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Crowds and dancers lined Ela Beach, Port Moresby, to greet the armada of canoes during the opening ceremony for the third South Pacific Festival of Arts

Welcome Aboard

The songs have been sung, the dances danced, the sails stowed, the farewells fondly phrased. But memories of this year's South Pacific Festival of Arts in Papua New Guinea will linger till time turns them to myth. In our next issue of Paradise we will try to convey to you an impression of the colour, spectacle and intense spirit of the Pacific togetherness which Papua New Guinea had the good fortune to experience in June and July. In this issue we range far and wide, over the limestone country of Gulf Province in a helicopter; to our 'hottest' city, Rabaul; to a mysterious crater lake in West New Britain; to the gloom of the jungle floor; and to Morobe Province, Papua New Guinea's geographical heart.

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COVER

Large egret, *Egretta alba*, photographed by Paradise designer Tom Cooke at Yimas Lakes, a 40 minute ride by river truck from Karawari Lodge, East Sepik Province



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'... located on the Karawari River, a tributary of the Sepik, the lodge is in the tradition of Treetops and other great wilderness hotels.' *Allan Seiden, Travel Agent Magazine.*

'Something like a National Geographic expedition. No roads. Thick jungle. Locals poling dugouts. Crocodiles. You wind up at the surprising Karawari Lodge. All kinds of comfort in the midst of a thousand miles of jungle.'

Robin Kinhead, Chicago Tribune.

'This was the primitive culture we had come to see — the culture so well delineated by (the late Dr) Margaret Mead and National Geographic editors.'


Betty Peach, San Diego Tribune.

'... the silence and peacefulness is deafening to unaccustomed city ears.' *Heather William, Sydney Sunday Telegraph.*

'Perhaps the view from the Lodge alone is worth the effort... but the real attraction could be the people. They have lived as they have for untold generations... storytelling, rituals and music.' *Charles Sribner, Pol Magazine.*



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David Gillison, photo-journalist from New York City, covered the comfort of the unknown people in the helicopter which he occasionally heard as he trudged along in the damp world beneath the jungle canopy in Papua New Guinea's Eastern Highlands Province. And then he bumped into Mal Smith, pilot with Goroka-based Pacific Helicopters, and his opportunity to experience the combination of helicopter travel and PNG's breathtaking mountain scenery had arrived . . .

HELICOPTER

Home for me last year was remote Gimi village in the Eastern Highlands. I was there to film the lifestyle of the people and the wildlife in the surrounding bush. I was in Goroka collecting mail and fresh supplies when I ran into Mal Smith. I hadn't seen him for some time so we had a yarn or two to swap. Mal told me his next major project was to fly two government water resources officers, Simeo Alafay and John Wom, into the wilds of Gulf Province to the south so that they could visit hydrographic stations on the tributaries of the Purari and other rivers in the region. Would I like the spare seat? Sure. I was dying to see the fabled limestone country which former patrol officer Jim Sinclair describes so vividly in his book *The Outside Man*.

It was decided that Mal, John and Simeo would fly into Gimi and overnight with me, allowing us to make an early getaway the following morning. On the appointed day, along with the villagers at Gimi, I

When it gets this murky its time to turn back . . .

searched the sky in the direction of Goroka. The children, who seemed always to know my next move even before I had decided it, had been talking about the helicopter's coming for more than a week. Several times during the afternoon there were false alarms, one the sound of a passing Air Niugini Fokker.

By 5pm I began to think Mal wouldn't be making it that night. It had been raining on and off since 3pm and now cloud was beginning to flow down from the high country. We went indoors to prepare the evening meal over an open fire. It never ceases to amaze me the way Highlanders sitting around a crackling fire engaged in heated conversation can suddenly announce news of distant comings and goings as if someone had come in and whispered in their ears. I hadn't heard it but trained senses had and the cry went up: 'The "eliopita" is now truly coming.' We hurried out to see Mal Smith bringing in the Hughes 500 in a tight circle before making his final approach. Several young men appointed themselves 'police' to keep children out of the danger area.

Landing supports gingerly touched the ground. We waited for the obligatory two-minute shutdown. The crown was silent as the whine of the compressors died away but regained its voice as the men in the helicopter took off their headsets and harnesses and stepped down from their transparent cocoon. Villagers moved forward to touch the men. Simeo, who comes from Manus Island to the north of the New Guinea mainland, was the focus of all eyes. Much bigger than the men of Gimi, he was the target of approving comments among the women of Gimi for weeks to follow.

After a supper of sweet corn, bananas and tinned fish, we walked through the clouds to the next village to witness initiation rites for a young woman. It was a night of great theatre. Men and women, often dressed in clothes of the opposite sex, enacted scenes from their everyday lives and from mythology. When it was all over, Mal noted the sky had cleared and was optimistic that we would get out next day. He said if we could reach the Gulf Province coast at the Kikori River all of Papua would be open to us. That was his rule of thumb. Politely, Mal described Kikori as a 'rained-on place'.

At 6am the weather was still

Right: Like a giant spring, the Iaro river emerges from its subterranean course; below: Simeo and John step off into the wilderness; far right: sun peeps through on Eastern Highlands village

good — at Gimi at least — so, after a quick breakfast, we set off, leaving behind us a group of admiring young ladies cheering for Simeo.

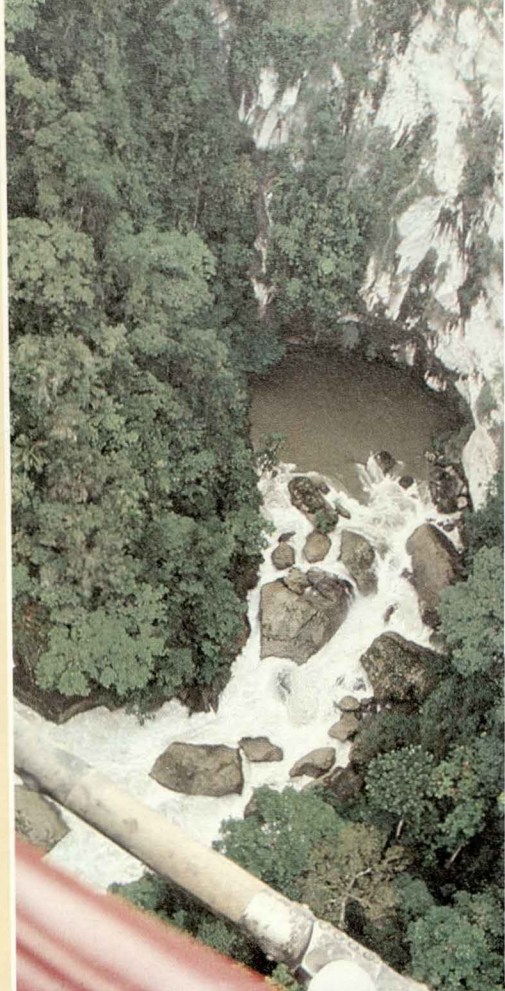
Hamlets, gardens, clan forests, running streams — all were reduced to miniature. Our pace was breathtaking. We raced along trails winding up and down steep valleys. We soared over sharp ridges. Across plunging streams. The feeling of power which gripped me as I sat inside the sphere of hurtling glass is impossible to explain.

Though locked in safety harness, sealed off from noise by a headset, and unable to make myself heard without pressing a button, I still had a sense of immense freedom.

Soon we were over territory with which I wasn't familiar. I was finding it difficult to get my bearing. Suddenly the ground dropped away. It fell in great expanses down to the Tua River which was running brilliant with yesterday's rains. At the point we joined the Tua it runs straight for about five kilometres along a fault line. Then we swung away toward the Karamui Plateau. We swooped in low over the trees, ancient moss and epiphytes of all descriptions flashing beneath us. We picked up a trail and spotted a man on a motorbike weaving his way between puddles.

Karamui felt 10 degrees hotter than Gimi — as it probably was. Living in the balmy Highlands, I had forgotten about the sticky lowlands. We stayed at Karamui long enough to refuel and have coffee. Then we were off again, heading south for Kikori. We climbed to clear the eastern flank of Mount Karamui and, through broken cloud below us, got glimpses of the Purari River looking like a wriggling, shiny brown snake.

As we neared what we calculated was Mount Favent, a great wall of cloud and rain reared before us. I was shivering. Goose pimples had replaced the sweat of Karamui. The altimeter told me why: we had climbed to nearly 4000 metres and were levelling off to approach the front edge of the cloud front. 'Only a fool gets caught over a solid cloud in a single-engine aircraft,' said Mal.



For the next 20 minutes he cruised along the face of the cloud bank, looking for a break that would take us down to the government station at Kikori. But the cloud looked as if it might stretch to Australia. There was no way through. Mal called Madang air control to say he was going back to Karamui.

We refuelled and, in 10 minutes, were back in headsets and harnesses. Before take-off Mal detached the door beside me so that I could photograph the Erave River, our next destination.

For a novice like myself, helicopter operations never cease to fascinate. I watched as Mal method-



ically checked his instruments. He pushed buttons. Flicked switches. For what purpose I had little idea. He started to explain but I lost his attention as a signal cut in on the headset to indicate we had reached rotor take-off speed. This was a moment I enjoyed immensely during my travels with Mal. Through the static and other pilots' voices I could barely make out a voice repeating our call sign and destination. I was surprised the lack of a door didn't cause an inrush of air but discovered the force of the slipstream when I put my elbow outside.

According to *The Outside Man*, early European explorer Jack Hides

and his exhausted party tried to make their way along the Erave River in a bid to get out of the Highlands. Hides reported they came to the river at a point where it ran smooth and deep. They built rafts and set sail downstream but, within a short distance, were caught in violent white water. Their hopes of an easy trip to the sea were wrecked.

My hopes of seeing the Erave that day were dashed by heavy rain and clouds and, as we were forced to turn away, I saw only high limestone cliffs and foaming water disappearing into the haze of the downpour.

Mal Smith diverted to the Pio River, crossing another tributary of

the Purari, the Iaro, along the way. Mal said he had something 'spooky' to show us and headed into a mountain cul-de-sac. A high, unbroken wall loomed before us. Then, through the forest canopy, I saw the river sweep left and disappear into the mouth of a cave. Mal hovered, saying that if he flew over the cave entrance and there was an engine failure it would mean the Hughes being swept underground. We asked ourselves what would have happened to Hides and party if they had chosen the Iaro instead of the Erave on which to launch their rafts.

The Hughes spiralled up until it was possible to clear the mountain

Into the narrows of the Erave River

wall. Five kilometres further Mal pointed out what appeared to be an innocent pond. It was, he said, the Iaro re-emerging. The smooth surface was the top of a huge tower of water, forced to rise as a result of the pressure of water behind it. From the edge of this quiet pool water crashed down into the forest green. Mal took us around once again before heading off for the Pio River.

