



Paradise

In-flight with Air Niugini

LANVIN
PARIS



Arpège de Lanvin

AIR NIUGINI



No. 46 May 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 — Sabati Eva
Editor — John Silver
Design — John Devereux
John Samo
Artwork — John Tau
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.



Quality in Air Transport

paradise

Welcome aboard

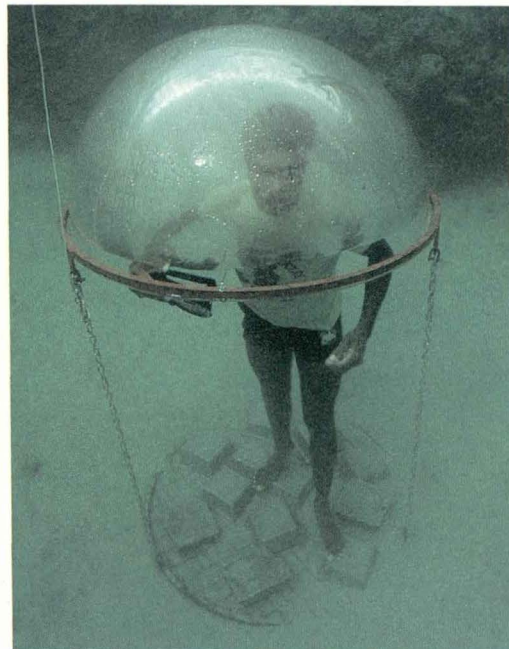
It is fitting that in this issue we look at the Air Niugini destination of Honiara, capital of the Solomon Islands, remembering its pivotal role in the Second World War.

Fitting because on 09 May 1984 Air Niugini proudly participated in a visitation to Honiara of a very different kind.

On that day, two of our F28 aircraft carried His Holiness The Pope and his party to Honiara and back to Port Moresby as a side-trip during his visit to Papua New Guinea.

Air Niugini is honoured to have been chosen for this task — a flight of peace and good-will into Henderson Field, scene of so much turmoil in the past.

Masket Iangalio
General Manager, Air Niugini



Above: Seateach — a truly ingenious solution to a tricky problem: how to teach marine biology to novices, some of whom may never have dived before.

Cover: A mud mask used by the infamous Asaro Mudmen from the Eastern Highlands. Illustration by Wayne Edwards. More of Wayne's work is shown on page 15.

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 HONIARA

The island of Guadalcanal saw some of the bloodiest fighting of the second world war. The evidence still lies all around.

11 MOUNT WILHELM

Papua New Guinea's highest mountain attracts climbers and hikers like a magnet. But this is no ordinary trek.

15 BLOODSHED, BRIDES & BILAS

Artist Wayne Edwards illustrates a wide range of Eastern Highlands 'bilas' (finery).

20 IN SEARCH OF MALINOWSKI

Ian Stocks re-traces the steps of the famous anthropologist on a visit to the Trobriand Islands.

26 SEATEACH

A novel way of teaching — underwater. Richard Ainsley and Norman Quinn show us how.

31 PANDANUS NUT HARVEST

The Pandanus is one of the weirdest looking trees in the forest, but its fruit reveals a nutty treat.

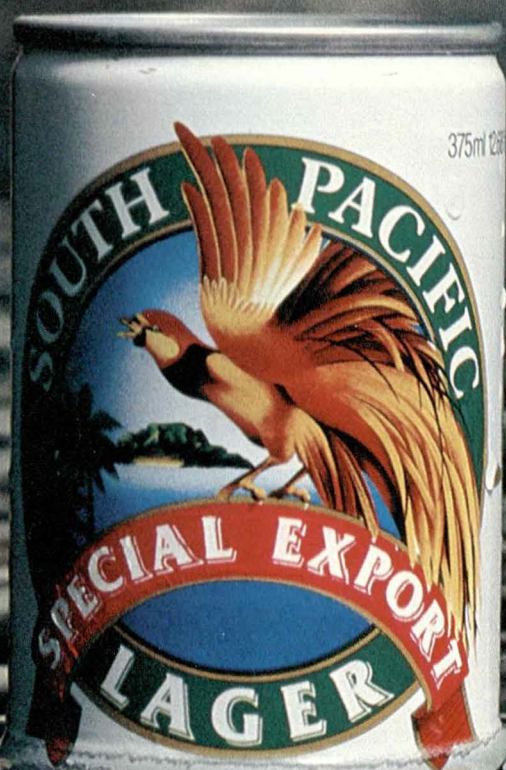
35 THE FIRST BIRD OF PARADISE

A traditional legend from the Kendi people of Madang Province.

36 THE LADY LETTIE

A junked Junkers to some, but to others a piece of aviation history.

THE BEER OF PARADISE



Introducing, the South Pacific's finest premium lager.

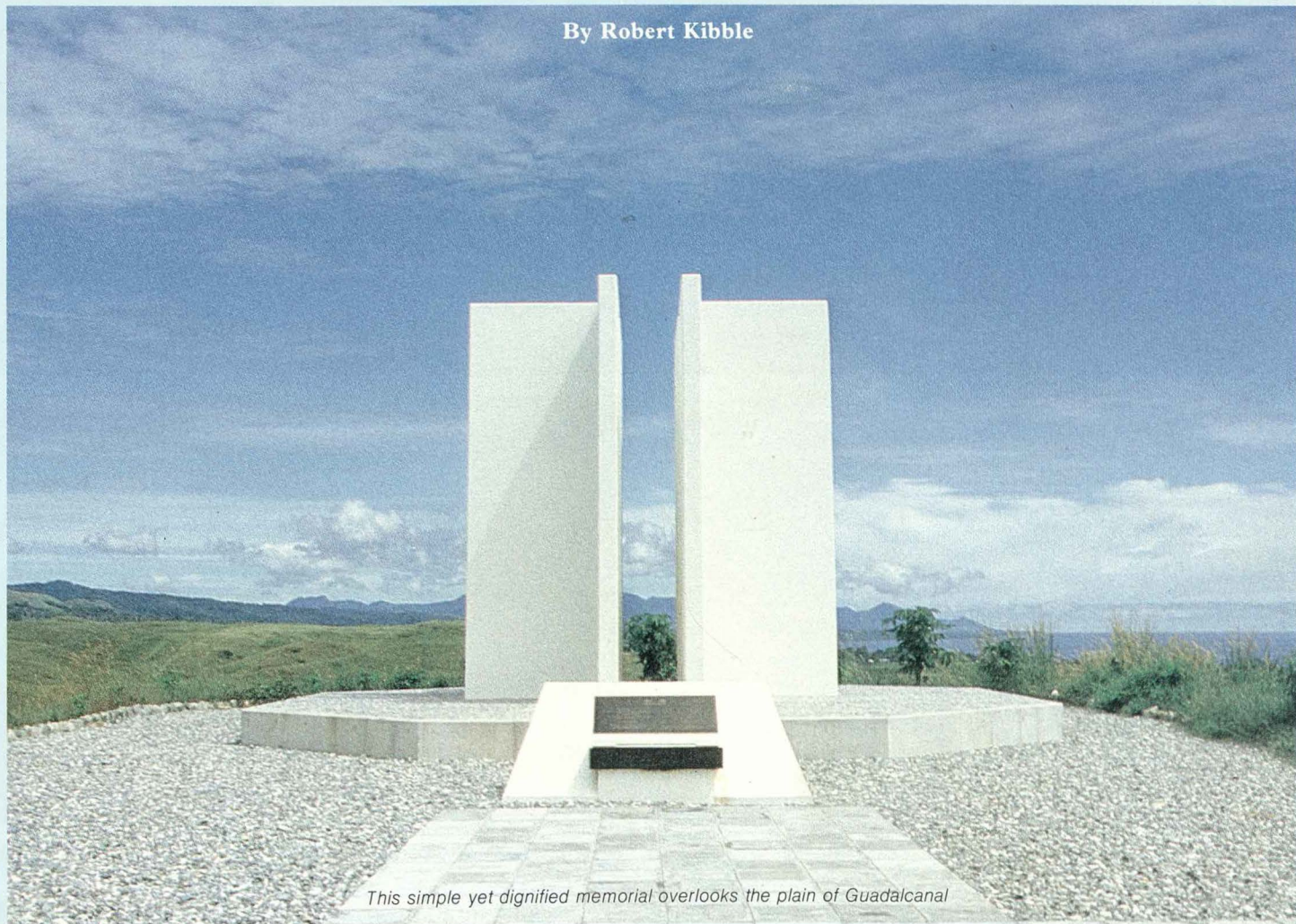
In open international competition with seventy-five beers from Australia, Germany, UK, USA and thirty-four other countries, South Pacific Special Export Lager won the gold medal.

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

HONIARA

A relaxing town on an historic island

By Robert Kibble



This simple yet dignified memorial overlooks the plain of Guadalcanal

Photo: John Devereux

HONIARA, the Solomon Islands capital, 1400 km due east of Port Moresby is situated on Guadalcanal Island. In my brief stay I saw a very small part of a distinct Melanesian culture and developed an awareness of the Second World War as it was fought in the South Pacific.

Upon arrival at Henderson Airport I was met by Pio my guide who first drove me the few kilometres to the Mendana Hotel. A new building, with large open areas and a pleasing

use of exposed timber beams and comfortable furniture, it was situated on the water's edge near the centre of town.

After settling in we then took a short tour of the shops and market.

My first impressions were that this was an easygoing town of less than 30,000 people situated in pleasant tropical surroundings. Most buildings were single storey timber structures and the roads were generally unsealed. This was certainly a place to escape from

the second half of the 20th century and to get away from the mad rush that goes with it.

From the shops visited I found the artifacts well finished in a distinctive Solomons manner. The carvings were made from local timber, a type of sandalwood, with smooth lines and finished with a high gloss surface. Mother of pearl inlays further added to the distinctive appearance. Subjects ranged from dolphins, sharks with mother of pearl teeth, to slit drums, masks and miniature

canoes. Statues of the mythical war god Nguzunguzu who appears on national coins, were fairly common.

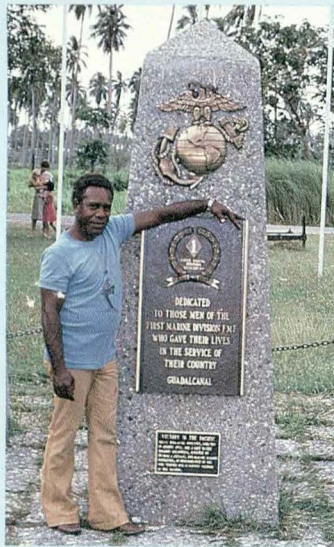
Other items of more cultural and historical interest were body ornaments, necklaces, earrings and chest plates made from various types of shell money. These items appeared quite reasonably priced considering their scarcity in other Melanesian countries like Papua New Guinea where people use them for traditional payments such as bride price and



cultural dress for sing sings.

