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Welcome,

As Chairman of the National Airline Commission may I extend to each and every reader a Happy and a Prosperous 1987 and that you continue to enjoy your Air Niugini service.

In this issue you can wonder at the mystery of the ancient stone buildings and edifices of Kiriwana in the Trobriand Islands, and join Australian models featuring designer clothes in exotic locations throughout the Highland regions of our country.

Happy New Year.

Michael Bromley
Chairman - National Airline Commission

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Cover: Fashion model Pauline Leslie gets friendly with Huli children on the road to Tari.

No 60 January 1987

Paradise is published bi-monthly by Air Niugini, PO Box 7186, Boroko, Papua New Guinea (telephone 273415; telex NF22235).



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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 (US\$28)
Australia, New Zealand, Asia and South Pacific K19 (US\$24, A\$25)
Papua New Guinea K13 payment by international bank draft.

Printed in Hong Kong by Progressive Printing Agency.

While every care will be taken, no responsibility will be accepted by Air Niugini for the return of manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

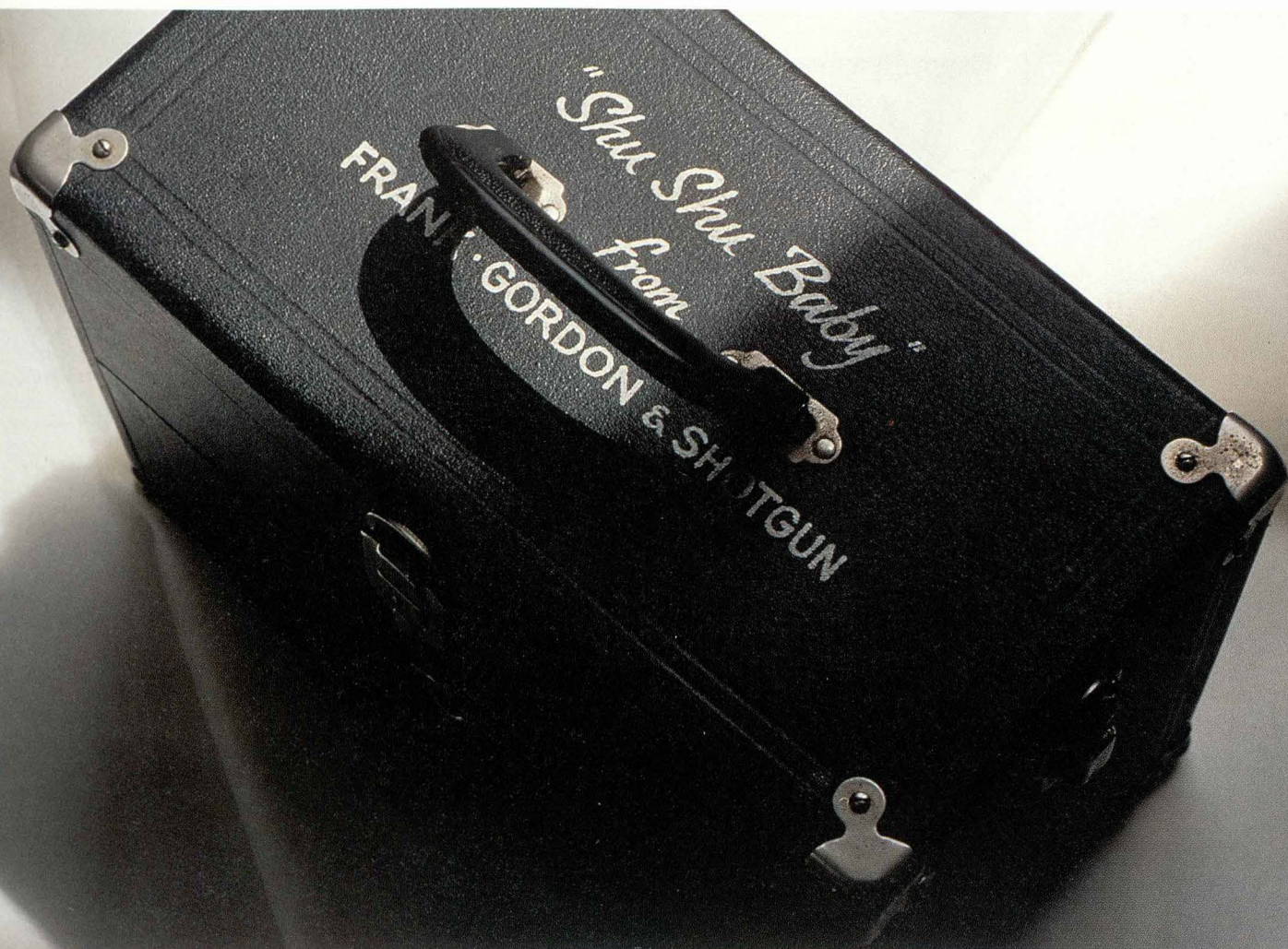
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The Day Shu Uemura Encountered Cleansing Oil

In his youth, Shu Uemura spent many years in Hollywood learning his trade. He remembers one film in particular in which he was responsible for the makeup. This was the movie "None But the Brave" starring Frank Sinatra and Uemura was presented this case for his participation. It was about this time he encountered a golden colored cleansing oil. In those days facial cleansing was commonly carried out with soaps or creams. The use of oils was unheard of and he felt their application would be something quite revolutionary. Upon returning to Japan and introducing his many unique cosmetic products, he began basic research into improving his cleansing oils. Now, more than 20 years have elapsed, and cleansing oils are today recognized as something closely associated with Shu Uemura, and not just another product from Hollywood.

Easy to apply and wash off, these oils Uemura created leave the skin moist and healthy. Their superior qualities have almost become a modern myth. With the pride of any successful creator, Uemura comments, "I only wish those stars who swear by their oils would try mine – just once."

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The entrance to beautiful Sissano Lagoon **top**. Variations on a theme **bottom**, paddles with a clan design worked in different colors.

SISSANO'S

Legendary

CANOES

Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

Almost hidden on the north-west coast of Papua New Guinea's West Sepik Province is the expanse of fresh water known as Sissano Lagoon, home of a people who are renowned for their beautifully carved and decorated canoes and paddles. The only other places which produce anything on similar lines are the outlying islands but their carvings lack the uniquely elaborate designs that distinguish those of the Sissano.

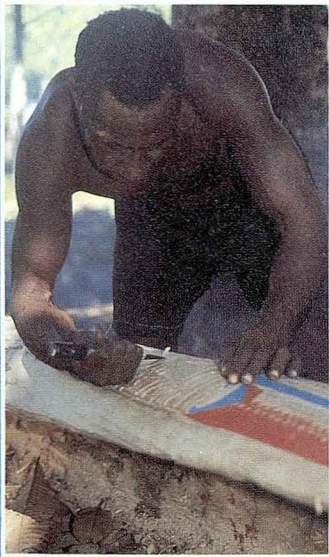
Legend which surrounds the reasons for these sophisticated carvings was told to me by one of the elders of the Sissano village of Warapu.

"Many years ago a man originally from Irian Jaya was chasing a fish down the coast and then finally into the lagoon. This fish then abandoned the water and moved on to the land and as he did so, shed his skin and became



a man. Some time later a woman found the skin and thinking it beautiful took it home where she smoked it to preserve it. The pattern of the skin was then taken to create a design which was used for decorations on the shields of her clan. They were a form of recognition in battle and were kept in the haus boi (spirit house).

"Some time later she met the man who had originally shed the skin and married him unknowingly. They had a child who on coming across the fish skin tried it on and in doing so became a fish and returned to the water. Later the woman was out in her canoe and the same fish swam up alongside. It came with the message that all the designs which had been taken from the skin and put on to the shields must be transferred to the hulls of the boats. In this way they would return to the



rich food supply in the lagoon.”

The designs which have become such a prominent part of these people's art, vary according to clan membership, each clan possessing different designs. The clans are split into two groups in the sharing of designs. Taimani and Paku form one group and Rupan, Koti, Takakau, Kairiripin, Baretora and Rutopa form the other. The smaller group generally uses a bird as a figurehead motif while the larger group uses a flying fish.

Whoever initiates a design and is the first to use it, is then the owner, the ownership being almost a copyright. Nobody else is permitted to use that particular design without permission. If this law is violated, the original owner is within his rights to adhere to the tradition which allows him to cut the design from the offending canoe. Personal creation and ownership gives rise to a huge number of designs, all based on the traditional formula. Many have stories attached to them while



many are purely decorative.

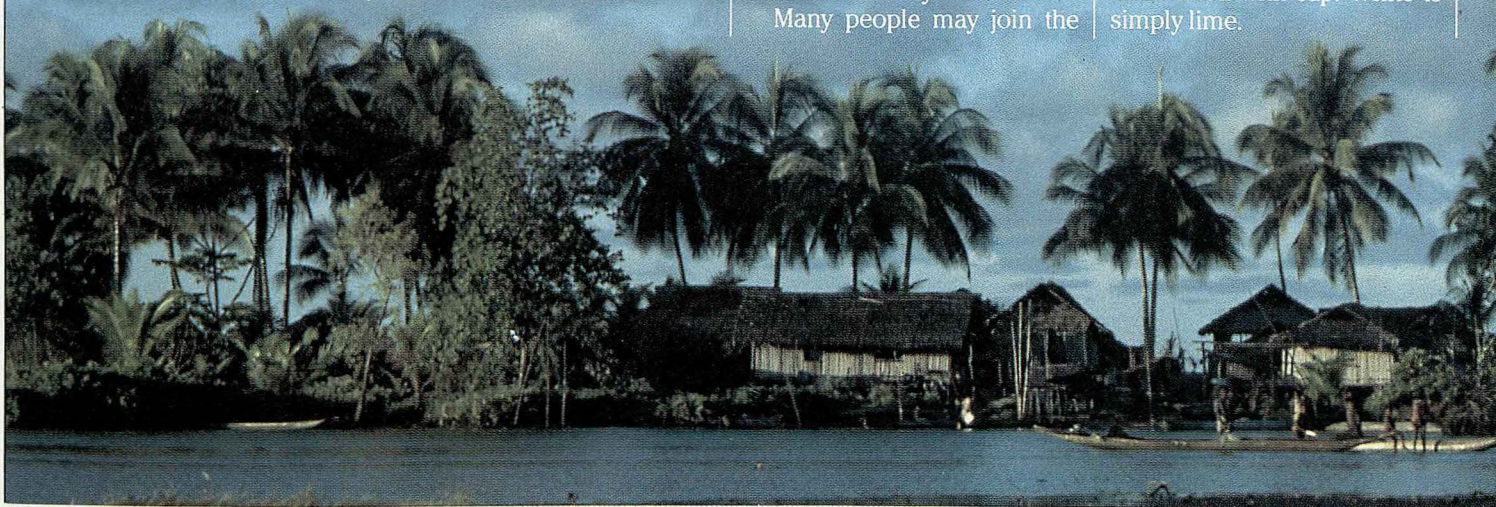
Patterns are usually carved on to the hulls which are left unpainted and landlocked until the owner can afford to put on a singsing to celebrate its birth. When that time comes, the launching takes place amid great festivity. A game is played by the men and women based on the idea of a tug of war, the women trying to keep the canoe on shore and out of the water while the men try to float it.

Many people may join the

original carver to help with the painting of the design and both bush and commercial dyes are used. Mango leaves and lime produce yellow paint, wild beans and lime produce green. Red is found in red berries and red clay (the latter being conveniently beside the road that leads to the town of Aitape 32 kilometres east along the coast). Black is made from bark and water burned to ash in a clay pot and mixed with sap. White is simply lime.

water where they rightfully belonged.

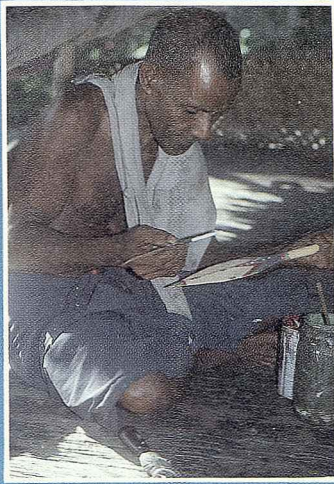
“He told her that if his wishes were carried out the people of the Sissano area would always have a plentiful supply of fish, prawns, oysters and crabs. It is said that the mother then returned to the village and gave the message to the people and the son's wishes were carried out. Belief has it that this is the reason that the people have such a



Though the canoe is a beautifully worked piece, as are the paddles which also have clan designs, they remain practical and are put to much use. They are a working aspect of a cultural heritage and never just showpieces. They are for water transport and are part of a system of various symbols of belief.

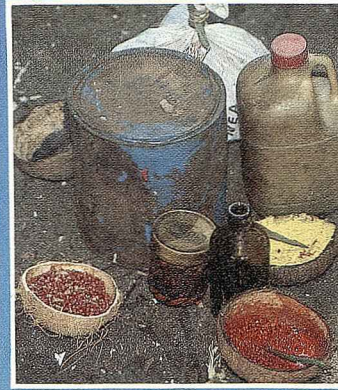
In the two Sissano villages called Arop, bodies of the dead are put in canoes which have both ends cut off and boarded up to act as coffins. Ceremonies with the canoe become acts of discovery as to the cause of death. The Sissano people believe death is rarely natural but most often brought on by death wishes.

Visitors to this peaceful haven enter by way of a canal from the Malol Lagoon, the canal winding through thick, swampy vegetation before ending in a shallow, sandy entrance to the Sissano Lagoon. The lagoon is dotted with canoes held stationary by long cane poles which pro-



trude from the water like bars of a cage and from which women and children hang fishing lines.

Around the fringes of the inland side of the lagoon are fish traps made from walls of bamboo. Beyond these are outcrops of limestone hills and forest. These extend to the



base of the superb Toricelli and Bawani Mountains which act as a backdrop. These mountains recede in folds of gradually paling blues and are topped with an almost perpetual layer of white cloud.

In this idyllic setting the people of the Sissano continue to make their beautiful canoes, continuing ancient traditions that have defied time and the changing world.



Carvers and painters, in villages along the shore, work meticulously to produce vivid and elaborately decorated canoes and paddles unique to Sissano Lagoon.



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High Fashion High Adventure

Story and photographs by Maurice Rinaldi

P

apua New Guinea is Australia's closest neighbor yet it could be a world away, with its tropical jungles, soaring mountains and swollen rivers. It seemed a sufficiently exotic locale in which to do a high fashion photographic shoot.

