

paradise

in-flight with Air Niugini

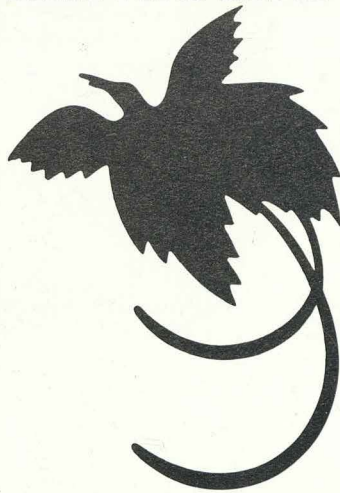


LANVIN
PARIS



Arpège de Lanvin

AIR NIUGINI



No. 45 March 1984

Paradise is published by Air Niugini, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea (telephone 27 3542; telex NE22225). Printed in Hong Kong by Progressive Printing Agency.

Publisher — Frederick Pilditch
Editor — John Silver
Assistant — Jill Hammersley
Design — John Devereux
Wesley Nayak
John Samo
Typesetting — Kath Williams

Advertising

Papua New Guinea — Advertising Department, Air Niugini, PO Box 7186, Boroko
Australia — The Horwitz Group, 506 Miller St., Cammeray, 2062 (telephone: Sydney 929 6144)
Hongkong — Progressive Advertising Agency, 11 Kam Ping Street, Kam Ming Yuen, Rm C, 2nd Fl., North Point (telephone 5-630145-6; telex HX65474PPAAE)
Japan — Universal Media Corporation, GPO Box 46, Tokyo (telephone 666-3036; cables 'Unimedia' Tokyo)
United Kingdom — Intergroup Communications Inc., 31 Lyncroft Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex (telephone 01-868 9289; cables Pacom Pinner)

Subscriptions

Annual subscription rates for six airmail issues are:
USA, Europe, UK and Africa Kina 23
Australia, New Zealand, Asia and South Pacific K19
Papua New Guinea K13
Payment by international bank draft, please.

Please address all correspondence to Paradise, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea.

Member



Quality in Air Transport

paradise

Welcome aboard

Since our last issue, Air Niugini has commenced operation of the Auckland-Port Moresby-Hong Kong service twice each week in each direction. Already proving very popular, the service offers the fastest connection available between Auckland and Hong Kong.

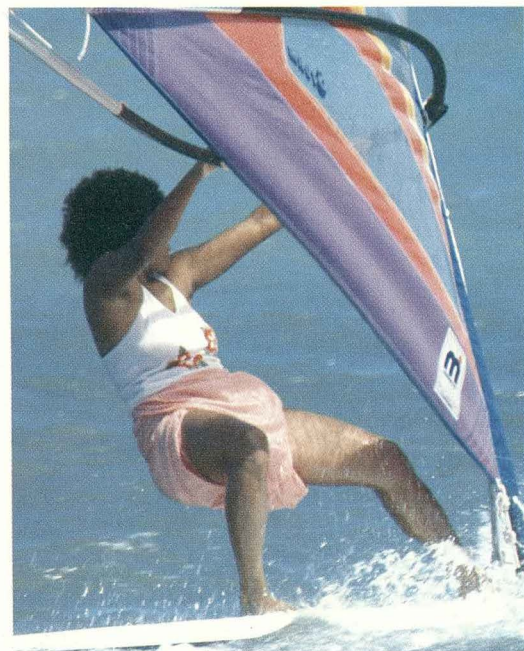
Our Boeing 707's depart Auckland at noon on Wednesdays and Sundays, reach Port Moresby at 1515, depart at 1615 and arrive Hong Kong at 2030. In the opposite direction, the service departs Hong Kong on Monday and Friday evenings, stops in Port Moresby on Tuesday and Saturday mornings before arriving in Auckland after lunch.

We have also begun to operate 707's between Port Moresby and Cairns, providing a 20% increase in the number of seats available as well as a major increase in cargo capacity, and introducing a first-class cabin to this route for the first time.

The new schedules are designed to provide excellent domestic and international connections at all ports. Thus, Air Niugini continues to improve its operations to meet the changing needs of the travelling public.



J.J. Tauvasa
General Manager, Air Niugini



Above: Life in Port Moresby revolves around the beach now that the windsurfing craze has taken the city by storm. At every spare moment, people grab their boards and go! Story, page 20.

Cover: The Waghi River has been dubbed the 'eater of men'. You can see why in this photo by Richard Bangs. In his story on page 11, he tells how his group of intrepid adventurers set out to explore it.

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.

IN THIS ISSUE:

5 AUCKLAND — NEW ZEALAND'S QUEEN CITY

A tour of this famous city in words and pictures. Colin Clarke is our guide.

11 RAFTING THE 'EATER OF MEN'

The Waghi River, in the highlands of Papua New Guinea, is one of the wildest river rides in the world.

17 RAMU SUGAR

A new rural/industrial project that is putting a little sweetness into Papua New Guinea's economy.

20 PORT MORESBY — WINDSURF CITY

Barely two years ago, Port Moresby's Ela Beach was deserted — nobody went near the place. How things have changed . . .

26 SELF PORTRAIT

A look at the work of painter Stephen Kaiwe, as the artist himself sees it.

31 WHY THE EARTH SHAKES

The first of a series of traditional legends. This one is from the West Sepik Province.

32 AVIATION ARCHAEOLOGY

War historian Robert Piper shows how; like the pieces of a jigsaw; each new 'find' reveals more of the picture of PNG's wartime past.

37 STONES OF REMEMBRANCE

A look at Bomana War Cemetery, resting place of thousands of allied servicemen who fought in World War Two.

THE BEER OF PARADISE



Introducing, the South Pacific's finest premium lager.

In open international competition with seventy-five beers from Australia, Germany, UK, USA and thirty-four other countries, South Pacific Special Export Lager won the gold medal.

Confirm the great refreshing taste of SP Special Export Lager for yourself soon, in-flight or wherever fine liquor is available.

below: Queen's Arcade adds a touch of elegance from earlier times. Nowadays it's a thriving shopping centre — a place to see and be seen in

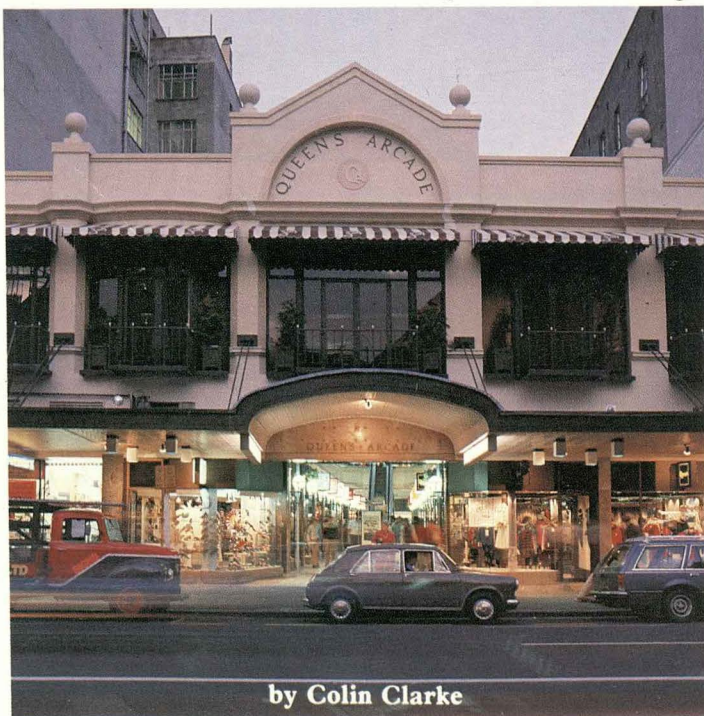
AUCKLAND

IT is not unusual for Auckland to be compared to Sydney or San Francisco. Visually they do have much in common. Hillside cities built around a beautiful harbour, each with its own bridge linking the northern and southern sides. But most Aucklanders would agree that it would be presumptuous to carry the comparison further for Auckland is Auckland, the Queen city of New Zealand, a city with a character much different to Sydney or San Francisco.

Built on seven hills — actually seven extinct volcanoes — Auckland is in area one of the largest cities in the world although its population is only nudging one million. Two large harbours have influenced Auckland's growth; the largest of which is the western harbour Waitemata, ("Sparkling Waters" in Maori) which is dominated by the high volcanic cone of Rangitoto Island.

Auckland was, in the early days of European settlement, New Zealand's capital but this was transferred to the more centrally situated Wellington before the turn of the century, a fact which Aucklanders still consider unreasonable and which accounts for the intense rivalry between the two cities. Auckland is, incidentally the largest Polynesian city in the world where Pacific Islanders

New Zealand's Queen City



by Colin Clarke

have in recent years brought their own cultures to add to the Maori and European influence.

Visually Auckland is a city of trees. Every home, particularly in the older suburbs around the inner city area, appear to have at least two or three old oaks, elms or wattles and to look across the city from the magnificent Museum in the Domain, the central park, is to view a mass of greens, browns, yellows and golds which change dram-

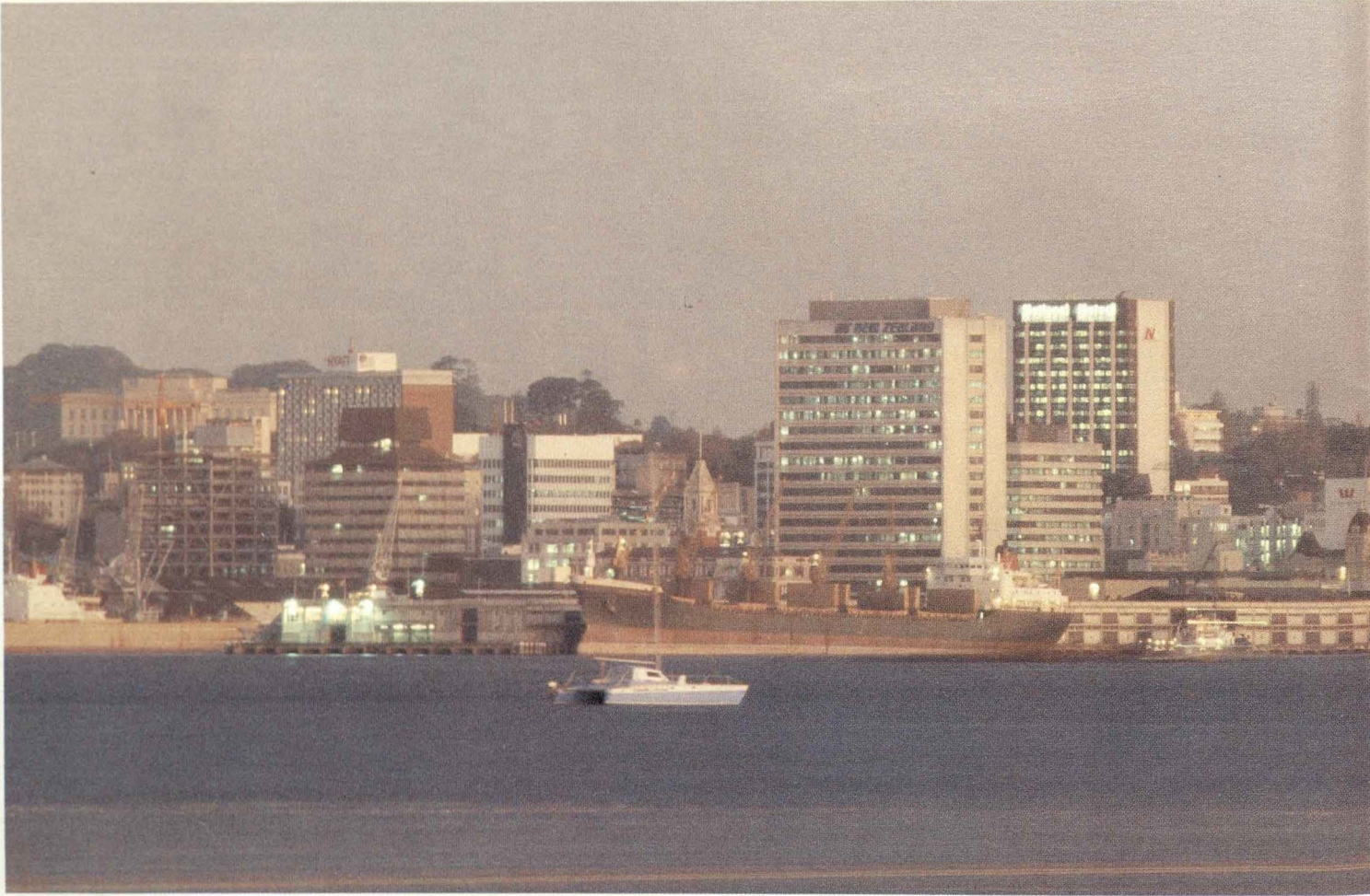
atically with the seasons.

Whilst you're in Auckland, dine out. Restaurants, with menus as fine as any in the world abound, and along Ponsonby Road, the main thoroughfare of the suburb of Ponsonby, one could eat at a different restaurant every evening for a month before moving elsewhere. Thanks to the price of local produce a three course meal seldom costs more than \$20 to 25 which with the cur-

rent value of the New Zealand dollar is unrealistically cheap by international standards. Among those I would recommend are "Antoinnes" in Parnell Road; "Number 5" (at the rear of the Sheraton in Symonds Street), "Orsinis", "Raffles", "Ponsonby Fire Station" and "Obilios" in Ponsonby although I must state these are but a very few of the many excellent ones to be found. I would suggest you ask Aucklanders for their opinions as well — and for the best of the local wines.

