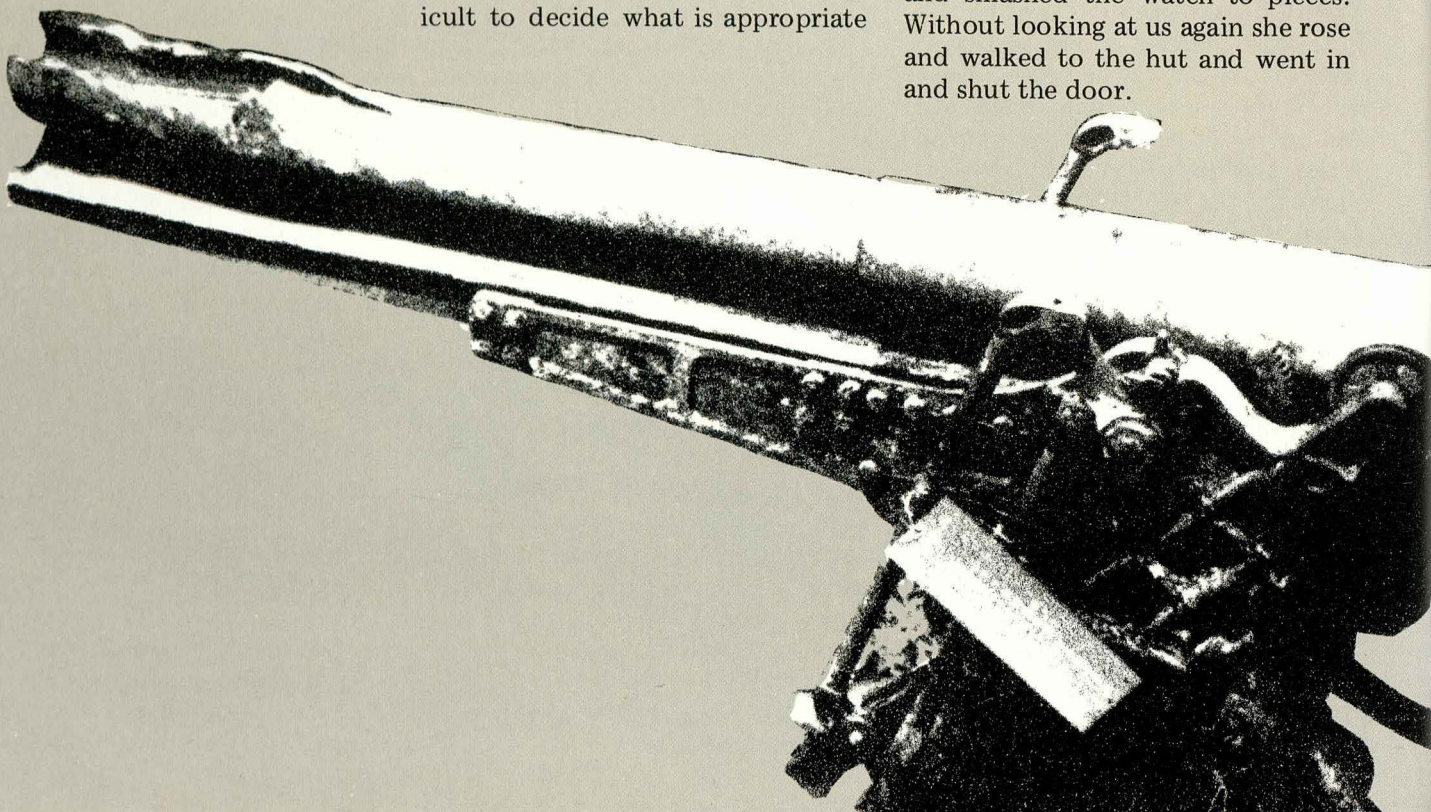
‘You’ll come with us?’

‘Of course.’

\* \* \*

The woman was sweeping the earth in front of the hut, whisking leaves and frangipani flowers into neat piles. She straightened and studied us, especially Mr Ko’s wife. I told her why we had come. She dropped the whisk where she stood and, without a word, led us to where the old man was buried in a grove of coconuts not far from the hut. The grave was enclosed by white stones and had been freshly weeded. There was a flat stone at the head, but no marker.

