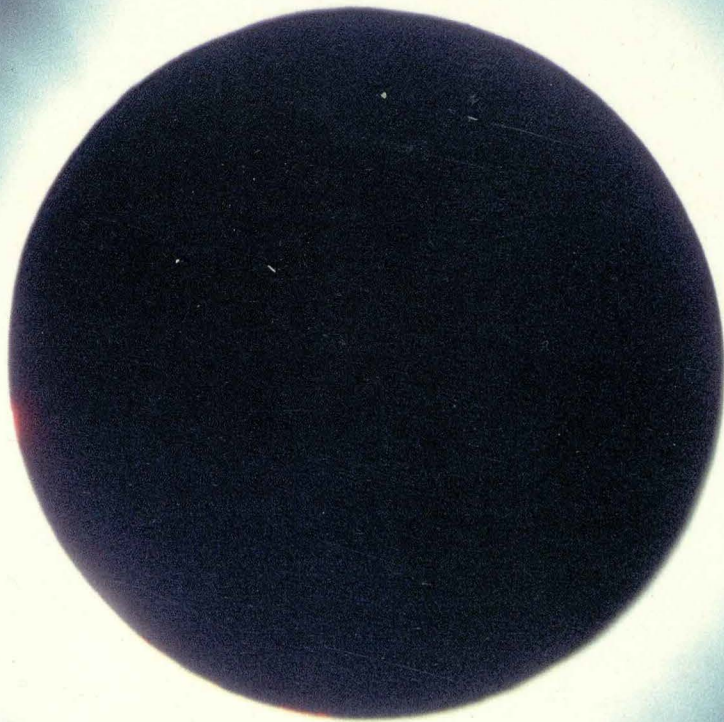


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Welcome aboard

The tale of the Tami Island canoe, featured in this issue, provides an interesting commentary on life in Papua New Guinea in 1983. It is a story about vessels and the sea that surrounds virtually all of Papua New Guinea (the exception is the border with Irian Jaya, the dividing point of the New Guinea mainland). Canoes have so far remained part of life in this country, whether they be the Hiri vessels that can be seen competing in square-sailed fleets around Port Moresby or the simple single-hulled types that are poled around lakes and shallows. The efforts of the team who guided the building of the Tami Island canoe have ensured that one of the many peoples of Papua New Guinea have retained a part of their heritage that they might well have otherwise lost to "advancement."

Air Niugini is pleased to have been able to provide support for this venture and the cultural significance it represents.

J.J. Tauvasa
General Manager, Air Niugini

No. 42 July-Sept. 1983

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Above: The Tami canoe, built with traditional materials and methods, takes to the sea under its pandanus sails. Story, page 17.

Cover: The eerie light of a total solar eclipse captured by *Paradise* designer John Devereux in Port Moresby on 11 June. The photograph was taken with a Canon A-1 35mm camera fitted with a 1000mm telephoto lens. Story and more photos, page 31.

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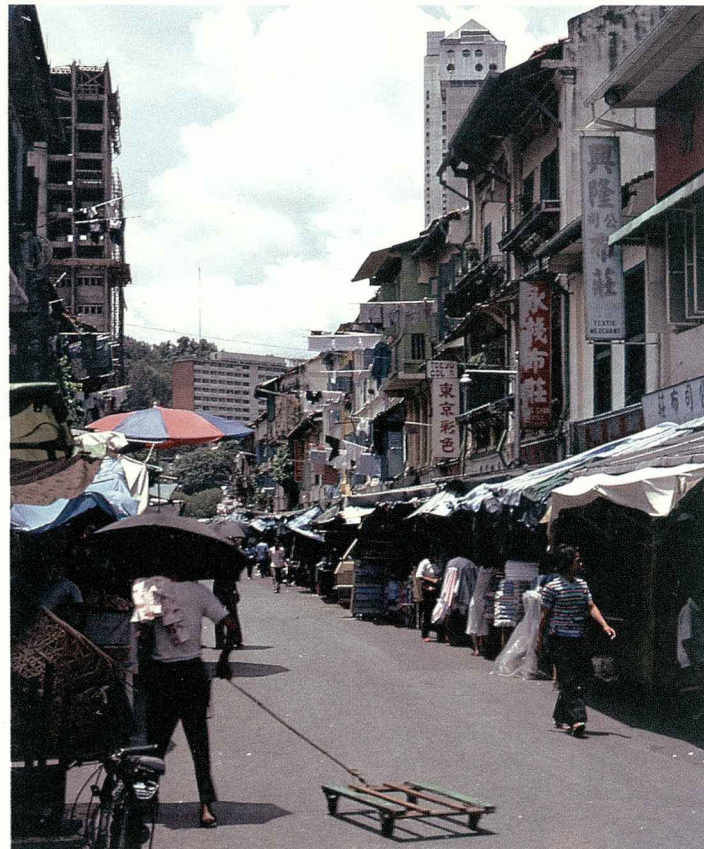
Singapore reaches for the sky with lofty towers (above); but Raffles keeps its dignity amid the modern mammoths with gin slings and a lawn on which to drink them (right)



photos: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board

SINGAPORE

BEYOND THE SHOPOVER



STAMFORD Bingley Thomas Raffles is inarguably regarded as something of a visionary; a man of exceptional character. The plaque at the foot of his handsome statue — eyes pensively towards the sea, head lifted from knuckles still bent in Thinker-esque position — says forthrightly that he “with genius and perception changed the destiny of Singapore from an obscure fishing village to a great and modern metropolis.”

Today even this extraordinary man might at times blanch just a little at the dimensions of the outcome of his dream.

Singapore's statistics in 1983 can be somewhat awesome. Slide over the throw-away facts (served by 36 airlines; host to 246 conventions in a year; noted for offering 30 different cuisines) but take a breath before digesting the next mathematical morsel: Currently there are 78 tourist hotels offering 14,000 rooms (counting in the ubiquitous YMCA) for a shade under three million visitors a year. In the next four years, another 23 hotels will put out the welcome mat in Singapore, almost doubling the island state's “room power.”

With them will come shops, shops and more shops. There is no readily available tally of just how many ordinary retail shops there are in Singapore. Will they ever stop building long enough to count? Little wonder that a stay in this city at the crossroads of Asia is dubbed a Singapore Shopover!

Yet there is every reason for Singapore to remain attractive to the tourist, shops or no shops. Although the strengthening of Singapore's currency, widespread devaluations and higher duty imposed by other countries on laden returning travellers has taken some of the shine off the shopping dollar, the sheer range of goods available with such easy access ensure that it will remain a compulsory stop on the buyer's

photo: Freddie Pilditch

global itinerary. But the accent is increasingly on Singapore's "other side."

It is as if this thriving, striving, super-clean city-state stood back and studied its proximity to sterility.

In the days before ocean liners yielded their mass cargoes to jet liners, a Singapore stopover mandatorily included Bugis Street, Albert Street, Chinatown and Raffles. Bugis Street and its bizarre, post-midnight charivari of shocking transvestites and other local characters is now cleaned up. The food hawkers of Albert Street have been relocated and mantis-like construction derricks threaten to devour other remnants of the quaint past.

But Raffles, the hotel that Somerset Maugham virtually immortalised with the opinion that it "stands for all the fables of the exotic East," survives. The colonial landmark that Maugham, Noel Coward, Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad considered both workplace and home, still offers the nostalgia of a Singapore Sling beneath the giant, sluggish fans of a romantic past. And not far down the road they still play cricket in the midday sun on the *padang* by City Hall.

The "other" Singapore doesn't stop there. Dare vacate the emporia of Orchard Road, tear yourself away from the house of Gucci, and trip over a host of natural attractions that are being rediscovered. (Nature lovers, who might have begun to wonder whether the construction crane was the national bird of Singapore, can be assured this is not so: See accompanying article.)

Tours around Singapore are very much in vogue. And the Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, clearly mindful of the value of emphasising the alternatives to the shopathon, provides a fine range of brochures pointing out Singapore's diverse attractions . . . parks and gardens, the Singapore



photo: Freddie Pflütch

Handicraft Centre, Chinatown, "Singapore for children", the Singapore Science Centre, the city's "heritage" (an easily followed, individual foot-tour of the city's past), the zoological gardens, Sentosa and the southern islands, the Jurong bird park . . . not forgetting the customary "eating out" guide and "Singapore After Dark."

Today's tourist net spreads even wider than that. Singapore is enticing travellers to taste both Singapore and Malaysia. At its closest, of course, Malaysia is just a 1.1 kilometre causeway drive away and tours have for years included this glimpse of Malaysia (passports required) in the southernmost town of Johore Baru and the Johore plantations. Increasingly now the promotion is on not only Singapore's own wider aspects but also the fact it is the stepping stone to the relatively inexpensive Malaysian holiday resorts. Typical of this bilateral approach is the opening up of a direct air link between Singapore and the eastern Malaysian coastal resort of Kuantan. There is even one tour that offers five nights in Kuantan and bus transfers to and from Singapore at only \$A80 per person.

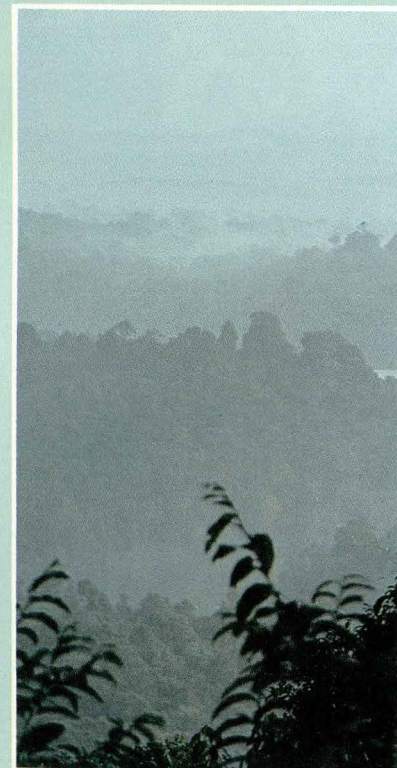
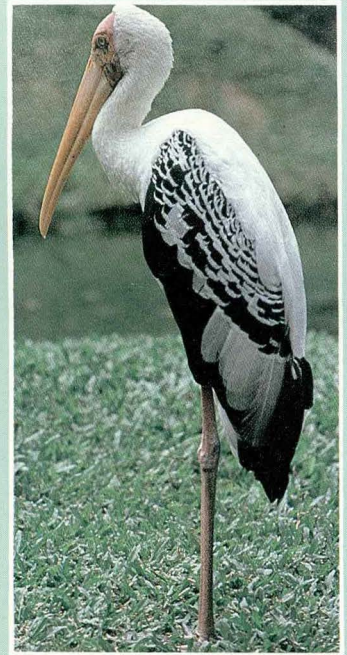
Regardless of this double-header approach, Singapore remains a drawcard in its own right. Among the plethora of Singapore statistics is the fact that the average visitor stay is a meagre 3.6 days. Clearly that is not long enough to get the most out of this destination, but there are signs that this realisation may be sinking in. Singapore deserves it. — Robert Wallace

ONE FOR THE BIRDS

By James Hammersley

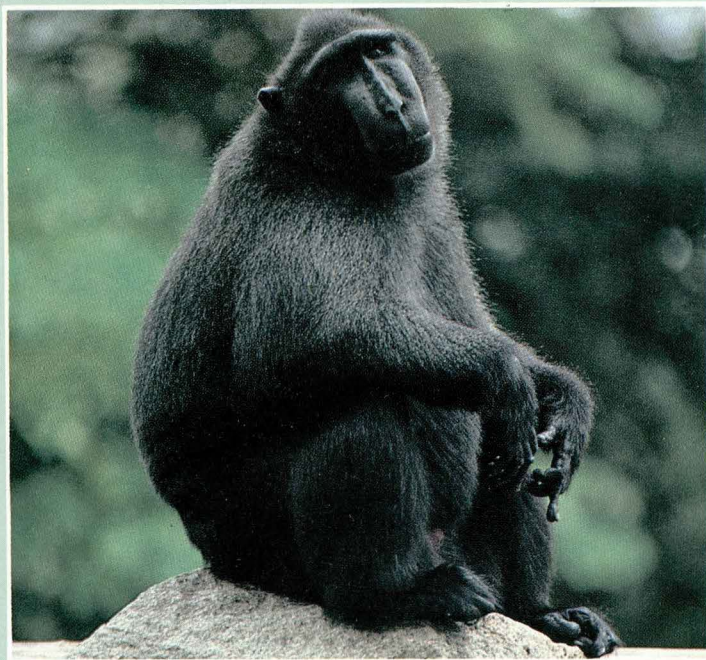
SINGAPORE

Below: (top to bottom) Painted Stork; Purple Swamphen; misty view from Bukit Timah





Left: artificial waterfall at Jurong Bird Park; **bottom:** Crowned Crane (left), Yellow Bittern (right; **below;** thoughts of Celebes Ape



DESPITE the immense pressure for development, Singapore has not only preserved certain sections of the island in their natural jungle state, it has also created lush parks and gardens which are enjoyed by thousands of Singaporeans showing their appreciation of the “green environment” in which they live. The term “garden city” is clearly justified.