Thirty miles north of Auckland begins the beautiful small inlets and harbours of the Whangaparoa Peninsula. At Waiwera you will find thermal hot springs, the ideal spot in which to relax and ease the muscles after a long flight. Between Auckland and Waiwera beaches abound and fishing and boating appear to be every man's occupation.

But within the environs of Auckland itself are some excellent beaches, especially at Takapuna on the northern side of the bridge and at Orakei and St Heliers which are only minutes from the city itself on the southern side. It is worth a drive around the scenic route of the harbour — the road follows the inner harbour then sweeps through the more affluent suburbs before returning to the



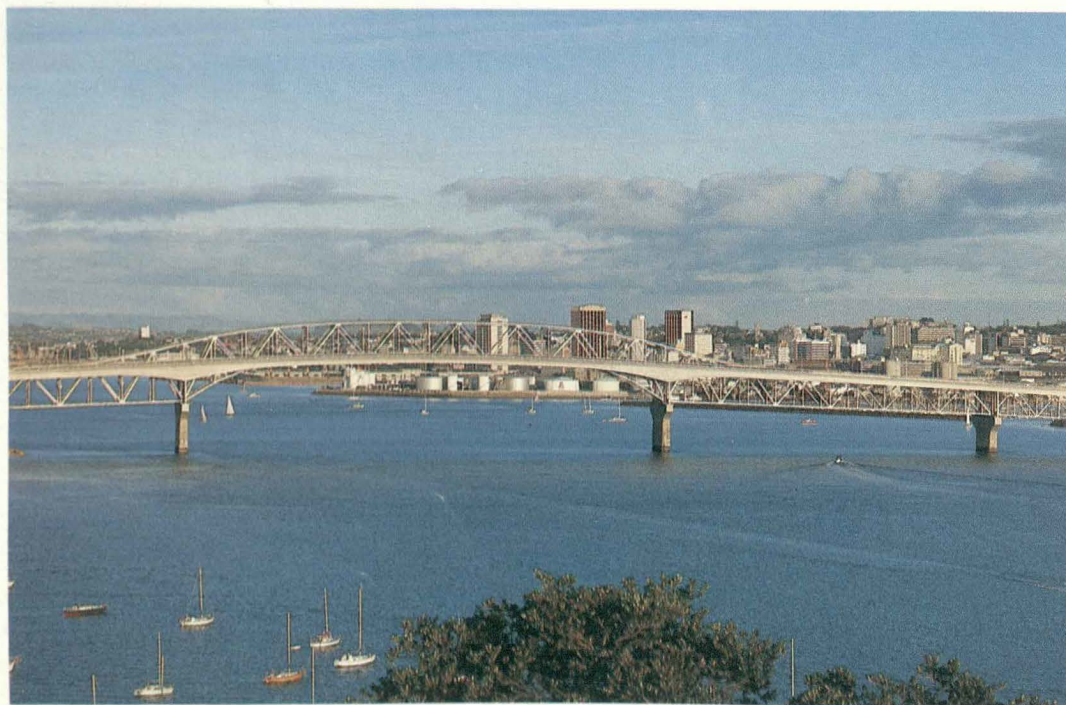
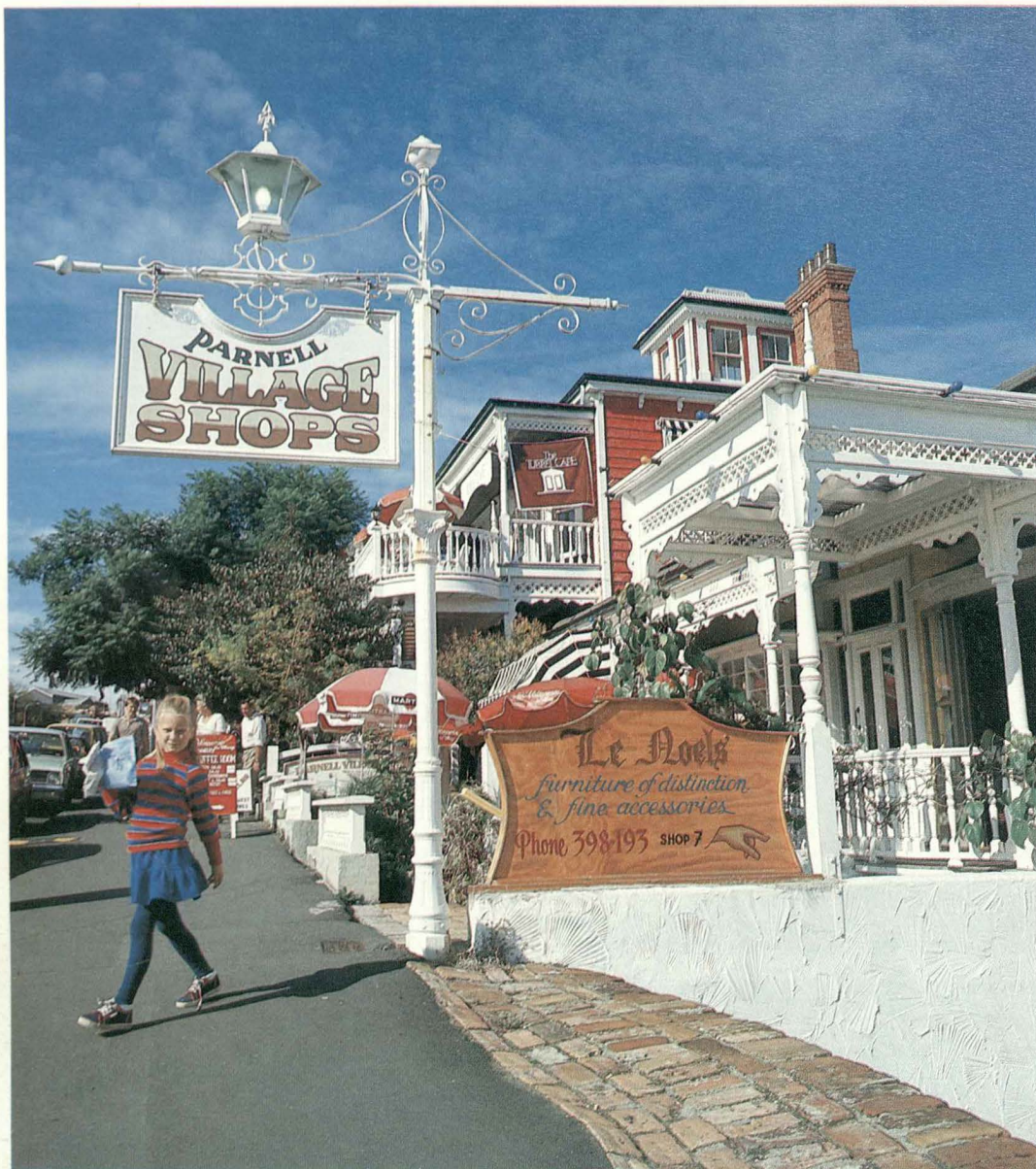


Above: Auckland city at dusk viewed from the North shore; **far left:** The War Memorial Museum, Auckland Domain; **left:** hobie cats add colour to the Mission Bay foreshore



city. Similarly the western scenic route leads to the hills and bushwalks of Titirangi. Natural bush-ferns, punga trees, rimu rata and kauri are preserved in vast stands which sweep down to the black sand beaches such as Piha on the west coast where the Tasman Sea rolls in waves which are a surfer's dream.

Parnell is one of Auckland's inner suburbs and has in Parnell Road one of the most delightful shopping areas in the Pacific. The concept of one Les Harvey, Parnell Road is a series of old colonial houses which have been converted to shops. Everywhere eighty year old bricks are underfoot while the shops and restaurants take one back to the era of Auckland's colonial past. It was Les Har-



vey's vision and determination which gave Auckland its most remarkable street by facing up to, and then shouting down, those who would have had the area demolished.

Each Anniversary weekend at the end of January Auckland stages what is believed to be the largest yachting regatta in the world. From small boys and girls in small yachts, to the sleek blue water racers, the Waitemata Harbour is a mass of hundreds of colourful sails which bring Aucklanders out in their thousands to line the harbour to view the spectacle and picnic and swim all day.

I should also mention before this article closes the local theatre groups. There are several small groups in the city each full of gifted actors and actresses many of whom had their "stint" in the United Kingdom before choosing to return to New Zealand. Modern and classical drama are constantly vying with each other while at the "Mercury", Auckland's largest professional company, live theatre is performed most nights of the week often with plays by local playwrights.

However regardless of culture, season or taste you'll find Auckland always busy. Concerts, nightclubs, discos and massage parlours — there's something for everyone in this very friendly city. Excellent hotels, excellent restaurants, excellent entertainment make Auckland more than just a stop over on the way to the lakes of Rotorua or the fiords of the South Island. They make it the most cosmopolitan, exciting city of New Zealand. 🐣

Air Niugini operates a twice weekly service from Hong Kong to Auckland (and vice versa) via Port Moresby, in partnership with Air New Zealand and Cathay Pacific.

Top: Parnell Village could have been taken straight out of Disneyland — except it's for real; **below:** Auckland Harbour Bridge with the city in the background



Guy Laroche
Paris



See Papua New Guinea with Douglas Airways

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

Douglas Airways now operate regular public transport and flights in nine provinces in Papua New Guinea and have aircraft based at Port Moresby, Wewak, Vanimo, Kerema, Daru, Popondetta and Alotau. Our aircraft are also available for charter at very competitive rates and we carry freight on all our routes. For further information, contact us at any of our bases.

DOUGLAS
TRAVEL

Port Moresby Travelodge phone 21 2266

DOUGLAS
AIRWAYS

Head Office: Jackson's Airport, Port Moresby
phone 25 3499, 25 3330 or 25 3440

IT happened too fast. No time to think, to analyze — only to react, instinctively, reflexively. Skip's raft had flipped; he and his three crew members were circulating like laundry in the rolling water. His boat had punched a wave, filled with water, and caromed against the canyon wall, where it climbed like a cat out of hot water, then rolled over into a capsized. My raft, a hundred yards behind, was headed towards the same wall — I dug the oars deep, madly shoveling the brown current, pulling away from the wall, at the same time craning my neck to see if Skip and crew were alright. A shadow suddenly enveloped me and an unnatural wind burst across my shoulder, spitting spray at my stern, wailing like a giant bird. It was the Bell Jet Ranger helicopter with movie camera pointed at the drama below.

It started to rain.

I saw three figures climb aboard the overturned raft as it dropped into another rapid. The gorge narrowed, darkened, and the jungle canopy seemed to close in above us. Mike, at the oars of the third boat, bludgeoned his way through the tumult to the flipped boat, where he attached the bowline and pulled like a crazy man towards shore. Another rapid, a monster, deep-throated, loomed. The chopper hovered, the camera whirred, and all three boats, all the crews, made it to shore safely.

It was another day in the life of the Sobek Expedition of the Waghi River.

Sobek, of Angels Camp, California, is a leading adventure travel company, one specializing in navigations of wild rivers around the world. I had first come to Papua New Guinea in 1978 with Sobek. We spilled off the Air Niugini flight with a fleet of specially-designed whitewater inflatable rafts and set out exploring the country's great rivers. First we attempted the Jimi-Yuat system, springing from the northern flanks of Mt Wilhelm, cascading in a turgid torrent off the highlands plateau, and finally issuing in a near-stagnant swirl into the Sepik, Papua New Guinea's cultural classic waterway. The

Rafting the **EATER of MEN**

The first descent of the Waghi River

by Richard Bangs



river almost defeated us — impassable rapids checked our downstream progress, and we almost lost our two craft and lives in a waterfall. It was definitely not a trip to be repeated,

let alone a float that could be offered as a tour, which is what we sought.

Next we tried the Watut, a spritely run that cuts through the Owen-Stanley Range in a

millrace to the Huon Gulf. It was a whitewater rodeo wrapped in glistening jungle, an ideal, idyllic week-long spin that has developed into Papua New Guinea's premiere adventure tour, not dissimilar to rafting the Colorado through the Grand Canyon.

Another great river eluded us, however — the Waghi. The crown of Mt Wilhelm is the country's watershed divide. Rainfall north of Wilhelm drains into the Sepik; south, the Waghi. The Waghi Valley, discovered in the early 1930s by Australian gold miners Mick Leahy and his two brothers, was the last major population centre on earth to be revealed to an unsuspecting outside world. Over a million highlanders had lived locked in mountain fastness since time immemorial, never a notion that white-skinned people existed or that there were civilizations at all beyond their valley. Maps of the day rendered the cloud-cloaked interior of New Guinea blank.

Today the Waghi Valley, stretching from Mt Hagen to Kundiawa, is no secret. The river meanders past groomed tea and coffee plantations, past the paved highlands highway, past bars and grocery stores, and the homes of a United Nations of peoples . . . Australians, New Zealanders, Japanese, Chinese, Indians, Americans and, of course, the indigenous highlanders.

But at Kundiawa the river turns sharply south, and there it enters terra incognita — it plunges off the plateau into steep gorges and over some of the most challenging rapids on the planet. It twice changes names — to the Tua, then the Purari — and it finally empties its massive load into the Coral Sea at a 17-mile-wide delta.