Mr Ko made a short speech. I translated it. He took the watch from its case and gave it to the woman. She looked at it, and at us, then knelt and placed the watch in the centre of the flat stone. Then she picked up one of the border stones and smashed the watch to pieces. Without looking at us again she rose and walked to the hut and went in and shut the door.



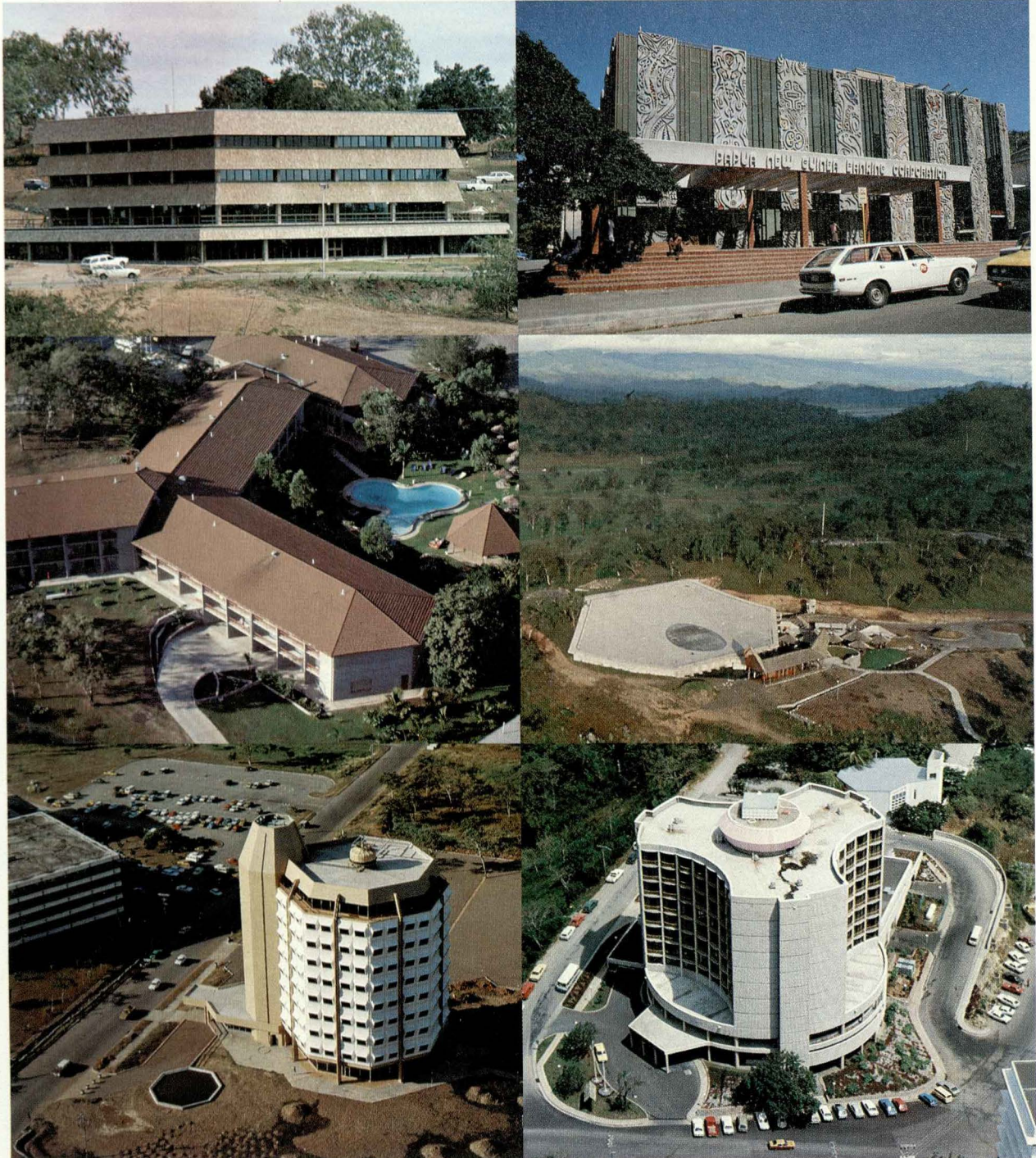


***We can take you anywhere***

Avdev helicopters solve your transport problems in Papua New Guinea.

