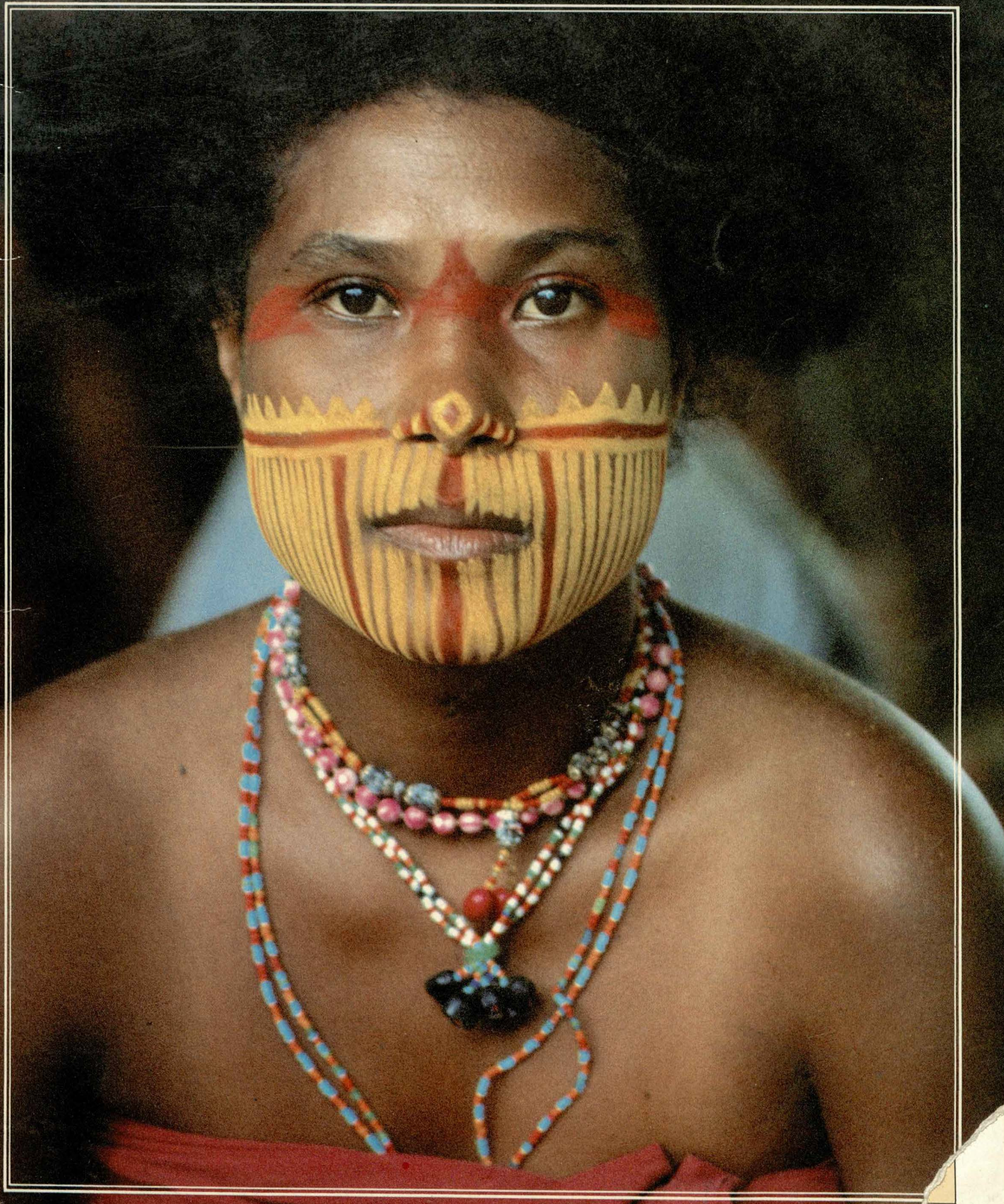


paradise

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Guy Laroche
Paris

DRAKKAR
NOIR

La douce violence
d'un parfum d'homme.



paradise

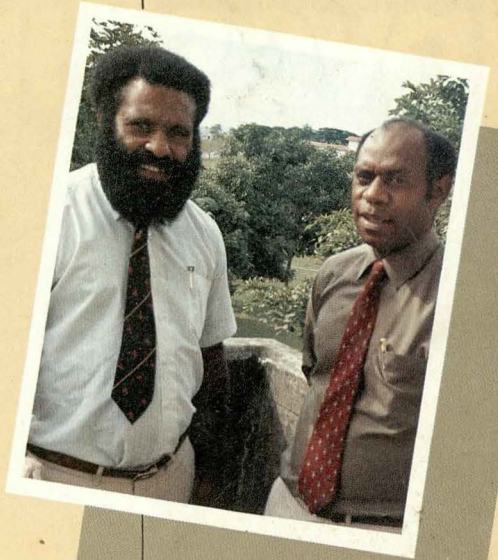
Welcome Aboard

It is indeed my pleasure to introduce you to Mr. William Wi, Papua New Guinea Minister for Civil Aviation.

Mr. Wi, married with five children, is from Banz in the Western Highlands and brings to the Ministry, wide ranging experience gained from business and political fields.

I'm sure that our passengers will benefit from the appointment of Mr. Wi due to his keen interest in the service provided to you by Air Niugini.

Masket Iangalio
General Manager, Air Niugini



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Above: Masket Iangalio, Air Niugini's General Manager with William Wi, Papua New Guinea's new Minister for Civil Aviation.

Cover: A Mekeo maiden preparing for dance ceremony. Photo by Rob Walls.

No. 52 - 1985

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One of the numerous secrets of Papua New Guinea endures on the lush tropical island of New Britain. It is the art of blowgun hunting.

This puzzling tradition is practised by the 4,000 Kaulong people, who live on the western side of the island, inland from the government town of Kandrian. They and their neighbours, the Senseng are the only Melanesians who use bamboo blowguns. None of the village 'papas' recollect how they learnt the intricate skill of making them.

These blowguns are not the one-and-a-half metre types used by tribal groups elsewhere in the world. The Kaulong blowgun is four or five metres long making it difficult to manoeuvre.

Only the men fashion and use these blowguns called 'lambu' which are made from a special thin bamboo. This is cut into natural sections of about 60 centimetres which are connected to form a straight tube four or five metres in length and four centimetres in diameter. The pieces are joined by splitting the end of one section and overlapping it with another. The joint is covered with a tough leaf (or in recent times, plastic) to prevent air from escaping and a vine is wrapped securely around the leaf or plastic. Sap called 'winamha' from an exclusive tree is covered over the joint forming a seal. Upon drying, it resembles black tar. The sap is readily loosened by applying heat, allowing refinements to the blowgun's shape.

Blowguns used in other areas of the world are accompanied by small poison darts. Throughout Borneo, Malaysia and parts of South America, the sharpened points of the wooden darts are dipped into a lethal poison making them ideal for capturing larger animals. These poison darts are even used in tribal warfare.

When I asked some Kaulong men if they too used poison on darts of spears, they were shocked. It had never

BLOWGUN HUNTING

A Cultural Heritage



Story and pictures by
Kirk Franklin

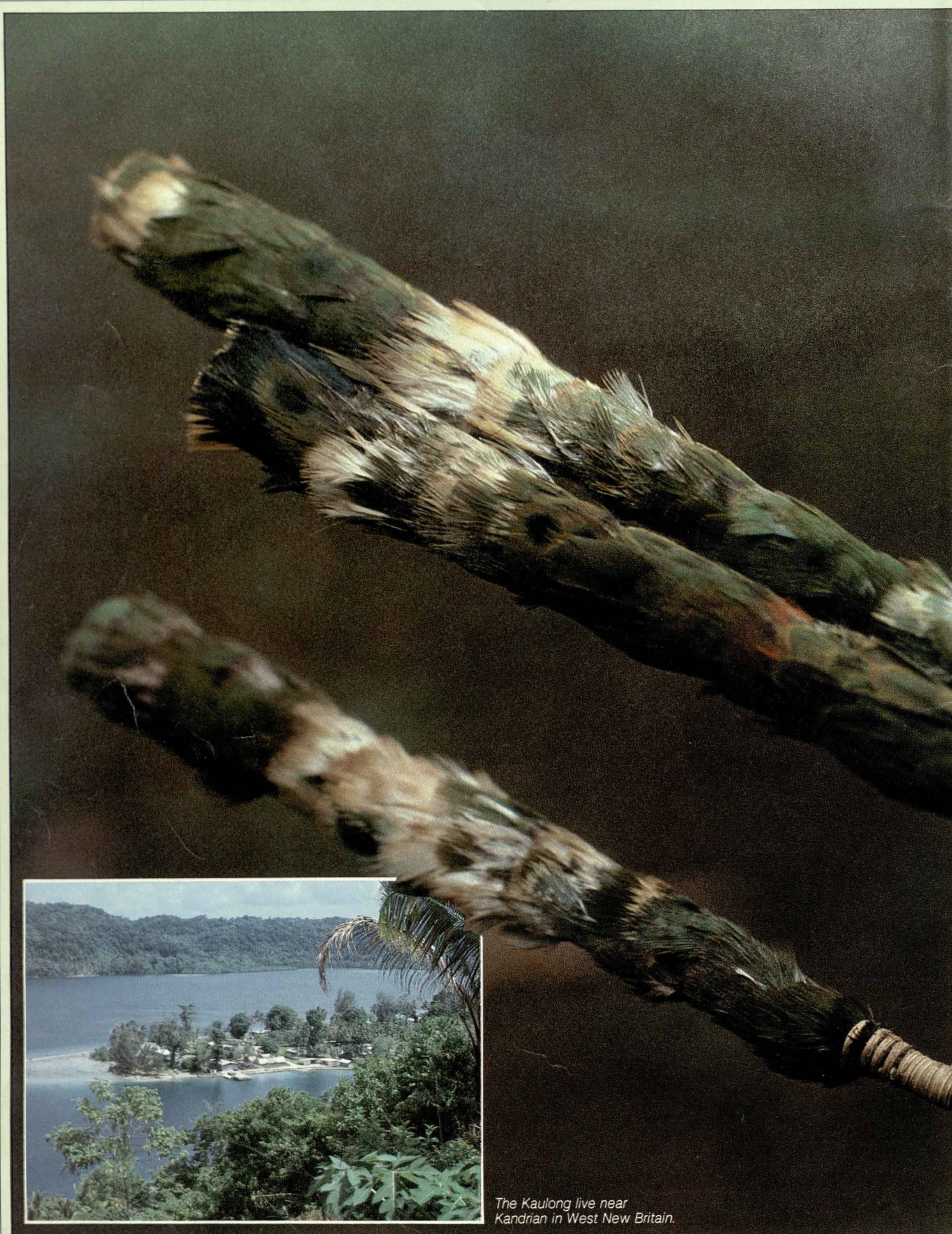
occurred to them since their blowgun spears are only used for hunting small prey in trees not reached by conventional hunting methods.