This was the Waghi that intrigued me, the section south of Kundiawa that had never been explored, yet alone navigated. This was our target. It was a costly proposition that would require helicopter support and a crack expedition team . . . but after five years of planning it came to be.

With sponsorship from Sobek, Air Niugini, the BBC (who

would film the enterprise), and *Geo Magazine*, the financing was arranged and the expedition was off the ground and on the water August 16th, 1983. We were 12, including five Sobek senior guides, a doctor, John Mason (a consultant from Port Moresby), and Christina Dodwell, the intrepid British explorer who had recently published a book on her back-country travels, *In Papua New Guinea*.

As we sailed downstream the Waghi was at first kind, treating us to visual delights in generous servings. Crystal waterfalls weaved down bright limestone cliffs; klinky pine trees clung to ridges and mixed with glossy fronds and succulants; sandy beaches shimmered like hammered gold; and a Ragiana Bird of Paradise (the national symbol of Papua New Guinea) wheeled between the walls. We camped above a masterfully crafted vine bridge, which brought some of the curious across, while the more cautious fled. One timeworn man, arse-grassed and with a grin as wide as a Kina shell, stepped towards me with great purpose, then quickly wrapped his arms around my thigh . . . it was, for me, a momentarily disconcerting gesture, until I realized this was the Chimbu handshake, the traditional friendship greeting in the area. He presented us with some yams, and I pumped his hand in thanks.

The next day we at first drifted down a lazy river. But by mid-morning the pace quickened. The rapids grew in size and intensity. In some sections they hit like machine gun fire, spraying bullets of whitewater across our decks. In juxtaposition, the jungle seemed to soften, and the birds invitingly displayed more colour. Skip's capsize occurred at the end of the third day on the water, a lesson that hit hard . . . this was not an ordinary, nor a reasonable river.

Two days and countless rapids later we encountered an impasse: a mile-long section of choleric cataracts, foaming and spitting in seeming defiance. This cauldron was about as navigable as Niagara Falls, perhaps





Photo: Michael Nichols



Photo: Bill Bourke



Photo: Richard Savage

Opposite: the Waghi gorge is one of the scenic delights of the highlands; **top:** crystal waterfalls along the way; **centre:** Eclectus Parrots are among the many types of birds seen en route; **below:** the team never went short of helpers; **left:** camping under the moonlight

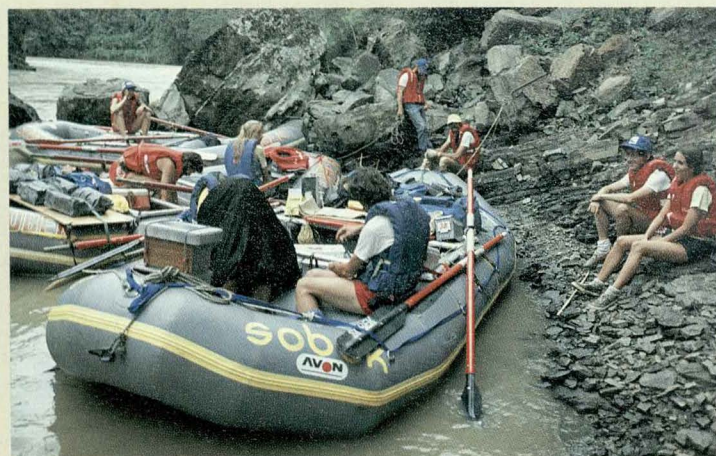
worse. A barrel thrown in at the top would come out sawdust. And, as if to further mock our efforts to float the river, the rapid was encased with sheer cliff walls, polished partitions that stabbed the currents. These made it impossible to line the boats (a common technique for manoeuvring rafts down the edges of rapids, tethering and working the boats from shore with the bowline as a leash), or to portage (carry overland) along the banks. This left two options; hack a trail into the vertical jungle and carry all the expedition gear around, an exercise that would take three days at best; or cheat the rapid and call in the chopper to airlift it all over.

Three hours and two guilt pangs later, the helicopter dropped the last load at the base of the defiant rapid, and we broke out the Jack Daniels.

Saturday, August 27th, the river loosened its grip a bit and allowed easy passage. We were in the East-West corridor, called the Tua, just north of the village of Karimui, where the current ran quick and sleek. We made good time — almost 50 miles in eight hours — and passed along the way some wonderful sights, including a couple of cassowaries (colourful, ostrich-like birds), and a few isolated fishing settlements. Late in the day we crossed the confluence of the Mongo River, draining an enormous watershed from the north. We now estimated the river's flow to be approximately 50,000 cubic feet per second, about triple the volume of the Colorado through the Grand Canyon. This was frightening — none of us had ever attempted a river of this size and force before. But we continued.

That night we camped, as usual, some 30 feet up a sloping beach at the edge of the jungle and tried to put river worries aside in sleep. In my nightmare I could hear the river lapping, sucking, teasing as it advanced in an effort to swallow me. When its wet tongue licked my foot I sprang awake, and realized this was no dream . . . the river was in the tent, and rising. A rainstorm upstream had put the Waghi in

Right: the expedition pauses for a breather; **below:** a reptilian onlooker sizes-up the situation from the opposite bank; **bottom:** the scale of the raging torrent is clearly shown by the helicopter in the background; **opposite:** in the thick of it!



flood. Flashlights, in furious strokes, painted the night as we all scrambled to higher ground. With machettes we cut into the tangle, and literally transplanted our tiny town of tents out of water's reach, and spent the last murky hours of morning in fitful vigil.

Sunday, we dried out, then moved cautiously as the powerful river pulled us into an awesome limestone gorge. Powder-white cliffs arched upwards 2,000 feet above us. Clouds wrapped the pointed peaks, and the scene was primordial. If a pterodactyl suddenly screamed up the canyon, it would have seemed natural.

It was here, as the river plummets southward through New Guinea's greatest gorge, that we met The Rapid. It was the biggest, angriest piece of

water I'd ever seen; yet to the other guides there appeared to be a path through the maelstrom. I didn't see it, and it was my birthday. I didn't cherish the thought of drowning on my birthday, so I elected to walk around the rapid and set up safety throw lines at its base, where I might be able to help someone in trouble.

Skip's boat entered first. It was tossed like a cork in a typhoon, but it emerged upright, intact. Then Mike's raft made its entry, five feet to the left of Skip's course — and it capsized, spectacularly, end over end. The worst of the rapid, a series of 25ft waves and holes, was still ahead. Like a dolphin Mike swam towards shore, and found the third boat in the eddy . . . he climbed on board. That left two passengers

with the overturned raft, George Fuller (the expedition doctor), and Renee Goddard, a young Californian guide. I feared for their lives as I watched them get sucked into the maw. It was eerily quiet as they disappeared under water. I waited, and waited, my hand hard against the throw line . . . then they emerged. Fuller swam safely to the bank. Renee crawled on board the bottom of the bucking raft, which was racing towards me. At the correct instant I tossed the line at Renee, but it fell short. I grabbed the second line and hurled again — it, too, missed the mark, and Renee, pale as whitewater, was being swept towards the next rapid.

"Jump!" I screamed, as the raft careened near an exposed rock at the lip of the rapid. She

didn't move, frozen in fear. "Jump, goddamit!" I tried again with all the menace I could muster. She reacted. She jumped, and clutched the slippery rock as the unmanned raft disappeared into a dark wave.

Skip, Renee and George were alright, but now the reality of the incident struck — the capsized raft, with food, equipment and cameras, was a runaway, washing downstream towards a major waterfall we had seen from an aerial scout. The third boat, piloted by veteran guide John Kramer, had barely come through the last rapid right-side-up, but it did, and now Kramer pulled on his oars in a desperate attempt to catch the rampant raft.

I assisted Renee to shore, then felt helpless. But this was no ordinary expedition. Out of



nowhere the helicopter appeared, sped over to my vantage and hovered just above me. The pilot gave me a signal, and I saw that he knew the situation and had a plan. I leapt up on the runners and pulled myself into the back of the chopper, which zoomed downstream. Two miles later we saw the flipped raft sprinting pell-mell through the currents. The helicopter lowered until it was hovering ten feet above the raft. The pilot nodded, and I jumped, landing on the slick bottom of the raft. I knew I had to act fast — the waterfall was just a few miles away. I reached under the bow, found the painter, then dove into the water. I tried to tow the raft towards shore, but I was making little progress against the headlong current. I pulled and strained and barely moved the bulky raft. I could feel my strength sapping. I began to doubt I could make it. Then, the cavalry arrived. John Kramer's raft at last caught up with us, and with the combined efforts of he and his crew, the run-away was wrestled to shore. We wrenched it over, and miraculously nothing was lost.

By twilight we were all reunited on a broad beach just above another major rapid. Here the decision was made to end the expedition — the film was completed, we had rafted the best of the Waghi, and the length of the Tua . . . all that remained was the lower stretches of the river system, the Purari, which was likely the most difficult, the most dangerous, and perhaps the most enticing.

But then, something should be left for expeditions yet to come. ♣

Sobek Expeditions now regularly offers float trips through the scenic and mildly wild upper Waghi Gorge. It is one of the most beautiful and pleasant raft trips anywhere. Contact Sobek or Air Niugini for details.

The future of our people lies in the land.

Our affinity with the land is centuries old. It has always been the basis of our lives and, will remain so in future years. The methods of agriculture are however changing, with the cultivation of new crops and the access that we now have to modern agricultural technology.

The Ramu Sugar project, at Gusap in the Madang Province, is the largest agricultural development ever undertaken in Papua New Guinea, and has

proved a remarkable triumph in International and National co-operation for the expansion of our traditional economic base in the primary industries.

Ramu, as well as replacing previous imports by becoming the nation's own source of cane sugar, is now producing an export surplus that will generate considerable economic benefits for Papua New Guinea.



Ramu Sugar an agricultural future for the people of our land.

RAMU SUGAR

by Hollie Smith

IN 1976, like all visitors to the Markham and her sister valley, the Ramu, I was impressed with the rugged country and the vastness of this region which displayed such obvious agricultural potential.

At that time, not much was happening in the two valleys. Smallholder cattle projects were still fairly new and what was affectionately known as the 'national herd' grazed at Gusap Downs, Leron Plains and Dumpu Station. The Aztera Rural Co-operative, where Papua New Guinea's peanut butter is made, was buying and processing the first crop of peanuts grown by local landowners and a lot of activity centred on the DPI station at Erap. Small plantations near Lae produced coffee and cocoa but the upper Markham and the Ramu were relatively empty of settlement.

There is an almost invisible geological division between the two valleys. The rivers in the Ramu flow towards Madang while those in the Markham flow towards Lae. Were it not for this, the two valleys could be said to be one. Located not far from the junction of the Highlands Highway and the Madang road at Watarais, the division may be immediately obvious to the geologist but the road traveller would find it hard to say where one valley begins and the other ends.

Years ago research proved that the soil and climatic conditions in the upper Markham and the Ramu were ideal for commercial growing of sugar

cane. Wild cane was prolific and had long been a staple part of the traditional diet. Few people are aware that the sugar cane from which nearly all present commercial varieties were developed originally came from Papua New Guinea. Such is our contribution to the world's sweet tooth!

In 1978 the PNG government decided to seriously investigate the possibility of producing sugar in this region. Feasibility studies were promising and, with three basic aims in mind, in 1979 the government entered into a joint venture with the Commonwealth Development Corporation, Booker Agriculture International and other foreign and domestic investors to establish the company now known as Ramu Sugar Pty. Ltd.

B.A.I. undertook to provide the managerial and technical expertise for the project. Financing came from the government, the major partners and other domestic and foreign sources. The total investment in the venture was K70 million and 60% of the shares now belong to Papua New Guineans, either through their government or through other forms of domestic investment. The project was sited in the Ramu valley because leasehold land was immediately available there.

The government's three basic aims for establishing Ramu Sugar were to meet the entire PNG demand for sugar, to provide employment in a rural area



Photos from top: view of the factory; bins of freshly-cut cane ready for processing; new ethanol plant under construction; mechanical cane cutter being made ready for action

Photo: Paul Kershaw

Photo: Errol Johnson

Photo: Hollie Smith

and to preserve valuable foreign exchange by developing an import replacement industry.

Once the decision 'to do our own thing' in sugar was taken, the government and B.A.I. wasted little time in getting things underway. By late 1979 construction was started and in June 1982 the first crop of 114,000 tonnes of cane was being harvested and processed in the completed factory.

Not a bad record considering everything had to be done from scratch. With the exception of the road, not a single service or facility was available — housing, the factory, workshops, tradestores, clinic, social amenities — they all had to be built as soon as possible to meet the needs of a community comprising the 2000 Ramu employees and their families.

To me, Ramu Sugar was the proverbial mushroom. It sprang up overnight. The all dominant kunai grass rapidly receded as the physical plant and cane fields emerged. Suddenly, where there had been almost no evidence of the modern technical world, there stood a completely self-sufficient community.

By late 1982, 6180 hectares of the Ramu valley sported neat, orderly rows of cane, all insured against fire, an all too frequent visitor to the valley. The crop was thriving, even more so than B.A.I. with its world-wide experience in the sugar business had anticipated.

The valley's traditional landowners were participating in the project through Ramu's smallholder scheme. The company provides technical expertise, field preparation, seed cane and agro-chemicals to people wishing to establish smallholder cane fields. Payment for required services is made when the harvested cane is sold to the company at the factory door.

