

# paradise

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# AIR NIUGINI



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Quality in Air Transport

# paradise

Welcome aboard

As Papua New Guinea's visitor attractions become better known and more and more people come to enjoy them, Port Moresby tends to be used as a quick stopover on the way to somewhere else in the country.

Even the city's many business visitors often fail to take advantage of the many facilities available, mainly through lack of knowledge.

But Port Moresby deserves more attention from visitors than it gets, and the article entitled 'Port Moresby — Look & Learn' in this issue will help introduce the visitor to many ways to thoroughly enjoy a stopover.

So read, look, learn — and enjoy!



J.J. Tauvasa  
General Manager, Air Niugini



**Above:** Mount Giluwe, in the Southern Highlands, makes an imposing spectacle. For a poetic insight into its origins, see page 20.

**Cover:** The event of the year in Port Moresby is the annual Show — three days of nonstop festivities, held every June. Pictured are the Waima dancers from Bereina. Photo by John Devereux. More delights of Port Moresby are to be found on page 23.

**Note:** Air Niugini recommends that passengers do not use portable "walkman" style headphones whilst on board. As these headphones are not connected to the aircraft's public address system, their users may fail to hear important on-board safety announcements made by the flight crew.

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# SYDNEY

## the 'dinkum' melting pot

By Tim Griggs

**A**s a migrant Pom in Sydney, I took a stroll down Pitt Street to get the feel of the place.

I called into a coffee-bar. In the corner, a group of animated men with large moustaches were discussing the End of the World as We Know It (or it may have been the football scores) in a language I didn't even recognise, much less understand.

On leaving, I made my way round a file of chanting Hare Krishna devotees robed in saffron, and found a fruit stand where I bought my daily intake of Vitamin C from a Uruguayan vendor.

Down in Martin Place a Korean jazzband was playing in the open air to a lunchtime crowd. This put me in the mood for entertainment and I

bought a paper to find out what else was on in town: The newspaper kiosk was half-buried under racks of magazines and papers in every language from Polish to Japanese. The grizzled ancient who sold them — face sand-blasted out of granite and voice to match — turned out to be Estonian.

I took a taxi down to the Rocks, the heart of old Sydney,



intending to find a quiet bar where I could read my paper and plan my next move. The taxi-driver was Californian; the barman was German; the waitress a stunning Filipina; and in the corner two trim office girls were chatting in Cantonese.

I opened the paper. On one page along it was advertising Malaysian, Indonesian, Swiss, French, Japanese, Greek, Mexican and Chinese restaurants. Not a mention anywhere of beef, damper or witchetty grubs.

I followed this up later with a check through the restaurant section of Sydney's Yellow Pages directory, and found the cuisine of 43 different cultures represented. Among these were Arabian, Balinese, Mongolian, Sri Lankan, Scandinavian, and some formidable combinations like Australian-Italian.

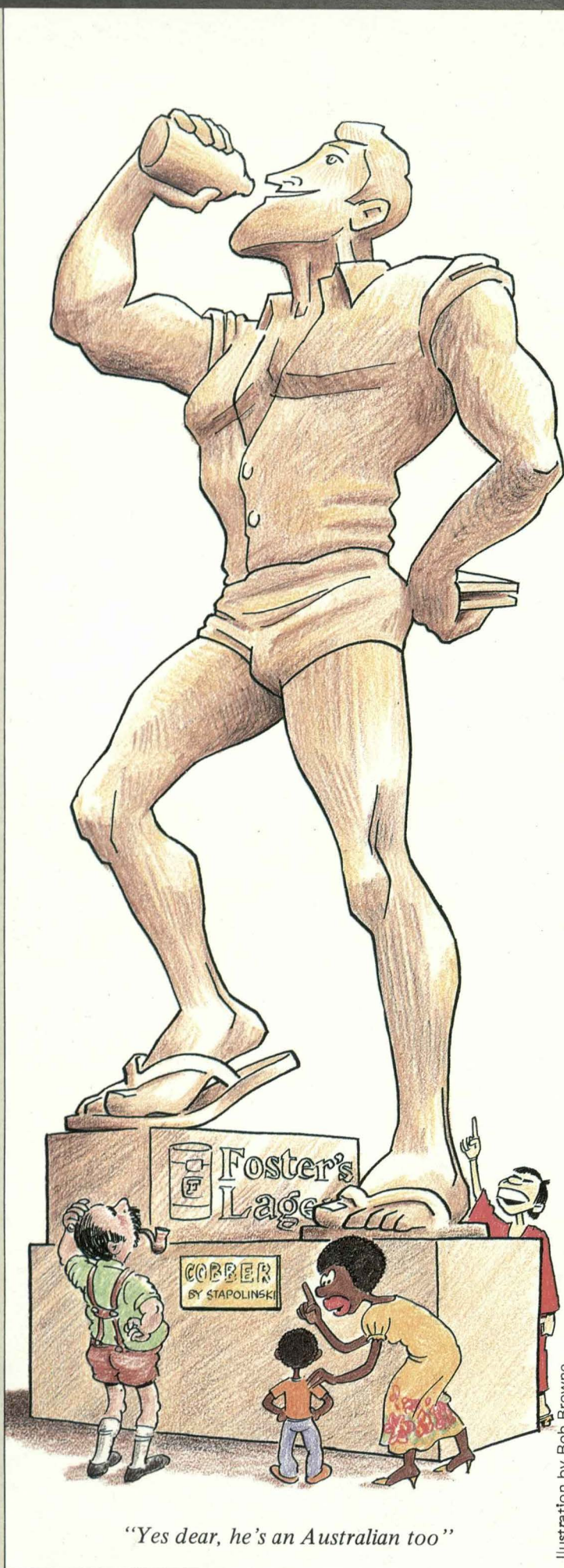
Back to the newspaper. Flip a page and there's a gypsy cure for indigestion, notice of an upcoming season of Japanese films, and adverts for half-a-dozen martial arts academies, which will teach you how to kick people in the ear in Korean.

Another page-turn and you are being invited to have your fetishes catered for by exotic ladies from far away (presumably the farther the better) and to have your bondage fantasies dealt with by Hawaiian beauties; all credit cards welcome.

It began to dawn on me that this city of three million people, always a vigorous and exciting place to be, was rapidly developing into something very much more than that. With nearly a million Sydneysiders coming from overseas, the tapestry of the city's life is taking on a richness unmatched anywhere in the world.

Some communities, of course, have had their roots down in Australia for years. Sydney has one of the largest Greek populations outside Athens. Greeks — together with Italians and other European groups — have long been making their contribution to the diversity of Sydney life: just have a look at the delicatessens and pizzerias.

The Chinese too, with their infallible nose for business,



"Yes dear, he's an Australian too"

have roots in Australia going back to the goldrush of the 1850s. Sydney has its Chinatown, naturally, but then every hamlet bigger than Tollpuddle-in-the-Mire has one of those.

No, it is not the presence of people with these cultural backgrounds which is surprising. What is new is the sudden influx of a colourful tide of new migrants from Asia, South America and the Pacific Islands, among other places.

The caricature Anglo-Saxon Aussie — bronzed, seven feet tall, cracking stubbies, eating Vegemite sandwiches and smelling faintly of sheep — may never have existed at all. Certainly he is not to be found in Sydney, where an Australian citizen might very well be only five-feet-two, practise Buddhism and speak Vietnamese in his moments of relaxation.

Make no mistake, taken overall Australia is still an Anglo-Saxon nation; about a third of all migrants still come from the UK or Eire. What is extraordinary is that two-thirds do not.

The reasons for this are complex. Top of the list is the collapse of the White Australia policy, which crumbled throughout the seventies. This collapse was itself a recognition of Australia's move towards Asia as the obvious economic area to which it should be allied, just as Britain was turning towards Europe. Australia was involved in the Vietnam War, which Britain was not, and Australia's economy was booming, which Britain's (emphatically) was not. Entry requirements were tightened in both directions, and eased between Australia and Asia.

Quite suddenly, Australia began to see itself as an Asian-Pacific nation and not — definitely not! — as some latter-day outpost of Empire. Britain was no longer 'home' to Australians, even those who had been born there.

Now this hasn't come about without a certain personality crisis for Australia. Many Aussies cling stubbornly to the old ties. The British Royal Family gets massive coverage in the press, for example; which must confuse newcomers from Para-

Illustration by Bob Browne



only smoothly, but with remarkable enthusiasm. In the old days (which means about 10 years ago) the general attitude to migrants who didn't speak English was that they were welcome enough if they were worth their salt — but they'd better get down to learning our language and our values as fast as possible.

"Now, if a kid speaks a language other than English we think of him as advantaged," says Paul Whelan, senior education officer in the Multicultural Centre of New South Wales' Department of Education. "We want him to develop that skill. And we want other kinds to have access to it too."

That's why, largely thanks to government support, you can eavesdrop on a Sydney classroom and hear primary school children learning Serbian, Maltese and Macedonian; Punjabi, Hakka and Indonesian; Korean, Slovenian and Arabic.

Telecom offers a phone-in interpreter service which seems to cover every language from Apache to Irish Gaelic (well, from Polish to Vietnamese, anyway). The government-funded

*Signs of the times: the ethnic visual presence makes a colourful impact on the changing urban scene*



guay and Thailand. And I once got into trouble for describing myself as a foreigner.

"Foreigner?" exclaimed one elderly gentleman, "I held the king's commission, young man. If you're a foreigner, what does that make me?"

I couldn't tell him.

The fact remains that the birth of cosmopolitan Sydney has in general gone ahead not



Left: one of the many ethnic restaurants in Sydney, this one is Lebanese; above: newsagent Frank Mathias does a brisk trade in foreign newspapers. In his shop alone there are papers in at least ten languages

Special Broadcasting Service puts out an ethnic radio station in Sydney which broadcasts in 53 languages, and a multicultural TV channel which has films, features and news from all over the world.

"Let's face it," says Paul Whelan, "if we aren't Aboriginal, we're all migrants — whether first generation or seventh."

Where there's language, there's culture. Even the most casual visitor to Sydney is unfortunate if he doesn't stumble across some ethnic event or other. Every week or so something is happening.

Maybe the Chinese are having a dragon dance to welcome their New Year. Or the Greek community will take over a Sydney park, and at the drop of a bazouki will be handing out the dolmades. If it's October, the Germans will be found staging an Oktoberfest complete with steins and lederhosen. Or if it's August, Sydney's 10,000 or so Hungarians will gather to celebrate St Stephen's Day, when they say nice things about freedom and nasty things about Russians. The Latin American Cultural Cooperative might be getting a few amigos together for a swift fiesta, as they did recently for their Festival del Sol. There are scores of community cultural groups in Sydney. Large-scale multicultural extravaganzas are becoming a regular feature of Sydney's life too.

In June each year the Shell National Folkloric Festival brings together hundreds of ethnic groups for days of dance

and song at the Opera House. Many of the groups rehearse all year for the event. The Festival of Sydney includes an increasing number of multicultural elements every year. And the State Premier's Department coordinates an annual statewide spectacular called Carnivale which features parades, dances, fairs, film, theatre and all sorts of other junketing in the streets and parks — much of it in Sydney itself. "You would have to go to an Israeli kibbutz to find as many people from as many different cultures grouped together in one place as you will find today in Sydney," says Carnivale organiser Joan Simms. "I doubt if even the big American cities can claim the same kind of mix."

Another government officer puts it this way: "If we can get to the point where everyone, no matter what his background, knows he is welcome and knows he can make a contribution, then we will be making Sydney into the kind of place that I at least would like to stay in for the rest of my life."

Fings definitely ain't what they used to be in Sydney, clobber. They're a darn sight better.