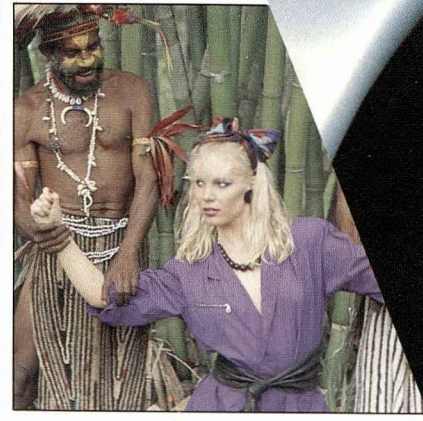
Once the choice was made it was a matter of selecting the right two models. We needed young women who could travel into the bush, carrying everything they needed, and still look as if they had stepped from the pages of a glossy magazine. Fortunately we found Pauline Leslie and Stella Salonen from Melbourne and they carried off the assignment as if born to a life of haute couture trekking.

We should not have been surprised really because although both are used to the glamorous world of fashion modelling they had backgrounds that helped fit them for the job. Pauline was brought up in a family of police officers, her father and brothers being members of elite crime fighting squads and Stella's love of the outdoors was nurtured in the mountains of her native Sweden.

When our group assembled for the expedition it comprised Pauline, Stella, a fashion co-ordinator, a tour guide and myself as photographer. The clothes we were to bring along were from the designers Montana of Paris, Kenzo of Japan, Nina Ricci of Italy and Rae Ganim



First glimpses of Papua New Guinea for Pauline (left) and Stella. Contrast in fashion below, Stella and a Mt Hagen villager.



of Australia. It was not the usual sort of baggage a party might carry into the Highlands of PNG.

As with any such project there is always some nervousness and apprehension. If we had known in advance of the wonderful few days that lay ahead, we would not have hesitated for a moment. The pleasant flight from Sydney to Port Moresby on Air Niugini's A300 Airbus put us in the right frame of mind for a start. From then on it was just a sequence of stunning experiences that seemed to crowd in, one after the other, almost without stop.

The search for locations took us from the capital to Karawari in the Sepik River region and on to the Highlands towns of Mt Hagen and Tari. Breathtaking scenery and wonderful hospitality surrounded us wherever we went and any concerns we might have had about the success of the project quickly evaporated.

It was the first trip to PNG for four of us but our Australian tour guide had been a frequent visitor to this spectacular country. Before arriving I had some idea of PNG as being like a tame Africa, exotic but minus the lions, rhinos, elephants and antelopes.

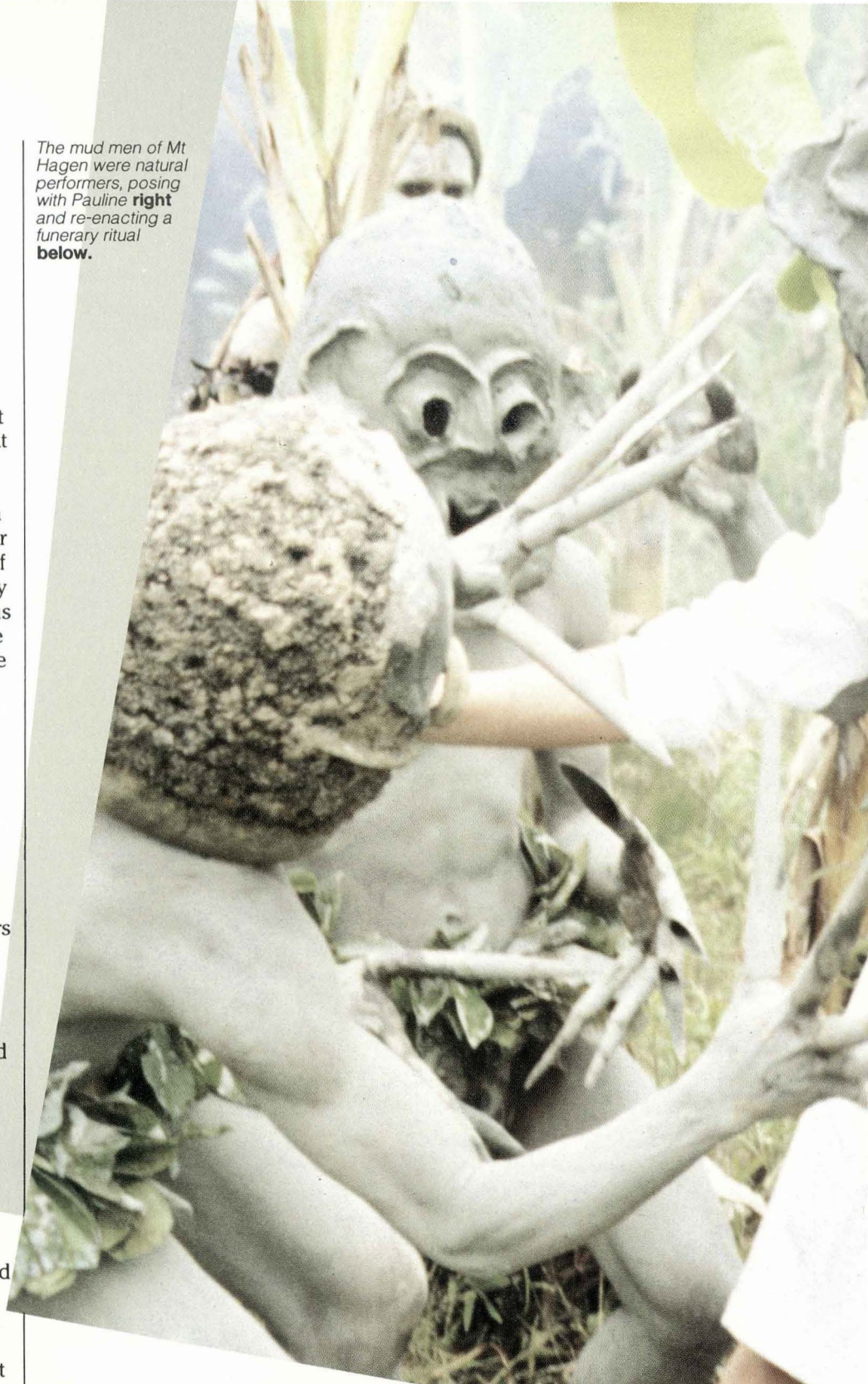
In fact the reality far surpassed my expectations. The scenery was rugged, lush and beautiful but it was the villagers we met who really made the trip worthwhile. They were generous and self-reliant and they also had a sense of community and a stability based on the leadership of the elders. They impressed us as dedicated farmers and gardeners, and expert hunters.

We began to appreciate the special qualities of these people when our adventure proper began on the crocodile-infested Karawari River. With relaxed expertise they provided canoes and boatmen for a series of shots using the river as a location. When Pauline and Stella said they were worried about the canoes capsizing I convinced them that the design had been perfected over centuries and that if villagers could hunt crocodiles in them they would have no problem transporting a couple of women.

Standing up in a canoe is not as easy as the villagers make it look, however. Knowing of the wildlife that lurks in the water does not help the confidence either. Although we were in safe hands Pauline and Stella were so relieved when they got back on shore that they asked the fashion co-ordinator to kiss the ground for them. (They did not want to spoil their makeup or costumes!)

Back on land that evening at Karawari

The mud men of Mt Hagen were natural performers, posing with Pauline right and re-enacting a funerary ritual below.



Lodge, in its stunning setting, I told our hosts of the plan to photograph in a forest setting about 30 minutes' walk away. We trekked to the spot the following morning and there, improbably, was a small clearing and a hut built from the cut branches, leaves and vines. It was a dressing room for the models. It even had a three-section door to ensure their privacy.

During the night some villagers had gone to work to ensure the comfort of their guests. We were touched by this

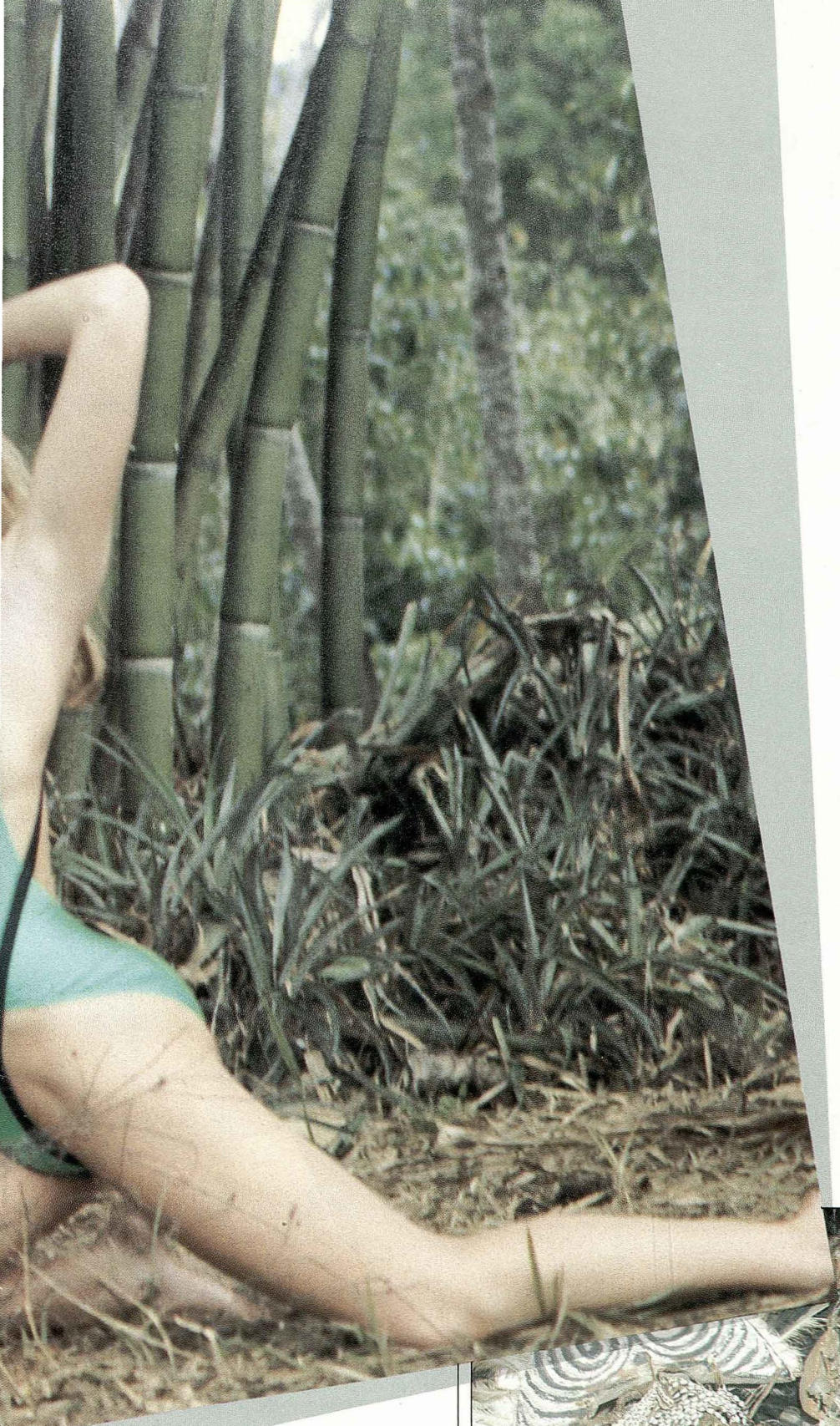






Hunters and warriors joined in the make-believe to help show off a one-piece swim suit; outdid the models in spectacular dress **bottom right** and pondered the practicality of Pauline's baggy pants, tied-front blouse and sailor hat **far right**.





generosity, but this unselfish giving is so much a part of the PNG tradition that by the end of the trip it no longer surprised us. We were also learning that living close to nature does not necessarily mean having to rough it. Villagers are at ease with their environment.

Some modern refinements they have no use for whatsoever, one of them being the expensive perfume Pauline and Stella brought along with them. Some of the people of Karawari who



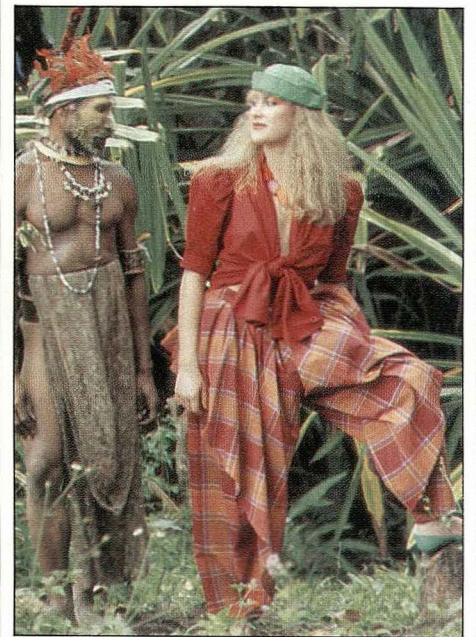
gathered to watch the antics of the visitors during a shoot soon noticed the strange scent emanating from the models.

The girls demonstrated the perfume sprays on a few of the womenfolk. As a gesture of friendship it was a wrong move. The women made it clear that while they appreciated the intention the expensive fragrances, strong and sickly to them, won no converts.

In fact the conversion went the other way. Before long Pauline and Stella put away their perfume bottles so as to better appreciate the smells of blossoms and herbs and other aromas that emanate from the warm, moist environment.

At Mt Hagen we met the ferocious-looking and scarifying mud men who turned out, underneath it all, to be warm, friendly and natural performers for the camera. We were told they play an important role in death rituals. They "steal" the deceased and take them to a final resting place. As death steals the soul from the body, the mud men steal the body from the earth.