At the point we approached it, the Pio is deep, dark and narrow, running between high walls. We dropped down to an uneven rocky outcrop upon which was built a wooden platform, obviously for helicopters. Mal wasn't in any mood to risk it untested. 'In this climate,' he said, 'nothing made of wood lasts. Land on that and we'll end up in the river.'

There was no time for further reflection. As Mal hovered, I leapt down, my cameras flapping against my sides. John and Simeo disembarked in almost casual manner, easily pulling out their equipment after them. I fought the gale-force winds to take a picture. Functions I perform without a thought became an ordeal. Afterwards, the dryness of my mouth brought back to me that I had been giving instructions to myself out loud about exposure and camera angles.

I clambered back into the aircraft and clamped on my headset. We pulled away, leaving John and Simeo to take readings of the river level and flow rate from the gauges inside a cement block cabin by the river.

The skies around the Pio were still clear when we returned several hours later to collect the workers. Mal decided to try Kikori again but got nowhere. The cloud bank looked glued to the spot. The sun was low in the sky by the time we got back to Gimi.

Next morning we headed again for Kikori. Mal tried everything. He flew high and low along water courses that wound around Mount Favent, hoping to find a gap which would let us through to the coast but the barrier was impenetrable.

The ranges near Kikori are streaked by broad, shallow streams that run clear until interrupted by lacelike rapids. While the others



anxiously looked for a break, I was content to marvel at the infinite variety of rainforest. I felt I could sit for ever watching the beauty unfold and listen to Mal talking about epiphytes and orchids.

We had better luck with the Erave this time. It was bathed in brilliant sunlight. We flew up the deep limestone valley wall above the violent churning section of river. Rapidly the water became calm and easy-flowing. Little wonder Jack Hides thought he had found a highway to the coast.

We landed on a knoll about 50 metres above the river. While Mal worked with Simeo and John I watched some men approaching from upstream. As so often happens in Papua New Guinea, people appear as if out of nowhere when moments before there was none. We talked for a few moments. I learned that only one of the men had ever been out of his valley.

Soon the work was done and we were climbing — backwards until Mal had enough air room to swing around and follow the Erave down to the Tua and on to Karamui. Kikori remained locked in its watery world.

As we dropped into Gimi, the village looked deserted until two young boys appeared to help me farewell my companions. The Hughes sped away again. Smaller and smaller it became until reality and imagination merged in the haze near Mount Michael.

The walk to my house seemed to take an age. I felt a reluctance inside me to get back to watching birds. One of my Gimi friends put it this way: 'For two days you have been a bird. And nothing can beat that.'



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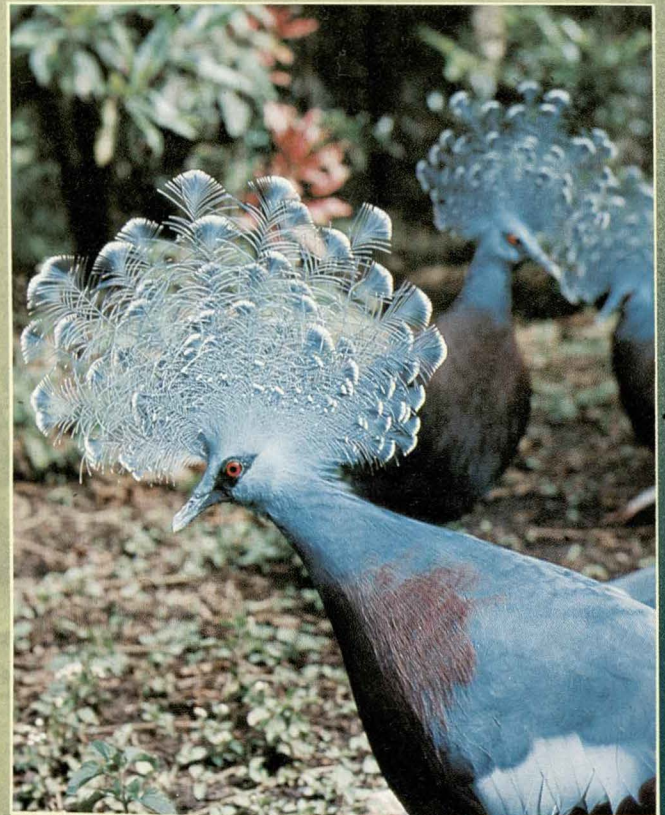
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Down in the forest

The Victoria goura (Goura victoria), largest of all pigeons, rates among New Guinea's truly magnificent birds. The lowland forests are its home. The Victoria goura, the most ornate of three similar species, is found along the north coast of mainland New Guinea from sea level to about 100 metres and from the eastern tip of the island almost to the Vogelkop (Bird's Head) in western Irian Jaya. Although all goura pigeons are protected, they are still frequently shot for food and are now rare in accessible forests. They feed on fallen forest fruits, berries and seeds and are usually seen in small flocks, feeding on the ground.

The gloom is broken only rarely when rays, squeezing through flaws in leafy canopy, dapple the forest floor. Movement. Stillness. A bird's cry. Nothing to be seen. Birdwatchers are patient. Like William Peckover, photographer. Or Mary LeCroy of the American Museum of Natural History. Sometimes alone, sometimes together, sometimes with members of the PNG Bird Society, they have studied these seven birds – and others – which spend their lives in the half-light world of the forest floor. If you are a birdwatcher and you are visiting Papua New Guinea, you can get in touch with the society by writing to PO Box 1598, Boroko, or calling Port Moresby 220224.



A member of the fairy-wren family of Australasian birds, this small jewel of the forest underbrush, the imperial wren (Todopsis cyanocephalus) is not a relative of the small wrens of North America and Eurasia. Like many Australasian birds, it was given a European name by early settlers because it reminded them of birds in their homeland. The imperial wren moves in family groups, usually about a metre above the ground, picking on passing insects. It concentrates on areas of the forest with holes in the canopy which allow sunlight through to the floor. This environment usually means a lush ground cover which is rich in its variety and quantity of insects.



The first bars of 'God Save the Queen' delivered in a slow, deliberate and mournful style is one of the rich, varied and pleasing songs of the bird colleague Winston Filewood christened the chanting scrubwren. Its scientific name is Crateroscelis murina. A small bird with a big voice, it lives in undergrowth just above the jungle floor. It never flies high, is extremely secretive and is heard far more often than it is seen. It pitches its songs skyward, apparently using the jungle canopy as a reflector, its calls bouncing back to the ground. The chanting scrubwren is insectivorous.



The red-necked rail (Rallina tricolor) is more often than not observed by accident rather than by design. This bird was photographed in a forested gully within open tree-studded savannah country at about 700 metres in the Varirata National Park near Port Moresby, just off one of the park's well-defined walking trails. It is believed they feed on snails and freshwater animals in creeks and also on insects, snails and other small ground animals well away from swamps and creeks.



The blue jewelbabbler (Ptilorrhoa caerulescens) feeds on the forest floor, walking about in the manner of a pigeon while searching for food. Although a small bird (22cm), it appears much larger because the tail is heavy and often spread and the head is stretched out. Like most birds of the forest floor, it is not particularly shy, just hard to see. It will stay quite close to the noisest of parties but remain hidden. To see this bird, what is needed is a little patience and quiet. The jewelbabblers vary in colour in different parts of the country. Direction and intensity of light often will make them appear bluer than in the photograph.



Larger than the imperial wren and about the same size as a European blackbird, the scrubrobin (Drymodes superciliaris) blends perfectly into its brown carpet of dead leaves on the forest floor.

Astute bird watchers get this species on their list by standing perfectly still when its calls indicate it may be approaching in search of insect food on the ground. One slight move by the observer and the scrubrobin will be off in another direction. It has strong legs and, though only small wings, is capable of surprisingly strong flight.



The yellow flyrobin (Poecilodryas placens) is regarded as something of a rarity. However, members of the PNG Bird Society in Port Moresby have discovered a part of the Veimauri rainforest, about 60 kilometres from Port Moresby, where the yellow flyrobin is quite common. The bird photographed here foraged for insects on stony ground, standing still until, seeing a movement, diving in, scattering forest floor litter.





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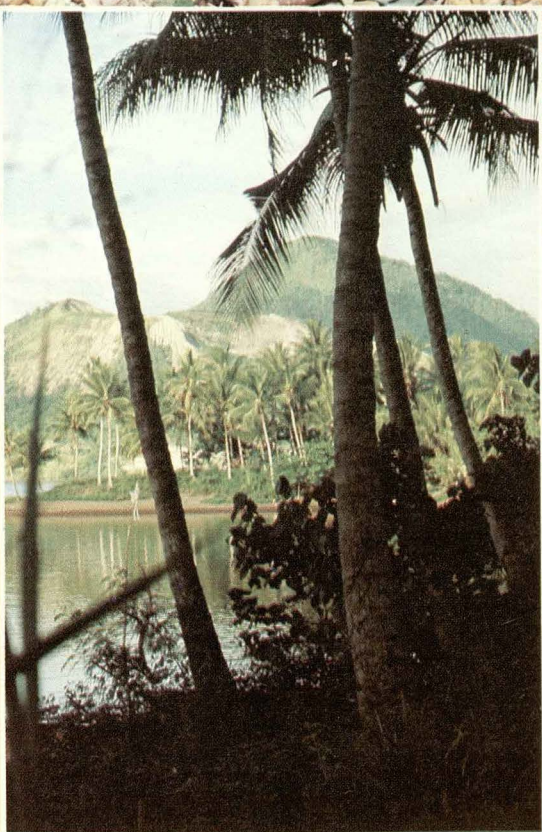
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Rabaul



Rabaul marketplace, a treasure trove of fruit, vegetables, meat, seafood and local handcrafts, and, through the palms, Matupi volcano

Rabaul's magnificent setting ranks among the unforgettables of the South Pacific. It reassembles in the mind's eye at the slightest excuse — just the same way as Hawaii's Diamond Head, American Samoa's Pago Pago Harbour, sunset over Fiji's Yasawa Islands, or Western Samoa's Aggie Grey's Hotel in Apia.

Rabaul stretches along the northern and northeastern shoreline of Simpson Harbour which is the mighty crater of a prehistoric volcanic bang. Today, Simpson Harbour is ringed by volcanoes and the town lives under the gaze of brooding, potentially 'hot' peaks.

Across the harbour from the town, to the south, is Vulcan crater, which wasn't even there until 1870 when it boiled up out of the seas, said nothing worthwhile for nearly 70 years, then blew its stack in 1937, giving Rabaul an unwitting foretaste of what was in store for it in the surreptitiously advancing Pacific conflict.