The Kaulong blowgun spear is crafted from splinters of the 'buai' (bettlenut) tree. The spear is about one metre in length and is whittled down to the thickness of a pencil with the end sharpened to a fine point. Parrot and other colorful feathers are wrapped neatly around the other end to approximately the diameter of the inside of the blowgun tube. This makes the spear end fit tightly into the tube like a piston. When air is blown into the 'lambu', the feathers expand preventing any air from escaping while simultaneously propelling the spear out of the 'lambu'. The slipperiness of natural wax on the feathers adds to the upward momentum of the spear.

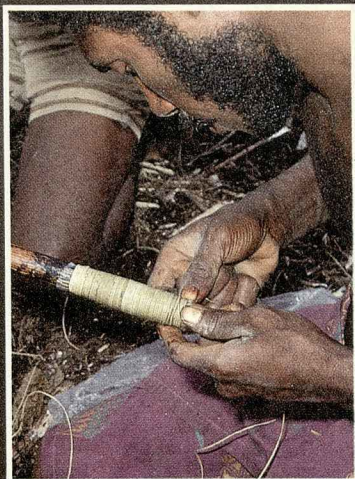
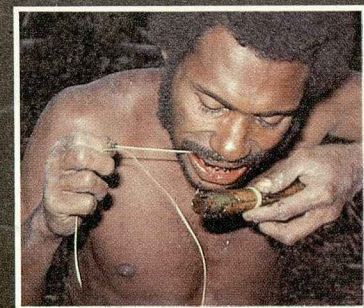
The Kaulong men through years of practice are able to blow enough air into the 'lambu' to propel the spear as far as 50 metres into the air. This involves sucking in as much air as possible into one's lungs, then releasing it quickly into the mouth of the 'lambu'. The novice attempting this feat may underestimate the difficulty of the exercise and sheepishly watch his spear climb only five or six metres into the air.

The skilled Kaulong hunters use the 'lambu' every day as they venture into the dense jungle surrounding the foothills of the Whiteman Range. A prize catch for a morning's hunting would be the fruitbat, but often they must settle for smaller prey.

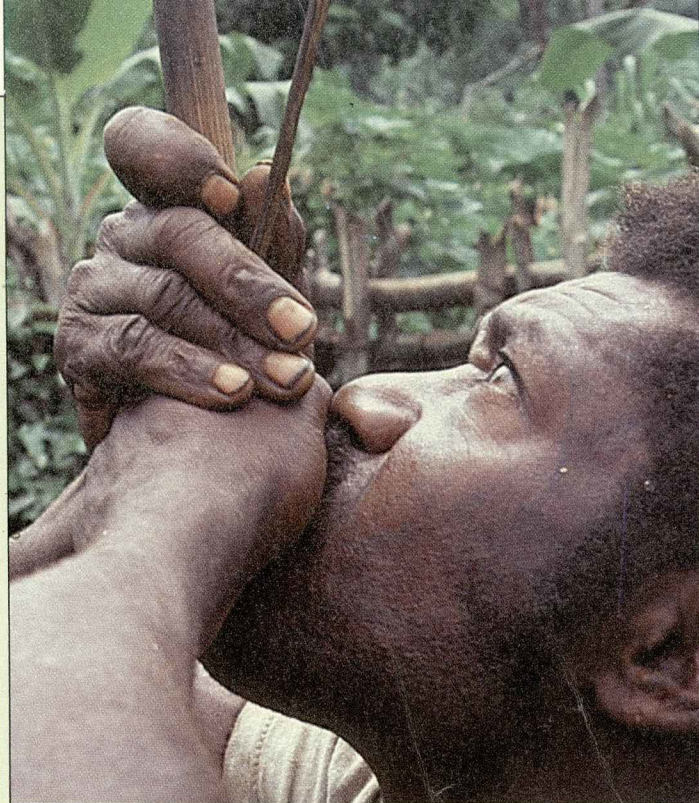
Travelling with the Kaulong men in the dense forest, I found it very difficult discerning anything in the tall trees because of the lack of light in the underbrush. But this posed no problem for my Kaulong companions as their keen perception enabled them to quickly eye their prey. The men attempt to camouflage themselves in the underbrush by wearing dark trousers and no shirt. They will



*The Kaulong live near
Kandrian in West New Britain.*



*Bird feathers are bound to one end of the blowgun spear; insets show various stages of making a blowgun - **top left:** joining the bamboo sections; **below left:** cutting the vine; **below right:** wrapping the joint with vine to prevent air from escaping; **top right:** blowing into the 'lambu' tube to eject the spear.*



wait patiently for some birds to gather in the nearby trees, calling them with various native calls.

When the prey has been located, the hunter will gingerly position his 'lambu' erect against the branch of the closest tree to aid his aiming. When the prey comes into target range, the hunter quietly slips the spear into the 'lambu' tube. Holding the tube above his head, he takes careful and precise aim. He then lowers the mouth of the tube to his lips simultaneously gasping a giant breath of air then releasing it forcefully until his lungs ache for lack of oxygen. The spear propells through the tube straight towards the target toppling it to the ground 20 metres below. The whole process takes but a few seconds.

The Kaulong men must concentrate with significant intensity prior to gulping their lungs full with air. That vital expulsion of air must be prolonged and contain enough force not only to eject the spear, but to penetrate the game. The Kaulong can shoot with such force that they have been known to kill tree kangaroos.

Plodding through the thick vegetation and around mammoth trees makes the hunting trips very time consuming. The hunters continuously

scrutinize the branches above in search of their prey. All too often, the men return home with nothing as the game has been out of reach. But this does not dissuade them from going out the next day and repeating the process all over again.

Changes are coming into the Kaulong area. Recently introduced cocoa plants have brought a new form of living for many of the Kaulong. They have progressed from subsistence farming and hunting to running a small cash crop industry. Income from the cocoa beans also means they can supplement their diets with purchased tinned fish and meat lessening their dependence upon blowgun hunting.

The Kaulong, however, have created an art of making the 'lambu', shaping the spears, learning the birdcalls and hunting. It is indeed an integral part of their past. As new ways come into the area, let us hope the Kaulong do not cast aside their blowguns but keep making them, passing onto younger generations this unique cultural experience.



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RAFFLES

a place to remember



Story and pictures by
Rama Tirumalachar

Raffles Tiffin Room with
the largest marble floor in the East;
inset: the Sarkies brothers who founded the hotel.

Raffles Hotel links the Asia of the present with the timeless Asia of the past. One visitor's impression of this great hotel, which will celebrate its centenary next year.

Singapore is fascinating. Everytime one passes through this vibrant city, the pace of change is remarkable. Old quaint areas have been demolished and replaced by ultramodern functional steel and glass structures.

My family was bored with staying in hotels with long impersonal corridors and lifts going 30 floors high. At Changi Airport's hotel reservations desk we looked for something totally different. The Raffles Hotel advertisement said "Stay in Raffles to enjoy the rare pleasure of tropical living at its finest". We thought, why not? So began our memorable week-long holiday.

Within the fast changing face of Singapore, Raffles is one place which has strictly adhered to its beginnings and upheld old traditions. More of an institution than just a hotel; Somerset Maugham said it "stands for all the fables of the exotic East".

We were most impressed by the pride shown by all the hotel staff, right from the manager to the bellboys. The feeling of belonging and the care taken in looking after guests' needs seem to have been passed on from one generation to the other. Most of today's staff have had older generation family members who have worked at Raffles.

Raffles is one of the few hotels with its own museum. It was fascinating to browse through the old photographs and newspaper cuttings, col-

Gracious Raffles in the early 1900s' insets from top: Entering the Palm Court; the "corridor of fame" - its Kipling, Coward and Maugham suites are named after literary gréats who have stayed at the hotel.

lected by the present manager Mr Roberto Pregarz.