*Air Niugini flies from Port Moresby to Sydney 3 times every week.*



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# Banking PNG Style

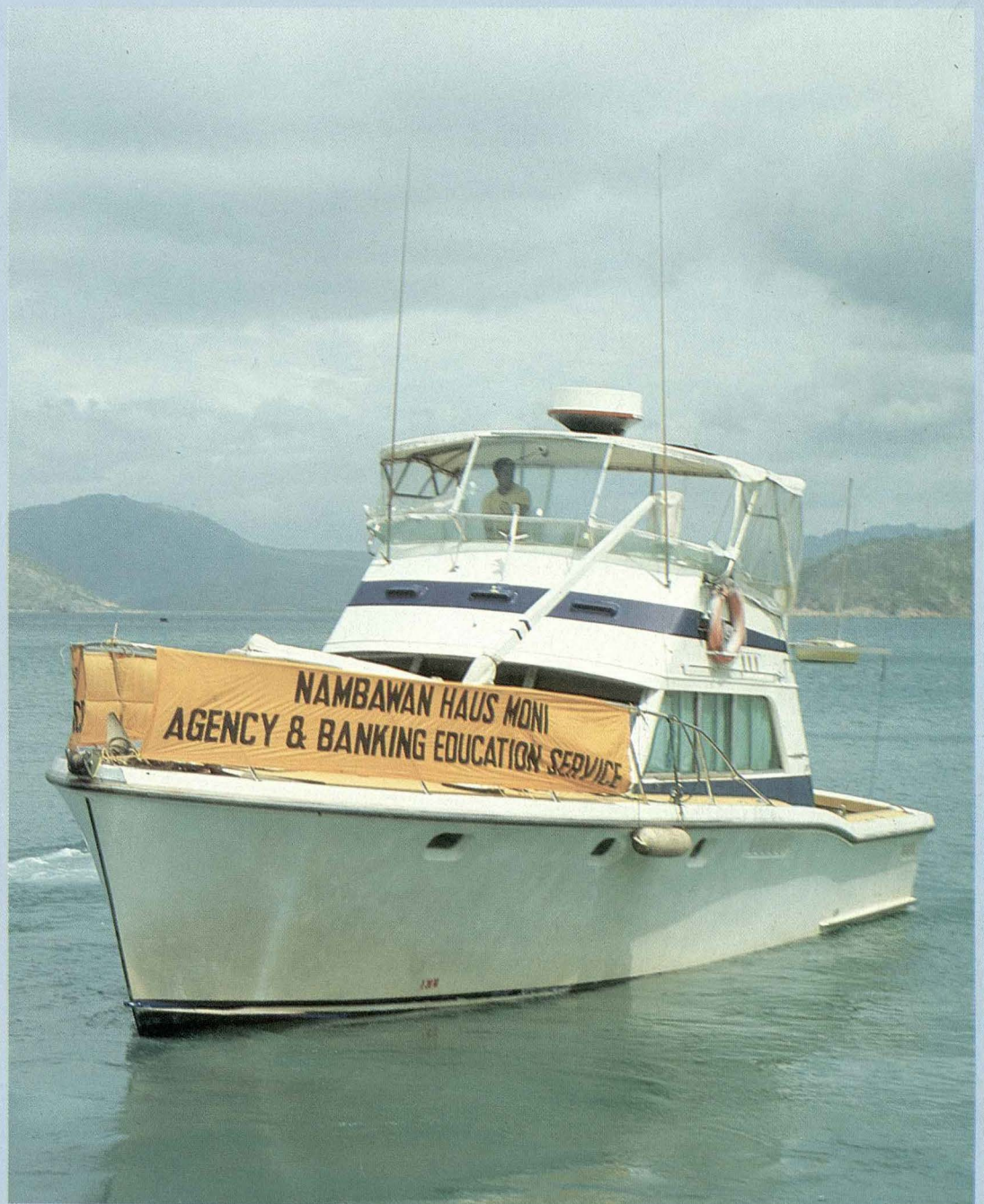
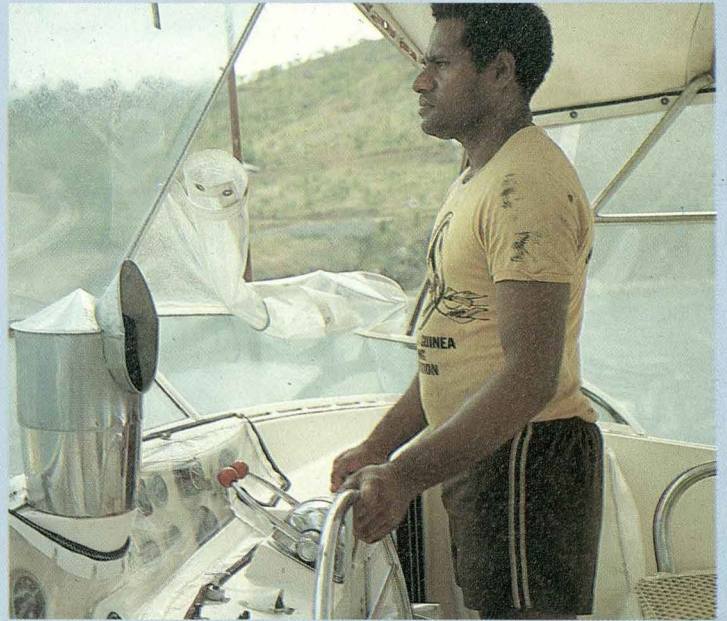
By Damian Richards

**W**HEN independence was granted to Papua New Guinea in 1975, the Papua New Guinea Banking Corporation was formed from the Australian Commonwealth Banking Corporation. It immediately became the country's largest bank and its Charter called for it "to ensure that its policies are directed to the greatest advantage of the people of Papua New Guinea". Implementing these words wasn't easy.

Papua New Guinea is a land comprising of thousands of kilometres of coastline, both along the mainland and the far flung islands of the Bismark Archipelago, and mountainous terrain on the mainland. How to reach the villages and towns scattered among them had the bank's officers scratching their heads.

The decision was made to attack the problem of the mainland first. In the late 1970s the PNGBC conducted tours in the Highlands region, using a four-wheel-drive vehicle, each tour usually lasting four to six weeks. The vehicles penetrated deep into inaccessible areas where two specially trained officers showed how it was possible to introduce banking education regardless of the poor road network where torrential flooding could wipe out stretches of roads in minutes.

While these tours were being undertaken, considerable thought was being given to the problem of servicing the coastal



areas where, like the Highlands, the villages had little or no understanding of the banking system. There was only one way for the bank to meet these needs: In February of 1980 approval was given for the purchase of a suitable motor vessel. One was found in Sydney — a 13 metre motor cruiser built in 1973 by Halvarsen Morson and Gowland.

For the men who had made the decision to purchase *Nambawan*, as the vessel was named, the obligations of the Charter were well on the way to being met. Those frightening logistics of the early days where lesser people would have pushed the relevant sections of the Charter into the too hard file had at last become reality.

The rationale behind the purchase was that Papua New Guinea was a new nation and

the people needed guidance on what money and the banking system meant to them. It was necessary to explain the inter-relationship of the individual, the village and the country in financial terms. In many cases it was necessary to explain that money wasn't something to be collected and buried in the ground.

The first *Nambawan* undertook four voyages calling on 47 points en route where the specially trained officers brought banking education to an audience of 7460 Papua New Guineans. Having proved the viability of reaching the people by sea it was decided to replace the original *Nambawan* with a vessel designed specifically for the bank's needs which included a shallow draft for navigation of inland waterways, extended periods at sea and a high stand-

ard of accommodation for crew. Eventually it was decided to purchase a Grand Banks 42 which was well known for its seaworthiness.

In March 1982 the new *Nambawan* was commissioned and since then she has visited 54 points on her voyages and introduced banking to more than 30,000 people. The new *Nambawan*, in fact, reached more villages and people in its first six months of operation than did the original *Nambawan* in its two years of service. On its latest trip it had 30 points of call and some 15,000 people were introduced to banking. Villages sometimes had up to a thousand people at the presentation.

The crew, a skipper and three banking education officers, all Papua New Guineans, need to be resourceful. On a

recent trip to the Trobriand Islands a stainless steel rod in the heat exchanger broke through corrosion. Using some lateral thinking, the skipper managed to find a local engineer and together they manufactured a brass rod which held until the *Nambawan* returned to Port Moresby.

Crew also participate in one of Papua New Guinea's favourite past-times, fishing. It not only supplements the diet but provides some light relief on the long sea legs around the islands. Sometimes the crew get more than they bargain — once for a 120lb sailfish was unexpectedly hooked. After some exciting angling it was eventually landed.

The function of both *Nambawan* and the off-road vehicle is not to open accounts, take deposits or check savings



accounts. Their task is entirely educational, which means of course that the services are non-profit making. The specially trained staff carry with them films (and a portable generator), pamphlets and other educational aids which are set up at the village. Over a two to three hour session the concept of banking is explained.

Over the years the detail of the presentation has been developed to take into account the level of awareness factor of the villagers in order to ensure the points made are understood. The presentation has to be flexible. The officers are frequently faced with villagers whose main language is their *ples tok* ("place talk") — the dialect of their particular area.

To overcome this, the presentations are usually conducted in Pidgin and are designed to

educate through participation.

The two basic principles underlying the programme are the need to bring knowledge and understanding of the banking system to all Papua New Guineans and to show people that money can be invested safely and wisely within the banking system.

The isolated dweller has been reached and the Charter obligations fulfilled in real Papua New Guinean fashion. 🐾



# THE BEER OF PARADISE



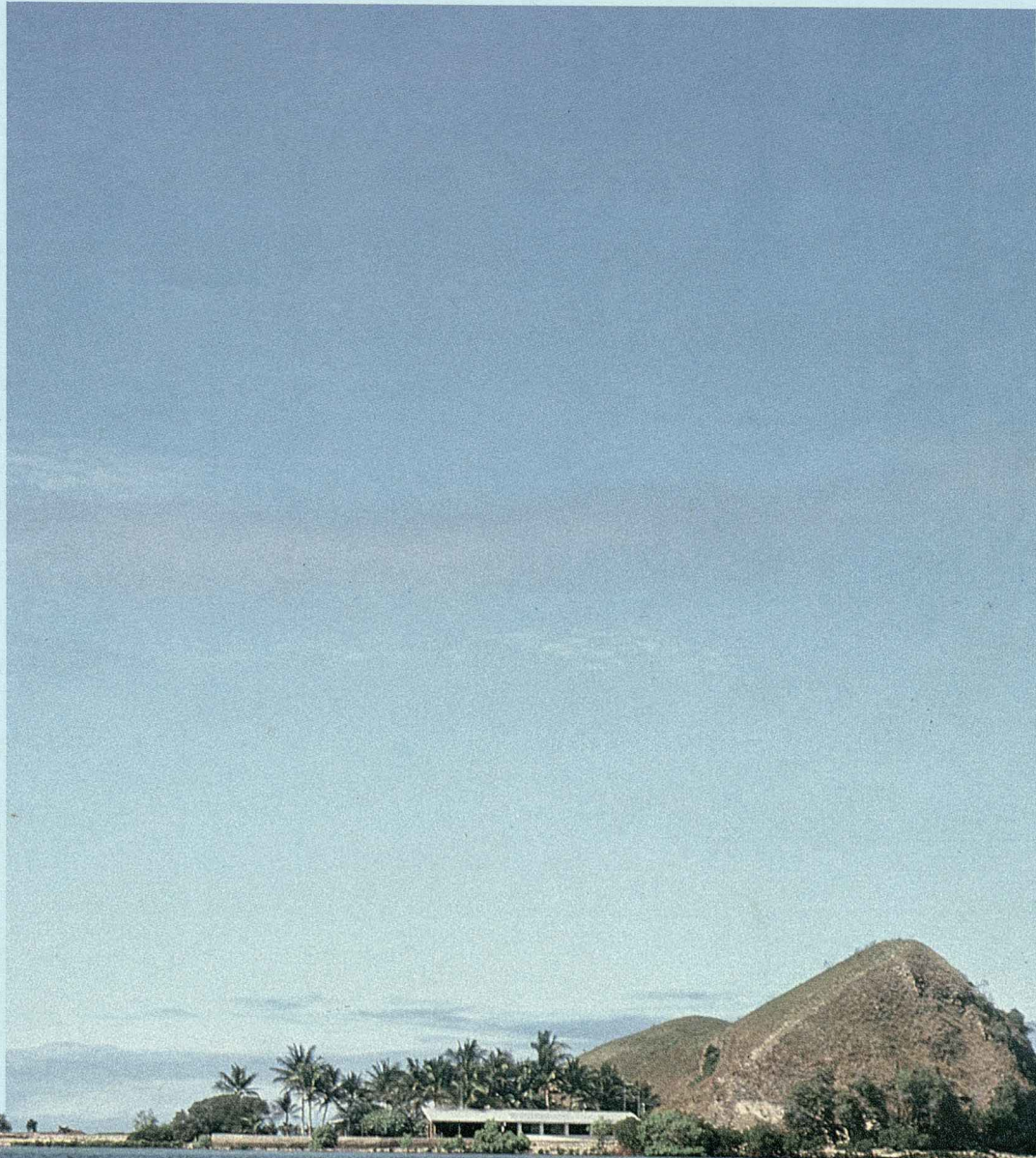
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Story by Angwi Hriehwazi, photos by John Gough