Around, behind the town, one towering (The Mother) and two lesser (The North and South Daughters) former volcanoes hide their intentions. In the folds of The Mother's escarpment is a huge pocket — the crater Rabalanakaia. Across the water from the southeastern end of Lakunai airstrip is the untidy but ever-threatening, barren, sulphur-steaming Matupi volcano.

One-hundred-and-forty kilometres to the southwest and



usually visible to passengers flying in to Rabaul from the Papua New Guinea mainland, is Ulawun (The Father), which must rank among the finest 'cone' volcanoes anywhere in the world.

Despite being in the heart of volcano country, Imperial Germany's colonial vanguard found the Gazelle Peninsula on the eastern end of the island of New Britain a highly attractive proposition as an administrative base.

Though the Germans also established settlements on the north coast of the New Guinea mainland, they found conditions on both sides of Saint George's Channel — which runs between New Britain and New Ireland — much more acceptable. There, unlike the mainland, European colonists were not plagued by a variety of fevers. Initially they concentrated on Kokopo, on the shores of Blanche Bay to the southeast, but eventually

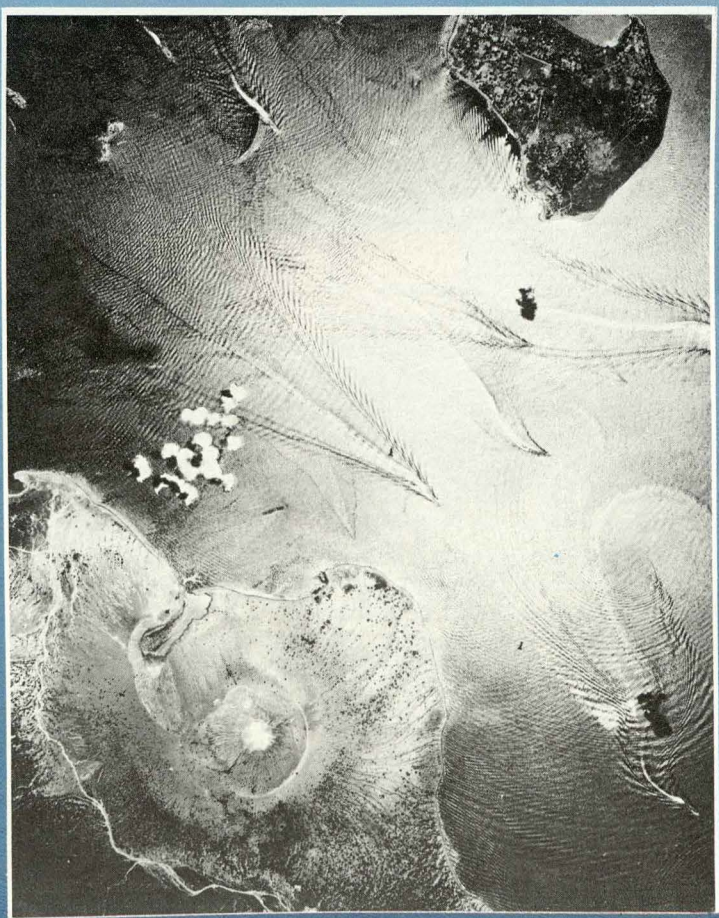
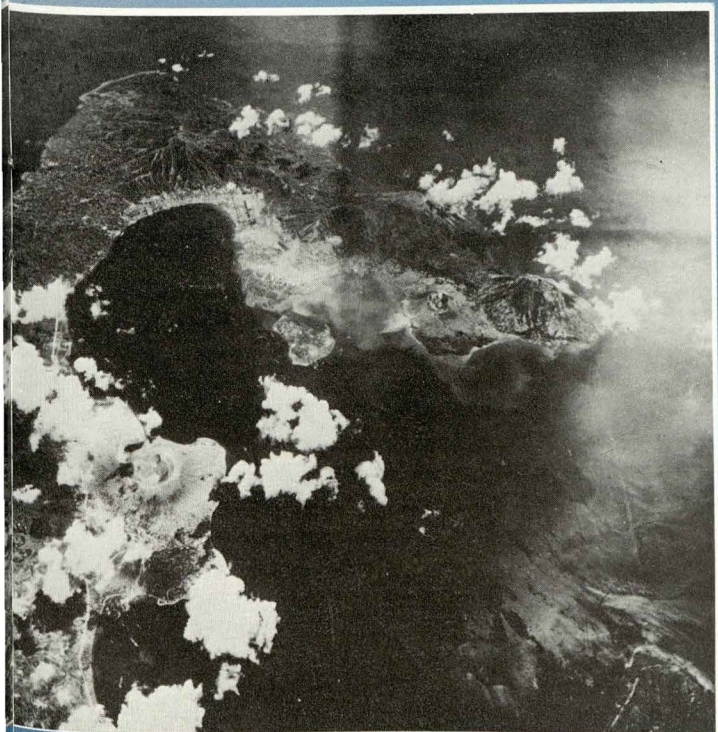
settled on Rabaul as the site of their permanent capital.

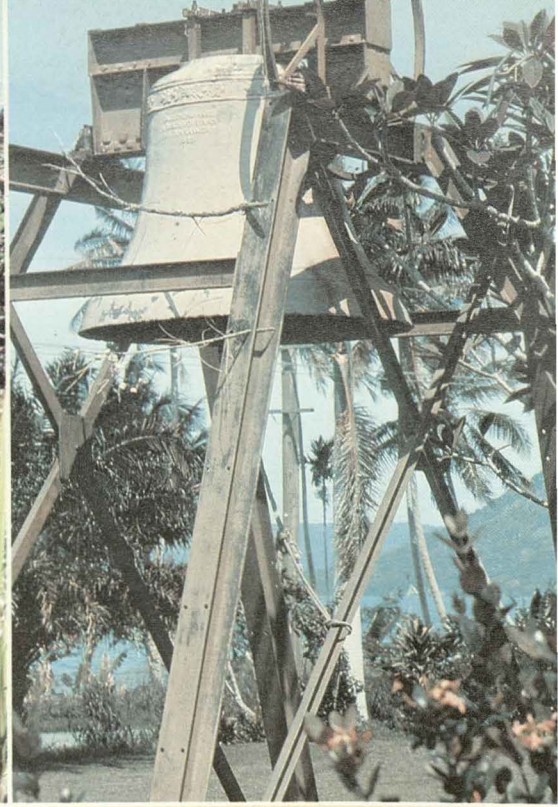
Germany's tenure in Rabaul (it was officially made capital in 1910) was shortlived. As soon as World War I broke out in August 1914, an Australian force was sent to capture German New Guinea. It landed in Blanche Bay, marched inland to seize the German radio station at Bita Paka and then, on September 12, engaged in a brief skirmish with a small German force which came from Rabaul to meet them. There were casualties on each side before the Germans, hopelessly isolated, abandoned the struggle.

Australia maintained a military

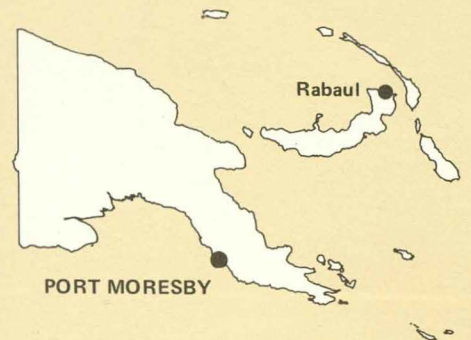
One of the Pacific's unforgettables; right: bomber's eyeview of Japanese-occupied Simpson Harbour (Vulcan left of centre); far right, Japanese vessels head for open water as bombs burst across ships anchored off Vulcan. (Tilt page 90 degrees to left to see this scene as the bomber pilot saw it.)







Clockwise from left: waterside tunnels constructed by the Japanese; headstone in a cemetery in which are buried most of the family of the notorious Queen Emma; a German bell at St Joseph's community school, Malaguna, a few miles along the Kokopo road from Rabaul



administration in the German colony until 1920 when the League of Nations gave Australia a mandate to establish a civil administration. From then until the Japanese invasion in January 1942 Rabaul was the capital of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. After the Pacific War colonial control shifted to Port Moresby and New Guinea became a United Nations Trusteeship Territory.

Rabaul was eventually occupied by the Japanese on January 23, 1942, and rapidly became Tokyo's most important naval base in that part of the Pacific. From the occupation until surrender in August 1954 Japan kept 30,000 naval and 70,000 army personnel in and near Rabaul. As the war dragged on, Rabaul increasingly came under heavy, almost daily, bombardment.

The Japanese dug a network of tunnels in the hills around the town. There was a magnificent engineering accomplishment. They took machine shops, small ships, hospitals and radio stations underground. Even now, barges can be seen in one tunnel. Engineering companies in Rabaul are still using Japanese lathes and other machinery salvaged from the tunnels.

It was from Rabaul that Admiral of the Combined Japanese Fleet and architect of the raid on Pearl Harbour Isoroku Yamamoto took off on the morning of April 18, 1943 — and several hours later met his death when his plane was shot out of the sky by American Marine Lockheed Lightnings into the jungles of southern Bougainville.

There were no seaborne assaults

on Rabaul, the Japanese surrendering at war's end in August 1945.

Rabaul was in ruins but gradually it was rebuilt until, by the fifties, it was second only to Port Moresby in size and activity. But in the years since its importance has been overshadowed by the rapid development of Lae on the mainland. Today Rabaul is a quiet, lovely town, all the more precious to the eye of the beholder when it knows that nature has all the forces at its command to wipe it from the face of the earth.