It is possible to plan an itinerary whereby one can look around these natural attractions during the daytime leaving “city life” for the late afternoon and evening. Taxis and buses are frequent and inexpensive, allowing easy access to all areas.

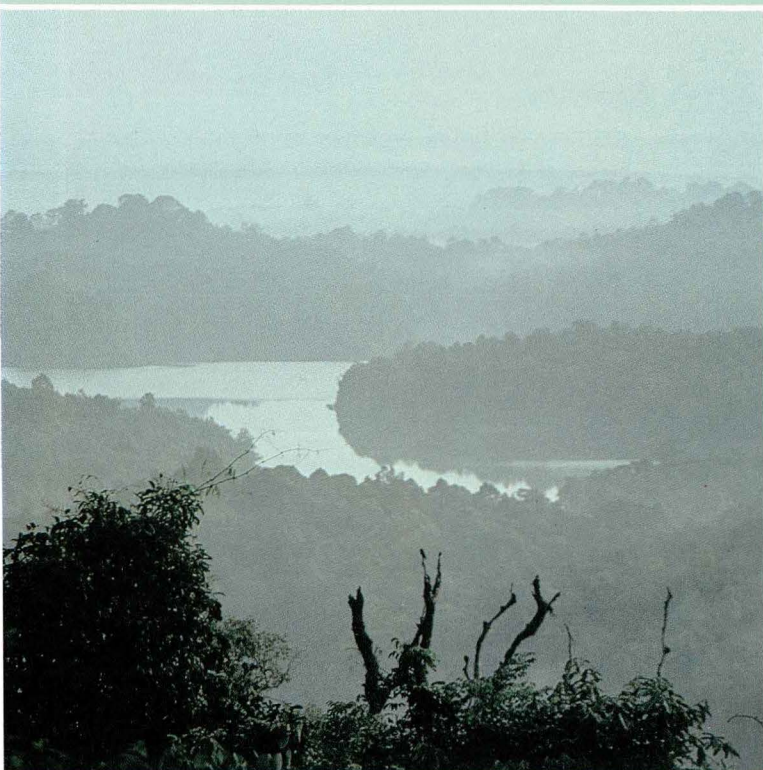
Singapore encompasses a low lying area of 616sq. km and is made up of the main island and some 50 or so smaller islands. Bukit Timah — meaning hill of tin — is the highest point of the island at only 166 metres. Right in the centre of Singapore, it is only 11km from the city. The Bukit Timah Nature Reserve has been established in this area and covers 75 hectares of typical tropical vegetation representing the only large area of primary jungle remaining on the island.

There is a well maintained track leading to the summit and several well marked footpaths

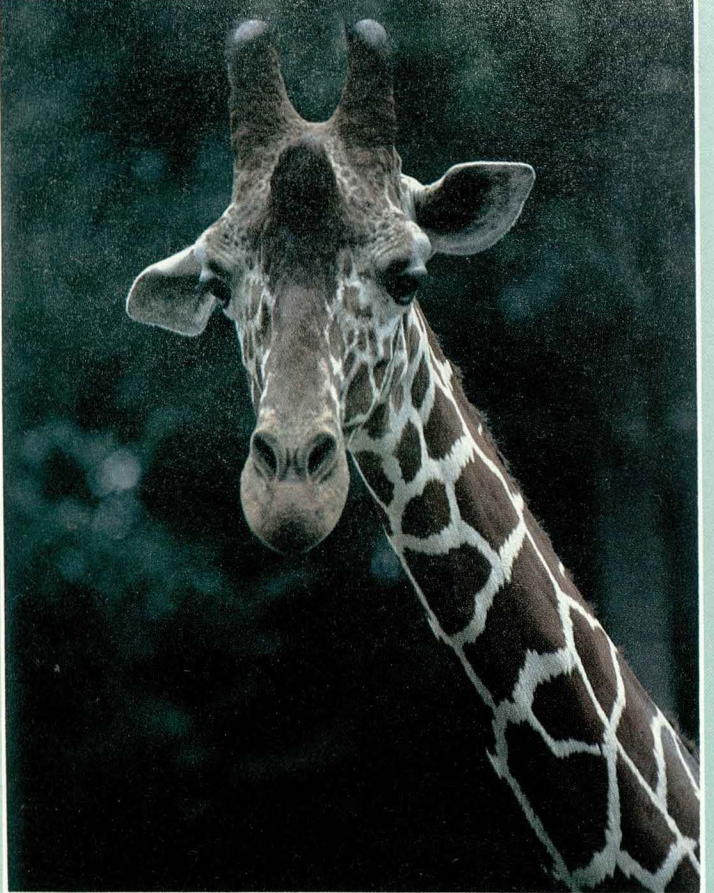
of varying lengths have been constructed through the reserve, with rest huts erected at vantage points. Interesting views of the city can be seen from the summit and view points along the footpaths.

Animals that may be encountered include long-tailed Macaque (a species of monkey), tree shrew, flying lemur and several species of squirrel. You may be lucky to see a python or cobra and there is always an abundance of insect life, particularly butterflies. The forest birds are mostly heard but rarely seen and an early morning visit could be rewarding, as this is the time when they are most active.

The Zoological Gardens are, perhaps, a much easier way of viewing South East Asian Wildlife. Acclaimed as being both dynamic and different, they are situated to the north of the island and house more than 1000 animals in conditions as natural as possible. More than half the animals in the park are endangered species from South East Asia, so a clean, spacious environment is required if they are to breed successfully. Like any other zoo there are the added attractions for the children of feeding time, pets corner and zoo adventureland. Exhibits are



Below: Peacock; **right:** (top to bottom) Giraffe; Sable Antelope; Jurong Bird Park aviaries



changed regularly and it is a pleasure just to walk around the zoo with its shady trees and attractive scenery.

Perhaps the most famous of all the out-of-town attractions of Singapore is Jurong Bird Park. Surprisingly, it is situated on the slopes of Jurong Hill in the midst of Singapore's industrial town, but has retained much of the beauty of its natural undulating surroundings. Great care has been taken to landscape the enclosures to resemble the natural habitat of the birds.

The 20 hectare park has more than 7000 birds from all over the world and includes a spectacular walk-in aviary with an artificial waterfall at one end — the largest aviary in the world, housing more than 3000 birds.

Exhibits include everything from cassowaries, birds of paradise, eagles, cockatoos and macaws to penguins in their own air-conditioned enclosure.

The time and thought that went into the building of the park is reflected by the breeding successes which include penguin, emu, hornbill, egret and magpie.

Well laid out paths enable the visitor to stroll around the aviaries at leisure. For children and the less energetic a tram

circuits the park, stopping at vantage points along the way.

The walk-in aviary is amazing and allows visitors excellent views of all the enclosed birds.

One can spend hours wandering around the aviary with so much going on . . . kingfishers diving into the bottom of the waterfall, parrots whizzing across the aviary just above head height, herons and ibises stalking along the top edge of the waterfall and peacocks in full display posing for photographers. It is never silent or dull.

The nocturnal house is a new attraction with its collection of owls, nightjars and kiwis. The glass panels and subdued lighting enable the visitor to observe nocturnal birds that are seldom seen in the wild.

Due to natural landscaping a large number of wild birds can also be seen within the park.

Singapore is rapidly changing but one would hope that its nature reserves, parks and gardens will always exist to enable it to remain a "garden city", well worth visiting again. ♣

Air Niugini flies non-stop from Port Moresby to Singapore every Friday, with return flights on Saturdays.



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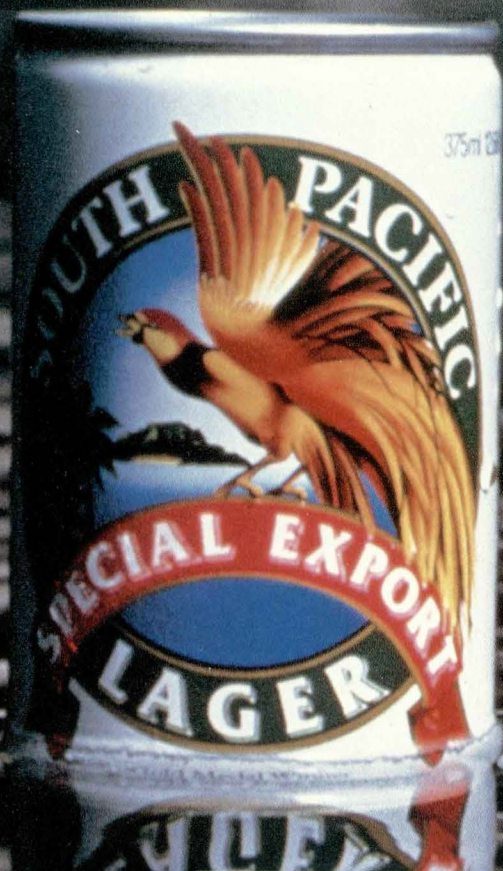
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Stori Bilong Pere

by Pierre Fraley

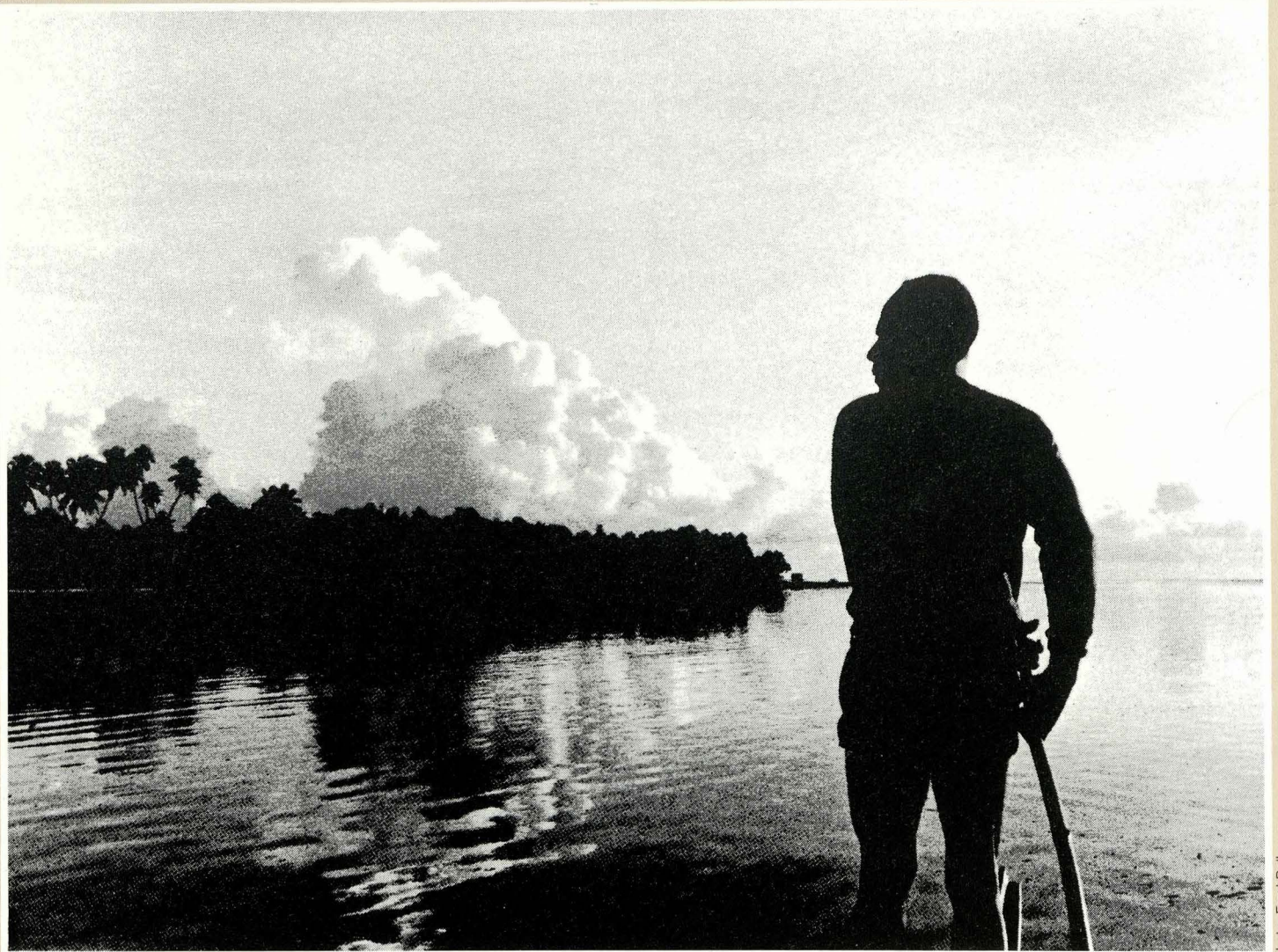


photo: Fred Roll

PERE, on the southern shore of the island of Manus, looks like many other quiescent villages in the South Pacific. But in an important way, it is quite different. The word unique is much misused, but Pere is indeed one of a kind.

