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# paradise

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Welcome Aboard!

Come with us and three Huli warriors who became the toast of the town when they visited the international tourist resort, Cairns.

Nobody could believe their luck when a scuba diving party found three golden cowries in the space of three days. But one of these most coveted of seashells was still alive. Respect for marine life saved it from becoming a valuable souvenir.

Daniel Kumbon from Kandep District thought he knew all he needed to know about Enga, the province of his birth. But returning after a decade away, he found there was much more to the land and its people than he realised.

Enjoy your flight.

Dieter Seefeld  
Chief Executive  
Air Niugini



Dieter Seefeld  
Chief Executive  
Air Niugini

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**Cover:** A beautiful example of body decoration, displayed by a Highlands woman at the Lae Show. Photograph by Catherine Secula.

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# TUMBUNLA PILILA

Story and photographs  
by Keith Briggs



**This page** Firemaker blows embers into flames after friction heat from the cane strap makes the tinder smoulder.



**Facing page** Setting up a firemaking stick. **inset** Ready for action.



When the head flies off the match as we strike it along the side of its box, or if it fails to light we mutter about the poor quality of things these days. We tend to overlook the fact that a box of 40 or 50 matches is amazing value for a very few toea. It also helps balance our thinking to remember that until quite recently for many people the business of getting a fire going entailed a fair bit of time and a lot of skill.

Before the humble match

found its way into the bilums (string bags) of people in the bush each man had to carry the equipment needed for making fire. Carefully wrapped in bark to keep it dry was a stick 2.5 to 5 centimetres in diameter, split half way along its length. A small twig wedged in the split held the two halves slightly apart. In the parcel too were pieces of tough, flexible cane and a ball of fine fluffy fibre resembling a bird's nest. This is obtained from under the smooth outer bark of the palm from which axe handles

are made. A similar product is made by rubbing and fraying the bark of other suitable trees.

A wad of this tinder is placed on the ground and the split stick laid on it. A piece of the cane is passed around the under side and the stick held firmly with both feet. Grasping an end of the cane in each hand the operator pulls it rapidly back and forth around the stick with a strong upward pressure. The high degree of friction thus produced powders the soft dry sap wood and the heat ignites it. At the

point of the split on the under side of the stick this smouldering powder drops in a concentrated spot on the tinder which the man quickly picks up and blows into a blaze.

A man can have healthy flames in half a minute or so. Even though matches are generally available, a lot of men in isolated places still carry their traditional fire lighting gear with them just in case.

So if we get a couple of duds in a box of matches we are still not doing too badly are we?

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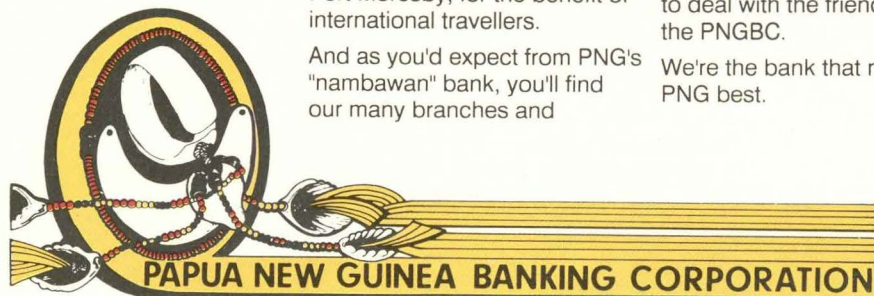
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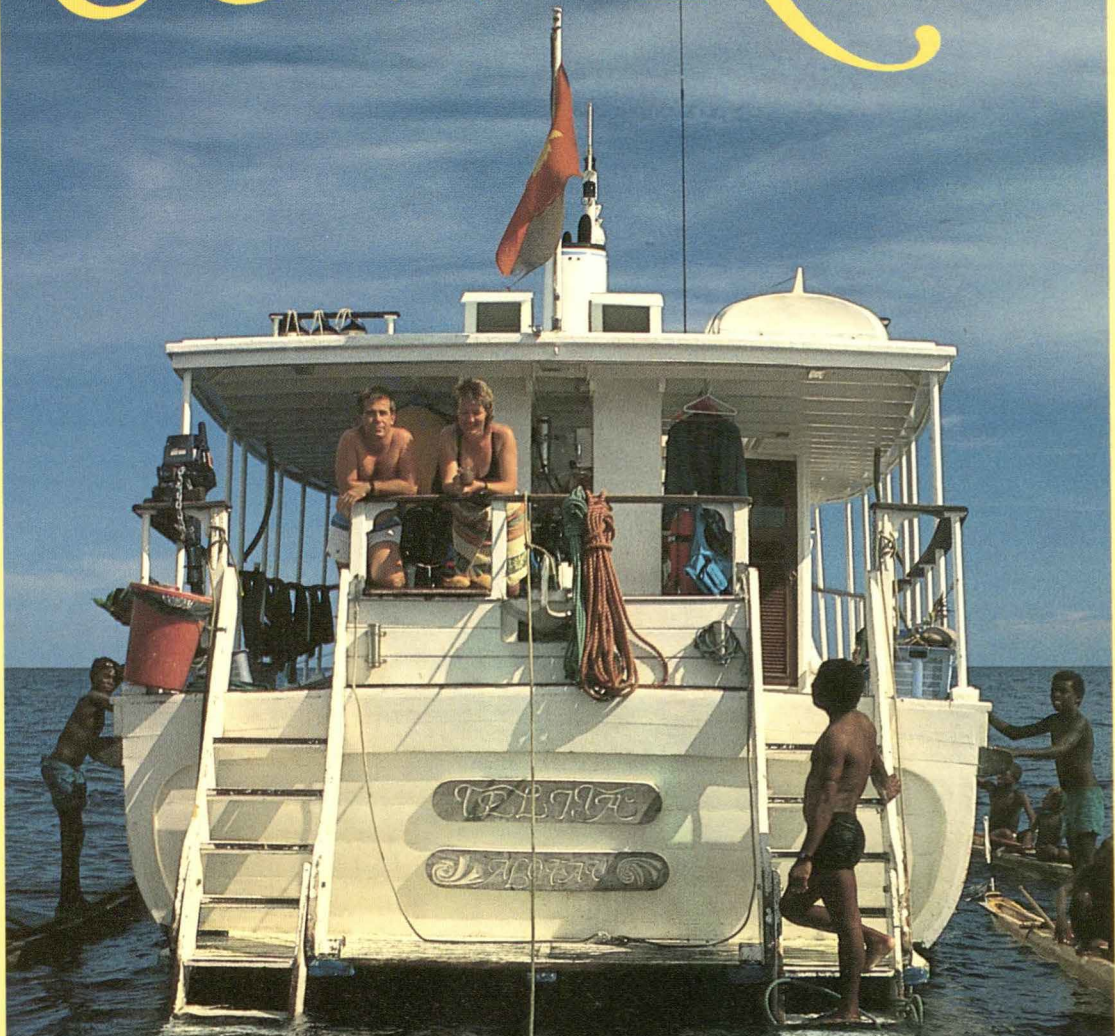
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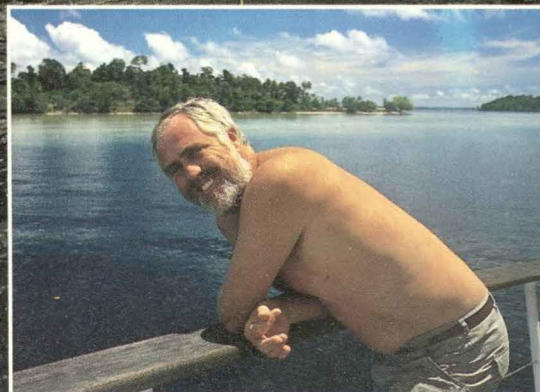
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# Return of the Golden

# COWRIE

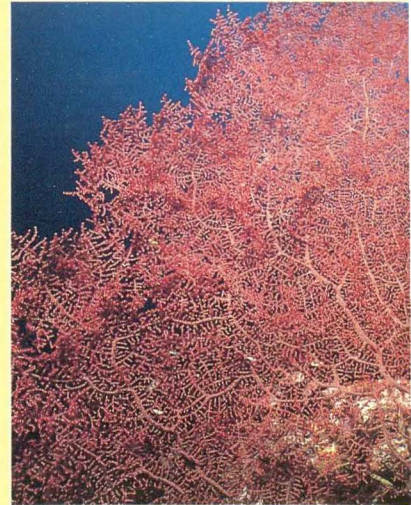


Story and photographs by Peter Stone



**Title page** Divers Paul Trottman and Trisha Bohn greet visitors aboard *Telita*. **inset** Owner-skipper Bob Halstead.

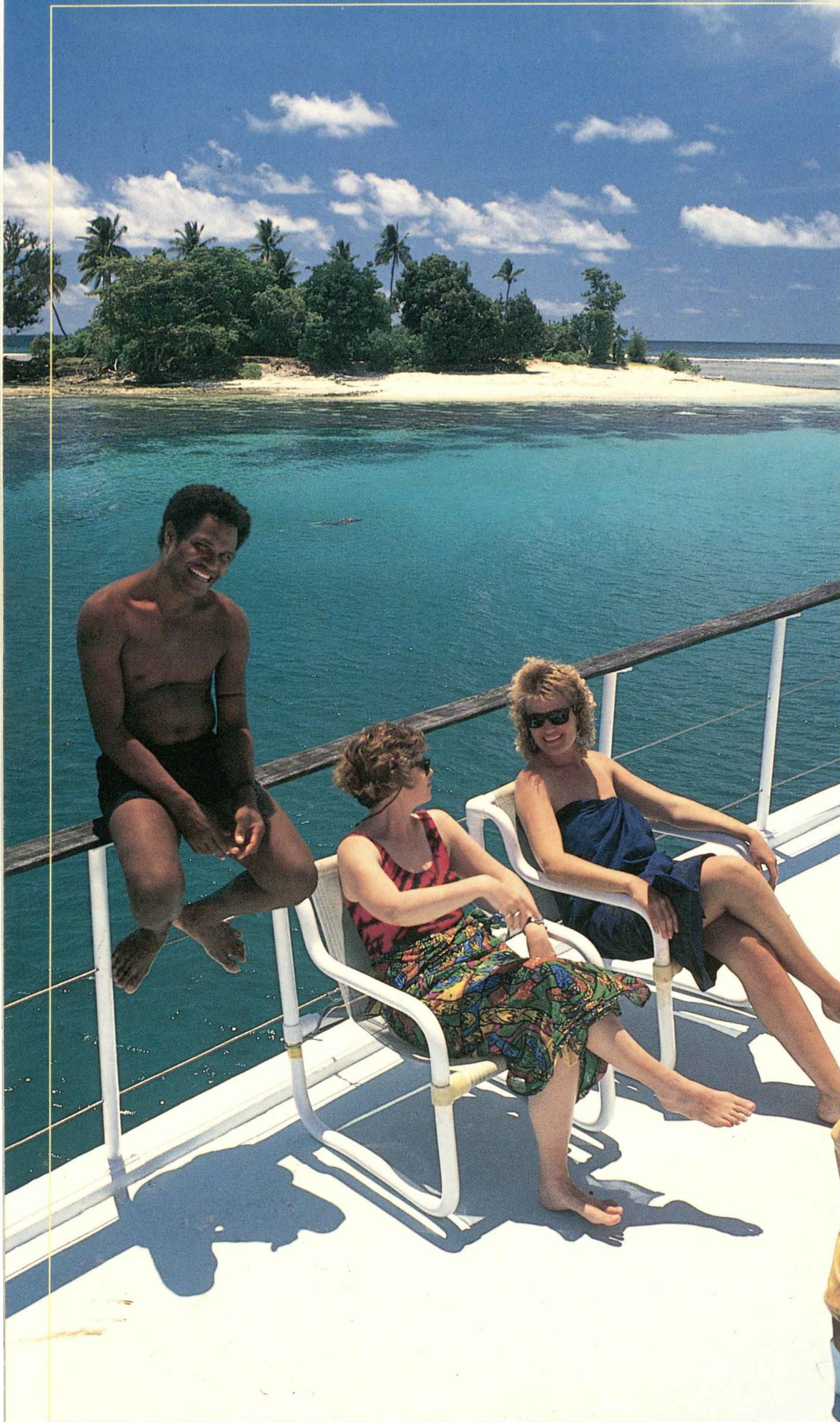
**This page, left** Deckhand Smith with divers Joanne Fraser and Trisha Bohn. **below** Seafan. **right** Skeeter, Peer Kirkemo and golden cowries. **far right** *Telita* at anchor. **inset top** Diver Trish Quayle. **inset below** Dinnertime.