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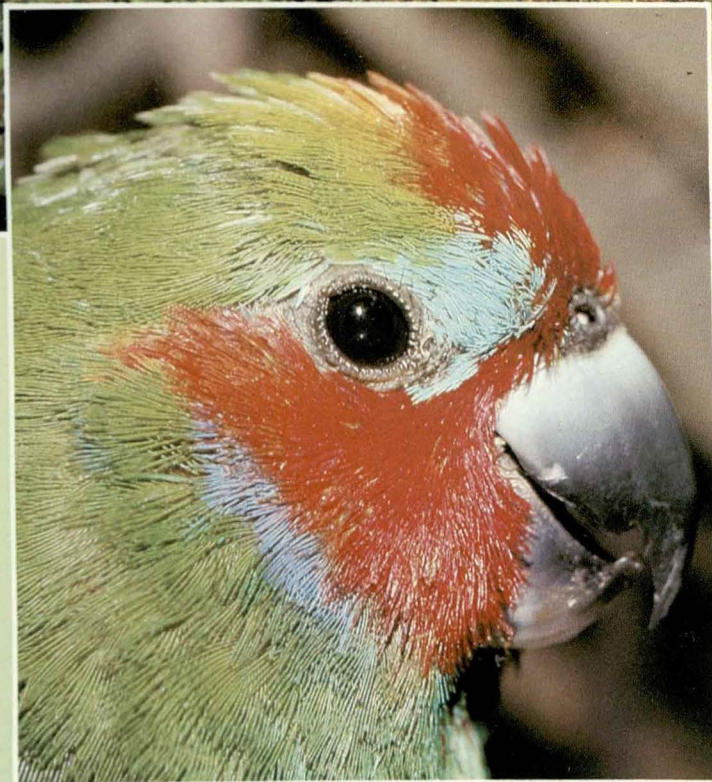
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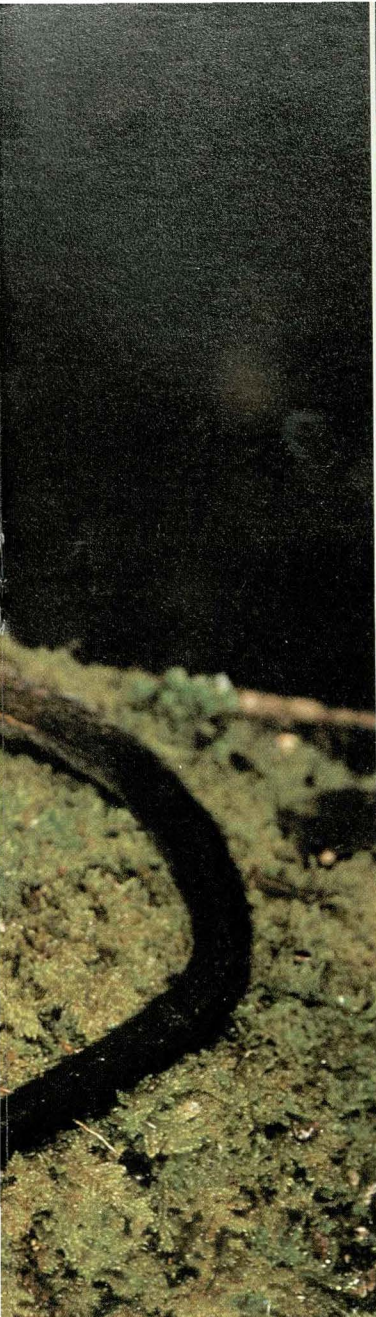
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Above: Male double-eyed fig parrot (*Oropsitta diophthalma*) of the lowlands and hill forest; top: small and inconspicuous, the marsupial mouse; right: the *Eupholus weevil*, easily spotted in urban gardens

MARVE

In past issues of Paradise our practice has been to concentrate on specific aspects of the myriad forms of New Guinea's flora and fauna. On this occasion, Bruce Beehler, a research student working on birds of paradise through the Wau Ecology Institute, offers a truly mixed bag of plant and animal attractions found in Morobe Province, the geographical heart of Papua New Guinea.



LS OF MOROBE

Morobe Province, though not Papua New Guinea's largest, is probably its most diverse and, in many ways, most richly-endowed by nature. It has coral reefs and volcanic islands off its north coast, 4000-metre peaks on the Huon Peninsula, pleasant highland valleys in which nestle Wau and Bulolo townships, and one of the nation's premier rivers, the Markham, which flows into the sea near Lae's deepwater port.

Especially attractive about Morobe is the ease with which travellers can get to see its natural wonders.

Many areas can be reached by road and those which cannot are accessible by regular coastal shipping or light aircraft. And for those visitors who wish to inquire into the province's flora and fauna in more detail, the Wau Ecology Institute, a biological research station, will provide the information.

Morobe has 18 species of birds of paradise — more than any other province. The national bird, the Raggiana bird of paradise, is perhaps most common. It is found in Lae's Botanical Gardens, along the Lae-Wau


highway, and almost anywhere there is a patch of remnant bush in the lower and middle altitudes. Its raucous 'wau-wau-wau . . .' is a common sound.

For the specialist, Morobe has two species of paradise birds which have been found nowhere else in the world. Both are in the mountain forests of the Huon Peninsula. The emperor bird of paradise, a white-plumed version of the Raggiana, is found in the hills north of Lae. Several roads which branch northward from the highway through the Mark-



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Left: rufous-bellied kookaburra, a noisy lowland jungle dweller; above: among a variety of stick- and leaf-insects is this one which mimics a yellowed, bug-eaten leaf

ham Valley provide access to the hill forests where the emperor lives. Rothschild's astrapia, a superb black bird with iridescent hood and streamer tail, lives in the high mountains and to find this bird it is necessary to fly into one of the bush airstrips in the mid-ranges of the Huon Peninsula. Your efforts to get to its habitat will be well rewarded.

Paradise birds are not the only avian attractions. More than 300 species have been recorded in the province and information about them can be gleaned from an active group of 'birders' in Lae who can be contacted through the University of Technology. Staff at the Ecology Institute at Wau are also ready to answer your questions.

A favourite birding spot near the institute is Mount Kaindi. In its forests from 1400 to 2300 metres the birdlife is quite different from that at the base of the mountain. A spectacular road winds its way to the summit and offers panoramic views as well as good opportunities to stop

and look at a wide variety of plants, birds and animals.

For the intrepid and for those wishing to investigate the high mountain forest, there is the World War II Bulldog track which penetrates south through the central mountain range. But this hike is recommended only for the hardier bushwalker. The track climbs through perpetually mist-shrouded mossy forest where a splendid assortment of rhododendrons — some tiny, some grand, in pink, carmine and white — is to be found. Tiny epiphytic orchids (which grow on but do not feed from host trees) abound in the moss forest on stunted, water-saturated vegetation. It is a botanist's paradise.

For the mountain climber, it is the northern ranges which beckon, the jagged limestone pinnacles of which can be seen from Lae on a clear day, their sheer wet faces glistening in the morning sun. These are the Finisterre and Saruwaged ranges to the north and west of Lae. Most

popular are the twin peaks of Bageta and Salawaket (the pidgin phonetic spelling of Saruwaged). The summits of these towering peaks are less than two days hike from several inland grass strips. From them, both the north and south coasts of the Huon Peninsula can be seen including the volcanic Siassi Group in the Bismarck Sea.

The Wau and Bulolo valleys, though less spectacular, have many interesting natural and man-made features, the latter including remnants of many years of searching for and successful retrieval of gold.

The road linking Wau and Bulolo runs through the Bulolo Gorge and the MacAdam National Park. The park has impressive stands of klinkii and hoop 'pines', both of which are native species of araucaria, New Guinea's tallest trees.

The Bulolo River, muddy brown as a result of upstream gold-mining activities, roars through the gorge, sometimes more than 100 metres below the road. The Wau and Bulolo valleys are predominantly kunai grasslands, the result of many years of clearing and burning of original forest for gardens.

On the higher ridges, the kunai is interspersed with the lovely golden-orange *Rhododendron aurigeranum* and the lavender of the orchid *Spath-*

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oglottis plicatus. Here the birds are few but those that one does encounter are quite remarkable including two tiny quail, several rails and an ungainly blackish crow-like cuckoo.

At this altitude, snakes seem to prefer kunai grasslands to forest, and one must be careful of meeting up with the occasional death adder. Although New Guinea has a reputation for poisonous snakes, Morobe has few. Most common are the harmless varieties. The green python, which passes through brown and yellow phases before assuming its adult green, is a small, placid reptile. At higher altitudes one finds the beautiful Boelen's python, an indigo and cream snake that grows to six metres.

Frogs and lizards abound in the forest and forest-edge. Most common are the house gecko and the cane toad. The gecko, which gives a little chirping call at night, hunts insects (and smaller geckos) on walls and ceilings. The cane toad, introduced to Papua New Guinea before World War II, now flourishes. After evening rain, cane toads are found in plague proportions on the roads.

Driving at night reveals other creatures native to Morobe. Frogmouths — big cryptically-coloured night birds — sit on road signs and fences, looking for a meal of insects and small animals. The barn owl, the same species as is found in Europe

Above: Not all birds of paradise are brightly coloured . . . the trumpet manucode (Manucodia keraudronii) with metallic glint and shaggy crest resembles a starling; right: the Papuan hornbill or kokomo (Aceros plicatus), in this case Bill, who has lived at the Wau Ecology Institute for five years

and North America, can be surprised sitting on the road itself.

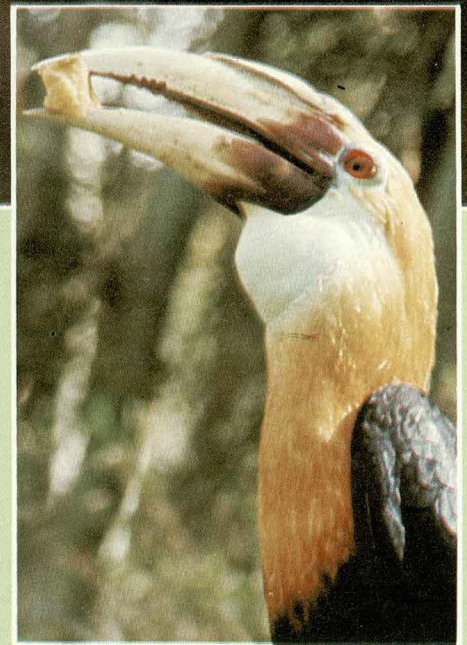
Night time is the best time to see snakes. Apparently they are attracted by the heat the road has absorbed during the day. It is not uncommon to see pythons lying across the road, sometimes reaching from one side to the other.

Little marsupials, often bandicoots of one kind or another, scurry across in the glare of the headlights.

Unfortunately, most of PNG's larger mammals live only in the less accessible virgin forest, hunting having reduced their numbers in areas of development.

The insects that turn up on one's porch screen when the night light is left burning stagger the imagination. There are mantises, walking sticks, big rhinoceros and staghorn beetles and moths which resemble butterflies.

Although Morobe Province is likely to be remembered for its mountains, the lowland forests are home for rich assemblages of plants and creatures. Here one finds the



magnificent Papuan hornbill or kokomo whose throaty calls and roaring wings break the forest quiet. The palm cockatoo, black with ragged crest and red cheek, is the largest Papua New Guinea parrot. It shares the lowland forest with the tiny buff-faced pygmy parrot which, at around 13.5 grams, is probably the world's smallest parrot. The lowland teems with multi-coloured pigeons, lorries and lorikeets.

So, whether you are a big collector, bird lister, bushwalker or mountaineer, Morobe has something to suit your needs.