Pere's principal distinction is that for many years it has remained that most intensely studied of all Melanesian villages. True, anthropologists have studied and are presently continuing to do field work in various parts of Papua New Guinea, just as they still are in Pere. The thing that makes Pere unique is that each family now has in its possession a visible record of 55 years of its roots and family connections.

No other South Pacific community can make that claim.

The family team of Fred and Barbara Honeyman Roll returned earlier this year for yet another visit to Pere and brought with them a special gift that Barbara personally presented to each family: Barbara's book, *Stori Bilong Pere*, A Genealogical and Photographic Study of Pere Village, Manus Province, Papua New Guinea.

The genealogical tables which include 3000 persons and cross-references were compiled by Barbara, a physical anthropologist. The text is in the form of a letter to John Kilepak Kisokau, (J.K.), to whom the book is dedicated. The majority of the black-and-white pictures were taken by her

husband, G. Frederick Roll, a retired pharmaceutical executive who is an accomplished amateur photographer.

The story of *Stori* really goes back to 1928 when a young anthropologist, fresh from graduate study with the noted Franz Boas and from a stint of field work in Samoa, arrived at Pere. Margaret Mead liked to say that she did not pick Pere but that Pere picked her. Either way, it started a relationship that was lasting and loving. Margaret, as the people of Pere called her, wrote two classic books about their culture.

By a quirk of fate, after Margaret Mead completed her study and left, Pere Village was touched and transformed by the Second World War. The U.S.

Navy established a huge base on the eastern end of Manus at Lorengau, not far from Pere. Twenty-five years later Dr Mead went back to see in what ways and how deeply the people of Pere had changed. Out of this experience, she wrote *New Lives for Old*, which drew some conclusions about similarities and differences between the traditional culture and the new one thrust upon them by the South Pacific campaign.

Margaret Mead was a cultural anthropologist with a background in psychology. She needed the help of a physical anthropologist so she turned to Barbara, whose specialty was somatotyping — the measurement and classification of body types. Barbara made the first

of nine trips in 1966 and laid the groundwork for the studies of family relationships and genealogy.

After the death of her husband, Dr Scott A. Heath, in 1974, Barbara married Fred Roll, whom she had known many years earlier. He came with her to Pere in 1975 and started taking the first of hundreds of pictures of the people of Manus. Between trips back to the island, Fred spent many hours in the darkroom, developing, cropping, printing. Meanwhile, Barbara was cross-referencing the hundreds of names and family trees.

Finally, the book was finished. Fred and Barbara had 650 copies privately printed in Monterey, close to their home in Carmel, California, and then came the job of taking 350 of them to New Guinea.

The book is 30cm by 22cm and 2.5cm thick. Because coated paper was used for better reproduction of the hundreds of pictures, each copy weighs 1.3 kilograms. The logistics of moving 20 cartons was formidable.

No copy of this book is for sale. Each is a present from the Rolls to the people of Pere, wherever they happen to be living in New Guinea now. Recognising the historical importance of the project, Air Niugini waived all freight charges from Honolulu to Madang as their contribution to its success.

With the help of their friend, Peter Barter, Managing Director of Melanesian Tourist Services, arrangements were made for his cruise ship, the *Melanesian Explorer*, to pick them up for the last leg of the journey and deliver them to Pere. It would be the first time a cruise ship had ever called on the village of Pere.

With the help of the Rolls, Peter Barter organised a special cruise as a "tribute to the work of Margaret Mead and Bronislaw Malinowski". Malinowski did pioneering work in the Trobriand Islands which won him lasting recognition as one of the early moulding forces in modern anthropology. His classic works include *Magic, Science and Religion* and *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* and are still required reading for anthropol-



ogy students.

My wife and I were fortunate to travel with the Rolls and Barbara's sister Catherine. At the end of the Air Niugini line in Lorengau, we were met by a truck and driven to a bridge over the Loniu River. There outrigger canoes and their crews were waiting for us and we skirted the south coast, mostly in heavy rain, in the slim, outboard-driven canoes.

We lived in "Margaret's House", the dwelling that the people of Pere had built for her right on the edge of the main square, so she could be in the middle of the social life of the village. We were in a wonderful spot to watch the village pre-





Opposite page, top: Margaret Mead on patrol, west of Pere village on the Matawari River in 1965; **other pictures:** the books arrive to a waterborne welcome and traditional dancing and the presentation of copies by Barbara Honeyman Roll gets under way

pare a gala welcome for the *Melanesian Explorer* and its special cargo.

The boys practised on their *garamuts*, the drums made of slit logs. Men and women ran through their welcoming dance. The crews of the canoes — the same graceful canoes that

so impressed the young anthropologist from Columbia University in 1928 — manoeuvred in precise formations off the beach.

A brown smudge of smoke finally appeared on the horizon and the *Melanesian Explorer* hove into view. In a couple of hours, she was anchored off the edge of the barrier reef, surrounded by scores of outriggers, with crews in traditional regalia, grass skirts, palm fronds, frangipani flowers and croton leaves festooning their bodies.

As soon as the cruise passengers landed on the beach they were immediately engulfed in a singsing swirling of chanting, dancing villagers moving to the rapid, sharp beat of the *garamuts*.

Everyone danced over to a large buffet under a tent where there were mounds of local foods, a heaped bowl of sago, fish cakes, and whole, pared pineapples with the leaves left on for a handle. Then into the Margaret Mead Community Centre, lined with pictures going back to 1928 — young Margaret demurely wearing a local headdress, or enthusiastically stepping into an outrigger canoe. Craftsmen and women were displaying carvings, shells, basketry and weaving.

Among the passengers was Rhoda Metraux, a distinguished anthropologist who collaborated with Margaret Mead in a famous series of articles in *Redbook Magazine*.

Peter Barter invited the “big men” of the village on board for dinner to celebrate the arrival of the first cruise ship to Pere.

The next morning the cartons of books were opened and sorted. A table and benches were set up alongside Margaret’s House, and the presentation ceremony commenced. The big men of the village spoke and then Barbara responded in Pidgin and presented the first copy to John Kilepak Kisokau, one of Margaret Mead’s little boys who became a lifelong friend.

And so it went all morning . . . Barbara presenting an inscribed book to the heads of families and unmarried adults, shaking hands or warmly hugging special friends. The whole



village crowded around; men, women and scores of children.

The ceremony lasted most of the morning, and when it was over, the village became unusually hushed. Family groups were gathered in little knots, poring over pictures of relatives, many of whom they had never seen in their lifetimes.

Earlier, copies of the book had been given to Pere villagers now living in Port Moresby. The Rolls had also presented copies to high government officials and to the library and faculty members of the University of Papua New Guinea.

Later, the *Melanesian Explorer* would transport additional copies to people of Kavieng, Rabaul and Madang.

As the *Melanesian Explorer* sailed off for the balance of its cruise, Pere settled back into its traditionally quiet, isolated life. But would it ever quite be the same? The people had discovered a new sense of who they were and how their families were interconnected.

They had always had a feeling that Pere was special.

Although they probably did not yet fully realise it, Pere was now truly different from every other South Pacific village.

In an introduction to *Stori*, Barbara wrote: "It was Fred's idea to make this a book that could combine the genealogies, or family histories, with a collection of photographs that would be like a family album. We wanted to give all our friends in Pere a present that everyone could share."✍

Air Niugini provides jet services to Manus Island four times a week.



Top: young villagers pore over photographs with Barbara Honeyman Roll; **below:** a special hug for one of the recipients

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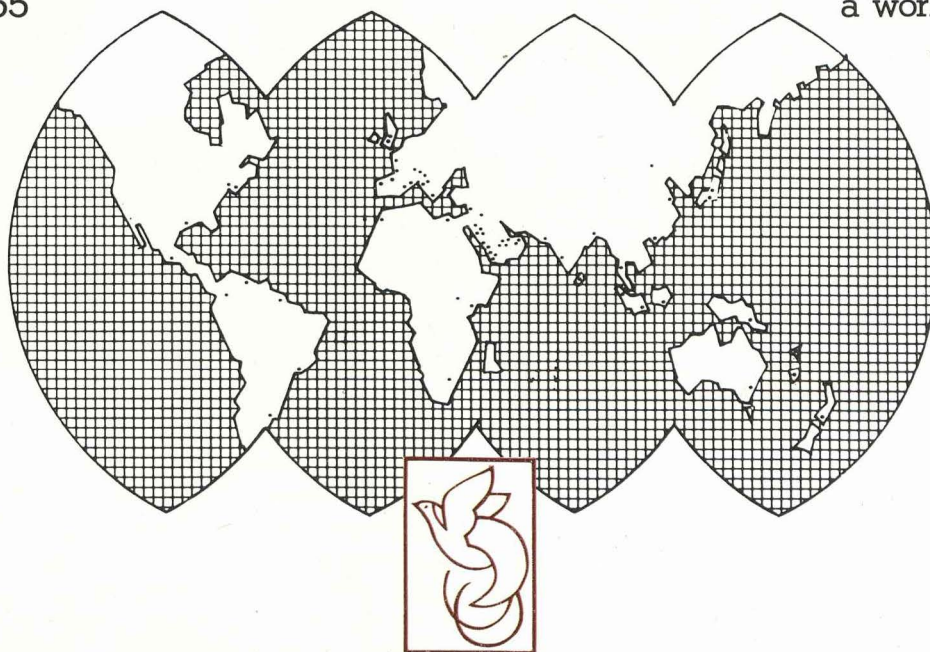
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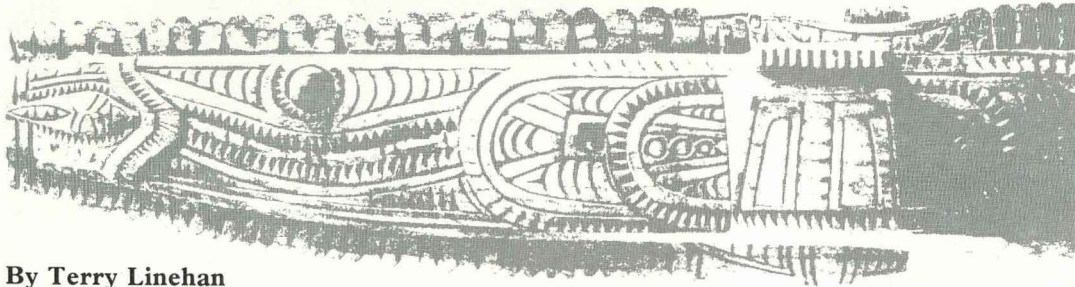
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A TRIUMPH FOR TAMI



By Terry Linehan



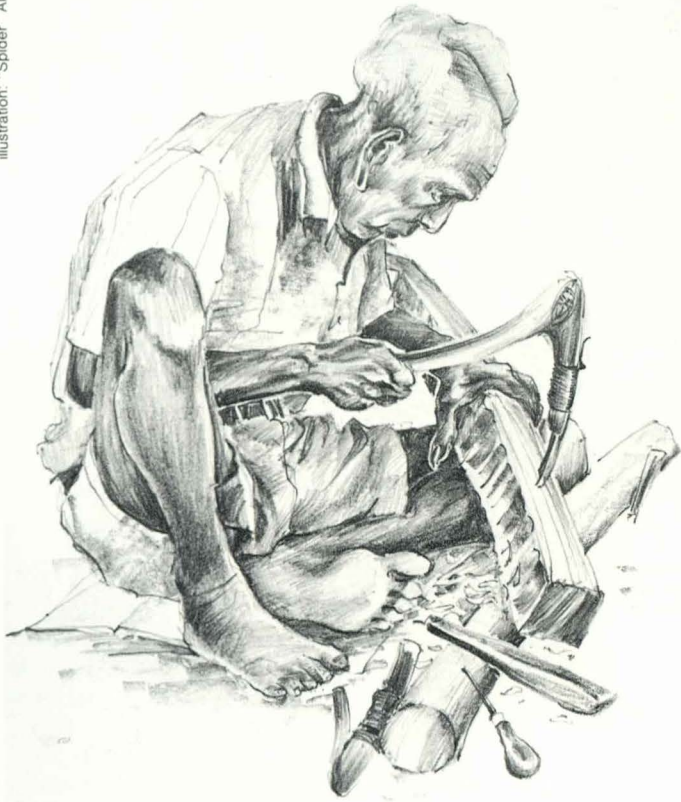
Illustration: "Spider" Anderson

The new *Tami Island* canoe is the first canoe in the island's history to be built entirely as a community project and the first to carry the markings of many canoes from many families. It was a fresh and successful approach to solving the economic problems and pressures involved with the traditional 'single family' construction method. It is hoped that other communities in Papua New Guinea in a similar situation can use this project as an example of a way in which to overcome the modern economic influences and perpetuate their own culture.