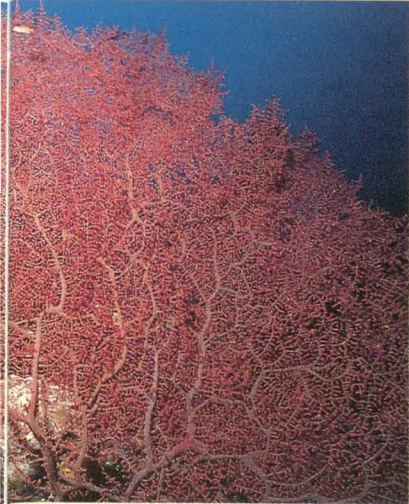
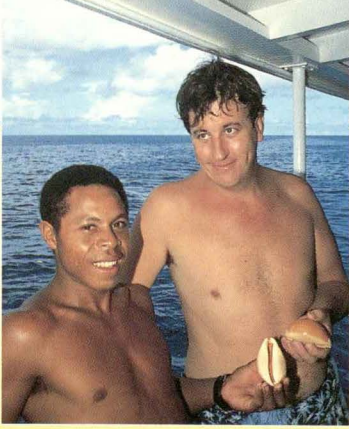
**I**t was Skeeter who found the first one. He wasn't exactly jumping up and down with joy about it and seemed quite reluctant at first to show it to anyone. But his pride eventually overcame his shyness and with a beaming smile he produced the ultimate find of the shell collector — a golden cowrie.

Skeeter had gone off on his own for a dive while we were anchored off Eagle Ray Pass, marked on the charts as Planet Channel between Enang Island and Nuselawa Island on the south-east corner of the New Hanover, Papua New Guinea. We had several dives in this spot, reputed for its excellent pelagic marine life and of course eagle rays. But we saw none during the half-dozen dives we did in the region. Even so, the diving was superb with gorgonia and sea whips covering the sloping walls of the pass entrance.

Skeeter's golden cowrie was found on the sandy bottom of the channel in 30 metres of water. Skeeter had moved off from the wall and by chance had swum over the shell lying fully exposed on the sand. He







recognised it immediately.

We were diving from Bob and Dinah Halstead's magnificent 20-metre dive cruiser, *Telita*. Skeeter is one of Bob's deckhands, a delightful 21-year-old from Logia near Samurai in Milne Bay province whom Bob taught to dive when he joined the *Telita* in Madang in 1986.

"That's typical!" Bob said in his usual humorous way. "You teach the guy to dive and look what he finds." In 20 years of diving in PNG Bob has yet to find a golden cowrie.

Needless to say everyone on board was delighted with Skeeter's good fortune — and somewhat envious I should add.

Most of the divers on board were from Port Moresby and between them had an excellent knowledge of shells. Trish Quayle, a physiology lecturer at the College of Applied Health and Sciences in Port Moresby, was our resident expert and over the 10 days that we were on board the *Telita* I learnt more about shells than in the past 10 years looking through books.

The golden cowrie is mag-



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## THE BEER OF PARADISE



**Above** Golden cowries. **top right** New Hanover sunset. **bottom right** Clown fish and anemone on the wreck of the Taisyo Maru.

nificent. Although not the rarest of the cowries, nor the most valuable, *Cypraea aurantium* is arguably the most beautiful. It has indeed a golden lustre to it, deepening in color from the lip to dorsum or upper region. They are usually found in caves and underhangs in about five to 20 metres. Skeeter's find on the open seabed was all the more unusual as they are rarely found exposed. The point that must be emphasised is that Skeeter's golden cowrie did not have a live animal inside. How long the dead shell lay on the seabed is anyone's guess but the excellent condition of the shell suggests that it had not been long rolling around on the sand otherwise it would have been badly scarred and encrusted.

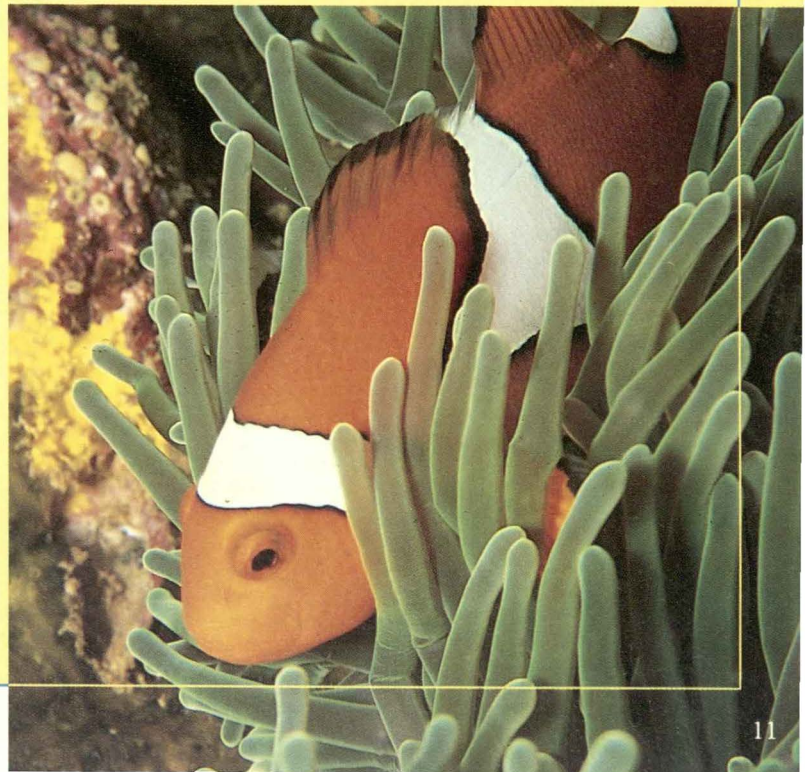
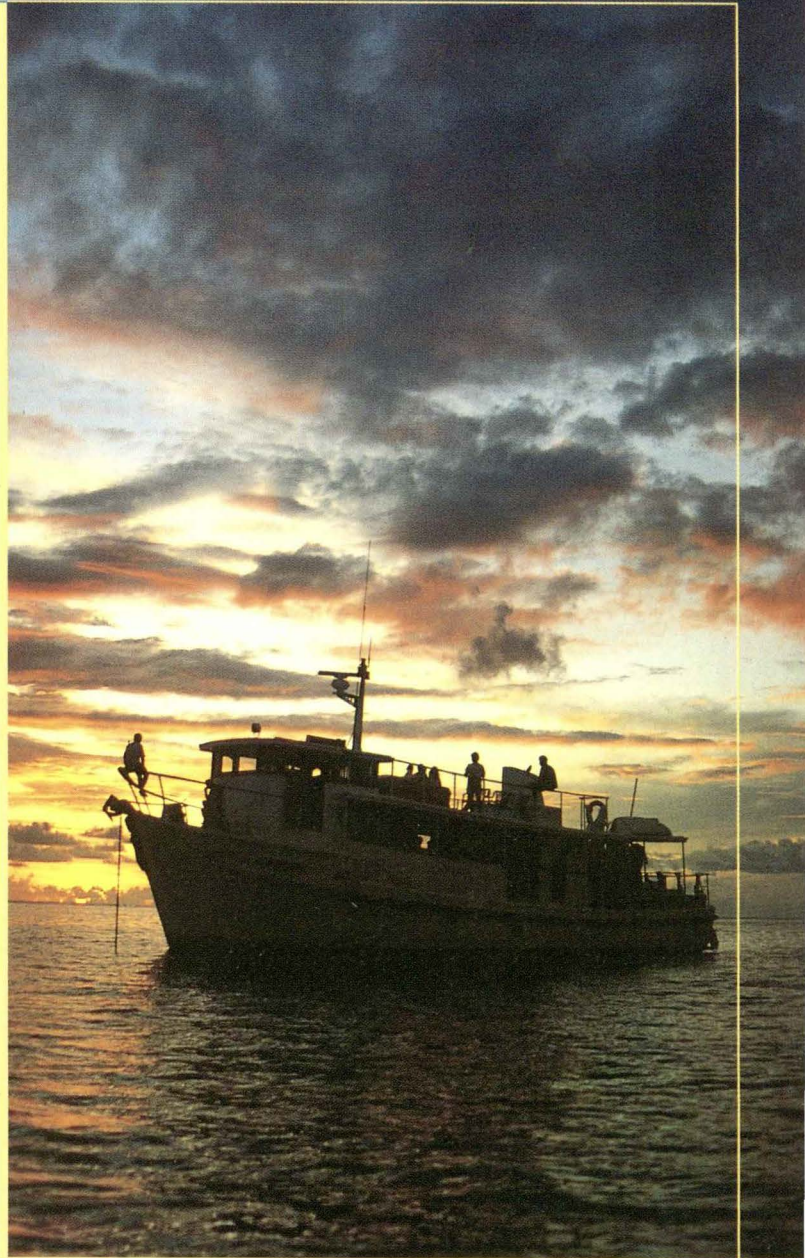
According to an authority on the subject, C. M. Burgess, in his magnificent 'Cowries of the World', *Cypraea aurantium* are found throughout the central Pacific, with Fiji apparently being the centre of population. They are known to have been found in the Solomons but not so many have been recorded in PNG.

Yet the going price of a good golden cowrie appears to be incongruous with its rarity, according to Burgess. "*Cypraea aurantium* is priced out of all proportion to its rarity simply because of the tremendous popular demand. It is a mystery to me why the price of the cowrie should remain so high when possibly 2,000 have been collected. I guess they are simply so large and beautiful that everyone has to have one."

Indeed we do. The going price for a fine specimen is from K250 to K400.

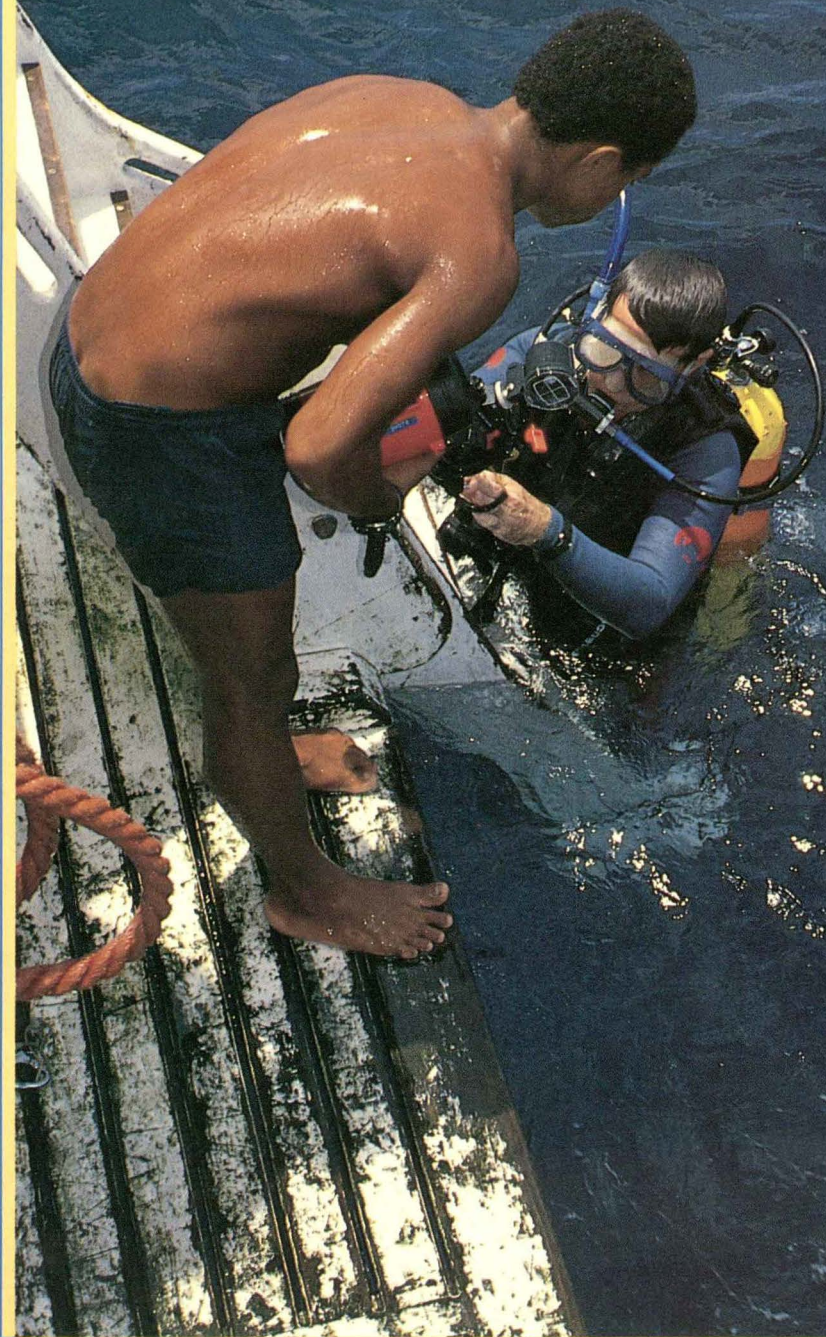
After Skeeter's prize find there seemed to be an even greater keenness to be kitted up and down under at every opportunity. Of course no one expected any more of these jewels of the sea to be found, particularly as Bob was still shaking his head in bewilderment. So imagine the reaction three days later when another beautiful specimen was found.

Peer Kirkemo could not believe his luck. We were diving in a site called Peter's Patch, one of the nicest reefs in the southern channel between New Hanover and New Ireland. Visibility was the





**Left** Skeeter helping diver Paul Trotman with camera gear. **inset** Feather starfish clinging to seafans and seaweed.



usual 30 metres; the reef extends from about six metres down a sloping edge to about 30 metres. Peer found his golden cowrie within 20 metres of the anchor, under a plate coral. It was another dead shell with no animal inside.