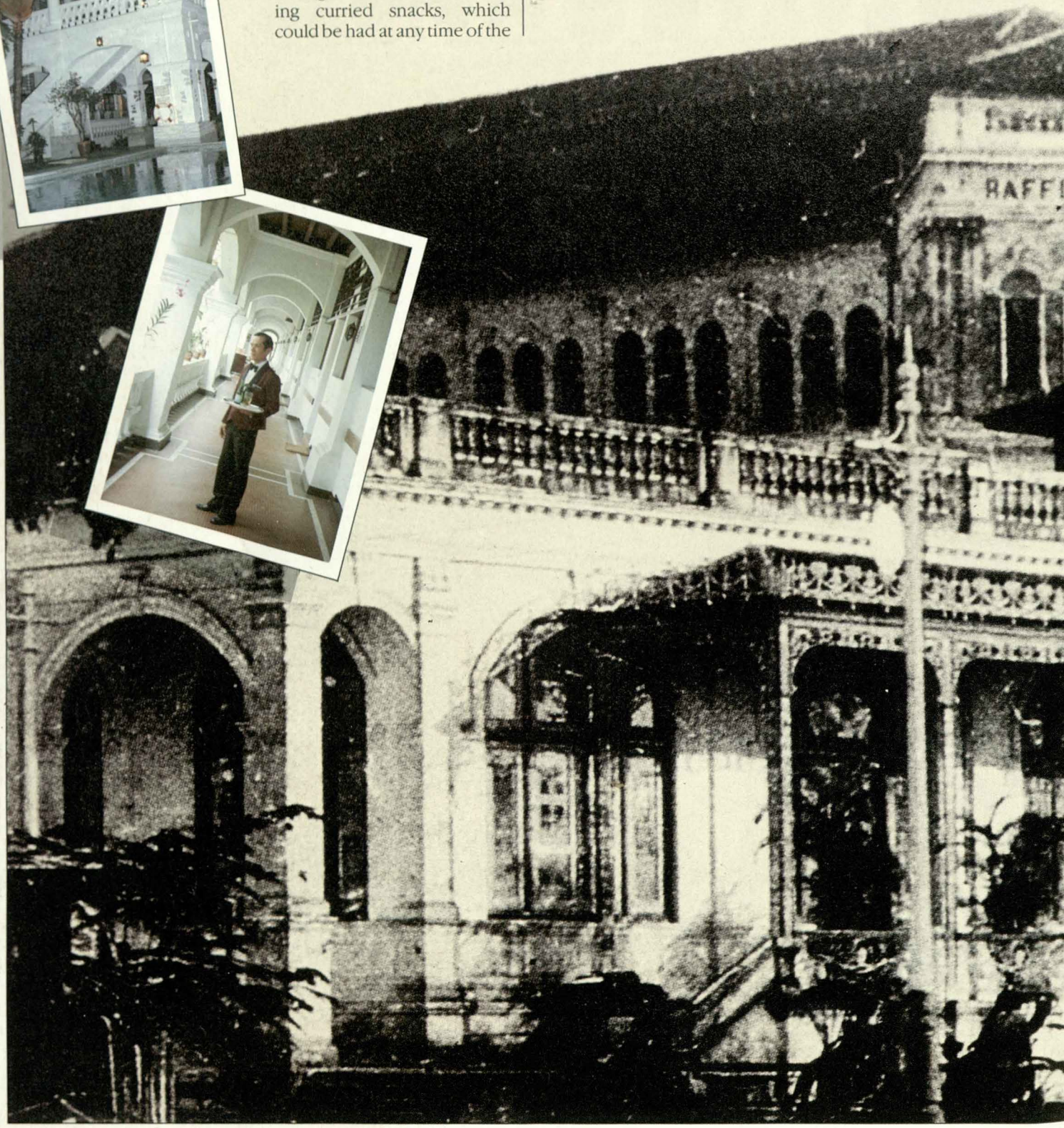
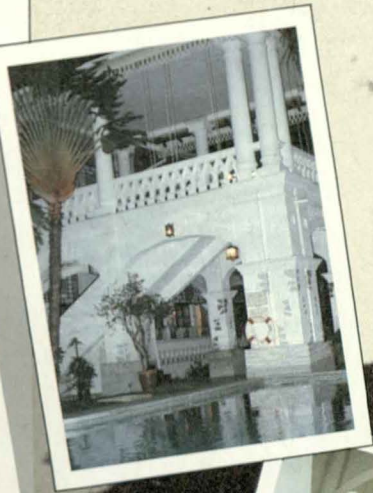
Raffles is named after Sir Stamford Raffles, the English governor, who founded Singapore in the 17th century to compete with the Dutch for the Spice Islands of the East.

The hotel's history dates back to the early 1800s, beginning as a 'tiffin-house' within a private residence. "Tiffin" is an Anglo-Indian word describing curried snacks, which could be had at any time of the

day. However it was not until 1896 that the place actually became Raffles Hotel, due to the enterprize of the Armenian Sarkies Brothers, three expert hoteliers who came to Singapore to seek fame and fortune.

The original building for the hotel in the 1800s was the billiard room of a bungalow on the 'Twenty-house Street', the Chinese name for Beach Road,

then the main residential area in Singapore. The name was derived from the row of 20 elegant dwellings in the road that belonged to the earliest Straits merchants. It was said that most of these houses had a separate building for a billiard room and the annex of Raffles Hotel was one such room.



By the 1890s the modest building proved to be inadequate to meet the demands of the growing port. With great faith, the Sarkies Brothers extended the original bungalow and in November 1896 a new section was formally opened.

In the early 1900s Raffles became the 'in place' and the centre of social life in Singapore. The grand ball-

room, was an oasis for all the 'good time guys', the expatriate tea and coffee planters from scattered and remote plantations in Malaya and Borneo. It now serves the needs of the modern tourist with a nightly Malayan Cultural Show and serves many glasses of the world-famous Singapore Gin Sling.

This well-known cocktail was created by an enterprising barman, Ngiam Tong Boon in Raffles' Long Bar. It became so popular that it replaced the

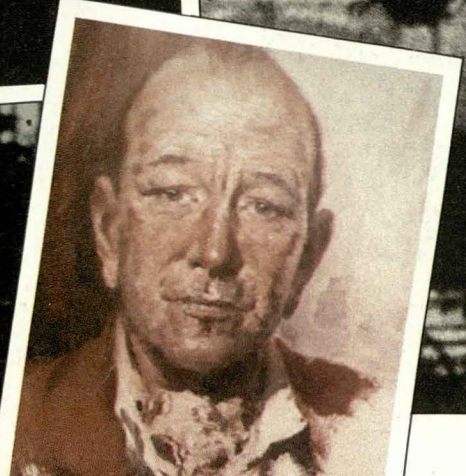
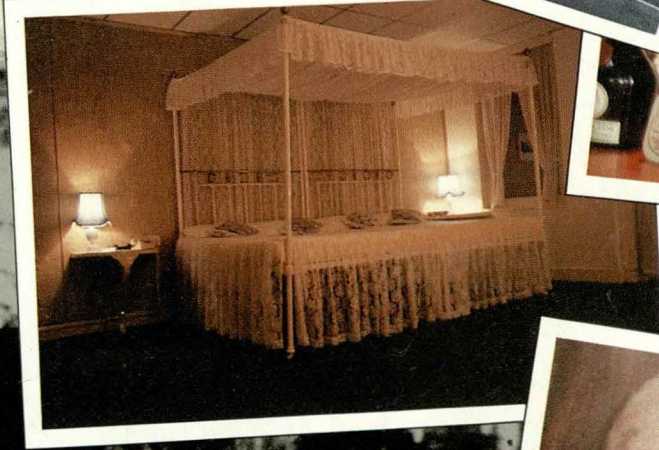
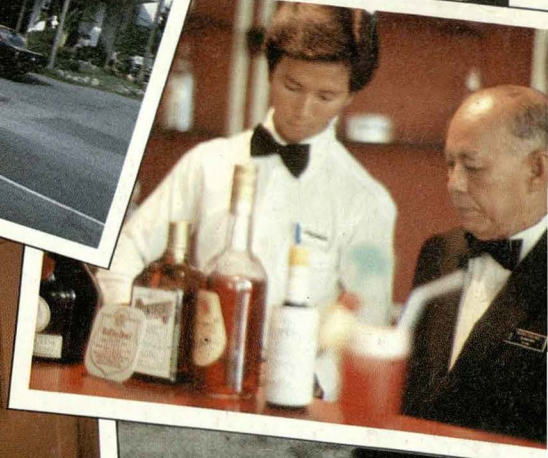
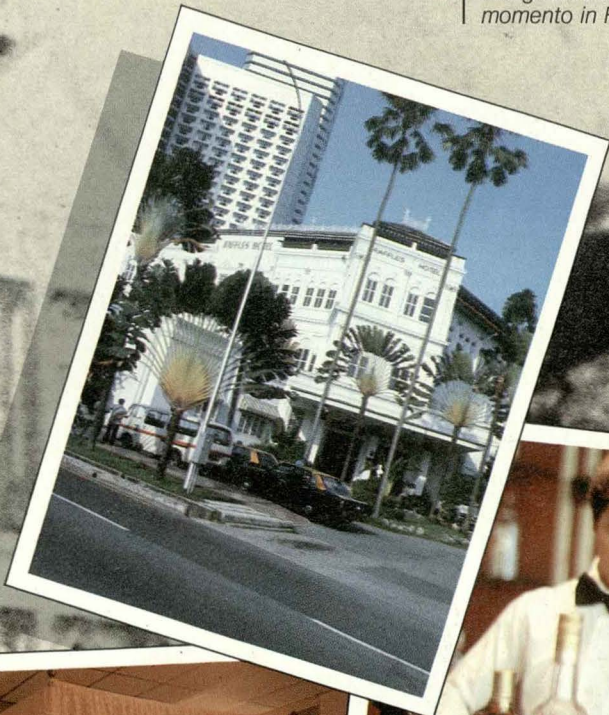
traditional English pink gin. The Singapore Gin Sling was made by mixing two parts Beefeater gin, one part cherry brandy, a few drops of Benedictine and Coitreau with one part orange, pineapple, and lime juices, adding a dash of Angostura bitters, and decorating with a pineapple slice and cherry. Even today, it is still the most popular drink at Raffles. It is served by descendants of Ngiam!

When the world depression hit Singapore in the 1930s, many hostels were forced to

close but Raffles Hotel held its head above water.

During the Second World War, Singapore suffered regular bombing day and night. The hotel management perfected a satisfactory blackout for its large dance room and the orchestra continued to play nightly till midnight. Most taxis vanished after dusk but the waiters at the hotel remained on duty until the last moment.

Insets from top: Raffles entrance today; preparing the Singapore Gin Sling; Somerset Maugham's suite; Noel Coward's momento in Raffles Museum.





From top: Cad's Alley where rich East Indies merchants used to congregate; today's tourists enjoying Raffles hospitality; candlelight dining in the Palm Court.

When Singapore surrendered in 1942, high ranking Japanese Officers took over the Hotel until 1945. After liberation on September 12, 1945, Raffles Hotel became a hive of activity again, providing temporary shelter to hundreds of unwell people rescued from internment camps in Java and other islands of the East Indies. In 1946, Raffles Hotel reopened its doors to the public again.

In its lifetime, Raffles has seen just about everything from a Dutchman who used to drink up to eight bottles of gin a day to a tiger in the billiard room. The story has it that a tiger escaped from a travelling circus, ran into Raffles and was roaring away in the billiard room playing havoc with the players' concentration, when a gentleman from the nearby Raffles Institute arrived and "saved the day with a shotgun".

The original billiards table is still there. The tale lends a legendary touch to the nearby Tiger Bar. Just follow the

tiger's paw marks on the floor and you will be thirsty for a pint of Tiger Beer!

The tranquil atmosphere of Raffles Hotel is certainly unique, and the hotel boasts of people who return regularly for a living reminder of older, perhaps gentler days.