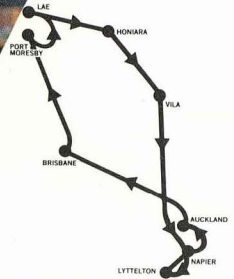
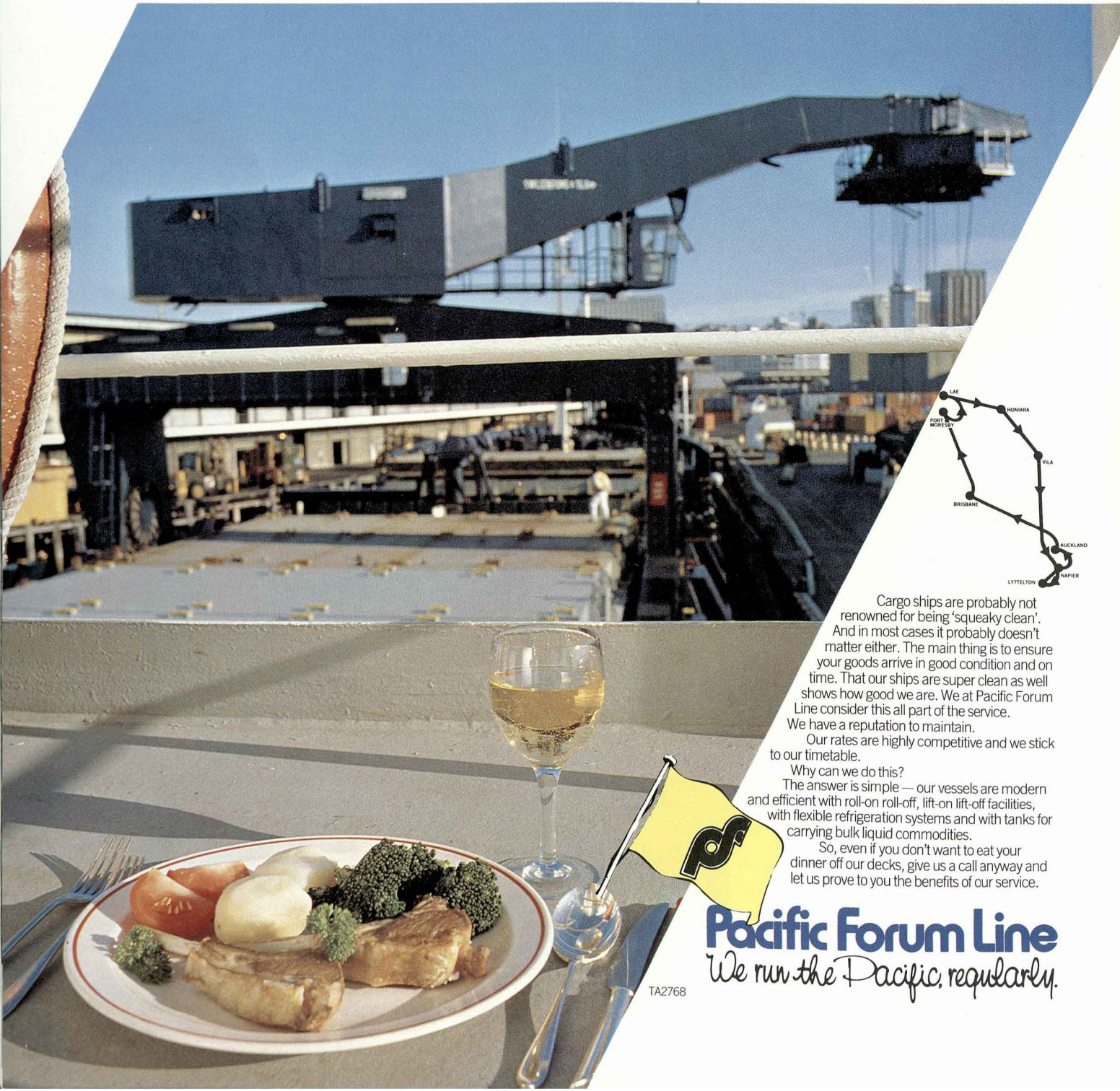
Watching the people who were watching the mud men with the models



I noticed again that in PNG there never seems to be any jostling for a view when a crowd gathers. Each person in the entire throng somehow just ends up in the right place according to size with taller people behind shorter people. It happens without a word being spoken.

We moved on to the Tari Basin in the Southern Highlands, the huge mountain-ringed valley that is the home of the Huli people. It is also where the owners of Karawari Lodge have built the equally impressive Ambua Lodge. It is a setting

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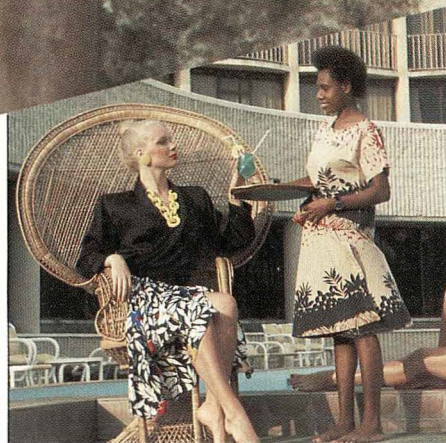
Serving and being served. Pauline at Tari **top** and Stella at Port Moresby **bottom**.



alive with birds of paradise, cassowaries and parrots, where the ear never rests on a moment of silence. And the eyes do not want to rest lest they miss out on such wonders as the mountain orchids in unbelievable array.

One of the outstanding things about the Huli people for me was their body decoration. It is something I can relate to because of working with fashion models for whom makeup is an essential accessory. The people we saw seem to have taken it to an art form though, especially the wigmen with their hornbill necklaces and incredible headdresses of human hair, flowers and birds of paradise feathers. Most people wear face paint and other adornments and the wonderful thing is that it is part of their daily dress, the way they walk around every day.

All the people of PNG we met provided us with new experiences and I



think we did the same for them. Many were used to performing for tourists but when I was photographing Pauline and Stella roles were reversed. We were performing and entertaining them. I know this was the case because when the girls posed for the camera in their makeup, fashion clothes and jewellery we would get hundreds watching at times – men, women and children all seemingly equally fascinated.

They may have thought we were a little crazy because what we were doing and the way we looked must have been so alien to them. The foreigners they see

are usually dressed in more conventional, casual clothes. Whatever they thought it made no difference to the way we were received wherever we went. Travelling along the roads in the Highlands made us feel like royalty because everybody smiled and waved as we went past. Whenever we stopped friendly people gathered around and they were particularly interested in Pauline and Stella.

They both had to get used to being examined and touched by villagers who were curious not only about their clothes and jewellery but also the color and length of their hair. It was not a problem for the girls though because the contact was always open and friendly. Both of them had a tremendous time and they said they would go back tomorrow.

As for me I feel the same way. PNG has so much to offer it is hard to describe. Perhaps I can give some indication though. I thought I might shoot 40 rolls of film on the trip so to be on the safe side I took 120 rolls. I used them all and ran out of film on a job for the first time in my life.

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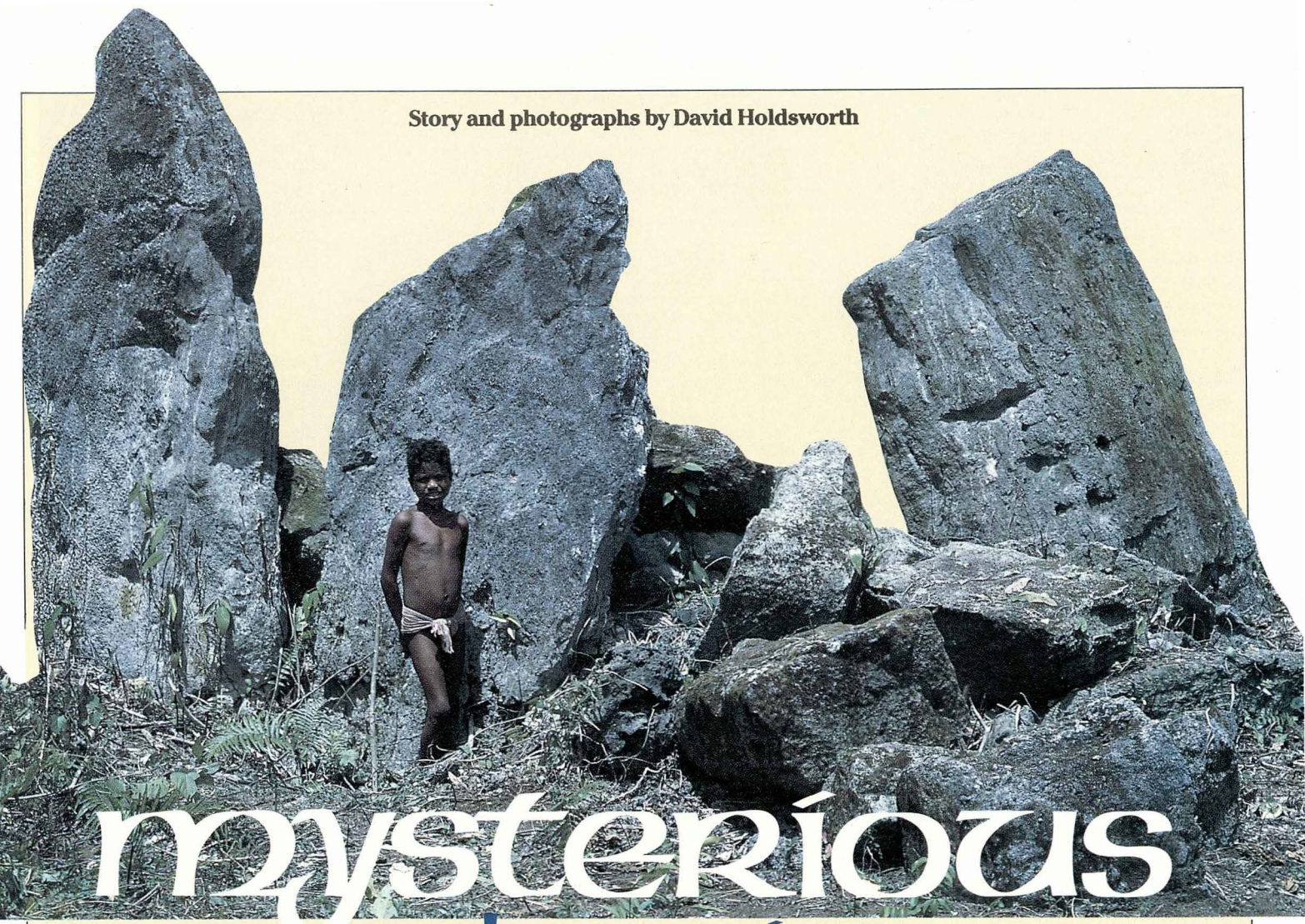
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Story and photographs by David Holdsworth

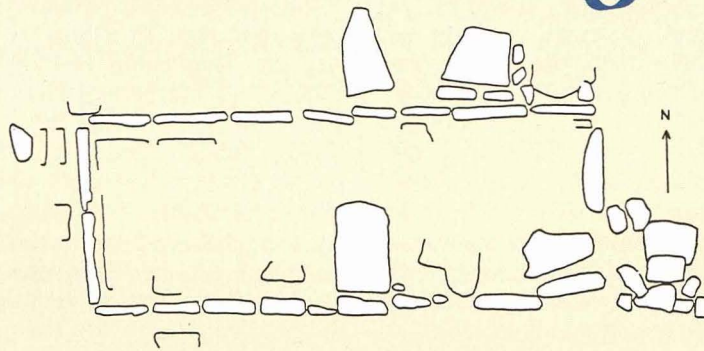


mysterious

polynesian temples of milne Bay

Polynesians were seafarers and temple builders who spread their culture over the vast Pacific Ocean. They colonised islands from Hawaii in the north to New Zealand in the south and some archaeologists believe they created the huge statues that are a feature of Chile's Easter Island far to the east. Those awesome and forbidding megaliths in the shape of human heads have similarities with religious statuary in Polynesia. The discovery of ruined stone temples in the Trobriand Islands is evidence that the migratory Polynesians came at least as far west as Papua New Guinea.

The Trobriand people speak a distinctive language and they have many customs which have no parallel with their Melanesian neighbors. To this day they are ruled by an unbroken series of paramount chiefs who choose a nephew as their eventual successor. Their kula ceremonial exchange of prized



*Huge standing slabs of beachrock are all that remain of a Polynesian temple called Givakenu on Kiriwina Island **top**. A plan of the site prepared by the author **bottom**.*

soulava, heavy necklaces of finely ground red shell discs, and mwali, white shell armbands, link several Milne Bay Province islands.

When the harvest is over and the yam huts are full it is

time for traditional dancing and feasting. Then the islanders set out on kula canoe voyages. Many Trobriand customs, such as garden magic, a marilinal succession and seavoyaging

by the use of the stars for navigation, have similarities with those of the Polynesian people living in Samoa, Tahiti and the Cook Islands. The Trobrianders appear to be of mixed Polynesian and Melanesian descent. Legends tell of a long sea voyage by canoes to reach the islands and that the sailors were exhausted on arrival. The legends of the Maori migration to New Zealand tell a similar story.

It may be considered that certain Polynesian clans, defeated in battle or facing continuous food shortages might have left their mid-Pacific homelands and sailed westward towards the setting sun. If they made landfall on a small island they would occupy it, maybe annihilating the original inhabitants. Presumably the Trobriand Islands already had a sizeable Melanesian population when the Polynesians arrived. The two races might have originally occupied different territories

or islands and over the centuries by intermarriage a homogeneous population developed.

On Kiriwina, the largest of the Torbriand Islands, near Kwabaga village and near the village of the paramount chief, Omarakana, are the remains of a megalithic stone structure, covered with vines and secondary bush. It is known as Givakenu.

It was clearly a rectangular building 14 metres long and six metres wide with an almost true west-east orientation. The large stone slabs remain standing but the stumps of almost all the walls have fallen. The largest stone is over two metres high, and probably about three metres in total length counting the buried part. The stones have fallen outward and inward and consist of a calcereous sandstone with numerous shells and coral remains.

One of the standing slabs appears to show faint cross bedding. Several slabs have one fairly smooth side and one rough, and they appear to be sheets of beach rock. Beach coral rock occurs on the beach about two kilometres east elsewhere on the coast. Before the Pacific War other megalithic structures were sited half a kilometre away. However it appears that military engineers demolished the megaliths to build a wharf when the airport and roads were built during 1943-44.

Several years ago after villagers cut away some of the green shubbery, Cliff Ollier and I surveyed and photographed Givakenu structure on Kiriwana. We also confirmed the accuracy of a government survey of the Gumwagea megalith on Kitava Island. This latter structure is a rectangle 11 by three metres and is sited almost due north to south.

Interested Kitava Islanders showed us the remains of several other megalithic structures which we surveyed and have described in several archaeological publications. One of the structures, at



Excavations on the Trobriand Islands may unearth statues like this Tahitian god **top**. An example of the massive scale on which ancient Polynesians built their monuments **bottom**.

Dikulipilapi, contained a large, inverted stalactite two metres high, obviously carried from a cave.

An interesting standing stone on Kitava was also discovered to be an inverted stalactite. It was called Yanusa, sometimes Tausugweluma, meaning "the man of Sugweluma". The "man" stands almost two metres high and has a girth of 1.5 metres. He was wearing a "hat" of a clam shell. This we were told was the second one, the first having been taken and broken by a government officer many years ago. According to a legend Yanusa and his family were out hunting pigs, when, for reasons unknown, they were turned to stone.

We have also surveyed other megalithic structures on Kaileuna Island and one on Vakuta. No megalithic structures are known on Tuma Island, though pottery has been found, evidence of former habitation. Trobriand Islanders believe Tuma to be inhabited by spirits of the dead and believe it to be the original home of their ancestors.