“WHEN a new canoe is launched”, *lapun* (elder) Reuben said “it is a good thing. But there are bad things underneath too. We think of our ancestors who have died in canoes and we feel much sorrow. We are happy when a new canoe goes down to the sea, but we cry too. Our ancestors were great men of the sea. When we see a new canoe, we remember them.”

This, the Tami Island people of Malasiga, (16 kilometres south of Finschhafen on the mainland in Morobe Province), laughed and cried on April 8 when their new *Uang Saliu* — two-masted sailing canoe — appropriately named *Tami Island*, was launched after more than three years in the building. This event culminated an international project involving the Papua New Guinea National Government, Morobe Provincial Government, the entire population of the Tami people, sponsors — including Air Niugini — from four countries, and a team of four from the United States, Australia, and England.

I first became interested in the canoes of Papua New Guinea as a member of Operation Drake, the round-the-world expedition which visited Papua New Guinea late in 1979. We had sailed aboard the brigantine “Eye of the Wind” through the Milne Bay Province and had



"When I sleep tonight, I will be thinking of the canoe. I will hear noises coming from the canoe house and I know it is our ancestors feeling the canoe to see that we have done a good job."

seen the canoes of the Marshall Bennett Islanders, with their great pandanus sails and huge canoe houses set against rugged, vine-covered cliffs. This sight was enough to spark the imagination of the entire ship's crew, while mine was filled with questions about construction techniques, sailing performance, and visions of voyaging on a new canoe.

It was then that I visited the Tami Island village of Malasi-ga, (the mainland home of the islanders directly ashore from the Tami Islands), after reading about their proud seafaring traditions and the fact that no large two-masted canoes existed there at that time. I went with a plan to build and sail a new canoe but had no idea how such a project could be organised successfully.

"We will build a new canoe", they said, "but we have nobody in the islands with the wealth to be *papa bilong kanu*."

This "father of the canoe", it transpired, was the traditional instigator in the building of a

canoe and was responsible for the support of all the workers needed to complete it. The tasks involved in the building of a new canoe traditionally strained the entire social structure of a village and could involve the extended family in the work for periods of well over a year. Therefore, this man must possess many pigs, tusks, carved bowls, and other items with which to trade for food, tobacco and betel nut to sustain the workers.

Being a little short of those necessities, I went to the Morobe Provincial Government for advice and support. They were tremendously helpful and on October 31, 1979, the first tree was felled at Apo village, near Lae, and the project begun.

The aims of this undertaking, the first of its kind in Papua New Guinea, were to provide a way for the Tami Islanders to regain a part of their cultural heritage which had been nearly lost due to outside influences in a changing economy . . . and the outboard motor. The build-

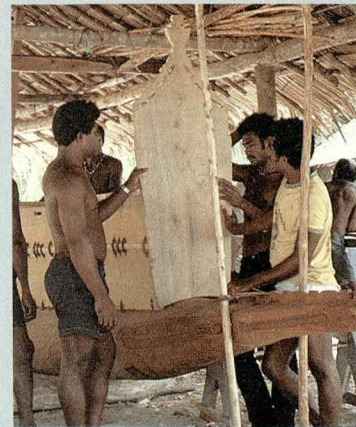
Building the canoe:



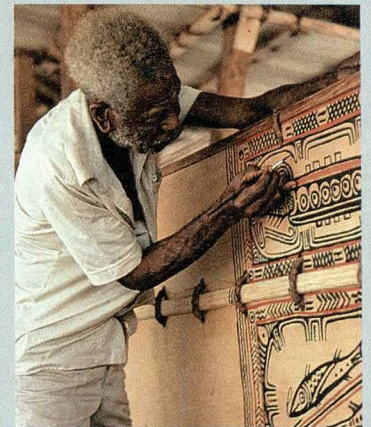
First, cut the timber . . .



Planks ready for smoothing



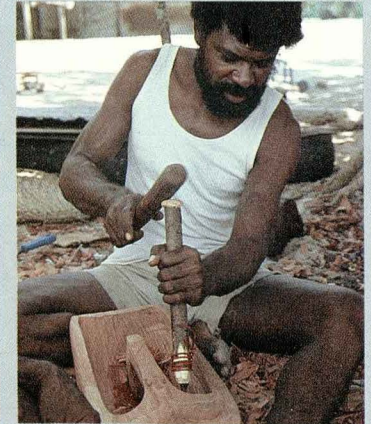
Fixing 'damudam' (prow board)



Painting 'sinasin' (planking)



Painting motifs on the sail



Carving a 'kawi' (bailer)



Finished 'damudam'

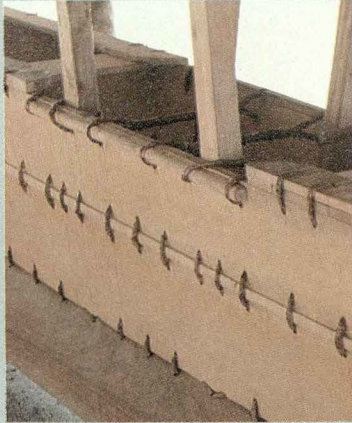


'Tukuleng' (platform support)

From the start, it was decided that only traditional methods and materials would be used in the construction of the canoe. The going would be tough, but the rewards that much greater.



Tying framework to hull



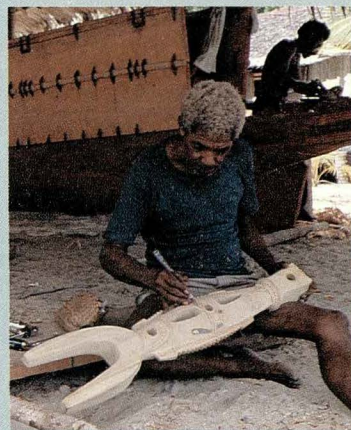
Planks tied using swamp rope



Pandanus leaves for the sail



Weaving 'karoka' (sail)



Carving a 'tukuleng'



Food for the workers!



'Katang Kundu' (end panel)



'Ngum' (masthead) with "birds"



photo: Terry Linehan

"When a new canoe is launched, it is a good thing. We are happy when a new canoe goes down to the sea, but we cry too. Our ancestors were great men of the sea. When we see a new canoe, we remember them."

ing of a new canoe would be a vehicle for the remaining six elder canoe builders to train young carvers in the art while preserving the canoe.

A series of cultural voyages was also planned, not only to train new sailors but to bring the canoe to other regions of Papua New Guinea in the hopes of stimulating interest in cultural preservation throughout Melanesia.

An international team of volunteers was brought in by the Morobe Provincial Government to assist the Tamis in this massive endeavour both to record the project and to help train the core crew members of the canoe. Spider Anderson, a round-the-world sailor from Australia, recorded the entire construction process with drawings and paintings, while Lt Col Frank Esson and his wife, Joanna, came from England to co-ordinate the sail training programme and expedition administration respectively. Lt Col Esson is a senior helicopter instructor in the British Army

Air Corps and one of the Army's leading sail training specialists.

Our group, during the three-year planning period, received the support of many people, including HRH Prince Charles and Dr Thor Heyerdahl of *Kontiki* fame, who called the project, "a sound and interesting experiment". International explorers' clubs and a network of sponsors also contributed towards the successful completion of the canoe and enabled us to experience a culture quite unique to our own.

The Tami Islanders historically have little gardening land and say "the canoe is our garden". They traded their carved wooden bowls, sleeping mats, and coconuts along the southern Huon Peninsula to Bukawa and Morobe for taro, clay pots, and other items needed in their trade system. They voyaged to Siassi for pigs and tusks necessary for bride price and further canoe building and could travel among the then warring mainlanders because they had one





photo: John Devereux

speciality in the area — the canoe.

Early in the 1930s, many of the islanders moved ashore to set up the village of Malasiga, which means “big place”. They came in the aftermath of a tragic sea accident in which a man and his two sons were lost at sea attempting to sail to the island in a storm.

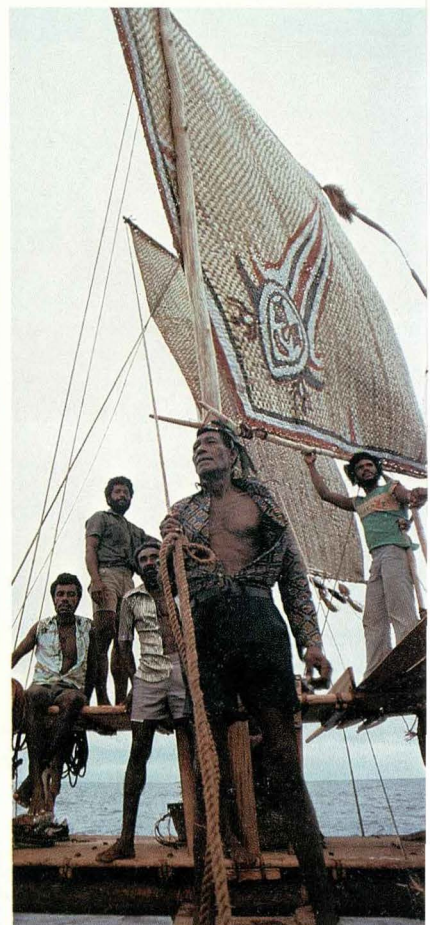
“The story of this accident”, *lapun* Reuben said, “reached the government and they let some of us move to the mainland from Tami Island. I saw the sailing accidents were no good so I moved to Malasiga where I could plant my own big garden. I would not need to sail and trade for my own food anymore”.

This once prominent trading empire slowly eroded and the last great sailing canoe, *Anzanic*, was finished in 1968. It was subsequently rebuilt for a cultural voyage in 1979 and was sailed to the South Pacific Festival of Arts in Madang in 1980. The *papa* of *Anzanic*, Silas Gwape, and another master canoe builder, Sem Dolau, died shortly after our arrival in Papua New Guinea in December, 1982. Only four elders remained with the knowledge to build the *Uang Saliu*, and this increased the importance of our aim to pass on the knowledge and art to a new, younger canoe building generation.

One of this new breed is Theophil Makili, 47, who, with his father, Makili, helped to build the new Tami Island canoe.

“Canoe building needs no rulers”, he says. “Our hands, arms, fingers and eyes are our rulers. You must understand the customs and thinking of the carpenter too. Each day and night my thoughts are of the canoe. I dream of the canoe when I sleep. While everyone else is asleep, I must be the first one into the canoe house to prepare everything for the work to go well.”

For two months the canoe construction proceeded and by mid-February the two ends of the canoe, called *Uang anau*, were carved with traditional markings of pigs, snakes, birds, fish, and tambarans. During this time the four side planks,





Above: ceremonial 'duk duk' and village girls give the canoe a traditional Tami-style send off; **far left:** let the festivities commence!; **bottom left:** two faces in the throng, Yallom and Molo; **centre:** a jubilant crew take the canoe out on its maiden voyage; **below:** 'Tumbuan' spirit leads the dancers; **top right:** at the end of the day the canoe glides gently homeward



photo: Terry Linehan



photos: John Devereux

called *sinasin*, were raised, lashed into place and celebrated by the killing of two pigs. On the last day of that work, *lapun* Maliaki Kwambu delivered an emotional speech.

"Terry, I must tell you why I am crying. I cry because I see we almost have a canoe now. When I go to sleep tonight I will be thinking of the canoe. I will hear noises coming from the canoe house and I know it is our ancestors feeling the canoe to see that we have done a good job." The onlookers joined him in weeping . . .

"All week I have been helping the younger men and showing them how to lash the canoe. I remember when I was young and my father taught me how to lash the canoe. But I never made one and I am sorry for this. We nearly lost our tradition of making canoes but now we have lifted up this new one and I have seen all the faces of my ancestors. That is why I cry."

On launching day, the emotions were still running high

as the sound of *kundu* drums and dancers in *bilas* made the procession to the centre of Malasiga village and the launching site.

"Noah built an ark with the help of God, and now we have done the same," said elder Jakobus in an opening prayer. Sem Reuben, another village elder, continued, saying: "We have received help from God, our government, and from overseas. It is the greatest thing we have ever done."

The singsing continued as about 40 men and women pushed the canoe over logs and coral into the sea. In traditional Tami manner, all the sailors (and most of the onlookers) were splashed with water in a joyous celebration of launching. Conch shells sounded as the first of two sails were raised and the canoe slowly headed out to sea in a light breeze.

