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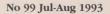
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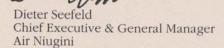
The most interesting and romantic coral reefs are atolls which abound in several areas of PNG, and are great places for diving and photography.

Photographing live shellfish as they hunt and feed has become a passion for leading dive specialists Bob and Dinah Halstead, Producing some amazing results.

One of the world's most travelled scuba adventurers recently dived Papua New Guinea waters and found some of the most spectacular under sea scenes he had ever witnessed.

I hope you enjoy our articles on these and other activities in our special diving issue.

Have a pleasant flight.



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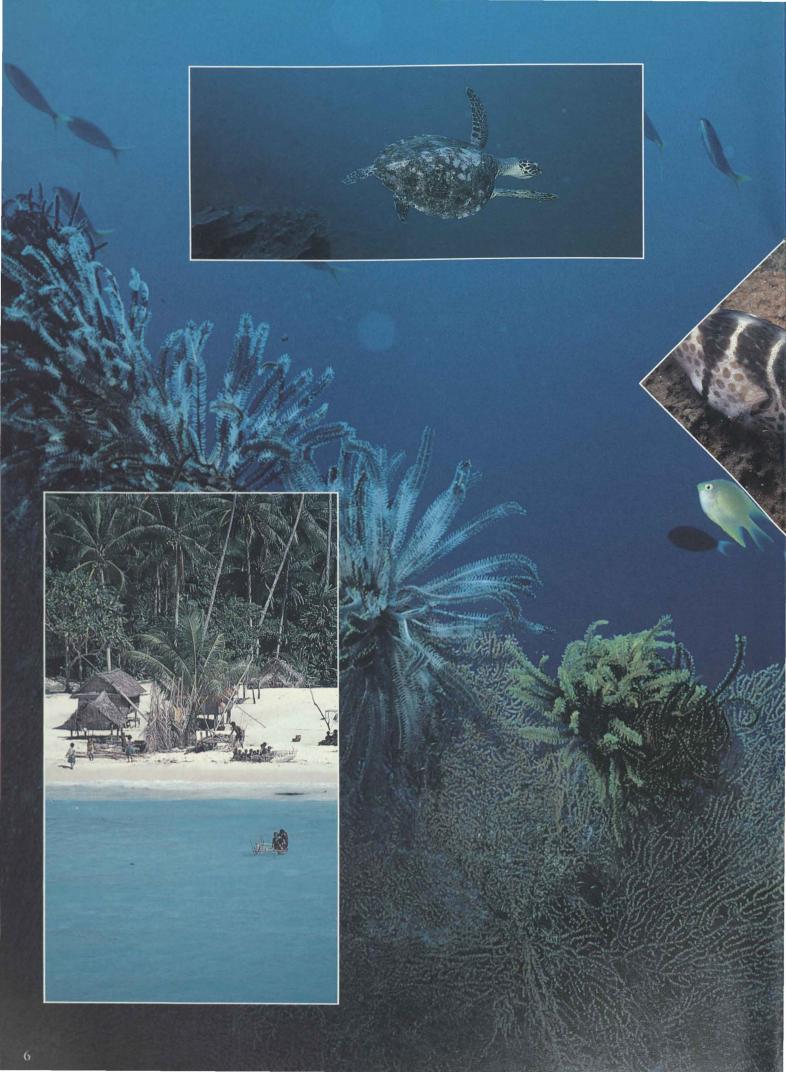
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AN OCTOPUS'S GARDEN

Story and photographs by Kevin Glennon







Madang, and in Manus, New Ireland, New Britain and Morobe province and also in Kimbe Bay on the north coast of New Britain.

The most interesting and romantic of reefs, though, are atolls. The first stage of an atoll is a fringing reef surrounding a volcanic, oceanic island. When volcanic activity ceases the island commences a long, slow process of compacting, eroding, and sinking back into the earth, imperceptibly over many millions of years. The fringing reef, however, is alive and grows upwards as fast as the island subsides. When the island finally disappears, a circular coral reef surrounding a lagoon the size of the original volcanic island remains - an

In PNG, atolls exist in Milne Bay Province, off Bougainville Island, and throughout the Ninigo Group in Manus Province. In practice the surrounding reef may be oval or irregular, and there are often passages through the reef.

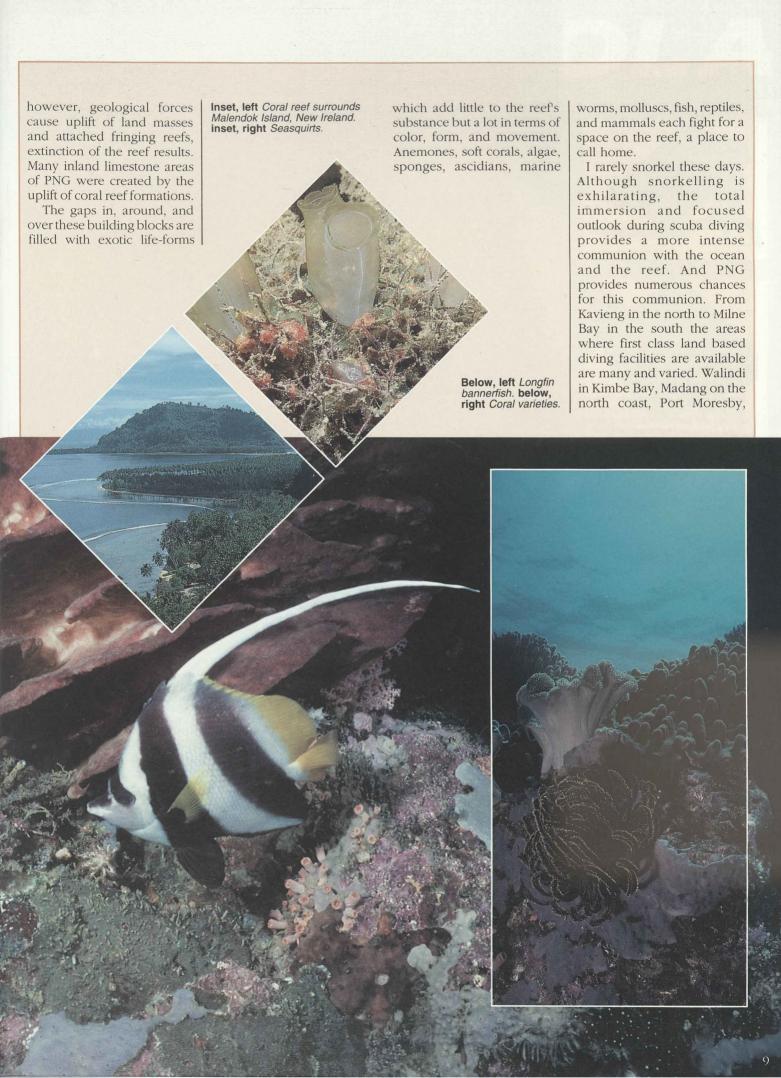
Atolls provide the conditions for the formation of coral cays. These are the picture postcard settings; the turquoise waters, and long sandy beaches with palms behind; the tropical idyll. Coral cays are formed when wind, waves and tide move broken coral, sand and other rubble onto the reef top. Vegetation, the seeds of which are carried by birds or the wind, gains an initial hold and an island or coral cay develops.