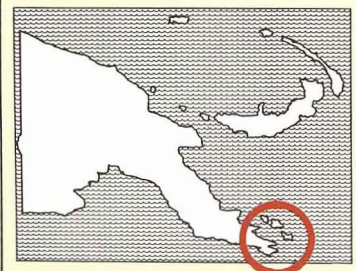
Trobriand megaliths are commonly associated with bwala ("house") the place from which the first woman ancestor of each dala (family clan) is said to have emerged. Some bwala are caves and others are patches of ground. There may be 50 different bwala in the Trobriands. The

large megalithic slabs weigh several tons and must have involved considerable organisation of labor, indicating an engineering feat of ingenuity and of social significance to the community.

Megalithic structures are unknown on the mainland of Melanesian Papua New Guinea. However on Polynesian islands, including New Zealand and Hawaii, stone temples called ahu or marae are common. Maori, Hawaiian and Tahitian priests performed ceremonies witnessed by chiefs and commoners. Human sacrifices were noted by early European discoverers including Captain James Cook when he was a guest at an ahu ceremony on Tahiti.

Some ahu were constructed of large numbers of river stones with ditches and earthworks. However on smaller coral islands such as Raiatea, Huahine and Bora Bora of the Tahitian outliers, marae are constructed of beach coral slabs almost identical with those of the Trobriand Islands.

Some stones still have uses in magical ceremonies. On Kitava, stones of the Okaikuru complex are hit by a chief with a stick on four consecutive days as he asks ancestral spirits to ensure a plentiful harvest. The significance of most of the megaliths has been lost as centuries have passed. If they could talk Pacific prehistory would emerge from the mists of oral tradition and legend.





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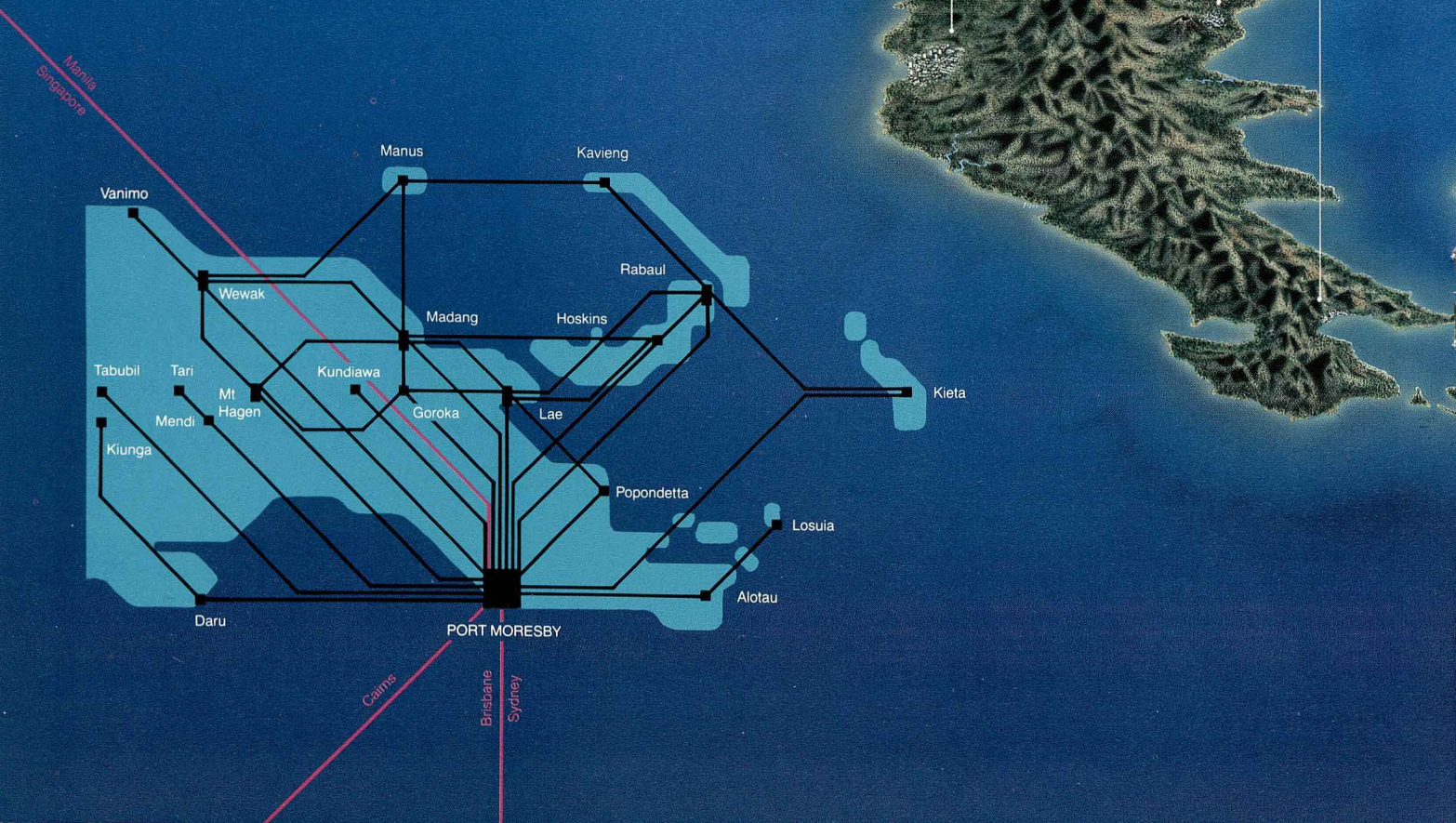
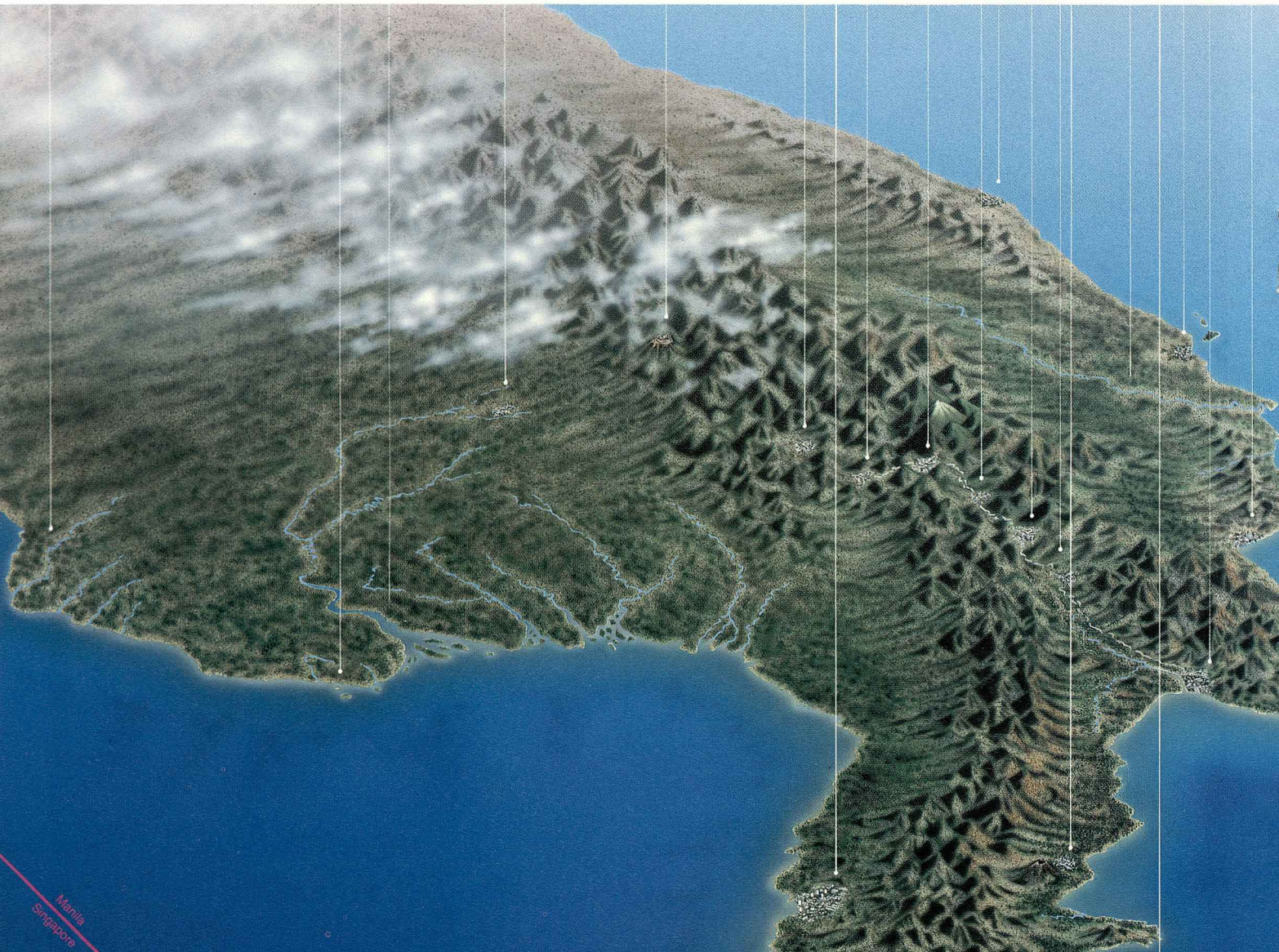
Goroka Kainantu

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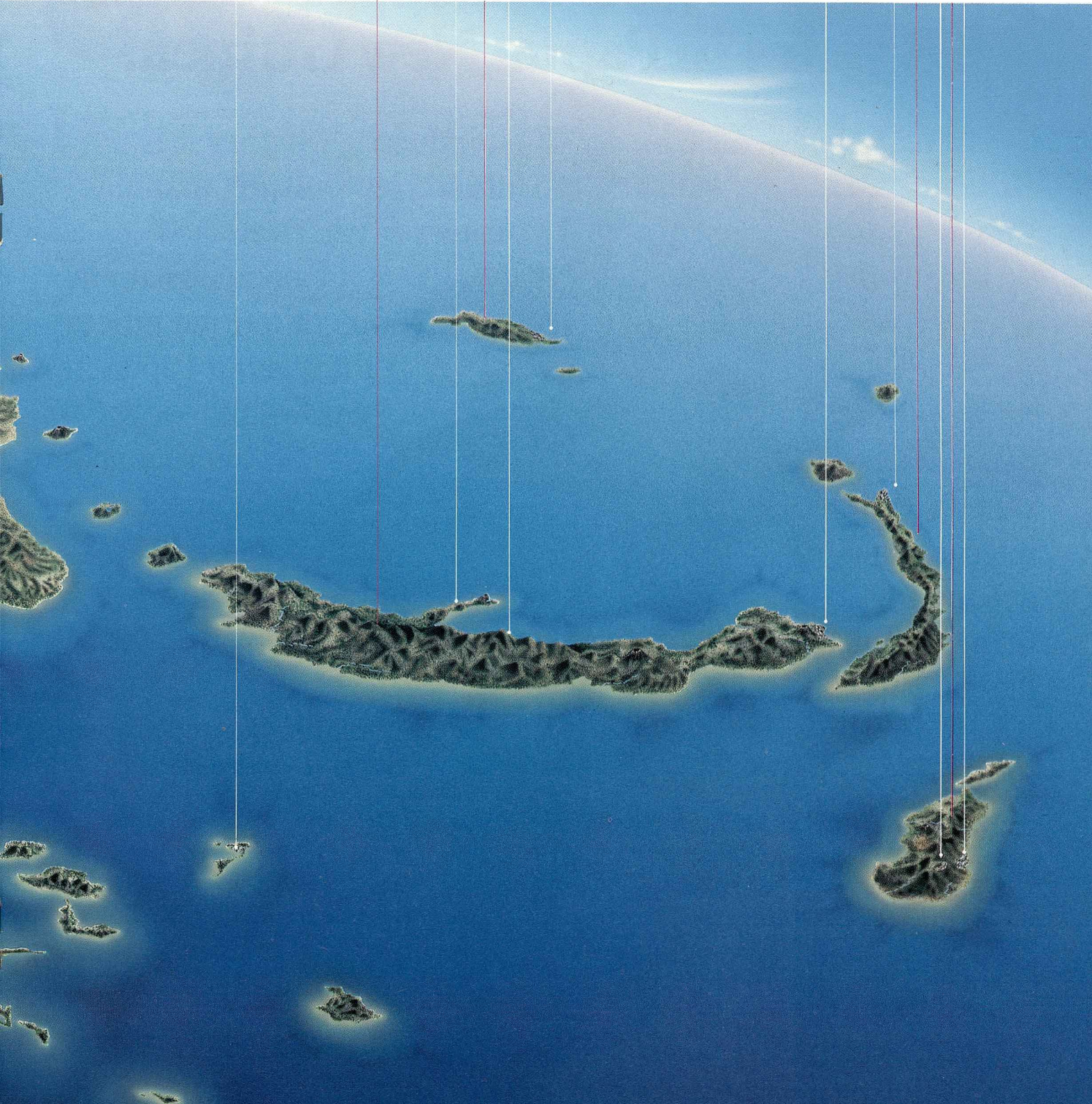
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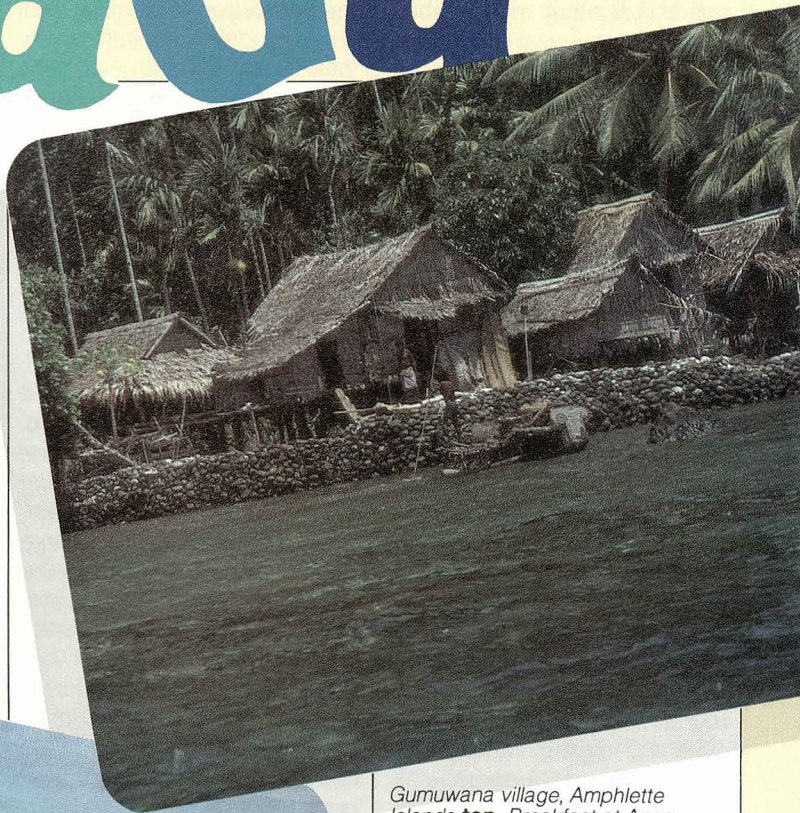
Gosiagu