Over the years, Raffles has seen an entire "Who's Who" of guests ... maharajahs and madmen, artists and authors, Somerset Maugham, Sir Noel Coward, Joseph Conrad, the Grand Duke of Russia, sultans and sinners and stars like Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford ...

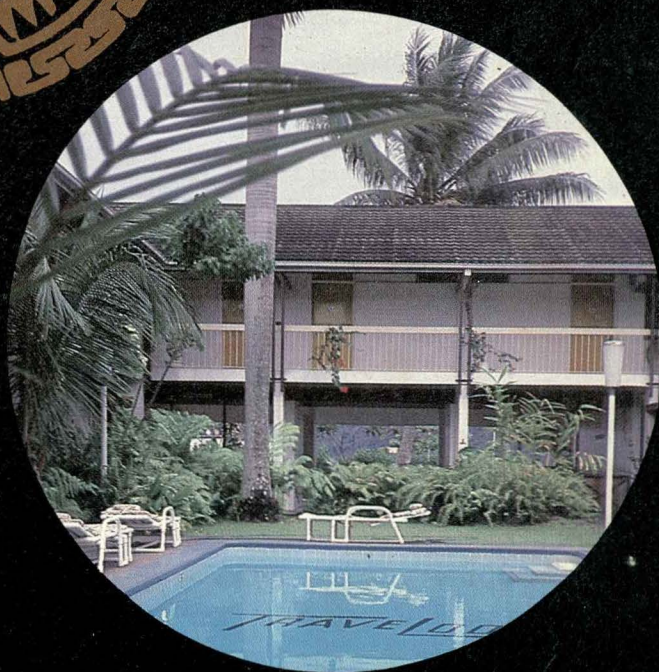
No wonder, Rudyard Kipling in the 1900s said "Feed at Raffles when in Singapore". Certainly we will, again on our next visit.

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PAPER WASPS



Top: A *Ropalidia* queen with her embryonic nest; **below:** collecting wood pulp for nest building by scraping a post's surface with her strong mandibles.

Story and pictures by Philip Spradbery

An old German proverb says that "God made the bee but the devil made the wasp" – an unfair indictment of an insect group which builds nests in spectacular architectural forms.

Among social insects such as ants, bees, termites and wasps, it is the wasps which have developed the art of constructing nests of enormous diversity from wood pulp.

Man almost certainly copied the wasps' habits of producing a papery material by scraping wood fibres from posts and trees, chewing them into a moist pulp with the addition of saliva and spreading this into thin sheets of paper – a process little different from today's technology of paper manufacture from woodchips.

The source of wood pulp for wasp nests is generally sound but dead timber, although

some species use soft rotten wood or even bark. In an English churchyard, a wasp nest was once made from the discarded confetti from wedding celebrations – with a resulting technicolor construction!

Although paper wasps occur throughout the world, they almost certainly originated in the rain forest environment of the South East Asian tropics millions of years ago. From humble solitary beginnings many of today's wasps have evolved a high degree of sociality with colonies ranging in size from a few individuals to tens of thousands. The main advantage of such populous colonies is the communal defence of the nest and its occupants. Within the large colonies labour is divided among the adults. One or a few females remain on the



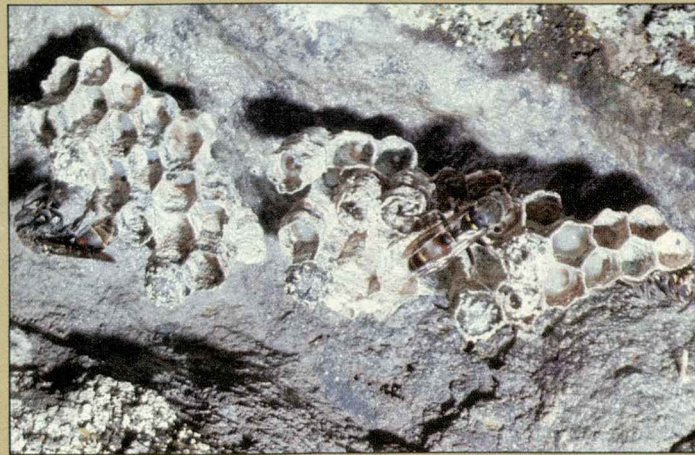
A *Ropalidia loriaana* nest in a hollow tree in the Central Province rainforest; inset: a wasp collecting nectar from a *Euphorbia* flower.

nest as egg-layers, while the remainder forage for food and building materials. The egg-layers are generally called 'queens' and the others 'workers'.

The paper wasps are divided into three main groups of which the worldwide *Polistes* and Afro-Asian *Ropalidia* occur in Papua New Guinea. In the tropics these wasps generally start their nests with groups of females. One group commences construction and, within a few days, is joined by another group which is usually subordinate in status and behaviour to the original founders. A few *Ropalidia* species start their nests by swarming – a group of egg-laying females and workers bud off from the parental colony and set up a new home nearby.

Once a suitable site has been chosen the wasps begin collecting wood pulp and constructing a robust pillar suspended from a branch or rock. From the end of this pillar, the first hexagonal cells are made and, as soon as the cell base is complete, the female glues an egg in it. As the egg hatches and the wasp grub begins to grow, the wasps extend the length of the cell to accommodate the youngster. The





Top: A disguised parasitic wasp descends unchallenged onto a *Polistes* nest and injects its eggs into the wasp larvae which succumb after spinning their cocoons; **below left:** *Ropalidia cristata* with their lichen-camouflaged nest along the Kokoda Trail; **below right:** a *Polistes* nest in an electric meter box at the Wau Ecology Institute.

number of cells constructed is determined by the capacity of the wasps to lay eggs – nests founded by a single queen develop very slowly while swarms with several queens and a worker force will build dozens of cells in just a few days.

Although most paper wasps in Papua New Guinea build a simple exposed comb of cells, there are others which construct complex cylinders or spirals of combs, many with a protective envelope of paper surrounding them. As an added protection from would-be predators, especially ants, some wasps have developed

an ant-repellent from their body glands which is smeared onto the pillar where the nest is suspended. A few wasps actually camouflage their nests, using materials surrounding the nest site such as the lichen-covered nest illustrated here.

Polistes nests rarely exceed 100 cells but some *Ropalidia* species build nests with up to 12 combs and 13,000 cells. These densely populated nests, when disturbed by man or potential predator, can mobilise many thousands of wasps with their hot, needle-sharp stings – enough to discourage all but the most

intrepid entomologist!

With the hatching of the egg into a larva or grub, the adult wasps begin foraging for food to feed the young. Although adults survive almost exclusively on sugar, such as flower nectar, the grubs are carnivorous. Considerable quantities of protein in the form of caterpillars, flies and other insects must be hunted and brought back to the nest. Here, the insect prey is dismembered, chewed into a paste and fed to the grubs. In exchange, the grub produces quantities of sugar-rich saliva which is licked up by the tending adults – a unique form of



Top left: A *Ropalidia marginata* mature colony showing several cells with silken cocoons spun by mature larvae before becoming adult wasps; **top right:** an advanced embryo nest with 18 cells, each containing an egg or developing larvae; **below:** large paper wasps, *Polistes tepidus*, ready to protect their nest.

excretion which promotes filial ties between different members of the wasp society.

Once the grub is fully grown, it spins a silken cocoon cap over the open end of the cell and then changes into the adult form. The young adult later chews its way out of the cocoon to join its nestmates. Three or more generations of female wasps are produced in the colony before the appearance of male wasps towards the end of the colony's life. The males mate with potential young queens who store the semen in a special organ within their bodies. This serves to fertilise eggs for the remainder of their lives. These inseminated females then leave the parental colony to seek suitable places for establishing new nests.

Insects living in the tropics lead a precarious existence and few are free of predators - even the wasps with their numerical advantage and ferocious stings. Apart from birds and ants which feed on adults and immature stages respectively, other wasps such as the tropical hornet frequently wipe out entire colonies. The more subtle insect parasites such as flies and ichneumons are often disguised as wasps and after carefully approaching a nest, will alight and begin

their destructive activities. The parasites lay eggs in or on the wasp grub which is finally consumed after spinning the cocoon.

Although there are still many mysteries in wasp biology to be unravelled, we are today much better informed about the natural history of the social wasps. Gone are the days when the scholar Virgil wrote in 300 BC that "wasps are created from the decomposing carcasses of horses"!

Dr Philip Spradbery is a Senior Principal Research Scientist with the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation of Australia. He has spent 12 years in Papua New Guinea and is author of the standard reference book on wasps published by Sidgwick & Jackson, London.



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Sandals in a Jogjakarta street market, Indonesia.



Travel Photography

Each destination offers new visual experiences which can be recorded forever by the camera. Leading photojournalist Rob Walls specialises in travel photography and has worked throughout Europe, Australia and South East Asia. His work has appeared in Time, Newsweek, Vogue and Der Spiegel. In this story, he shares with us some travel photography tips, including special advice for Papua New Guinea. He also looks at pictorial opportunities in 'Faces of the Southern Highlands'.



Muslim at prayer in the Sultan Mosque, Singapore.

Travel photography; a definition: *The use of a camera to prevent one from fully experiencing the joys of travel, while simultaneously enriching the shareholders of Kodak. The carrying of expensive and cumbersome photographic equipment to produce photographs of unmatched mediocrity, generally of a lesser quality than locally available postcards.*

An irreverent and tongue-in-cheek definition to be sure, but like all such definitions it carries an essential grain of truth. If I did not make my liv-

ing from photography, I would not travel with a camera. All the impressions I would need, could be covered by even my inadequate memory aided by a small notebook and pencil. The feeling of freedom from the tyranny of the 'F' stop, would be worth all the missed pictures in the world.

The cardinal rule of good travel is that you travel light. Basically, if you can't carry it, don't take it.

When I travel, I usually carry a lightweight outfit consisting of three Nikon bodies, eight lenses from 16mm to 50mm, a medium weight tripod, 100

rolls or more of Kodachrome film, a portable flash unit, spare batteries for cameras, motor drives and flash units, a portable computer (TRS80 Model 100, for writing, communications and note taking), a tape recorder, cassettes and all the associated paraphernalia to keep this lot functioning. One is not surprised that chiropractors' best customers are photographers!