It was sunset when the last of three groups returned to Malasiga and the initial launch was over. For another day and a half the singsings continued,

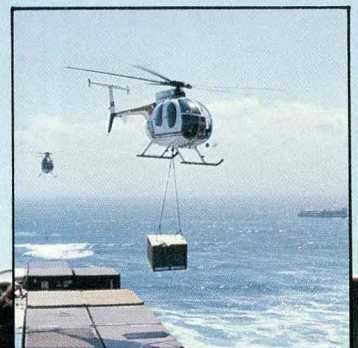
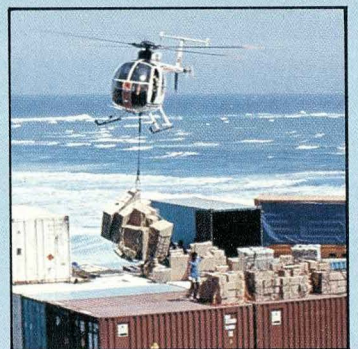
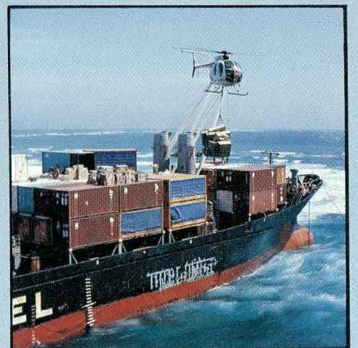
the first such new canoe celebrations in more than 15 years! The Tamis had been busy practising the dances for a couple of weeks preceding the launch and were in their finest form on this, their special day.

The Tami Island canoe will be used for sail training purposes under the direction of Lt Col Esson and the Tami elders for the first few weeks before it is sailed to the traditional areas in their trading sphere. It is hoped the new canoe can provide the means for school children along the way to learn about their culture and a new generation of craftsmen and sailors begun.

As the last of the fires died out in the singsing area, sago and coconut palms littered the grounds. The weary group of dancers looked towards the Tami Islands and two fires lit on Kalal Island — a beckoning call to those sailors who will come home from the sea. 🌊



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Mike zeroes in after 36 years

by Robert Kendall Piper



Former Japanese Navy pilot Masajiro "Mike" Kawato has occasionally visited the United States in recent years to view the last remaining flyable Zero left in the world. The fighter is located at Ed Maloney's *Planes Of Fame* collection in California. Mike, previously a Petty Officer Third Class, flew one of these aircraft in what is believed to be one of the last Zero fighter actions in the South West Pacific Area during the Second World War.

He would give his "eye" teeth" to fly Maloney's plane which still gives flying displays and airshows in the U.S.A., and even Japan several years ago. The most the present owner will permit Kawato to do is to sit in the pilot's seat, under supervision, and dream ...

ON March 9, 1945 Petty Officer Masajiro Kawato was ordered to attack what was reported to be an enemy destroyer or light cruiser operating in the Jacquinot Bay area of New Britain in New Guinea. The aircraft mechanics

at Rabaul had somehow managed to patch up and arm one of their few repairable Zeros to be based on the mission.

It was 5.30 the same afternoon when Royal Australian Navy Motor Launch 825 was suddenly attacked by an enemy

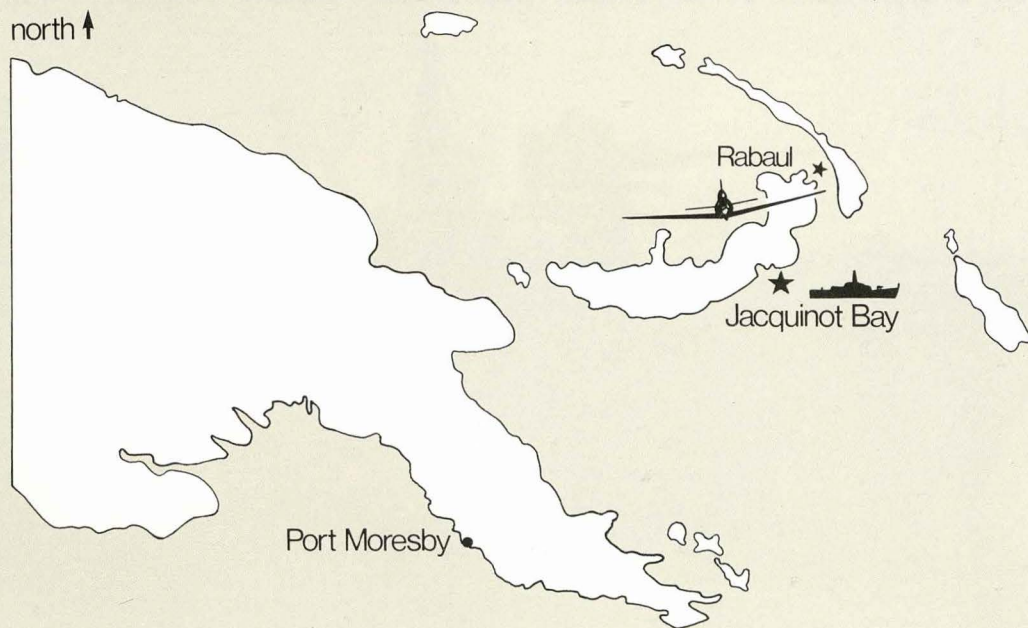
fighter which dived from a cloud bank ahead and dropped a stick of eight light anti-personnel bombs. They landed 30 metres off the port bow.

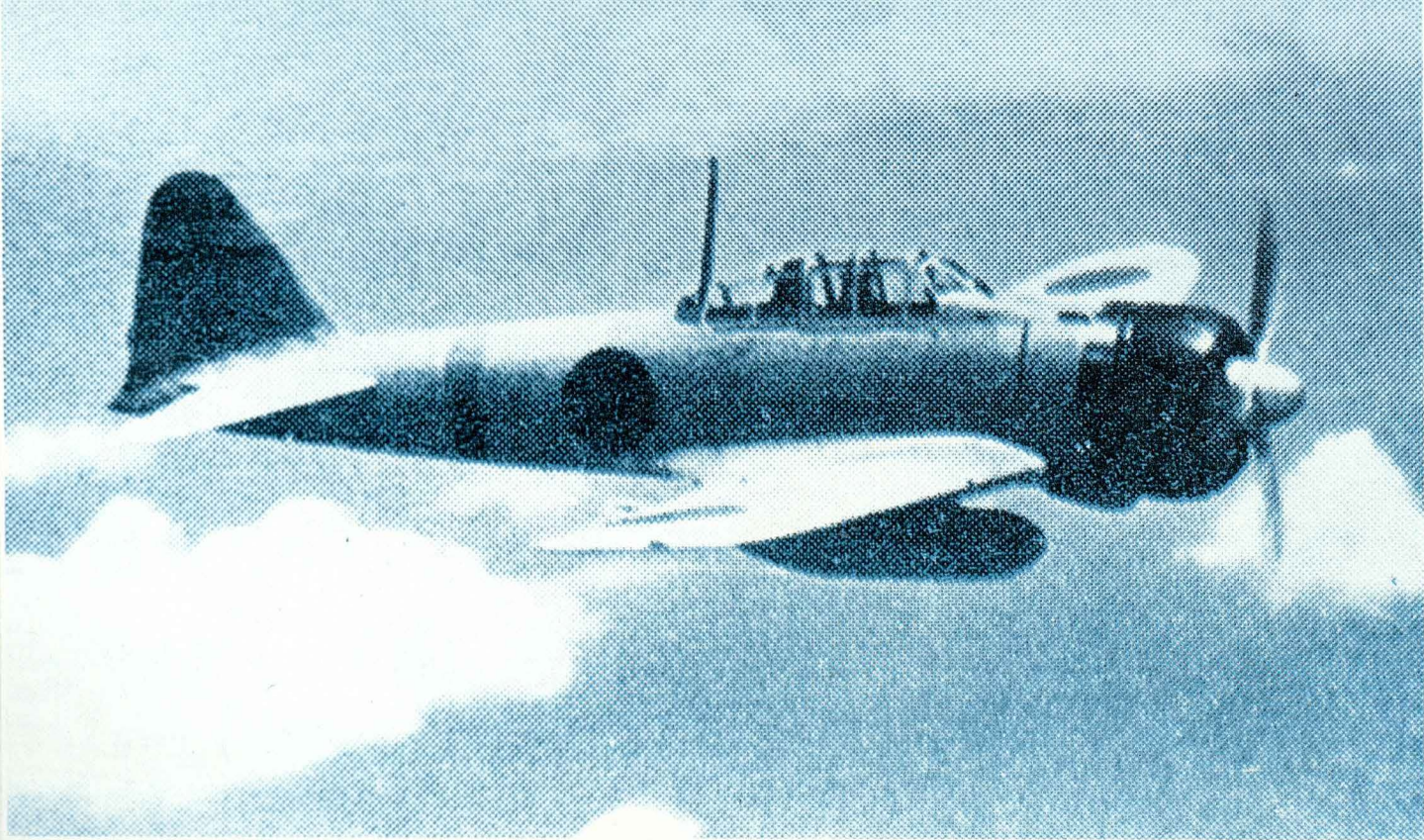
The motor launch, which had been barge-hunting 10 miles south-west of Cape Or-

ford, could only continue to limp along at 12 knots because of a cracked exhaust manifold on the starboard engine.

Now identified as a Zero, the plane zoomed astern and turned sharply, ran out about 1½ kilometres, and came in

photo: 'Planes of Fame' Museum





for a second run at right angles to the vessel. The Bofors gun opened fire as the aircraft straightened out for the new pass.

ML825's opening burst bracketed the plane and appeared to distract the pilot momentarily. Other - lighter armament on the launch opened fire at approximately a

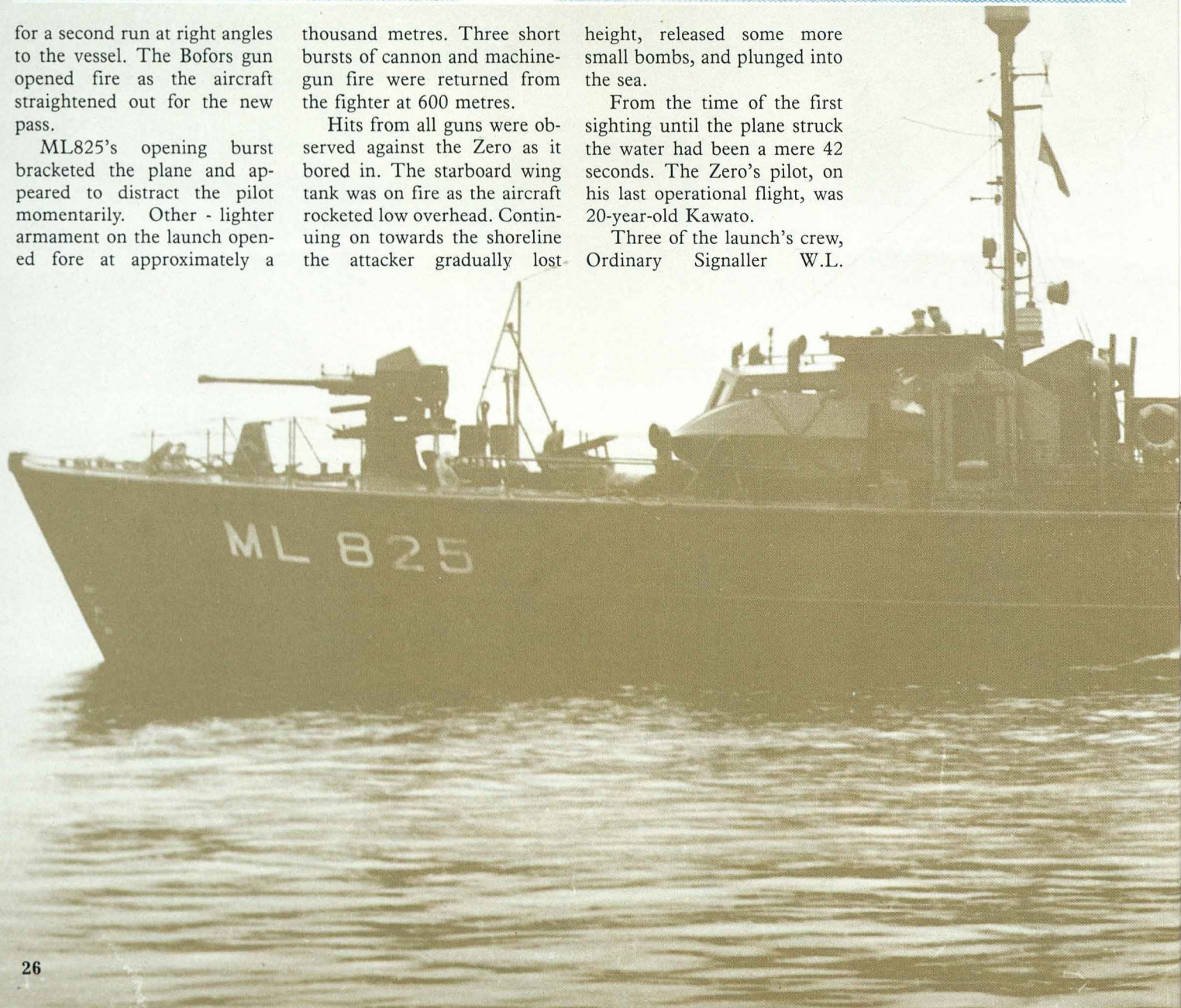
thousand metres. Three short bursts of cannon and machine-gun fire were returned from the fighter at 600 metres.