During its first year of operation the scheme resulted in 80 hectares of smallholder cane and this figure is expected to rise to 700 hectares in 1984. For the first time Ramu landowners had an opportunity to participate in PNG's cash economy without leaving home.

1983 was a busy year for



Ramu Sugar. To protect domestic sales an import ban on foreign sugar was imposed. The '83 cane crop was considerably in excess of domestic requirements so 7000 tonnes of sugar was exported, earning some US\$1.5 million in foreign ex-

change. Savings in foreign exchange because of local production were K15 million for 1983 and the company's wage bill was K6 million.

A new storage warehouse was built and a distillery has been added to convert molasses

to ethanol for blending with petrol. Annual production capacity is 6 million litres, a sizeable contribution towards reducing PNG's expenditure overseas on fuel.

The Ramu cattle project now boasts one of the finest beef cattle herds in the country and, on the research side, 70 varieties of cane are now being tested. The goal is to find five varieties which are disease resistant and suited to PNG conditions.

Ramu Sugar runs an extensive on-the-job training programme which operates at all levels of the project. Twenty-two nationals are now participating in the two year senior management programme and four nationals have already filled senior positions. By 1985, up to 50% of the senior management will rest with Papua New Guineans.

And the sugar keeps coming. Production for 1984 will be in the 400,000 tonnes range which means more exports. Throughout PNG, tradestores and supermarkets carry displays of the end product of the country's largest agricultural project — bags of Ramu sugar.

I visit the two valleys now and remember how they used to be. I'm not sorry they've changed. The vast, empty grasslands have given way to productive agricultural usage as the potential of the region is being tapped. Now there are livestock projects and fields of peanuts, tobacco and sugar, cocoa and coffee, a sealed highway and modern amenities for the people. And there's employment in the rural sector.

Going into the Ramu and Markham valleys is still like 'coming into the country' as they say in Alaska. Or perhaps today it would be more accurate to say 'seeing the country come into its own.'

Top: cane in the first stage of processing; **centre:** hand cutting of cane requires the fields to be burnt first. The cutters move in, stacking the cane in rows as they go; **below:** branding of cattle at the Gusap station

Burns Philp Travel



We have
your world...

...at our
fingertips

We are now linked to the most sophisticated computerised reservation system in the world. Our staff have been professionally trained by Qantas and Air Niugini.

At the touch of a button we can book your flight to anywhere in Papua New Guinea or overseas.

Reservations for car hire, accommodation and tours are just part of our magnificent service — *and it costs you no more.*

Give us a call.

**Burns
Philp Travel**

Come with us!

Port Moresby:



WINDSURF CITY!

by Brian Beban

WINDSURFING — or sail board riding if you wish, as *Windsurfer* is a brand of sailboard — is a new sport with only 14 years having passed since Hoyle Schweitzer, a Californian surfer, invented a wishbone boom to enable him to sail one of his surfboards. Since then, the sport has enjoyed the most remarkable surge of popularity ever experienced in leisure activity. Hundreds of thousands

of boards have been sold the world over as people have realised the advantage of sailing free and fast on the portable inexpensive and maintenance free sailboards.

Port Moresby is an ideal place to windsurf as hundreds of people have already discovered. Ela Beach, with its golden sand has become so popular that weekend parking is at a premium. The shoreline at times seems covered with multi-hued

sails and the onshore waters are crowded with novice sailors trying to overcome the difficult learning stage. Further out over the edge of the beautiful coral reef, more accomplished windriders flash by with gleaming white wakes, often hooting with excitement as they plane down swells and leap small waves.

Sailors Paradise would well be the name for Port Moresby, situated as it is with beach and harbour facing the prevailing

winds. The S.E. Trades blow strongly for 5 months of the year and provide excellent conditions for sailing. The remainder of the year, more variable and lighter S.W. winds blow, and it is during this time that whole families can get out together, and novices can build their confidence for the stronger winds. The water is warm and clear all year round and the hot dry climate virtually guarantees nine out of ten days

Below: the multi-coloured sails of the windsurfers make the tranquil waters of Ela Beach even more picturesque; **left:** we have lift off! Tim Gunson tries some aerobatics on his custom-built short board

Photo: Roger Gunson



Photo: John Devereux

perfect for windsurfing.

Windsurfing conjures up mental pictures of taut sails propelling muscular young bodies across azure waters with a backdrop of blue skies. The reality in Port Moresby is not much different except that the bodies are of all shapes and ages, with the common bond of this exciting sport drawing them together in a way no other sport can.

The skills involved in windsurfing are better taught than learned the hard way. Like golf, it is a sport where technique is more important than strength. A good teacher can impart the skills in about a third of the time it would take by trial and error. A lot of hard work hauling up the sail can be saved by learning the basic skills which are essential for sailing in stronger winds. The close knit community of boardsailors are always passing on their knowledge and clinics are held occasionally to encourage novices to learn correct techniques.



The heady thrill of the sport starts when the boardrider suddenly discovers the acceleration of a gust of wind, and the strong pull of the sail being transferred through the body and converted into movement. The flow of energy can be felt, and the exhilaration of high wind sailing can only be understood by participants. The body straining backwards against the pull of the sail, the spray shooting out on either side, the board bouncing over small waves, the wind and spray blowing in the face, all join to give a unique sensation of speed and freedom.

The sport is an especially safe one, for immediately the rider falls in the water, or lets go of the sail, the mast falls into

A day at the races...

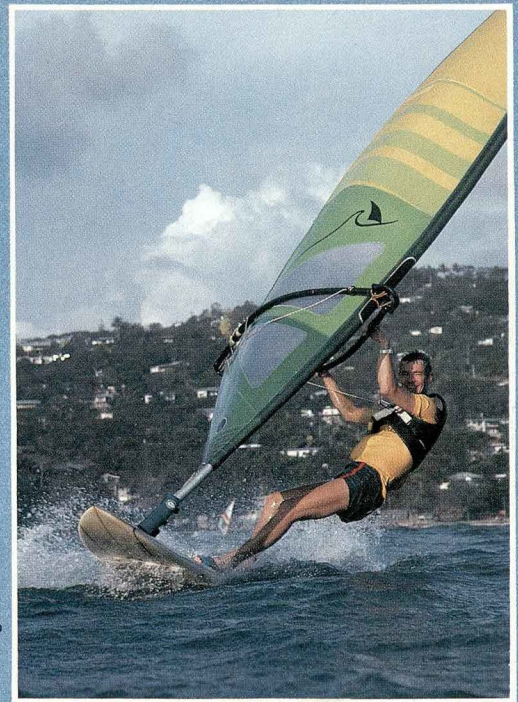
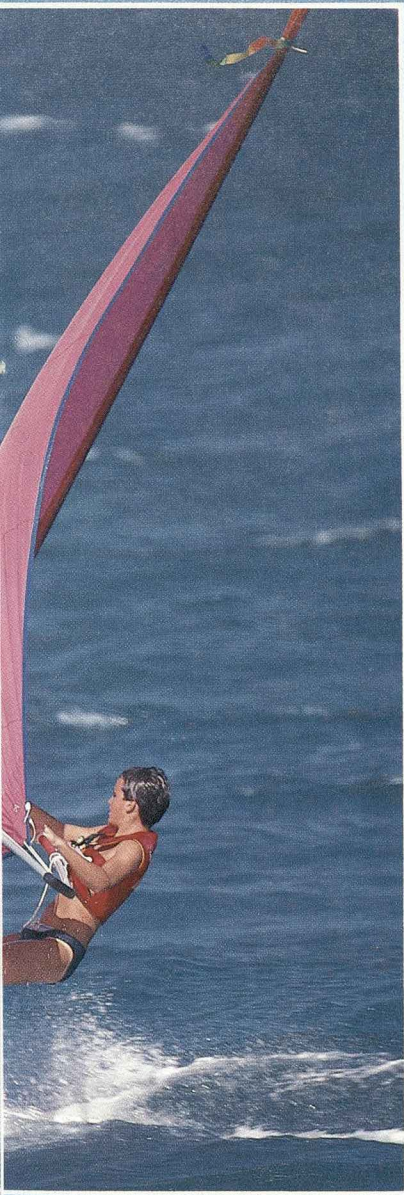


With the coming of the south-easterly trade winds, the scene was set for a series of spectacular windsurfing races off Port Moresby's Ela Beach. The first race was particularly interesting — a dual between the local Hobie 16 fraternity and the windsurfers.

The race lasted 26 minutes 48 seconds in winds ranging from 25 to 42 knots. Although well ahead on the reaches the leading windsurfers; all riding short wave-jumping boards; lost valuable time at the gybe mark, allowing Andy Thompson and Bob Gray to sneak their Hobie into the lead. While Alistair Montague played cat and mouse with the Hobie, Tim Gunson's green and black sail streaked for the line but was just beaten to it by the Hobie — by a mere five seconds! (photos top right)

Despite Tim Gunson's high wind superiority, John Cooper (photo far right) remained the country's top sailor, winning both the Port Moresby series and the national championships in Rabaul.





Photographs by John Devereux

Photo: Roger Gunson

Photo: Roger Gunson

the water and acts as an anchor, stopping the board immediately. The board cannot sink, and is constructed of benign material that cannot cause injury especially since water is a great shock absorber. Indeed, most windsurfing injuries are caused by incorrect sail raising techniques which can injure the back.

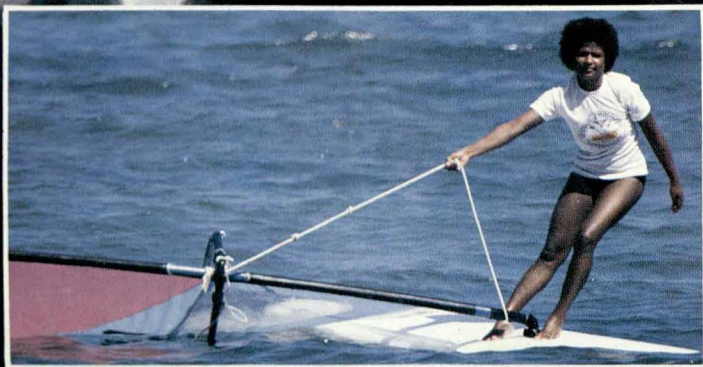
Ela Beach is a colourful sight nowadays as beautiful multi-hued sails weave the shoreline and scatter along the beach and scatter along the beach. Children play on the beach in the shade of the trees and splash in the safe shallows while their parents sail. Children are also seen hitching a ride on the back of a board, often with snorkelling gear to peer at the coral reef as the board sails over it. One character even takes his dog with him, man and dog sharing companionship and excitement in a beautiful setting.

Recently a major cleanup of the beach area was undertaken by the Boardsailing Fleet. Hundreds of people cleared the beach and shallows of all sorts of junk, including chains, anchors, stones and that most dreaded of beach dwellers, broken bottles. In all, three



Oops . . .

. . . oh well, try again!



truckloads were carried away, and the city council is committed to keeping the area clean and tidy as is evidenced by the most concentrated placement of rubbish bins in the world. The result is a most pleasant spot to enjoy leisure time for Port Moresby citizens. Sailing conditions are the envy of most visitors and a whole new lifestyle revolves around this healthy sport.

Visitors are able to try out

Above: Champion John Cooper shows how it's done

the sport by hiring equipment at reasonable rates. Tuition is also available and is recommended so the newcomers can enjoy learning what can be a most frustrating exercise without help. If you haven't tried it, hire a board, get some tuition and hang on for the most thrilling and addictive ride of your life — Brian Beban is President of the Port Moresby Windsurfing Fleet. 🐾

Photo: Roger Gunson

YOU COULDN'T OPEN A WIDER DOOR TO THE WORLD!

In business, investment, foreign exchange and trade, the success of any organisation depends upon its ability to take advantage of opportunities when they present themselves — speed is the essence.

To take advantage of such opportunities, you need a bank which is a real partner — a bank with a presence in all major international markets.

Banque Indosuez is present in more than 55 countries. By joining this

world wide banking network, Indosuez Niugini plays a vital role by offering Papua New Guinea business and commercial communities immediate access to international banking, communication lines and exposure to international and financial opportunities.

Indosuez Niugini Bank has a very wide door, a door that opens on to the world, a world of foreign exchange, a world of finance and a world of opportunities.



INDOSUEZ NIUGINI BANK LTD.

Indosuez Niugini Bank Ltd.