Gold fever seemed to spread throughout the boat when Peer emerged with his find. Virtually everyone on board was a photographer but on the next dive only a few divers took their cameras down. The hunt was on. Bob was one of the first in the water. I still took my Nikons down but I must admit that I spent most of my time up-ended under plate corals and grovelling in holes.

One of the most experienced divers on board was Australian Rick Warnett, another knowledgeable shell collector and keen photographer who was having his second trip on the *Telita*. A computer technician living in Port Moresby since 1975, Rick has been diving for more than 17 years.

Having a logical and technical mind, Rick knew he had little hope of finding a golden cowrie of his own but he was determined to at least try. No one was more surprised than he when he found the third golden cowrie of the trip on a ledge under a large coral outcrop. With some bewilderment at his incredible luck, Rick took the shell over to Trish who was diving nearby. His joy turned to frustration when Trish pointed out that the shell was alive. The mantle was well withdrawn inside the shell but there was no doubt about it; Rick had found a live *Cypraea aurantium*.



We were astounded at the incredible luck of having found three golden cowries all within three days, and the last two within a matter of hours and on the same reef. But to some, life itself has a far greater value than the materialistic reward of an inanimate object. As much as Rick wanted to add a golden cowrie to his shell collection, his affinity with marine life and his integrity in keeping within his moral values led him to an important decision. He would put the live shell back in exactly the place where he found it.

The shell was placed in a bucket of seawater while we had lunch, to allow it sufficient surface interval so it could be returned safely to the site. A dark towel was placed over the bucket in the hope that the shell would extend its mantle.

According to Burgess: "the animal is brilliant dark-to-orange brown, mottled throughout and intensified on all sides toward the mantle edge. The mantle is thick, covered with hundreds of white, round tuberclelike papillae. The siphon bears a short scalloped fringe. The tentacles are light brown-orange, two centimetres in length, and taper to a fine blue point which is almost black. The foot is orange-yellow, the edge almost white, smooth, with no spotting."

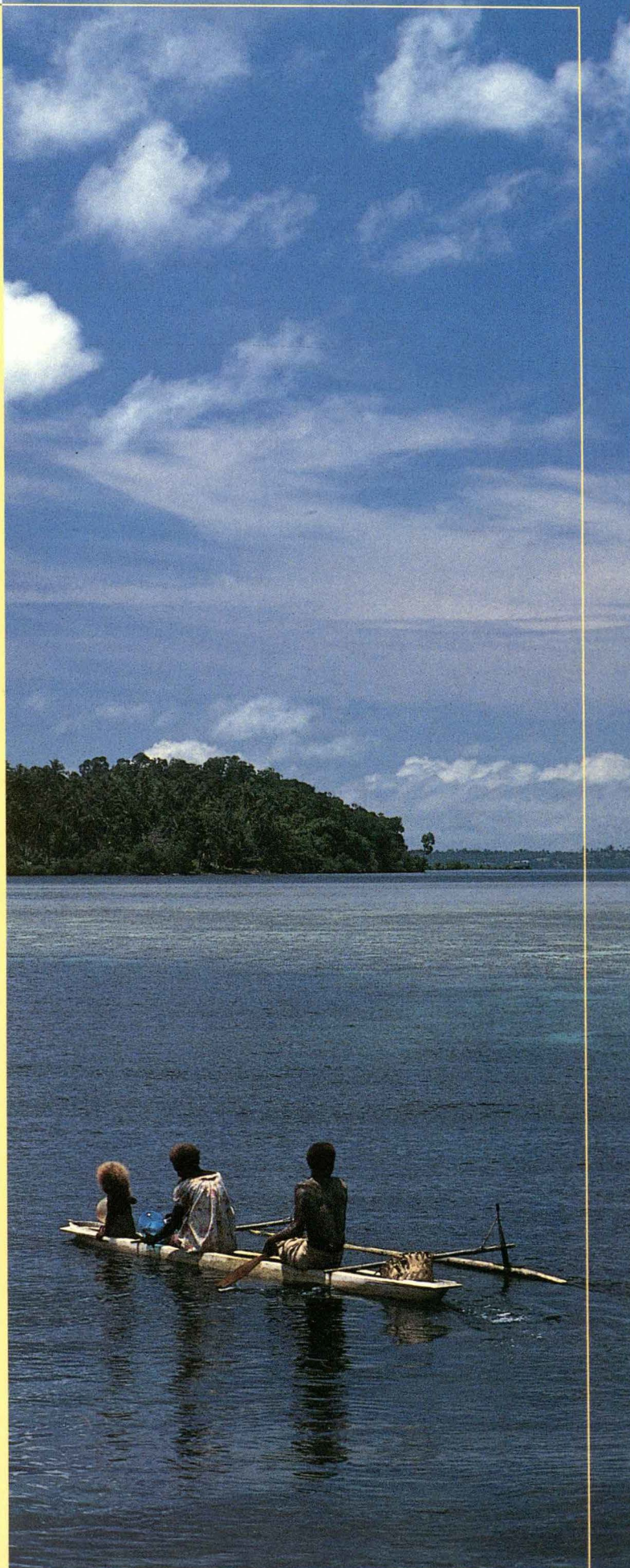
We had to accept Burgess' description as our specimen would not be fooled into thinking it was night.

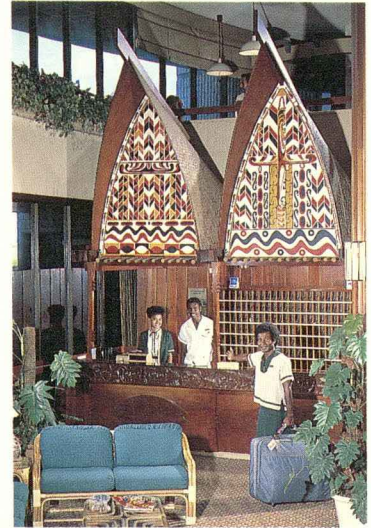
Two hours later, Rick's golden cowrie was back where it came from.

Postscript: Four weeks after the Telita trip I had the good fortune to find my own golden cowrie, on a wreck in the Solomon Islands. There was no live animal inside.

Bob and Dinah Halstead live aboard their 20-metre charter motor yacht MV Telita conducting adventure tours exploring PNG's rich underwater regions. For further information contact MV Telita, PO Box 1644, Boroko, PNG.

**Right** Women and child crossing Planet Channel. **inset** Living coral.





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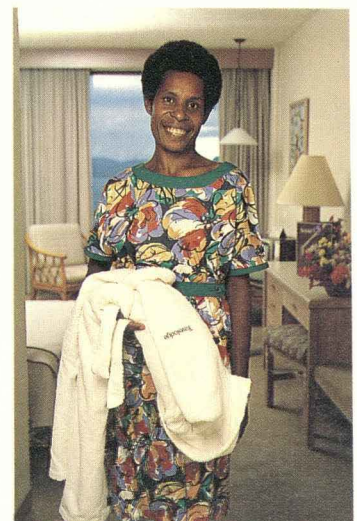
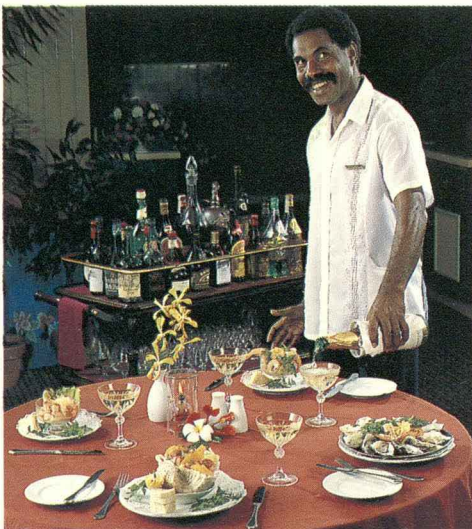
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Story and photographs  
by Andree Millar



# SEPIK BLUE

One of the most famous, certainly one of the most beautiful orchids in the world is the one we call the Sepik Blue. Ever since I began collecting orchids in the late 1940s I had heard of this one, but had never seen it. I had never, indeed, been within 1,000 kilometres of it, because it came from the upper reaches of the Sepik River. In those days patrol posts and air-strips had not gone very far up it. The Sepik rises in the Star Mountains and flows some 1,100 kilometres to the sea. Some idea of the volume of the

water may be gained from the fact that it rises only eight metres in the first 480 kilometres from its mouth but the current at Angoram is reputed to flow at eight knots.

Most of the knowledge that we had about this orchid came from a man who looked and acted like a hero from a South Pacific novel, one Captain Neptune Beresford Blood. When escaping from his Japanese pursuers during the war, he went way off track. He took a difficult short cut through a swamp, and there growing on a small tree, he saw a beautiful orchid which he grabbed as he

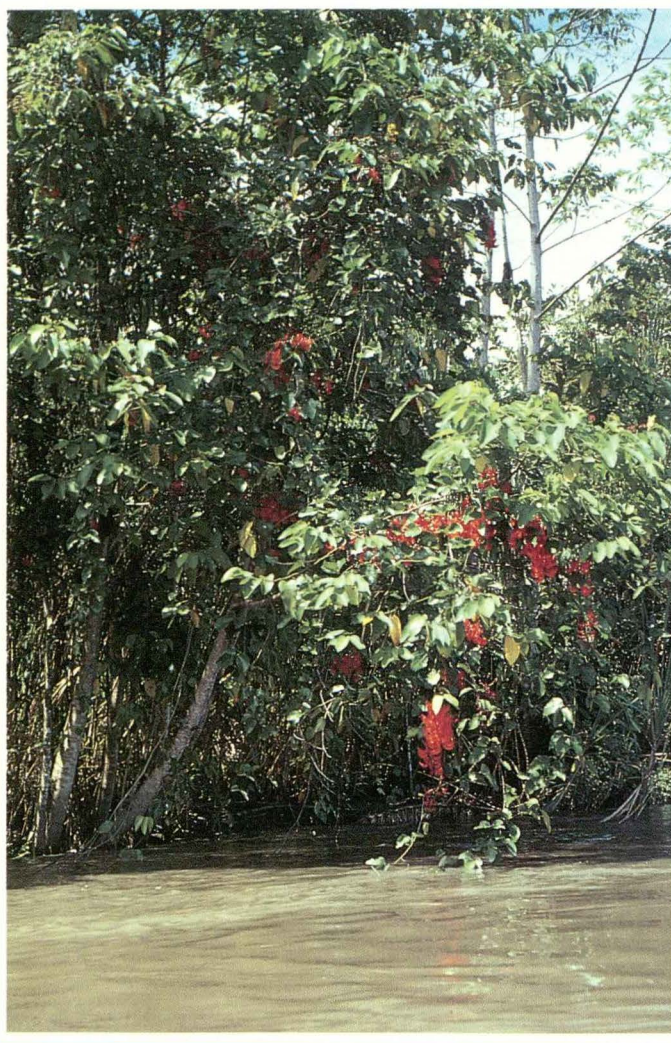
ran. Because Nep had collected it from a tree growing in the swamp, we believed that it had to have its roots in the water to make it grow. Years later, when I worked in its habitat, I found that its roots were in water only in the wet season when the river rose and flooded its banks and the riverine forest.

In 1967, after an arduous and abortive expedition in 1959, my chance to see the Sepik Blue finally came. The Laura Bushell Fund of Australia financed some research into the testing of orchids for the presence of alkaloids. I took two scientists up to Ymas Lakes, via Lae, Angoram, and Amboin patrol post, where we eventually arrived three days after leaving Lae, travelling in the same Government canoe.

When we began our search there were guides to go with us, indeed several small canoes had paddled off at dawn to be with us when we reached the swamp where the big canoes could not go. The river here is lined with glorious riverine forest, lovely trees bright with

beautiful flowers and berries, tall palms, and in many places, trees draped with the red flowers of the flame of the forest. At last we turned into a narrow channel running off the river into the incredible lakes area. There were water birds everywhere and blue and white and red water lilies, and then we were in the lovely Lake Ymas, a shimmering expanse of water of such a blue that summer skies are made of, and is seen nowhere except in the magic Sepik. Far across the lake we could see the tall grass and behind that the swamp trees in which we knew the orchids grew, and to this the driver pointed the canoe and we went full speed ahead. When he was almost crashing into the grass, he lifted his engine out of the water, and the canoe shot forward until it was stopped by the thick roots with such a jerk that we were almost catapulted out.