It was not until Pio took me out to the various installations, museums, memorials and battlefields that I began to realise the extent of the World War II conflict on Guadalcanal. I did not see any references in the town or perceive attitudes in the people to indicate that in fact this island had been the centre of a massive land, sea and air battle 42 years ago. The daily accounts of which headlined the world's newspapers from August 1941 to February 1942 and was a conflict that stopped the expansion of the Imperial Japanese Forces into the South Pacific.

There were guns both hand and field pieces, aircraft shot down in the battles, hospital bunkers dug into the hill side, memorials, some very old and some only two years old, being placed in position by the Japanese 40 years after the conflict. There were also many ships in the local channels with easy access for divers. The concentration of fighting over the airfield made it possible to see the battlefields, untouched by development, from several excellent vantage points. Seeing the relics of this war produced



in me a sense of history that was certainly the most exciting part of my stay.

The battle over one small strategic airfield; Henderson Field, took on massive proportions because of the pride of the protagonists. On the one hand the Japanese had not been previously defeated in the war and were determined to crush the enemy here as well. On the other hand Roosevelt had told Stalin early in the conflict that the U.S. had gained a 'toehold' in the South Pacific, so because Roosevelt had committed himself, the Allies were not going





Photo: John Devereux



Photo: John Devereux

Top: Guadalcanal plain. Henderson Field is visible in the distance; **far left:** Plo poses against one of the memorials; **centre:** aircraft wrecks on display include this F4F Wildcat and P38 Lightning; **above:** war memorial with added Japanese inscription; **below:** Fred Kano, museum keeper, can tell you a tale or two

to retreat from Henderson Field.

The strategic reason for both sides wanting this field was that, due to the mountainous nature of the Solomons, this spot on Guadalcanal was the only suitable location for an air-

strip in the entire region. As a stepping stone in breaking the American supply lines to Australia and New Zealand, the Japanese needed this field to strike at the New Hebrides, some 700km from Honiara. To secure these supply routes and to attack the Japanese positions in Papua New Guinea the Allies also required Henderson Field.

The story of the conflict after the marines landed on the 7th and 8th August 1942 and took the airstrip by surprise, is full of good decisions, lucky decisions, mistakes, poor communications, acts of courage and environmental problems all of which took a toll on equipment and human life on both sides. In the end the Allies did better out of the conflict because the Japanese could not sustain their losses and in fact would never recover from this setback, whereas the Allies with a greater capacity to produce armaments commenced a northward movement that eventually led to victory.

Names tell the story. Bloody Ridge, where events akin to the charge of the light brigade led hundreds of Japanese soldiers to death in their 'banzai'

charges at Allied machine gun emplacements. Torpedo Junction, situated between San Cristabel and Espiritu Santo where Japanese submarines sank any stray shipping as well as heavy-weights like USS Wasp and O'Brian in September 1942. Iron Bottom Sound, the name given to the straights between Guadalcanal and Savo Island because of the enormous amount of shipping sunk there.

Aircraft such as Wildcats, Dauntlesses, Flying Fortresses, Zeroes, Betty Bombers, Mavis and Catalina Flying Boats; squadrons such as Sea Eagles and Cactus Airforce, not forgetting the Sea Bees, the engineering group that maintained the airport between poundings from the 150mm field guns and the 200mm naval guns, all played their part in the savage encounters.

The prime objective of the Allies was to keep Henderson Airfield open and remove the Japanese from Guadalcanal. The Japanese had a different idea, they wanted to make the airstrip unuseable until they captured it.

Both sides fought with daring and courage but poor communications together with

human failings like complacency, pride and jealousy restricted the efforts of all.

One particular incident that shows up some of these strengths and weaknesses was the surprise raid on Allied shipping on 9th August 1942, two days after the Allied landing on Guadalcanal. Vice Admiral Mikawa took a Japanese force of five heavy cruisers, two light cruisers and a destroyer from Rabaul to Guadalcanal, was spotted by coastwatchers on Bougainville, but because their

radio reports were misdirected and misinterpreted the Allied Chiefs at Guadalcanal were not alerted. At the same time the air cover provided by U.S. aircraft carriers had been withdrawn. This information had not been passed onto the fleet commanders, therefore when a Japanese reconnaissance plane came over, it was identified incorrectly as friendly. The flotilla of ships continued on, slipping past two radar fitted destroyers.

Then with surprise on their side the Japanese in about

55 minutes sank destroyers HMAS Canberra, USS Patterson, USS Bagley and cruisers USS Astoria, USS Quincy and USS Vincennes. Then for a change the Allies had some luck in that, the Japanese withdrew without attacking the 15 transports now left defenceless, because Mikawa thought that he may be attacked by aircraft – but the aircraft had left with the carriers. This blow to Allied shipping was attributable to daring on one side and complacency and poor com-

munications on the other.

Though ignorant of the war upon my arrival at Henderson Field, the excellent condition of the war relics, the moving inscriptions on the war memorials, the easy access to battlefield sites unchanged since the war and the efforts of Pio my guide who showed me where things happened and explained what things happened, I was able to gain a strong feeling for the events of so long ago.

Tambea Village Resort is an unsophisticated beach hotel, sleeping peacefully in the sunshine of the tropical south seas.

To reach it, one leaves Honiara airport on the island of Guadalcanal, and drives north along the coast through fifty kilometres of what can only be described as some of the most beautiful scenery in the South Pacific. On one side lush green hills reach up the rain forests and on the other the wonderful turquoise of the sea stretches across to the Florida Islands and to Savo, a volcanic island about 16km away.

On reaching Tambea village one realises immediately that here the tourist is being offered a rare holiday experience. There is no sign of hassles, pressures, or the usual resort accoutrements. The staff lift the traumas of travel from your shoulders, take your bags, and smilingly escort you to your accommodation, which is a house built of bamboo and leaf in the traditional style of the islands.

After a swim – the beach is a few yards from your door – you stroll through the magnificent gardens to the bar for a welcome cool drink. The bar lounge is also Melanesian in feeling, open on all sides and decorated with bamboo weavings and carvings and surrounded by exotic ferns and palms. A few metres away is the dining room, another enormous island room flatteringly dimly lit at night, and serving superbly cooked food. Always there is fresh fish, and salads and vegetables are locally grown. Add to this hams, beef, lamb and pork (the pork has been described as 'the best in the world!') and you

TAMBEA

by Denis Belloti








will find something for the most discerning of tastes.

The guest houses at Tambea are all lit at night by kerosine lamps, and all have their own shower, toilet and hand basin. There are houses for single, double or families, the family houses can accommodate up to five people. All face onto the beach. There are outrigger canoes for your use, and for the more energetic, there is a fully equipped dive shop run by a qualified instructor. You can hire everything you need for snorkelling or scuba diving.

All in all, Tambea is a unique holiday experience. Try it, like so many of the regular guests who visit there, you will return.

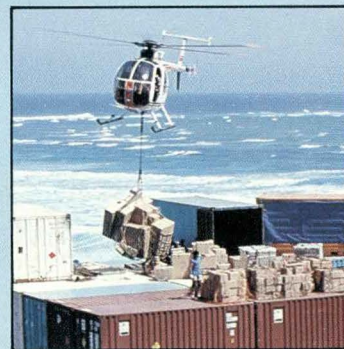
Air Niugini flies F28 jet services twice weekly to Honiara, capital of the Solomon Islands.

If your PABX
is wearing
one of these 
you'll be pressing
fewer
of these 

The  is the simple symbol of the communications thinkers who perfected the modern PABX. Simplified it to the point where you control most major PABX functions through a single one of these  **ERICSSON** 

More technology. Fewer buttons.

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 Soloy's 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: 721830; Telex: NE72623;
Cables: PAC-HEL GOROKA
Branches: Port Moresby 259301, Lae 424624, Rabaul 921209.



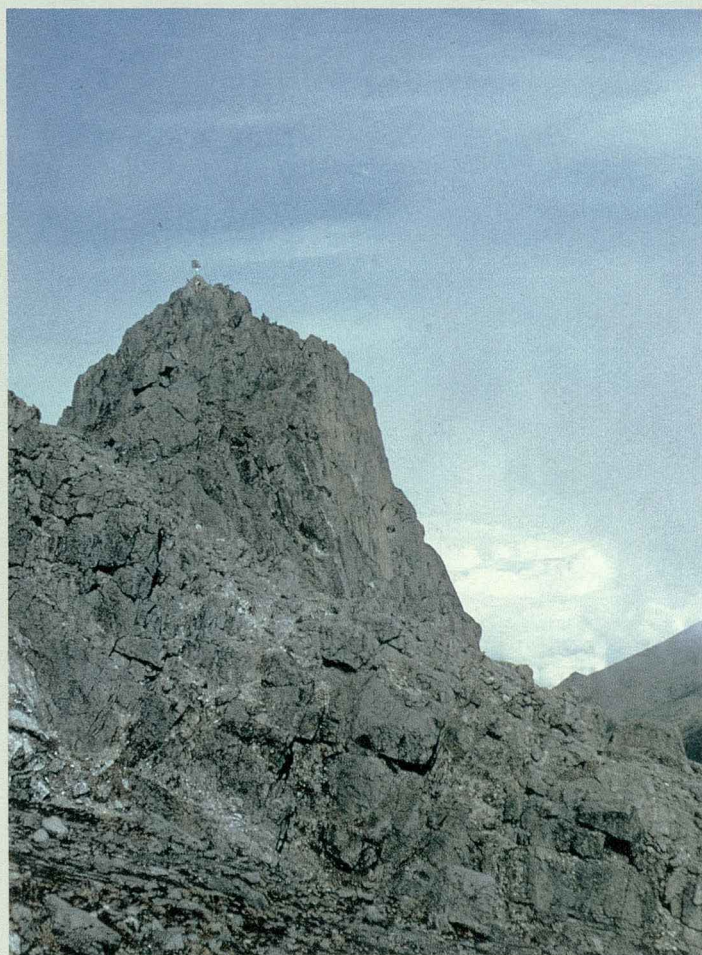
Mount WILHELM

Story by David Roberts, photos by Gregg Powell

I hadn't expected frogs. Alpine tundra, yes, and great craggy ridges, and picturesque lakes set in glacial cirques, and streams trickling through obscure meadows while the mist settled in for the night. But frogs, at 13,000 feet?

The ascent of Mt Wilhelm, the highest mountain in Papua New Guinea at 14,800 feet, is strenuous but not technical, well within the capacity of any reasonably fit hiker who does not succumb to the mortifications of altitude sickness. As an outing, it is comparable to climbing a "14-er" in California or Colorado — much easier than peaks of equal height in the Alps, New Zealand, or, for that matter, Irian Jaya. As an American schooled in the Rockies, I was often reminded, during my ascent of Wilhelm, of long but interesting hikes in my home ranges. Then, as I came down the mountain in a soft drizzle, suddenly I became aware of the antiphonal protest of dozens of croaking frogs — and the sheer novelty of New Guinea reasserted itself. Wilhelm is full of such gentle surprises.