# From Battlefield to Peaceful Haven



**F**ROM a battle-bound island once roamed by blood-thirsty natives and haunted by spirits of the dead, Loloata Island has become one of Papua New Guinea's main tourist resorts.

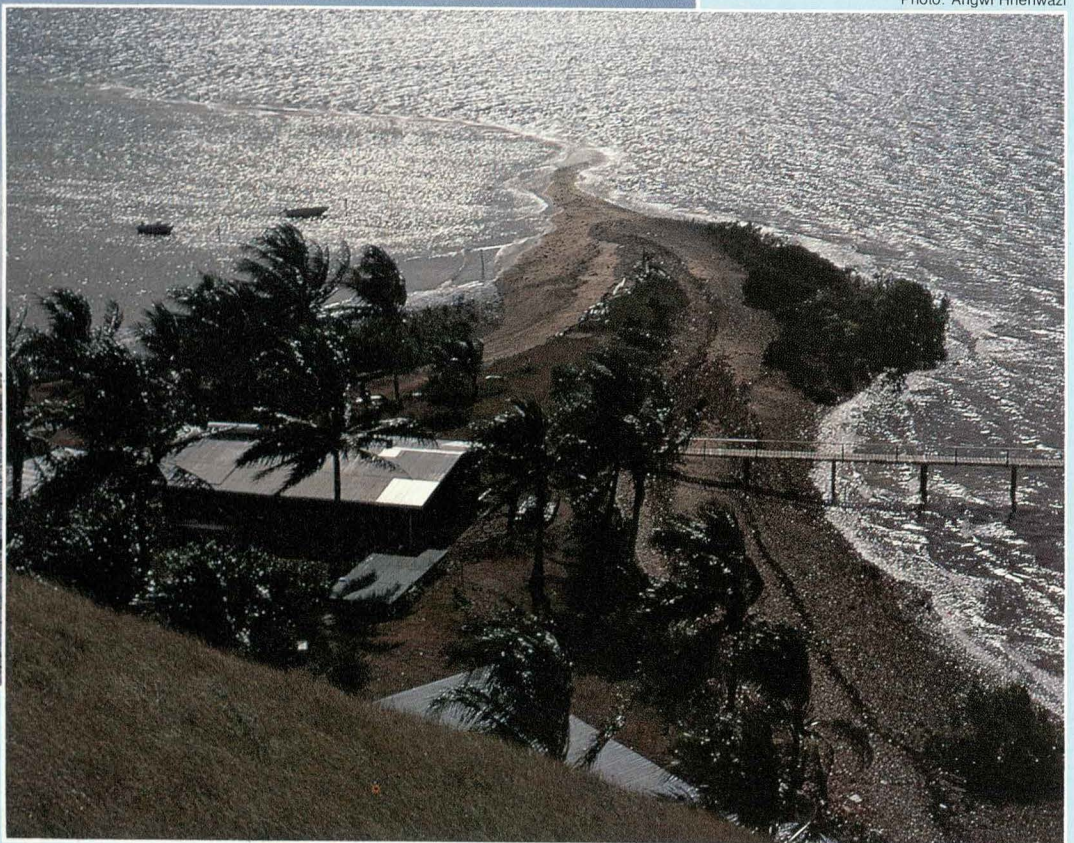
Today, apart from water sports, its chief attraction is the peace of its coral sea setting.

It is promoted as a stop-over for people leaving and entering Papua New Guinea, and is used as a retreat, for conferences and seminars.

But its present holiday atmosphere belies the violent history of the place.

Long before the arrival of the white man, warring natives

used to converge on the island for traditional warfare. If there was any row over the fishing waters or hunting and gardening land, the disputing clans of the Tubusereia village declared war on each other then fought it out on Loloata Island. The victorious clan then claimed ownership over the disputed



**Top:** the beach at Lion Island;  
**centre:** the twin-hulled ferry used to  
take visitors to the island; **right:**  
view of the resort from the hill

area.

That was why the island was named Loloata. It simply means a "fighting ground." Another variation is "an island of one hill", because of its geographical setting.

Besides being a fighting ground, the island was also used as a feasting spot for the local people who lived on the surrounding coast.

But soon after the missionaries arrived at the Tubuseria village, many years ago, the people abandoned the island. The younger generation attended schools in Port Moresby and did not have the time, nor the inclination, to continue the island's famous activities.

Today, the island is owned and operated by Loloata Island Resort Pty Ltd, which is 55 per cent owned by nationals. The island's main house was built in the early 1960s by an Australian as a private residence and a guest house. In 1977, seven nationals from Milne Bay and Gulf provinces bought it and converted it into a resort.

Loloata is located in Bootless Bay, 24km south-east of Port Moresby. A 20-minute drive along the Magi Highway from Six Mile, Port Moresby, brings you to a right turn off to the Tahira Boating Centre. There

Photo: Angwi Hriehwazi



a contract ferry operator, Mr Roy Pryor, takes tourists across a two-kilometre stretch of water to the island.

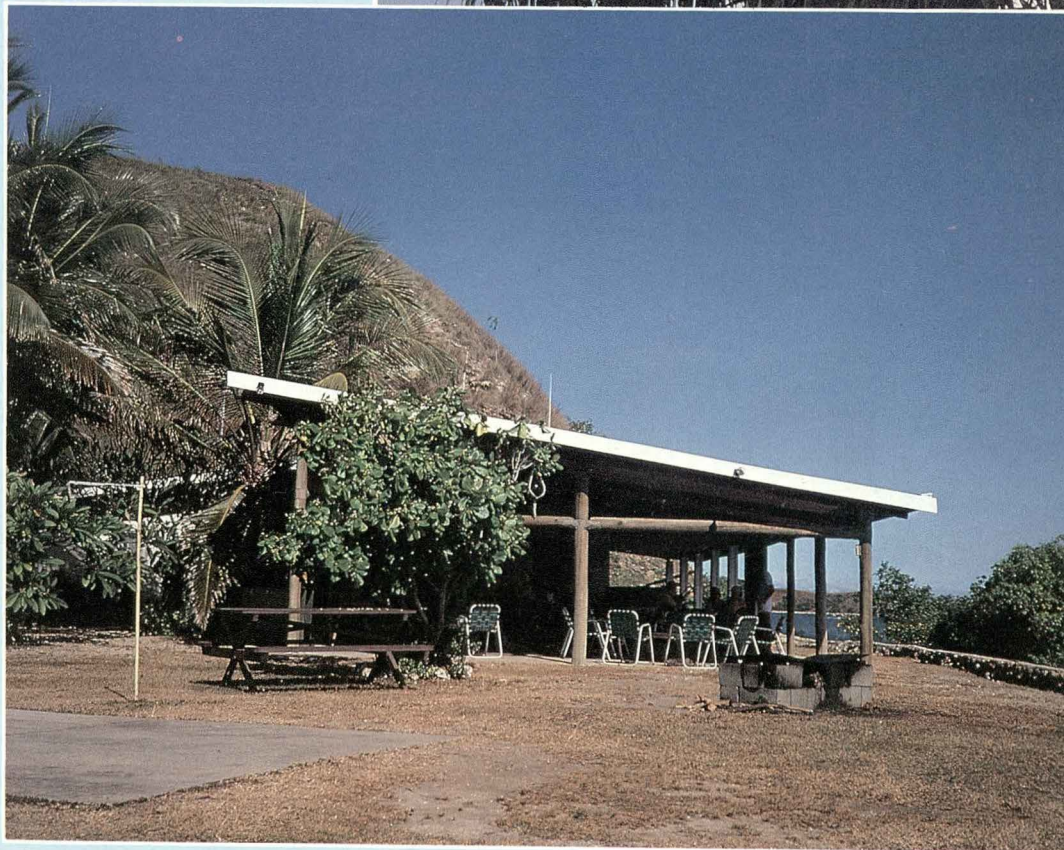
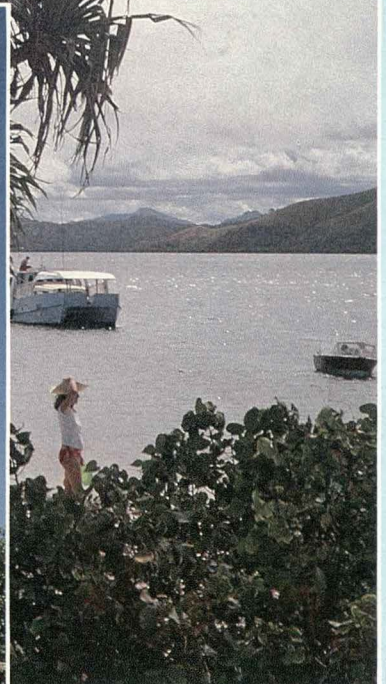
Anybody who has been this far already will wonder who owns the small white house built on stilts in the middle of deep waters of Bootless Bay, It belongs to "Boge" an aging man with sunken cheeks who sits midway across the jetty sucking his tobacco wrapped from newspaper and greets passers-by with a toothless grin before helping them on to the ferry.

"Work here is not operational without the help of Boge," Mr Pryor said. "He's been here for 11 years and he knows his task very well."

Boge operates a small canoe which he uses to carry visitors and their gear to and from their boats.

Once on Loloata Island, the outside world and its stresses slip away in the peaceful atmosphere and the breath-taking wonders of the island's coral-surrounded setting.