Burns House Champion Parade

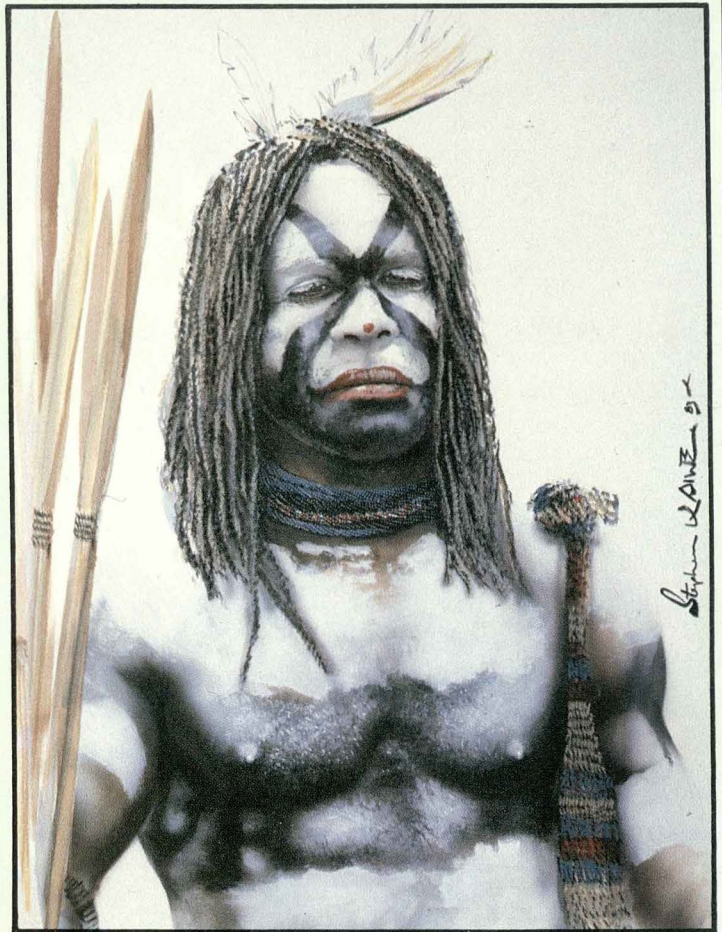
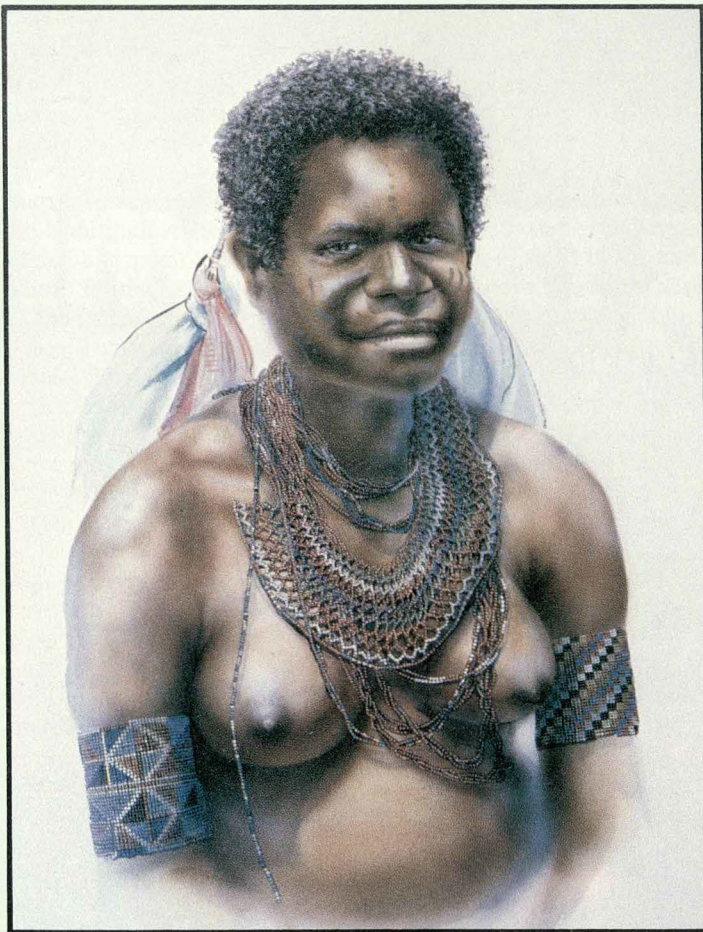
PO Box 1390, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea.

Telephone: 21 3533 Telex: 23274 INDONIU

self portrait

SINCE 1980 the paintings of Stephen Kaiwe has been appearing in hotel lobbies, private galleries and exhibitions throughout the country — Minj, Mount Hagen, Goroka, Bulolo and Port Moresby, but more often than not, sold out the back door by sympathetic friends and admirers of his work. Word of mouth seems to be the most acceptable means of promotion for an artist that refuses to sign his own given name — This interview was made recently when the artist was in Papua New Guinea, gathering more reference material for his work. It probably raises more questions than it answers, so if confusion prevails, then just enjoy the examples of his paintings printed here and let them speak for themselves . . .





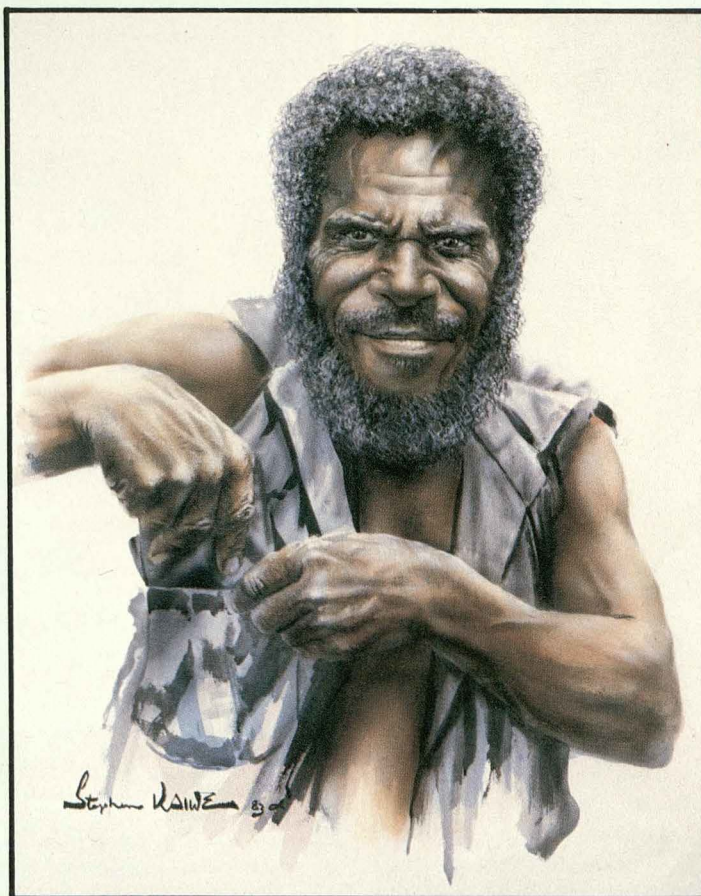
Why paint under an assumed name?

“My ‘Nom de brush?’ Kaiwe’s work is a separate concept and stands on its own merits. It has an integrity and purpose all its own and it would be wrong to confuse it with my other painting activities. It has very little, if anything to do with my other stuff, though I notice a little of Kaiwe seeping into my other work of late. There is something very powerful and arresting in the faces of the Melanesian people — people say to me “why don’t you paint landscapes? — the country is so beautiful” — True — the varied landscape is some of the most dramatic in the world but this drama I prefer to see reflected in the faces of the people — so I stick to portraits — probably they are more demanding and difficult to effect, but if they’re successful, infinitely more satisfying for me and I hope for others.”

Why Kaiwe?

“The name Kaiwe comes from ‘Kai’ meaning ‘good’ and ‘we’ which emphasises what

Above left: a Southern Highlands ‘meri’ at Goroka; **right:** Southern Highlands dance leader; **below:** plantation worker

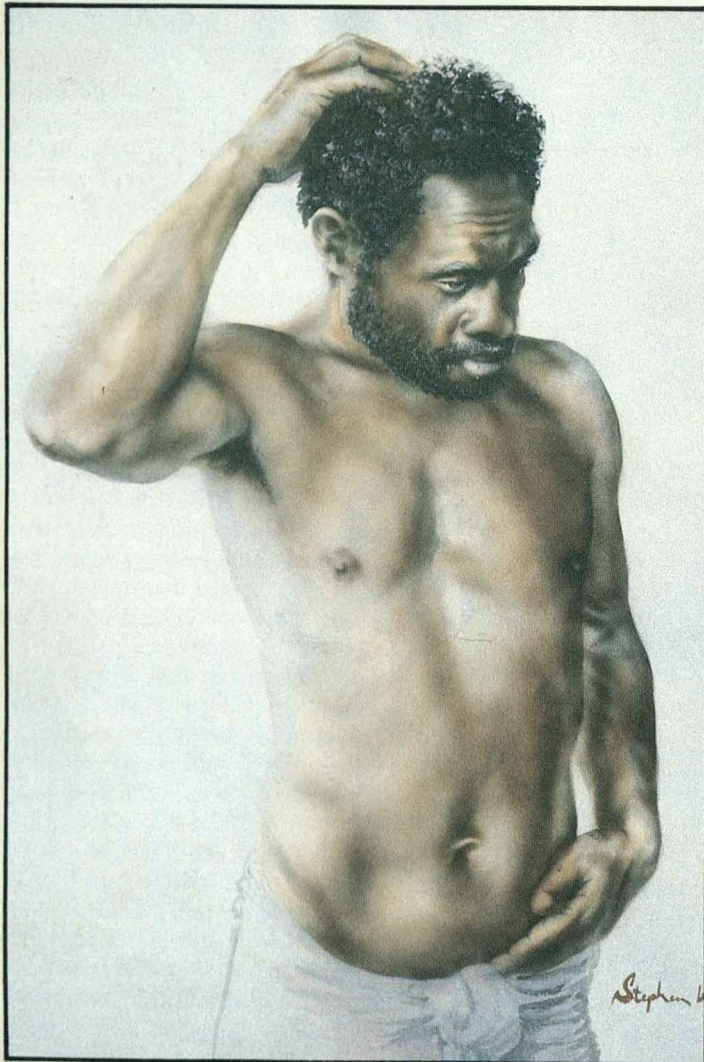
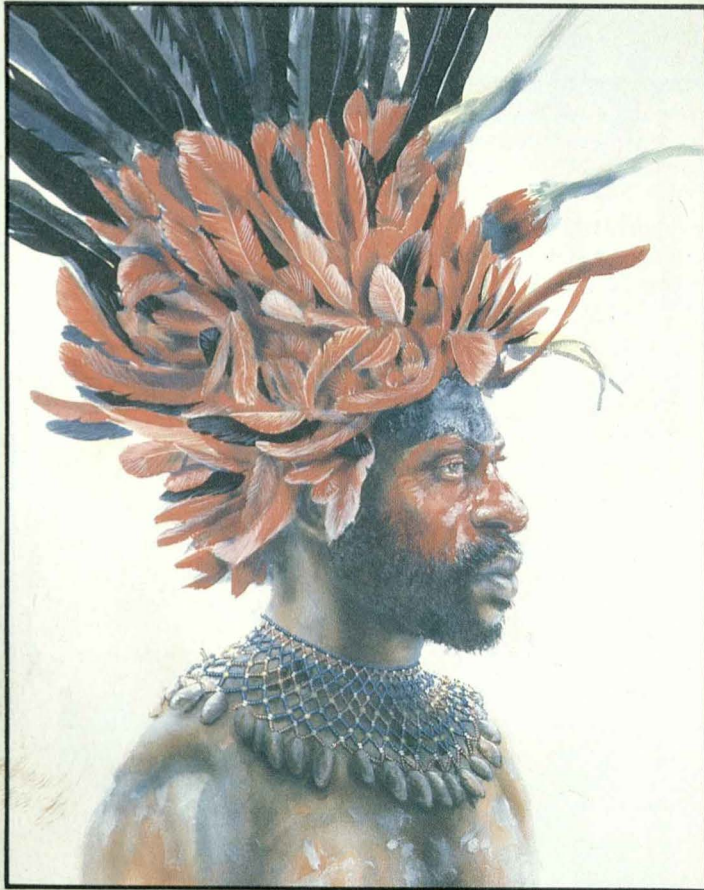


was said previously (olsem extra grouse). It denotes an excellence to which I aspire (much stifled laughter). I didn’t make it up, I ripped it off my brother who has a business in Hagen with the same name — I felt it suited — sounded good.”

How long have you been working at this type of work then?

“Well, apart from a couple of one off freebies I gave away in ’73 I didn’t get started ’til early 1980. I was too busy working at plantation management to get much painting done, anyway, I needed that time to look into the people and try to establish common points of reference, so that I might be able to paint with some understanding; though all that high aspiration stuff doesn’t amount to much if you can’t paint well enough in the first place.

“Years ago I was taught to paint things that look real, then I had to unlearn all that when I went to senior art college ‘to discover my essential self in painting terms’ you know, pour buckets of paint over myself and hurl my naked body at the



canvas — dangerous stuff — you can schlick backwards halfway through a hurl, and crack your skull open on the floor — who needs an ultimate statement like that when you've only just managed to grow a beard? Am I digressing? Good!

"After all that, I had to work for a living, so I worked in the television industry and in the theatre and films — doing sets, back drops and props etc., also building hamburgers, washing cars and teaching art — all of which is perfect training for the reality that is Papua New Guinea — you don't believe that do you? See it's such a multi-levelled, multi-faceted and thoroughly alive place to be — So called developed countries can be so predictable and boring — there's no fun in survival — just grim satisfaction."

Has Stephen Kaiwe been a success so far do you think?