The mountain is comfortably climbed in three or four days from the end of the road at the 7000-foot village of Keglsugl. Ambitious sorts sometimes go up and down in only two days, and zealots from Lae will accomplish the whole tour, including the splendid drive on the Highlands Highway, in a long weekend. A pair of huts at Aunde Lake (11,000 feet) breaks the approach into a logical two days, and obviates



the burden of full camping gear. For about five kina (= \$6.00 U.S.) apiece per day, you can hire porters and go in style.

Our group of four assembled in Kundiawa at the Chimbu Lodge, a gracious hostelry managed by an adventurous Aussie from Cairns named Steve Ahmet. With its walk-in aviary, its tennis court, and its storied Friday night disco, the lodge made possible an appropriately sybaritic preparation for the labours ahead. Steve's assistant Andrew

drove us up the Chimbu Gorge to Keglsugl. The thoroughfare winds spectacularly through canyons cut in the limestone by the foaming river, a major tributary of the Wahgi. Andrew pointed out the graves of two missionaries who had been murdered in the 1930s by the locals. They had been the unfortunate associates of an evidently irascible priest from the Society of the Divine Word, who, having been angered by the locals' refusal to build a schoolhouse, had triggered

the catastrophe by shooting a tame pig. In New Guinea, you don't mess with people's pigs.

In Keglsugl we hired porters and started off through the forest. Wilhelm is perhaps the most popular hike in the country, and yet by American standards, the mountain remains blissfully underpopulated. The register at the park gate indicated only eight climbers in the whole month of July before our visit. By saying that we "hired porters", I may be overstating the case. On stepping out of the Chimbu Lodge van, we were besieged by local volunteers who laid hands on everything in sight that looked like baggage. In Keglsugl terms, we were potential big spenders.

The chief hardship of the 4000-foot climb through the forest to Aunde Lake is guilt. In my case, it focused on an urchin who was balancing a heavy rubber boat-bag full of our food on his shoulder: the thought of such non-indigenous delicacies as smoked oysters and canned mandarin oranges giving this kid a bad back weighed on my conscience. Another porter, after wrestling for several miles with an intransigent duffel, wove himself vine shoulder straps and tump line and thereby fought the thing into submission.

Early white explorers in New Guinea were drawn to the inaccessible mountains as a goal. The highest point in the Owen Stanley Range, well to the southeast of Wilhelm, became the obsession of that dogged pioneer Sir William

MacGregor, no doubt in part because the natives told him that anyone who climbed into the clouds would go blind and have his nose and ears drop off. The Chimbu people of Keglsugl show Mt Wilhelm considerably less respect, and the muddy tunnel of trail through the cloud forest that serves as its approach was a barefoot lark for our porters. At the same altitude in the Owen Stanleys, MacGregor had succumbed to depression. "Hardly a single bird uttered a call," he wrote, "not a leaf rustled, and the men spoke in whispers when they spoke at all, which was seldom . . ." Everything was soaking wet, and the fog, especially when the clouds lifted a little from the ravines or broke on the rugged spurs, made the crags and ridges look much more formidable and inaccessible than they really were, and forced one to think that one would never be able to continue the upward march the next day."

For us the cloud forest was a delight, full of unfamiliar trees and rare flowers glimpsed from a distance. Only the mud was a nuisance: never, in fact, had I been on a more slippery trail, but once I gave up the idea of staying clean, I rather enjoyed the bespattered sliding that passed for upward progress. At around 10,000 feet the forest relented, and we found ourselves in a grassy valley studded with the bizarre *Cyathea atrox* — a kind of Art Deco version of a palm tree. The trail zigzagging up beside a waterfall, completed the scenic transformation from tropics to Switzerland, and we collapsed gratefully on the porch of the narrow A-frame hut above Aunde Lake.

In its ascetic but well-insulated interior, we idled away a day while it rained non-stop outside and the lowlanders in our party struggled with their pulmonary adjustments to the thin air. Our porters went home the first night, but a fourteen-year-old wheeler-dealer named Philip stayed on, having persuaded us that his services as tea-brewer and gear-watcher were indispensable. I made a survey of the hut's graffiti, and

settled on a favourite: "Roger Holt from Lithgow slept here 17-1-80 and it was cold."

On the third morning we set out for the top, not at 2.00 a.m. as recommended by the guidebook, but at a decent hour after a proper cup of coffee. The path, all the way, is clearly, even redundantly, marked, with cairns, poles, and orange, red, and white paint splotches. After skirting both Aunde Lake and the slightly higher Pinde Lake, it winds up a steep hillside to investigate the wreckage of a USAF bomber that didn't quite clear the ridge one unhappy day in the late 1940s. Assuming the crash scene was an unnecessary detour, I took a "short cut", only to find myself soon enmired in soaking weeds,

scaly vines, stinging nettles, and waist-high clumps of grass — the whole melange set at an angle of fifty degrees. By the time I had regained the trail I was ready to sympathize with Sir William MacGregor.

As I reached the crest of Bogunolto Ridge, the predictable mist lowered (to avoid which the 2.00 a.m. start is recommended), and I lost the views of the distant ranges. I had gotten ahead of the others, and now I walked along in a pleasantly befogged isolation. The trail is so obvious it is hard to imagine losing it. Yet a plaque at 14,000 feet commemorates a hapless fellow last seen in its vicinity in December 1971, whose remains were never found. Some friends of

mine, a group of whitewater rafting experts from a California adventure company called Sobek, traversed over Wilhelm's summit a few years ago in an effort to saunter down to the headwaters of the Jimi River, where they would meet their boats. They were stopped cold by mud, vegetation, and impassable cliffs. The trail, then, disguises just how wild New Guinea really is: wander off it, and you find yourself in primeval fastness.

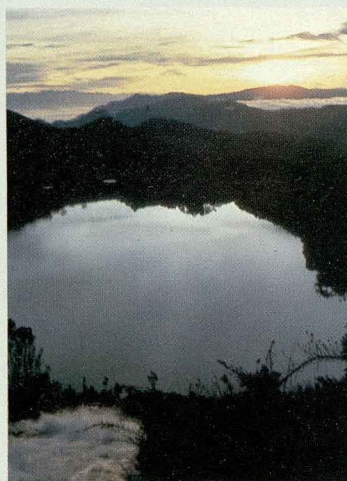
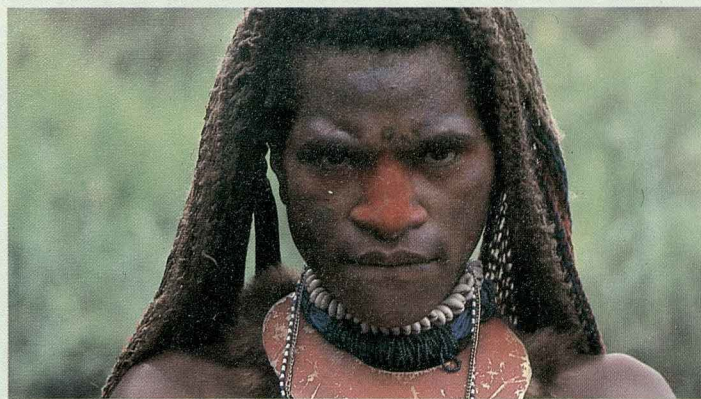
The summit is a rugged tower of rock, requiring the only scrambling on the whole route. There is a soggy register box, but, lacking a writing instrument, I had to leave my visit undocumented. Some stalwart has dragged a twenty-foot pole



to the top of Wilhelm, which is planted in a sturdy rock cairn with all the grandiosity of a monument on the Matterhorn. I spent a pleasant hour alone on top as the sun struggled to break through the gently blowing fog. It gave up; I started down, passing the other three as they neared the summit. Then the rain came, cueing the chorus of frogs.

By noon the next day we were back in Keglsugl, inordin-

Below: view of the upper lake from the summit track; **top right:** Chimbu girl; **right:** Chimbu man in full singing regalia; **far right:** water from the upper lake cascades into the lower; **below:** view from the summit; **bottom:** propellor of B-24 Liberator which crashed into Mount Wilhelm in thick cloud



ately pleased with ourselves. Lying on the grass awaiting the van from Chimbu Lodge, I watched five winsome, shy local girls play games in the dirt. Two of them, the youngest, had their faces made up with grey paint; another two wore safety pins for earrings. As I loitered nearby, they used a drainage ditch to play a Chimbu version of Red Rover Come Over. Then they occupied themselves driving tin can tops like hoops down the road with sticks to which they had affixed U-shaped guiding channels. When I last saw them they seemed to have taken over the uphill end of the Keglsugl airstrip for a game of Chimbu hopscotch.

We Westerners, I mused, travel halfway around the world to play at being explorers. There was a lesson here, in the resourcefulness of Chimbu sport. I thought of the local kids who had showed up at the Aunde Lake A-frame two days paper and gone out, barefoot. We had worried that they were queuing up early for porter jobs for the descent, that we would have to distribute our business among too many greedy hands. Nothing of the sort: the kids had hiked up to timberline just for something to do, for a "picnic", as Philip put it.

And I remembered Philip, during our rainy day of rest. As we had huddled grumpily in our sleeping bags, trying to get interested in our dull books, two of us plugged in to Sony Walkmans, Philip had rolled some tobacco in an old newspaper and ggone out, barefoot and barebacked, to have a smoke in the rain. When I poked my head out of my hut, I saw him fifty yards away, staring into the drizzly void, singing a plaintive song. It was, it seemed, the Chimbu thing to do on Mt Wilhelm.✿

Air Niugini flies twice weekly Dash 7 services to Kundiawa, gateway to Mount Wilhelm and the Chimbu Province.

Anais Anais



Cacharel

PARIS

BLOODSHED BRIDES & BILAS

by Jude Comfort

WAYNE Edwards came to Papua New Guinea in early 1982 to take up a position with the Advertising and Design Department. He came from a design background of working for Australian companies doing everything from book designs to murals as well as freelance and exhibition work. Wayne has said to keep your reputation as an artist means to continue with new exhibitions. Finding himself in the midst of the Highlands it did not take long to decide on the theme of an exhibition. Wayne said that he probably left Australia with the idea of doing some exhibition work to keep his hand in, but at that stage he had no idea what result it would take. The result is 'Bloodshed, Brides and Bilas' which he has been working on solidly since April last year. The exhibition is soon to tour Europe having had an encouraging reception at its unveiling at Goroka in early September. At this exhibition an impressive 35 full size colour and black and white illustrations were shown. The final exhibition which toured in December/January consisted of 45 illustrations.

'Bloodshed, Brides and Bilas' is very different from other exhibitions Wayne has held which have usually had a strong social comment. This exhibition is straight representational artwork all based on the theme



of art work from the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea. Wayne started illustrating artifacts he had purchased from the 'local' artefact sellers. Most visitors manage to pick up bows or arrows and these formed his

early items of illustration. From there as he became more interested in the artforms of the Highlands, he looked further afield past weaponry items. Armbands, brideprice formonas, stone clubs, musical

instruments and mudmen masks are all in the exhibition.