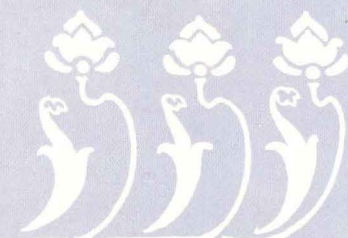
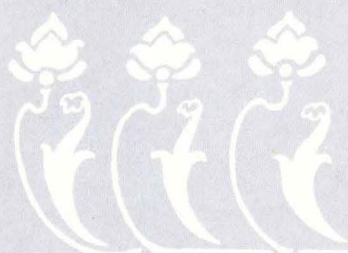
And there, on a small tree right in front of us was the Sepik Blue, a magnificent plant of the orchid we eventually came to know as *Dendrobium lasianthera*. One of the men in our canoe went over the side, waist deep in water, and I followed him while he shinned up the tree and collected the plant. If I say I handled it reverently, that is no understatement. I also loved it, and tried not to clasp it too tightly. It was the ultimate achievement of years of longing and it was, and will always be, one of the most precious moments of my life. It was a half-metre long cane-type *Dendrobium* with its upright stem of lovely flowers, deep labellum with gold at the back, and erect twisted sepals of pale mauve with tips of golden bronze. It was not a blue flower, but the purple and mauve coloring



shone with the reflection of the water and the sun. I guess we will always call it the Sepik Blue.

We looked about us at the hundreds of small nauclea trees in the swamp and every one had perfect flowers. Looking at those thousands of lovely orchids I had longed for all my botanical life, the knowledge registered immediately that this orchid was very variable from rich perfection to mottled wishy-washy colors. There would need to be a lot of physical research to collect the finest clones for propagation, and this was going to be difficult because it cost as much to get up and down those hundreds of kilometres of the Sepik as it did to get to Hong Kong.

Then came the news from a patrol officer that further up, on the May River, was an even finer orchid he called the May River Red, and I was nearly beaten by frustration not knowing how to get there. The May was farther up, off the Sepik, and in those days there were not little airstrips where one could take a small plane near to the destination. Following the discovery of the *Dendrobium lasianthera*, private commercial collectors had begun to come in, and we had not then signed the Geneva Convention on Endangered Species, so it was open slather for all who came. I encouraged the people to sting these entrepreneurs for as much as they could get, they needed the money, and I was not really frightened that the plant could be collected out. There were untold thousands in those swamps and they would be protected by the crocodiles, the rats and the millions of cockroaches that appeared as soon as you sat down.



**Title page** *The Sepik Blue orchid.*

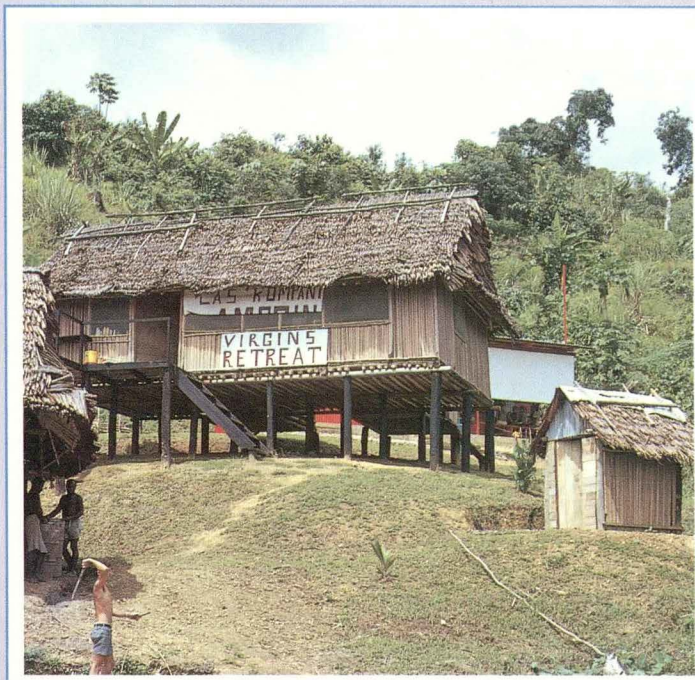
**This page, top** *Flame of the forest on bank of the Sepik River.*  
**bottom** *Leaving Angoram by Government canoe.*



But I still had to get to the May River and find the fabled May River Red. One day the then Prime Minister, Mr Michael Somare, heard of my problem and he allocated me a trawler, which I could join at Wewak. On the way up and down the rivers we would deliver supplies to patrol posts and missions and transport people, for villages were indeed far apart. We sailed up river and finally turned into the Arafundi River to deliver a man and his family returning from hospital in Wewak. One of the collectors from the previous trip ran up and said 'Yu wait, Missis, mi got one pella good pella plaua' and indeed he had, the most perfect form of the Sepik Blue I have ever seen before or since. We called it *Dendrobium lasianthera* variety Veronica Somare, after the Prime Minister's wife. He kept it on his desk until the flowers died, and they lasted many weeks.

Under way again, we headed back up the Sepik and sailed until we came to the May River. We anchored and waited, and the people came, called by those magic drums, the Garamut. They came in big canoes, little canoes, single men and whole families. I had the policeman, who spoke their dialect, explain what I had come for: I did not want them to collect any plants, I would go with one of them in the canoe and select what I wanted. The policeman added in pidgin that he didn't know why I wanted such rubbish but I would pay for them. I emphasised again that I did not want them to collect, I would do it. I should have shouted it to the wind; canoes shot off in all directions and came back a few hours later with 500 plants.

It was a very distressing

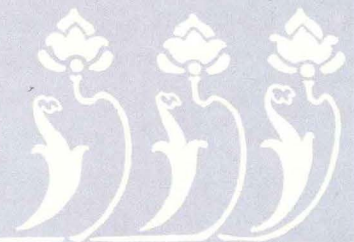
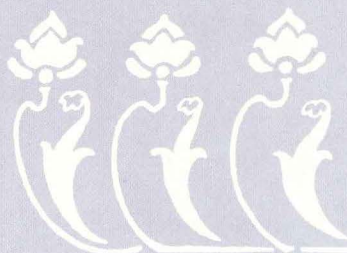
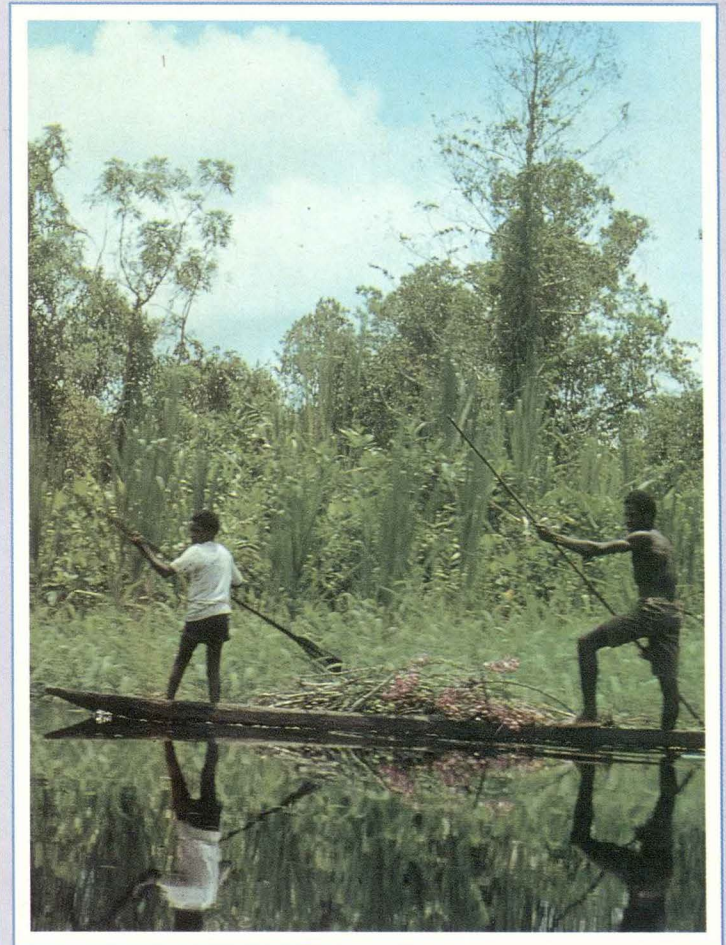


situation, I had only so much money, and could not buy them all. The people showed distinct anger, so I had the captain up anchor and move farther back into deep water away from the bank, and we waited.

Then with one of those lightning changes of mood so typical of the Sepik people, they laughed. Their village council came on board and I gave them all I had to distribute as they thought best. We had some steel tools, knives and axes we handed over too. They loaded all the plants on our boat and we said 'goodbye' and 'thank you' and we sailed back down the Sepik.

We had some very fine specimens and it was clear that the May River Red was just a fine form of *Dendrobium lasianthera*, and just as variable. The best form showed clearly why the patrol officers had called it red. The flowers glowed with a deep red sheen in the royal purple labellum, and the bronze petals also had a red glow.

So I had found them both, the Sepik Blue, and the May River Red and they were both the same plant, *Dendrobium lasianthera*. It had taken to this day in 1976, nearly 20 years, to find it. It was worth every day.



**Top** Amboin patrol post, 1967.  
**bottom** Orchid gatherers bring in their harvest by canoe.



## FUEL FOR THOUGHT

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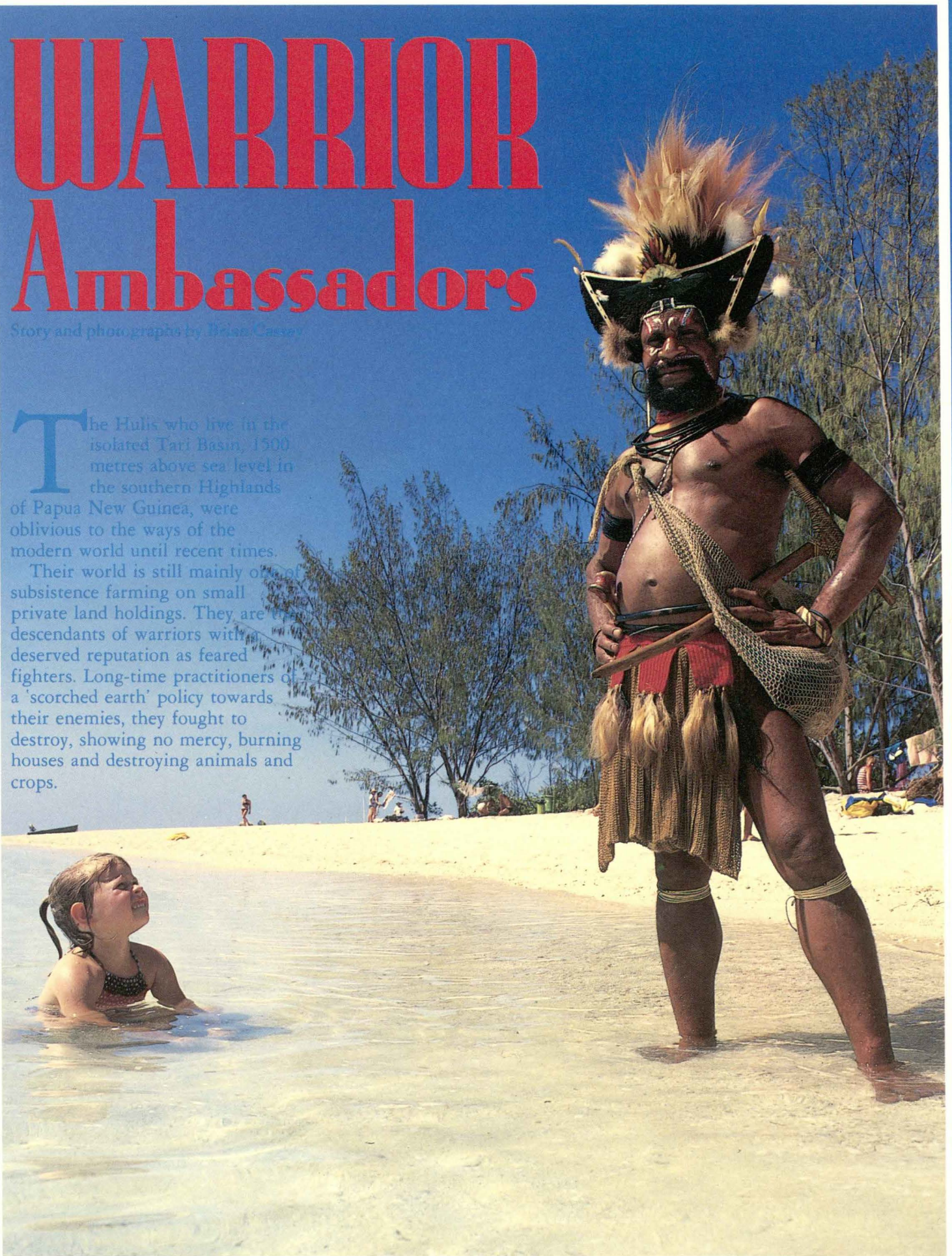


# WARRIOR Ambassadors

Story and photographs by Brian Casper

**T**he Hulis who live in the isolated Tari Basin, 1500 metres above sea level in the southern Highlands of Papua New Guinea, were oblivious to the ways of the modern world until recent times.

Their world is still mainly one of subsistence farming on small private land holdings. They are the descendants of warriors with a deserved reputation as feared fighters. Long-time practitioners of a 'scorched earth' policy towards their enemies, they fought to destroy, showing no mercy, burning houses and destroying animals and crops.



In contrast, Cairns is Australia's northern-most city, a modern metropolis, fast making its mark on the international tourist scene. Nestled between the mountains that frame the Atherton Tablelands and the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef, Cairns has shown unprecedented growth in recent years. It is Australia's fastest growing tourist playground.