"If success is measured in kina or bucks, I'd have to admit that life's been a bit of a squeeze since I started painting full time, but it's a growing thing: as more people get to know your work and as it improves — at least, I think they're getting better, When I'm able to

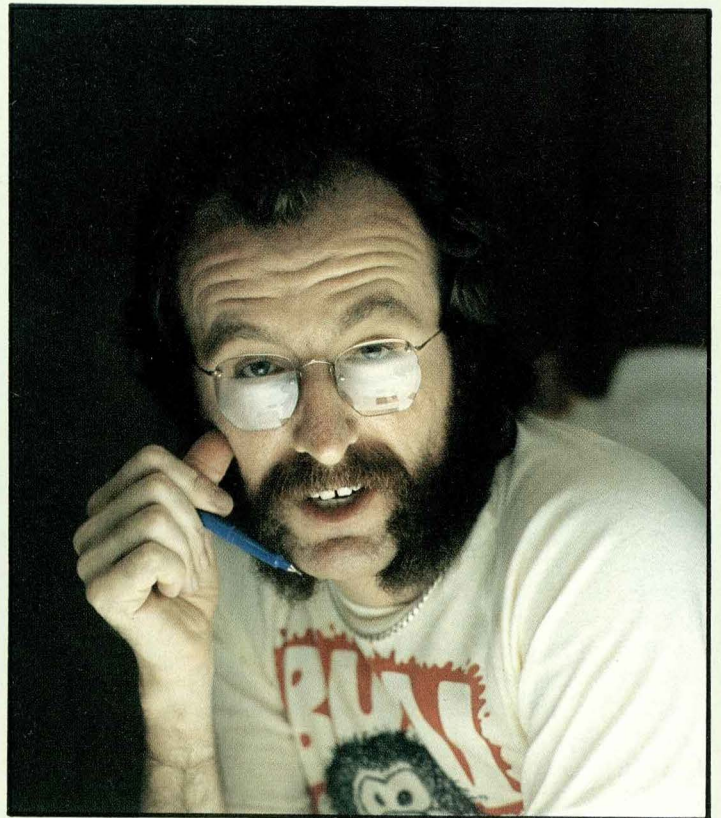
make the people live in my paintings — then I would call that successful."

And what of the future?

"Well I would like to illustrate a book or several books really — the subject is so vast — showing all the individual forms and styles of costume and bilas each separate tribal group has, as part of its traditional entity. Also the many and varied dance legends within some groups — one could spend a whole book illustrating those of the Eastern Highlands alone. I've been attending the Highland shows now for some time and my brothers before me since the mid sixties and I've noticed how the mainstream tribal groups are beginning to borrow from each other various details in their mode of decoration. I would like to see some kind of pictorial record of how each group dressed in the beginning, before the homogenisation began."

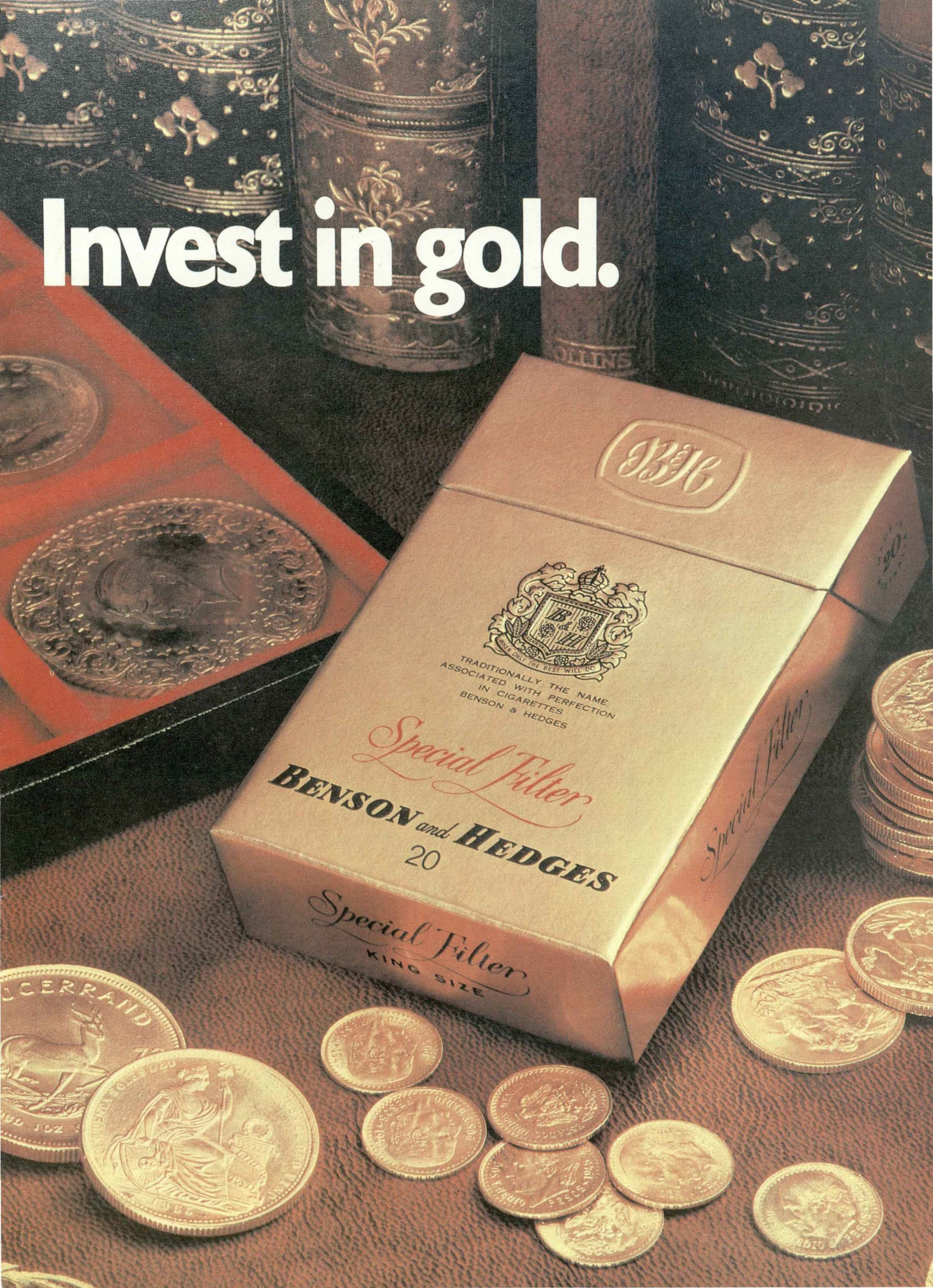
And that's enough justification for Stephen Kaiwe?

"Yeah, failing that, I can still get back to the naked splash and dribble esoteric abstractica, can't I? 🍀"



Top: a Chimbu/middle Waghi dancer from the Hagen Show; **below:** portrait of Jimi Thomas; **right:** the artist himself, at a visit to the Paradise studio

Invest in gold.



TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES

Special Filter

BENSON and HEDGES

20

Special Filter
KING SIZE



The 500 tonne lift



The way to get the *Waigani Express* off the reef required a helicopter air lift. Our Hughes 500 machines moved over 500 tonnes of cargo to barges, waiting in the lagoon, faster than it could be brought up from the holds.

As Papua New Guinea's largest helicopter operator, with four types of helicopters strategically placed in four centres spanning the country, we're ready to serve you at a moment's notice. If our Hughes 500s, Bell 206s, Hiller Soloys or 7-seater AS350B Squirrel Helicopter are not just right we'll bring in the helicopter that will do the job. Our pilots are skilled in all phases of helicopter support work: remote area construction, surveys, mining, agricultural application — even above 3,000 metres. So whatever the job, Pacific can do it.

Head Office: Goroka Airport, Eastern Highlands Province,
PO Box 342, GOROKA; Telephone: 72 1830; Telex: NE72623;
Cables: PAC-HEL GOROKA
Branches: Port Moresby 25 9301, Lae 42 4624, Rabaul 92 1209.



Why the Earth Shakes

A Legend from Telefomin, West Sepik Province

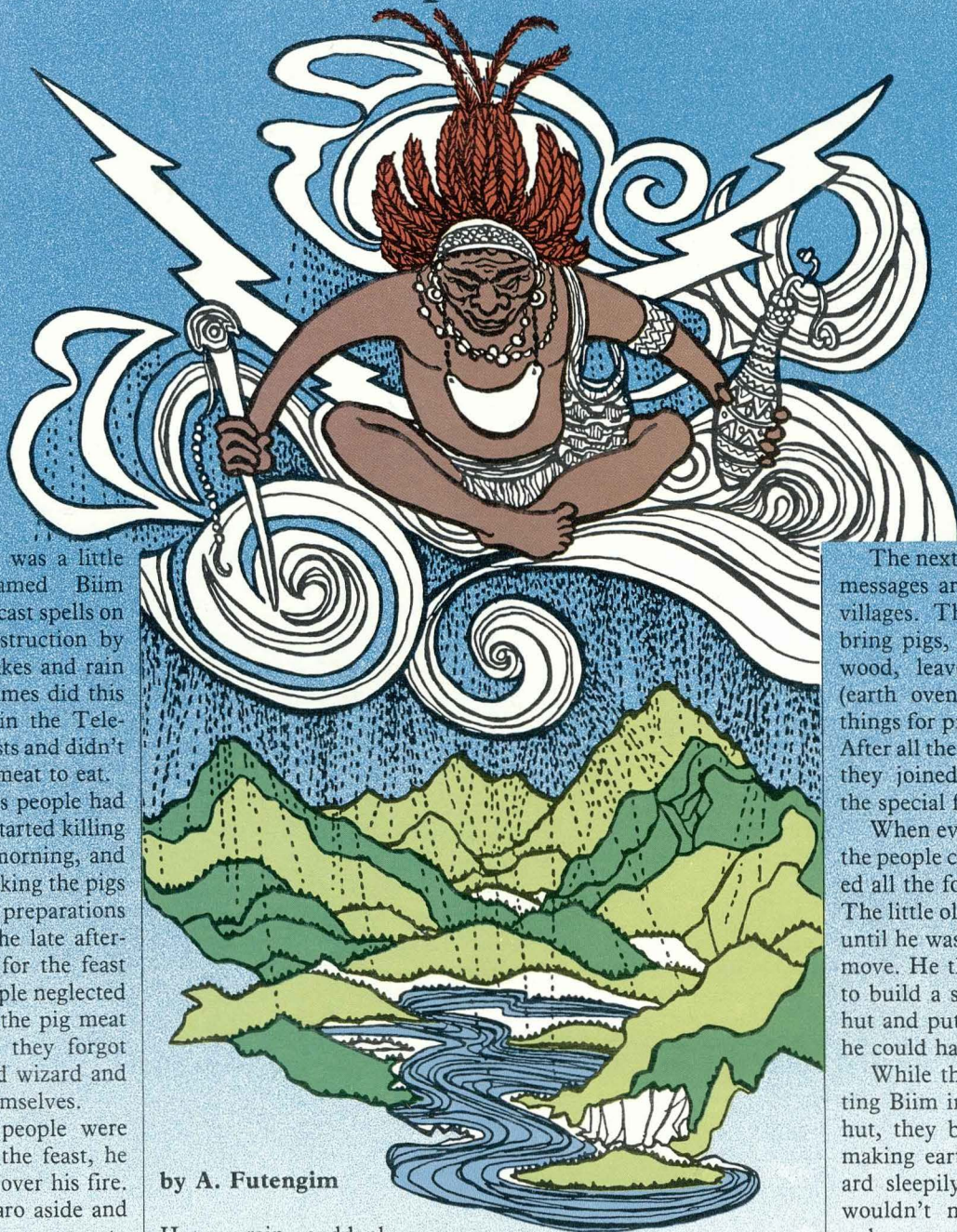


Illustration by Rosalie Christensen

THERE once was a little wizard named Biim who could cast spells on earth to bring destruction by means of earthquakes and rain storms. He sometimes did this when his people in the Telefomin area had feasts and didn't give him any pig meat to eat.

One day, Biim's people had a big feast. They started killing pigs early in the morning, and worked all day cooking the pigs and making other preparations for the feast. In the late afternoon, when food for the feast was ready, the people neglected to take a share of the pig meat to Biim. Instead, they forgot about the little old wizard and ate everything themselves.

While Biim's people were getting ready for the feast, he cooked some taro over his fire. He then set the taro aside and waited patiently for someone to bring him his share of the pig meat to eat with the taro. The wizard waited and waited all afternoon, but no one came to give him anything.

Finally, as evening was drawing near, Biim became very cross. He picked up his cold taro and threw it into the bush. The sound made by the taro when it fell became thunder. The thunder reared across the sky like a fierce animal.

by A. Futengim

Heavy rain suddenly came tumbling down and the earth started shaking. Everything around the Telefomin area was in chaos.

None of the wizard's people knew what to do. It rained all night, causing the rivers to flood, and more earthquakes came during the night too. The earthquakes destroyed the people's food gardens and villages with landslides.

As dawn came the next

morning, elders from one of the destroyed villages went to see the little old wizard. They tried to talk with him and calm him down. But Biim would not give up his anger easily. Finally, the elders promised to make a special very big feast and to let the wizard eat everything himself. After hearing this, Biim at last agreed to remove the spells he was using to create the earthquakes and storms.

The next day, the elders sent messages around to all nearby villages. They told people to bring pigs, taro, kau kau, firewood, leaves for the mumu (earth oven) and many other things for preparing a big feast. After all the people had arrived, they joined together to make the special feast for the wizard.

When everything was ready, the people called Biim and placed all the food in front of him. The little old wizard ate and ate until he was so full he couldn't move. He then told the people to build a small pandanus leaf hut and put him inside so that he could have a sleep.