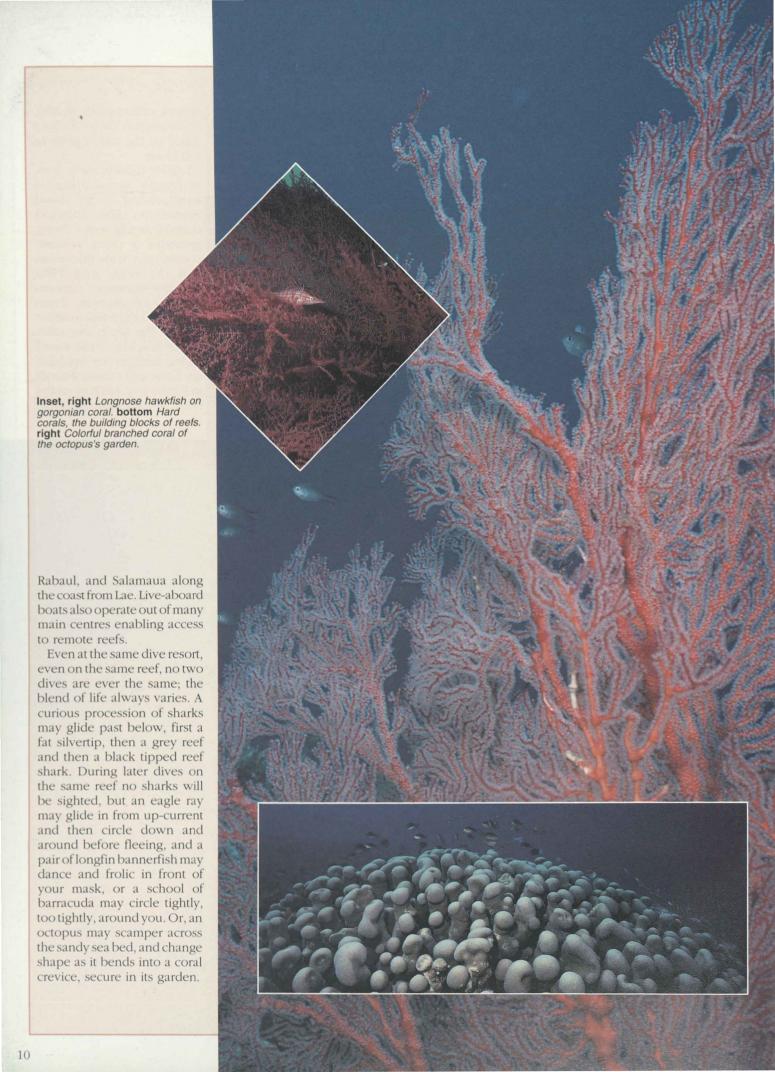
The building blocks of the reef are the hard corals. Small animals, coral polyps, secrete around themselves a skeleton of calcium carbonate (limestone). Tiny algae living within the coral tissues also aid this process. It is the accumulation of limestone that gives the reefs a solid structure and the ability to survive through rises in sea level or the subsidence of islands and continental land masses. If,



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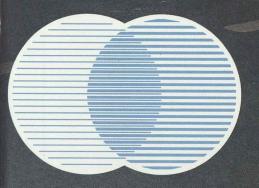




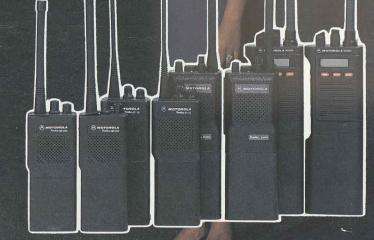




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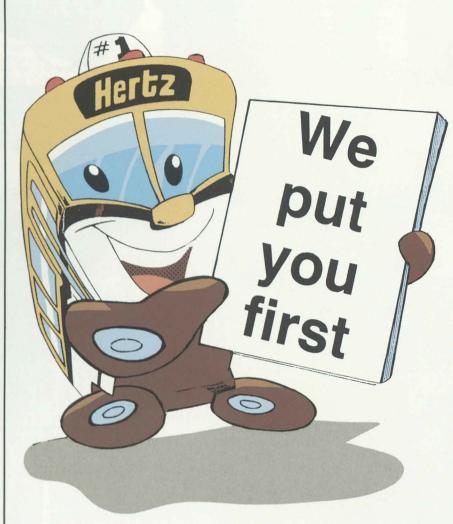
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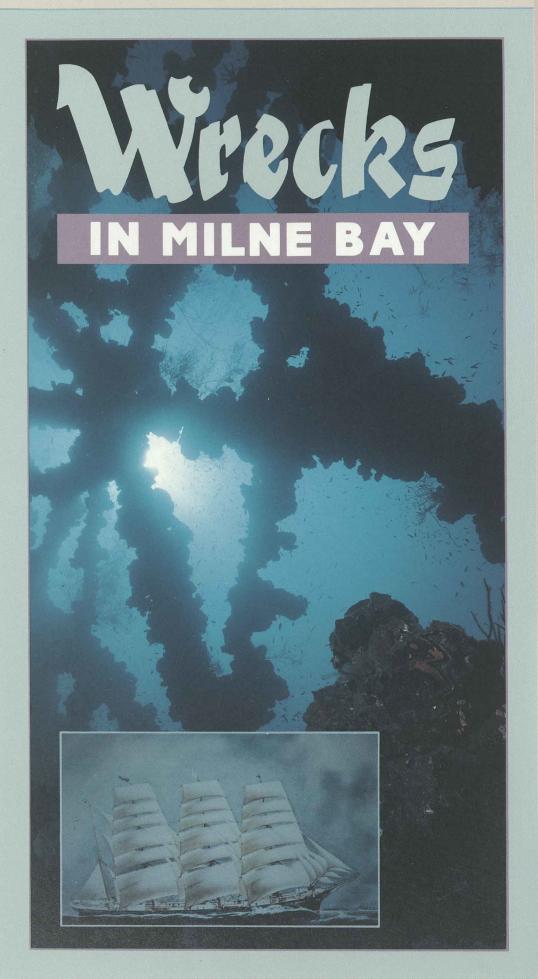
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n 1873 Captain John Moresby was the first European to sail through China Strait. In 1973, just 100 years later, I found myself stepping off a small aircraft to start my new job teaching at Cameron High School near Alotau. I was soon captivated by the charm of Milne Bay and its friendly inhabitants in the same way that Captain John Moresby obviously had been, and being a keen amateur scuba diver, I determined to use my spare time to explore as much of the world underwater as he had above water.