Water sports are the main recreation. ". . . a swim before breakfast then diving, snorkelling, perhaps a walk around or over the island with a swim at the West Beach, fishing, canoeing or just loafing under the



*Top: Pandanus palms sway gently on Lion Island; centre: view from Lion Island; left: volleyball court, barbecue and patio at Loloata*

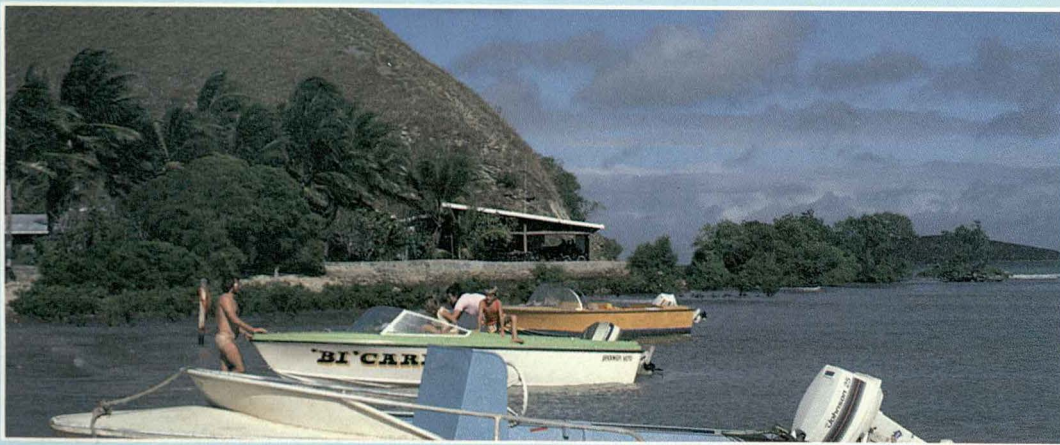
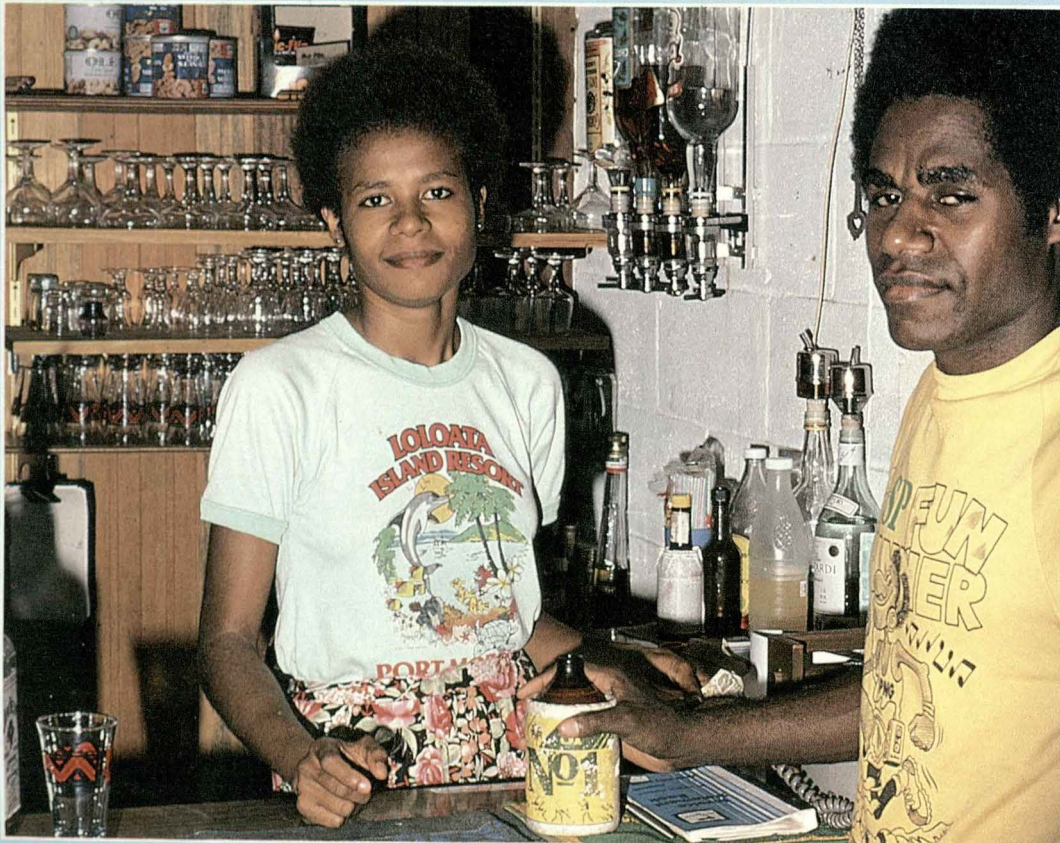


Photo: Angwi Hriehwazi



palms," says a tourist brochure.

Evenings can be spent by a barbecue out by the seawall. For the energetic there is volleyball and deck tennis on the patio and darts on the verandah.

According to the resort manager, Mr Dik Knight, video has been omitted from the entertainment programme "because we feel people come here to spend time outdoors."

Scuba diving trips are made available only by prior arrangement. If visitors want to learn this sport, courses and qualified diving instructors can be made available.

The resort's accommodation is located at the northern end of the one-kilometre long hill. The nine twin-bed rooms are fringed by coconut trees on the water's edge and, naturally enough, meals are taken on the verandah. A bar is inside the main building.

"There are virtually no marine dangers in the area, though we suggest you do not touch any of the animal or plant life . . . especially live shells. We like to maintain the fish and reef life in its present form," says Dik.

For those who like spear fishing, trips are arranged to those areas where fish life is not affected.

On a busy Sunday, the island caters for up to 90 people. And apart from Dik, the resort is run by a working party of three girls and four boys — all grade six dropouts. Their lack of education is no impediment to their enthusiasm. They have learned a lot and are very honest and reliable, says Dik.

The girls have been taught the daily functioning of a hotel and the boys basic maintenance and management skills. In its own way, the resort provides a good training programme for school leavers; one has gone to a Port Moresby international hotel while another found a job as a diesel mechanic! 🐾

**Top:** Lion Island is a great place for snorkelling; **centre:** boat trips for fishermen are easily arranged; **left:** take your pick from the refreshments at the bar

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# A Tale of Two

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by **Linda Harvey Kelley**

Let me tell you a tale of Mountains Two  
Mount Giluwe and Ialibu  
Friends — good friends, both tried and true,  
Giluwe Mountain and Ialibu

Friends they were; that's at one time  
'Twas long ago, before the crime.  
Ialibu was young and in his prime  
Long ago, and once upon a time.

Friends they were, so they planned a feast,  
"You do the cooking, My Dear, at least  
While I go and hunt the wild beast."  
Said Ialibu as they planned their feast.

"There's possum, dog, and fruit bat too,"  
Said Giluwe to Ialibu.  
"Meat enough here; no need to stew."  
"Let's start right now. Please, Ialibu?"

"No, no, my Friend, we need a big bird.  
"I hunt the Cassowary, have you heard?  
"A feast without cassowary is absurd!  
"I'm Prince of Hunters of that big bird!"

He puffed out his chest; he went for his bow,  
And Giluwe smiled as she bent low  
To gather the stones, for the mumu, so,  
And the firewood, and the ferns, you know.

Kaukau's all peeled and bananas too  
And still she waited for Ialibu.  
She heated the stones till they popped and blew,  
And still no sign of Ialibu.

"The Prince of Hunters takes long," she said.  
"Everything's ready so I'll go ahead."  
"These animals here be too long dead."  
And the vegetables were 'round her spread.

Her pit was dug, and lined just so,  
She lifted her tongs, "now in you go,  
"You red hot stones, don't fall on my toe!  
"I must get this right for my Princely Beau!"

The mumu was in, and covered too,  
And still she waited for Ialibu.  
She waited long, till tired she grew,  
Then she lay down to sleep for an hour or two.

An hour or two, then three, then four!  
At last she decided to wait no more.  
"Perhaps he's been killed by the wild boar  
"And will return to me no more!"

---

# o Mountains

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She opened her pit and ate the food  
While it was steaming, hot and good,  
Satiated, full, in a pleasant mood,  
She laid back to rest, and there he stood!

You know how angry a fellow can be  
When he is tired and very hungry?  
He feels so bad he could chew a tree.  
So he took his knife to Giluwe.

Hack! Hack! Hack! "I'll hack your back!"  
The dreadful chops fell her on the track.  
Still he continued to slash and thwack.  
It's a wonder she survived that awful attack!

Then she reached out a comely arm  
With surprising strength to do him harm.  
She gave a great push, nearly made him disarm  
A mighty shove that caused him alarm,

For it twisted his torso around to one side  
Now he leans away from her, mortified,  
He cannot now reach his would-be bride.  
She has wounded her Prince and hurt his pride.

She lies sprawled out, in terrible despair,  
Her back is jagged, scarred beyond repair.  
While his head's averted, with offended air.  
'Twas a drastic end to a lovely affair.

Enemies they are, and will remain,  
And I have a warning. Let me make it plain.  
Don't speak Ialibu's name, Refrain!  
When you go to hunt on Giluwe terrain.

If you don't refrain from saying Ialibu  
The Spirit of the Mountain will devour you!  
So restrain yourself, and give her, her due,  
Never mention in her hearing, Ialibu

Likewise, should you hunt on the Mountain Prince  
Since their friendship has broken, ever since,  
Don't dare to mention her name or province,  
Or he will turn you into mince!

Ialibu stands there, leaning away  
From Giluwe who lies, wounded back on display.  
Come and observe the awesome outlay  
And remember the Battle of Yesterday.

The End

*Based on an ImboUngu Legend,  
told to the writer in her childhood (about 1960).*



## See Papua New Guinea with Douglas Airways

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# Port Moresby: LOOK



## & LEARN

by Colin Clarke

*Looking out towards Port Moresby from Varirata National Park*

**T**HE man in the bar of the Travelodge was an overseas visitor, a businessman, who had visited Papua New Guinea on many previous occasions. In stentorian tones he proclaimed that Port Moresby was boring, absolutely boring.

I took umbrage at the remark. After 750 days in the city, I told him, I thought I was better qualified to comment than was he.

"Sogeri", I fired at him, "Varirata, Moitaka, Koki, Brown River".

"What?" He looked pained.

I wasn't surprised.

"Haven't you visited them yet?"

The look on his face answered.

And so began a lecture which brought home not only to our visitor but to the other local residents at the bar just how much there is to do in Port Moresby.

"I admit Port Moresby's not Sydney or Hong Kong, but it does have a character of its own", I told the visitor.

"Okay," he admitted, I agree

with that. But what are these names you threw at me?"

Sogeri, I explained is some thirty kilometres from Port Moresby set in the Astrolabe Range. The climate is cool, the grass green and the views superb. It is an area where much of the foodstuffs which find their way into the city are grown. Adjacent to Sogeri is Varirata National Park, a peaceful area established for the people of Papua New Guinea to enjoy barbecues, picnicking or bush walking, and where, if you ar-

rive early enough in the morning, Birds of Paradise can be seen in the trees.

"And about 15 kilometres further along the same road to Sogeri and Varirata you'll find Crystal Rapids, where the water cascades over rocky waterfalls and is cool all year round".

I reminded the visitor that rental cars were always available. Brown River is, as the name suggests, another spot worth driving to for a swim on a hot summer's day and could be found, I told him, on any map of Port Moresby and its



environs. "But what of the city", he insisted, "you must admit that's dull!"

"On the contrary", I responded. "You look fit enough to try wind-surfing. Why not take a walk down to Ela Beach tomorrow and hire a board — they're cheap and available and you'll find plenty of people prepared to help you learn.

"And if you'd rather watch sport than participate, there's always the greatest game of all to watch".

He smiled cynically "I don't like rugby union or soccer", he said victoriously.

"I wasn't thinking of these, though they're popular. To the players of any type of football their code's always the greatest. Rugby League is played every Sunday in the season and draws big crowds, as does Australian Rules".