Hits from all guns were observed against the Zero as it bored in. The starboard wing tank was on fire as the aircraft rocketed low overhead. Continuing on towards the shoreline the attacker gradually lost

height, released some more small bombs, and plunged into the sea.

From the time of the first sighting until the plane struck the water had been a mere 42 seconds. The Zero's pilot, on his last operational flight, was 20-year-old Kawato.

Three of the launch's crew, Ordinary Signaller W.L.





Crowe, Able Seaman K.R. Farrington and Able Seaman F.W. Thompson, received superficial shrapnel wounds but remained at their guns until the plane crashed. There was also minor damage to ML825. The captain, Lieutenant H. Venables RANVR, a former deep sea fisherman from Brisbane, immediately headed towards the crash site. But after covering only half the distance the Zero was seen to turn over and disappear.

What appeared to be a wing protruded from the water at the same time for a few seconds before it also was gone in the fading light. Nothing was found. ML825 resumed course for Jacquinot Bay. Motor Mechanic D.R. Carr managed skilful temporary repairs to the starboard engine and speed was

increased to 15½ knots so that the wounded could be landed in the shortest possible time.

Captain Venables report was later to highly commend the conduct of his officers and crew. Their coolness was borne out by the number of strikes compared with the number of rounds fired. The oldest member of the crew was 21 and the average age was under 20.

Travelling as a passenger aboard ML825 that day was the Jacquinot Bay port director, Lieutenant Commander N.M. Gordon RANR(S). He was later to write: "In my experience of active service overseas, I have never seen more organised and efficient action taken".

Unbeknown to those aboard the motor launch their 20-year-old foe, Kawato Masajiro,

Far left: Japanese Zero in flight;
left: Lieutenant Harold Venables,
Captain of ML 825 in 1945; **below:**
Motor Launch 825, the vessel that
ended Mike's war





although badly bruised all over, had survived the impact and managed to get clear. For a while he supported himself on the tail of the Zero until it sank.

Two days and nights later he was washed up on a beach after a mammoth ordeal at sea. He lived off the jungle for two months before being captured by local residents and handed over to the Australian Army. He was, in turn, transferred to a hospital ship and repatriated home after the war.

Up until 1982, Kawato, still a current pilot, believed he had been downed by a destroyer-sized vessel in the tricky tropical twilight. And he said so

in a recently published book on his career in the Second World War.

But a friend of his in the United States named Bob Anderson, who flew P38 Lightnings in the South-West Pacific conflict, started enquiries on his behalf to Defence Historical Studies, seeking further details on this encounter. Ultimately, information and a photo of ML825 were sent in reply, to be forwarded to Masajiro Kawato.

After 36 years he finally discovered that the "destroyer" that brought him down was an expertly manned 38-metre Australian Navy motor launch!



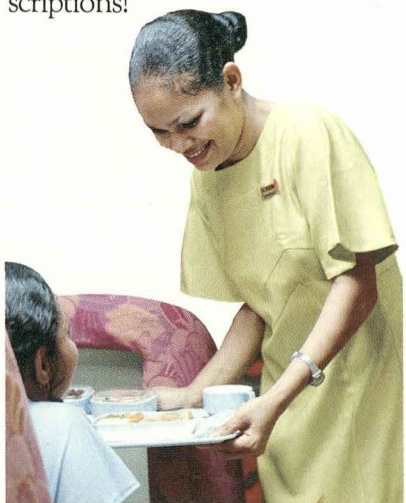
Top: "Mike" Kawato (arrowed) and fellow Zero pilot Kelly Ohka at the Planes of Fame Museum in 1980 with original Japanese flying suits; **right:** Petty Officer Kawato at Rabaul, 1945

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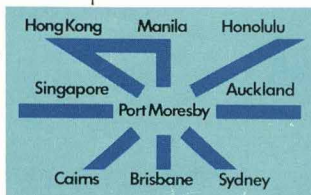


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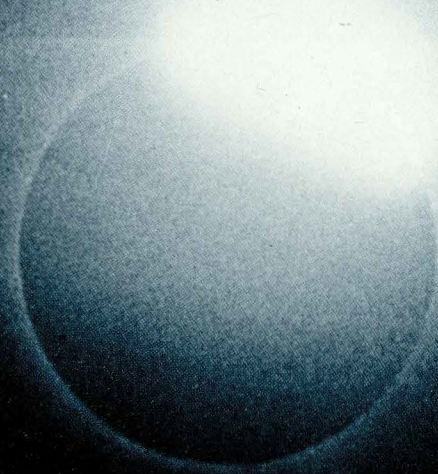
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LOOKING AFTER PEOPLE WHO FLY



Taim mun i pasim san

Story and photographs: Aspi Baria and Dan Lacanienta

Port Moresby, 11 June 1983:

The bright mid-afternoon sunshine waned to twilight as the moon inched its way across the sun. At 4.01 pm the sun was completely obscured by the moon, as we witnessed the total eclipse of the sun — the first half of a “unique double”.

Although total solar eclipses are by no means rare events (they occur on average once every 18 months) they are often not visible from land, as a major proportion of the Earth is covered by water. The best estimate for the recurrence of a total eclipse at any one location is, on average, 400 years!

Against these odds, Port Moresby is fortunate to observe

yet another total solar eclipse at about 7.20 am on 23 November 1984.

This will be only the third time this century that a particular geographical location has experienced two total solar eclipses in successive calendar years.

The duration of totality on 11 June 1983 was timed at 3 minutes 15 seconds. During this time we were able to look and marvel at the beauty of the sun's corona — an eerie pearly white halo. The path of totality had raced across from the Indian Ocean to the South Pacific Ocean in just three hours.

On its way, it had cut a swathe of darkness 150 km wide

“Diamond Ring” effect: A narrow band of light all the way around the rim of the moon broken at a point by a brilliant spot of light. This final sparkling instant signals the climax of the totality

across Java, Sulawesi (Celebes), Irian Jaya and Papua New Guinea.

Next year's total solar eclipse will be particularly special. Just how rare is the visibility of two total eclipses, 17 months apart, at a national capital? By simple statistics, it can be readily deduced that average frequency of such an event is once every 2000 years. Hence the Port Moresby 1983/1984 occurrence is unique in the present century and will remain so. Certainly none is expected in at least the next two centuries!

If the moon's orbit around the earth lay exactly in the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun, the moon would pass exactly between the earth and the sun every time around. That would mean an eclipse every month.

However, the moon's orbital plane is tipped by an angle of 5 degrees out of the earth's orbital plane. Therefore the moon is likely to pass "above" or "below" the earth-sun line.

Since the two orbital planes intersect in a line, there is a line

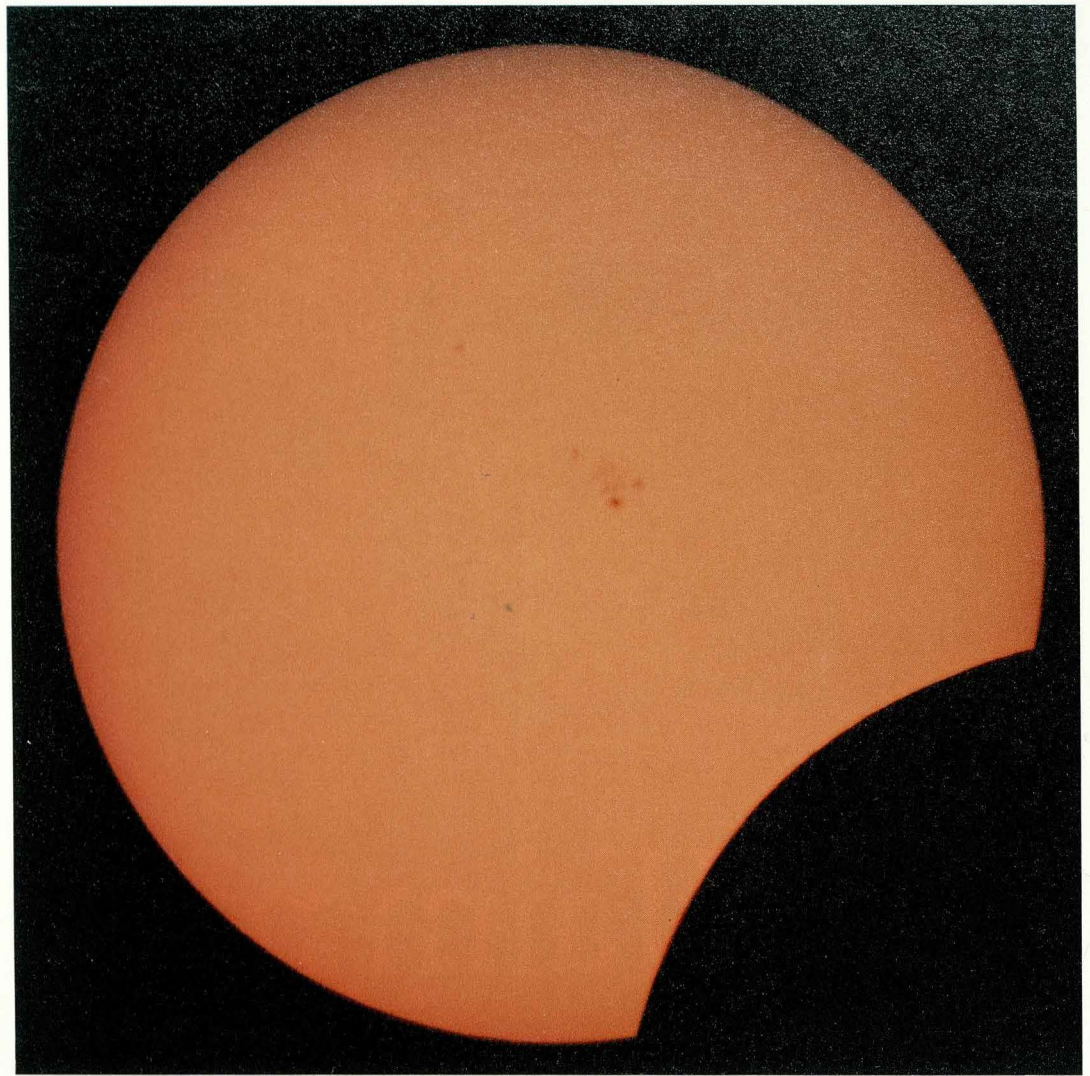
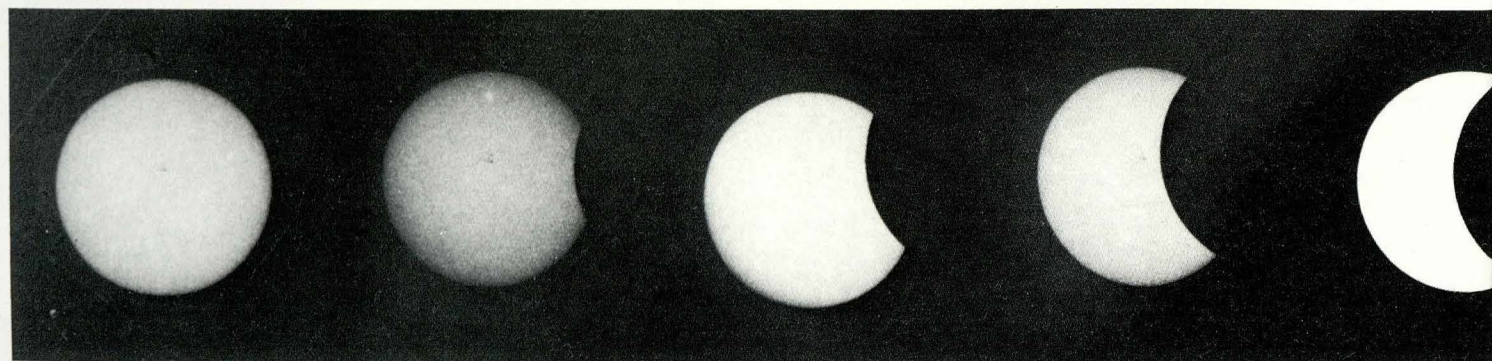


photo: Freddie Pilditch





that contains the nodes (the only two points where the moon passes through the earth's orbital plane). This line between the two points is called the line of nodes.