One of the first places I dived was Discovery Bay, named by Moresby. The blue water still rippled up to the coconut palms, and canoes glided about as village men fished, but the most obvious feature of the bay now was a large shipwreck.

The wreck, about 60 metres long, was built of steel and had a beautiful round counter stern and straight stem that suggested a glamorous past. However, the superstructure was pure utility. A dig in the hold soon revealed what the ship had been used for. The ship had been carrying coal (there are still a few tons on board) and had been used to refuel steamships in World War II.

She was built as a fourmasted royal barque and named Buckingham by Queen Victoria herself in England in

Left Remains of the Muscoota's gantry. **inset** Muscoota in her glory days, painted by A.V. Gregory.

Story and photographs by Bob Halstead

1888. She sailed out of Liverpool but eventually went to Germany where she was renamed Ottawa and then Bertha. She was seized in San Francisco when the First World War with Germany was declared and was renamed again Flying Cloud in recognition of her great sailing speed after a famous record breaking clipper ship of that name.

Her name was changed again to the Muscoota to conform with the policy of naming American Shipping Board vessels after American Indian tribes. Bearing this name she was purchased by Captain J.C. Wilvers. Under his brillant captaincy the Muscoota was recognised as the finest sailing ship afloat and continued to break records, once sailing from Melbourne to Newcastle in 52 hours. She was under charter to carry timber from San Francisco to Australia and sailed in the path of the great clippers rounding Cape Horn and surfing through the roaring forties.

Unfortunately on Christmas Day 1922, leaving Melbourne for Sydney, she collided with the Norwegian Steamer Yarra. The bows of Muscoota cut through the Yarra's steel plates and the cook in the galley found himself staring at the figurehead, a likeness of Queen Victoria, which was torn from Muscoota's bow and landed at his feet. The Muscoota was awarded damages against the Yarra but she had sailed her last voyage under her own power.

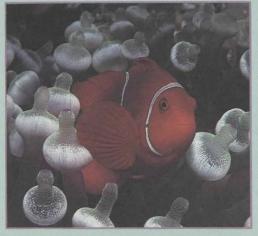
Later she was stripped to a hulk in Sydney and converted to a refuelling barge with the addition of a giant travelling gantry. In 1943 she was towed to Milne Bay to be used to fuel the warships driving the Japanese out of the Pacific Islands.

The end for Muscoota came when she was alongside a ship for refuelling in an unsheltered part of the bay and a strong wind came up. The vessels surged together and Muscoota began to take





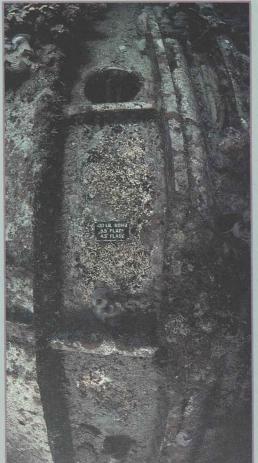
Above Victim of war, the Hudson bomber. above right Remains of the former sailing ship Muscoota. right Tomato clownfish. facing page, near right Plate indicating 100-pound bomb fastener. facing page, far right Nose of the Hudson bomber. below left Tiny file fish. below right Yellow angler fish.

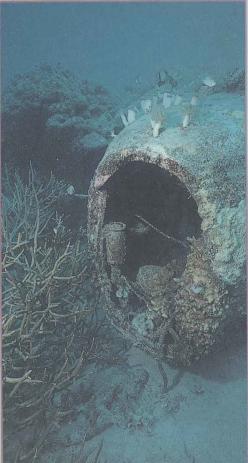












on water. She was quickly towed into the shelter of Discovery Bay, the bow ran up to the beach and lines taken ashore to hold her there. Unfortunately whoever did the job neglected to secure the gantry and as the stern went down, the gantry slid back. The additional weight aft made it impossible to stop the water coming in and eventually she settled her stern on the bottom 25 metres down. And that is how I found her.

After the Battle of the Coral Sea, the Japanese forces invaded Milne Bay hoping to establish a base from which to attack Port Moresby and Australia. A vicious battle was fought in August 1942 which resulted in the first land defeat of the Japanese. I often stumble into evidence of the large Allied base at Milne Bay when I dive around the shores of the bay. A sunken jeep, a tractor, boxes of ammunition, wire rope and debris from the war pushed into the ocean by the departing forces.

Recently some divers found a beautiful intact Lockheed A28 Hudson armed reconnaisance aircraft. Apparently the five crew aboard survived the ditching of the aircraft but there was some confusion since the villagers claim the plane carried Japanese. The Hudson was developed from the Lockheed 14 Electra airliner. The Japanese also developed an almost identical military transport plane, Tachikawa Ki-54c known in Allied code as 'Thalia'.



When we first dived the wreck in December 1992 we could see that there was an observer's seat in the nose, and that the aircraft was heavily armed with no passenger seating, so the evidence pointed to the American built reconnaissance aircraft.

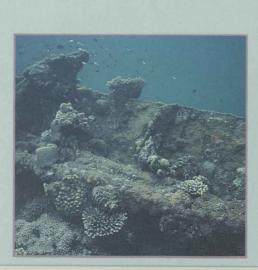
On the next dive however I saw the marks in English for positioning the 100-pound bombs that were sometimes carried and so was able to confirm that the aircraft was American.

Originally the Hudson had ditched in fairly shallow water on top of a reef but its exposed position caused it to be moved by the waves down the reef and it flipped upside down so that it now rests between 12 and 15 metres.

At first I was disappointed that the Hudson was upside down but now I think it rather adds to the drama of the aircraft wreck. It will make the exact identification of the wreck and the tracing of its history a little more difficult, but now the mystery of the Muscoota has been solved it will give me something to do. I just hope it does not take me another 20 years.