These two cultures came face-to-face during a ten-day promotional visit to Cairns, organised by Trans Niugini Tours. Cairns was not quite ready for its invasion by three Huli warriors, wielding bows and arrows, their faces painted with bright ceremonial paint and dressed in their traditional laplap, shell and bone adornments, intricate wigs of human hair and bird feathers.

If the people of Cairns were surprised at the sight of weapon-carrying warriors wandering the city's streets, what a culture shock Cairns was to the Huli warriors!

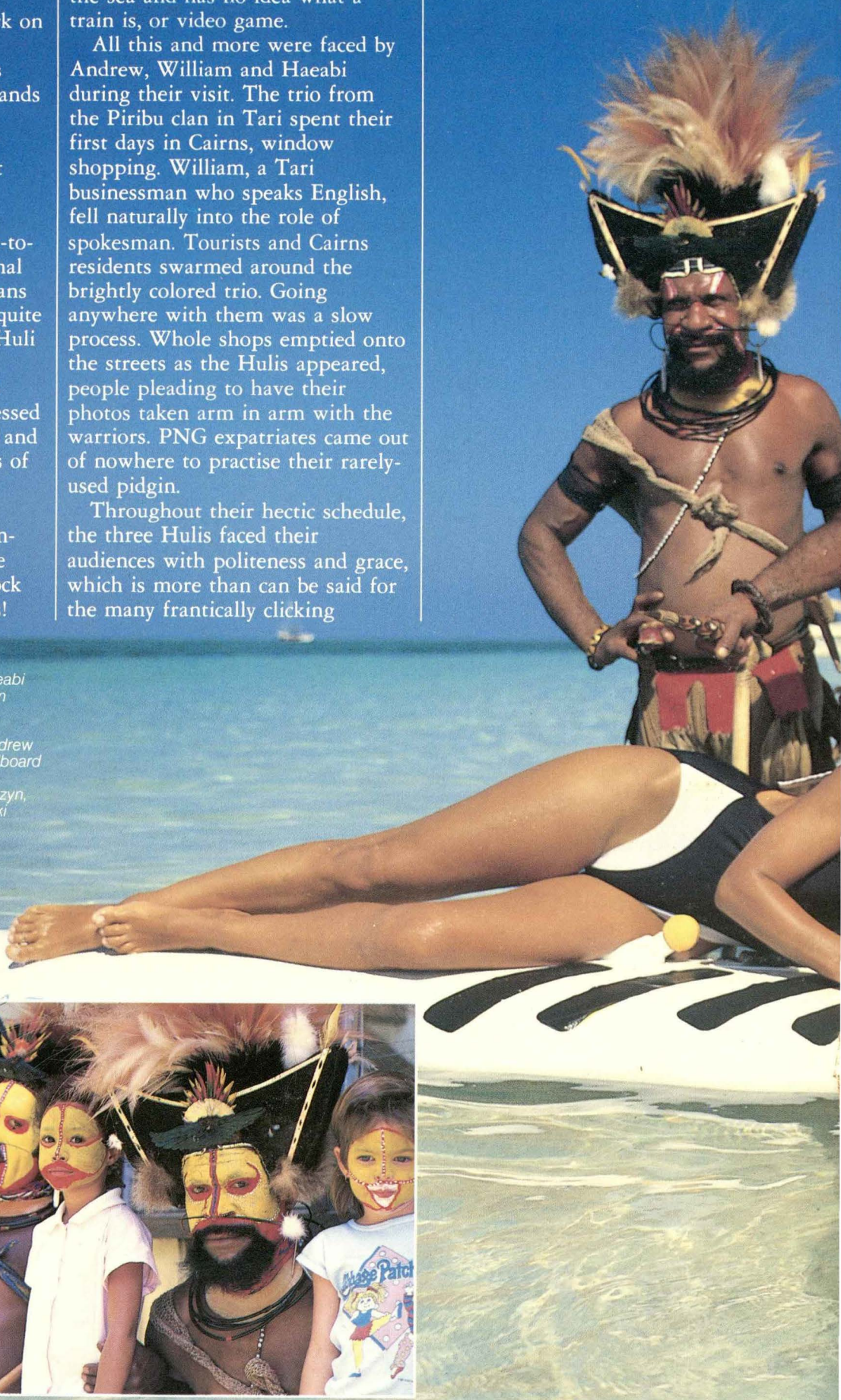
The average Huli has never seen the sea and has no idea what a train is, or video game.

All this and more were faced by Andrew, William and Haeabi during their visit. The trio from the Piribu clan in Tari spent their first days in Cairns, window shopping. William, a Tari businessman who speaks English, fell naturally into the role of spokesman. Tourists and Cairns residents swarmed around the brightly colored trio. Going anywhere with them was a slow process. Whole shops emptied onto the streets as the Hulis appeared, people pleading to have their photos taken arm in arm with the warriors. PNG expatriates came out of nowhere to practise their rarely-used pidgin.

Throughout their hectic schedule, the three Hulis faced their audiences with politeness and grace, which is more than can be said for the many frantically clicking

**Title page** Marianna Doherty surveys Haeabi who surveys unfamiliar seascape at Green Island.

**This page, right** Haeabi, William and Andrew with Rhea Reedy from Green Island's sailboard shop. **below** Face painting at Balaclava School, Cairns with (from left) Troy Petryszyn, Andrew, Raelene Zinner, Haeabi and Vicki Hinchcliff.





tourists who almost went to war over who was to take which pictures and where!

William, Andrew and Haeabi won an early victory on their Cairns campaign when, on the first Saturday of the 'Fun in the Sun' festival, they took out the 'Best Commercial Float' prize in the grand parade, with the help of the Australia-New Guinea Society and Air Niugini. Ecstatic over the win, the men paraded around with their trophy. At the show in Munro Martin Park, they demonstrated face painting and explained the construction of their intricate wigs made from their own hair, dried flowers, cuscus fur, cassowary and



bird of paradise feathers. William demonstrated the use of the bow and arrow and nearly gave organisers heart failure when, egged on by an enthusiastic crowd, he pretended to fire an arrow into the air. When worried organisers could bring themselves to look, William was standing, grinning with the arrow firmly in his hand.

The most daunting experience for the Hulis was the trip to Green Island, an atoll 25 kilometres off Cairns. None of the Hulis could swim, an unnecessary skill in the Tari Basin's creeks. Their first sight of the ocean had been from the aircraft on the trip down from PNG. Their initial trepidation evaporated when they boarded the ferry and were swamped by Japanese, American, English and German tourists snapping pictures and asking questions. Thankfully, the sea between Cairns and Green Island was like glass and the spectre of sea sickness was not raised.

The arrival at Green Island was chaotic. At least 15 minutes was spent on the jetty as almost every

tourist on the full boat took turns to stand with the Hulis for the inevitable photo call. Escaping to the underwater observatory, the trio were told they were going under the sea. Mild panic set in until we explained that they were not going to get wet but would be in a room under the water. All were enthralled by the thousands of fish swimming less than a metre away. "Pis, pis (fish)," yelled Andrew as he made a chopping action with his axe.

The experience of being surrounded by water mastered, they marched down the jetty for the next step — actual immersement in the crystal clear sea. Down the beach the trio bravely strode into the flat calm coral sea — up to their knees — then stopped! Any further would have brought the risk of dampening the tiny laplap. Cairns manager of the New Guinea Adventure Centre, Karen Hill, did everything in her power to coax the warriors further. In frustration she splashed the lot of them. This brought instant retaliation and a 'no holds barred' water fight as the

Hulis ignored potential damage to precious wigs that had taken two years to make. A truce eventually was called and the combatants retired to Marineland Melanesia. Here the Hulis stood in awe of the creature they respected the most, the crocodile. Although there are no crocodiles in the Highlands, the reptile's fearsome reputation has crept up the mountains from villages on the coast and rivers.

Andrew and Haeabi spent the ferry trip back to Cairns working out the intricacies of radar and navigation. William held court in the passenger lounge surrounded by more inquisitive tourists.


The following day brought the Hulis a new challenge — a train journey. Viewing the spectacular scenery en route to Kuranda brought its own problems. While other tourists lined the sides of the





*Above* William and Andrew come to close quarters with the Coral Sea. *top left* Mixing with the tourists.

carriages with heads out of the windows, the Hülis mostly resisted this temptation, to protect their precious and spectacular bird of paradise feathers on their wigs! The Kuranda highlight for the visitors was the Tjupakai Dance



Theatre, a spectacular hour-long show by Aboriginal performers. Despite language problems, the Hulis sat entranced throughout and were fascinated by the similarities between the Aboriginal culture and their own. Both are based on a strong relationship with their fellows, both include body and face painting and personal decoration. The two cultures warmly mingled after the show, comparing notes, and the Hulis were given the chance to play the didgeridoo. William almost certainly was the first Huli to play the didgeridoo!

The Hulis rounded off their Cairns adventure with an educational visit to the Balaclava State School. The school assembled under trees to hear William's lecture on the Huli lifestyle and Haeabi and Andrew painted children's faces with traditional bright red, yellow and white designs. The young students soon lost any inhibitions and their questions showed a remarkable curiosity about these inhabitants of Australia's closest neighbor.

*Left* William on the Kuranda train.

As a public relations exercise the Hulis' visit was a master stroke. These charming men, characteristic of the vast majority of PNG's population, went a long way to dispelling any misconceptions about the people of PNG.

Air Niugini flies direct between Cairns and Port Moresby with connecting flights to Tari and other PNG destinations.



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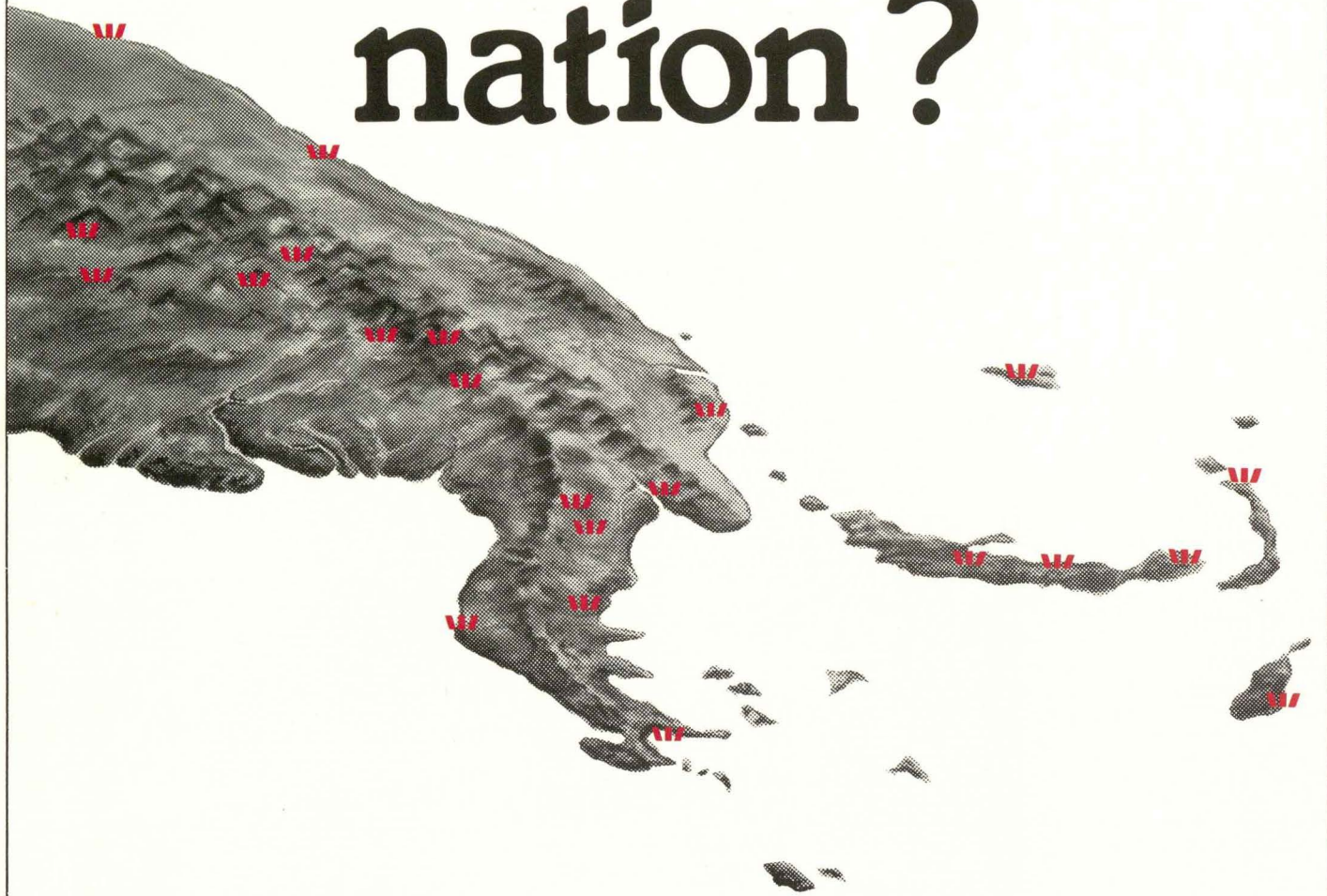
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# NEWSPAPER STORY

Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

The offices of Papua New Guinea's major newspaper, the Post-Courier, are at the bottom of Lawes Road, Port Moresby. They are just next to the *stret pasin stoa* (shop) where women sit cross-legged in the hot sun, selling betel nut. Outside, an old printing press stands beneath the shady trees.