From the above list it is easy to conclude that the ideal camera for the travelling photographer is a 250 exposure, full frame, automatic 35mm camera with a motor drive and

a f1.2 15-500mm lens that fits comfortably into a shirt pocket. Fantasy aside, the ideal camera outfit is, of course, the smallest you can carry to effectively achieve your aims. If you find that you don't usually use a particular lens or accessory too often, leave it behind.

So, you've struggled onto the plane and are on your way. Begin by studying a comprehensive guidebook. Teach yourself basic politenesses in the language of your destination. Your efforts, however stumbling, will be rewarded. Unfortunately, many travellers forget that truly lightweight



Clarinet player and film poster on the Paris Metro.

accessory, their manners, when they leave home. Ignorance, despite the cliché, is neither virtue nor excuse. You are about to become a "guest" in someone else's country and time spent studying that country will repay you many times over in reducing the frustration of coping with the unfamiliar.

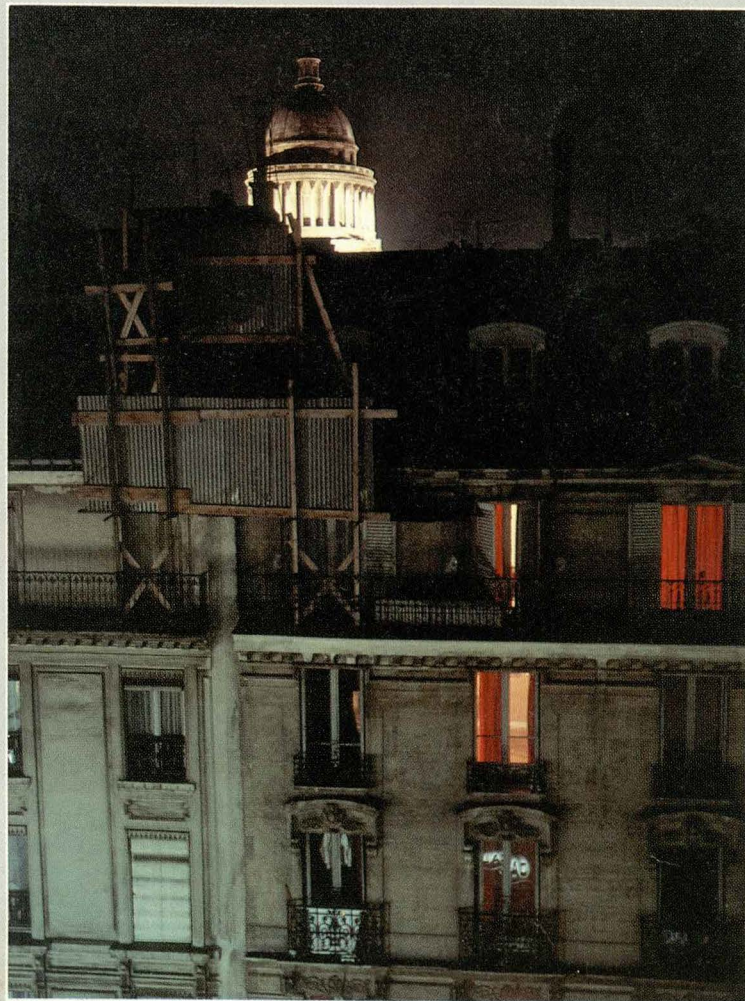
Arrival: this is the time of restraint. Whenever possible, I allow myself a couple of days without taking photographs. It is amazing how ordinary scenes that seem exotic on the first day, become quite commonplace by day three. The discipline of not taking photos right away allows a creative head of steam to build up, which gives more energy and momentum to your photography over the ensuing days or weeks. If you are staying in one place for any length of time, it is worth repeating this exercise every week or so. It avoids you becoming stale and jaded. This time can also be used to familiarise yourself with your newly-purchased duty-free camera. It's boring to read instruction manuals, but it's the best way to make sure you bring back good pictures.

This deliberately fallow time should be spent by acclimatising both physically and photographically. Buy those post-cards; use the blank side for all those clichés that will make your friends at home envious. Then before posting the cards, turn them over and look at the pictures. The photographers who take these images, generally know the best time of day, the best angles and the lighting for most of the places you will visit. After all, it's usually their home town. Use their work as a springboard for your creativity. If you can't do better, do differently. On this score, don't waste time photographing monuments unless you feel the statement to be made is so refreshingly new that the world cannot possibly do without your viewpoint.

If photographing friends and family, try to include something in the picture that says a little about the country you are in. How many times



Railway station, Holland.



Paris skyline from a hotel window.

have you heard the argument that arises from a simple statement like "... and this is us in Thailand", closely followed by a retort "No, no, dear, that picture was Portugal!"

Another rule, that I think is the hardest to abide by, is to avoid photographing sunsets. In the boredom stakes of the holiday slide show, sunsets run a close second to pets. A couple of years ago, I was photographing a sunset in the Moluccas that would have scored ten out of ten for beauty and style. Three rolls of Kodachrome into the exercise, it went over the top in a display of chocolate box vulgarity absolutely unmatched in my years as a sunset watcher. Gaudy was the only word to describe it. At this point I turned my lens on a young boy fishing in a canoe; the reflected glory of the sky in the water making a far more effective picture. It also had the additional bonus that the sunset now said something about the region I was visiting. It is what you include in your sunset photos that makes your particular experience of that sunset unique.

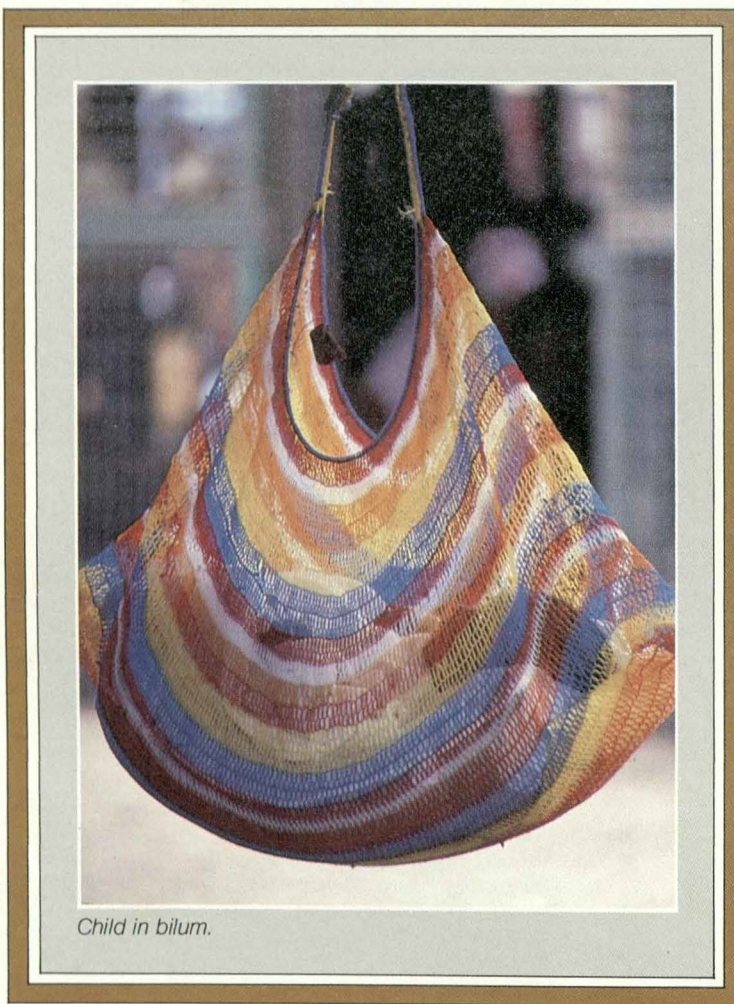
Better yet; why not go the hard route. Get up early and photograph sunrises. The light at this time of day can be spectacularly subtle and you end up with the benefit of being able to return to the hotel and wax lyrical to the other guests about how you were up pursuing your art, while they were still lingering in bed.

Actually, the key to better pictures is contained in that last piece of information. It is the photographer who makes the extra effort, is more patient and more caring, who produces the best pictures.

Take great pictures and enjoy your travel!

Because of the unique diversity of culture in Papua New Guinea, the country is unmatched in opportunities for the photographer.

Its inhabitants are very receptive to being photographed as long as you remember that you are a



Child in bilum.

"guest" in the country and do not overstep the bounds of normal good manners. In some places Papua New Guineans ask for money to be photographed. Although this is a practice I try to discourage, if looked at in a fairly unsophisticated way, their demands are not unreasonable. Certain Highland groups believe that someone makes money from the photographs; after all they have seen the postcards in shopping centres throughout the country. A good-humored approach and an explanation of your motives for taking the pictures can often avoid the photographic "surcharge".

Get to know the people you are photographing. It is worth the trouble as you will gain a better insight into this wonderful nation. At worst you will be asked to send a print. If this occurs please comply. Idle, unfulfilled promises are the basis for future resentment that will make it more difficult for subsequent photographers. The

cost of a print and postage is a small exchange for the incredible photographs you will obtain during your visit.

If you normally carry a certain amount of film when travelling, ensure that you double the quantity you bring to Papua New Guinea. You will need it and although film is readily available in the major centres, it is not cheap. Outside of the main towns, it is unavailable.

Because Papua New Guinea is only slightly south of the equator, film naturally will be subjected to heat stress, a problem which over extended periods can lead to disturbing color shifts. Personally, I find that Kodachrome, apart from having a slight edge over all other films in sharpness, provides the greatest stability in hot conditions. Should you prefer films of other manufacturers, I recommend that you keep both exposed and unexposed film, refrigerated whenever possible. Failing that, ensure the film is kept as cool

as is practicable. Never leave your camera in direct sunlight.

When it comes to care of your photographic equipment, the high humidity in most parts of Papua New Guinea can take a toll on the hardware. Moving from air-conditioned hotels into warmth and moisture outdoors can often cause problems with humidity condensing onto fragile lens surfaces or onto the delicate electronic circuitry that constitutes the makeup of the modern camera. Allowing your equipment to warm up by briefly putting your camera bag into direct sunlight before opening the bag helps to eliminate this problem.