Wayne has the original of every piece that he has illustrated. He obtained them from the artefact sellers that are to be found in downtown Goroka selling their wares to the passing tourists. He also made many visits to several remote villages. Before he purchased the item he endeavoured to find the maker of the artefact and discuss the use and history of the item. Much of this fascinating background will be found in the programme notes to accompany the exhibition, and will later be expanded into a book of the same name to be published by late 1984. Wayne said that this background investigation is an important part of the overall work and an area that Anthropologists have ignored to date in their concern for understanding and documenting the social structure of Papua New Guinean life.

As Wayne's wife Andrea is German and they had planned to visit Europe at Christmas, the idea of the exhibition going on a European tour became a reality. Wayne has borne the substantive cost of the exhibition himself but will be assisted by Air Niugini, Qantas and the Government of Papua New Guinea. It will give people in Europe the chance to see the art work of a unique area of our country. Wayne hopes the exhibition will instil in the



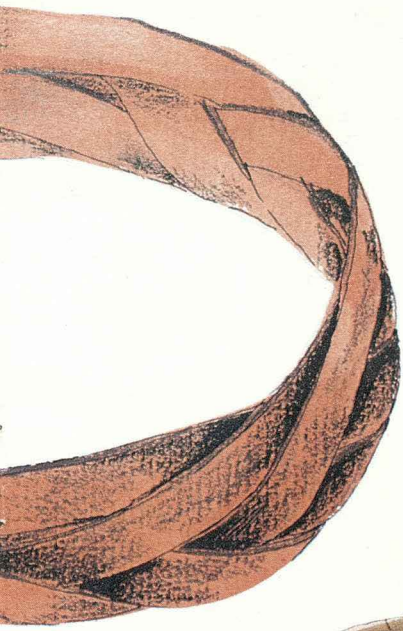
Previous page: the Okapa mask with its eerie expression and tufts of moss scares all but the most brave of male initiates; **above:** the ubiquitous pig tusk is a status symbol, a gift exchange item, body decoration and in the old days they were even used to buy a wife

Highlanders an appreciation of the craftsmanship and beauty of their artwork and recognise that unless they continue their manufacture such artforms will die out. Already changes and the discontinuation of certain works is apparent. For example, the brideprice formonas which take many hours to make are no longer being made. Other items show the use of Western materials replacing the traditional bush materials.

As the exhibition is representational art with the items

being illustrated to size, I asked Wayne why he did not do a photographic exhibition. His answer was that if these artefacts were photographed it would not show their true beauty because they would show the signs of their smokey existence in the village huts and much of the intricacies and the crispness of their original form would be lost. A photographic record of the exhibition and any

anthropological information that Wayne has collected will be left with the National Museum and it is hoped that the Museum will perhaps make the photographs available for public viewing. Through this, the book and the possibility of postcards being printed, it is hoped that the artforms of the Eastern Highlands will be preserved and appreciated by a wide audience. ♣



Top left: the size, design and construction of arm and leg bands vary as they are 'made to measure'. Leaves and grasses poked through them add colour and movement to the singsing; **right:** the Kukukuku killing stick was used in hand-to-hand combat; **left:** stone bladed tree felling axe; **far left:** general purpose stone bladed hand axe has unlimited uses for the village dweller



Top: the Formona is one of the few bride price objects which are manufactured. It is made from a variety of bush ropes, plants and sea shells; **far left:** the highlands flute has the dual purpose of being a musical instrument and a smoking pipe. When a large number of these deep sounding flutes are played they resemble the sound of hundreds of European barn owls calling in turn; **left:** the pig whistle or 'ocarina' is used to summon children;

A New Tradition Has Begun in Papua New Guinea



Port Moresby:
Champion Parade, Port Moresby. Phone 21 3111
Telex NE23257 NLIBPM

Lae:
IPI Building, Second Street, Lae. Phone 42 2800
Telex NE44206 NLIBLAE



What makes one bank different from another? Knowledge, experience, flexibility and imagination from many years of international banking presented with a distinctive tradition.

Niugini-Lloyds brings the new tradition to Papua New Guinea along with full banking services from current accounts to intricate import/export finance.

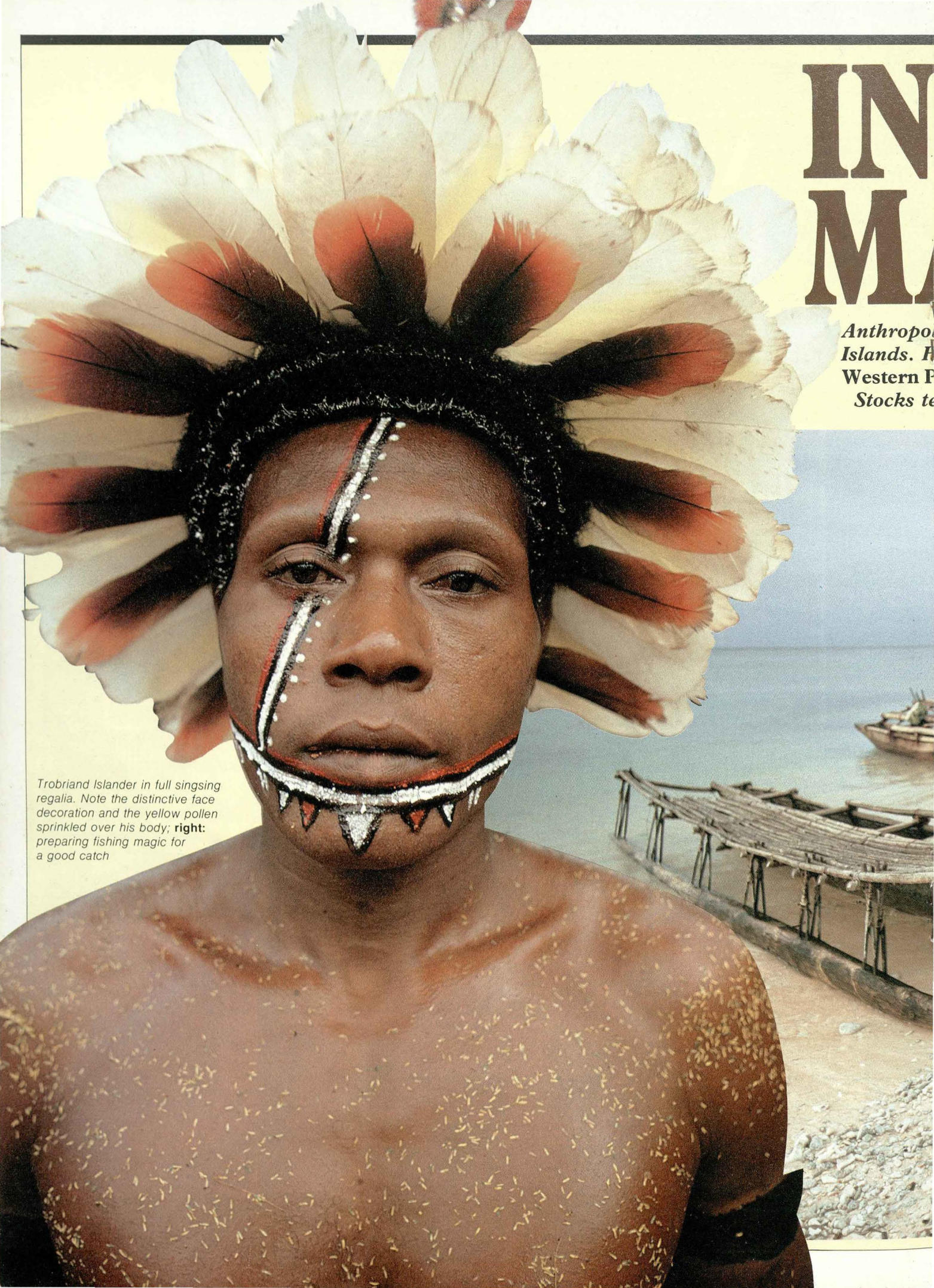
Associated with the Lloyds Bank Group in 50 overseas countries, Niugini-Lloyds can help you in many different ways.



Niugini-Lloyds International Bank Limited

IN M

*Anthropo
Islands. P
Western P
Stocks to*



*Trobriand Islander in full singing regalia. Note the distinctive face decoration and the yellow pollen sprinkled over his body; **right:** preparing fishing magic for a good catch*

SEARCH OF MALINOWSKI

Anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski did much pioneering work in the Trobriand Islands. His classic works include *Magic, Man and Culture* and *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, and these are still required reading for anthropology students. Ian Tattersall tells how he retraced Malinowski's steps. Photographs by Malcolm Kirk.



IT is now some seventy years since the Polish born anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski left Europe and journeyed to Papua New Guinea to begin his great researches into the life of what were then known as Savages or Primitive people. Malinowski may have used these terms in his work, but his studies went far deeper than any simple dismissal of the isolated lifestyle of these remote islands.

As is well known, Malinowski launched with single minded zeal into a study of a social fabric that had stood almost unchanged for many hundreds of years. His researches and books fell with great force on European intellectual life, which for the previous twenty years or so had concerned itself with the nature of human interaction, based largely on inaccurate theories of behaviour. Malinowski, in his own words detailed:

"the organisation of the tribe in, and the anatomy of, its culture . . . in firm clear outline

the goal is to grasp the natives point of view . . . his relation to life — to realise his vision of his world."

For Malinowski, it was a personal challenge, heightened by the threat of internment in Australia, then in the grip of war fever, and hostile towards Austrian nationals. He had left Europe, torn by the Great War, and terminated a number of emotional relationships as a result.

"Imagine yourself suddenly set down, surrounded by all your gear, alone on a tropical beach, close to a native village, while the launch that has brought you sails away out of sight."

The Trobriands were to be Malinowski's home for the next 3 years, apart from short trips to Australia. He applied himself with great energy, and some misgivings, to the task of recording the "total picture". Malinowski's achievements are no better expressed than in his own words:

"a notion that must be exploded, once and forever, is that of the Primitive Economic Man of

some current economic textbooks. This fanciful, dummy creature, . . . tenacious of existence, . . . is an imaginary primitive man, or savage, prompted in all his actions by a rationalistic conception of self interest, and achieving all his aims with a minimum of effort."

"The Trobriander . . . works prompted by motives of a highly complex social and traditional nature and towards aims that are certainly not directed towards the satisfaction of present wants . . . work and effort, instead of being merely a means to an end, are an end in themselves."

Despite the efforts of generations of missionaries, and the impact of World War II — the Trobrianders have maintained their unique blend of art and social interaction. And Malinowski's avowed goal, is still a magnet for visitors to this special place.

"Perhaps by realising human nature in a shape very different and foreign to us, we shall have some light shed on our own."

For the last ten years, since my first visit to Papua New Guinea, I have had the aim of making a film that would reflect Malinowski's contribution to the understanding of human culture. To meet and discuss those who knew Malinowski and his work, I have travelled to many parts of the world, including the Trobriands.