The Post-Courier was 20

years old this year, born of a marriage of convenience between the daily South Pacific Post and the weekly New Guinea Times Courier. The merger contained a link with the past because the weekly was the result of a previous merger between the New Guinea Courier (founded in 1958) and the Rabaul Times (founded in 1925).

The mergers that made one

newspaper from three were a natural consequence of all having come under the control of the Australian publishing giant, The Herald and Weekly Times of Melbourne. This company was taken over recently by News Limited, the Sydney-based conglomerate which controls newspapers all over the world. In spite of now belonging to a multi-national group, the Post-Courier main-



Left Post-Courier office, Port Moresby. inset The newsroom.



tains its distinctive personality, reflecting the community it serves.

Until 1975, when New Zealand gave financial aid for the purpose, Papua New Guinea had no established form of training in journalism. Journalists had in-house training as cadets by the two principal employers of the time, the Department of Information and the National Broadcasting Commission. The aid money was used to set up a program at the University of PNG which by 1985 had developed into a two-year diploma in Media Studies. By 1986 the four-year Bachelor of Arts in Journalism was established and 1989 has seen its first five graduates. The course attracts not only students from other countries in the region — one of this year's graduates was from Vanuatu — but also working journalists wanting to improve qualifications.

PNG has five major newspapers; the English language daily papers, Post-Courier and Niugini Nius; two English language weekly papers, The Times and the Arawa Bulletin; and Wantok, a weekly paper in Tok Pisin (PNG pidgin). In the early days Post-Courier was published in both pidgin and English. The pidgin version, called Nu Gini Toktok, was produced between 1962 and 1970.

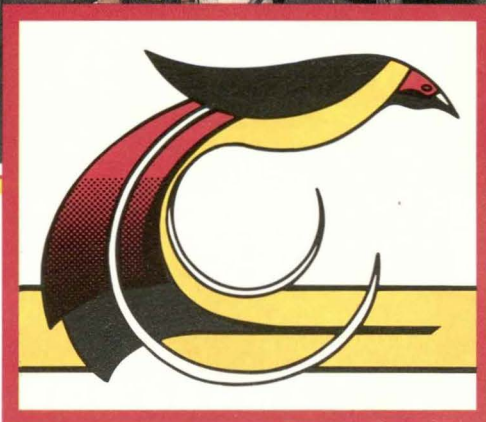
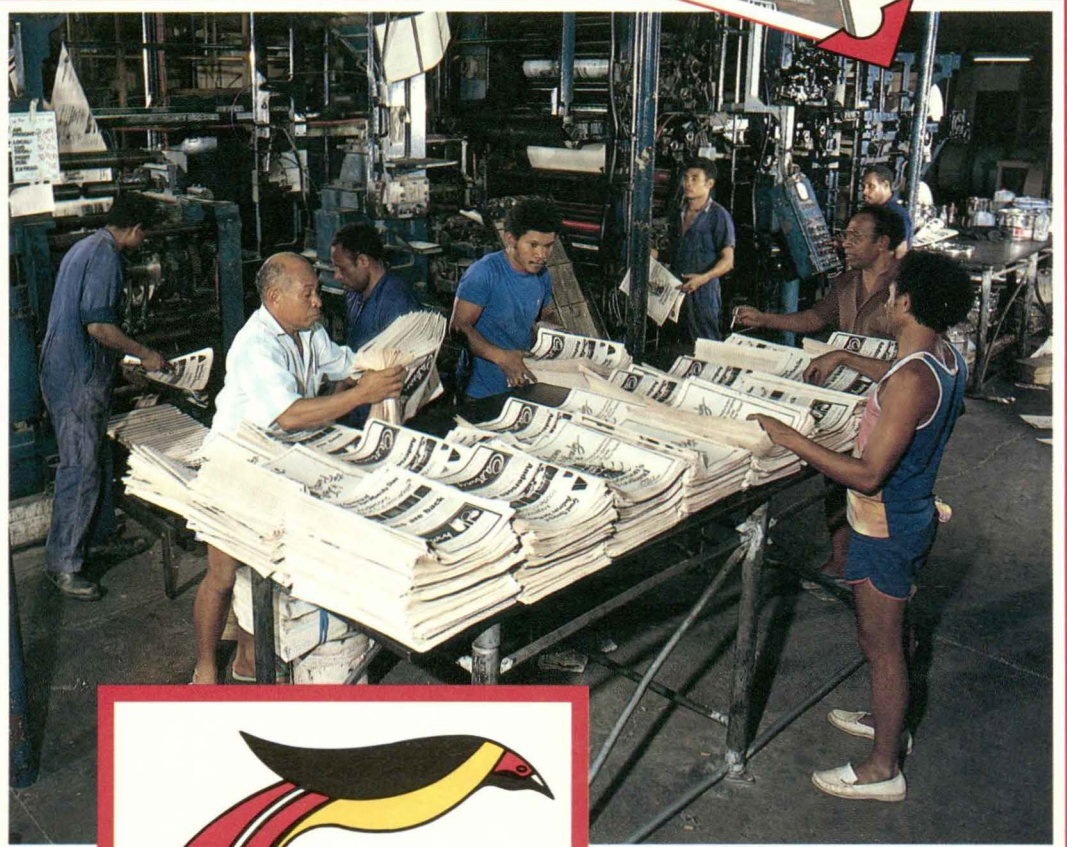
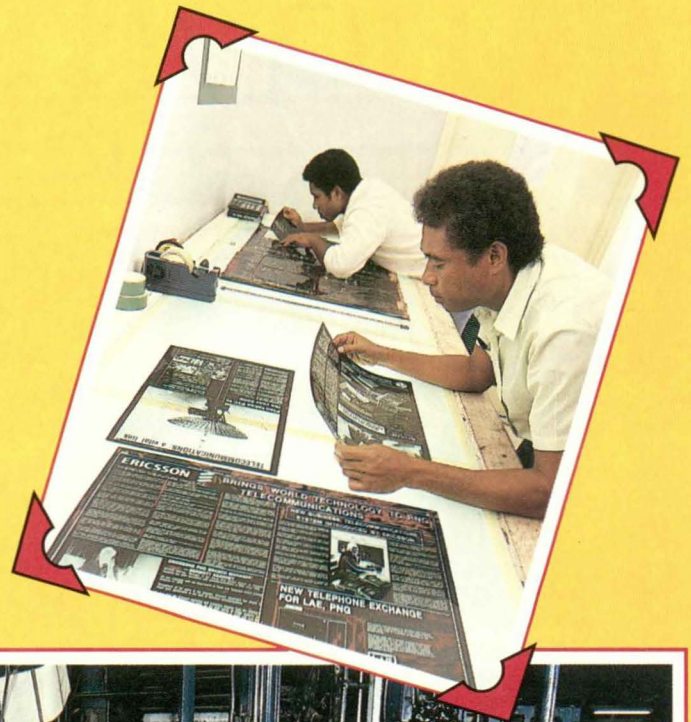
Production of the Post-Courier is a long way from the things most frequently associated with PNG — painted faces, singsings and 'primitive culture'. It is a part of a nation that is growing and moving rapidly to hold its own in a modern world. The newsroom is a hive of activity; phones ring constantly and reporters work on the recently installed on-line computers. Post-Courier has PNG's first full

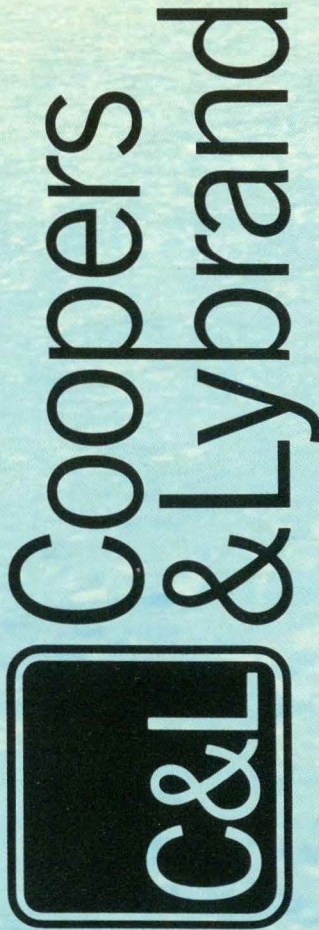
pre-press production system. Copy can be pulled up and edited on any of the terminals, typeset through photsetter or laser setter and along with display advertising and classifieds can be organised into dummy pages.

A new four-color printing press assists Post Printing, a subsidiary, in its work. As the leading commercial printing operation in the country, they produce for the largest advertising agencies. South Pacific beer logos roll off the press, along with calendars, football league posters, and many other commercial labels. It has come a long way in 20 years, from the time when flooding on the ground floor from the creek bed underneath was a frequent occurrence.

Luke Sela, editor of Post-Courier, has spent many years in the business. Starting out as a cadet with the Australian

**Top** Preparing film in readiness for making printing plates. **bottom** Bundling Post-Couriers for distribution as they come off the press.





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**Top** Pasting up and assembling advertising artwork. **bottom** A new four-colour offset printing press.

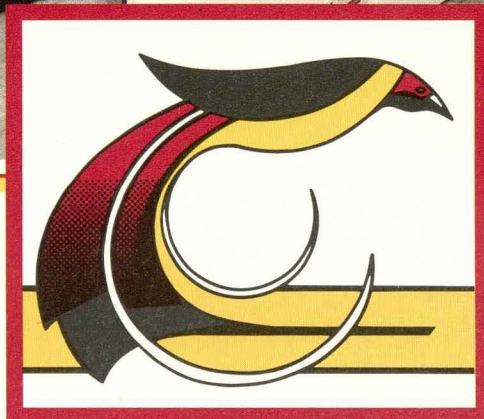


Broadcasting Corporation, he set up a news service with Australian journalist John Ryan, offering news to newspapers, radio and television. Later, in 1971 he joined the PNG Broadcasting Service as a newsroom reporter and was promoted to become the first PNG news editor of what was at the time, the country's biggest news service. In 1973 ABC and the government service amalgamated and NBC was born. Luke then became assistant director of the Department of Information. In 1974 Chief Minister Michael Somare asked him to go to the Sydney consulate to set up an information service in preparation for Independence. In 1976 he was approached by the Post-Courier with the position of chief of staff; he accepted and in 1978 became editor. Blaise Nangoi took over the position

of chief of staff.

Each year the Commonwealth Press Union, based in London and representing news organisations in the British Commonwealth, offers a trip around Britain to 10 senior journalists. The idea is that they live, study and have working experience in various cities around the UK. Last year the Post-Courier was offered a place and Blaise Nangoi attended, spending time with the BBC worldwide radio program, Reuters and the Press Association. PNG's involvement with the worldwide media network is increasing. A member of Pacjourn, Pacific Journalists, which has 12 participating countries, there is discussion of an exchange program being set up which would facilitate journalists working in other countries for periods of three months. Peter Henshall, now lecturing in Journalism at UPNG, is preparing a report for UNESCO on the possibility of establishing a national news agency for PNG. The purpose of it would be to send PNG news to overseas publications.

Media reflect and model society. Post-Courier has an estimated readership of 33,960 daily. In a country where freedom of the press is enjoyed it has an enormous responsibility and plays a significant role in the path of PNG's development.