Bob and Dinah Halstead own and operate the live-aboard dive boat Telita in Papua New Guinea,







Top The Hudson bomber lies upside down on the sea bottom. bottom left Spare anchor remains lashed to Muscoota's bow. bottom right Inside the Hudson bomber.





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A WHALE

of a Time

Story and photographs by Pat Manly



Left False killer whales frolic in St George's Channel between New Britain and New Ireland.

haking with excitement I prepared my underwater camera as I listened to my wife Lyn relate her experience. She said: "Pat, as the runabout approached the commotion in the water I sighted a long line of about 100 false killer whales strung out over a distance of nearly a kilometre. The whales were throwing themselves out of the water, splashing it into a cauldron.

"As we looked on in amazement, sailfish came swimming past, their dorsal fins standing erect, right out of the water. They were behaving erratically by swimming to and fro, seemingly not knowing where to go next. We could only guess at what was going on beneath us.

"Almost immediately a group of a dozen whales broke away from the main pod and homed in on our small runabout. Can you imagine how we felt when the creatures as big as the boat crowded in to ride the bow waves? The whales were so close we could reach over and touch them." Lyn described how the whales turned on their sides and man and beast made contact with each other.

Lyn's words were still reverberating in my ears when our dive boat skipper yelled:

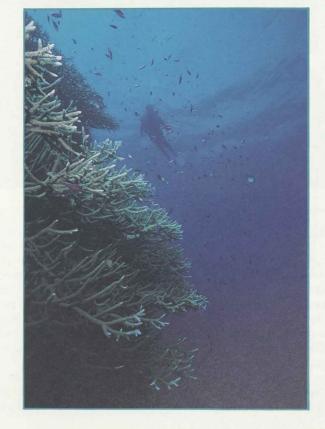


"They're here! Everyone quickly get into the water and hang onto the ropes and I'll tow you through the water."

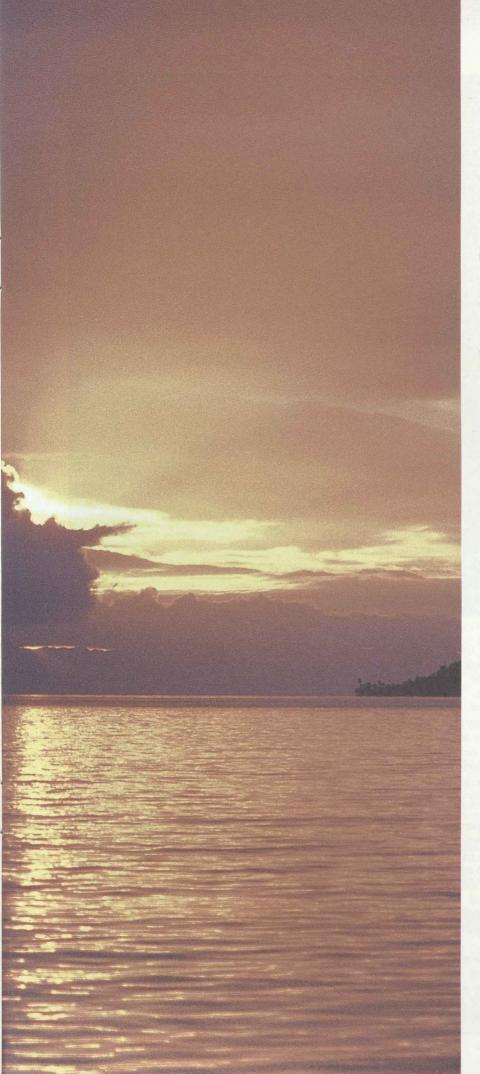
Quietly we slid into the water. The pod slowly started to turn. I could feel the strain on the rope as we were pulled along. As I had guessed, the pressure was tugging at the lens on my camera. Reluctantly I let go of the rope. The next instant I heard clicks coming at me from every direction as several whales circled me.

Some of the whales circled slowly on the surface while others dived under, turning upside down to look at me from below. My mind was racing, taking in the beauty of what was happening. I was also trying to concentrate on taking pictures.

After a while the whales started losing interest and I motioned to the skipper, who was now waiting 100 metres from me in the small dinghy, to circle me with the boat. The



Top A solitary false killer whale surfaces for breath. centre Frank Butler tries to attract whale's attention. right Antler coral and fish in profusion on a reef.



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whales were about 16 metres below the surface making slow clicking noises as the boat passed over them. The intensity and pitch of their clicks increased. Off they shot. In an instant they were at the front of the boat riding, weaving and rolling, twisting and leaping out of the water. All the while the clicking went on.

The whales tired with this game, departed, leaving me alone, floating about in 300 metres of water. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a movement. I turned and looked below me. An oceanic white tip shark was swimming slowly straight at me.

All I had on were a mask, snorkle and fins. I felt very alone out there. The shark kept coming directly at me. I thought: "This fellow isn't going to stop".







At the last moment, within one metre of me, it turned. "Thank God for that," I thought. It was then, realising I had not taken a photo, I managed to snap off two frames. The shark went on a few metres and turned sharply. I was over the side of the runabout in one quick movement. My heart was racing as I related my story.

Later, I was reading a book which stated that false killer whales, Pseudorca crassidens, grow to 5.5 metres long with females being smaller. They have 8 to 10 teeth in each row of both upper and lower jaws. Most of the mammals are entirely black.

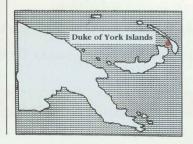
They are found in all temperate and tropical seas and often travel in schools of several hundred. They also herd up sailfish, thrash the water to stun them, then go in for the kill. This is what we had the fortune to witness out in the Duke of York Islands between New Britain and New Ireland.

The book stated schools of oceanic white tip sharks patrol under the whales while they are feeding, waiting for tidbits to float down to feast on. Also the oceanic white tip is one of the most dangerous sharks in the world.