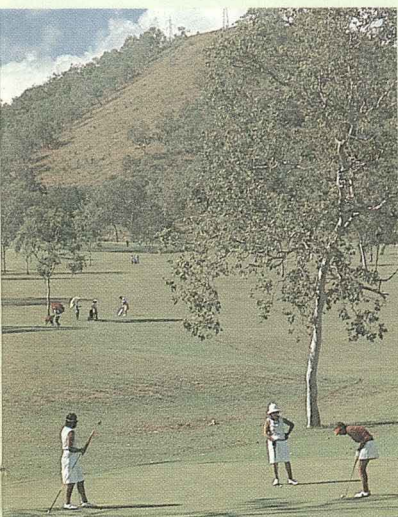
"I'm from Melbourne", he said as if that answered everything.

"Then you'll appreciate the Yacht Club", I remarked, although the relevance was doubtful. "It's the repose of a peculiar breed of very amiable people. It's a private club, but a phone call to the manager or

**Above:** Rouna Falls are a spectacle, especially in the wet season; **above right:** a troupe of Raggiana Birds of Paradise perform their displays high in the forest canopy of Varirata National Park; **below:** windsurfing is the 'in' thing for Port Moresbyites, and Ela Beach is the ideal place to try it







commodore is all you need to have a member sign you in. You can have a beer, view the harbour and enjoy an excellent lunch or dinner, any day except Sunday.”

Our visitor tried to interrupt but I was in full charge now.

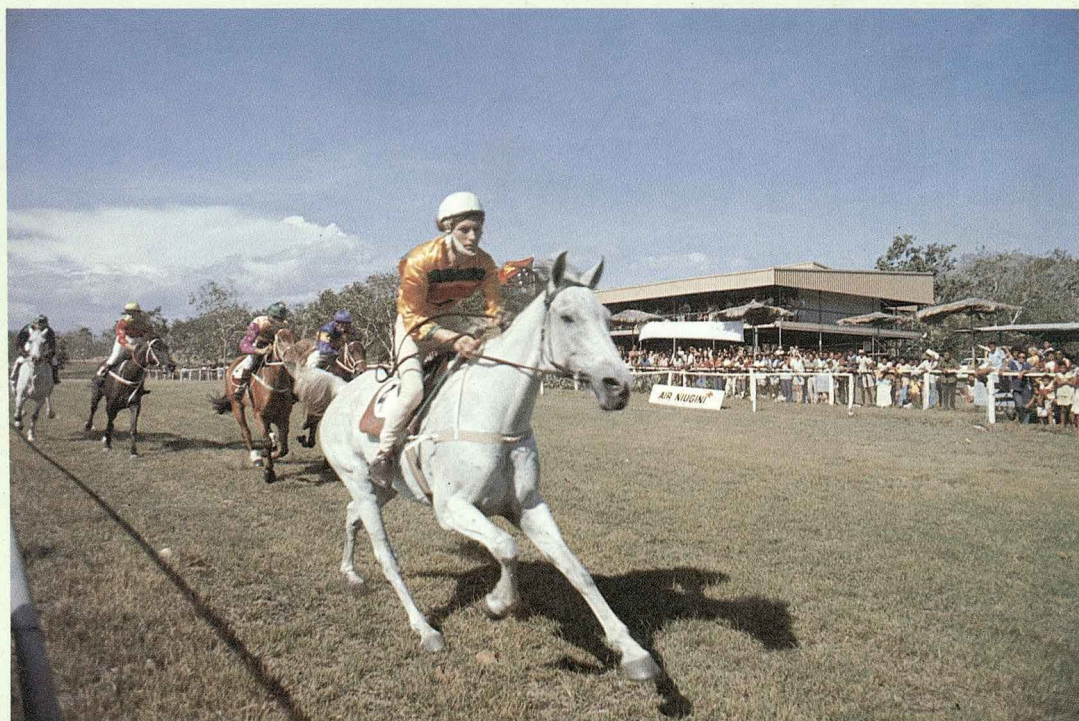
**Left:** enjoying a leisurely round at the Port Moresby Golf Club; **below:** race meetings at Bomana Turf Club always attract large crowds; **bottom:** Rugby League — the greatest game of all — has the largest following of any spectator sport in PNG

“Life in Port Moresby is built to a large extent around the club atmosphere. For flyer’s there’s the local Aero Club at Jackson’s Airport; if you’re a car enthusiast the Car Club is on Waigani Drive. The Port Moresby Clay Target Club, Pistol Club and Small Bore Rifle Club have friendly competitions each Saturday afternoon, from one till five with standards up to ISU competition — and, of course, they have a beer afterwards. You can find them on Waigani Drive, on the way to the University.”

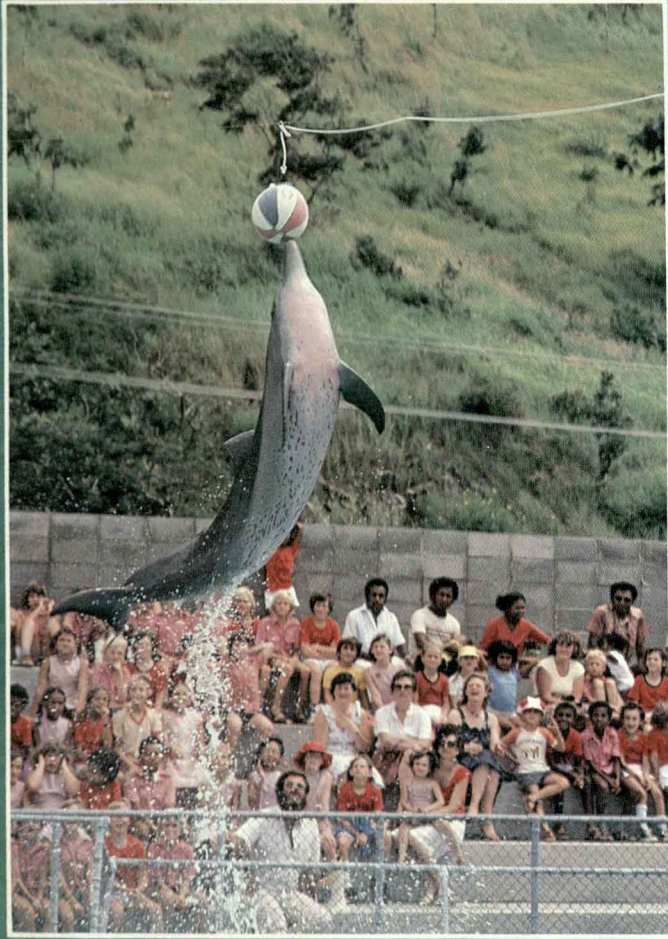
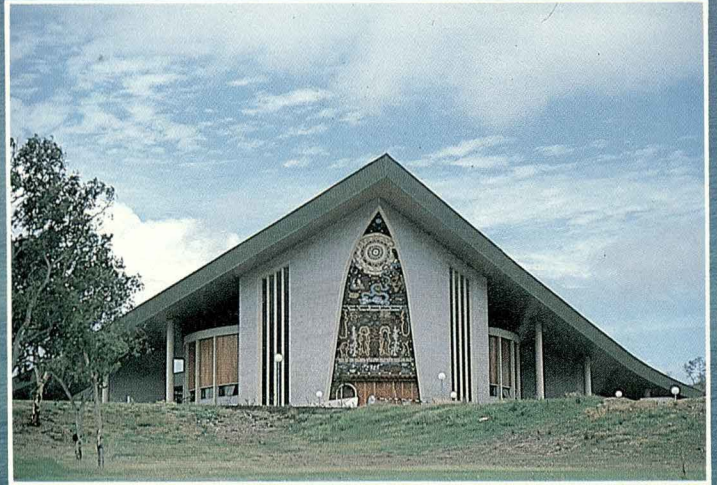
visitor had turned the conversation into a “beat you this time” competition.

“The Port Moresby Golf Club is a real test of the game,” I countered. “The course is long and tricky with the game you play depending upon the time of year. In the ‘wet’ you can force the ball onto the green but in the ‘dry’ it’s pitch and run time — and with reasonable green fees there’s no excuse for not trying your hand.

“As for horse racing the Port Moresby Turf Club’s season runs from around March to November. It’s a good country



**Left:** the Haus Tambaran-style facade of the National Museum; **right:** nearly complete, the amazing new National Parliament building is due to open in 1984; **below left:** the dolphin show delights the crowd at Sea Park, Ela Beach; **below right:** a wrecked wartime B-17 bomber lies in Bootless Bay





meeting. There aren't that many horses or jockeys but there's plenty of enthusiasm for the spectators. Betting is the on-course system; if you win you collect — if you're second or third you don't".

"Cricket, jogging, tennis, squash, diving, snorkelling, sky-diving, bowling . . .?"

"You forgot tame seals". I had to keep him on the defensive.

"I didn't know you had any".

"Sea Park and the underwater Aquarium are at the end of Ela Beach," I told him. "Maybe not San Diego standard, but still well worth while seeing. The other sports? You'll find that they're all available, depending simply on the season and whether you want to check the phone book for contact numbers — except for snorkelling. Try Idler's Bay; a half-hour's drive from Moresby, to the west. The reef really is fabulous".

"Okay, okay", he said with the look of defeat in his eyes, "but what about culture — there isn't any, is there?"

"Philistine!" I said sharply. "When was the last time you took a tour of the artifact shops and saw just how fascinating they are? When did you last visit the National museum? Have you every visited Koki Market and captured some of those superb faces on film?"

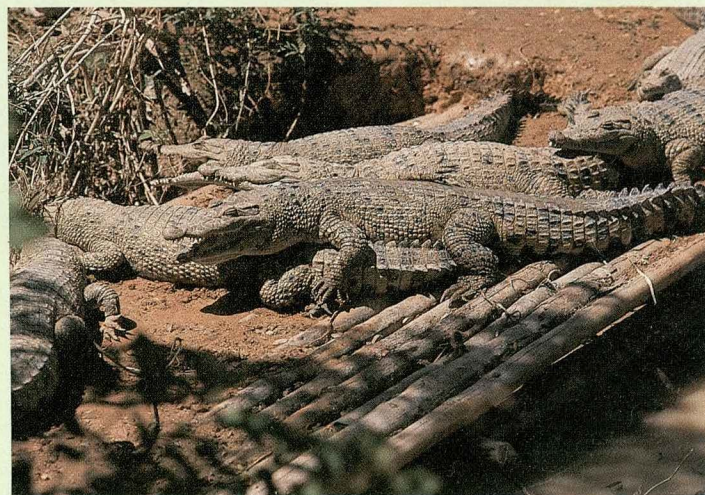
"And when did you visit the Botanical Gardens at the University? Flowers of one kind or another are in bloom all year round".

"And the University? One of the best in the South Pacific.

"The new Parliament House at Waigani? That's Papua New Guinea's answer to the Sydney Opera House. Some view it's like a huge *haus tambaran*. In some other ways, the roof's like a canoe sail. And the decor's dinkum traditional stuff".

"You're exaggerating", he accused.

"See for yourself", I remarked. "And before you accuse me of talking of places and not people, check the local papers for theatre activities. There are two groups who are very active — the National Theatre Company and Dance Group, who



have regular performances at the National Arts School in Waigani, and the Port Moresby Theatre Group. They invariably have plays running at the Waigani Arts Centre. You'll be surprised at the high standard.

"Night descends on Port Moresby in a blaze of magnificence, the incarnadine sky a reflection of God's . . ."

"Cut it out Shakespeare", he barked. "Tell me about the night life then!"

"I will, I will", I promised, gathering my thoughts around me. "The main hotels all have excellent menus, there are at least six Chinese restaurants, the Galley restaurant at the Aviat Club is a delightful setting — in fact you can eat very well indeed in Port Moresby".

"On Fridays and Saturdays you'll find disco's at the hotels. An increasing number of overseas artists are being retained by the Travelodge and the Islander. If you want to see a movie — Wards Theatre and the Skyline drive-in at Waigani receive international releases surprisingly quickly and . . ."