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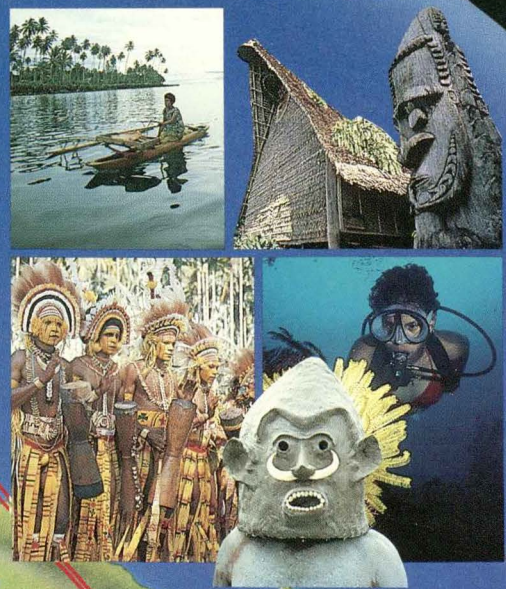
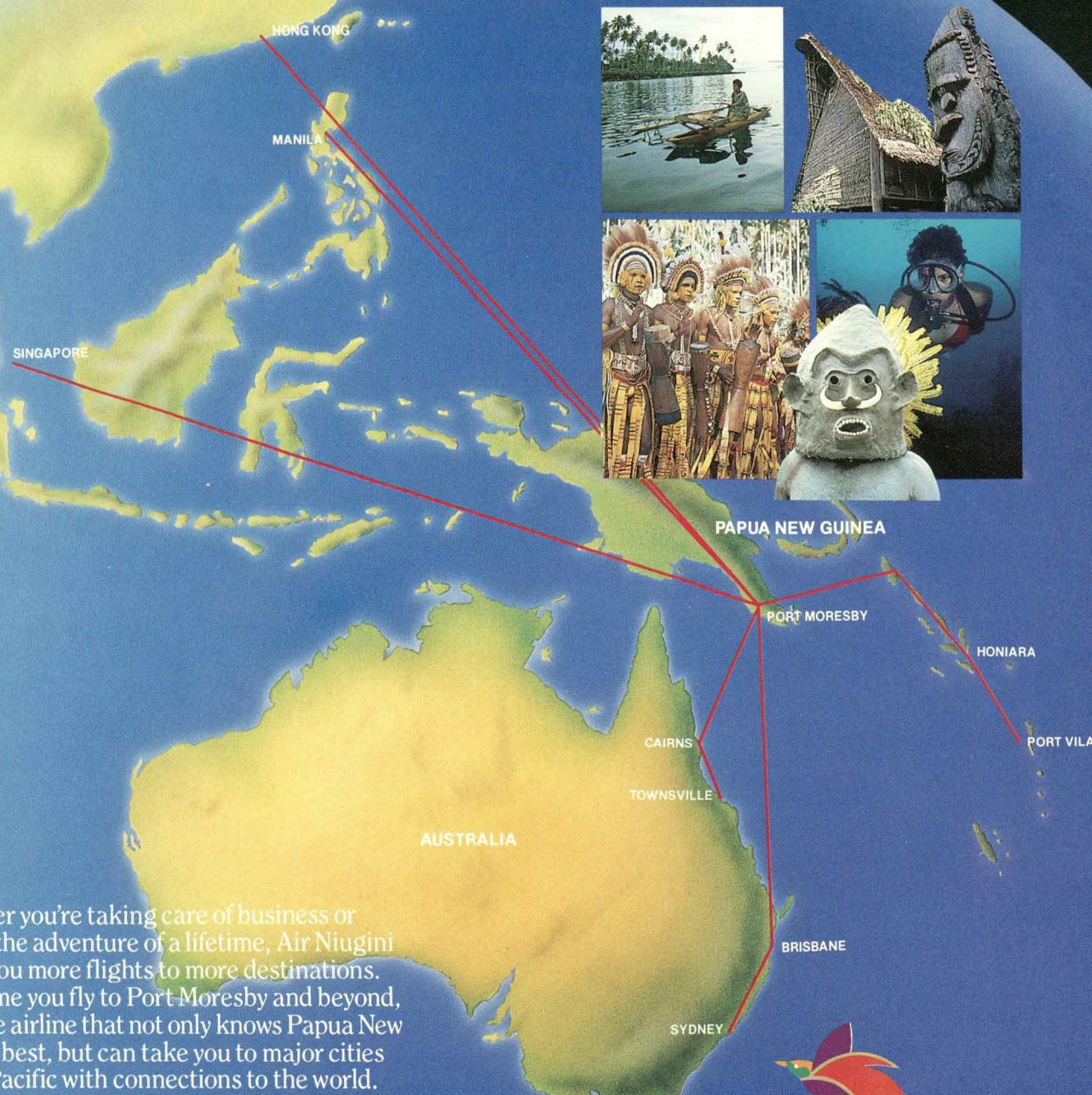
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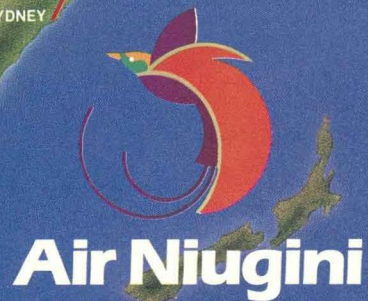


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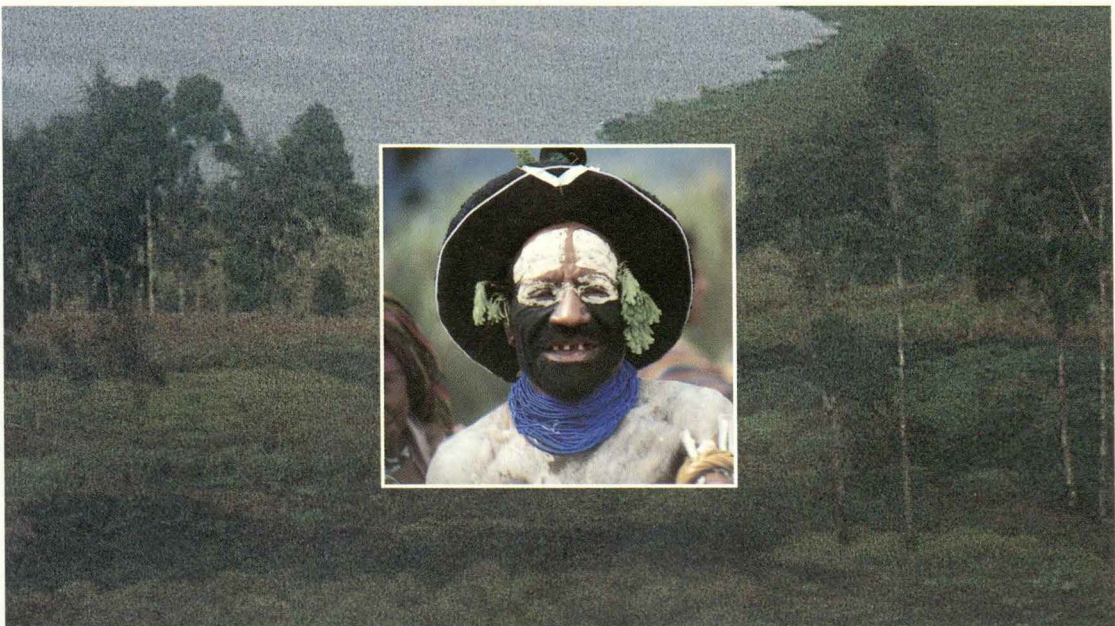


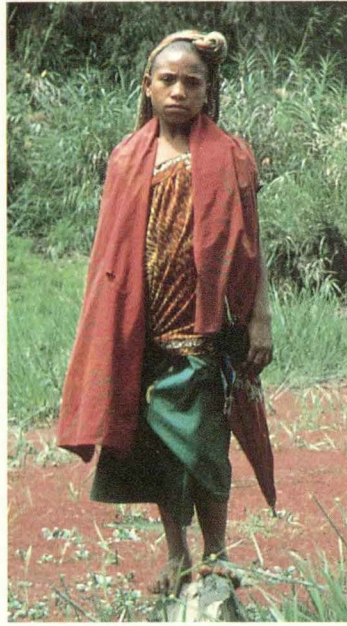




# ENGA

Story by Daniel Kumbon Photographs by Daniel Kumbon and Peter Piaon





**Title page** Lake Sirunki 2600 metres above sea level. **inset** Wabag man decorated for a singsing.



**This page, from top left** Net tribesman; Paiela woman; Tore village youngsters. **below** Paiela landscape.

**E**xploring Enga, Papua New Guinea's youngest province, would have no appeal to people who accept media reports or gossip at face value. It is true there is tribal warfare. But it does not concern visitors. Fighting among the people is a minor internal affair for those Engans directly involved with the cause of a particular conflict.

The root of the problem is that fighting has always been an Engan tradition. It runs deep, culturally and psychologically, and the urge and readiness to resolve a dispute on

the battlefield is in the blood. However, the people do not attack at random — they know who their enemies are. No visitor can become involved or endangered unless he or she takes sides and becomes actively involved by choice.

Enga has much to offer the curious traveller. It is a land whose people, altitude, scenic beauty and flora, particularly orchids, fascinate visitors.

Treating visitors with respect and courtesy is a natural practice for an Engan. As part of the process to prepare children for adulthood, parents persistently instruct them:

"You must give the choicest of foods and provide the most comfortable beds for your visitors. People will treat you the same when you go on long trips."

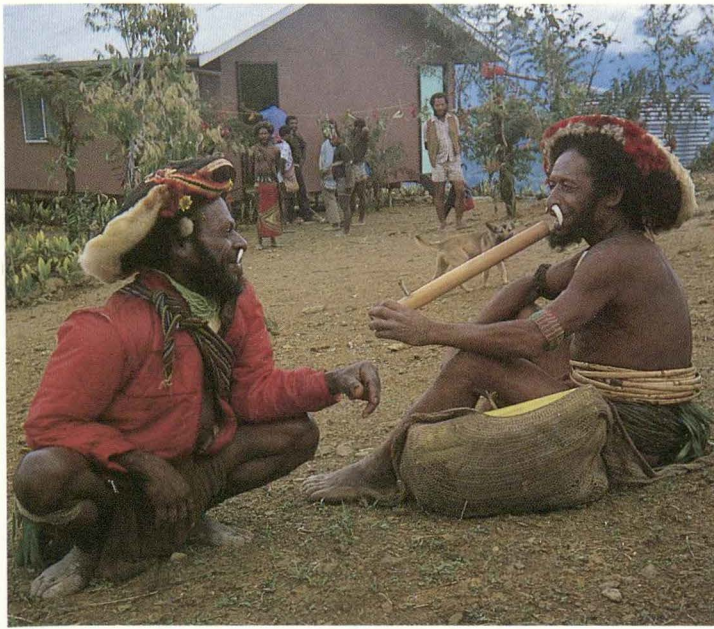
It is still the land Jim L. Taylor described as 'garden land' during his famous Hagen-Sepik patrol of 1938. He recorded what he saw as he and J. R. Black walked up the Lai Valley from Rakamanda to Tore village in the Wabag district of Enga.

"We were now in the heart of the valley, one of the most beautiful in New Guinea, if not in the world. Everywhere were

fine, well-laid-out garden plots mostly of sweet potato and groves of casuarina. Well-cut and graded roads traversed the countryside and small parks or playgrounds, the 'bena' of Mt Hagen people or 'kama' as they are called here, dotted the landscape, which resembled a huge botanic garden. It may well be the garden valley of the Lai.

"Today's was one of the most beautiful journeys in my experiences. Travelling on a central ridge with valleys on either side, the Lai as it is known and the Ambum. The color and beauty of the interior





**Left** Paiela men share a bamboo pipe. **below** Rugged Enga countryside.



of New Guinea must be seen to be believed — a garden land.”

The province’s 200,000 people are bound by one common language — Enga. Curiously, Enga is a Melpha word from Mt Hagen describing the people to the west. And so the early Europeans who penetrated the province named the people as such.

I am an Engan from Kandep, one of the six districts that make up the province. After leaving school in the mid 1970s I worked and lived outside. I thought I knew all about my province but since

coming back I learned that there is much more I have yet to discover.

The beginning of my ‘discovery’ of my province began in early 1985. I viewed it from the perspective of a Japanese visitor to the country, Mr Eisuke Shimauchi, a professional photographer. We were on assignment collecting material for a book ‘Faces and Voices of PNG’.

Shimauchi, who was in the country for only two months, was intrigued by the beauty of the Enga landscape and its people as we drove over Mt Hagen range, through the

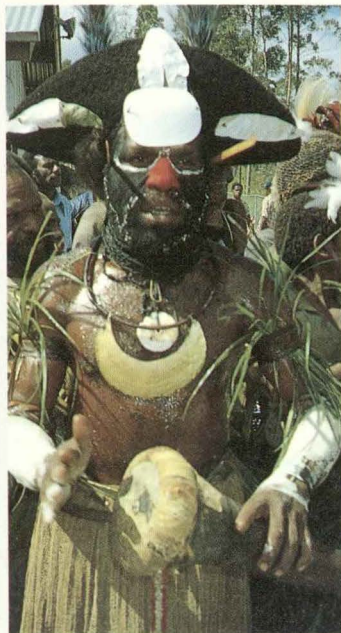
narrow Minamb Valley, into the Lai Valley up to the Kaiap Orchid Lodge perched on a ridge 2,700 metres above sea level. This was the route Jim Taylor had taken 51 years earlier. Mr Shimauchi saw the spectacular Ambum and Lai Valleys as Taylor had seen; the only difference was that we were now driving up the ridge on a modern road.

On our way up to Kaiap Orchid Lodge I pointed out Tore village where the explorers, the Leahy brothers, Daniel and Michael, had a skirmish with the locals in 1935 in which one warrior was shot

dead. The brothers were forced back from there due to the incident and illness.

At Kaiap Orchid Lodge, I interviewed the proprietor and Kamainwan leader, Peter Piao, while Shimauchi climbed trees and staggered up hills with his camera pack. He had a photography feast capturing the scenes and collection of orchids cultivated on the lodge grounds.

The lodge was built by Mr Piao on the advice of Andree Millar (see page 15), author of ‘Orchids in Papua New Guinea’. She advised him that Enga had lots of orchid species



**Left** Wapenamanda man in singsing bilas (finery).



# It takes more than paint to hold Papua New Guinea together

From the rusty reds of the Sepik to the vivid vermilions of Milne Bay, the faces of Papua New Guinea tell a story rich in tradition and culture. But paint is skin-deep, as we at ICI DULUX know only too well.