In late 1981, I returned again, this time to try to feel the excitement, and the loneliness that confronted this extraordinary man on his arrival there in 1915. Then, he would have travelled by inter island lugger and canoe. Now, one flies by Dash 7. Malinowski describes a community of Europeans — traders, administrators, missionaries — who lived remote from the village. There are probably less Europeans in the Trobriands today than in Malinowski's time. Then, the main form of transport was by canoe or dinghy across the central lagoon of Kiriwina. Now, the legacy of World War II is a network of coral roads that slice across the island, although there are less than a dozen cars to use them.

Essentially, the villages are

probably the same. Power has yet to be supplied, and most lack running water. There are no telephones on Kiriwina, and the only means of communication is by two way radio, both internally and with the outside world. The villagers, although used to imported foods, still count the popular yam and taro as a staple.

Malinowski's first impressions were of "smiling festiveness, the alluring clearness of the beach, fringed by jungle trees and palms skirted by white foam and blue sea, above it the slopes ascending in rich stiff folds of dark and light green, piebald and streaked over towards the summit by steaming tropical mists."

And of the people "(I have) not so much the impression of wild savages as of smug and self satisfied bourgeois."

The Trobriands are a special place, and no one knows that better than the people themselves. At the airport, one is met by the stares of a slightly disdainful crowd, although the less formal children will make some effort to sell carvings and decorations. Generally, the arrival of the plane from Port Moresby is a social event for the villagers. Tourists are taken to their guest house in open jeeps, and the villagers return to their daily rounds.

I was lucky, arriving burdened with luggage that later proved superfluous, I met an elder from the village of Kaibola, on the northern tip of Kiriwina. After a couple of nights at the guest house, I arranged to stay in a rest house built by the villagers on the beach. There, I felt sure, I would contact the spirit of the Trobriands that had absorbed Malinowski.

Malinowski had written in his diary "I am completely under the spell of the tropics as well as under the spell of my life and work."

He referred to the opening stages as "a real picnic based on actual work . . . a real joy of creative work, overcoming obstacles with new horizons opening up."

At Kaibola, on the very beach where I stayed, Malinowski collected information on

Top left: this gentle lilting dance is reminiscent of Polynesia; **right:** Kula voyager, bedecked in Bagi shell jewellery, ready to set sail; **below left:** singsing gets under way; **below right:** Trobriand children pose in front of a yam house; **far right:** performing garden magic for a better crop

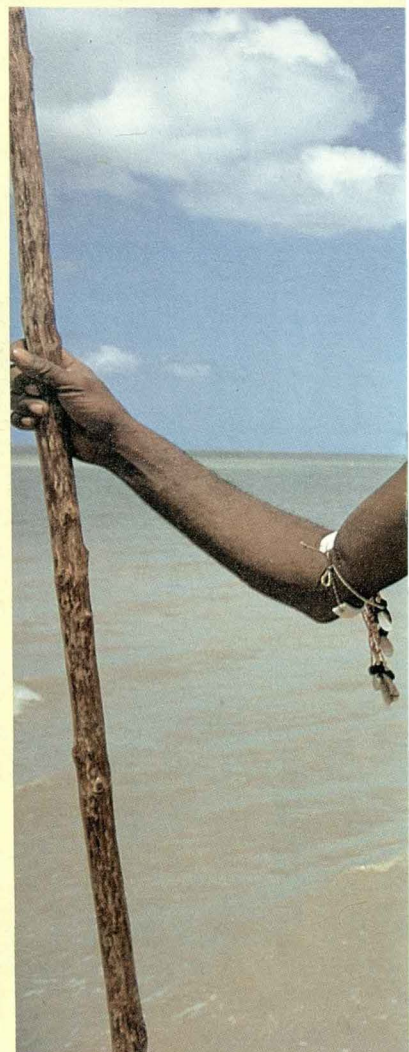


Photo: John Devereux

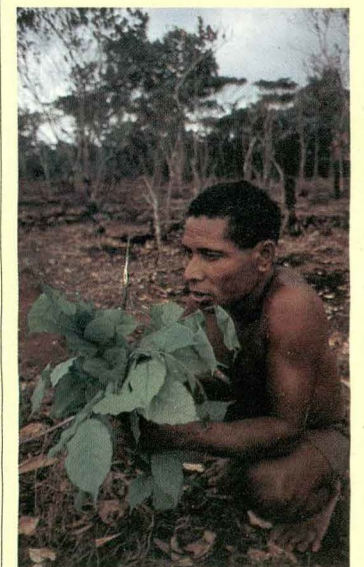


magic charms used for shark fishing. During his second stay of nine months Malinowski travelled extensively through the villages, recording everything he could to provide "the total picture."

With the enthusiasm of an artist, but with the rigour of a scientist, Malinowski compiled the enormous notebooks that were to provide the basis for his many books on the subject.

In a much shorter stay, it is still possible to absorb the ebb and flow of daily life that exists in the Trobriand village. The mornings start before dawn, as men go out in canoes or along the shore with nets to fish. Children arrive with containers, to collect water for cooking and to wash in the freshwater spring that runs from the sand to the sea. Then, there is a quiet time as the heat of the day builds. If there is dancing at night, the day will be spent making decorations, or collecting and preparing food. Later in the day, fishing will begin again.

Malinowski wrote "Magic is so widespread . . . that I used to come across magical performances, often quite unexpectedly."



A man may sit in a garden, chanting quietly as he begins to prepare the ground for planting yams. At night, groups of excited girls and boys pass by on their way to a dance, shouting to dispel ghosts and spirits.

Not all Malinowski's stay was pleasant, although he had brought most of his problems on him. An inveterate hypochondriac, he worried about



the onset of disease and spent much time taking concoctions or injecting himself with drugs to prevent malaria. In Melbourne, he had fallen in love with the daughter of a prominent scientist, and spent many nights analysing the future of their relationship. (They later married.)

During his final stay in the Trobriands, he received news of his mother's death in Europe, and was totally demolished for some time. But by then his work was almost complete. For some time, until his departure for good, he suffered from hallucinations and dreams.

On the dark: "I walked through a kind of tunnel of lighted foliage against a dark background. The feeling that figures were peeping out at me, almost touching me for a specific purpose. I see these things as real and innocuous hobgoblins rather than realities that act on my nerves."

"I shall experience joy and happiness and success and satisfaction in my work, but all this has become meaningless."

Finally, on the missionary



boat, Malinowski departed the Trobriands to marry the girl in Melbourne, and achieve the international success that he had always felt was his due. He never returned, but he left something behind in the Trobriands.

Villagers still talk of a white man who stayed in the villages "a few years ago" and asked lots of questions and wrote the answers in a large book.

This man, who rowed him-

self around in his own dinghy, always wore a sun helmet, and became known as "White Head." In the life of the Trobriands, it was not long ago.

Malinowski, in turn, gave something to the islands, the not entirely undeserved reputation as "the islands of love." In *Man and Culture* he was to write:

"Everywhere (we see) the same fanatical zeal to prune, uproot and make an auto da fe of all

that shocks our moral, hygienic or parochial susceptibilities . . . the ignorant and stupid lack of comprehension of the fact that every item of culture, every custom and belief, represents a value and fulfils a social function . . .

Tradition is a fabric in which all the strands are so closely woven that the destruction of one unmakes the whole."

Malinowski understood.

Visiting the Trobriands, and despite the many changes that have been registered there, it is impossible to miss the evidence of the strong social fabric that binds the islands and the people in their unique beauty.

"Perhaps, by realising human nature in a shape very different and foreign to us, we shall have some light shed on our own."

Air Niugini operates twice-weekly Dash 7 services to Losuia in the Trobriand Islands.

Top: Trobriand artifacts are renowned for their intricacy and craftsmanship; **below:** heading out to the reefs for a day's fishing

DIMET

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN COMPANY TO SELL LIFE INSURANCE BY THE LITRE.

At Dimet, we manufacture protective coatings. Because without our products, thousands of multi-million dollar projects would have died an early death.

Tankers would have rusted. Bridges would have corroded, and all for the want of a few litres of the right kind of protection.

That's why it is our proud boast that Engineers and Architects world wide can trust Dimet when they think of protective coatings.

WE'VE BEEN SPECIALISTS FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS.

After all, we invented the basis of the modern coatings industry back in 1936, when the world's first inorganic zinc silicate coating was developed in Melbourne.

Today it's franchised and exported all over the world. We didn't stop at zinc silicate.

Our reputation as a high technology company continues to grow as we pioneer new developments in polyurethane, epoxy,

elastomeric, vinyl and other protective coatings.

Our reputation is very important to us because our products are formulated to do their job of protection - long term.

And we take care that they do. They're backed by 40 years of experience, and the backing of assets in Australia exceeding 190 million dollars. And not only in the area of protective coatings either.

Dimet also designs, manufactures and exports a large range of building construction products, plastics and industrial adhesives.

And if we say that a Dimet product is right for the job, we want you to know that you can take the statement seriously.

If you would like to know about our products please contact:-

DIMET INTERNATIONAL, An **ACI** Company,
P.O. Box 50, DOONSIDE, NSW, Australia.
Telex No: AA25292
Telephone: (02) 622 1000



A section of the Bougainville Copper Limited's Panguna installation.
Dimet high performance coating systems protect structural steelwork and plant.
Application by Bougainville Protective Coverings Pty. Ltd. (PNG).

Seateach

by Richard Ainsley
and Normal Quinn

A significant number of the students that enrol in the Diploma of Fisheries Technology at the PNG University of Technology come from the highlands in the interior of the country. Many of these students have never seen the sea until they come to the University to study. Unlike students from coastal areas, the marine environment is a completely new experience and intensive familiarisation is necessary for these students to be able to cope with even routine exercise while on biology field excursions.

Responsibility for groups of students in the sea during marine biology and ecology field study excursions can be very burdensome, especially when some are not confident in the water. The concept of "Seateach" was to explore the feasibility of a simple low cost facility which would allow students to gather together underwater while retaining a supply of fresh air and means of both visual and aural communication.

With the usual shallow coral reef field studies, students swim or walk over a selected reef observing identifying and counting a range of marine life. Many of the species of interest have habitats that are not easily observed by wading with a glass bottomed viewing box. While snorkelling allows greater freedom to investigate habitats a little deeper below the surface, organising groups of students while in the water can be very difficult and when students and instructor have their faces underwater for viewing, speech is not possible.

A series of simple airfilled spaces with visual and aural communication capability at an interesting location on a coral reef has a number of advantages

1. Students are kept close





Three views of Seateach in action. The students can study the surrounding marine life in relative comfort, unencumbered by conventional diving apparatus

together.

2. Visual and speech communication are retained allowing normal group discussion or instruction.

3. In shallow water, such facilities allow weak swimmers to remain submerged for long periods of time without strenuous exertion.

4. The simplicity of such shelters helps build the confidence of students in underwater activities as students do not need to wear or learn to use special apparatus. In many circumstances even masks and flippers can be dispensed with.