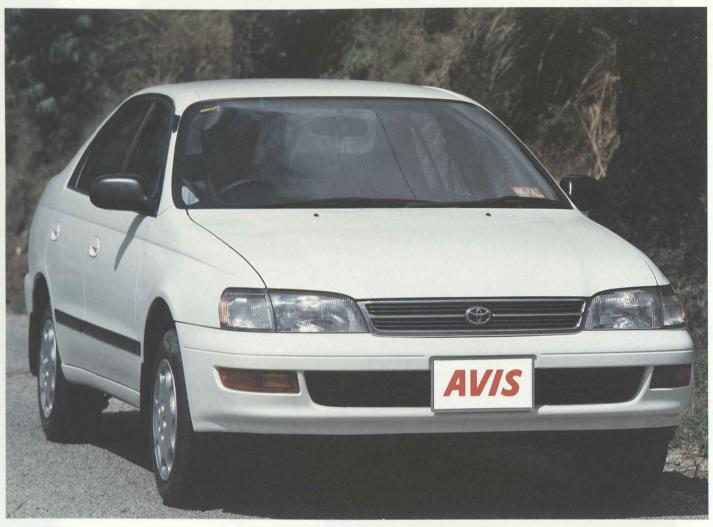
That put a shudder up my spine.

Facing page, top Typical PNG coral garden. centre False killer whales race in to ride the boat's bow wave. bottom Whale shadowed by its mate just below the surface.

This page, top Pod of false killer whales swims upside down to view the author from below. centre A shark looks for morsels from the whales feeding. bottom A whale follows in a boat's wake.



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sperts Story and photographs by Bob Halstead Left Beautiful cowries live on soft corals and gorgonians. inset Small molluscs have found a home on the underside of a blue sea star.

he beauty of sea shells has held collectors in awe for centuries. When scuba divers realised that they had easy access to these gems, shell collecting became a popular occupation underwater.

Somehow the fact that there was a live animal inside the shell was just a nuisance. The animal detracted from the shell. The animal was ugly, slimy and smelly and you were almost doing the shell a favor by liberating it from the monster that lived in it. The fact that this miserable creature had miraculously created that masterpiece of the shell was ignored and shell collecting fever became an epidemic.

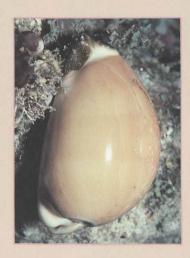
I caught the same fever and my wife Dinah and I spent many hours underwater searching for these often elusive creatures. We learned that most shells become active at night and leave their daytime hiding places to graze and hunt after dark. So did we and night diving became a regular part of our lives. Every discovery was a joy and we collected the shells just as if they were valuable jewels. However it did not take long for us to wonder what we were actually going to do with all these treasures, and when one of our guests came up from a dive with a dozen tiger cowries with the intention of keeping the lot we realised we had a serious problem.

Thinking of ourselves as concerned conservationists we introduced some rules. No longer could our guests just collect whatever they felt like. Giant triton shells were banned completely when we learned that they are one of the few predators of the crown of thorns sea star which destroys coral.

As our collection grew so our rate of discovery slowed until it became a rare occasion when we actually took a live shell. On the other hand, our experience of the more unusual tropical dive sites grew and so did our appreciation of

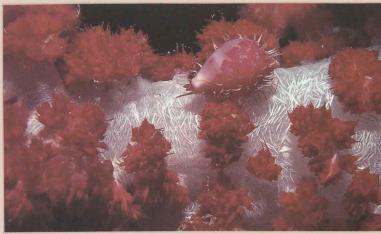
Right Crimson hued cowrie shelters amid equally colorful coral. centre right Sundial shell lives in sand. bottom right Telita Halstead and giant clam. below A stromb peers from its shell. bottom A golden cowrie.
Facing page Author's dive boat, MV Telita inset Drupella shells feed on live coral and damage reefs.



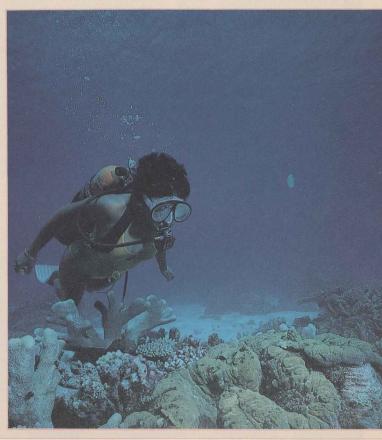


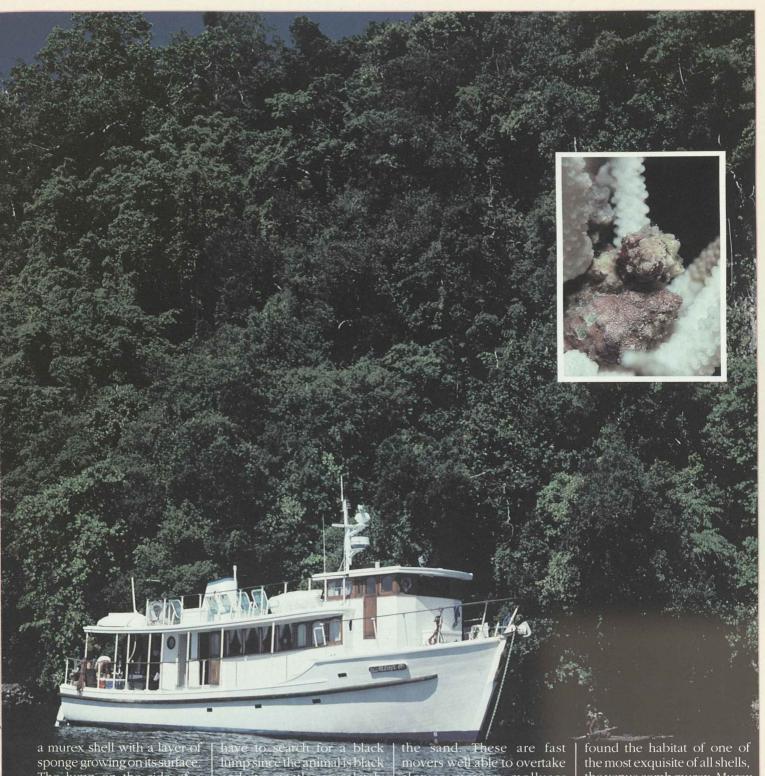
what incredible animals molluscs are. We learned how they are adapted to diverse marine environments and that they live in close harmony with many other types of marine creatures. As we started to think more in terms of the animal and less in terms of the shell, collecting became a less attractive proposition, so instead of grabbing, I started to photograph the living shell in its environment and found that this is even more of a challenge.

We have learned many of the tricks that shells use to camouflage themselves. The red smudge on the sunken log is not a small sponge but









a murex shell with a layer of sponge growing on its surface. The lump on the side of a read sea whip is not a deformity but a spindle cowrie whose extended red mantle has false white polyps growing from it identical to the real polyps of the sea whip. The small mound at the end of a sand trail hides an auger or olive shell waiting for the night before continuing its wanderings.