I have always liked the word “gosiagu”, meaning “my friend” in the Dobu language of the D’Entrecasteaux Islands of Milne Bay. In the two years I spent there in charge of Bolubolu Patrol Post I found the gosiagu people the most friendly and hospitable I had ever met. When I was asked to plan a Papua New Guinea adventure holiday for a travel company I approached

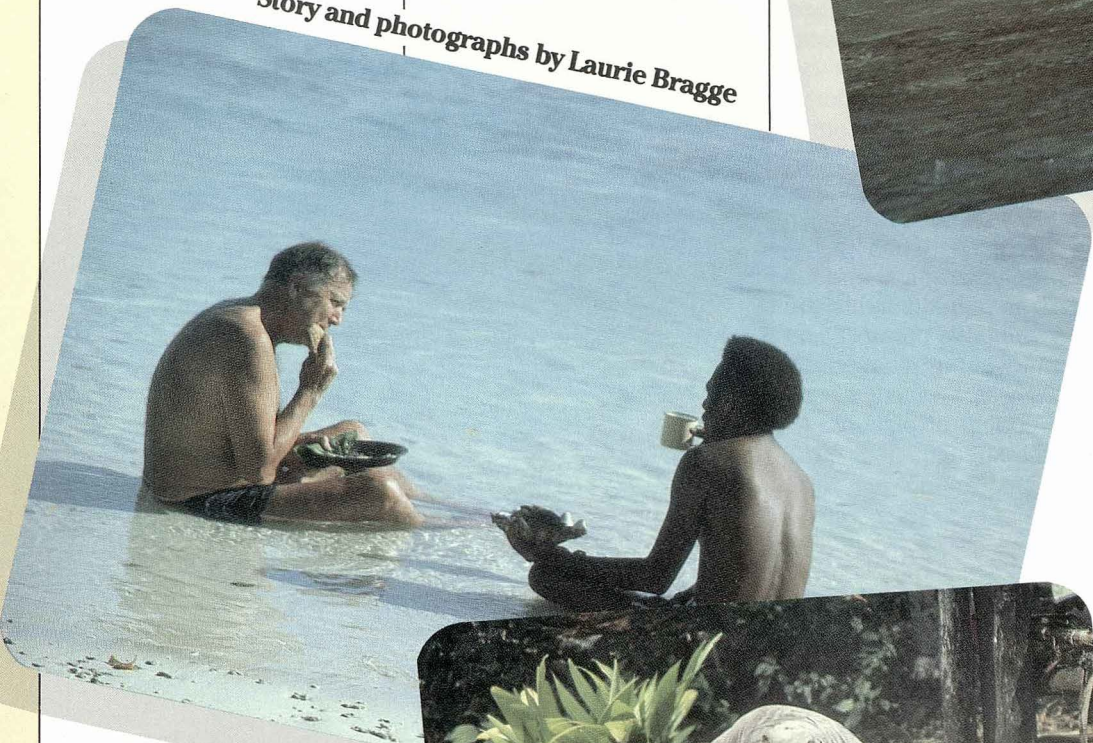
what about me? I’d led many patrols but the only group of Europeans I had worked with was David Attenborough and his film crew for the “Life on Earth” television series.

When we sat down for dinner that first evening in Esa’ala I knew our group was special, the mixture of ages and backgrounds ideal. The dinner prepared by the Esa’ala women’s club included yams, sweet potatoes, taro, cocktail

Story and photographs by Laurie Bragge

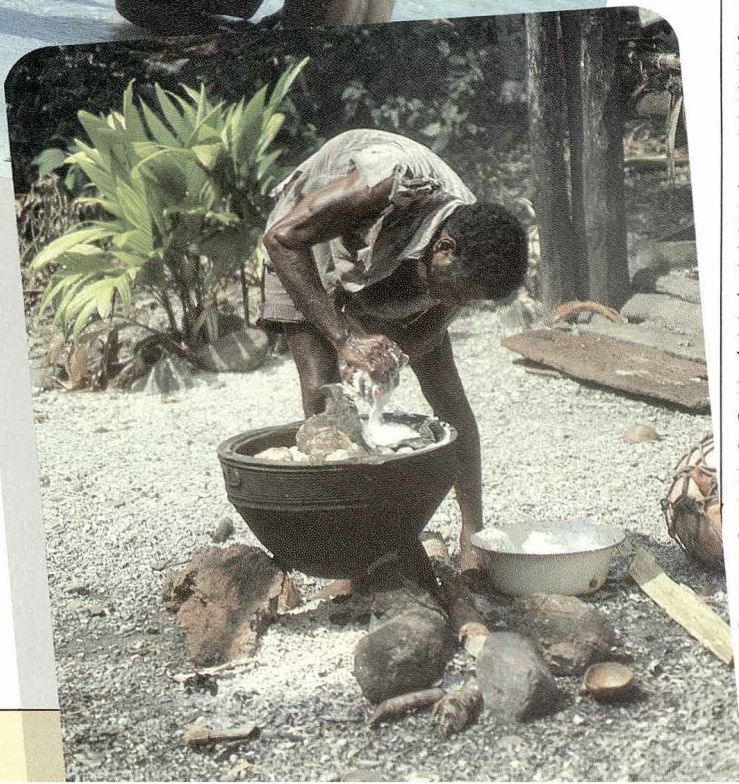


Gumuwana village, Amphlette Islands top. Breakfast at Anea centre. Cooking in Amphlette Island pottery bottom.



gosiagus to help draw up an itinerary. The plan was to let village people do all the catering, entertaining and accommodating.

On the Air Niugini flight to Port Moresby with my first group of visitors I did some soul searching. Would these people like the food? Would the group members get along together? Noel, Ian and Bob were professional men; David, a public servant; Ingrid and Pierrette, both school teachers; Sally, a nurse; and a married couple, Wally and Janette. And



frankfurters, local greens cooked in coconut cream, pitpit, curried chicken, bully beef stew, bananas and pineapple. For sweets, about a gallon of custard and chocolate pudding.

“Can we expect to eat like this all the time?” Bob asked. “Which is the yam?” from another. “I thought I might lose weight!” I decided that food was not going to be a problem.

“Sally is your best dancer,” said Margaret Kiagu, two mornings later on Fergusson Island. “You are very good too,” she quickly added. I was staying with my friend Loutoni’s family of Sawa’edi village of which Margaret is a member. Over breakfast she discussed the previous night’s dance. Dobu society is strongly matrilineal and Dobu girls as a result are not backward in doing and saying what they think. We discovered for instance that selection of dance partners is a matter of ladies’ choice.

When I finished eating,

Margaret handed me a beautiful necklace of red shell discs called *bagi*. "For Louisa," she said, indicating my daughter. "But you can wear it until you get home." *Bagi* beads are highly valued and, in longer strings, form part of the *kula* exchanges, a complex series of dealings all done on credit. A man's wealth and importance is measured not by what he has but by the *bagi* shell valuables he owes and is owed.

I was aware of the prestige of owning *bagi* but what could I give in exchange? In true *kula* fashion we decided on a credit dealing. In due course Louisa would send Margaret a music cassette.

"We're being treated like royalty," Sally said as we went on a day trip to some hot springs. "This place is perfect; can't we just stay here?" asked Ingrid. Damien, our guide, cut a palm frond and with amazing speed converted it into a woven basket. "Our lunch will cook as we look at the hot springs," he explained. Yams, cooking bananas, sweet potatoes, taro and marrow were placed in the basket and lowered into a pool of clear, boiling water.

The Deidei hot springs display the beauty and power of nature. Boiling water thunders beneath the rock under foot, then spurts from potholes and cracks and boils in steaming pools. Grey mud bubbles and splutters like simmering porridge. A river of scolding emerald green water flows past beautiful snowlike crystal formations.

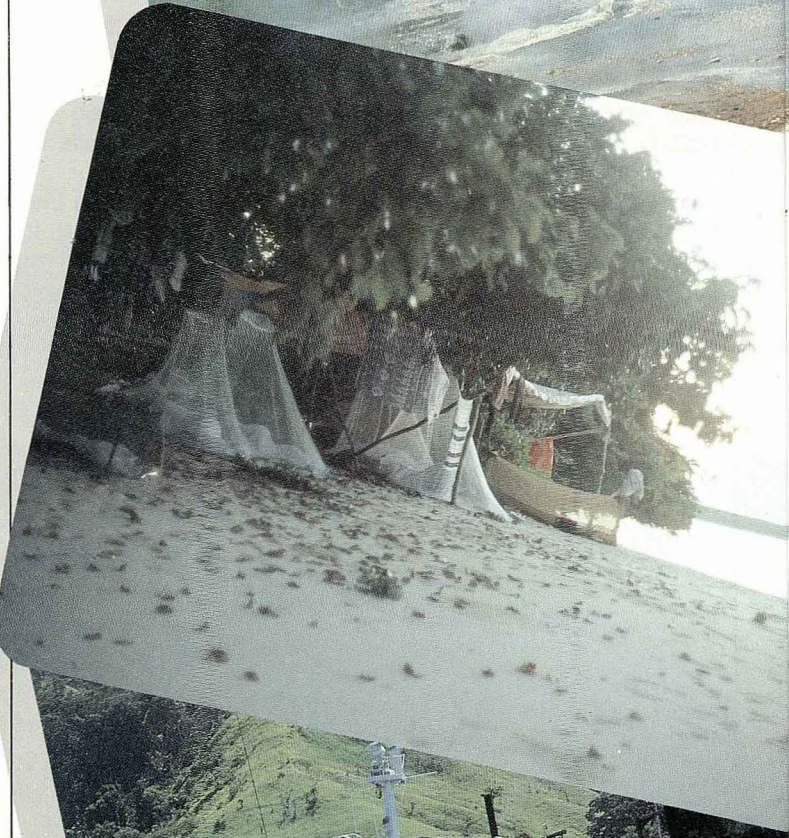
We settled ourselves in the shade of a stand of pandanus palms while Damien retrieved the basket from the spring. He opened it simply by splitting the centre rib of the frond with a bush knife. Pineapples, watermelon, bananas and bully beef were arranged on palm fronds beside the cooked food. Green coconuts with the tops cut off were the drinks we enjoyed with lunch.

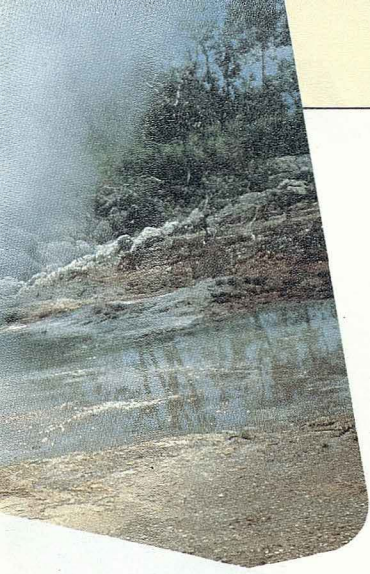
Tom Ilaisa, the Milne Bay Assistant Secretary for Social

Services, was home at Sawa'edi on leave. He and Tourist Officer Demoti Aristako helped organise our trip. That evening after a concert on the beach, Tom instructed the crews of three sailing canoes to be ready to move our party early next morning.

A member of our canoe's crew called out a spell in Dobuan to strengthen the breeze. The tall curve of the triangular pandanus sail towered above us and the outrigger sliced through the water. *Kula* canoes are sailed with the outrigger to windward. The wind on the sail lays the craft over to leeward, raising the outrigger high in the water as a counter balance. A huge sweep oar thrust deep into the water through the outrigger decking serves as the rudder. David held the sweep oar firmly against the outrigger as directed. When a course change was required he raised the oar to a shallow position and the wind turned the canoe.

We spent that night and the next on an uninhabited island called Anea. We put up a tent fly but most of us slept on the beach. I was awakened early by the cooing of pigeons. As the light strengthened more birds joined in until the noise was deafening. Then with a whirr of wings, they departed. Pierrette's mosquito net moved and she emerged quietly to sit





on the beach and watch the sun rise.

As some of the group had not seen coral reefs before, Anea became the experience of a lifetime. The sea water was so clear we felt we would fall as we swam out over the coral cliff edge of the reef. I allowed myself to drift, my brain idly attempting to come to terms with the array of colors and shapes, of coral and fish. I had not a care in the world. David saw a huge fish out beyond the reef and a small shark swam near Noel but they obviously had better things to eat than tourists.

Tom speared enough reef fish last night to feed our party today. We chose a fish each

and cooked our breakfast on a fire on the beach. Two crayfish and a cuttlefish were set aside for a picnic lunch at a swimming hole on Sanaroa Island, and coral trout were reserved for dinner.