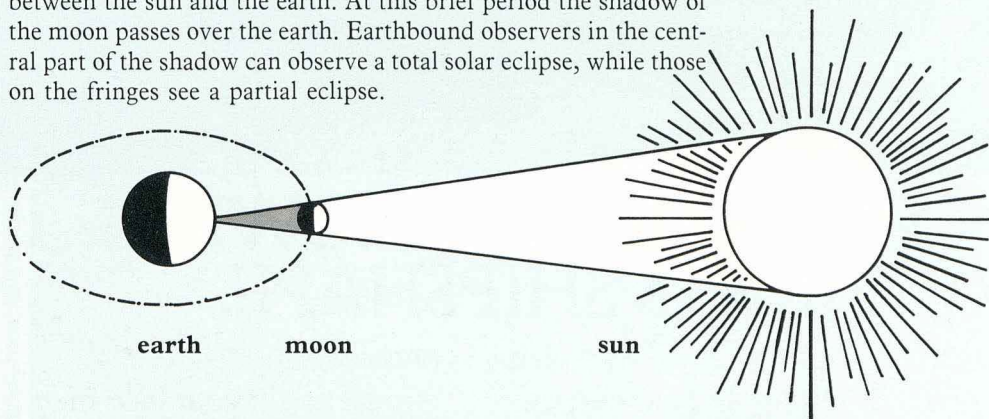
To produce a solar eclipse, the moon must be at the node nearest the sun's direction and the line of nodes pointing at the sun.

The moon passes nearest the sun's direction every $29\frac{1}{2}$ days and the line of nodes line up with the sun every $346\frac{1}{2}$ days. The two cycles come almost exactly into phase with each other every 18 years, 11 days. This interval is called the Saros Cycle.

Ancient astronomers used the Saros Cycle to predict eclipses. In this computer-age, modern astronomers accurately predict eclipses. And that is why we know that Port Moresby's unique double will be completed on November 23, 1984. 🌑

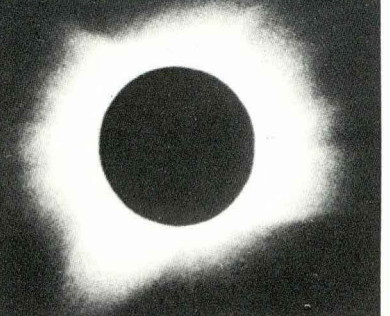
Geometry of a solar eclipse

The moon, on its orbit around the earth, sometimes passes right between the sun and the earth. At this brief period the shadow of the moon passes over the earth. Earthbound observers in the central part of the shadow can observe a total solar eclipse, while those on the fringes see a partial eclipse.



Above: two of the partial phases of the solar eclipse taken through solar filter; **below:** photo montage showing the sequence of total solar eclipse. The photographs were taken with a Nikon F3 camera attached to a 200mm Celestron telescope of effective focal length of 2000mm and fitted with a special solar filter

Far left: a group of keen eclipse-watchers at Paga Hill in Port Moresby





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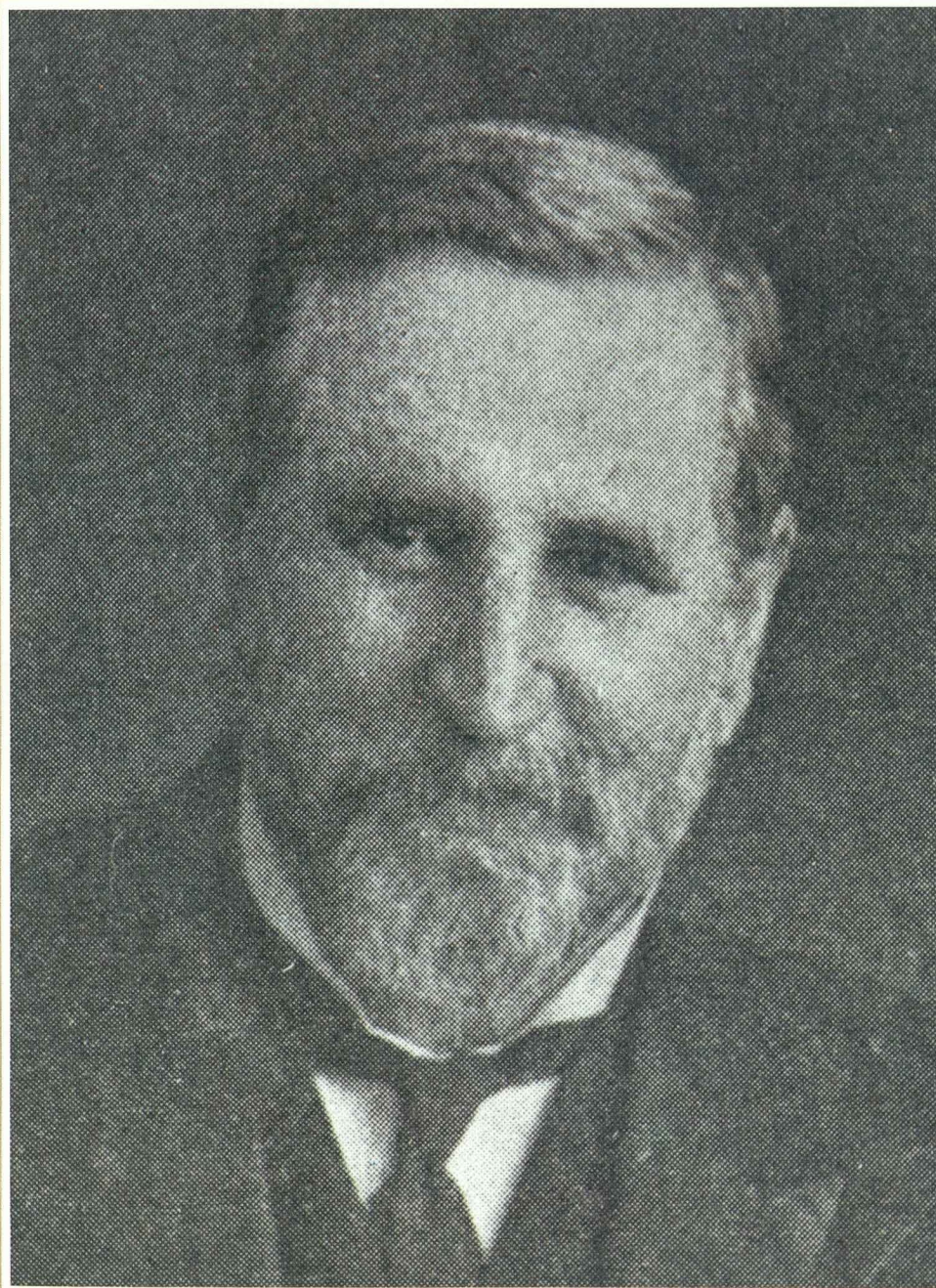
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The best hated man in New Guinea

Portrait of a man of zeal: Rev.
Frederick W. Walker

By Tony Austin



“**L**IKE Valerius he ‘loathes the wrong and upholds the right’ and is in consequence the best hated man in New Guinea — not even excepting myself”. So wrote colonial Papua’s Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. “He is a man of strong purpose, somewhat tenacious, and not too reticent”, read a report from his theological college. An “impetuous, impulsive man”, complained a missionary colleague. He lets “workshops obscure the cross”, accused another; and another noted he had an “incurable and really wasteful character”. On the contrary, praised yet another, he was “a lamb among wolves”.

And the man’s assessment of himself? “People say I have a constitution of iron; I feel I can do what perhaps another man ought not to do, and go where another man would have no right to go.”

This seemingly self-opinionated cleric with the uncommon capacity for arousing such passion both in his detractors and supporters was the Reverend Frederick William Walker . . . Fred Walker, pioneer missionary of the London Missionary Society (L.M.S.) in Papua and founder of Papua’s first commercial enterprise aimed at assisting Papuan people to become economically self-sufficient and thereby adjust to “modern, Western living”. A young Turk in the Society constantly at odds with his superiors, with his colleagues and with unscrupulous exploiters of the Papuan; but



utterly sincere, and almost successful in his enterprise.

Englishman Walker was born in 1860 in Hull, the son of a light-ship builder. As a youth he worked variously as deck hand, carpenter's labourer, apprentice iron-monger and cashier/book-keeper — a variety of occupations which said much about the character of the man.

While still only 17, Walker, inspired by the life and work of explorer David Livingstone, determined to become a missionary. Several years later he enrolled at the L.M.S.'s Chesnut College. There, amongst the grey majority of his peers, he found what was to be a life-long friend in Charles Abel, a man who became perhaps the best known and respected of all Papua New Guinea's pioneer missionaries.

Fred Walker arrived in British New Guinea (later Papua) in 1888. Posted to Milne Bay, he immediately established a workshop in the hope that he could start teaching villagers the arts of carpentry and joinery.

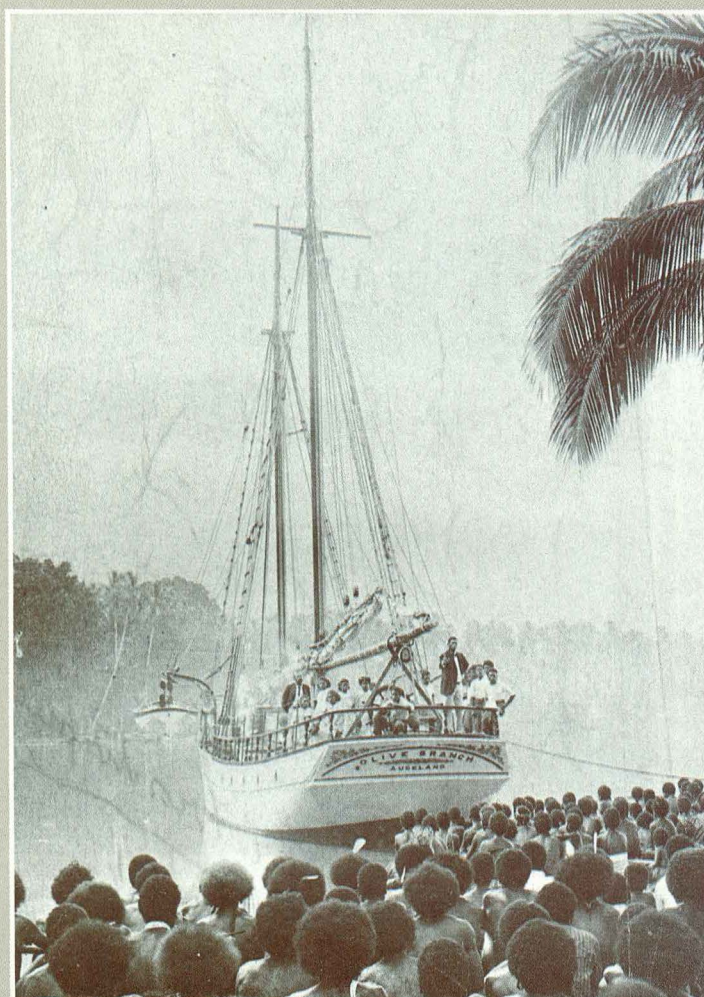
In 1890 Walker moved to the island of Kwato, near Samarai. There he met up again with

Charles Abel. Kwato in those days was dominated by an evil smelling swamp — a far cry from the tropical gem of today. The determination of the two men to drain the swamp and replace it with a cricket pitch was to catapult Walker into financial indebtedness to the L.M.S. and keep him there for 15 years.

Walker first resigned from the L.M.S. in 1895. Granted furlough, he agreed to spend part of it in New Zealand and to purchase for the Mission a new boat — critical to communication in a colony where roads were well-nigh non-existent and in an age when the Wright Brothers had never been heard of. Walker had once before been involved in a boat purchase for the Mission that had proven extremely expensive. So it was with the instruction that the cost of the boat was "under no circumstances to exceed £ 600" that he set sail for New Zealand.

The *Olive Branch* cost the L.M.S. £ 2000. It cost Fred Walker his job. Built though it was to specifications that provided missionaries with undreamt of comfort in their

Above: Walker's house at his first post, South Cape, Milne Bay; **below:** preaching from the *Olive Branch* in Milne Bay; **opposite page:** *Olive Branch* and crew



hazardous journeys, its cost could ill be afforded by the penurious Society. The outcry was such that Walker felt forced to resign.

His evangelical resolve affected not a bit, Walker shortly began work as a trader along the Papuan coast with his brother Charlie. Evangelising on the side, they soon incurred the animosity of other traders; they did not undercut their prices, but they refused to indulge in the sharp practices commonly carried out to the Papuans' cost. But profits remained small. Charlie's ill-health and a cyclone which destroyed two of their boats drove them to the edge of ruin.

Fortuitously, it was at this time that Walker's old friend Abel took leave. On Abel's recommendation, the L.M.S. appointed Walker to look after the Kwato station. And, on the strength of his work there, a forgiving L.M.S. invited him to re-join the Mission in 1901. Coincidentally, within weeks of his re-instatement, the *Olive Branch* was wrecked.

He would not remain with the Society for long. Walker had long been interested in the idea of establishing a Christian trading company such as existed in parts of colonial Africa. Evangelisation, he said, would become easier because people would associate themselves with the company for the purposes of material gain. So, not only would they become Christians, but their standard of living would also be improved. The matter came to a head when it was announced that the British New Guinea Syndicate was to be given permission to take up 250,000 acres of Papuan land at two shillings per acre for agriculture, pastoral and mining purposes. Walker was appalled. He predicted the imminent revival of the slave trade, describing the head of the syndicate as a man "of anything but good repute".