5. An inexpensive household intercom system permits communication at any time with a central control point on shore or on a boat. This is an attractive feature for those co-ordinating a number of groups simultaneously when large numbers of students are involved.

Four experimental "Seateach" facilities were constructed south of Lae and used in Marine Biology field trips. The use of chains eliminated all major framework except for steel attachment rings for the domes and ballast tray. Shackles provided a simple means of levelling the domes underwater, even when the ballast trays were on sloping bottom. By using hemispherical vacuum formed acrylic domes one metre in diameter it was found that they could be handled easily by one person on land, on a boat and in the water.

Smaller domes are more efficient in terms of ballast as more of the internal volume is used by occupants than with larger size domes.

Prior to the sinking of the domes their steel mesh ballast trays and anchor chains were located at their respective site on the bottom.

A work boat was used to transfer lead ballast ingots from the larger vessel to the dome site where they were dropped overboard. When all ballast was transferred divers carried the ingots along the bottom to the trays and arranged them evenly over each tray. With the ballast

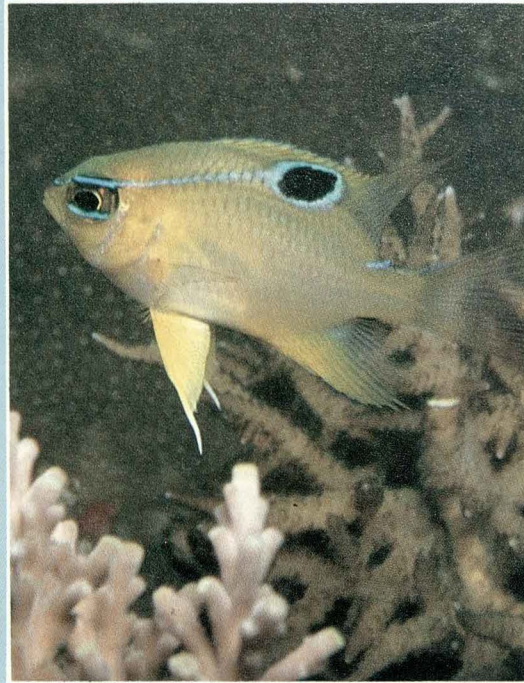
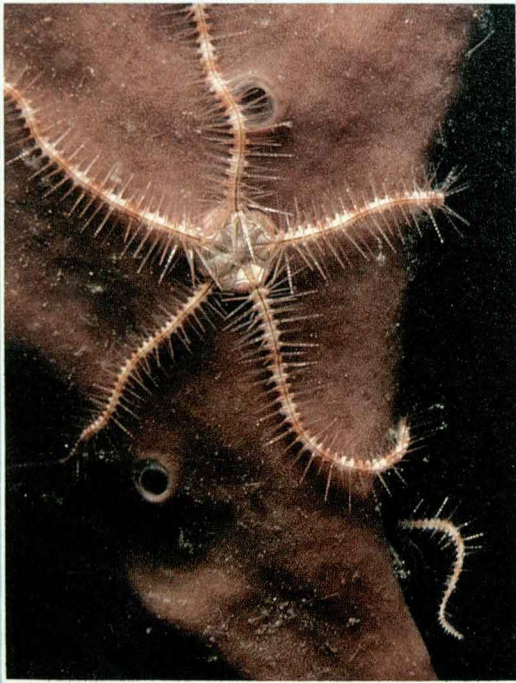
in place, the domes were moved into position above each ballast tray.

To fill each dome with air, a scuba tank was opened under its lifted edge and the rim of the dome kept horizontal by divers to prevent the dome tilting and releasing its trapped air before the dome rose to the limit of its anchor chains. Each dome was then ready to receive its intercom and occupants.

The intercom system used was a 12 volt four station system with twin plastic insulated wiring between units. To reduce the risk of moisture problem, each unit was wrapped in sandwich plastic and secured to a steel bracket near the top of the dome using rubber bands. All stations were connected with the master unit so that students in all domes could both talk and listen to the other domes.

Retrieval of the domes was achieved by venting the trapped air from each dome through a piece of garden hose. One end was positioned near the top of the airspace inside the dome and the other was held outside above the dome at a shallower depth so that when the water was blown from the hose from inside the dome, the air began to siphon out. With the air removed the domes sank to the bottom relieving the tension on their anchor chains which allowed the connecting shackles to be removed. Two swimmers were needed to raise each dome to the surface where they were inverted and floated to the work boat. With experienced divers, the domes could be used as communication habitats at depths up to 40m. In such situations surface to dome intercom communications would be useful and increase the safety of group diving operations.

A safety consideration is carbon dioxide buildup inside the domes. The need for occupants of the domes to admit fresh air is dictated by carbon dioxide accumulation. Observations of breathing rates indicate respiration rates increase rapidly as carbon dioxide builds up and that regular flushing is



required for continued, comfortable, safe use.

On occasions teeth marks of Scarids (parrot fish) were observed on "Seateach". These fish are herbivores and commonly browse algae. No scratches were apparent on the perspex domes, but it is likely that over a longer period damage would occur.

Marine biology for most universities is still a "terrestrial" course. Students, if they leave the classroom at all, end up investigating habitats at low tide where collections are made and brought back to the labs for study.

In a developing country, such as Papua New Guinea, the emphasis at a University of Technology is more towards the "hands on" learning experience — an approach more consistent with traditional methods of instruction.

"Seateach" is an effective vehicle in which highland students can gain confidence in the ocean. Personal confidence is foremost before any observations can be made. The group experience of assembling the facility focuses the students attention on an abstract, but clearly conceivable goal. Abilities must be assessed, tasks identified, communicated and performed. These are clearly initial skills that must be learned. Marine ecology is not just sitting, watching and identifying. Operations must be performed, measurements taken and situations communicated — frequently underwater, in uncomfortable or difficult conditions.

For others considering the use of such facilities a video tape has been prepared covering most aspects of "Seateach" and is available from the Department of Architecture and Building, Papua New Guinea University of Technology.

Some of the underwater delights that may be viewed from Seateach

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!



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

Pandanus-

Nut Harvest

Story and photos by
David Eastburn

BEFORE daybreak the whole population of Unja village, from the youngest to the oldest, assembled in excited anticipation to begin the steep climb to their pandanus grove to harvest the crop. The grove is located at about 2400 metres in a narrow forested valley in the Ka Range between the Mendi and Lai Valleys in the Southern Highlands Province. Mountain pandanus (*P. brosimos* and *P. julianetti*), called *karuka* in Pidgin, bears some fruit every year (during February and March in the Mendi area) but a major harvest occurs only every second year. This was to be a major harvest!

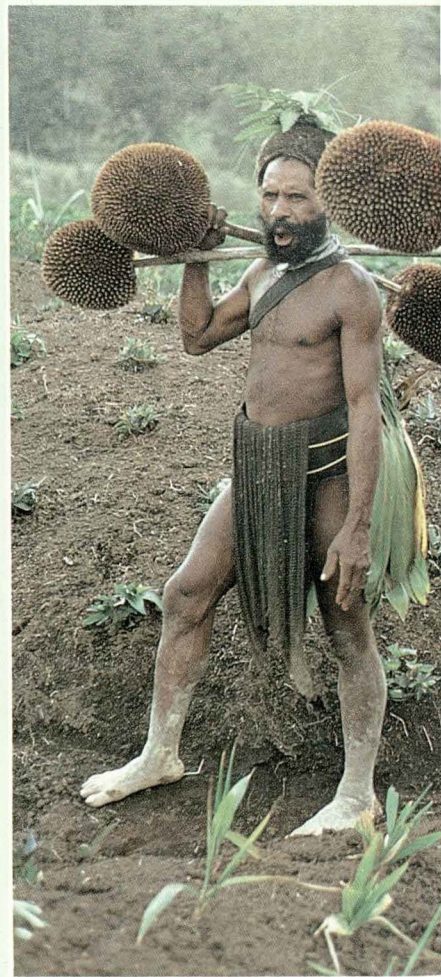
We moved single-file through the dew covered grass along a clay path still slippery from the previous nights' rain and made even worse by the many bare feet of our party. My slipping and sliding provided entertainment for the group as we ascended the steep limestone valley-wall through oak and beech forest. Reaching the top we entered cloud-mist, but our journey was now much easier as we followed a ridge-top path towards our destination. The excited burble of our party startled several long-black-tailed Princess Stephanie birds of paradise in the moss forest before we finally dropped into the valley containing the pandanus grove and its ripe fruit.

The grove below us was enveloped in swirling mist, penetrated in a few places by shafts of brilliant morning light. The trees, with their long tapering leaves rattling in the breeze, stood delicately poised on prop-roots like giant spindly stick figures against the mist.

The party wasted no time in getting down to the business of harvesting the crop. Vines,



A mountain pandanus fruit on the tree; inset: climbing a tree to cut the fruit. Circles of vine are tied around the ankles to aid the men in climbing



which boys had collected from the forest on the way, were made into circles for the men to put around their ankles to aid them in climbing the trees. Some men climbed the trees and cut the balls of fruit down with their long handled axes. Others attached sharpened pieces of worn-out spades to long lengths of bamboo to harvest the fruit while their feet were firmly on the ground. The harvest atmosphere with its excitement and industry was infectious and the grove soon filled with laughter, boastful calls and the dull thumps of the six to eight kilogram balls of pandanus fruit hitting the soft ground.

Ripe fruit is cream-green in colour, usually 25-35cm in diameter and almost spherical. It resembles a huge woody pineapple and consists of hundreds of finger-sized nuts. Each nut is encased in its own tough cone-shaped shell and its milky white meat is extracted by biting the top off the cone and then biting the shell again towards the bottom so that the meat pops out. Fresh pandanus nuts are sweet and taste like a combination of fresh coconut and Brazil nut.

While the harvest continued some of the fruit was split open and everybody carried handfuls of nuts, or the soft pulp found between the nuts, to eat as they worked. This harvest was excellent with fruit both large and plentiful. The preparations over the previous months had consisted of careful weeding between the trees; the construction of small platform foils on the trunks to prevent cuscus and forest rats from climbing up and eating the fruit; and ritual spinning-top games played in the villages to promote fruit growth. These had obviously paid off. Soon, Akol, my host on this occasion, had amassed 120 fruit.

After all of the fruit had been harvested it was gathered into piles and the men with the most fruit began distributing it among their friends and relatives. This led to a domestic dispute between Akol and his first wife when he gave fruit to his second wife before her! His first wife was outraged and snatched up a large stick and

struck Akol on the back and shoulders several times before being restrained by her brother.

To ensure that the fruit would not spoil before being used, the soft cream-green outside flesh was knocked off by chopping it with the edge of a short stick, leaving the fruit as a brown ball covered with tufts of stiff fibres. The balls of fruit were then prepared for carrying back to the village: small branches were cut from nearby trees and sharpened to a point at each end and thrust into the fruit where the stem had been attached, to form a 'dumb bell' which made the fruit more manageable for carrying. Men can carry 4 to 6 fruit on their shoulders using this method. The women split their fruit into halves and placed them into their string bags for the journey back over the ridge to the village.