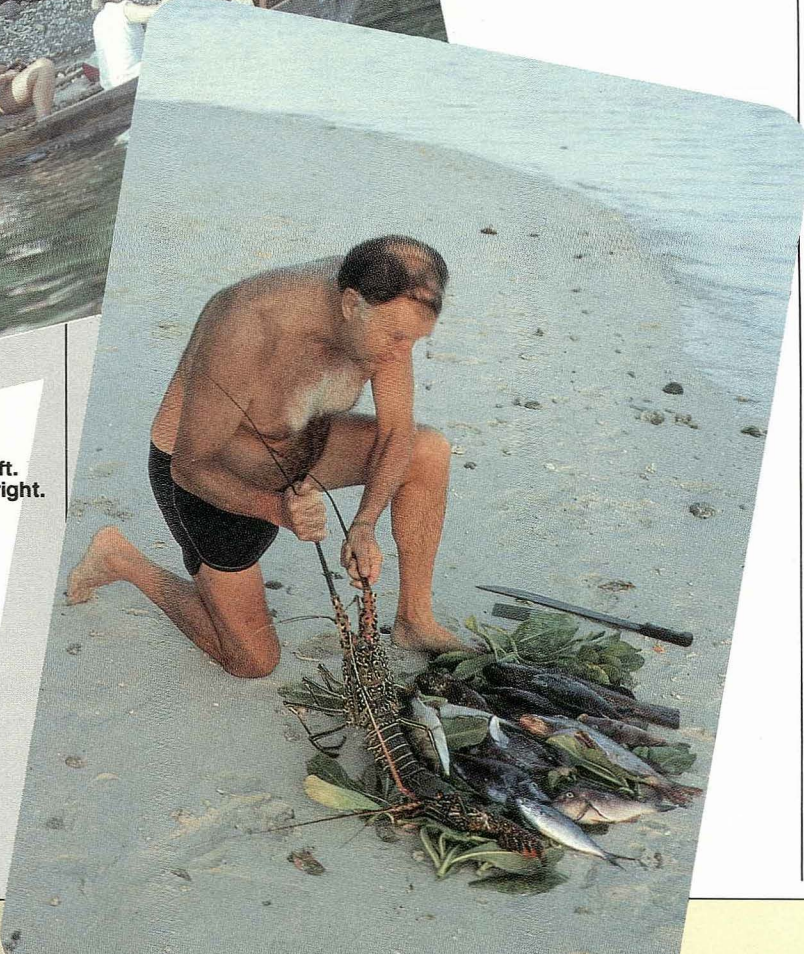
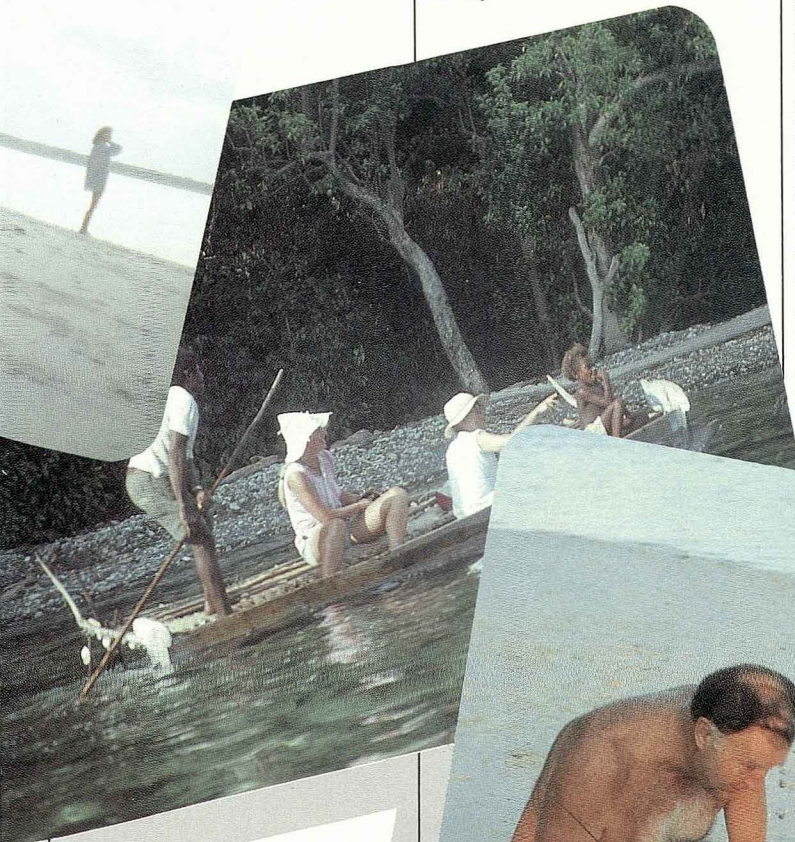
The following evening we arrived off Nagwageta Island in the Amphlett Islands, north of Fergusson. The shoreline showed as black coconut palms silhouetted against a deep blue sky. As we watched, cooking fires flared along the beach and canoes appeared out of the darkness to take us ashore.

The sun had barely risen next day when we were told a lady was about to fire some pottery. We were shown two beautiful cooking pots which had been dried in the sun. These were placed upside down on a heap of firewood. Dry coconut fronds were laid carefully over the pottery, the oil in the fronds making a very hot fire which burned itself out in 10 minutes. The pottery which had been a dull grey color now turned terra cotta brown. During the day we saw pottery in all stages of manufacture.

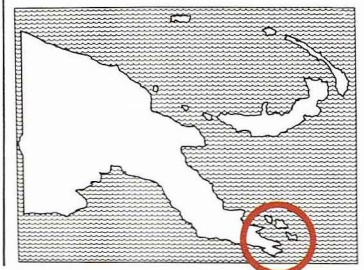
Late the next day we landed at Ukeokeo village on the rugged Morima coast. We were a little drowsy when we met our hosts on the beach but quickly woke up when a masked man with a spear leaped from the undergrowth and "threatened" us. A half-dozen more warriors darted at us from the left, then backed off, crouching at the ready. Drums started beating ahead of us and a dance troupe led the way to where a table was set for afternoon tea. A concert followed, then dinner, then a dance which went through until dawn.

The last section of our journey entailed four short days walking along the Morima coast to Salamo airstrip. Gosiagu hospitality meant our packs were carried by our dance partners, concert actors and the members of volleyball teams we played against. The track was like a garden path, sometimes along the beach, then over rocks using exposed roots as steps. It climbed to reach promontories with views of mountains, coastline and occasionally Dobu Island, then dipped into cool gullies where ferns grow along the course of clear streams.

Many of our new friends came to see us off. As we boarded the aircraft I sought adequate words to express our thanks. Kagutoki gosiagu, kagutoki sinabwana.



Hot springs at Deidei **top** and daybreak at Anea Island. Melanesian Explorer **centre left**. Boating gosiagu style **centre right**. Numanuma belles **bottom left**. Selecting breakfast at Anea.



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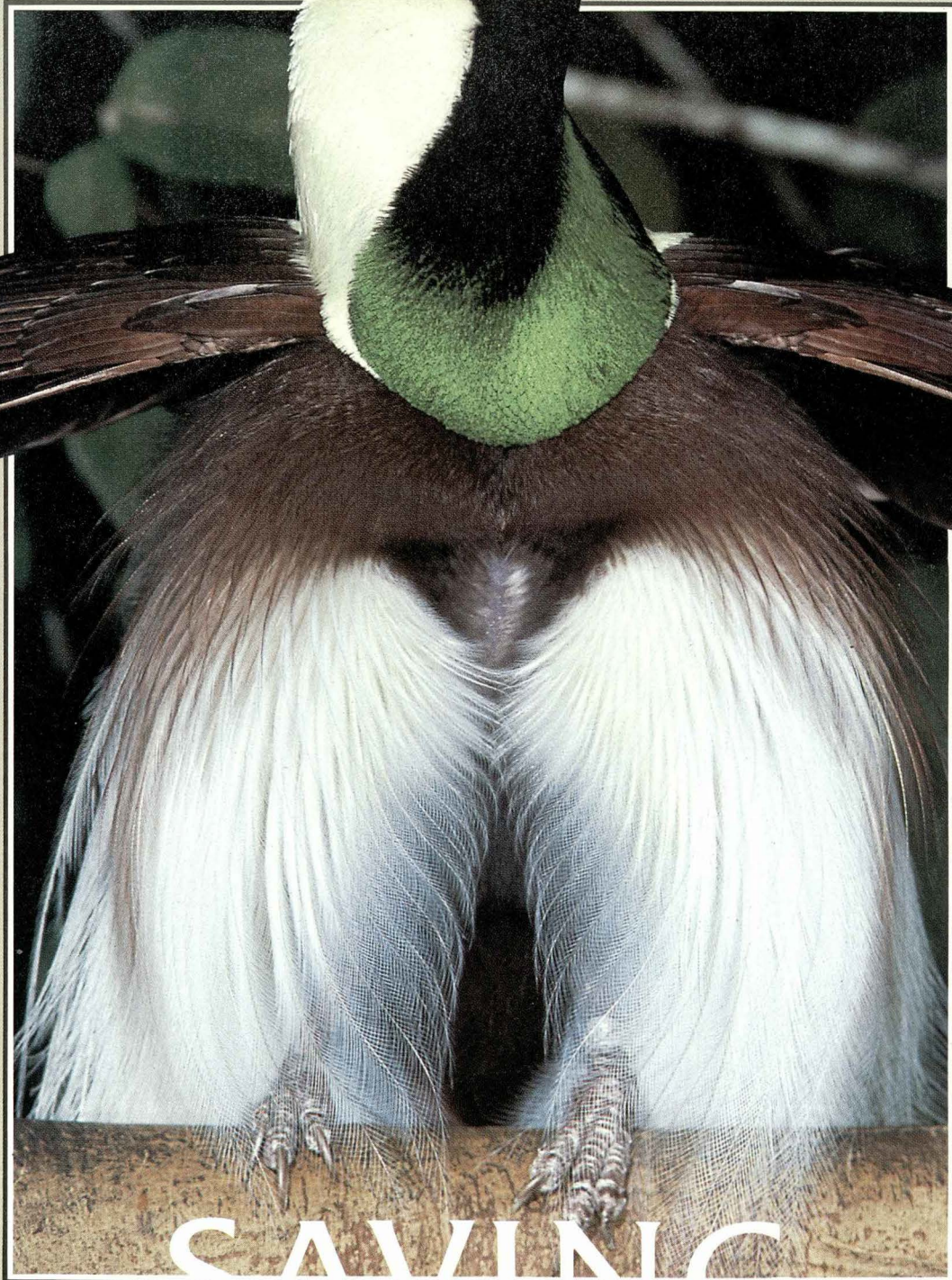
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Story and photographs

by Clifford and Dawn Frith



SAVING

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WILDLIFE

Species of animals that took millions of years to evolve are becoming extinct in many parts of the world, representing a sad and irreplaceable loss. Papua New Guinea is guarding its unique animals in reserves, one of which is the Baiyer River Sanctuary in the Western Highlands near Mt Hagen.

Roy Mackay, its superintendent, and his wife Margaret,

the resident veterinarian, are responsible for the 740 hectares of tropical rainforest and grassy river flats which are a treasure trove of wildlife. When they joined the National Parks Service 10 years ago they

had already been working together as naturalists for more than 30 years, specialising in the flora and fauna of PNG. The natural history collections at the National Museum and Art Gallery in

Port Moresby owe much to them.

Life at the sanctuary is more than just a job to the Mackays. It is an extension of their own interests in wildlife, photography, animal husbandry and exploration. As a result they work far beyond the demands of normal employment and devote all of their time and energy into ensuring it is a significant educational institu-



A magnificent display by the male Emperor of Germany bird of paradise **previous page**. Raggiana bird of paradise displays for visitors at Baiyer River Sanctuary **above** and is the emblem of Air Niugini, seen here on the A300 Airbus.





tion that stimulates an interest in conserving the nation's biological heritage.

"In PNG the concept of conservation means a lot of different things to a lot of different people," said Roy Mackay. "Gradually, through school education and through the publications of the Department of Environment and Conservation, the public is learning that if we exploit all our natural resources to the full we will soon have none left for the future or for our children."

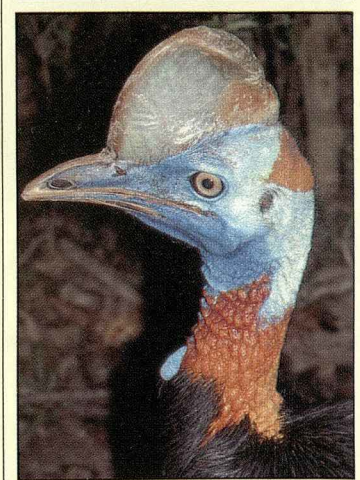
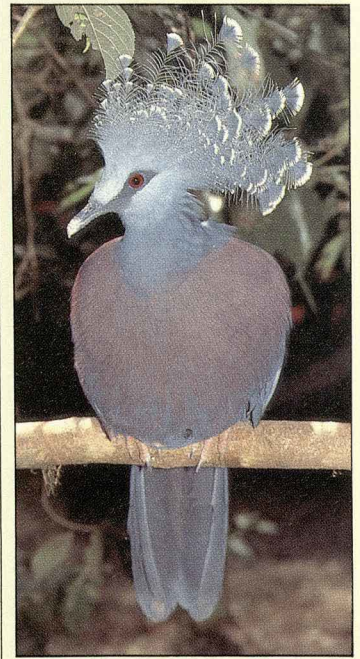
"Birds are a natural resource and some are in danger of being overexploited. Birds are important in the ecological balance of the country. They are important in spreading seeds of forest trees and other plants, they help in pollinating flowers and they also help control the number of insects in the forest.

"Birds of paradise plumes are still an important commodity in traditional trade cycles, ceremony, debt payment, bride price payment and exchange," he said. "Before white men came with their guns, plumes were hard to get and the birdskins were highly prized. Also not every male bird of paradise was shot from the display trees.

"Nowadays a man with a shotgun will shoot all the birds at a display tree so he can sell the plumes for cash. This importance of the plumes is now affecting the population of these species in a disastrous way. In 20 years the population of PNG has increased 50 per cent. Now more people take part in singsings, so more plumes are needed. More people also mean more gardens, so more forest habitat is destroyed."

One of the most important projects undertaken at Baiyer River Sanctuary is a program aimed at encouraging rarer species of birds and mammals to breed under captive conditions. As rainforest habitat is destroyed by commercial and agricultural development throughout tropic regions it has become important to

Victoria goura pigeon **top**. *Single wattled cassowary* of the lowland rain forests **centre**. *Dwarf cassowary* of the highland forests **bottom**.





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Robin Kinhead, Chicago Tribune.

'This was the primitive culture we had come to see – the culture so well delineated by (the late Dr) Margaret Mead and National Geographic editors.'

Betty Peach, San Diego Tribune.

'... the silence and peacefulness is deafening to unaccustomed city ears.' *Heather William, Sydney Sunday Telegraph.*

'Perhaps the view from the Lodge alone is worth the effort... but the real attraction could be the people. They have lived as they have for untold generations... storytelling, rituals and music.' *Charles Sribner, Pol Magazine.*

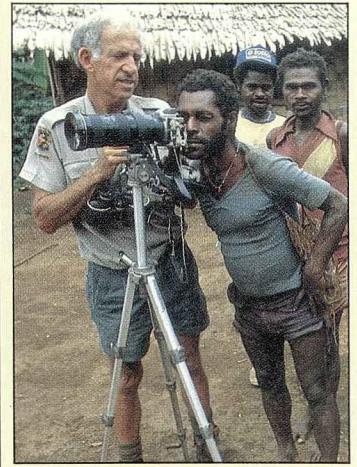


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Roy Mackay measures the extremely rare Adelbert bowerbird, part of the sanctuary collection of museum specimens **top**. Dr

Mackay demonstrates a telephoto lens **top right**; and patrols the sanctuary with wife Margaret **bottom**.



been used to carry out wildlife surveys with a view to establishing new national parks. A current project is the study of the very rare and lesser known bowerbird species for which Roy Mackay has won the financial support of the New York Zoological Society.