So it was that, in 1901, Fred Walker began to work on a scheme that would occupy his life for over two decades. He insisted that the only way Papuans could avoid being

exploited was through the "promotion of independent native enterprise and the creation of innumerable small peasant proprietors all along the coast . . ."

This was a time when missionaries of all denominations were very sensitive about accusations that they were competing with white entrepreneurs. Western European capitalism was at a peak, and with these same capitalists providing much of the finance necessary for missionary activities, it is not surprising that most missionaries behaved with some circumspection in their trading activities. Walker, of course, was not like most missionaries. He remained quite undaunted by the opposition to the scheme of his L.M.S. colleagues in Papua.

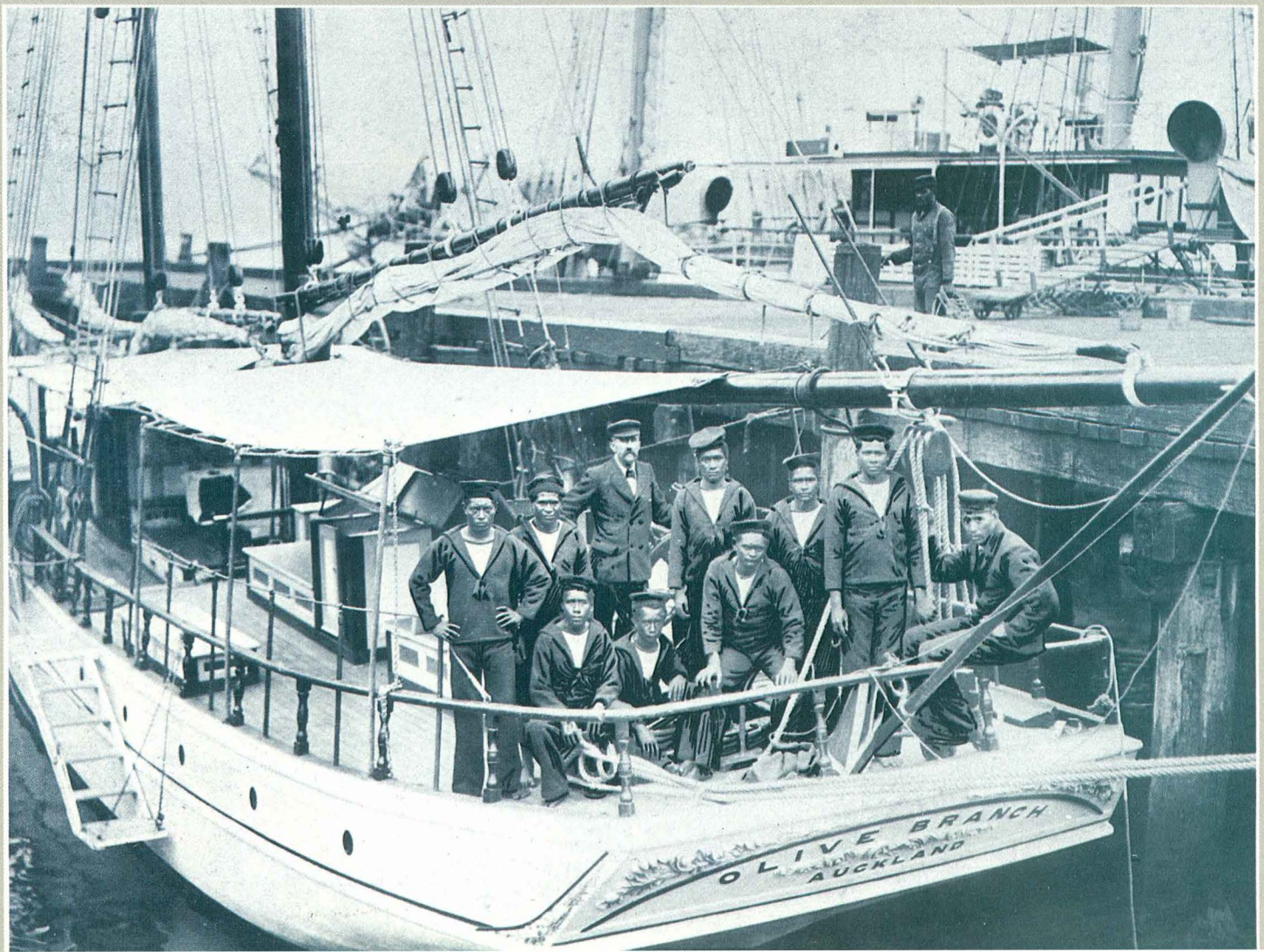
Walker won. In spite of the opposition from Papua, the charisma of the man was enough to sway the directors when he visited London to sell the idea. He was permitted to promote Papuan Industries Limited. The company would retain close links with the

L.M.S., but would be an independent enterprise.

The company was registered in 1904. A prospectus was sent to known Christian capitalists who subscribed some £24,000 of a total of £50,000 sought. It was made clear that huge profits could not be envisaged and restrictions were placed on the size of dividends that could be paid.

Within a year the company had leased its first block — 406 acres on the Torres Strait island of Badu. Torres Strait islands, rather than Papua itself, would provide the company's headquarters. Before long a number of properties ranging in size from 20 to 40 acres, were leased on the Binaturi River on the Papuan coast. By 1912 over 1200 acres had been leased in the Strait and along the West Papuan coast. Large numbers of coconut palms and some rubber had been planted.

Plantations take years to bear, let alone make a profit. So early money-making activities centred on trading and boat building, especially in Torres



Strait. Walker was keen to help Torres Islanders and Papuans establish their own fleets to exploit the beche de mer and pearl shell markets. Accordingly, the company's earliest ventures included the financing of locally-owned boats and purchasing their catches at fair prices — by 1906 in co-operation with the Queensland Government.

By the early 1920s some 20 Papuans working on the plantations had received training in agriculture — pest eradication, methods of planting, rubber tapping; they were expected eventually to return to their villages to teach others what they had learned. In fact, the Resident Magistrate in the Western Division reported a noticeable improvement in some of the new village plantations as a re-

sult of this training. However, plantation labourers with the company, though well fed and clothed, were not paid wages; which caused the Papuan Government to insist that the labour force be changed every three months. Notwithstanding the dearth of wages, for some five years in the early 1920s, an average of more than 50 Papuan labourers were employed each day on the plantations. Not inconsiderable amounts of rubber, sago and copra were exported during the same period.

In the Torres Strait there was evidence of considerable improvement in the material lives of the people. J.B. Freshwater, who had helped Walker establish P.I.L., was able to report in 1936: "Thirty years ago

the condition of the native islanders was deplorable. Today their whole status has been raised. They own excellent fishing boats and have large sums deposited with the Government. Also equally important, the whole moral and social environments have been greatly improved" (presumably his last point referred to their acceptance of Christianity!).

But this was written several years after the company's demise and a decade and a half after Walker himself had left.

Walker retired from the company in 1922 — tired, threatened with blindness, and unsuccessful in an attempt to raise more capital in England. He returned to Kwato to teach, and died there in 1926. His memory is worth more than the

bare patch of earth that marks his grave at Kwato.

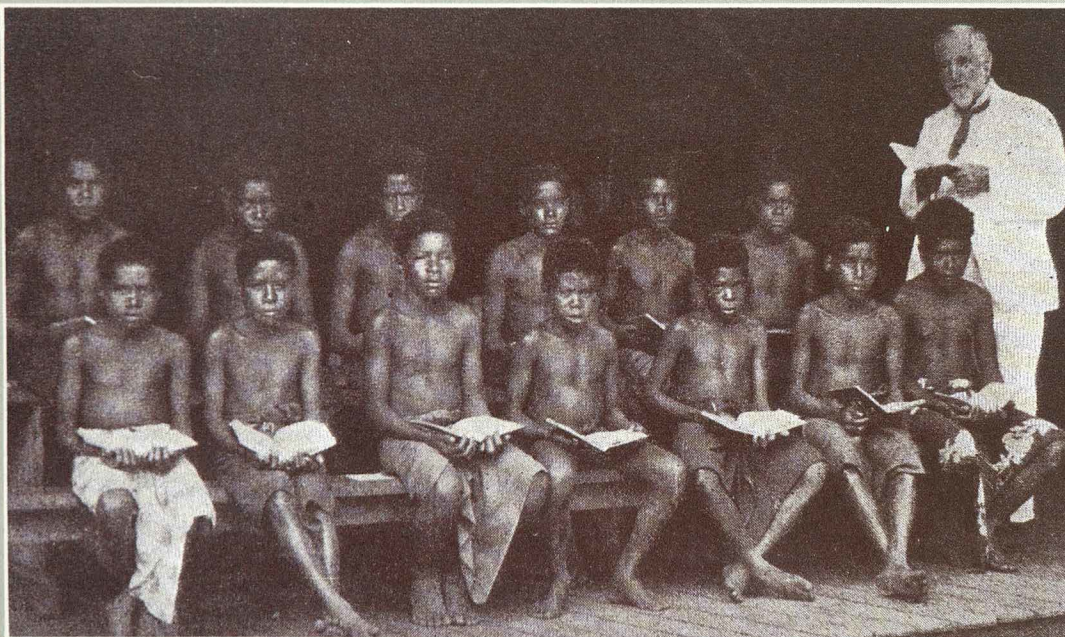
The company struggled on unprofitably for eight years after Fred Walker's death. In 1930 the Queensland Government took over the business from Torres Strait while the Unevangelised Fields Mission assumed control of the Papuan plantations.

Under-capitalised and managed by men who were missionaries first and businessmen second, the company always struggled. One of the prophets of company doom had described Walker as a "lamb among wolves" who, through his too trusting nature and limited business acumen, was bound to be taken advantage of by less scrupulous traders. The same man quoted a labour recruiter as saying, "A man cannot make a business out here if he is honest, that's where I think Walker will fail." So it proved. Papuan Industries never paid even the modest dividend it had forecast.

Furthermore, Papuans or Torres Strait Islanders seem never to have held better than lowly positions in the company's hierarchy. Nevertheless, Walker's was a genuine attempt to better the material lot of the people. A number of missionaries spoke of how the company had improved the people's lives — morally, spiritually and in terms of their self-esteem.

Walker's detractors notwithstanding, he was a man who commanded the respect of men like Lieutenant-Governor Sir William McGregor. Sir Hubert Murray regarded him as a close friend.

And, at least to the extent that the vision was admirable, so too was the visionary. ♣



Left: top, Rev. Walker and class at Kwato; bottom, a rest from swamp clearing at Kwato; above: coconut tree over the grave of Rev. Walker



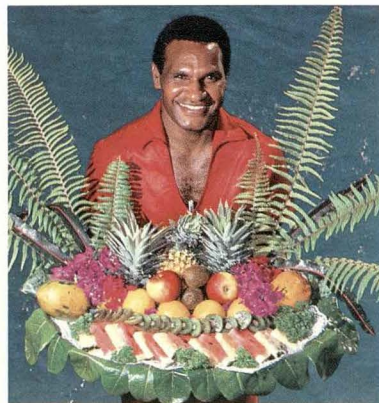
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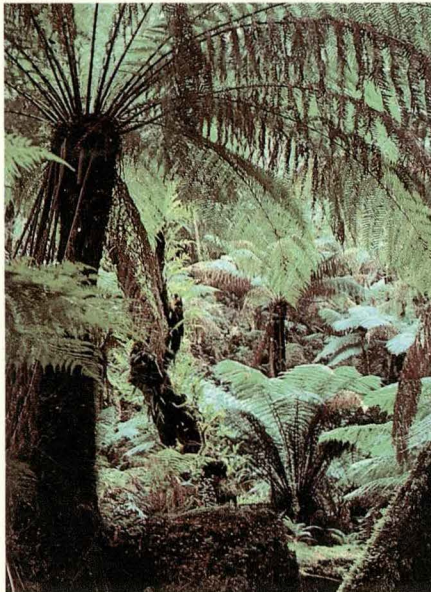
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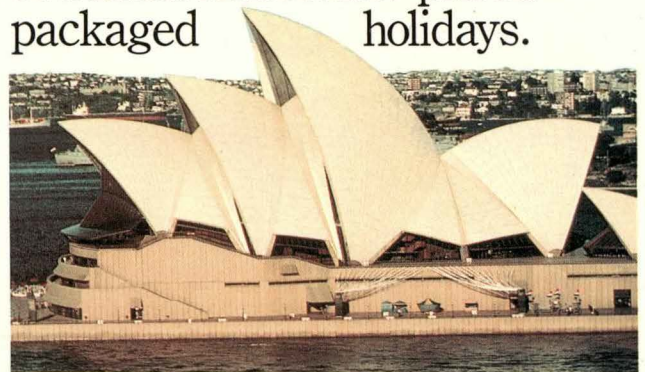
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