To find the white 'egg' cowrie, Ovulum ovum, you

have to search for a black lump since the animal is black and its mantle completely covers the white shell. Beautiful wentletraps live in the sand that surrounds the sand anemones they feed on, very rarely emerging, and the delicate Rapa rapa lives entirely within the flesh of a soft coral.

Some of the shells are voracious predators. I cannot forget the sight of a large bailer shell, siphon held high, hunting for other shells across

the sand. These are fast movers well able to overtake slower moving molluscs which are then seized and smothered in the animal's enormous foot.

One evening we pulled into a pretty bay to shelter from the trade winds. Sea grasses could be seen near the black sand beach and some silty coral near the rocks at the entrance to the bay. The water looked clear and we decided to night dive. It turned out we had, by chance,

round the habitat of one of the most exquisite of all shells, the venus comb murex, Murex pecten. This murex has long delicately curved spines radiating out from its shell like so many teeth of a comb. Or rather three combs since as the animal grows it increases the size of its shell with an extra 120 degree growth and a new set of spines. Most collected specimens have been trawled from the bottom in fish nets with the spines damaged.

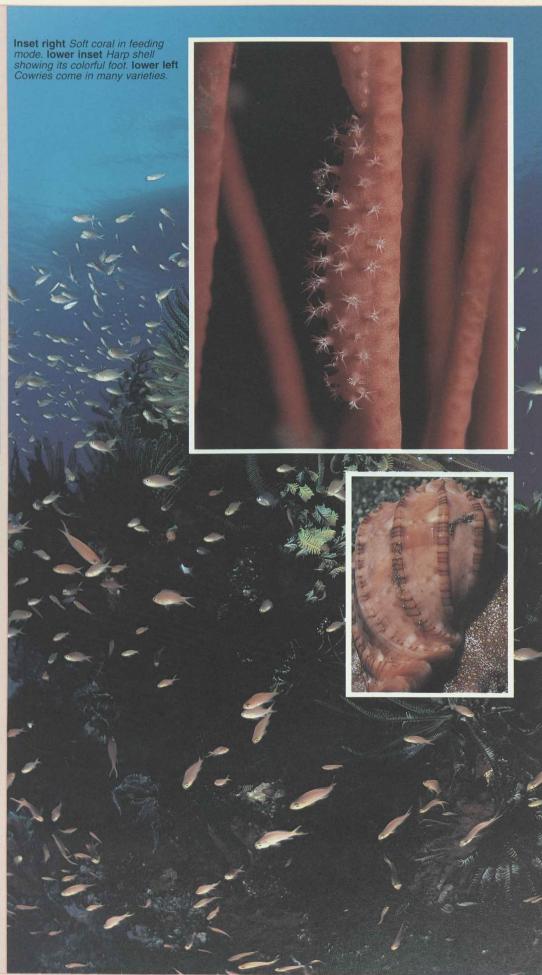
We were admiring perfect specimens pushing their way straight up through the silt then wandering around the bottom. This was exciting stuff, but what we saw next was astonishing. Murexes feed by capturing other shells, boring a perfect hole through the victims shell and sucking out the flesh. Our comb murexes were moving with their siphon, with all the spines either side, raised from the bottom. Then we saw why. One had found a small clam, manoeuvred the siphon above the clam, then slammed it down and pulled down, trapping the clam in a perfect cage.

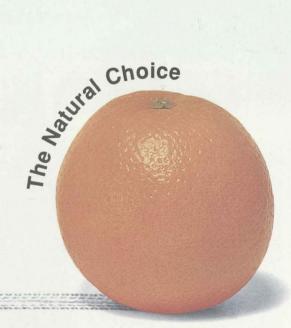
Now we do not allow any collecting of lives shells from Telita. Indeed it is illegal for non-residents of PNG to collect any living creatures from the sea floor. Live shell photography is more satisfying and I have many regrets that I did not start my photography



of shells sooner. What pictures I have missed!

We encourage an interest in finding shells, not just because of the challenge of the hunt and the thrill of discovery, and the beautiful photographic images which can be made, but because the very process of looking for shells changes your way of looking at the entire marine world. It is a fast track to being able to see underwater, not just shells, but all those other creatures that making diving so fascinating.





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Top left A blenny asleep on a sponge. centre Night-crowd on the pier. right Anemones make extra load on hermit crab's borrowed shell. below Pier and church at Esa'ala.

etties and other manmade structures are renowned for the marine life they attract. The interesting pylons and beams provide a secure, multi-level anchorage for many sedentary organisms, which in turn enhance the habitat for small fish, crustaceans and other mobile creatures. Shadows created by the structure provide further security for prey species, and at times, conceal large predators. Thus an ecological community is set up, which may be quite different from the community colonising the reef, sand or mud beside the jetty.

While surrounding areas provide their own attractions for the divers interested in biology or perhaps bottle hunting, jetties sometimes become a real-magnet because of the diversity of the communities they can support. This is prohably true world-

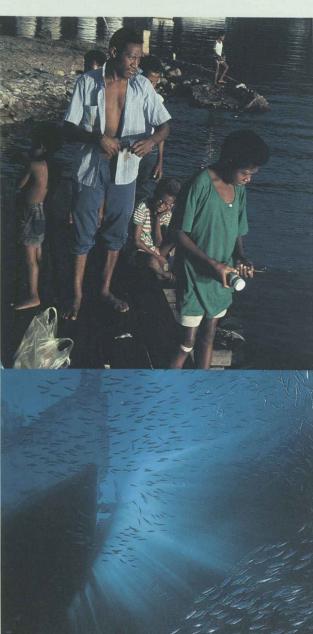
Paradise

Story and photographs by Andrew Green









Top left Pipefish. centre Decorator crab. right Hermit crab. left Esa'ala villagers fish from the pier. bottom left Underwater life at the jetty.

Esa'ala on Normanby Island in Milne Bay sports a mission, a couple of trade stores, a school and not much else. Population is maybe a few hundred. But it has a jetty; and it is important to the residents of Normanby Island.

The structure is an earth and rock pier about 50 metres long, pushed out through sandy mud, sea grass beds and the remnants of a fringing coral reef. Steel girders support a wooden deck of perhaps 20 metres by 10 metres. Depth is about five metres under the deck, although the sandy bottom slopes away quite quickly.