Aviation Developments (PNG) Pty Ltd  
Jacksons Airport, Port Moresby  
PO Box 1975, Boroko  
Phone: 259655 or 255515  
Telex: Rotor NE22241

**AVDEV**



# Daikin makes buildings liveable

A cool worker works efficiently — especially if he's Daikin cool. Everyone in those buildings up there is Daikin cool. Come and see us. We'll give you a cool quote. Daikin (PNG), agents for Hunt and Baird cold rooms, Kalpak refrigeration and whitegoods, and Daken ceiling tiles.

**DAIKIN** 

PO Box 1395, Boroko. Office and Showroom — Ume Street, Gordon. Telephone: 253555. Telex: NE22338.

# Coral Sea Classic


*'After being knocked on our side twice within two hours, all hands were on the windward rail with a lookout posted to warn the helmsman of any breaking waves approaching on our beam . . .'*

*Bruce Tardrew, Velocity*

Cairns, Easter 1979. The mighty *Apollo* was alongside, a classic winner all the way from Sydney to Brisbane to Gladstone to Cairns, and preparations were almost complete for a yachting first, the Cairns-Port Moresby classic, 450 nautical miles through the Coral Sea.

Sponsored by Air Niugini, competing skippers were eager to be the first to get their name on this new trophy. What could be more pleasant than a brisk two-day cruise through a stretch of water which has no reputation for unfriendliness outside the cyclone season?

Cairns' residents and visitors to this northern Queensland city flocked in their thousands to the esplanade and wharf area. An Australian Navy boat was on hand with a starting gun and, aboard the Harbour Board's official vessel, *Floreat*, were



*Apollo goes through its paces on Port Moresby harbour*



Mayor Ron Davis and a flock of dignitaries. This was decidedly a civic occasion for an event which was to cement already long-established ties between Cairns and Papua New Guinea's capital.

First across the line was the smallest yacht in the race, *Velocity*, but, by the beacons, *Apollo*, resplendent in a new paint job, was streaking to the front, a position it held throughout the 44.653 hours skipper Jack Rooklyn took to get to Port Moresby. *Mekim Save* was second across the line and *Karana* third.

Every skipper had a story to tell when competitors gathered at Government House, Port Moresby, as guests of the Governor-General Sir Tore Lokoloko. Perhaps the best was told by Cairns motel owner Brian McInness, a rookie ocean racer. In fact it was his first ocean classic.

Brian had wanted a pleasant break from the business routine. He didn't expect to win — it was just going to be good fun and relaxation. Four hours out of the Trinity opening he realised there was going to be none of that. Deep ocean waters make no concessions to rookies.

Brian recalled that by night-time a 40-knot sou'easter was whistling into his 12.19 metre *Seeker*, occasionally gusting up to 50 knots, and the waves were roaring by at about six metres. 'We didn't get any sleep', he said, 'but really I don't think any of us wanted to close our eyes. We worked three watches of two men on for each watch. And when I say work, I mean work.'

Strapped to the boat with safety lines the crew still had some frightening moments. But, said Brian, 'it was a case of sticking to our guns and hoping for the best'. He said that if he had known it was going to be anything like that he would have stayed at home.

Down below in the tossing *Seeker* the refrigerators were stocked with prime steaks, chickens and fresh vegetables. That's where they stayed until Port Moresby. The best the crew managed was dry biscuits, canned beans and spaghetti. Not far out from Cairns the galley had become a shambles. 'It was covered in flour,

sugar — you name it,' said Brian. That wasn't all. For entertaining purposes in Port Moresby, 39 cartons — 936 bottles — of North Queensland lager had been stowed. But when *Seeker* shipped water the cartons became soggy and soon stubbies were 'left, right and centre'.

But there was consolation for Brian when he got his feet back on the dry land at the Royal Papua Yacht Club in Port Moresby. *Apollo's* crew told him the Cairns-Port Moresby race had been the toughest they had so far contested. Brian's own summation: 'It was a tough introduction to yacht racing. When I think back I realise I learnt more in those few days that I would have in years of easy racing. I reckon they'll see me back in Port Moresby when they set sail again in 1981.'



THE FINEST ACCOMMODATION IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

# DAVARA

**Islander Hotel**

Telephone 255955 Port Moresby  
Telex NE22288

**Davara Hotel**

Telephone 212100 Port Moresby  
Telex NE22288

**Davara Hotel Kieta**

Telephone 956175 Cables DAVARA

# Australia is holiday country.



## And that makes it our country!

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

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

**ANSETT**  
AIRLINES OF AUSTRALIA