"Stop, stop", he pleaded.

**Left:** the peaceful setting of Bomana War Cemetery, where the graves of many hundreds of Commonwealth servicemen can be seen; **top:** the famous 'Sepik Blue' orchid, *Dendrobium Lasianthera*, one of the many species on show at the National Botanical Gardens; **above:** Friday afternoon is croc-feeding time at the Moitaka Wildlife Research station. A sight not to be missed

"But I haven't finished", I protested. "You know, I have a theory that boredom is the refuge for those who choose to do nothing".

When he spoke I could see his anguish. "I've been sitting in this hotel for five days now and I've done nothing — and tomorrow I go home!" he admitted. "If only I'd met you before".

"Ask the staff, ask the local residents, check the phone book, the newspapers", I told him, "and all could have been revealed".

He trudged away dejected. I felt the same way. I'd forgotten to mention the speedway at Moitaka. 🐾



AN ECHO FROM THE PAST BUT AS MODERN AS THE FUTURE

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BY

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# rain forest

By Stephen and Melinda Pruett-Jones

**F**ROM the window of an aeroplane it appears as a vast green carpet, blanketing the earth; from a winding road it seems an impenetrable tangle of vegetation, unwelcoming and unkind; but to those visitors who venture within its boundaries, they discover that the tropical rainforest is a beaut-

iful and fascinating world in and of itself.

Certainly, it is one of the greatest attractions of Papua New Guinea.

The term "tropical rainforest" was first coined by A.F.W. Schimper in 1898 to define the evergreen forests of the equatorial regions. More recently, the

term "tropical moist forest" has been used to collectively denote the various types of tropical rainforest. To most laymen, it is known as bush, brush, or jungle.

Regardless of the name, the rainforest remains the most complex and diverse ecosystems on earth; it is also the least

understood.

Tropical rainforest forms a belt around the equator, but more of its area lies in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. The extent of the world's rainforests has been estimated to be 1,680 million hectares, more than half of the global forest habitat. The larg-

est tract is found in the New World, in the basin of the Amazon River. In the eastern tropics, rainforest extends from Sri Lanka and western India to Thailand, Indo China and the Philippines, and through the Malay Archipelago to New Guinea and the eastern coast of Australia.

The flora of New Guinea is closely related to that of Indonesia and the Malesia region. It has been estimated that more than 9000 species of trees and flowering plants occur on New Guinea. And more than 80 per cent of these species are found nowhere else in the world.

The numbers of trees in rainforest are staggering even on a local scale. For instance, in one hectare of forest, there is usually more than 600 trees of about 130 species. Approximately half of these trees would reach the top of the forest canopy, generally 25-40 metres high. Below the canopy both light intensity and temperature are reduced, conditions that require special adaptations by smaller trees.

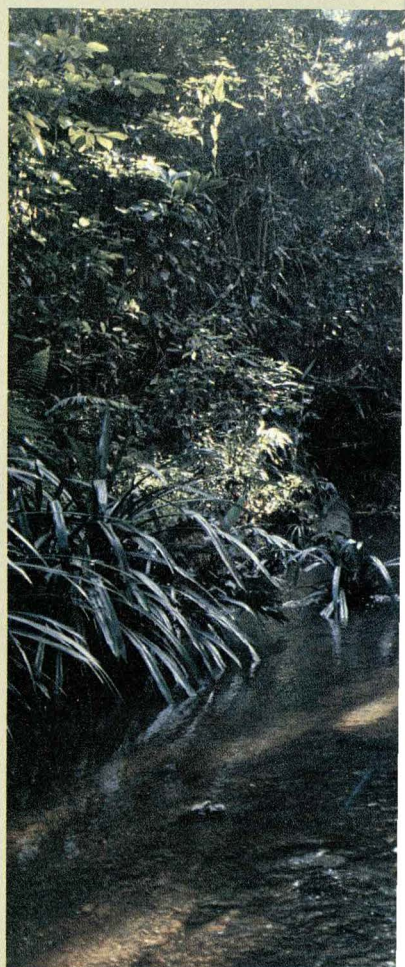
Tropical rainforests appear as a bewildering chaos of vegetation, but they have a definite structure. It is often remarked that in such forests, nature shows a *horror vacui* — that is, it is anxious to fill every space with stems and leaves. Trees in the rainforest are arranged in three strata, or stories: the dominant canopy layer above, a complete mid-canopy, and a lower scattered layer of trees. Below this there is an understory of low herbs and shrubs.

The number of animals that live in the forest is far less than that of the plants. A little over 700 species of birds regularly occur on New Guinea, and about half this number of either mammals, reptiles, and amphibians.

It is suspected that nearly 10 to 20 animals, mostly reptiles and amphibians, have yet to be discovered within the forest of New Guinea.

Insects are by far the most abundant organisms on the island, both within and outside the forests.

Typically, about 100-125 species of birds and about 20 species of mammals may be





found in a given area. As with trees, the number of species of animals in the forest drops off with increasing altitude. At 3000 metres altitude, there may be only one-tenth of the number of species of birds and mammals which occur near sea level. The majority of animals, as well as plants, are restricted to certain altitudinal limits and very few occur over all habitats or across all mountain zones.

The complex interplay between plants and animals in the tropical rainforest is a fascinating puzzle.

To illustrate, one of the most interesting relationships concerns the fruit trees and the animals that depend on them. The majority of rainforest trees on New Guinea produce fruit, which is eaten by birds, bats, and various terrestrial mammals. These animals depend on the trees' fruit for food, and the trees depend on the animals to carry the seeds of the fruit some distance from the parent tree. This is part of a process termed dispersal.

On New Guinea, trees appear to cater to the particular

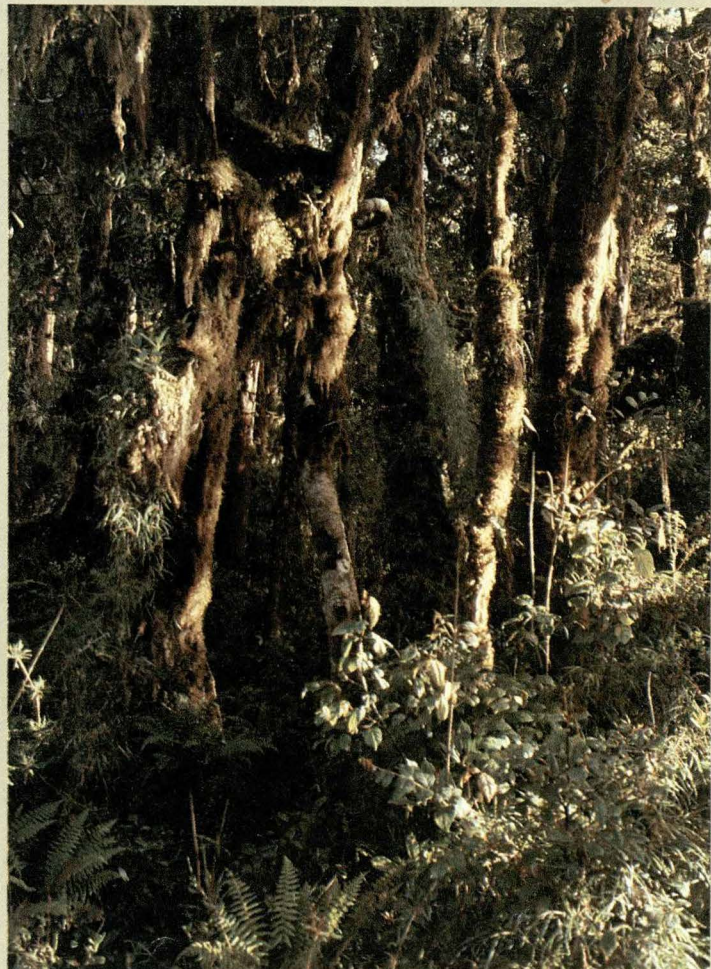
**Far left:** a look inside the mid-montane rainforest at an altitude of 1,700 metres; **left:** Albizia trees, which occur as emergents above the forest canopy; **below left:** the luxuriant upper montane rainforest, at 2,000 metres altitude; **below centre:** the dense and luxuriant lowland rainforest, where rivers often are the only path for easy travel; **below right:** above 2,000 metres altitude, much of the forest is covered in heavy moss

needs of the animals that eat their fruit.

Fruits eaten by birds are bright in colour, nutritious and they have small seeds which are passed or dropped once that birds have digested the fruit.

Fruits eaten by bats are usually white (to be seen at night), very watery, and less nutritious.

Those fruits eaten by mammals are dark in colour, tend to ripen on the ground after they fall, and some have very large,



strong seeds which are not broken up when swallowed.

The island of New Guinea, more than 900,000 square kilometres in size, has more than 75 per cent of its surface covered by forest. This is one of the largest tracts of rainforest in the eastern tropics and it remains relatively undisturbed and largely intact.

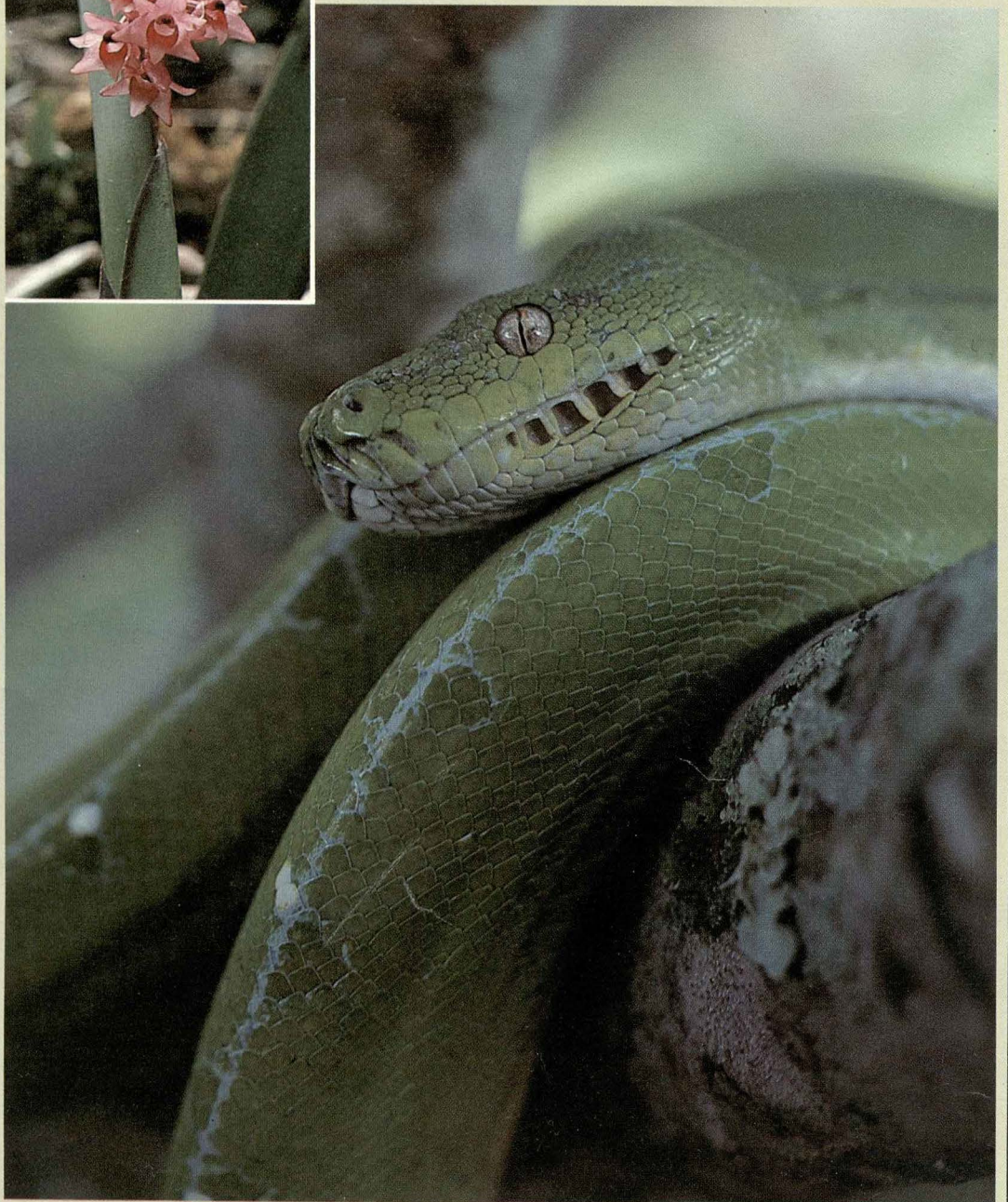
In many areas, however, the forest has been greatly changed or even removed as a result of man's activities. Subsistence, slash-and-burn agriculture has been a historical factor, converting large areas of forest into grassland. Even greater threats are posed by large-scale agricultural developments, logging, and mining efforts.