When I dived under, the water was surprisingly clear over 20 metres' visibility. The tropical sun bore down, sending its rays searing through the blue. At the surface, leaf fish drifted past, aptly named for their resemblance to mangrove leaves and habit of swimming on their side. Sometimes the schools of baitfish turned as one, catching the sunbeams to dazzle and confuse in their brilliance, before disappearing just as swiftly. I pitied the tuna, trying to single out a couple of fish to feed on from this flashing mass.

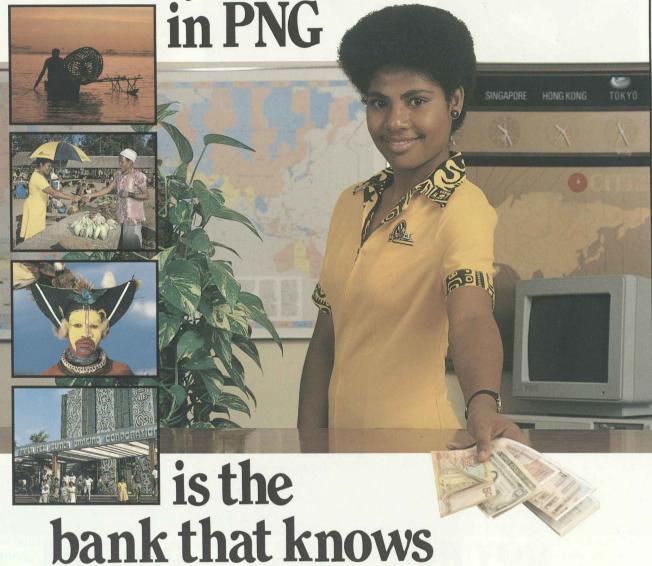
Photographers swam around under the jetty, illuminating the gloom with their strobes. From the shadows, the world outside was blue and silver, yet the surface was clear and still, so that from underneath I could clearly make out people standing on the bow of the dive boat and the sky beyond.

As one might expect, the bottom was a veritable rubblish heap. Old tyres, broken engine parts, cans, drums, lumps of concrete, bottles and other unrecognisable objects carpeted the sand. In between, a forest of blackneedle urchins lay waiting for unwary divers. If that was not enough, fishing lines trailed from the pylons like cobwebs, or snaked through the rubble on the bottom.

Closer inspection revealed the treasures that lay among the rubbish. What at first seemed to be a profusion of corrugated rubber tubing from old gas masks turned out to be delightful sea cucumbers. waving frilly tentacles from the end of a metre or so of flexible 'tubing'. Lionfish lurked in every possible recess, while some boldly strolled about their business, oblivious to the divers. From vantage points on jetty pylons, banded cleaner shrimps plied their trade, often startlingly contrasted against a backdrop of yellow sponge or zoanthid coral.

Little boys spearing baitfish regularly joined us under the





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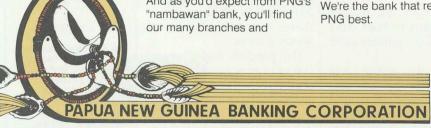
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jetty. No tanks, fins or maskonly swimming goggles and wire spears. They zoomed noisily about, often carrying a speared fish in their mouths to their friends above.

At one end of the jetty we searched the sea grass beds for sea horses. While none were found, we did see several species of pipefish, including one sporting a red and white tail like a flag from its black and white banded body. As dusk fell, several flute mouths appeared from the deeper water, perhaps to hunt stray cardinal fish or blennies amid the rubble.

At night the scene was dominated by crustaceans. The lionfish were still around and active, along with sleeping blennies, tobies, moorish idols and others, but the hermit

crabs really stole the show. Burdened with up to half a dozen anemones firmly cemented to their homes, they scuttled and clambered through the junk, pursued by eager photographers. One large hermit even carried another crab, living among the anemones disguising its shell! Decorator crabs adopted a different technique for camouflage: they plastered their carapace with bits of sponge and algae. Unless one happened to see them move, there was little chance of spotting them.

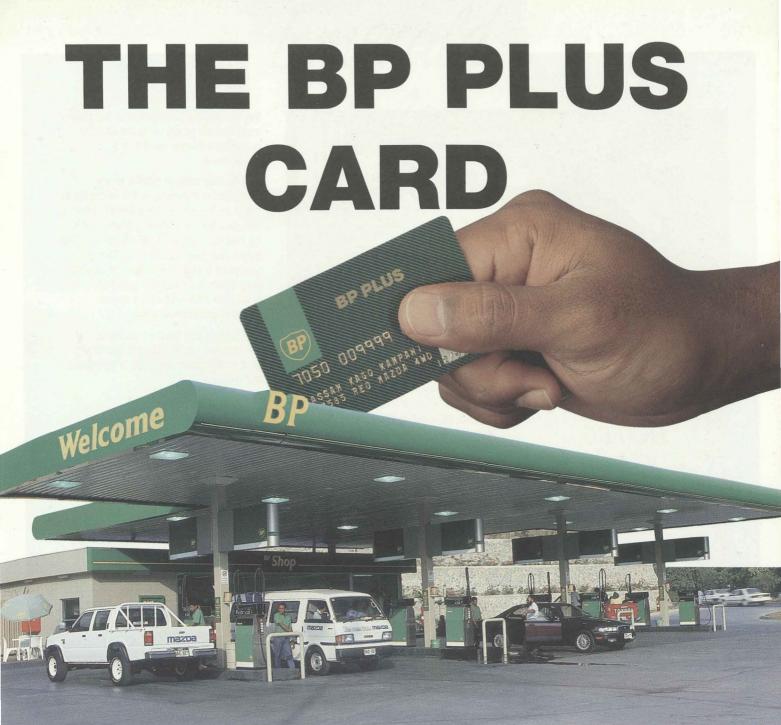
The pipefish had changed color to a more muted, mottled appearance. The sea urchins seemed to have become more numerous, taking up prominent positions. We each had to keep firmly in mind not

Top left 'Gas mask' sea cucumber. top centre Aptly named leaf fish, top right Lionfish. centre left Marine biologists Marilyn and Eldon Ball prepare for night dive at Esa'ala. centre right Sleeping puffer fish.

to put a hand, foot or knee on the bottom without first searching the area with a torch. A bad spike from a sea urchin spine could have meant no more diving for several days. Our buoyancy control suddenly became near perfect.

The highlight of the night's dive was a chance foray under the dive boat, tied up alongside the jetty. There, faintly visible out of the torch light was a school of flashlight fish, glowing coldly under the boat. Normally found in caves, they probably appeared from the depths nearby, perhaps seeking refuge in the boat's shadow.