While the people were putting Biim in the pandanus leaf hut, they begged him to stop making earthquakes. The wizard sleepily promised that he wouldn't make more trouble unless someone disturbed him. He then fell into a deep sleep.

Nowadays, people throughout the Telefomin area still believe that earthquakes are a sign that someone has disturbed the sleeping wizard, and made him angry. The more angry Biim is, the bigger the earthquake will be. It is also believed that earthquakes can be an omen promising a good pandanus nut bearing season and a good harvest of the nuts. 🌰

by Robert Kendall Piper

OVER a thousand aircraft wrecks litter the remote areas, mountains and coastal waters of Australia and Papua New Guinea. Among these are dozens yet to be found and listed on official records as simply "missing".

As with sunken vessels, these former ships of the air attract a new breed of latter day treasure hunters, usually in the form of aviation historians and enthusiasts. For want of a better term, this 20th century derivation of an old and respected field of exploration is often termed "aviation archaeology".

World war two was to provide a tragic bonus to these downed aircraft in the form of military machines from Japan, United States, Netherland East Indies, New Zealand and Britain.

Aluminium, aviation's newest product, was mass produced for the first time and entered the conflict. This durable, lightweight metal was to remain almost perfectly intact in jungle, bushland and desert. Its only real enemy was salt and air, the combination causing it to powder as oxidation set in. Even this could be a gradual process.

Wood and fabric dominated Australia's early flying days. These materials, though of the best quality at the time, rapidly deteriorate when exposed to the elements. Periodic bushfires also create havoc. The enthusiast when re-locating one of these vintage crash sites will probably have only rusty wires, nuts, bolts and the engine block to contemplate. A tubular framework may give some indication of the plane's original lines.

Old aircraft, by virtue of their composition, are also much more difficult to locate. The very nature of the materials of which they were made tends to blend in with where they came to grief. One perfect example was the famous "Kookaburra" found by Dick Smith in the Northern Territory several years ago. Wheel marks were seen nearby that surprisingly reveal an earlier

AVIATION

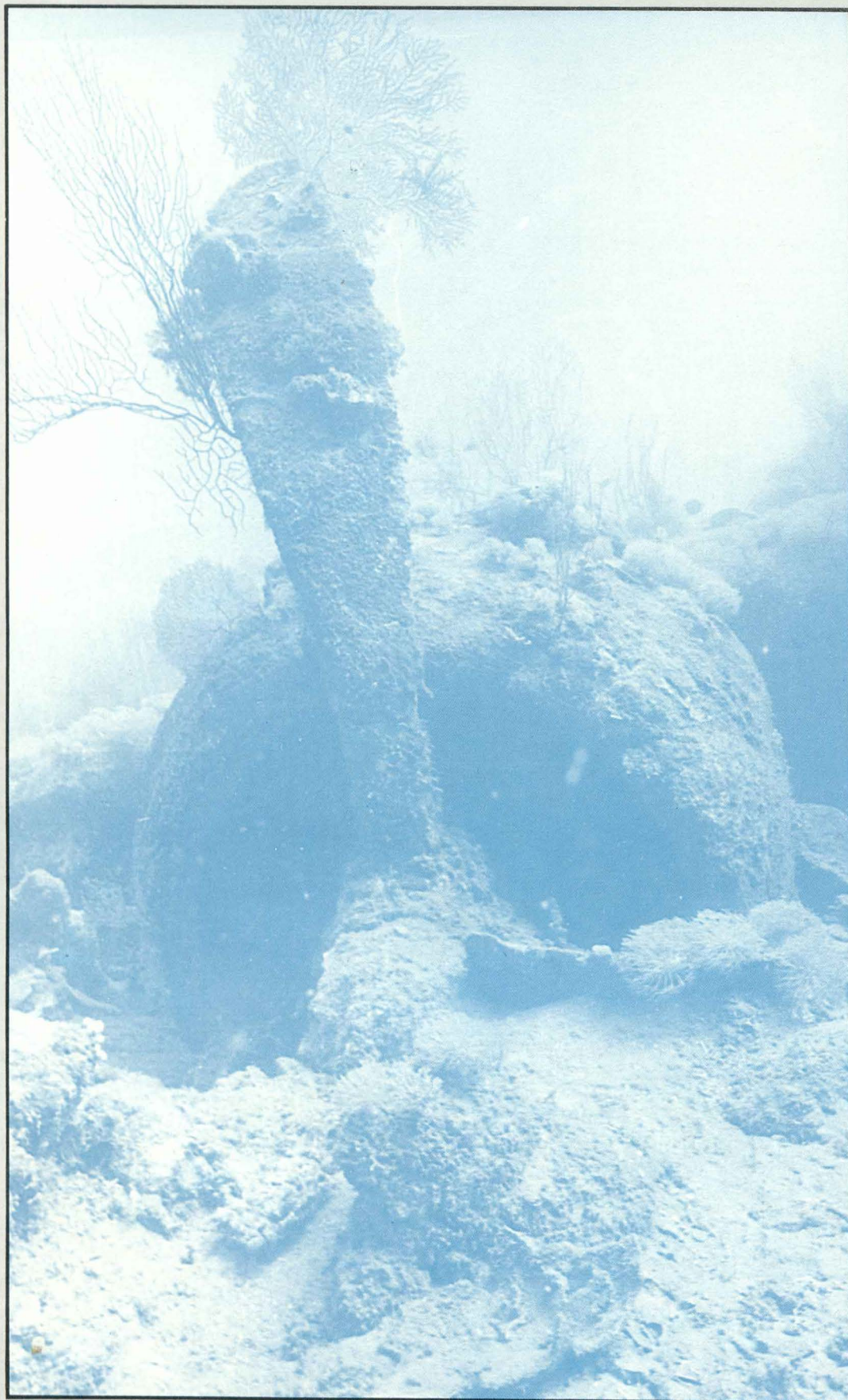


Photo: Robert Piper

ARCHAEOLOGY

search vehicle had almost driven over the biplane without noticing it amongst the grass. These difficult searches should not be quickly dismissed though; being older they are all that much more a challenge and valuable parts can still be retrieved.

Many people earnestly desire to be associated in the search for historic aircraft wreckage. Even more wish to visit the site when it has finally been located. However, the effort should be for more than a mere ego trip and not just to satisfy idle curiosity. Genuine team members are unfortunately few and far between.

Each sincere member of the group must be prepared to put his or her hand in their pocket and equally contribute to the expenses. This includes use of private vehicles in not always the most favourable conditions. It is not cheap to search in a professional manner. Binoculars, maps, petrol, good clothing and boots, compasses as well as occasional overnight accommodation and aircraft charter. The faint of heart and wallet soon begin finding excuses.

A rugged 35 mm camera of good quality is another essential item to record your successes and failures in aviation archaeology. Plan to shoot in colour slides or black and white film; for the latter Ilford FP4 is high-

ly recommended. If two in the group carry cameras then each can carry different loads and compare and exchange when the film is developed. A flash is also important on each occasion, especially in areas of poor light and to eliminate shadows. Buy the best batteries possible and carry a spare set, otherwise an expensive return trip might be necessary.

The search for aircraft in remote areas is ideally suited to those who like the outdoors and bushwalking. Access to the general area may be assisted by a trail bike. My personal preference in this area being 125 cc four strokes for their lightness, quietness and outstanding fuel economy. They can save many hours in combing a particular area and are the ideal pack horse with an engine.

A little gold fossicking may often be combined with the expedition. In many instances aircraft crash sites the writer has visited have been adjacent to and even on top of former gold mining operations.

Metal detectors, which have become so popular in recent years, will be a searcher's best friend once the wreckage is located. After the crash as each subsequent year has passed, wind, water and nature will have continued the natural process of shifting soil and covering small parts. This bury-

ing process, for example in creek beds or on steep slopes, can be quite considerable.

The ability of the metal detector to find anything depends on the object's size, soil depth and composition. Coins, metal buttons and empty shells do not elude the electronic probe. Complemented with earphones, from your stereo or aircraft, the detectors are even more sensitive and effective. Small objects recovered, such as spent cartridges and coins, help establish a date for the accident.

Live ammunition and even bombs lie scattered at WWII crash sites in many circumstances. From exposure to the elements and their age they are extremely dangerous and best left well alone. Local authorities should be notified as soon as possible; they in turn usually leave it to the military to arrange disposal. A classic example of stupidity in this case was a property owner we discovered trying to destroy the remains of a Ventura bomber near Canberra by burning it and the loose live .50 calibre ammunition found lying around!

Recovery from the sea requires prompt and expert preservative treatment once the aircraft is exposed to the atmosphere. The aluminium whitens and powders then rapidly disintegrates. The fuselages collect sand and mud with the underwater currents. This excessive extra burden of

weight has to be removed before the plane is raised.

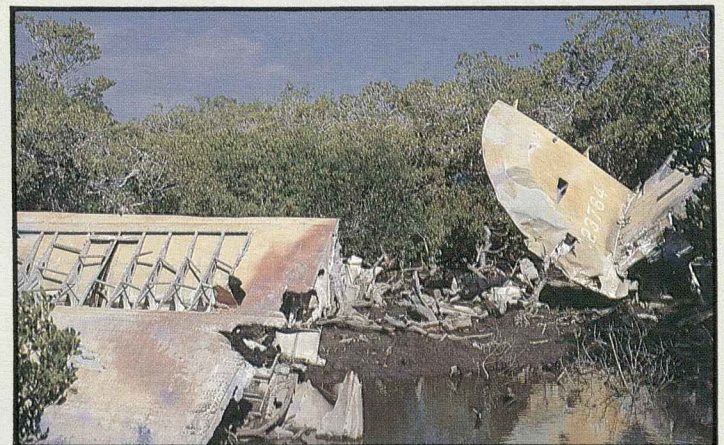
The average world war two fighter may be recovered from the sea bed with forty 44 gallon drums. Sufficient buoyancy is provided, when attached with ropes at low tide, to lift the plane at high tide and float it to shallow water.

In depths of over forty feet, where there is less oxygen in the water, the rate of deterioration of aluminium is quite slow. This is especially so off coastal areas with steep mountains close to the shore; fast fresh water flows into the sea and tends to settle on the bottom. The reduced salinity again retards the oxidation process.

Lend lease aircraft cut up and dumped in deep waters off Sydney at the end of the last war have recently been trawled back up. Paintwork and markings have been in remarkable condition. The enormous cold depths had helped to preserve the by now historic aircraft parts.

Security of aircraft crash sites, as with ship wrecks, is of paramount importance. Reveal the position to a friend, he in turn confides in someone else and the word is soon out. Every man and his dog is off to have a look and secure a souvenir. The end result is a looted and useless crash site with no respect by the visitors for surrounding private or state land.

This sense of secrecy al-



though resented by many, usually the irresponsible, must be rigorously maintained. I've seen virtually intact valuable aircraft shot up, bulldozed and even set on fire, just to see how they burn! In another case a jacked up Lightning, just ready for recovery, had the wheels chopped out with an axe; the offender later used them for a trailer.

Crash sites will usually supply only parts but these have their own use for swapping purposes or adding to a similar plane which is incomplete. Sections of historic aircraft may also provide interesting displays using engines, instrument panels, throttle quadrants and other similar portable items.

Recovery of aircraft that have force landed or crashed in remote locations is usually difficult and often next to impossible. Broad jungles, vast swamps and high mountain peaks mean expensive capital outlay. Either a road has to be cut in or very costly helicopters, similar to the RAAF's Chinooks, employed.

The slow and tedious problem of dis-assembly then has to be considered. A Ford Tri-Motor recovered at Myola in New Guinea several years ago first had the outer wings removed. Even then the RAAF Chinook found it necessary to creep along to prevent the tow beginning to fly of its own accord.

If your case is thought genuine, local councils, private earth moving contractors and even the military may show some sympathy; this is especially so if the local press exhibit interest. A television camera in the right place at the right time does marvels for morale among the volunteers. Cutting up a plane to expedite recovery is just not on. Leave it there for another day and another expedition.

Don't be quickly disillusioned by the fact that locals say there is nothing of interest in your area as regards aviation archaeology. We received the same advice for Canberra and our group turned up a Beaufighter, Wirraway, Ventura, civil Percival Q6 and an Avro

Anson, all within two hours drive of the city. So successful were we that a name was given to the team, Canberra Aviation/Research and Exploration, covered by the appropriate initials CARE. Members are still searching for a Tiger Moth, Vultee Vengeance and De Havilland Dragon. The so-called experts here are shaking their heads in disbelief.

Reasons for crashes, often undetermined in the past, may be revealed years later by a sensible appraisal of the wreckage. This especially applies to the study of the instruments and propellers. Blades bent hard back against the cowling mean an engine operating on low power. Prop tips bent forward indicate near maximum revs.

The length and direction of scattered wreckage reveals line of flight and angle of impact. Compact debris telling of a near vertical dive. Parts scattered over a very large area advise of a mid air breakup; especially if they appear to have fallen vertically. To confirm the weather and a possible storm, newspapers for the area and day should be consulted.

Instruments of planes which have collided abruptly into a mountain or from a steep dive tend to lock up. Clocks stop, air speed indicators, rev counters, manifold pressure gauges and altimeters seize. This was the case with an American P47 Thunderbolt fighter found in the Finisterre Ranges of New Guinea recently. The altitude, course, time, speed, fuel remaining and engine settings were frozen in the split second that it skidded through the undergrowth on an 8,000' plateau. All the classic ingredients for a reconstruction of the accident thirty six years later.