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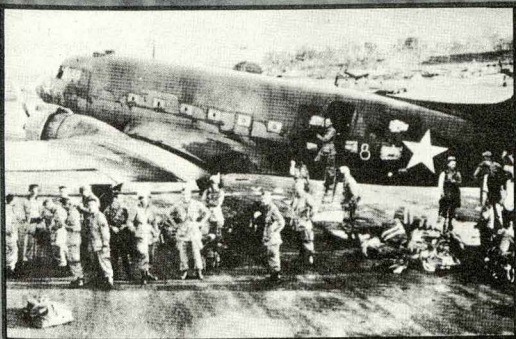
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THE 'FLYING DUTCHMAN' MYSTERY

Date: November 10, 1942.

Place: Wards Strip, Port Moresby.

Operation: American C47 transport aircraft Flying Dutchman, No. 41-18564, crew of three, chaplain and 19 soldiers, bound for Pongani to the northeast.

What happened next? For more than a decade Robert Kendall Piper, Historical Officer for Air with the Australian Department of Defence, has been trying to piece the mystery together. He believes much of the Flying Dutchman incident has not yet been told – and probably never will be. However, he has pieced together this story.

At 1300 hours the *Flying Dutchman* trundled down the runway, turned in the Waigani Valley and headed northeast over the foothills and into the high ranges. The men in the Dakota were on their way to join the US 126th Infantry Combat Team, Thirty-Second Division, who were preparing at Pongani to join other American troops in a co-ordinated advance against the Japanese.

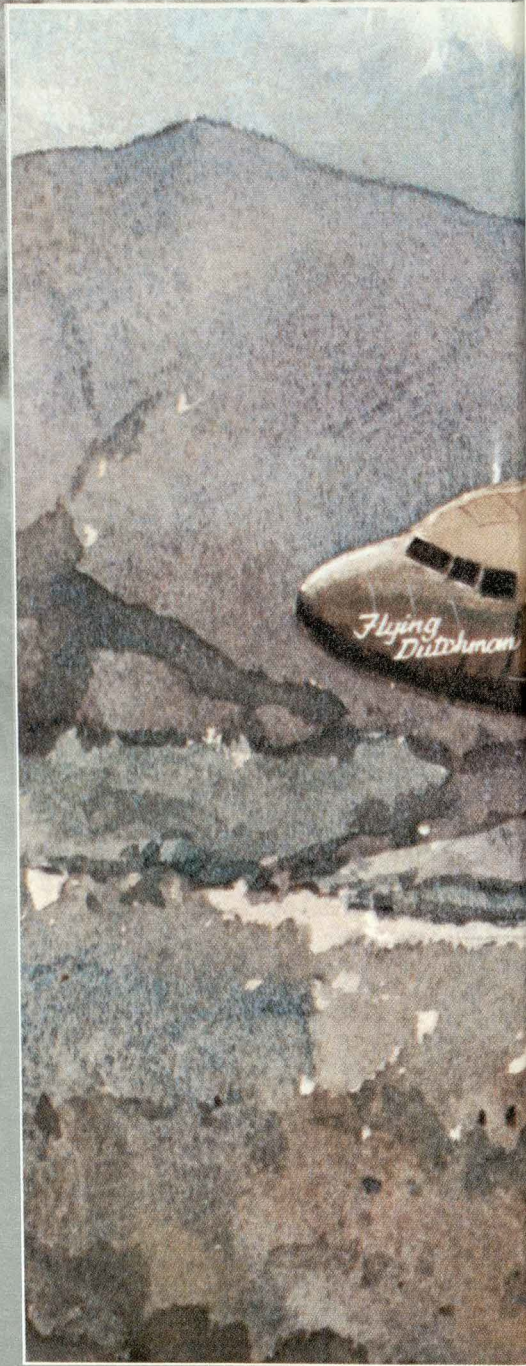
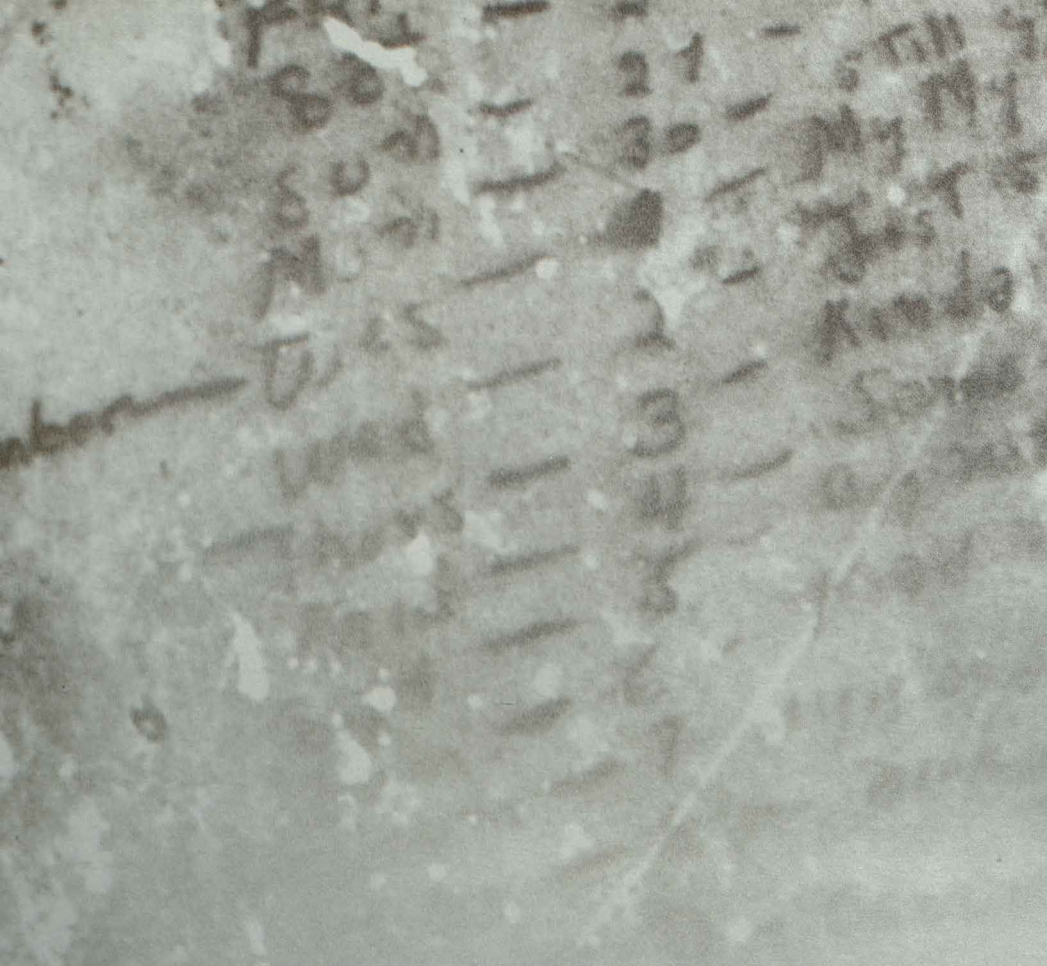
About 25 minutes after take-off and flying at around 2770 metres (9000 feet) the aircraft was caught in a strong downdraft. Loaded to the gills, at that altitude there was little power left to counter such a sudden drop. The C47 clipped the treetops and continued into the mountain-side.

The pilot, another crewman and

four soldiers died immediately, others were injured. Most food and supplies were lost on impact and in a fire which burnt out part of the wreckage. Surrounding vegetation was so thick anyone wandering away from the wreckage had to carefully mark his route or get lost. It was decided that two parties of four should walk out from the crash site to get help.

Party One left on November 12, heading in a southwesterly direction. Party Two headed southeast on November 16.

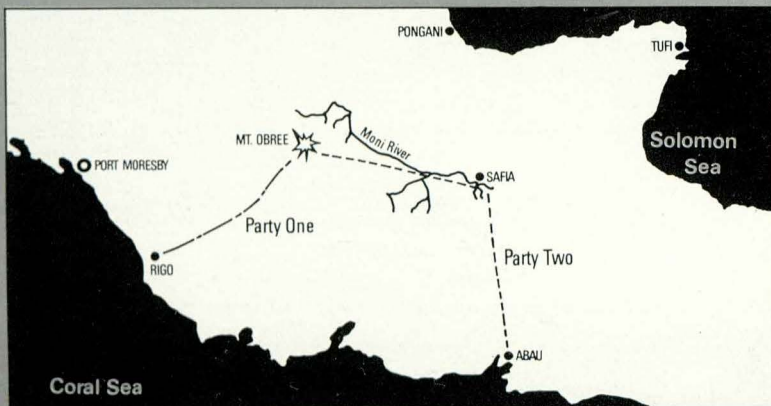
In Party One were Privates Carlos D. Failing, Gerald M. Grove, Duane R. Butler and Frank A. Thomas. After five exhausting days pushing their way through dense bush they reached a narrow gorge on



Sergeant Ron Davies (left), the Australian medical orderly who treated Sergeant Ed Holleman (above) when he got to Rigo. The impression of the Flying Dutchman over the Papua foothills was painted by Peter Connor

the Moni River. Boulders showed in the torrent. The sides of the ravine were too steep to traverse. Thomas and Butler later reported that each man had found a log with which to attempt to ride the rapids. They said Failing and Grove set off and were not seen again. They thought they had drowned when they went over a small waterfall. Thomas and Butler said that after being swept close to the bank and managing to get ashore, they searched in vain for two days for Failing and Grove before pushing on for Abau via Safia, Obera's, Sili-midi and Aruru.

Until they reached Kiveri, they said, the only people they had met were old men, women and children whose own food supplies were ex-





tremely limited. Even at Kiveri they were unable to obtain guides or volunteers willing to walk back to the crash site. However, they were shown the way to Abau where there were Australian forces. Thirty-two days after leaving Mount Obree, Thomas and Butler made contact with an Australian survey party and on December 16 they were treated in hospital at Port Moresby for burns and exposure.

Armed with directions supplied by Thomas and Butler, two lieutenants (one American, one Australian), accompanied by Papuan guides, set out in search of the *Flying Dutchman*. After seven nights they found a pair of army leggings dropped by one of the survivors from Party One. But

the wreck was not found and the party was forced to return to base. Later, Butler and Thomas reported that the leggings had been dropped only 30 minutes' walk from the crash site.

Party Two, comprising Sergeants George R. Kershner (the Flying Dutchman's radio officer) and Edward P. Holleman, and Privates Floyd L. August and John W. Mobley, travelled in gloom for the first 10 days. Except when they passed across a moss field they were scarcely able to see if the sun was shining, so dense was the jungle canopy.