We were fortunate enough to join him on one such expedition into the remote parts of the Adelbert Range, inland from Madang. A helicopter took us from Madang to an isolated and tiny ridge-top clearing beside a remote village. Here we spent 10 days chasing the spectacular but little known Adelbert bowerbird and 10 nights sleeping in a delightful, raised bamboo hut built for us by the local people. We saw the bowerbird, seen by so very few ornithologists, and learned some of its biology from the villagers.

Roy Mackay has led many specialist ornithological tours into exciting and rarely visited areas and has been scientific adviser to many natural history film productions about PNG. He is described by grateful scientists and producers as PNG's leading naturalist.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Mackays, expatriate Australians, have devoted their lives to the natural history and culture of PNG, interests shared by their two sons Duncan and David who hold degrees in biological sciences. They have written many books and illustrated them with their photographs, Roy having achieved his greatest international recog-

breed potentially endangered species.

The Mackays have combined their knowledge of biology and skills in animal husbandry to breed successfully many mammals and birds at Baiyer River. Notable successes include Raggiana's bird of paradise, Bennett's cassowary, rainbow lorikeets, Eclectus parrots, barn owls, ground cuscuses, New Guinea wild dogs and three species of tree kangaroo.

In recent years the Mackays have made several collecting trips to unspoiled rainforest areas to obtain specimens for the sanctuary. Each trip has



Photo Roy Mackay

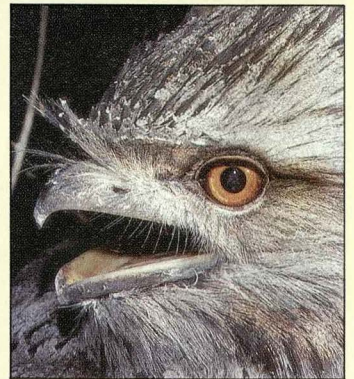
dition with the Time-Life book "New Guinea".

In 1982 the Mackays established a large, circular, traditional welcome house building within the picnic grounds of the sanctuary to display information about the National Park Service and the environment; literature about plant and animal life; and mounted specimens of birds and mammals. No animal or bird specimens are wasted, either being mounted for public display or prepared for scientific study in the museum and library room at the lodge.

The collections can be examined by visiting zoologists who can also use the library and laboratory. Scientists and students come from all over the world to study and carry out research projects at Baiyer River.

Margaret Mackay has been responsible for the development of the sanctuary children's zoo where young visitors can touch and handle tame, hand-reared animals including tree kangaroos, cockatoos, pigeons and pheasants. Some of the bird exhibits were orphans brought to the sanctuary by villagers or sick and injured creatures cared for and raised by Margaret.

Getting enough food for all the live exhibits is a constant task. Some is bought from local hunters, farmers and



Dawn Frith and Roy Mackay searching for Adelbert bowerbirds on Mt Mengam **left**. Superb fruit dove **top**. Tawny frogmouth, first discovered in Papua New Guinea by Roy Mackay **bottom**.

gardeners and the rest is raised at the sanctuary.

Visitors to Mt Hagen township are just 90 minutes away, by way of a scenic drive, to the largest single collection of live, captive birds of paradise in the world. The species which display in the well planted aviaries include the lesser bird of paradise, the well known Raggiana's bird of paradise, and the remarkable long-tailed and extremely vocal sticklebills.

Air Niugini flies daily to Mt Hagen from Port Moresby and other centres.

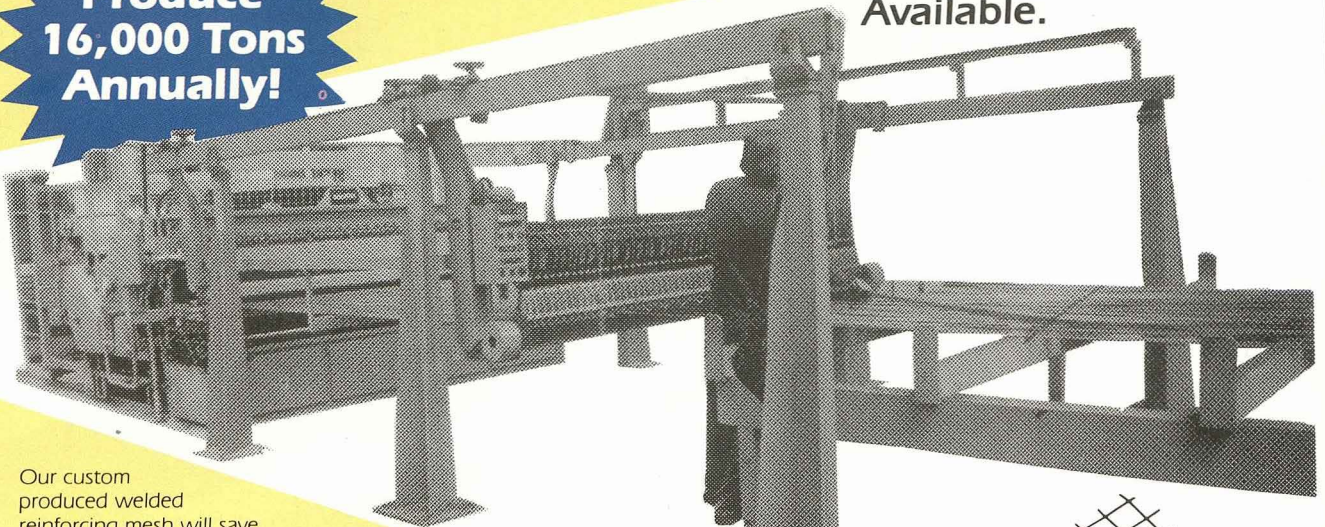
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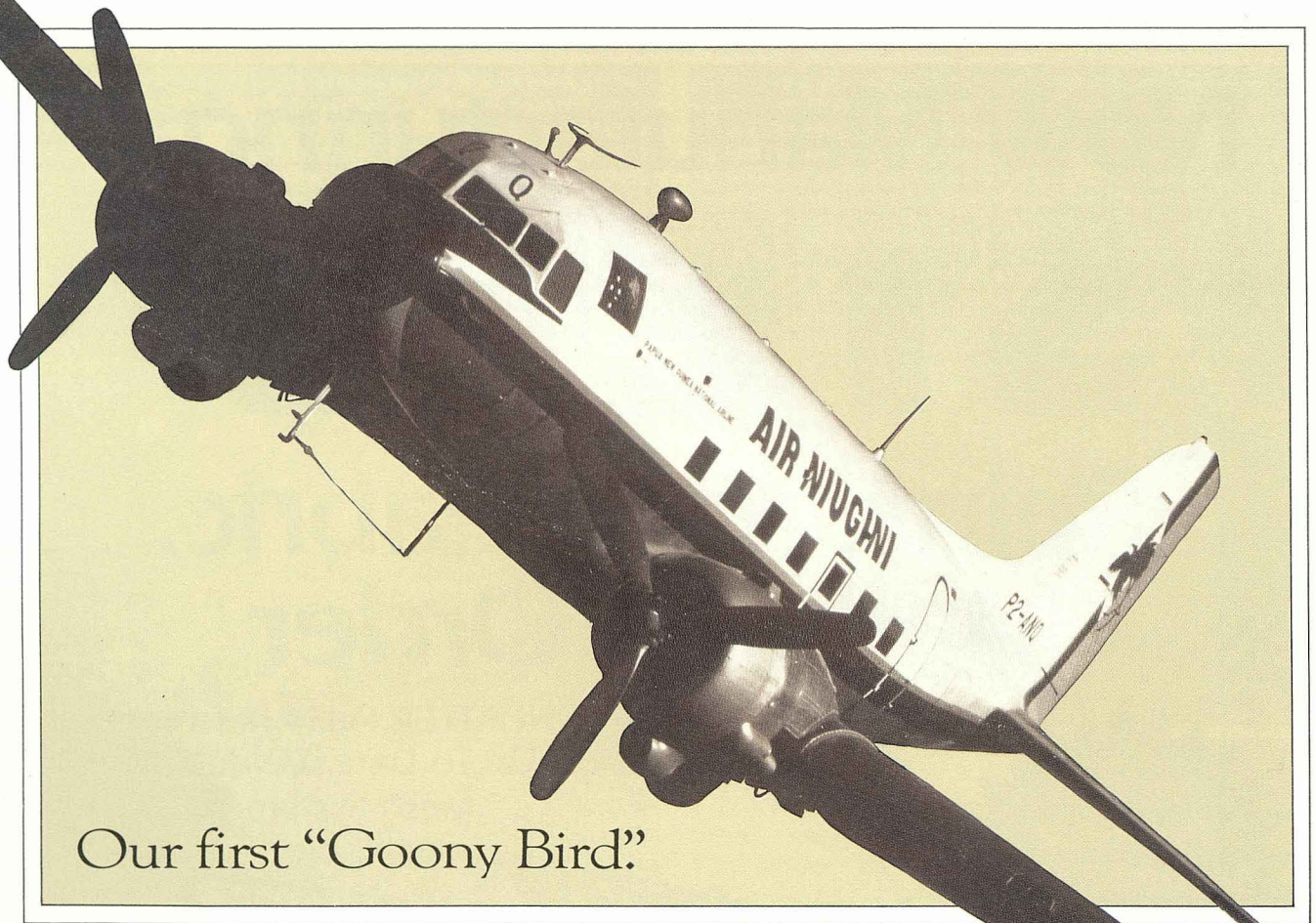
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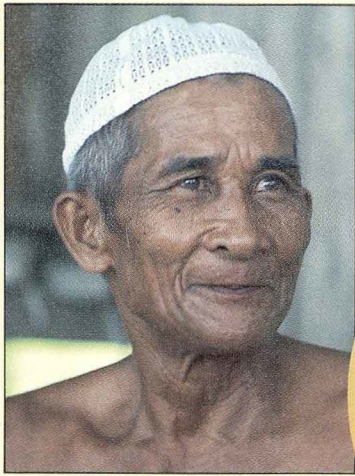
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CULTURAL CROSSROADS



Story and photographs by
Michael Gebicki

As countries go, the Philippines is a strange one. In a single nation it combines the pop culture of the United States, the food of South-East Asia, the climate of Polynesia and the religion of Spain. Uniquely Asian towns of rice paddies and bamboo houses are called Santa Rosa and San Pedro and are liberally decorated with Coca Cola signs. In a sea of Buddhists, Hindus and Muslims, 90 per cent of all Filipinos are Roman Catholics, the only such country between Italy and Mexico. Manila the capital is a non-stop city of five million people but parts of the country are so remote that Stone Age tribes have lived in total isolation until the past decade.

Even on the map the Philippines looks a little haphazard, its 7,107 islands flying off in all directions into the northern reaches of the Pacific Ocean. This however is its greatest attraction. Those islands which vary from tiny spits of sand to Luzon, almost twice the size of Ireland, provide the visitor with an almost unlimited range of possibilities. There are islands with towering volcanoes and dense rain forests, islands with churches straight from 17th Century Spain, sophisticated resort islands with every

Muslim villager, one of the religious minorities top. A tourists shops for souvenirs centre. Bancas, wooden canoes, are a favored river transport bottom.

conceivable facility and deserted islands dressed in the turquoise waters, the palm trees and the white sands of tropical paradise.

Any journey to the Philippines begins in Manila, one of the liveliest cities in Asia. From the moment you step off the plane you can feel yourself being swept along by its restless, driving current.

The journey from the airport takes you along the broad reaches of the Roxas Boulevard through a mass of weaving traffic and bustling roadside markets. Hotels rise in huge blocks and the bars and nightclubs pass by in a rowdy, colorful parade.

Through it all passes the ubiquitous jeepney, the public bus that also serves as a symbol for the city. The jeepney began life as a humble US Army jeep. Gradually it grew a longer body, extra lights, dozens of mirrors and a forest of weaving radio antennae. Add a rainbow of color, a sound system of terrifying proportions, paint messages along its sides ("Come closer to me" or "Jesus is the One") and there you have the jeepney ready for service on the streets of Manila.

The city's nightlife is legendary, but it has its quieter moments as well. Inside the hushed darkness of Manila Cathedral, the faithful bow their heads in prayer before the devotional candles in the side altars. Along the nave of the church beams of light pass through the stained glass windows, spilling flashes of brilliant color across the floor.

Near the cathedral is Casa Manila, a square block of antique and curio shops, cafes and restaurants which has been recreated in the style of 19th Century "Spanish" Manila. Behind its elegant facade lies a maze of narrow, cobbled passageways. Fountains splash in the courtyards, palm trees swoon from the balconies and bougainvilleas twine through the wrought ironwork.

Whatever else it may be, Manila is not relaxing. Day



trips from the city are a possibility – for example to Corregidor or Pagsanjan Falls – but the traditional delights of sun, sea and dazzling sandy beaches lie further afield.

An hour's flight from Manila is the island of Cebu. The history of tourism began in Cebu, rather inauspiciously as it turned out. Ferdinand Magellan in 1521 met his end there in a skirmish with a local sultan named Lapulapu, a name that now graces a city and an airport. Ever since, the Cebuanos have been falling over themselves to make amends for the inhospitable Lapulapu and these days they are as friendly as their island is sun-drenched.

Cebu city is second only to Manila in size, but the island is fringed with kilometres of quiet beaches, with some very plush resorts on choice acres. Cebu Island is but one of a whole cluster of islands known as the Visayas which fringe the Visaya Sea. Among the most appealing smaller islands is nearby Mactan where Costabella Beach Hotel and Tambuli Beach Resort are found. Tambuli, with its traditional thatched roof construction has air-conditioned beach houses each with a view of the sea and every amenity. Costabella's architecture, set in lush greenery and coral rocks, is contemporary and just as luxurious.

The surrounding countryside is unmistakably South-East Asian, with a whiff of colonial Spain lingering in the towns. The moist green of the rice paddies dominates the landscape, sprinkled with banana plantations and coconut palms. Houses of woven nipa palms are raised on stilts like giant insects and the farmers, shaded by their wide-brimmed salakots, make splashes of bright color against the rice fields.