However, if you intend staying in the country for an extended period, store your camera equipment with a suitable dessicant such as silica gel. The silica gel (obtainable from most chemists) absorbs the moisture that would normally gravitate towards your camera gear. A more interesting approach, which I have yet to try, is to fill an old sock with rice. It helps if you dry the rice in a warm oven before use, to dispel any already absorbed moisture. The principle is the same as the silica gel and is based on the old trick used to keep salt dry in a shaker. Failure to do this can lead to fungal growth between the elements of the lenses and this can be very expensive to remove.

If you follow this advice, your picture taking in Papua New Guinea should be trouble-free. You are about to approach the most spectacular and varied subject matter that you will ever confront. All that is left is for you to bring back those amazing pictures and if you can't do it in Papua New Guinea, you might as well give up.



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One of the most picturesque places to photograph in Papua New Guinea is the Southern Highlands.

Of all the places I have seen during six visits over 20 years, none is more colorful. Once one travels past Mendi and Tari the country changes so much that you could believe you had entered some sort of mythical kingdom. The "outside" world drops away as you enter this region of little fortified villages set in flower-lined lanes and rippling mountain streams. There is an air of clarity that can only be described as "crystal".

The people of this "mythical kingdom" are the Huli people and they are as vivid as the region they inhabit. Of relatively short stature, they project an image nevertheless of quiet strength coupled with an ap-

Faces of the Southern Highlands

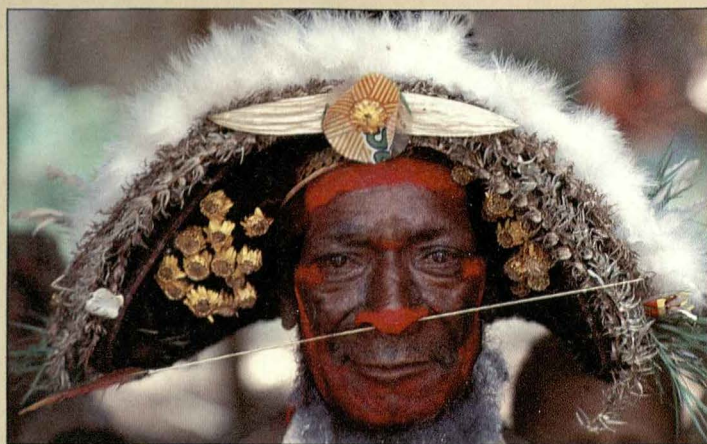
pealing dignity and great good humor. The men, with their serious demeanour and complexions which range from light copper to deep brown, appear to be almost a separate

race from the smiling, round-faced women.

Both sexes are dedicated in their different ways to the idea of personal adornment. The men paint their faces and wear

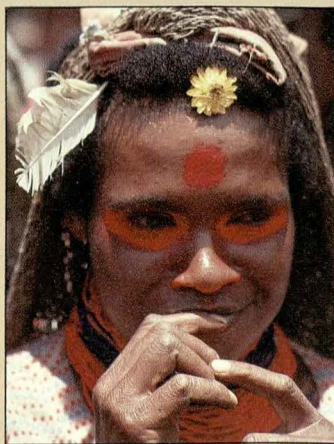
wigs of human hair which are decorated with the incredible variety of flowers found in the Southern Highlands. On more formal occasions, such as a "sing-sing", the face paint and wigs become far more elaborate. The formal wig is usually decorated with Bird of Paradise feathers.

As if this kaleidoscope of color is not enough, the Huli women who compete with the breathtaking flamboyance of their men, produce the largest and most colorful "bilums" in Papua New Guinea. The word "bilum" describes the ubiquitous string bag that is used all over the country for everything from a child's cradle to carrying a load of sweet potatoes to the market. Worn around the head and down the back, this bag is a most utilitarian piece of decoration. If



color was ever known to "riot" it is in the "bilums" of the Huli women.

Until now, travel in the Southern Highlands has been only for the very hardy and determined, and definitely of the four-wheel-drive variety. But as of November this year, it should become considerably easier when Trans Niugini Tours opens its new lodge on



the outskirts of Tari. It will be called Ambua Lodge. "Ambua" is the Huli name for the spectacular Tari Gap; the pass through which the Mendi/Tari road travels.

The Ambua Lodge is located at an altitude of more than 2100 metres overlooking the Tari Basin. The surrounding scenery includes rain forests and fabulous mountain views.

Accommodation will be in typical highland-style round thatch huts but, of course, with modern facilities. The main area will feature a large lounge, bar and dining area with a central fireplace, similar to the main building at the famous Karawari Lodge.

Daily activities for visitors could include visiting local markets, seeing families negotiating at the roadside for bride price with an array of pigs as the dowry or observing a wedding party or "sing-sing".

Air Niugini operates daily jet services to Mount Hagen in the Southern Highlands. Best months to visit are July to October when the Birds of Paradise are in full plumage. For information about the new Ambua Lodge please contact Trans Niugini Tours, P.O. Box 371, Mount Hagen, Papua New Guinea. Telephone: 521438, Telex: 52012.



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GRASS ROOTS

EH, GRASS... I DON'T MIND YOU WEARING YOUR SOCCER BOOTS IN BED TO KEEP YOUR FEET WARM... BUT DO YOU MIND NOT KICKING ME IN THE PENALTY AREA EVERY TIME YOU TURN OVER!?!?



IT'S TIME FOR ME



VOTE ROOTS 82

mai frens... sori tru olsem nem bilong mi i no stap long arapela balot pepa... blary bukrats ia!! Tasol sapos yu laik vot long mi, yu mas putim X long dispela bokis hia na katim aut dispela pepa na salim em i go long P.O. BOX 1544 PORT MORESBY

Tenkyu tru long Sapot bilong yu.

VOTE ME

CUT HERE



GRASS ROOTS

by Neil Pascoe

Aspiv and woman-chaser, unwanted adviser to politicians, Grass Roots Esquire is a new-found folk hero in Papua New Guinea.

The fact that he is only the figment of an English-born cartoonist's imagination does not detract a bit from the popularity he has attained in the editorial pages of The Post-Courier, a national newspaper circulated daily throughout Papua New Guinea.

Roots is a cheeky, black Papua New Guinean. An "Andy Capp" type of earthy character who operates a lucrative "black market" grog operation in the Six-Mile suburb of Port Moresby, the nation's capital.

Not coincidentally, it is a real life

address for one of the more well-known sly-grog shops, with the sort of hanger-on "low-life" that abounds in the cartoon.

Roots relaxes in the pubs and discos but pays for it when he strolls home to be greeted by wife Agnes, lying in wait with her saucepan ready to belt him as he steps through the door.

He is on first name terms with the Queen, 'Misis Kwin' being abbreviated in more familiar moments to 'K'; the earthy head of the Catholic Church, 'Popjonpul'; Prince Charles, 'Sali' and the Australian Prime Minister, 'Bobhok'. Roots struck up an acquaintanceship of sorts with the first visit to PNG in January of Japan's Prime Minister, renamed as

"Mr Nackered Sony". What the Westernised Mr Nakasone thought of this Oz slangism one can only wonder!

Grass Roots is caught up from time to time poking his head around the doors of national figures like Prime Minister Somare ("Hey Mike..."). Creator Browne says: "Grass Roots is an entrepreneur and a first-rate spiv, always looking for an angle to make a quick buck, but always failing."

"He still has political aspirations after his defeat in the 1982 national elections. He actually took out an advertisement in the national daily, including a "How to Vote Roots" card and 332 citizens filled it out and mailed it in."

Roots is a low-life character trying to

GRASS ROOTS

MY BOSS RECKONS MY WORK REALLY IMPROVES WHEN IT'S A FOUR-DAY WORKING WEEK..

20% LESS TYPING MISTAKES!

OH YEAH..HOW COME?

GRASS ROOTS

OF COURSE..IF YOU GONNA BE FULL TIME GAMBLING MAN LIKE ME, IS VERY HIMPORTANT YOU GOT AN UNDERSTANDING WIFE IA....



GRASS ROOTS



Dia Misis Kwin,
 Just a Kwik note for telling you we very hamamas for seeing you yesteday. O plis you looking so nice in the grindress. Agnes she's wandering if you send it for her when you finis with it. I think she's wanting it for showing off at the wimin's clab.

Sori we not having the cup tea with you at the staydiam but polis man he's stopping us at the door. I'm thinking he's not rekog-naising me in shirt and tie bisnis and even the K2 I give it to him but still he's saying No... maski. Anyway, Kwin we see you when you coming back from Hagen. Agnes she says bring those animase boys from your band for the pati. We got plenti sikis paks. Don't be late eh K.

GRASS



sneak into the high-life, slinking alongside the big-shots but never getting more than one foot in the door.

Creator Bob Browne, distances himself far from that image in his own life.

He has the kind of cheeky twinkle in the eye that one associates with the Roots fellow, but in real life, Browne is a committed Christian. He was "born again" four years ago during a time of severe personal crisis and now divides his time between the Grass Roots Comic Company, basketball and religion.

Sports fans tell of women's team coach Bob Browne holding prayer sessions

with his players on court for guidance. It is sincerity, not gimmickry.

He has spent about 14 years in Papua New Guinea, and is thinking of staying for good.

A perky little ex-Londoner, Browne was born nearly 39 years ago to an engineer father and a mother who was a government clerk in England.