On the tenth day they struck a well-defined trail and, though in a weakened condition, made it to Kobobagu Plantation. Holleman wrote

his name and service number on a cigarette packet and gave it to one of the plantation workers who took it to an Australian post near Rigo on the Papua coast southeast of Port Moresby.

By coincidence, the person who received the message, Warrant Officer Edward Hicks (later to become a well-known district commissioner in postwar Papua New Guinea), immediately recognised the name as that of an American with whom he had been on patrol some weeks earlier in an unsuccessful bid to find a track suitable for a jeep along the nearby Kemp River and over the range.

Accompanied by Sergeant Ron Davies, Hicks set out to bring in Hol-

leman and friends. They got back to the Australian post on December 14 and six days later the Americans were treated in hospital at Port Moresby for burns and malnutrition.

Six of the eight who had left the *Flying Dutchman* wreck had made it to safety. But back at the crash site it was a sad scene which got worse. A small rear door of the C47 had become the survivors' log book. The first entry read: 'Crashed 1.30 Tues - 10 of Nov - 1942'. The last said simply: 'Friday - New Year's Day'. And, on the bottom left corner of the door, were the names Pat, Mart and Ted.

The only entries suggestive of death were on November 11, when it was recorded that 16 men were alive against 17 the day before, and on December 30, when it was written: 'Johnnie died today'. It was not until August 1943 that reports came in that the people of Moikordia had found the *Flying Dutchman* but no

official investigation resulted.

Aerial reconnaissance of the area began on May 29, 1944 but not until July 15 did an aircraft spot wreckage on a small ridge at the headwaters of the Awara River on the slopes of Mount Obree to the northwest of Mount Brown. Remains and notes made by those who had lived through the crash but died waiting for rescue were recovered and sent to the United States.

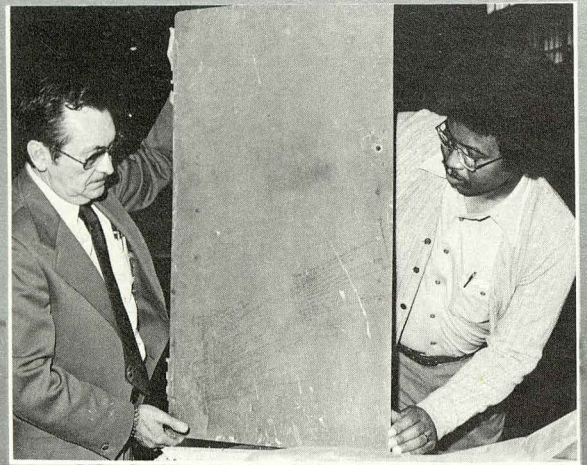
In the early sixties the crash site was rediscovered by light planes searching for a Piaggio aircraft which had gone missing and has never been found. A search party which went into the wreck of the Dakota recovered the small door on which the diary of the doomed men had been written.

Some time ago American authorities, through their diplomatic mission in Port Moresby, made arrangements for a US Air Force aircraft from Anderson Base, Guam, to

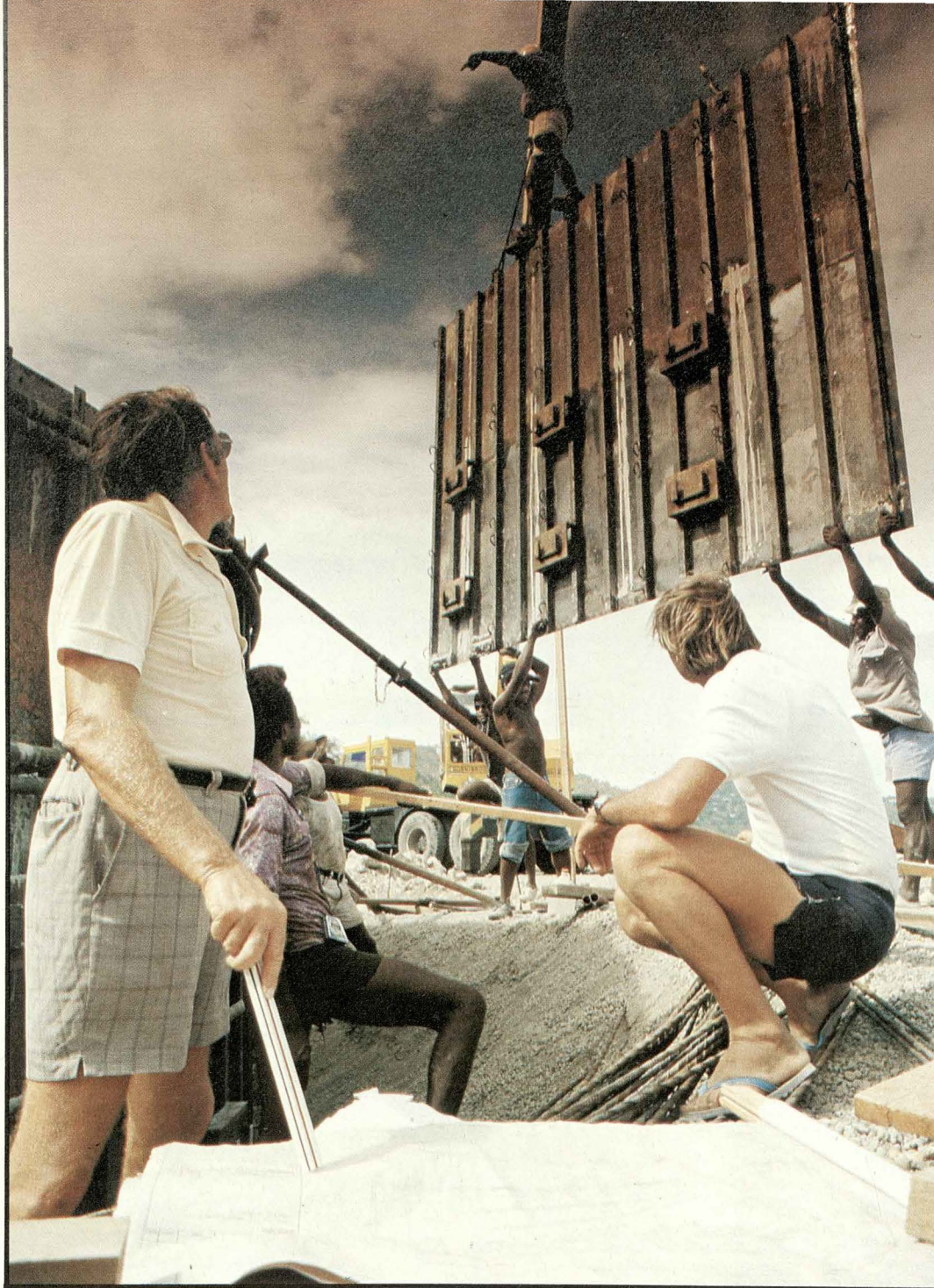
fly the door to the United States where it is now in a permanent resting place in the museum at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. The US Air Force is making a facsimile of the door for Port Moresby's Aviation, Maritime and Army Museum.

A couple of years ago I assisted in the task of tracing survivors of the *Flying Dutchman* crash. We tracked down two, one from each party - Ed Holleman and Duane Butler. Holleman was anxious to contact Australians who had helped him and his fellow survivors at Rigo. A medical orderly, Ron Davies, who had helped Holleman, was eventually tracked down living in retirement at Bairnsdale, Victoria. Sadly, a letter written to the US by Mr Davies was returned four weeks later with a note saying that Ed Holleman had died suddenly on September 21, 1978, at the age of 63. A reunion after 36 years was not to be.

The diary-door is delivered to officials of the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio, US



Crashed 1.30 Tues -
 Tues - 10 17 men
 Wed - 11 16 men
 Thur - 12 - 4 men
 Fri - 13 - 4 men
 Sat - 14 Tired to put up Balloon
 Sun - 15 - 4 men started for help
 Mon - 16 - 4 men started for help
 Tues - 17 - small piece of cheese
 Wed - 18 - small piece of cheese
 Thur - 19 - Found 100 to juice
 Fri - 20 - 4 can " " " " " "
 Sat - 21 - 4 can " " " " " "
 Sun - 22 - Last cigarette - 2 can
 Mon - 23 - Last 1/2 can of Tom
 Tues - 24 - First Day - no pain
 Wed - 25 - 11 " " " " " "
 Thurs - 26 - 11 " " " " " "
 Fri - 27 - 11 " " " " " "
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When things are hanging in the air...

...it's good to have your feet on the ground



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We're looking for business

In introducing the Fifth National Investment Priorities Schedule, the former Minister for National Planning and Development, Mr John Kaputin said:

'We seek through our economic and other policies to create the basis for a free and democratic society genuinely controlled by and actively involving the people of Papua New Guinea.

'There is no reason why foreign investment and this kind of development cannot go together. Indeed the one can scarcely be conceived without the other. For this reason, we welcome responsible foreign investors who are prepared to respect our

activities are divided into three main categories — PRIORITY, OPEN and RESERVED. These are reviewed annually.

Foreign investment in PRIORITY activities is considered to be an essential part of Papua New Guinea's development programmes over the coming years. OPEN activities are projects which are suitable for development by foreign investment but which are not Government priority.

RESERVED activities are those in which foreign investors will not, as a general rule, be allowed to establish new businesses or to take over existing businesses.

PRIORITY ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

1. Mining: the development of mining and petroleum products.
2. Agriculture: the growing of legume and grain crops.
3. Forestry: sawn timber and veneer production; woodchipping in association with reforestation; further processing of timber; development of follow-up land use scheme.
4. Shipbuilding and ship repair.
5. Hotels.

OPEN ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

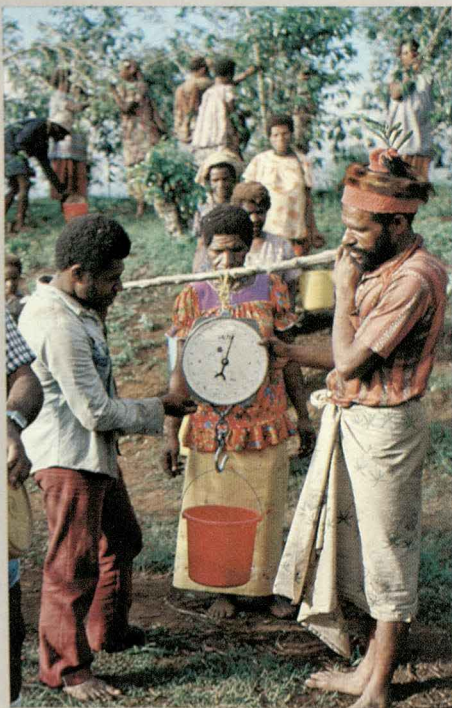
1. Agriculture: growing of fruit trees, and oil palm, rubber, cocoa, seeds and spice — through nucleus estate development.
2. Wildlife: harvesting and farming of deer.
3. Forestry: integrated timber development in six provinces.
4. Fishing: farming of prawns, eels, pearls, edible oysters and mussels; aquaculture; fishing of sharks and mangrove crabs.
5. Secondary industries: the processing, manufacture and assembly of a wide variety of goods.
6. Construction: using specialist skills not available at competitive costs in PNG.
7. Trading: export of minor agriculture products.
8. Tourism, restaurants and motels: in conformity with a National Tourism Plan.
9. Technical and professional services.