Once thought to be limitless and tractless, the tropical rainforests are now disappearing worldwide at the rate of 21 hectares every minute of every day. In many ways, we cannot afford to lose this valuable resource. The tropical rainforest is a source of timber, food, new medicines, and is home for the majority of animals on the earth.

The second half of the 20th century may stand in history as the brief period during which man reduced this richest and most vital ecosystem by about one half. The present rate of destruction is so rapid that, unless efforts are made to preserve them, the rainforests of the world will completely disappear sometime soon after the turn of the century. This would have unforeseen, and many believe disastrous, biological and economic consequences.

It is encouraging that the government of Papua New Guinea has a protective policy concerning its forests.

But should you get an opportunity to view the rainforest from the inside, be sure not to pass it up. It could be the chance of your lifetime — and the forests's — to view one of the most wondrous spectacles on earth. 🌿



**Top:** flowers of *Schefflera Pachystyla*, the fruit of which is eaten by *Birds of Paradise*; **right:** green tree python, *Chondropython Viridis*, common where the forest meets grassland; **inset:** one of the many forest Lily species



# MARATHONS MADE EASY

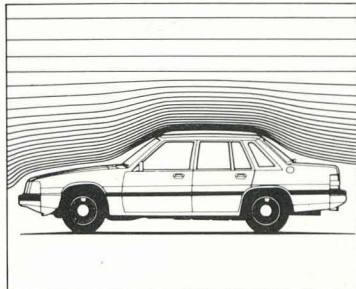
Why does Mazda 929 make marathon journeys a breeze?

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Mazda 929 also gives you high-speed stability and low-speed manoeuvrability with variable ratio rack & pinion steering.

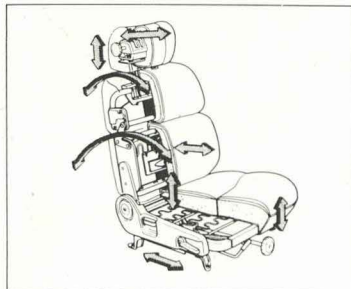


## It's the comfort

In Mazda 929, comfort begins with ride. Sophisticated suspension design, along with tapered coil springs and the extensive use of directional bushings help to flatten out tough roads.

Seat design is also of vast importance. The 929's seats are wide and comfortable — ergonomically designed for excellent body support exactly where it's needed. Dual recline helps to assure comfort for any body type.

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## It's the quality

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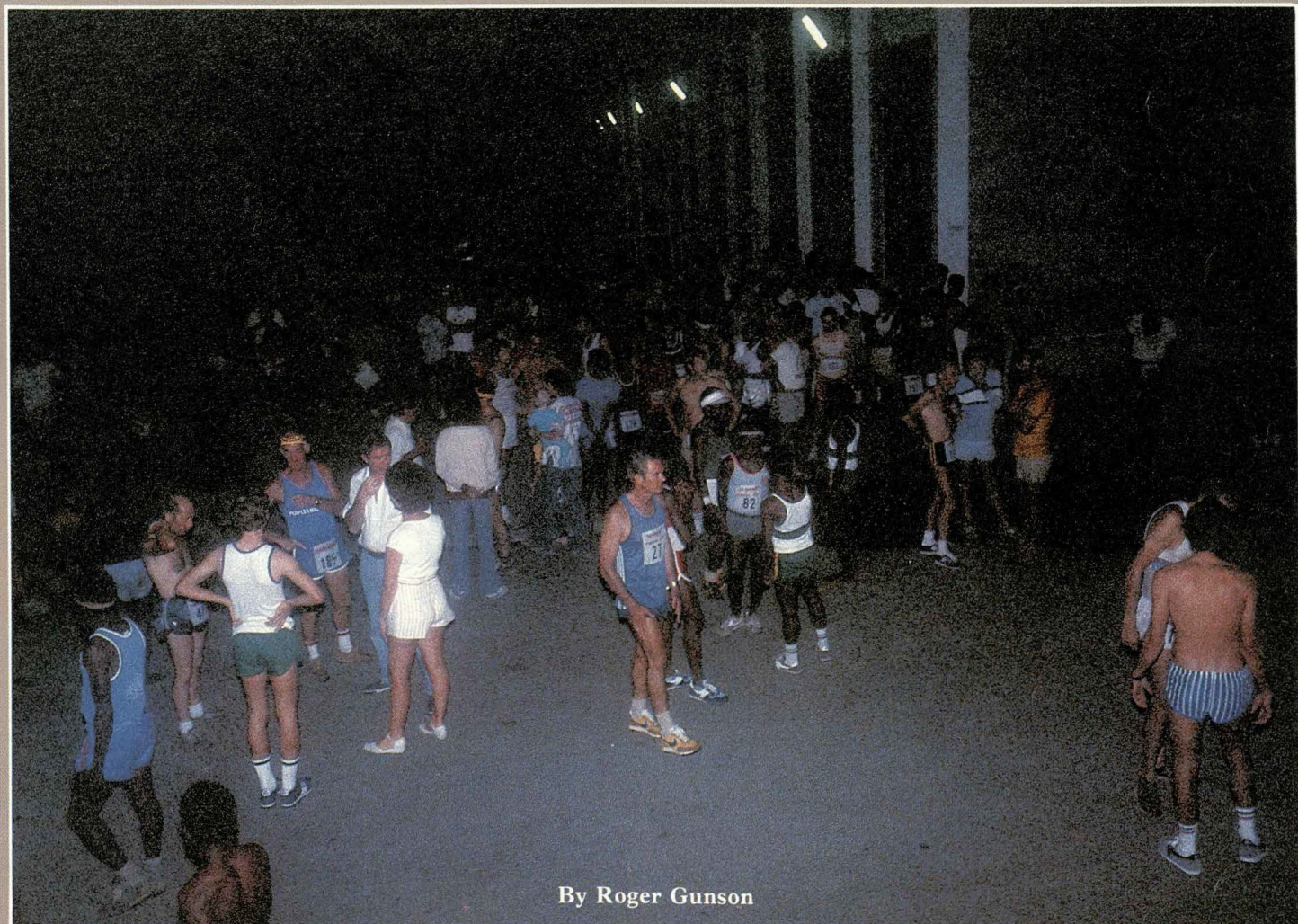
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# NOT TIME IN THE TROPICS



By Roger Gunson

**L**IKE every marathon you've ever run" proclaims the advertising. But it is not mere salesmanship and gimmickry — Port Moresby stages an event with a difference. The Air Niugini-PNG Motors International Marathon, together with the Hebamo Half Marathon, are races that contestants never forget.

Never before has the Boroko town centre been alive in the early hours of Sunday morning as it was on the 26th June 1983. The darkness was enlivened by the nervous anticipation of almost 200 runners, the quiet efficiency of the busy officials

clustered around hurricane lamps on portable tables and the excitement of still-yawning spectators.

It was an eerie scene beneath Boroko's only light as half-naked runners jogged off into the enveloping gloom to warm up, or pushed against apparently invisible objects to stretch muscles. Police motorcyclists with blue flashing lights and the crackle of walkie-talkies added to the extra-terrestrial effects.

For those participating, concern was more for the barometer than their surroundings. Light rain the previous evening had kept the temperat-

ure and humidity high, and hopes for conditions similar to the previous year were quietly dashed. It is in an effort to avoid the devastating effects of heat and humidity that Moresby's marathon starts at 5 am with a third of the event being raced in almost total darkness. Such a novelty may not encourage the runner who wishes to take in the sights as he pounds along but it does ensure concentration is at a maximum.

As the clock moved towards 5 am, timekeepers and starters gave last-minute instructions, runners moved to the line, police started their machines, the humidity remained at 94% and

the temperature edged up to 24 degrees celsius. It was going to be a warm race.

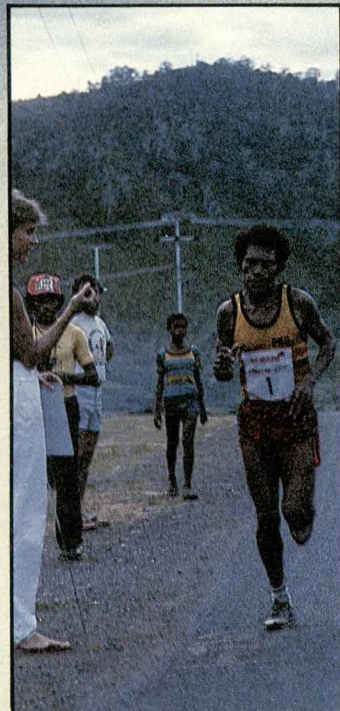
Three times winner of the event, and Papua New Guinea marathon record holder at 2 hours 28 minutes 13 seconds (set in the 1980 Honolulu Marathon), Tau John Tokwepota was aiming to better 2 hours 25 minutes. The conditions did not augur well for the attempt, but his preparation of 130 km per week over the previous three months ensured that he was at peak fitness.

From the crack of the starting pistol Tokwepota went to the front and as the field of 90 turned down Angau Drive he

had even overtaken the "lead" police vehicle. Within a minute, Boroko was returned to its pre-dawn slumber, the runners having been consumed by the darkness.

During the pre-race briefing the previous day visiting international marathon star Barry Magee from New Zealand had given several hints from his 30 years experience. A bronze medallist in the 1960 Rome Olympic Marathon and at 49

years of age still running sub-2½ hour marathons, Magee was an inspiration to all taking part, especially the large contingent of junior athletes who form a significant and encouraging proportion of Port Moresby's roadrunners. Twenty minutes after the start of the marathon he himself ran and won the Hebamo Half Marathon in a Papua New Guinea record of 1 hour 15 minutes 12 seconds, beating Tim Omundsen and

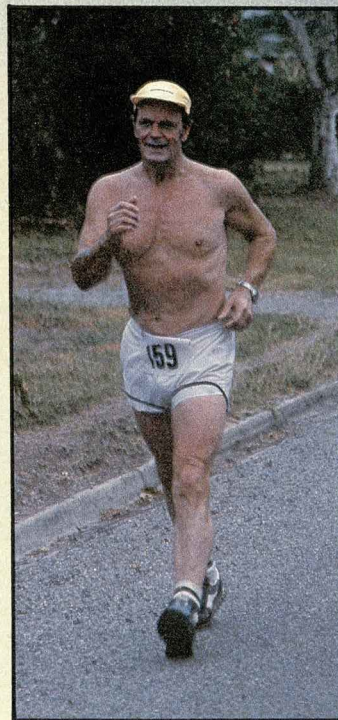


Lapi Kembos by more than a minute. Despite his lengthy running career he had never run without a racing singlet before . . . he made an exception in Port Moresby.