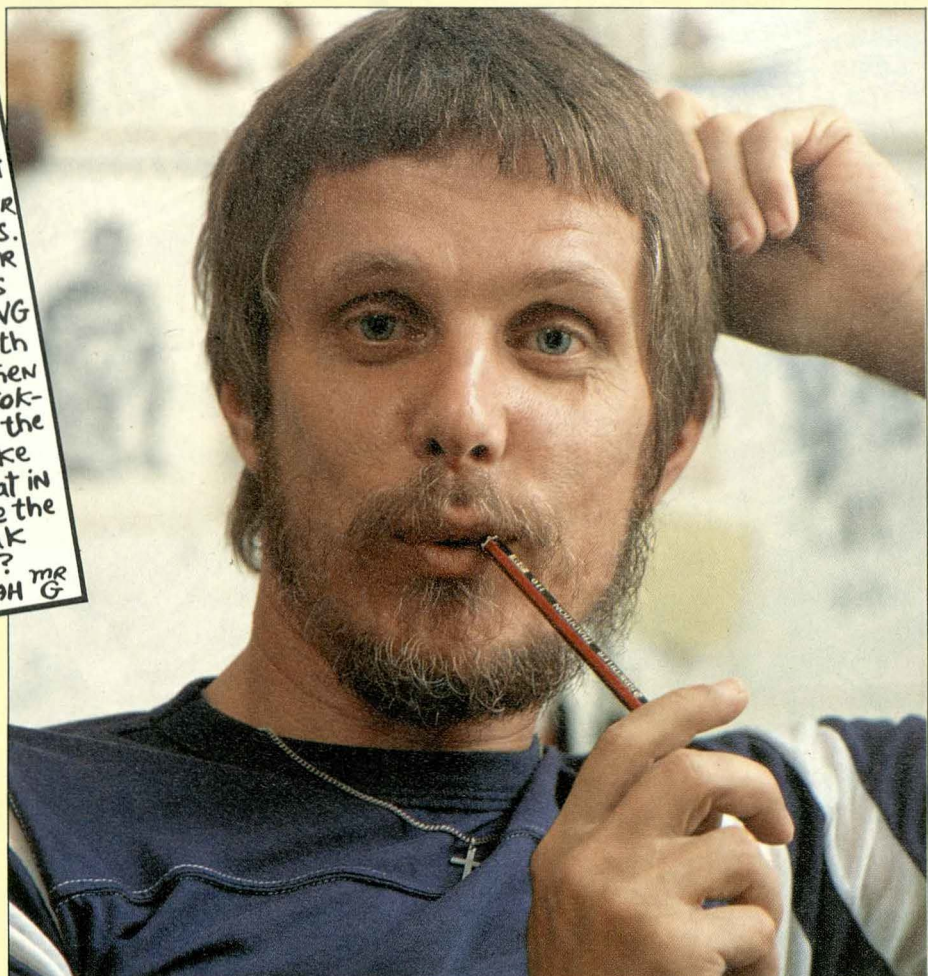
As a graphic designer not long graduated from the London College of Print-

ing, he was jolted by his first overseas trip to a Third World area, North Africa, and volunteered to go abroad again with the Voluntary Service Overseas.

A year later, he was in Wewak, near the famed Sepik, working in the Catholic Church's Wirui Press on the Pidgin

GRASS ROOTS

Dia Mista NACKERED SONY,
 OYES bigbos bilong Land of the
 RISING SUN and CANNING of the tinfish,
 Welkam to Papua New Guinea. We all
 veri please for looking your face. Sori
 bro mi no gat taim for miting you at the
 airport, but Michael he'll be there so you
 won't get lost looking for a taxi. Later
 tonight, when you finish all the diplomat
 chit chat with Michael and them, you better
 come over Siki's Mail for Saki and chips.
 Agnes she make the rice wine spesel for
 you. She's bin boiling the rice three days
 now so I hope its O.K. After that abit of PNG
 kai, mate. But how you eat the mumu with
 those silly chopped sticks mi no save. Then
 we get down to some hard ~~grising~~ tok-
 ing about what you got to offer in the
 area of hekinomic developmint. Like
 sixty million yens would go down a treat in
 my bisnis right now. Id even change the
 name - "Nackered Sony & Roots. Bilak
 Marketeers Inc." Sounds good eh?
 Anyway seeya Later SAYA NORAH MR G



language newspaper, Wantok.

Browne recalls his forced introduction to Pidgin. "The first day on the job, they said 'we have a rule here, we only speak Pidgin'. And that was the last word of English I heard on the job."

Fortunately, he had the guidance of Father Frank Mihalic, author of the recognised standard on the Pidgin language. The two would sit up late at night, Browne firing questions and the priest telling all he knew in Pidgin. So began the Englishman's love affair with Pidgin. "I was fascinated by it," he recalls. "I was Frank's star pupil."

Pidgin and the melding of it with English in a modern version became a vital fulcrum for the cartoon antics of Grass Roots.

When Bob finished his two year contract at Wewak, he helped to lay the foundation for a graphic design department at the Creative Arts Centre in Port Moresby, and then set off for home via Asia. Back in London, he found he had lost interest in the city and jumped at an offer to return to PNG and teach in the graphic design department he had helped to establish.

Bob Browne spent seven years with the graphics course, at what was later called the National Arts School.

In 1981, the Grass Roots Comic Company was born in a tiny office in a dusty Post-Courier warehouse.

Post-Courier editor, Wayne Grant, says most of the world's great newspapers rely on cartoonists to caricature the news events of the day.

"In PNG it was difficult finding a cartoonist who had both the graphic skill and the intuitive wit to capture the Papua



New Guinean nuances which occur in day to day events," he said.

"We often say 'It could only happen in PNG' and Bob Browne uses Grass Roots to capture every event in an extremely humorous way."

The first Roots cartoon didn't have a name and was about a vote of no-confidence in the government, a familiar event to PNG residents.

Browne felt the cartoon needed a title and picked "for no special reason" the

popular political expression "Grass Roots."

"It wasn't until nine months later that Roots himself was born," said Browne, suddenly breaking into laughter. "Hey, I never thought of it before as a gestation period. It wasn't a conscious step but during an ongoing story on power cuts it seemed appropriate for the first time to use the same set of characters."

Drawing a cartoon is not as easy as it might seem. To comment and to be funny requires a high degree of concentration.

To get into that state, Bob Browne has to work in silence and isolation. When his employees have gone home for the day, he pulls down the shades, puts on a pair of hearing protectors, reads through the news stories and prays.

"Yes, I literally pray," said Bob in response to my startled reaction. Browne feels a responsibility carried by all cartoonists in interpreting news events.

"I have to try and hit the nail on the head and at the same time not overstep the mark."



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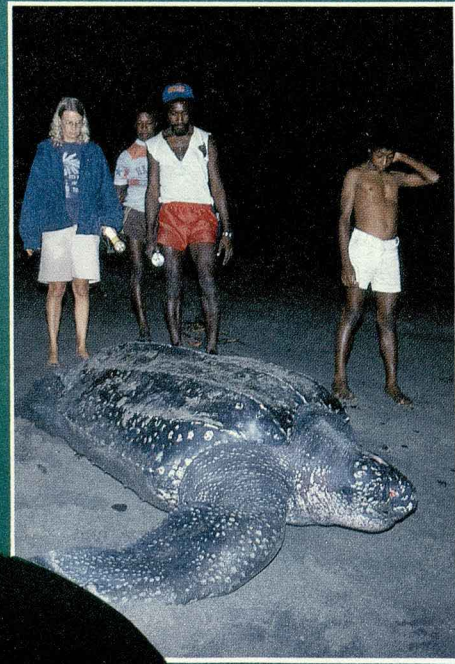
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Destination Turtle

Story and pictures by Norman J. Quinn and Barbara L. Kojis



The world's largest turtle, the leatherback turtle; inset: Maus Buang villagers watching a turtle laying eggs.

Most people do not have the opportunity to witness the phenomenon of nesting marine turtles, much less the giant rare leatherback turtle. However, in Morobe Province a short boat ride from Lae you can see it for yourself. On a stretch of beach from Busama to Labu Midi, about 10 turtles nest each night of the season from November to January.

The leatherback turtle, *Dermochelys coriacea*, is the world's largest turtle. It has a maximum shell length of nearly two metres and weighs around 600 kilograms. It is a highly-distinctive species with seven ridges running from the top of the shell near the head to the bottom near the tail.

The leatherback has a unique open water lifestyle. It is rarely seen near shallow water except during nesting which occurs on tropical beaches in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans, occasionally in the subtropics and Mediterranean. Most nesting sites are located between 30°N and 20°S. Regular nesting has been reported on the north coast of New Guinea and on some of the larger islands, but always in low densities. The site at Maus Buang is the largest documented nesting beach of leatherback turtles in Papua New Guinea.

Most nesting occurs on relatively undisturbed beaches which have a stable platform, deep water approaches and heavy surf. The presence of deep water close inshore may ease the beach approach of this mainly pelagic species.

The female turtle emerges from the sea at night and ascends the beach mainly by

simultaneous heaving of her powerful fore flippers. Maus Buang villagers often use lights to guide the turtle to a suitable nesting location. The actual nesting process conforms to the stereotyped pattern shared by all sea turtles.

At Maus Buang clutch sizes range from 12 eggs by the first nesting turtles of the season in October to 145 eggs during the season peak in January. The average number of clutch eggs is 98 which is higher than the typical clutch size in other parts of the world. Eggs are white, usually spherical and about 53 millimetres in diameter. Their average incubation period ranges from 56 to 65 days with a hatching success rate of about two-thirds to three-quarters. Hatchlings are 55-63 millimetres in length. Leatherbacks are noted for producing fewer but larger eggs and hatchlings compared with other sea turtles.

The sea turtle population can be based only on an estimate of the total number of mature nesting females. Females or their nesting tracks can be counted readily. Males do not leave the water and are rarely identified at sea. Immature animals are similarly impossible to count at sea. The nesting track of leatherbacks is distinctive in that it is usually wider than that of other sea turtles.

While widely considered to be nearly extinct a few decades ago, continuing survey efforts have allowed the

minimum world population of breeding female leatherbacks to be estimated in 1971 between 29,000 and 40,000, allowing for undiscovered or uninvestigated nesting beaches. More recently, a survey carried out by the World Wildlife Fund has confirmed and extended the earlier report, raising the estimate of breeding female leatherbacks to more than 100,000. This figure may be an underestimate as many areas of Mexico and Melanesia have not been surveyed.

Although the total population of leatherbacks is larger than originally thought, it remains true that breeding populations are mostly of relatively small size (with only a few hundred females nesting annually), are widely scattered throughout the tropics, and are often subject to heavy exploitation for food. There are only four documented major leatherback nesting areas with more than 1,000 females nesting annually. The chelonery at Maus Buang is not as big as these but is still impressive.

Although the estimated world population of the species has tripled, it is still regarded as endangered by both the United States Department of the Interior and the Convention on Trade in Endangered Species of Flora and Fauna.

Prospects for the continued survival of the leatherback are better than for other sea turtles. Exploitation is less than that directed at the green tur-

tle, olive ridley or hawksbill, and there is virtually no international trade in leatherback parts or derivatives. Adult leatherbacks are not consumed by man as much as other species since their oily flesh is generally considered unpalatable.