On reaching the village all of the fruit was split into halves in preparation for roasting in earth ovens. Stones were heated and the halves were placed in the oven with grass and then covered with earth and left to cook for several hours.

Excess nuts are usually roasted and sold at markets as half or quarter fruits, or separated into individual nuts which are sold by the handful. Nuts can also be shelled and packed into exquisite lantern-shaped pandanus leaf containers to be smoked in the ceilings of houses. Smoked nuts can be kept for eighteen months or longer, but they are usually eaten well before that time. Smoked nuts are sold by the handful direct from their leaf containers or threaded onto pieces of grass and sold in lengths.

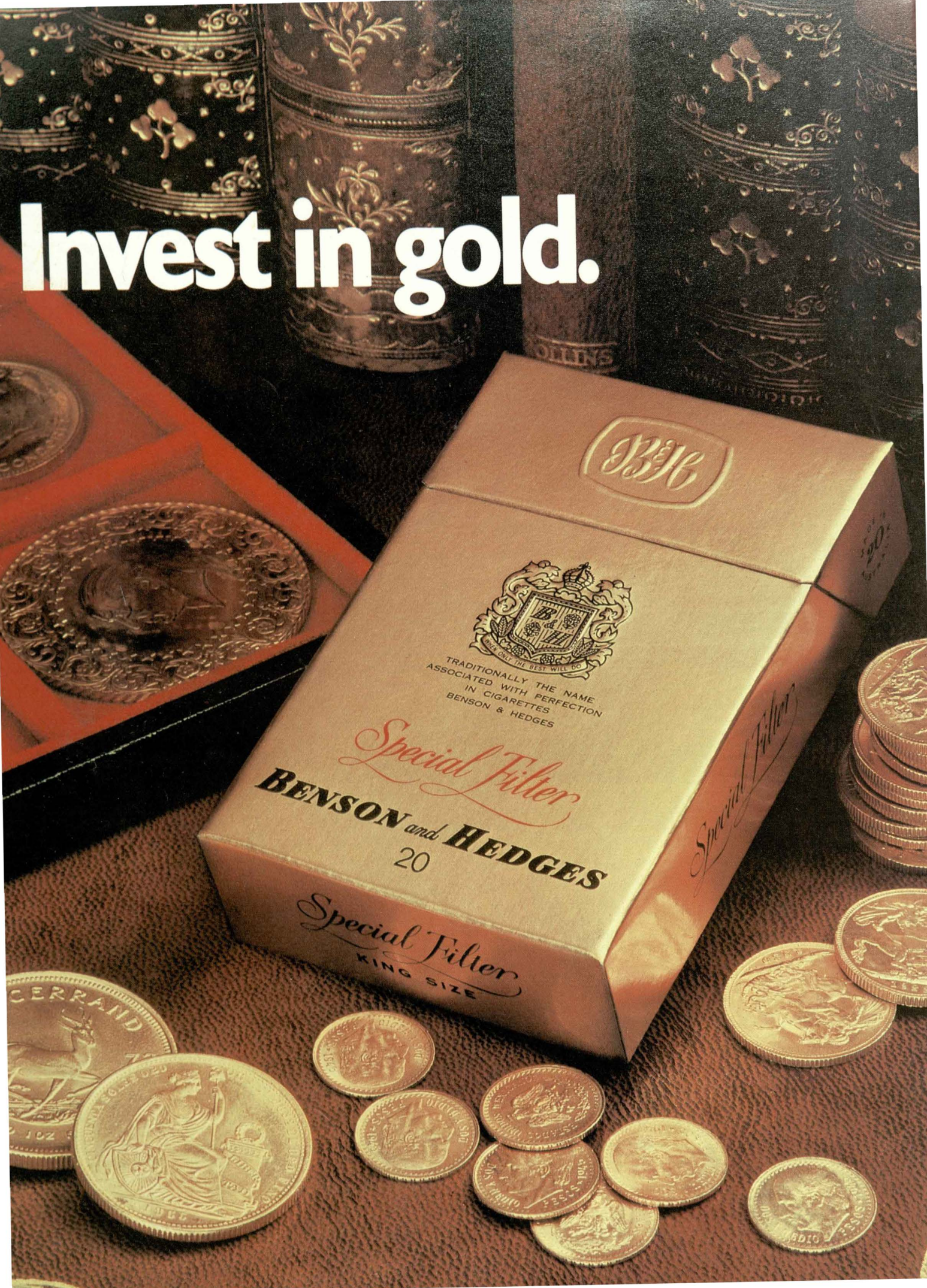
Pandanus nuts provide an important and enjoyable supplement to the sweet potato diet of the Highlanders. They are a high calorie food and rich in protein, fat, calcium and riboflavin. Harvest time is an enjoyable social occasion which provides a break from the normal gardening routine. A major harvest is often followed 8 or 9 months later by a shortage of garden food, or '*taim hangri*', for a short time because garden planting has been neglected during the exciting

pandanus harvest period. At the height of the season, nut shells litter the ground everywhere, plumes of smoke locate small groups of people gathered around earth ovens eagerly awaiting the taste of freshly roasted nuts, and conversations are punctuated by the cracking of pandanus shells. 🐼

Below: roasted nuts for sale at a market; **bottom:** an old man displays pandanus nuts he has smoked in the ceiling of his house; **opposite, far left:** Akol distributing fruit to his family; **left:** men carrying 'dumb bells' of pandanus on their shoulders; **below left:** half fruit being placed in earth oven



Invest in gold.



TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES

Special Filter
BENSON and HEDGES
20

Special Filter
KING SIZE

by Nich Koanandi Gendi

LONG ago, in the rugged mountains of the Upper Ramu River in the Madang Province, a group of people called the Kendis lived in a village called Karisokra.

One day the Kendis were invited by the Kiage clan, who lived in the neighbouring Simbu Province, to attend a pig-killing ceremony.

So the people of Karisokra — men, women and children — began their long trek through the thick jungle, over the mountain tops and across fast-flowing rivers and streams.

On the second day, just around noon, a young boy by the name of Bo fell sick and, late in the afternoon, just on sunset, he died. The Kendi people were very sad and mourned late into the night. Early next morning Bo was buried in the hollow of a wild yar tree. The people continued their journey.

When the Kendis arrived at Gembol village, the home of the Kiage, there was much feasting and dancing. The pig killing party went on for two weeks and then the Kendis began the journey home to Karisokra.

They were heavily laden with many gifts — pig meat, pigs' teeth, shell money, *bilum* (woven bags) and other traditional *bilas* (ornaments and decorations) such as necklaces and armlets.

When they came to the burial place of Bo they made a huge fire and threw some pieces of meat into it. That was the custom of the Kendis. As they were throwing the meat in they heard a peculiar cry above them. Fearfully, they looked up and, through the smoke of the fire, they could see a very beautiful bird, fluttering in and out of the smoke. As it did so, it made a call which sounded like 'Kakaka, kakaka, kakaka'. Then, slowly, it flew off into the dense forest. The villagers stood still, in awe, as if in a chapel.

After a few minutes, some of the elders offered some of their gifts to their ancestors and also a pig, which they killed. Then they named the bird *Kandabo*, which, in their language, means 'Beautiful Bo'. And that's how the first bird of paradise came to live in the Ramu River area. 🌿

The first Bird of Paradise

A Legend from the Madang Province



Illustration: John Sams

THE name Junkers is not often heard nowadays in New Guinea aviation circles. The giant German aircraft manufacturer ceased production altogether after the second world war, and only a handful of lumbering trimotor aircraft ever reappeared in the New Guinea skies.

There was a time before the war however when the name Junkers was more or less synonymous with Territory aviation. Guinea Airways Limited (GAL) was the first company to introduce the name Junkers to Papua New Guinea, way back in 1928. The 'No. 1 Junkers', as their first aircraft was called, immediately proved its worth by breaking all previous Territory freight records. Most of the aircraft then operating in the Territory were surplus WWI military machines which had been modified to carry freight and passengers. These fragile Bristol and De Havilland biplanes were made exclusively of wood and fabric, a combination that was altogether unsuited to the harsh New Guinea conditions.

The Junkers range of aircraft on the other hand were built entirely of corrugated sheet metal which gave the design immense strength and durability. The GAL machine, a W34, was in fact a very close cousin of the Junkers F.13 which first entered service with the German airforce during WWI.

Junkers was the first manu-

facturer to realise the post-war potential of the passenger aircraft and introduced the first purpose built, fully enclosed passenger cabin with their W33/W34 range of aircraft. Indeed it has often been said of these aircraft since that they revolutionized air transport in a manner that only the Douglas DC-3 has been able to duplicate.

The W34's outstanding performance caused great concern amongst Guinea's competitors so that it wasn't long before they too were ordering Junkers aircraft.

The Ellyou Corporation was the next, followed by Bulolo Gold Dredging Limited, and then the Taylor & Ross Air Transport Company. The Taylor & Ross organisation was typical of the many small companies that had sprung up around the Territory during the gold mining boom of the 1920-30's.

Taylor & Ross had suffered a major setback in November 1929 when the company's only aircraft, a DH9C named the Lady Peggy, crashed into the sea short of Salamaua aerodrome. Although no one was injured in the accident it was reported later that the company's financial prospects were looking rather bleak.

Neither partner had the capital with which to replace the lost Lady Peggy so Taylor immediately set about trying to attract outside interests. His

The Lady Lettie

by Mark Clayton

Tourists still gravitate to the Alexishafen region to inspect the many Japanese aircraft wrecks within this formidable airbase. In the jungle just a short distance from the airfield one can also find the shell of an aircraft which dates from a much earlier conflict.



efforts in this regard were rewarded when one G.L. Bond, an ex WWI pilot, agreed to put up the cash to purchase a new Junkers W33.

The W33 was essentially a standard model W34 fitted with the less powerful Junkers L5 inline engine.

Unfortunately Ross decided at this stage to pull out of the partnership, leaving the company in a very precarious position.

Taylor & Bond went through a very lean period while they waited, nearly three months, for the arrival of their new aircraft. Both partners

were on hand to receive the new plane when the "S.S. Mosel" docked at Port Melbourne in early February 1930. Also on board was Walter Rothe, a Junkers test pilot who had been sent out to supervise the aircraft's assembly and delivery.

Taylor and Bond planned to equip the W33 with floats for the long overwater delivery flight north to New Guinea. Both partners by this stage were anxious to get back into business and little time therefore was wasted in getting the aeroplane certified and registered with the Australian Department of Civil Aviation. The little monoplane departed Melbourne with its newly allocated registration, VH-UIW, painted in large black letters along both sides of the fuselage.

After an uneventful delivery flight the Junkers touched down at Salamaua on March 12th, setting the stage for the Taylor & Bond Company to make its comeback.

Little did the partners realise however that their frustrations were only just about to begin.