The following new incentives have just been introduced:

1. First, the accelerated depreciation allowance:—
This will allow a greater claim for depreciation in the year of capital purchase. It is intended that this incentive be made available to the manufacturing, transport and communication, building and construction and business service sectors for items of investment which have a useful life of over five years.
2. The next new incentive is a 200% deduction from assessable income for wages paid to apprentices registered with the Apprenticeship Board of Papua New Guinea.
3. Thirdly, the Government will provide necessary infrastructure, including buildings, to investors for new industrial projects in return for a negotiated user charge payable annually over the life of the project.

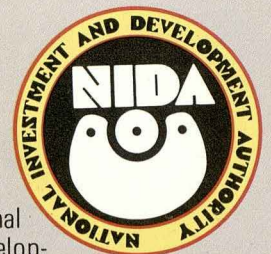
There are, of course, many other schemes and policies already in existence which are intended to assist investors.

We have an Export Incentive Scheme for manufactured goods under which 50% of profits related to growth in export sales are exempted from company tax; an Infant Industry Loan Scheme under which Government will consider providing an unsecured standby loan facility for firms which identify possible financial problems in the early years of a project; a Feasibility Studies Contribution Scheme for certain qualifying industries. We have no import duties on capital goods, other than the general levy of 2½% on all imported goods. Investors can also apply for exemption from the generally low rates of duty on raw materials if the latter are significant to project operations.

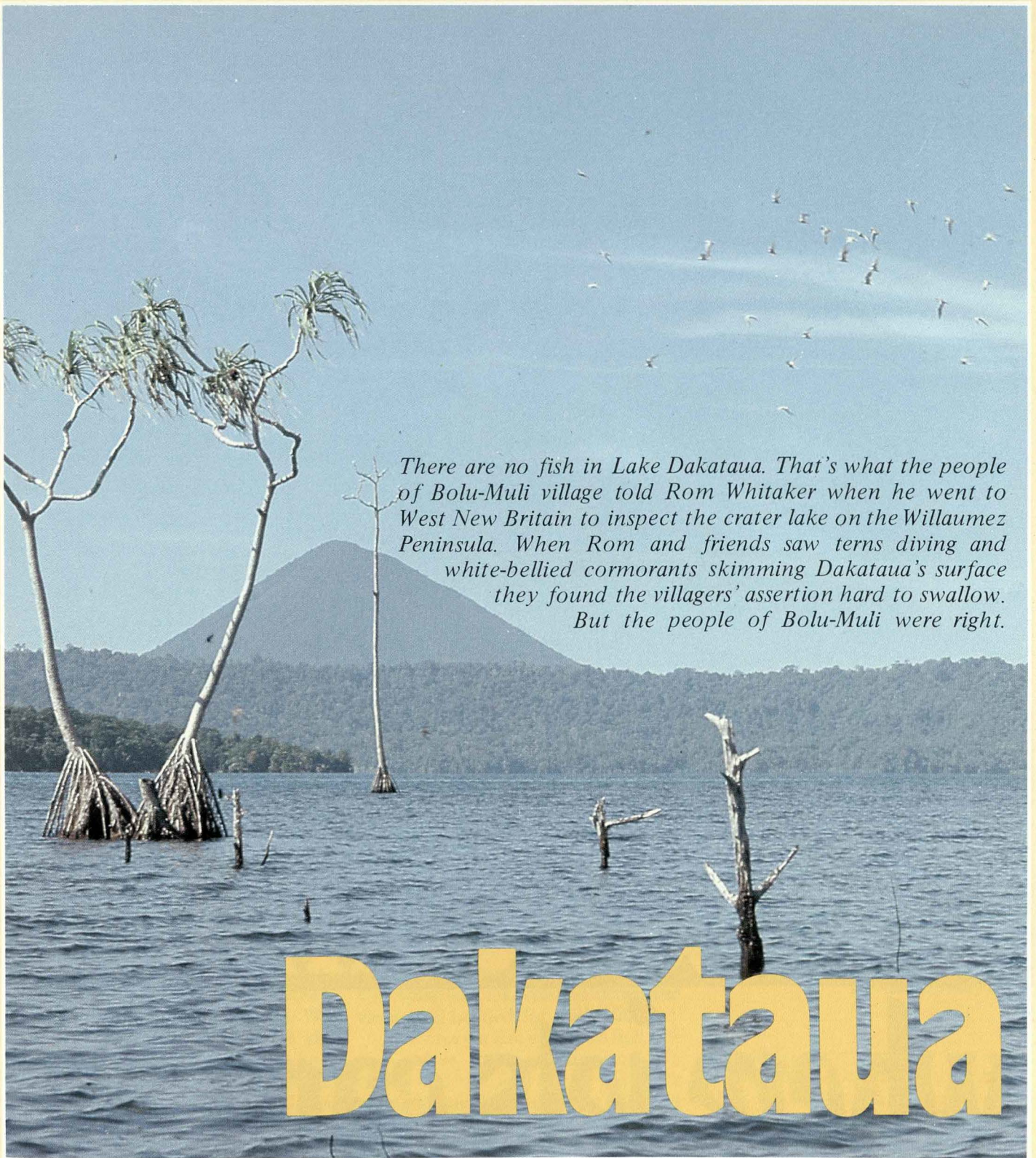


laws and people. I hope that you may be numbered among them.'

It is the role of the National Investment and Development Authority (NIDA) in addition to promoting, regulating and controlling foreign investment, to assist investors and co-ordinate all matters relating to foreign investment in Papua New Guinea. Your first point of contact is NIDA at the address below, if you are interested in looking at the investment opportunities and potential or if you need further information. Projects and business



For further information, contact:
The Executive Director, National Investment & Development Authority, PO Box 5053, BOROKO. Papua New Guinea



There are no fish in Lake Dakataua. That's what the people of Bolu-Muli village told Rom Whitaker when he went to West New Britain to inspect the crater lake on the Willaumez Peninsula. When Rom and friends saw terns diving and white-bellied cormorants skimming Dakataua's surface they found the villagers' assertion hard to swallow. But the people of Bolu-Muli were right.

Dakataua

Brooding black, Dakataua's peninsular cone stands sentinel over New Britain's mystery lake

The Willaumez Peninsula juts out of the north coast of West New Britain. At its tip is Lake Dakataua, the crater of a volcanic blowout many millions of years ago. Today, this U-shaped stretch of water has its own active volcano which sits on the tip of a small peninsula jutting in from the southern end of the lake.

Crater lakes have always held a fascination for me. In South America there's one which contains sharks which were trapped there aeons ago

and have survived by adapting to fresh water.

My interest in Lake Dakataua heightened when, with provincial wildlife officer Vagi Rahu and biologist David Bishop, we were told by the people of Bolu-Muli that there were no fish in the lake. (We were in West New Britain doing survey work for the National Crocodile Project.)

Bolu-Muli is on a high bank overlooking the Bismarck Sea to the north of the lake. It took us 45 min-



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A cargo of smoked pig meat on a leaky canoe

utes to walk from the village through the coconut groves and up a steep slope to the forested lake rim. We had no reason to disbelieve the villagers but the sight of terns and cormorants made it hard to believe that the waters of Dakataua had not a fish in them.

We camped on the pebbly lake shore and watched lorries, cockatoos and many other birds noisily savouring the late afternoon sun. We were waiting the arrival of a single dugout outrigger canoe promised by the villagers. We swam in the clear water and William Meta, a local hunter, diving to the bottom, came up with a thick wif of water weed.

William pointed across the lake where he could see the flash of sunlight at each stroke of a paddle. In half-an-hour a canoe was pulled ashore. Its occupants, a family, just

back from a hunting trip, unloaded two speared pigs, washed down the vessel and headed for their village.

We made a fire and soon had rice and coffee water on the boil. We were waiting for it to get dark enough to allow us to get on with our crocodile survey work.

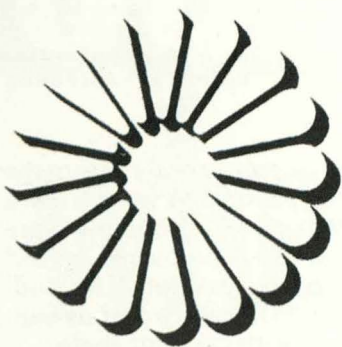
William and another crocodile hunter, Mgomba Linus, confirmed what Bolu-Muli elders had told us: that expatriate hunters, back in the early sixties, had cleaned out most of the big crocodiles and only now was the crocodile population beginning to recover. Very few large crocs are seen in the lake now but a number of small ones are caught and sold to the government farm at Mora Mora Wildlife Station, west of Hoskins.

By eight o'clock the only light was from the stars. The mosquitoes were busy elsewhere. The canoe

seemed to sit dangerously low in the water as we paddled to the southern end of the lake, and it became more alarming as the wind picked up and began to slop water into the hull. This, plus a leak, had two of us bailing full time with coconut shells.

The sound of waves slapping the steep sides of the lake rim gave us no comfort because it meant there were no sloping beaches at the southern end — only deep water. We didn't know how much water was there. The villagers said it was 'miles deep'.