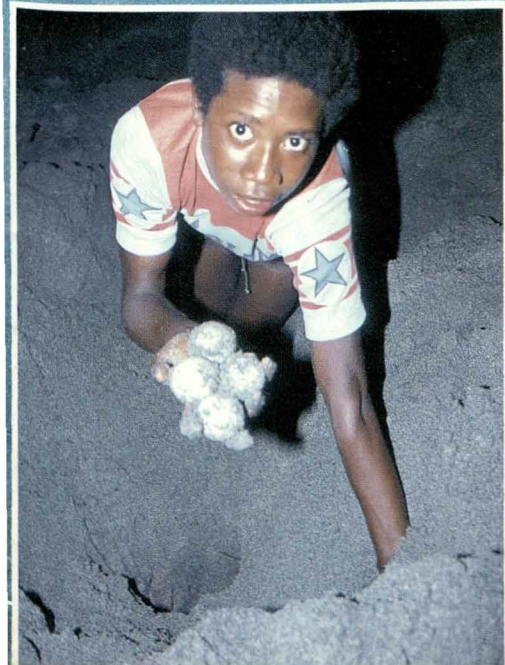
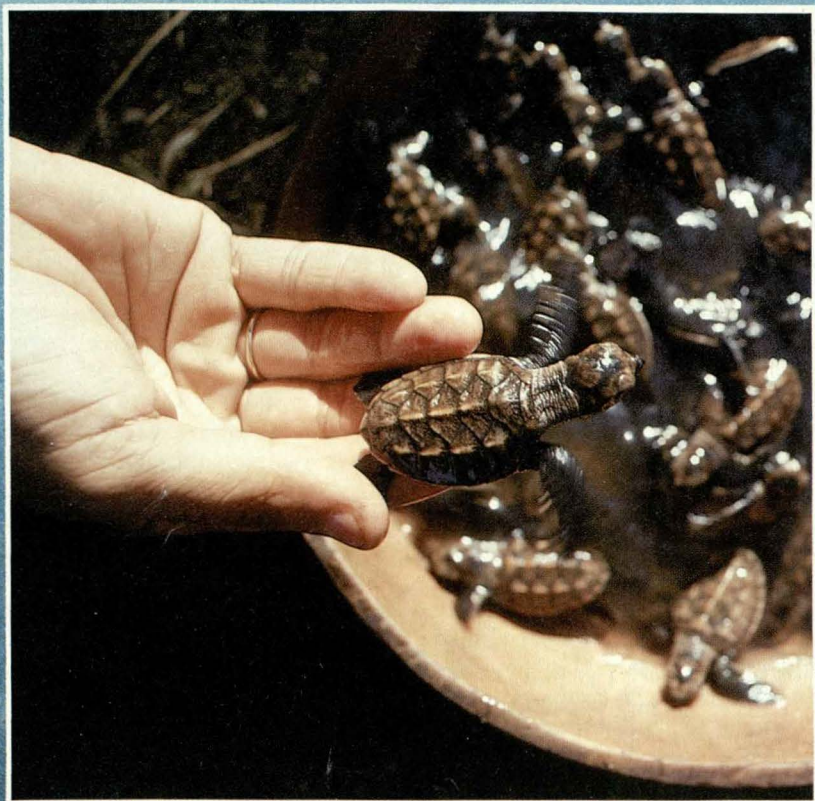
In Morobe Province, adult leatherbacks are seldom killed or eaten. However, the eggs of observed nesting leatherbacks are taken by villagers who camp on the beach. About 70 per cent of the eggs harvested go to Lae market, 20 per cent are eaten by families and 10 per cent are left for hatching. After the eggs are collected

they are reburied at another location for three or four days until a large cache exists. They are then transported to Lae market where each brings a price of 10 toea. Nests from which eggs have been removed are marked with sticks.

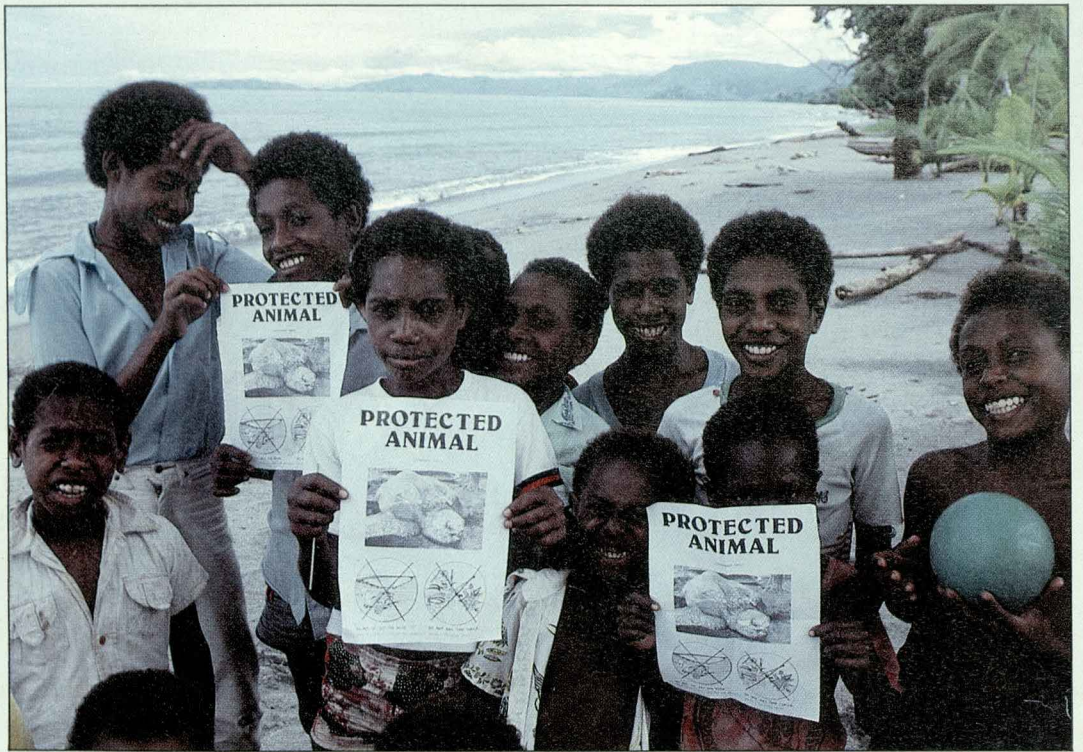
Eggs and hatchlings are sometimes taken by crabs, pigs, sharks and crocodiles. Adult leatherbacks may fall prey to sharks and crocodiles while nesting. The tracks of crocodiles are often seen along the nesting beach at Maus Buang and occasionally the turtles are attacked and killed. About three turtles are



*A baby turtle in its natural environment; inset
clockwise from below: newly-hatched
turtles collected from the beach; a villager
illegally gathering eggs for home consumption;
a dug-out egg chamber; measuring the shell of
a female leatherback.*



Top left: A villager killing a green turtle at Green Island; **top right:** children with conservation posters at Labutali Beach; **below:** returning to the water after laying eggs.



taken each season. They are either dragged into the sea or to the nearby estuary, with the carcass being rarely left on the beach for more than a few days.

Villagers report that there are fewer turtles nesting than in the past. This decline is probably due to the excessive egg harvest.

Traditionally in Papua New Guinea the right to fish certain reefs and beaches was controlled by individuals, families, clans or chiefs. Sometimes, the right to fish particular species such as turtles, fish and dugongs belonged to particular families within a village and they regulated the exploitation of the resource.

In the Maus Province, egg gathering is a traditional practice with associated rules, but along the Morobe coast regulations have disappeared as villagers have found a market for the eggs at Lae.

Ownership rights rely heavily on respect for traditional authority within the villages. While transgressions were handled by force in pre-colonial times, today there is little physical enforcement by villages of traditional boundaries. Therefore, it has been necessary to introduce Wildlife Management Areas.



Special legislation was passed by the PNG House of Assembly in April 1974 to create large tracts of natural wildlife habitats. These remain in customary ownership, but people co-operate with the government to manage the wildlife and its habitat for continued production and preservation. Each area is governed by a Wildlife Committee appointed by people living near the management area. The Committee's function is to introduce and enforce rules which are understood by the people. Its decisions are recommended to the Minister of the Environment and as soon as the govern-

ment gazettes these areas the Committee's rules become law.

Under the Wildlife Management Area system the onus for conservation work is placed on the traditional owners. Through this system, the Wildlife Division has given traditional landowners the legal framework to reinforce traditional understandings.

Management areas for marine turtles have been set up in other areas of PNG such as Crown and Long Islands. In these areas most people were either sympathetic or indifferent to the Wildlife Management Area. Unfortunately, although the need for turtle

conservation is appreciated by the Maus Buang village elders, they do not possess the knowledge nor perhaps the village support to implement a Wildlife Management Area.

However, in the 1983-84 nesting season we initiated a program that would buy eggs as the turtle laid them for the current market price of 10 toea per egg. The eggs would then be reburied at another location near the village so that the villagers could watch to make sure that others would not dig up the nest. As a result of our interest, a village law was created declaring certain sections of the beach taboo for collecting eggs. With the support of the Papua New Guinea University of Technology we will continue our work this year. Perhaps we will see you walking the beach in search of these rare turtles.

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Protection need not be a burden

In nature a creature's protection, while no doubt ideal for its own environment, may seem rather strange to us. But then what's insurance to a Hermit Crab is of little help to you. Yet it illustrates the need to have an insurance policy that gives you protection in your particular situation. Niugini Insurance Corporation have the experience in Papua New Guinea that can give you the right insurance protection and it won't be a burden.

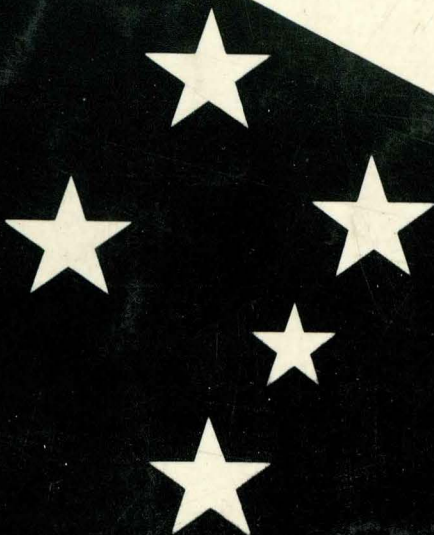


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