In the absence of Ross, Taylor had rather naively hoped that Rothe, the Junkers test pilot, would decide to stay on and fly the W33 for wages. Australian commercial licences however were only available then to British nationals which meant that Rothe was legally unable to do more than complete his delivery flight.

In any event Rothe had still

not been paid for the long flight from Australia and refused therefore to assist the partners.

Bond, who had sunk a lot of capital into the partnership, was particularly outraged by this latest turn of events. Rather than run the risk of bankruptcy he decided somewhat rashly to pilot the aircraft himself, despite the fact that he had not flown for more than a decade.

Miraculously his gamble paid off and the W33 completed its maiden flight to Wau without incident. Les Ross then decided to rejoin the company and pilot the Junkers for Taylor and Bond. Ross had only just resumed flying when the aircraft was grounded for an engine overhaul, a lengthy business which had to be repeated every 200 hours.

Taylor and Bond had pinned all their hopes on The Lady Lettie, as they had christened their new aircraft, and it was now becoming painfully clear to them that the W33 was no match for GAL's powerful W34 aircraft. In its first six flights to Wau The Lady Lettie carried less than 7000 lbs of freight which, at a cost of around sixpence per pound, made for very little profit.

For Taylor and Bond though the worst was still to come. In August 1930 Walter Rothe won an action for breach of contract and the partnership was forced to pay him £522. The company was subsequently dissolved and the W33 seized

by the Sheriff. Bond somehow managed to buy back The Lady Lettie which Les Ross continued to operate on his behalf.

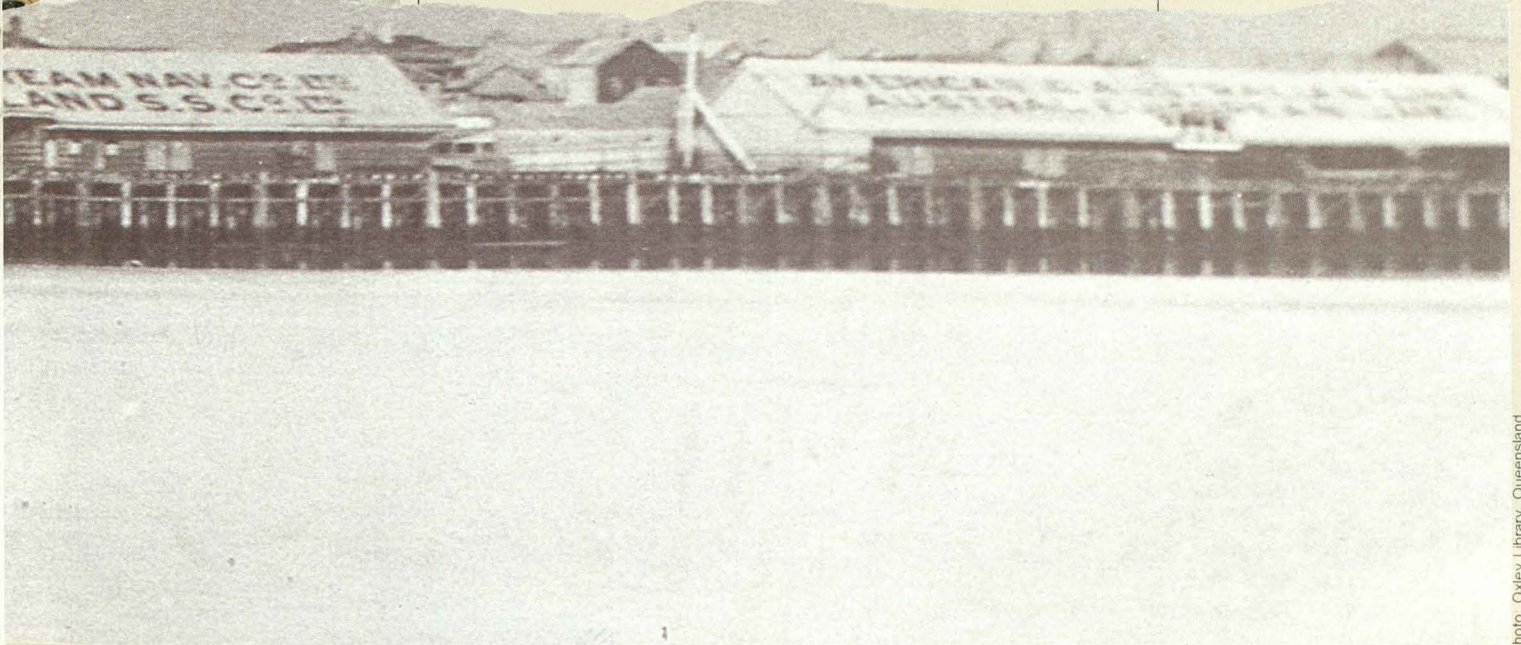
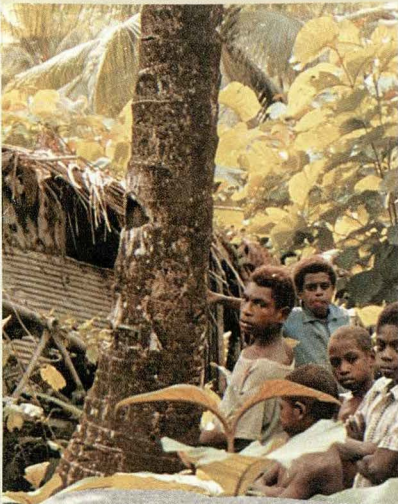
By the end of 1930 the machine was being leased to another well known Territory aviator, Ray Parer, who eventually purchased the aircraft from Bond and began operating it under the banner of his newly formed company, Pacific Aerial Transport Limited (PAT).

Although it wasn't competitive with the S34, the W33 did nonetheless still have a distinct performance advantage over the many biplanes that were still being used to service the goldfields. Parer made the most of this advantage and by mid 1931 The Lady Lettie had logged an impressive 502 airframe hours. Later that same year the Junkers established a new record when it completed seven round trips in one day between Wau and Salamaua.

The honeymoon came to an end however in October 1932 when The Lady Lettie suffered an engine failure at 2000 feet near the Salamaua aerodrome. Parer managed to put the aircraft down safely, but just two weeks later The Lady Lettie

Below left: the 'Lady Lettie' on her delivery flight with floats attached. This picture was taken at Brisbane in March 1930 during a brief stopover; **left:** this is how the lady appears today. Both wings are missing, as is the engine, but otherwise there is little structural damage

ion of New Guinea to hich litter this once t distance away from old German aeroplane



ground looped while taking off from Wau and struck the PAT hangar at 30 mph. Once again Parer managed to escape injury. The old Junkers on the other hand was less fortunate and the initial estimates suggested that it could take months to repair the extensive damage.

It took nearly three years in fact to rebuild The Lady Lettie. Parer lost a second aircraft shortly afterwards and thereafter the company's fortunes began to steadily decline. PAT's situation was further aggravated by the fact that Guinea Airways, who employed the only qualified Junkers engineer, refused to work on the rival W33.

The repairs to The Lady Lettie were eventually completed in May 1935. The PAT company however was still experiencing great financial difficulties and the W33's Certificate of Airworthiness was allowed to lapse during the following year.

The aircraft's official file, which is still held by the Australian Department of Aviation, has one final notation. It records that VH-UIW was ferried from Wau to Salamaua for overhaul in January 1937, and that this work was due for completion the following May.

The Lady Lettie therefore was given one final lease on life which helps also to explain

how it came to end up at Alexishafen.

The various mission societies were very active in aviation at this time and it appears that the W33 was bought by the Eastern New Guinea Mission at Alexishafen. The Lady Lettie was never put back into service and was probably used to provide spares for the mission's Junkers F13 aircraft.

In retrospect it seems remarkable that the W33 could have survived this long. The outboard wings are now missing and the engine has also disappeared but otherwise the airframe is basically complete.

Even the registration letters, VH-UIW, are still discernible

on the slab-corrugated sides. One can only hope that eventually the Junkers might be recovered and placed on display in the National Museum in Port Moresby.

There can be no doubt that The Lady Lettie is now a very historic aircraft, one of just a few W33's left in the world but more to the point, the only survivor of an era which marked the beginning of commercial aviation in Papua New Guinea.

Below: Ray Parer taking off from Wau in 1931. Although the Junkers W33 made major concessions to passenger comfort, the pilot remained out in the open; **inset:** the lady is now surrounded by food gardens

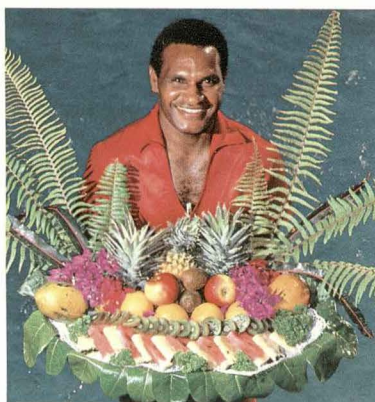




When in paradise... stay in paradise!

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: 255955
 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: NE95852 'Davara'



**DAVARA
 HOTELS**



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

It's easy to understand why.

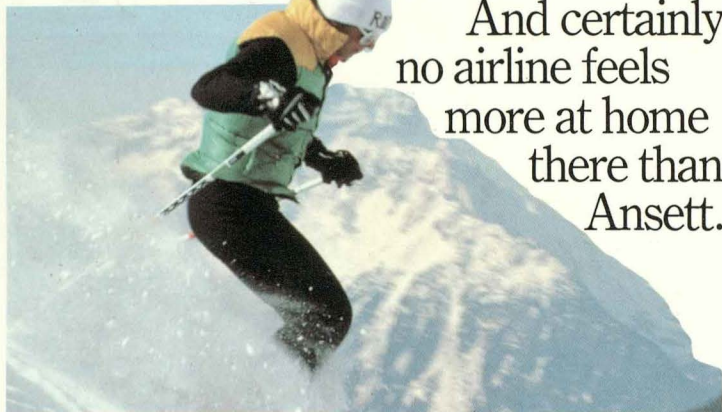
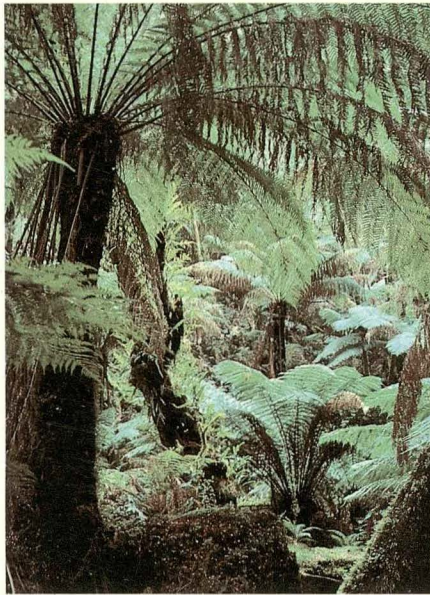
After all, Australia is the world's largest holiday island.

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.