Quite rightly seafood figures largely on the menus of the hotels and resorts such as Costabella and Tambuli which are renowned for their standards of cuisine. Favorite dishes include fish marinated in

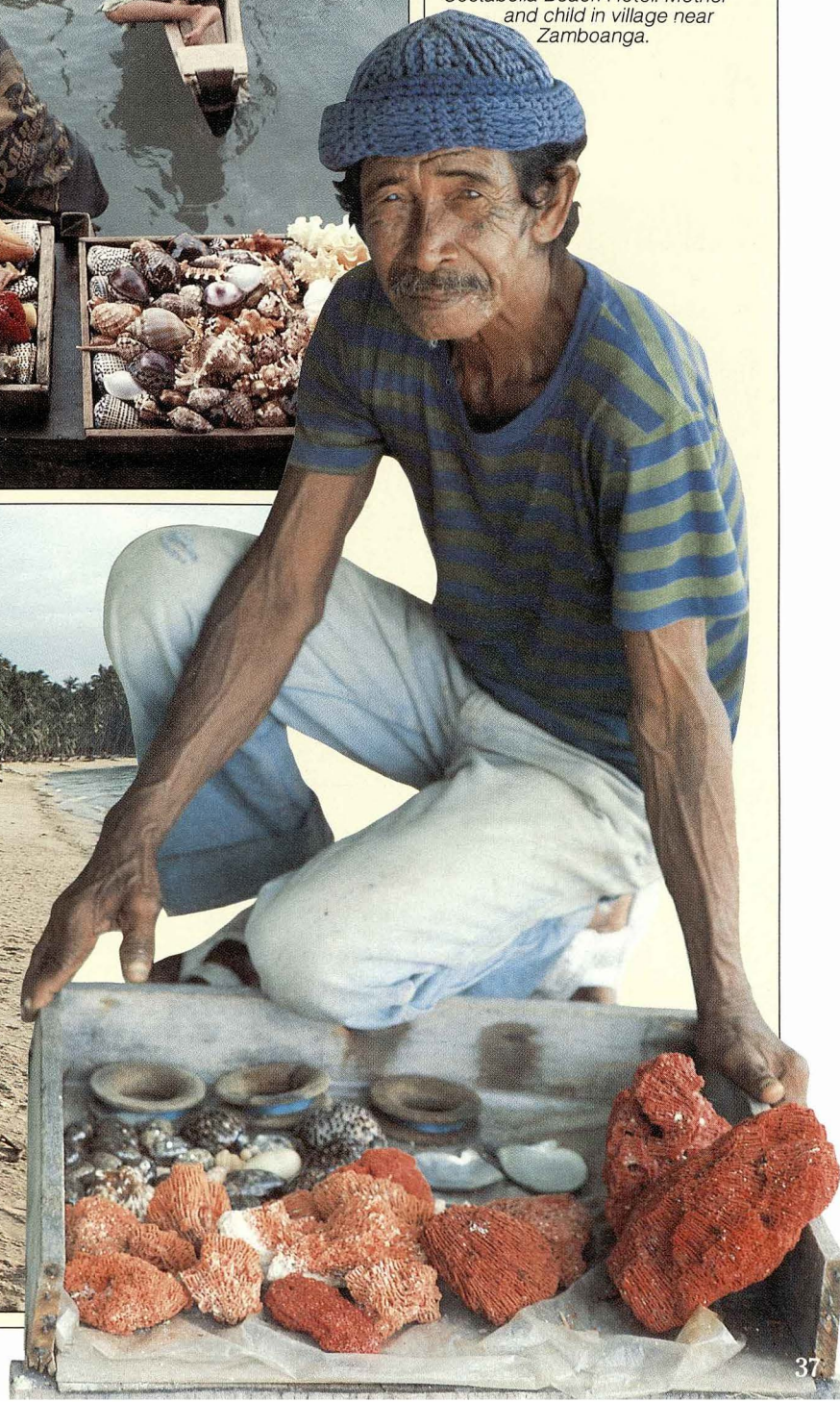


lemon juice, ginger and green peppers, rock lobster, shrimps and clams served with various combinations of coconut milk and spices. With a coastline twice that of the United States, seafood is the speciality of the Philippines.

From its waters it takes an enormous variety of seafood, flavors it with the spices of

Opposite page from top, a driver resting in his calesa, a horse-drawn carriage. Trishaws carry messages of Christian faith. Badjao people like this mother and children spend most of their lives at sea.

This page clockwise from top left, Black Pearls. Outriggers full of sea shell souvenirs. Red coral for sale. Beached canoe at Argao. Costabella Beach Hotel. Mother and child in village near Zamboanga.





From top, young woman with cloth woven by villagers near Zamboanga. Smile of welcome at the Manila Hotel. Argao youngster.



South-East Asia and serves it with tropical fruits on a bed of rice. It is often said there is no distinctive Filipino cuisine but its seafood can be very good and inexpensive even in the best restaurants.

At the southwestern tip of Mindanao, the big island that buttresses the southern part of the archipelago, a long finger of land juts out into the sea. Here lies Zamboanga "the city of the flowers", and here the Philippines ends in a final blaze of color saving much of its best until last and leaving the casual visitor with an impression of a lively people with an infectious warmth about them.

This is the Muslim part of the Philippines, home to the Badjaos, the sea gypsies who spend most of their lives at sea aboard outrigger canoes with patchwork sails arranged in a mosaic of brilliant colors. Not so very long ago they made their living from piracy but these days they have

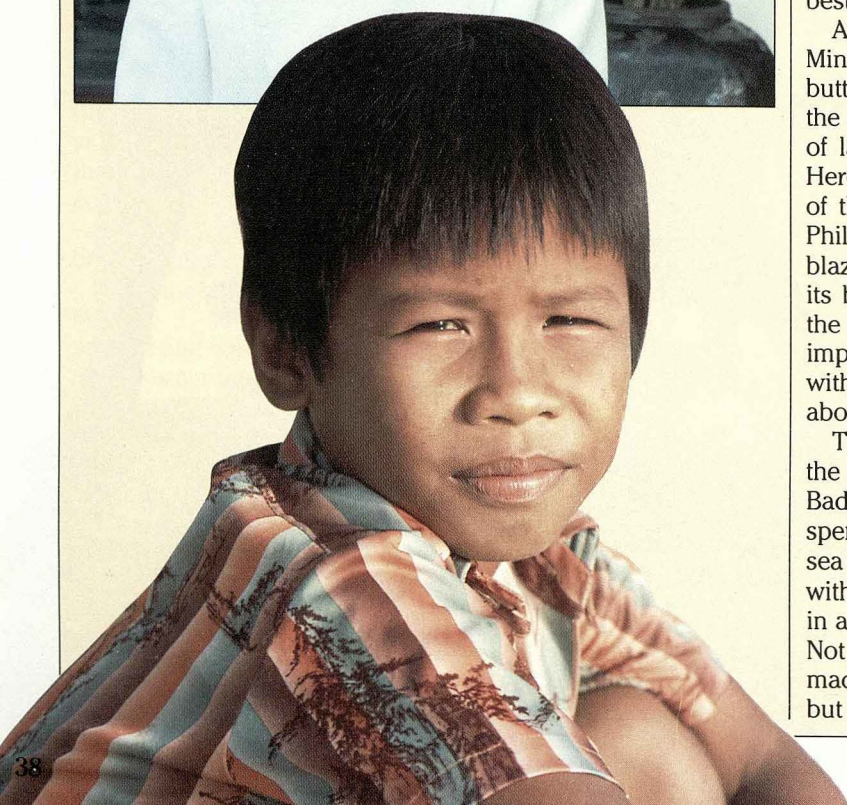
turned to fishing. They can usually be found along the sea wall of the Lantaka Hotel selling boxes of shells or black pearls which shine with a soft, iridescent lustre.

Zamboanga has a spectacular market along its waterfront. Traders come here from as far away as Borneo, hopping along the chain of islands which extends between the two. In an attempt to stop the rampant smuggling trade along this route the Filipino authorities declared this an open port. Here in the market you can buy Indonesian batiks, brass plates, ceramics, jewelry and strips of intricately patterned cloth.

In its far reaches the island of Mindanao offers the Philippines' highest mountain, World War II battlegrounds and a few activities which would satisfy the most determined escapist. Here for example can be found the rare monkey-eating eagle and the Tasaday tribe which has barely two thousand members.

The Philippines can be a difficult place to pin down. Impressions of this diverse country are so jumbled - and so contradictory - that no single image prevails. There is however a local dessert which almost sums up the place. It is called halo-halo, literally "mix-mix", and it consists of bananas, jackfruit and yams in a syrup of crushed ice, sugar and milk with a scoop of ice cream on top. Each mouthful contains flavors that are impossible to separate but the overall effect is delicious and quite addictive, like the Philippines itself. And there are after all far worse addictions in life than halo-halo.

Air Niugini A300 Airbus flies weekly to Manila from Port Moresby, leaving each Friday and returning Saturday.



The New Islander Hotel

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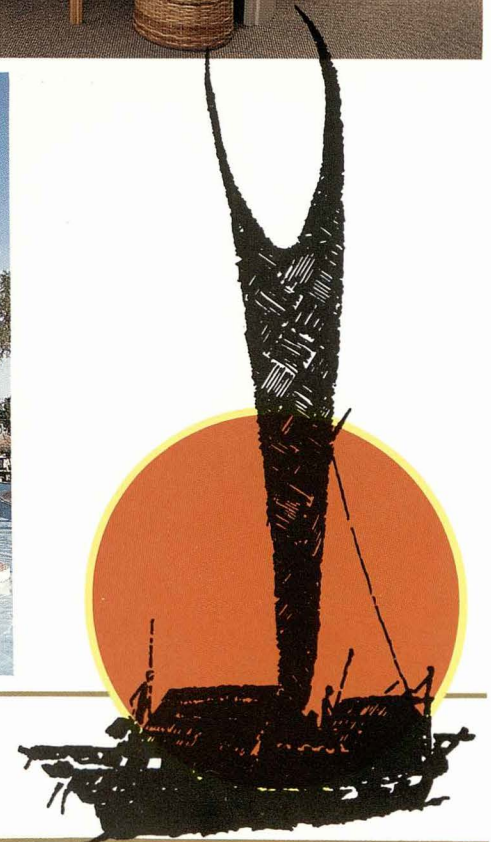
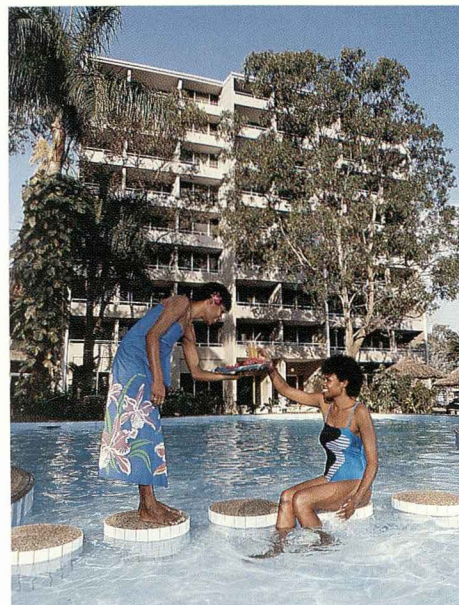
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The Islander Hotel

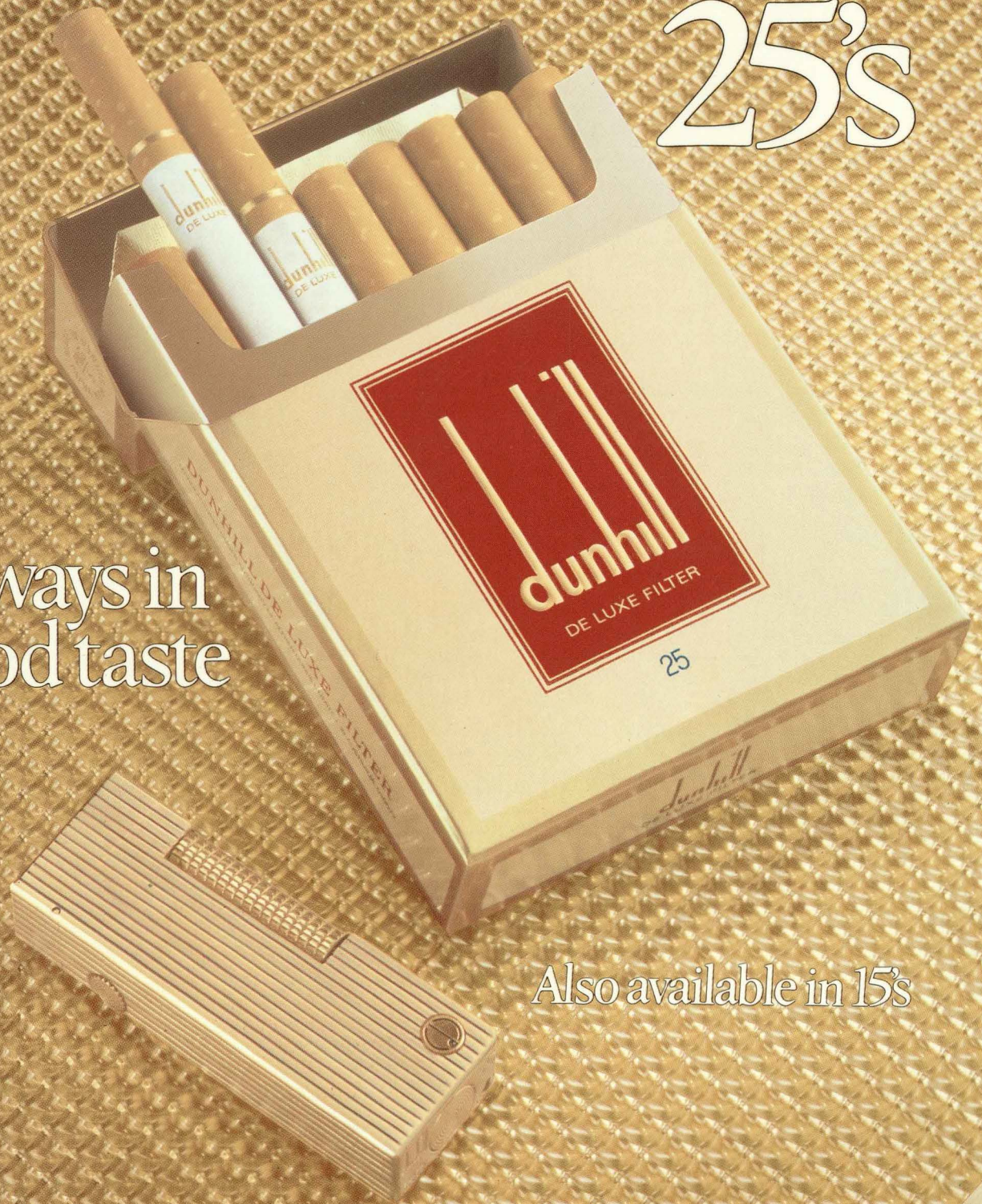
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