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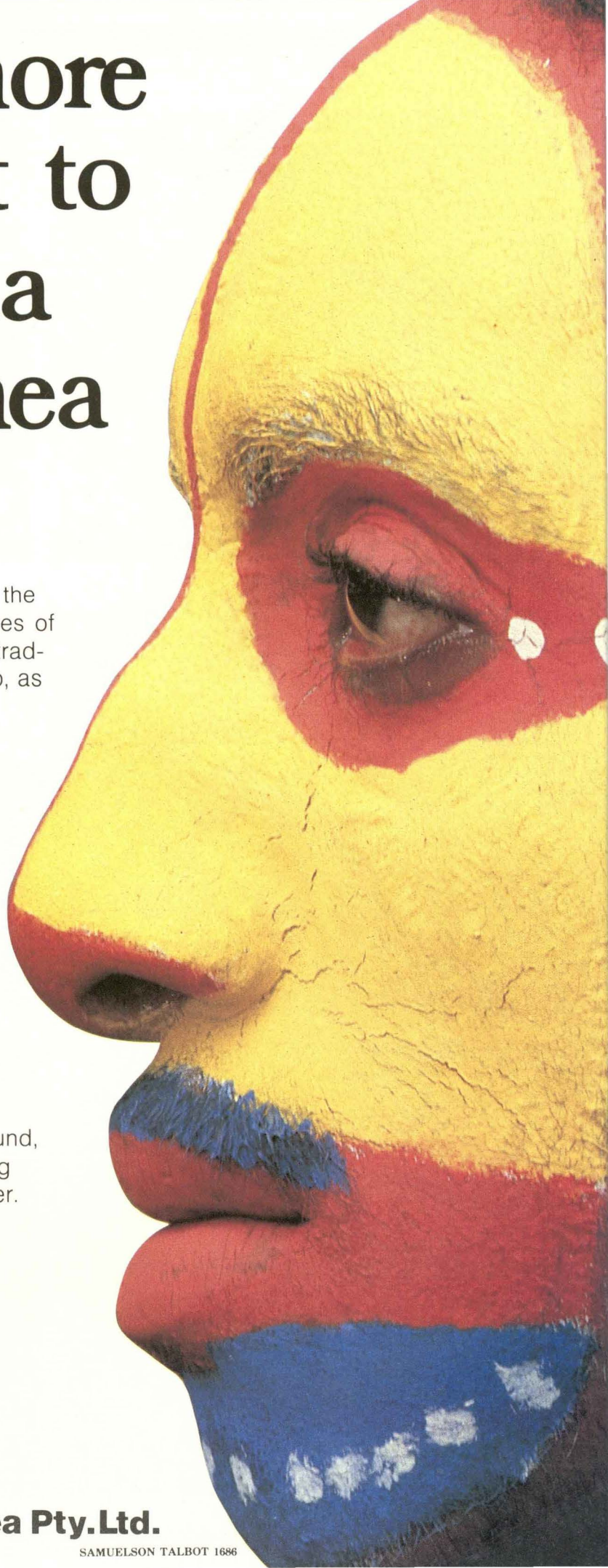
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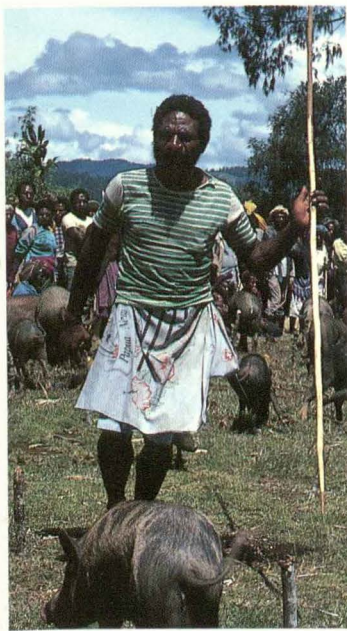
All in all, there's a lot more holding ICI DULUX together than just paint. Rather like Papua New Guinea.



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**Left** Pig for exchange at a Wabag 'tee' ceremony. **right** Young Engan at Kaiap Orchid Lodge. **below** View from Kaiap Orchid Lodge.



that would attract orchid lovers from around the world. Today Kaiap Orchid Lodge receives many visitors and it is the main privately-run tourist haven in the province.

There are nearly 1,000 species of orchids in Enga of which up to 200 are of the *Bulbophyllum* and *Dendrobium* families. Orchids from all over the province were collected and are now cultivated at the Highlands Orchid Collection Centre in Laigam.

There is one type of orchid; 'Dendrobium Engae' which is unique to Enga. It is officially recognised as a symbol and is

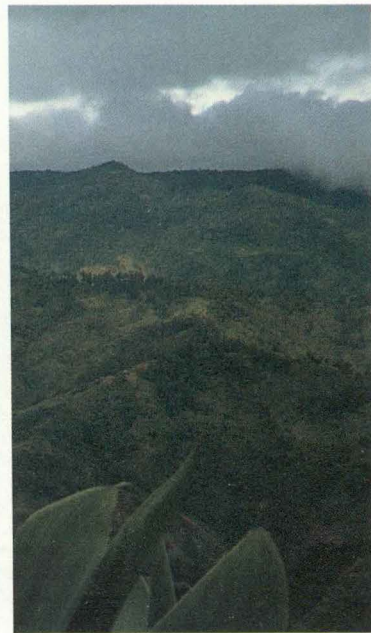
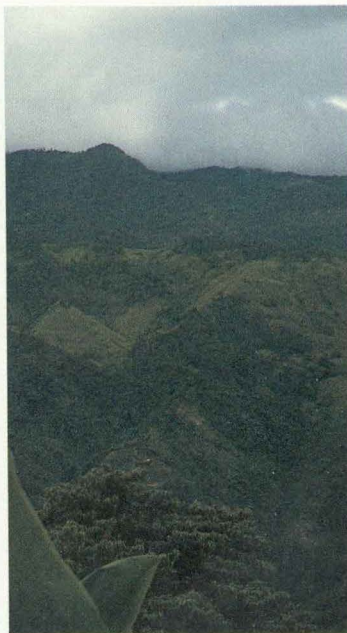
featured on the provincial flag.

The next day, Mr Shimauchi and I drove on to the Laigam, passing beautiful Lake Sirunki at 2,600 metres. Legend has it that a fair skinned 'water woman' lives in the lake and many elder people forbid their young sons to go near the water's edge because it is believed the 'water woman' might entice them to drown to make them her husbands. Several young men have perished — the latest being last year when two drowned — the tragedy of course being blamed on the legendary, evil 'water woman'.

Now my job as a government information officer takes me to almost all corners of the province. I have seen and spoken with the once fierce Hewa people, the Net, the Penale and the Ipili people of Porgera and Paiela who live in remote pockets of Enga accessible only by air or on foot. Their dress and way of life is completely different from my own Kandep people or the Laigam, Wabag, Kompam or Wapenamanda people. We can all speak and understand our one common language, Enga, but our dress and other customs differ.

The harder type of tourist can walk off into these remote areas and meet these people. They can observe their traditional lifestyles, the way they make gardens, how they conduct marriage ceremonies and singsings. The visitor can observe pig kills involving the slaughter of hundreds of pigs and witness trade negotiations, especially the complex 'tee' exchange ceremony.

Much time is spent in the preparation of an individual for public display; thus an Engan at a singsing is a living message. Nowadays singsings are held to celebrate the open-





**Left** Helicopter ferrying supplies to the Mt Kare goldfields. **right** Enga orchid. **below** Umbrellas are status symbols in the Enga high country.



ing of a church building, school, aid post or other government or mission institution established to serve the people.

In Enga one can walk through virgin rain forests, along ridges or across giddy swaying rope bridges which are still used by remote villagers in the deep gorges of the Laigap, Lai, Porgera, Sau, Mariant and Wage rivers — headwaters of the mighty Sepik, Fly, Purari and Kikori rivers.

In June last year I went on a patrol by myself to find out about the changes the Ipili

people of Porgera and Paiela were experiencing due to gold mining activity there.

Their staple food had become fish and rice. They were sleeping on mattresses. Every child seemed to have a torch and umbrella. Almost all the people were wearing western clothes with watches and shoes included.

There were stores dotted along the route I took — the stock supplied by privately hired helicopters which had become like PMVs (Public Motor Vehicles) to these people. The goods being sold were very expensive. But because of

the long walk before me I was forced to buy food at the expensive rates. Among other foodstuff I bought a tin of cake which cost me K4.

We walked on up to Mt Kare where we saw hundreds of people searching for gold. In the rain as they walked back to their huts with their gold dishes on their heads they looked more like peasants in a huge paddy-field. The huts they had built around the goldfield resembled a refugee camp.

Nevertheless, Enga is a beautiful place I thought. Some of the places I had seen on the

Paiela-Mt Kare-Porgera patrol were really picturesque. I recalled how the people were trying to adapt to change which at the same time struggling to keep their old ways.

Air Niugini operates regular services between Port Moresby and Wapenamanda in Enga Province.

Walking tours, with guides and porters, can be arranged through Thomson Puki Pia, PO Box 193, Wabag, EP, PNG, Telephone 522087 or 57128.



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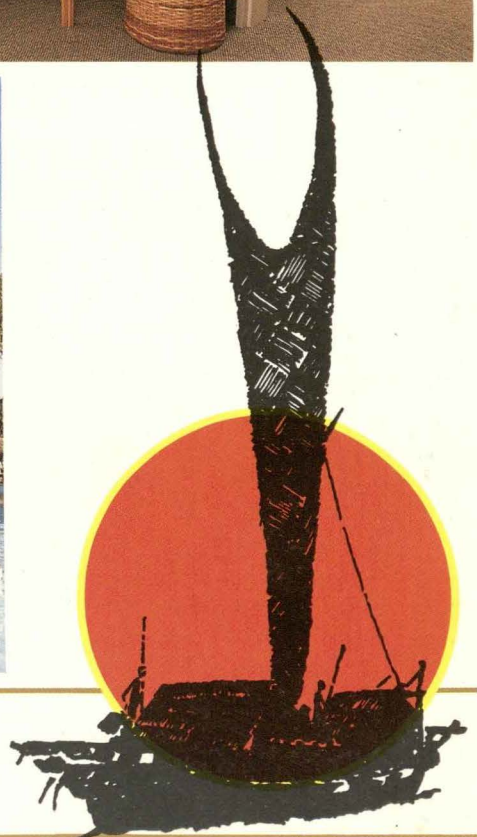
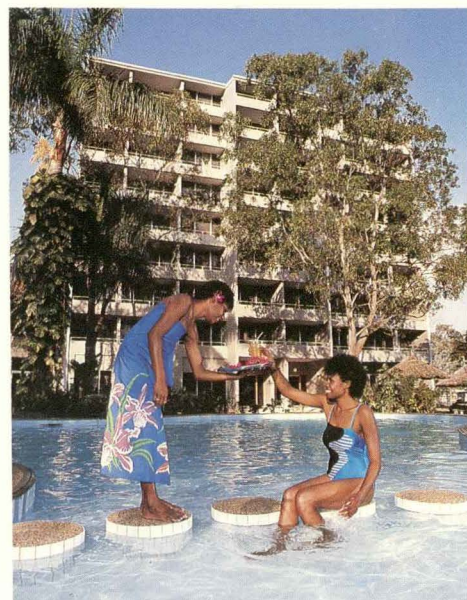
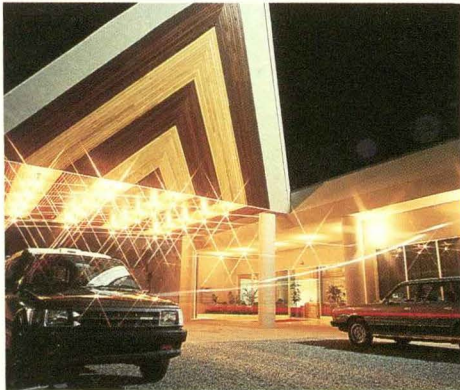
Set in ten acres of tropical gardens, the Islander is located midway between the airport and the city centre, within 5 minutes drive of Central Government Offices, Parliament House and the National Museum.

Facilities include:

- 186 deluxe rooms and suites
- Direct-dial telephones with computer modems
- Colour TV and in-house video
- Complete secretarial services
- Conference and banquetting facilities for up to 500 people
- Travel agency
- Florist
- Hire car service
- Hairdressing salon
- Boutique
- News agency
- Coffee shop
- Restaurant
- Cocktail bar
- Night club
- 4 glass backed squash courts
- 2 synthetic grass tennis courts
- Fully equipped gymnasium
- Swimming pool
- Complimentary airport transfers

The location is only one reason you will choose the Islander. The luxurious accommodations together with the superb cuisine, whether it be from our Kofi Haus Coffee Shop, from the elegant Sanamarie A'La Carte restaurant, or from our 24 hour room service, and the professional service from our courteous staff are all reasons why the Islander is Papua New Guinea's only truly International Hotel.

**The Pacific has great hotels...  
the Islander is the great hotel of the Pacific.**



**The Islander Hotel**

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