Doubtless inspired by Magee's competitive example and ability, Tokwepota maintained an unbeatable pace as he set off after his 2.25 time. North Solomons runner James Hall also set a fast pace with Adrian Kuhne shadowing him over the

first 14 kilometres.

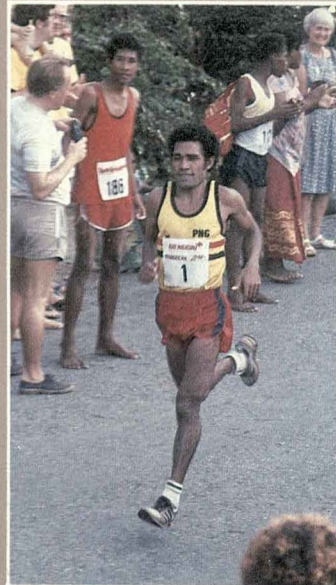
As the field moved through the slumbering suburbs of Port Moresby the hazards of night-time running became apparent — the errant Saturday night reveller attempting to negotiate his meandering way home; the sudden appearance of bristling and over-protective dogs emerging from the gloom to ward off the silent figures racing through the night. As the field spread out, runners were left alone



with their pace and their thoughts, unable to pick out the markings of a sometimes unfamiliar course. The odd potholes, ditches and corrugations, not to mention the chains and gates through the university grounds, add interest, as does the occasional thought of a nocturnal snake or two.

If nothing else it takes a runner's mind from the inevitable aches and pains, the blisters, dehydration, the heat stroke and the 42.195 kilometres (26 miles 385 yards) of a tropical marathon.

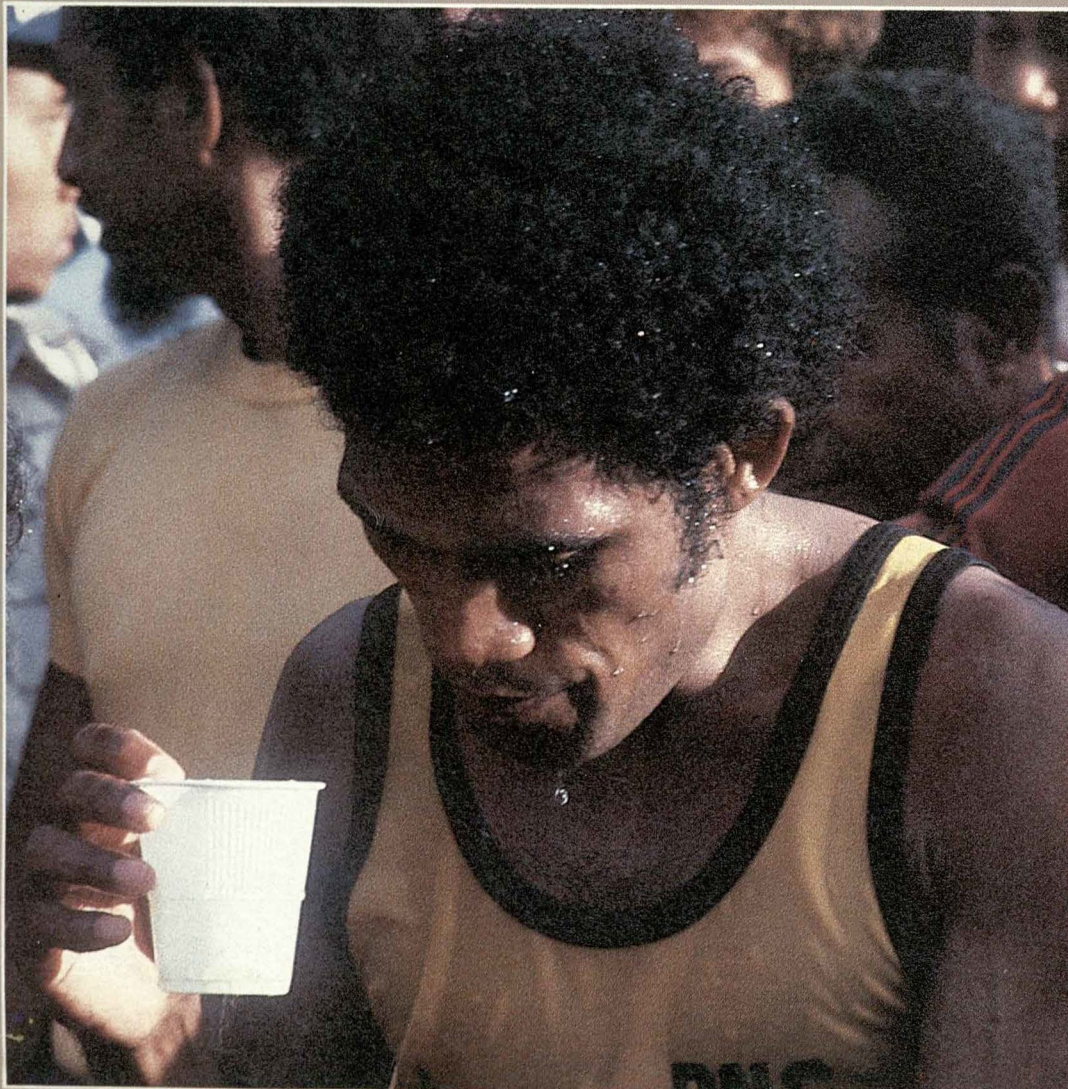
Dawn breaks and Tokwepota has reached halfway still on target for his 2.25 marathon.



But daybreak ushers in more problems. As the sun rises, casting its strength-sapping rays across the roadway, perspiration becomes profuse and chafing begins to irritate. The water stations seem further and further apart as the horizon begins to swim. Signs of dehydration, then heat stroke. Muscles fail to respond as legs turn rubbery.

The "wall" can appear at any time. For most an inner resource beats back the urge to give it all away — those months of dedicated training, the hun-

*Below: the face tells it all — Tau John Tokwepota takes a much needed dose of refreshment at one of the drink stations en route, knowing full well that his chances of beating his record are fast diminishing*



dreds of kilometres of mental preparation all gel to push an unwilling body on. Some succumb and happily sit by the roadside drinking anything in sight. Unfortunately, a few collapse.

Magee's advice built upon those many years of competitive international experience was now well applied. Most runners drank at each water station; they stopped to drink and walked for short distances instead of collapsing.

The younger and obviously less experienced runners found the distance of 42.195 kilometres a concept difficult to visualise. Inevitably they had trouble pacing themselves and several were forced to pull out. The grand efforts of the St John's Ambulance Brigade prevented any serious casualties. Tau John Tokwepota had forged ahead but the combination of heat, humidity and his own early blistering pace was taking its toll. By the 35km mark, it was obvious he would not meet his target. Longer stops at drink stations, the lowered arms, the wavering head all indicated obvious signs of exhaustion. Time was no longer of any consequence, it was now a question of finishing.

The first prize Air Niugini trip to one of New Zealand's most prestigious events, the Hamilton Marathon, was still there for the taking. And take it he did, finishing 2 hours 38 minutes 35 seconds, 7 minutes 59 seconds ahead of Adrian Kuhne. Jimmy Anton fought on gamely to be the first junior runner home finishing in 10th position in 3.07.08.

Hong Kong's Margaret Brook, a veteran runner and one of the several international athletes competing, was the first woman, setting a new Papua New Guinea record with her time of 3.45.00. Over the next two hours the rest of the field straggled in.

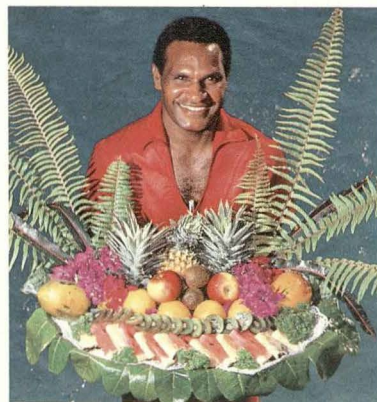
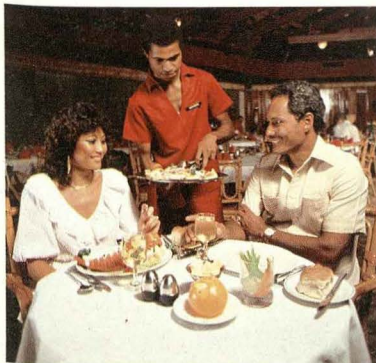
Collectively and individually they all have the satisfaction of having run Moresby's marathon. That satisfaction alone is often enough to wipe out the pain. With the advantage that the advertising slogan no longer applies most will be back at the start in 1984 — the challenge is too great to turn away.



# When in paradise... stay in paradise!

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are a businessman you should consider our well appointed function rooms and facilities for that conference or special presentation. And during your stay you'll be pampered with traditional Melanesian friendliness and service. So stay in paradise — stay with us!



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Phone: 21 2100  
Telex: NE 23236 'Davara'

**Davara Motel Kieta**  
PO Box 241  
Kieta  
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Telex: NE 95852 'Davara'



# It's no wonder most Australians spend their holidays at home.

It's easy to understand why.

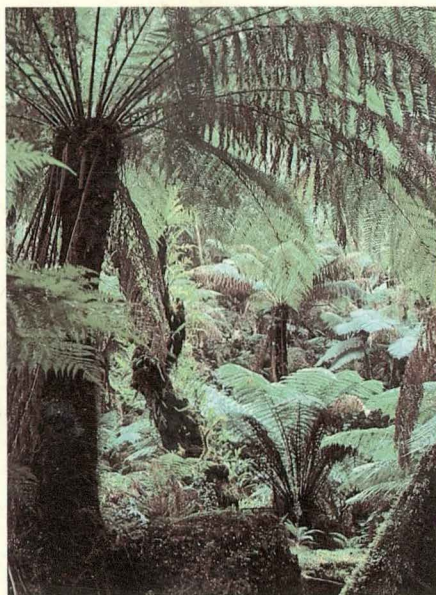
After all, Australia is the world's largest holiday island.

Just mile after endless mile of sun-bleached beaches, tropical rainforests and snow-capped mountains.

It's difficult to imagine ever wanting to spend a holiday anywhere else.

Most Australians certainly don't seem to bother.

And certainly no airline feels more at home there than Ansett.



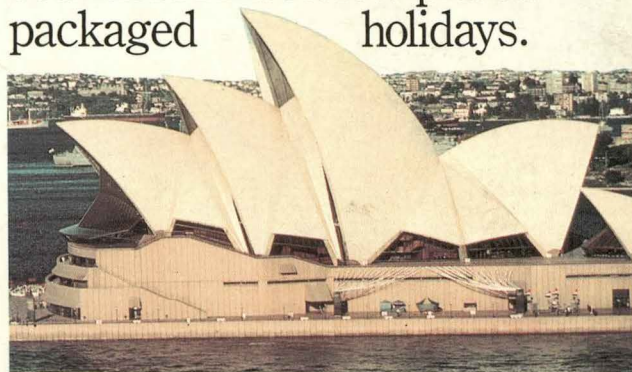
Every year more and more Australians fly Ansett for their holidays than any other airline.

With our associate airlines we cover more of Australia than anybody else.

And our jet services to major Australian ports connect with all international flights.

So, why don't you see Australia the same way more Australians prefer to see it?

On any one of the countless Ansett low-priced packaged holidays.



For further information and a copy of Ansett's Australia holiday brochure, just contact Ansett or your travel agent.

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