Americans during the war tended to abandon their aircraft and requisition a new one if they had ditched in an inaccessible place. Australians on the other hand gathered as many parts as possible including the guns, instruments and engines, even where the recovery required a great deal of time and effort. In fact we retrieved some of our aviation spare parts from discarded U.S. material and

equipment. It was not unknown for us to repair and refly a plane written off by our better equipped allies.

A USAAF B25 Mitchell bomber, now in the Darwin Aviation Museum, was abandoned by its crew after they became lost and set it down at a mining camp near Tennant Creek in the Northern Territory. No effort was made to collect the WWII bomber even though it stood in an undamaged condition for many years.

World war two camouflage, by virtue of its own effectiveness, conceals many aircraft even today. This is especially so in shady areas where the lack of sunlight preserves the paint. In the open it quickly weathers. Later the sun's rays bouncing off shiny aluminium panels attract searchers from many miles away and makes airborne sightings a practical reality. Due to this wearing down process

many WWII aircraft have been revealing themselves with reflections in recent years.

The reverse also applies in that many missing and forgotten planes are being overgrown as the years pass. Tropical regrowth can conceal an aviation relic in a mere six months and even faster if it's the rainy season. A bushfire may then re-expose it without setting the aluminium on fire though the tyres ignite without trouble issuing a black oily smoke in contrast to the normal blue of burning wood.

Farmers and property owners are important to keep on side. Trespassing is not appreciated. With a sensible personal approach they will guide you to a crash site on their property or in the immediate area. It's amazing how many of them are aviation enthusiasts and they often assist with their four wheel drives. Here then is pos-



sibly someone with first hand knowledge of what happened or alternatively they will know someone who was around at the time of the incident.

The rumour of the aircraft in mint condition, hidden in a cave or mineshaft and just waiting to be picked up, may be heard around the country in just about any hotel. This is especially so if you are prepared to supply the drinks. Australia abounds with this type of gossip and in many, many years of experience not one, unfortunately, has turned out true.

Display caution and ask for photographic or material proof. Better still ask the storyteller to take you there. The reply is usually a weak heart or not enough time this week; excuses are readily produced. People will often make a claim simply to please you or see their name in print. Time polishes the imagination and dims the truth.

Missing planes and aircrew provide possibly the greatest challenge to the aviation detective. What route, altitude, load and weather was the flight planned for? Mineral exploration, new roads through virgin country and the large scale use of helicopters have led to some spectacular discoveries in the last decade. One such find was the WWII B24 Liberator discovered on Mt Thumb in New Guinea, with 23 men on board, in 1982.

Major Australian mysteries still outstanding are the De Havilland Dragon belonging to the RAAF missing enroute to Wagga from Sydney in 1943 and the USAAF Liberator lost between Darwin and Brisbane on a night flight during 1945.

Most accidents occurred on the aircraft's direct planned route, with a mountain or high ground on the approach side. Nearly all were weather related

as they are today. Others were near aerodromes shortly before landing or immediately after takeoff.

One better known aviation archaeologist is Stan Gadja in Derby, West Australia. He specialises in recovering relics from the desert and sandy foreshores at very low tides. Many of his items are now displayed in restored condition at the Air Force Association Museum in Perth.

Other well known identities

in the trade in New Guinea are Richard Leahy at Goroka and Bruce Hoy with the museum in Port Moresby. David Pennefather is remembered, especially for his successful dives on sunken WWI aircraft. All are dedicated and persistent searchers for aviation relics and have a basic love of aircraft. Sometimes pilots and always deeply interested in how, when, where and why these magnificent machines that once flew were lost. ✿



Top left: nosewheel and tyre of a B-24 Liberator found at Mt Thumb; **top centre:** another B-24, this one found near Bootless Bay; **top right:** a B-25 Mitchell that force landed after engine failure in 1944; **below:** Japanese 'Tony' fighter found in the Sepik area; **left:** Japanese 'Helen' medium bomber found at Alexishafen, Madang Province



AN ECHO FROM THE PAST BUT AS MODERN AS THE FUTURE

KOBBLE TILES

BY

PGH

Marketed in Papua New Guinea by Dimet International,
an A.C.I. Company, Doonside N.S.W. Australia. Telex: AA25292.
Stocked by L and A Bricklayers Pty. Ltd., Port Moresby. Telex NE23015.

STONES OF REMEMBRANCE



by John Gough

NOWADAYS you take the highway from Port Moresby to Sogeri. But this used to be the road to the start of the Kokoda Trail. Now only a small dirt road branches off from the main Sogeri road. Cars and trucks cruise peacefully along the bitumen between Moresby and the gardens and villages of the Sogeri plateau where once heavy lorries growled through narrow dusty roads towards the fighting.

A little way out of Moresby, on the edge of the foothills, you turn left beside the Turf Club. There at the end of a quiet bush road, the Pilgrim's Way, is the Port Moresby (Bomana) War Cemetery, the last resting place for thousands of Allied servicemen killed in the bitter campaign for Papua New Gui-

nea during World War Two.

You park your car in the shade of huge rain trees, planted by the men of the 39th Australian Infantry Battalion, to commemorate their pilgrimages here, to honour their comrades.

It is only a short drive from the bustle and colour of Moresby to this quiet green hill. But it is a longer trip through time to recognise the meaning of these silent white gravestones and the muted bronze inscriptions.

When you fly into Port Moresby, along the edge of the runway, you can see the huge grassy horse-shoe shaped earthworks that once sheltered B-17 Flying Fortresses from bomb damage. The Port Moresby International airport is built around the wartime Seven Mile

Strip. This was later named Jackson's Airport, after Squadron Leader John Jackson, DFC, who was killed in action in 1942 near Port Moresby. All around the gardens of Port Moresby you can see fences and earthwalls made with pieces of Marsden Matting that once made wartime airstrips — swords into ploughshares. Out in Port Moresby harbour the hulk of the bombed ship MV Macdhui lies slowly rusting. These are everyday reminders of the war, so familiar they are easy to overlook. But at the Bomana War Cemetery memories of the human cost of war come alive. Squadron Leader Jackson is buried here, with nearly four thousand others.

Bright flowers, beautifully tended gardens and soft green

Sogeri grass make this a place for contemplation. A simple wrought-iron gate and a short grassed forecourt form the entrance. At either side, in Pidgin and English, small plaques tell you:

The land on which this cemetery stands is the gift of the people of this country for the perpetual resting place of the sailors, soldiers and airmen who are honoured here.

Graun long matmat hia ol pipol bilong dispela kantri iet i givim long onarim ol seila, soldia na eafos man i stap longen inap stap gut oltaim.

Above: the silent ranks of gravestones photographed by the light of the setting sun

Just inside the main gate you see a desert-coloured sandstone block, like an altar, the Stone of Remembrance, simply inscribed: *Their name liveth for evermore.*

These words from Ecclesiasticus are also the words of the Menin Gate, the First World War memorial in Flanders. How many sons of the first ANZACs lie here, honoured with the same words, half a world away?

Two small gate houses flank the Stone of Remembrance. On the left you find the Roll of Honour. Here you can read the list of names of the Dead and Missing and find their place of memorial in the cemetery. There is a short account of the campaign: how this unit retreated, that one ambushed, those units attacked, these units moved forward, and who led the brave men who built an incredible victory out of near-defeat. Plain words of military history, talking of Brigades and Companies, Squadrons and Convoys.

What was it really like? There is no hint of jungle, mud, fear and exhaustion among these well-trimmed rows of graves. But you step out across the lawned pathways. Closer to the gravestones, their white marble contrasts against the rich dark earth. You can read the names of those who died. This is the human reality behind the talk of numbered units and "casualties". Killed in Action. Missing in Action. Strangers perhaps, or brothers; husbands, fathers, sons — all comrades in death.

You walk up the hill. The only sounds are the calls of birds and the soft sound of wind in this huge field. Each gravestone is marked with the military badge of the Australian Imperial Force, Australian Merchant Navy, Royal Australian Air Force, Royal Artillery or other service. Most have a simple cross, some a Star of David, and some have no religious sign. Loved ones have left their remembrance beneath the name, rank and serial number: Duty nobly done; Gone but not forgotten; Greater love hath no man; In loving memory of my only son who died for his country and freedom; Yours

the sacrifice ours the sorrow. Gentle words from parents, wives and kinfolk. Some have no name: Known unto God. *Requiescat in Pace.*

A tall sandstone cross, mounted with a sword, stands at the head of the graves. Without inscription, this Cross of Sacrifice keeps silent guard.

Further on a winding path through a grove takes you to a small knoll. There, amongst the trees is a sandstone rotunda, like a simplified Greek temple. This is the Memorial to those who were Missing: Lost at Sea, Crashed in the jungle, Disappeared, Unrecovered. Airmen, sailors, soldiers from Independent Companies operating behind enemy lines, merchant seamen, Papuans and New Guineans from the local battalions and constabulary. These too, though "the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial afforded to their comrades in death", are remembered.

The rotunda is open to the sky. Sunshine slants between the tall columns, lighting the lists of names. In the centre of the shrine a bronze compass-rose points to the landmarks of the campaign: Milne Bay, Kokoda, Sanananda, Wau, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Wairope, Buna, Cape Endaia-

Right: the rotunda is built on a small hill overlooking the cemetery; **below:** the stone of remembrance; **below left:** the Cross of Sacrifice keeps silent guard



dere, Gona. As you look away there is a haze over the distant hills.

Standing beside the shrine you can see the cemetery before you, like an army drawn up to attention, row to row. There is much here to think about. Could any of these gallant dead have guessed that the territories they were defending would so soon have become an independent country? Yet certainly they knew they were fighting for freedom. It seems very fitting that the children of this young country should so carefully tend these graves. They are also honouring their own countrymen, the first soldiers of Papua New Guinea to die for their homeland in war.

Now you go back to the entrance. In the other gatehouse the stone wall has one last memorial — words from the

First World War by the British poet Laurence Binyon:

*They shall grow not old as we
that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them nor
the years condemn
At the going down of the sun
in the morning
We shall remember them.*

Though you cannot see Jackson's Airport, it is close. There is a hum of aeroplane engines. Is it a jet? No, it is an old Dakota, one of the DC3 "Biscuit Bombers" which used to feed the hungry soldiers in the jungle, swamps and kunai grass. The slow old plane, now serving with the Defence Force, passes in the distance, flying to a remote army outpost with mail and supplies.

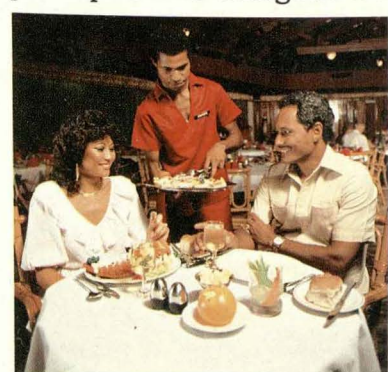
The road back to Moresby is short. But you are returning from a long trip, remembering.



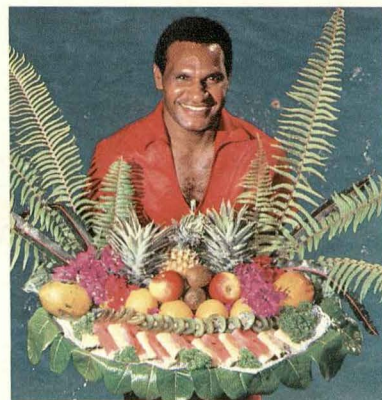


When in paradise...stay in paradise!

You will find the Davara Group the most enjoyable Hotels to stay at when visiting Papua New Guinea. We not only provide an endless summer in which you can enjoy yourself, but, as well, a choice of superb local and international cuisine and top class cabaret entertainment. Our airconditioned bedrooms ensure your good nights rest, so that refreshed, you may enjoy our catamaran cruises or perhaps some energetic water ski-ing or windsurfing.



Maybe too, if you 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!



The Islander Hotel
 PO Box 1981
 Boroko
 Phone: 25 5955
 Telex: NE 22288 'Davara'

Davara Hotel
 PO Box 799
 Port Moresby
 Phone: 21 2100
 Telex: NE23236 'Davara'

Davara Motel Kieta
 PO Box 241
 Kieta
 Phone: 95 6175
 Telex: NE 95852 'Davara'



**DAVARA
 HOTELS**



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.

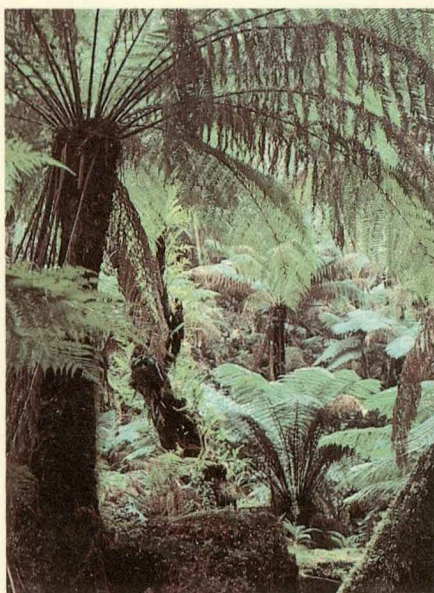
It's difficult to imagine ever wanting to spend a holiday anywhere else.

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.

Ansett
Airlines of Australia.