Suddenly the wind dropped and life became much more comfortable. We sat quietly, listening to the sounds of the night. Frogs, fruit bats and night herons were easy to iden-



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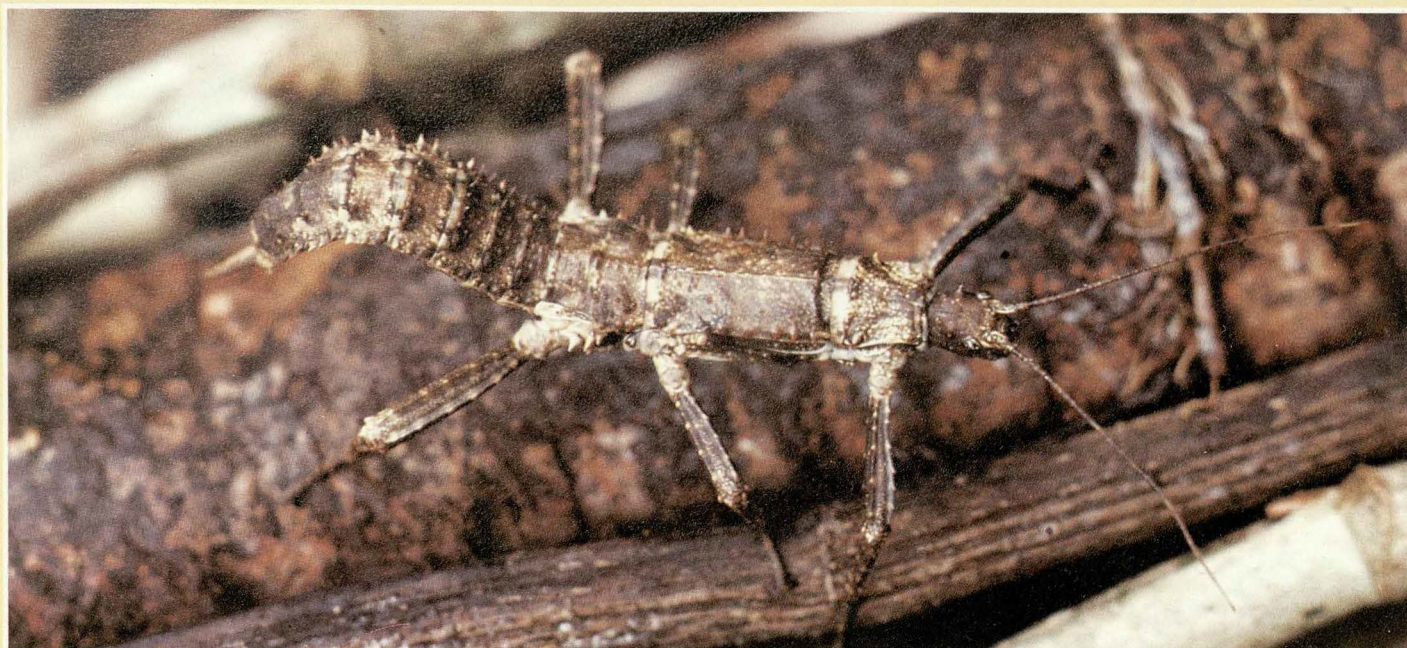
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tify. Much harder were the squawks and croaks emanating from the dark forest.

At regular intervals, I shone the six-volt torch beam along the shore but there was nothing to be seen. Perhaps it was because there was no shelter and no feeding and hiding places for reptiles. Half-an-hour later we were able to make out the silhouettes of rooted pandanus trees around the edge of an island in the eastern finger of the lake. It had numerous inlets, shallows and channels and its shore was strewn with a jumble of fallen trees and vegetation. It had to be the place to find crocodiles.

I picked up the reflection of a crocodile eye at 50 metres. I jiggled the light — a silent signal for the paddlers to head in that direction. We got within three metres of the floating head — close enough to get its vital statistics — and found it was a saltwater croc, just under a metre long. The hull almost collided with the head before the croc realised something was amiss and submerged with an indignant splash.

Continuing along the shore line we flashed another eye, and then another . . . and another. Approaching silently, we found three juveniles, barely six months old. We grabbed two, taking care to avoid their already well-developed teeth. The little reptiles squirmed and kept up their distinctive baby crocodile distress cry until we dropped them back.

Our observations that night only served to confirm all other evidence that the freshwater crocodile is found only on mainland Papua New



Guinea and crocodiles in the islands, even when in fresh lakes with no access by water to the sea, are 'salties'.

We counted 50 crocs in all, most under a metre long. The only large one we encountered was a canny old beast who submerged while we were still some distance away, ploughing through the shallows into deep water with a mighty heave.

In one inlet we scared up a mass of whistling ducks and some grebes. We found a grebe's nest on floating vegetation and saw several tiny grebe chicks darting out of the way of the canoe. They bobbed like corks as they tried to dive out of sight.

We glided carefully through thickly-tangled pandanus roots and swung around the far side of the island, heading for open water again and back to camp. One more eye shone at us. A metre-long croc was sitting on a shelf of black volcanic rock just above the waterline. William stepped ashore and crept up to



Top: A phasmid, nearly 20 centimetres long, makes a tasty morsel for a croc with no fish to feed on; centre: like all his fellow crocs, this tiny specimen is of the saltwater variety; above: the eggs of a common stint in a hollow of black volcanic ash



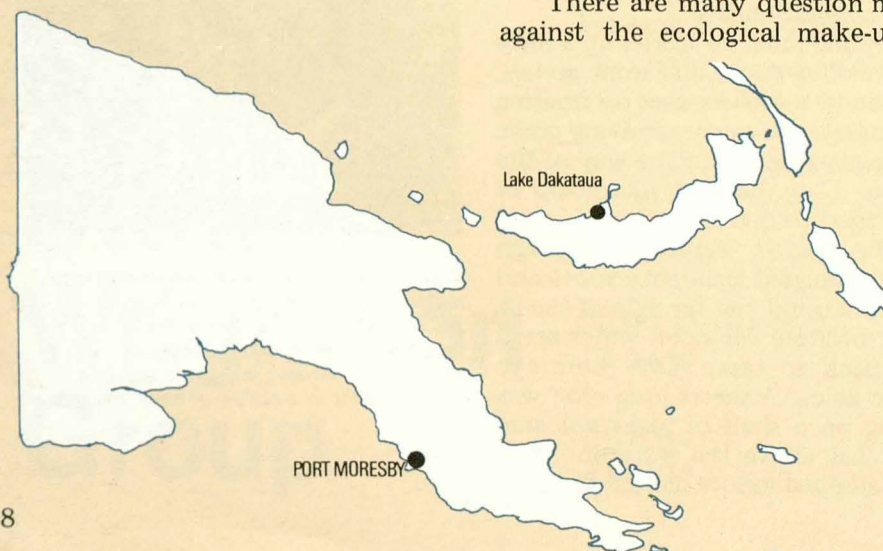
By day the branches of the pandanus trees provide a perch for seabirds, by night the roots a hideout for lurking crocodiles

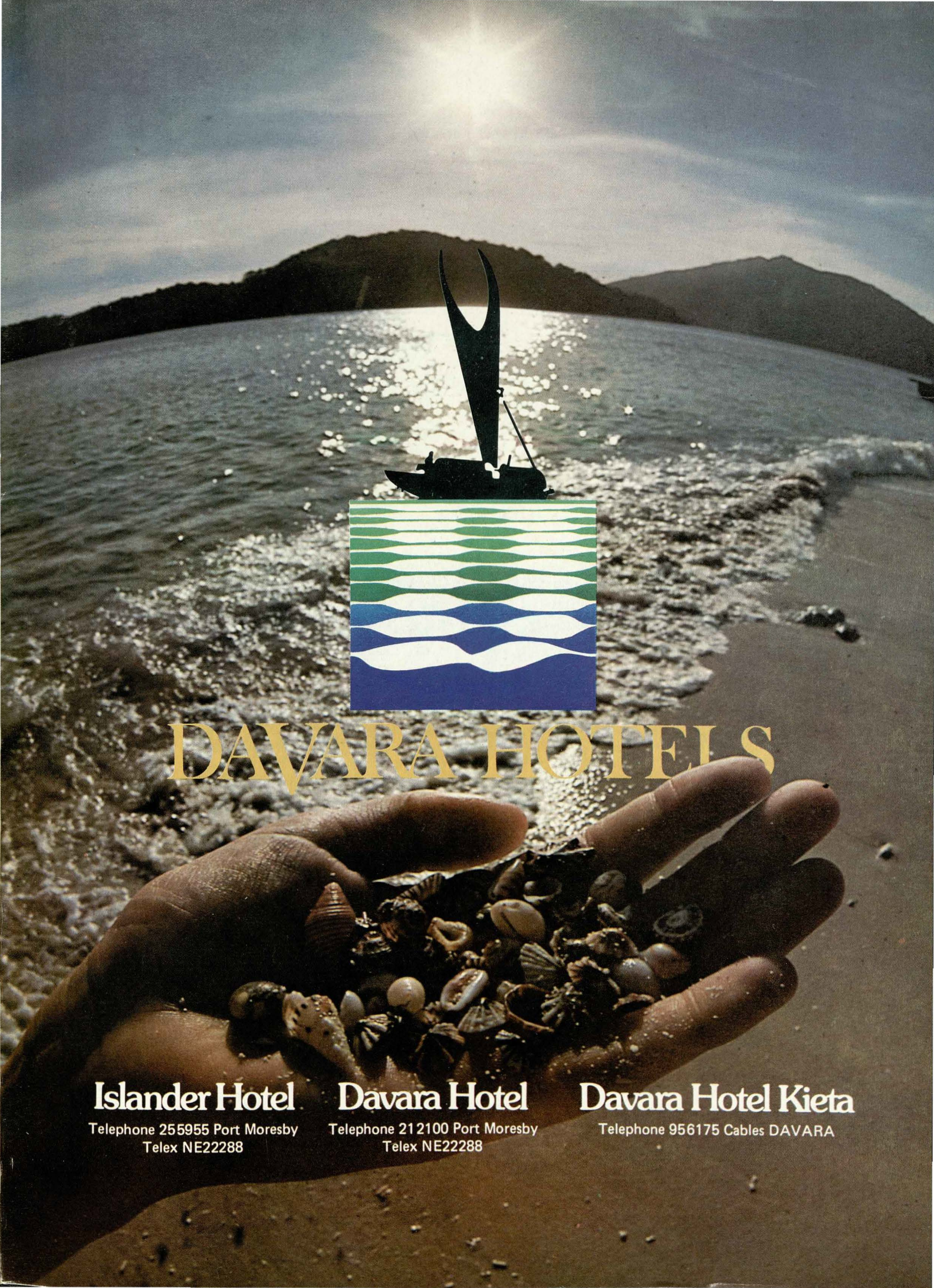
the reptile which was transfixed in the beam of the torch. He moved smoothly and confidently and soon the croc, jaws securely tied with bush string, was sloshing helplessly around in the bottom of the canoe. It was William's second catch of the right size for sale to the government farm.

There are many question marks against the ecological make-up of

Dakataua. Certainly there are no fish. The myriad cast skins of dragonflies and other insect larvae attest to a unique ecological set-up. Water birds, which normally would feed on fish, apparently survive on insects on and around Dakataua, as do the smaller crocodiles. Large crocs feed on birds, occasional frogs, snails, snakes and goannas, all of which we saw along the shores.

On the morning of our departure, the lake presented an idyllic scene. The air sparkled, sunfresh. The brooding black cone of the volcano was reflected on the glasslike surface. For the moment all was peace. Fish have no idea how wonderful a place they have missed. — *Rom Whitaker is a naturalist with the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation.*





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