We climbed out, elated at having been able to view so many fascinating creatures at such close quarters.



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Tempting cuisine is offered at a choice of three superb restaurants. The Vanda fine dining restaurant has tantalising, world class cuisine in a selection of local and international dishes. The International Coffee Shop is less formal, with the emphasis on speedy service, and the Pizza Restaurant continues to be a favourite for relaxed, casual dining or a meal on the run. Poolside barbecues on weekends are a relaxing way to soak up

the sun and the Lounge Bar is the place to meet friendly faces, while the Aero Bar promises a private, guests only, atmosphere.

Lae International Hotel's newly renovated convention centre caters for as many as 300 people for a private dinner or banquet, 500 for cocktail parties, or 400 for theatre or seminar style functions. The Bulolo Banquet Room also caters to guests on a slightly smaller scale and the Boardroom is popular for meetings of up to 24. The hotel also offers special package conference rates.

Sporting and leisure facilities at Lae International Hotel include a swimming pool, tennis court, aerobics, a gymnasium, and a sauna.

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For reservations and further information, please contact:

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Emerald Isles **Above** PNG is a tropical paradise. right Schools of fish follow divers at Walindi Plantation Dive Resort. Story and photographs by Rick Tegeler

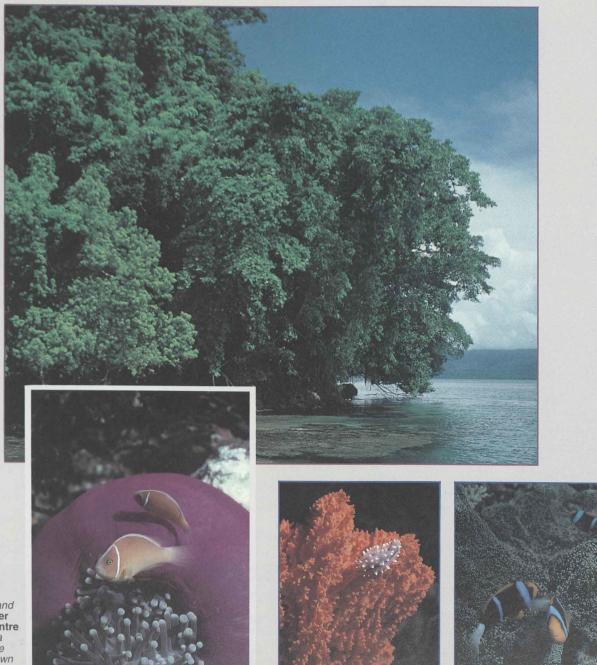
aving sailed through Papua New Guinea's China Strait into the Solomon Sea, with the Big Dipper and the Southern Cross as our celestial shepherds, each day and successive dive became the stuff of legend. We experienced more quantities of fishes in more varieties on three distinct occasions than any of us had ever been privileged to witness elsewhere in our world dive travels.

The scenery above water was as great in its diversity as that of the coral kingdoms beneath our hulls. On many occasions between dives, I turned completely through 360 degrees witnessing a surrounding horizon filled with towering volcanic peaks imposed above extended shorelines, lush, tropical islets, reef tips crowned with white sands; and the incredible sapphire sea.

My sense of this vast oceanic wilderness was of wonder and

delight that more than 10 lifetimes of watery exploration might be expended and still one would not complete the survey of this marvellous area. After a few, tantalising diving days in the Solomon Sea, we reluctantly boarded our flight leaving the small, bustling port of Alotau in Milne Bay for the short hop back to Port Moresby and the flight to Rabaul where the second phase of our adventure was to begin.

Rabaul, gingerly resting on the rim of an enormous,



Above Restof Island near Walindi. lower left Clownfish. centre Nudibranch, a sea slug, on an orange sponge. right Clown damselfish.





Eventually, the entire city was flattened, driving its inhabitants to a mole-like existence in hand-dug tunnels. In addition to this devastation ashore, some 60 Japanese vessels were sunk in the downpour of bombs. To dive their ghostly remains was the main focus for this part of our PNG visit.

Most of the wrecks lie on the flooded interior of this ancient, volcanic cone and its geography was typical - sheer dropoffs along the sunken rim gradually sloping to a common depth at the centre. In Rabaul, it is not unusual to encounter depths of more than 30 metres within 10 metres of shore.

Due to this acute depth,

wreck diving here is not for the beginner or novice. All of the wrecks we explored were well over 30 metres deep. Together with the extreme depth and effective post-war salvage efforts, many of the usual attractions such as coral growth and artefacts, found on similar, diveable wrecks of the world are not in evidence here. Nevertheless, it is a jaded diver who will not experience the chill of devastation and melancholy of waste evidenced by these devastated hulks.

A spectre of fear from the past visited us one afternoon as we decompressed at three metres after a particularly deep excursion to the Japanese merchantman, Italia Maru. A half-century old, but very much alive, bomb exploded in the wreck's innards directly below us as we hovered unsuspectingly just below our dive boat. The muffled





explosion jarred us all with the reality and keen awareness of how frail our existence truly can be. For the sheer rush of excitement, this certainly got our attention! Following this event, I spent my remaining decompression time immersed in private contemplation and in awe of the history the water around us had been witness to.

The beauty, diversity and history of Rabaul, above and below water, is a 'don't miss' for any visitor to PNG.

The third and final leg of our tour found us deposited in the midst of one of the world's lushest rain forests which surrounds the small towns of Hoskins and Kimbe in north central New Britain. From the airport, we were driven 65 kilometres along the tip of a northern thrusting, volcanic peninsula, bordered by the Bismarck Sea. Our destination





proved to be a working palm oil plantation with the magical name of Walindi.

This melodic name does justice to the harmony with which Max and Cecily Benjamin have carved and cultivated their 200-hectare wonderland from the wildness of the jungle around them. Rivalling many of the most remote and romantic locations in the world, Walindi is scenic

seclusion. There are only six guest bungalows nestled 10 paces from the beach, great food and wonderful hospitality. The Benjamins and their Walindi plantation create a cosmopolitan gathering place for those wonderful characters found only in the tropics and, to use an overworked but absolutely accurate cliche, world class diving.



Facing page, top Diver examines 2m gorgonian fan. centre Exploring the Hakkai Maru wreck in Rabaul Harbor. bottom left Sea whips at Walindi Plantation. bottom right Remains of Japanese Zero warplane on Rabaul Harbor bottom.





Top left False moorish idols. top right Lionfish. centre left Walindi Plantation, the ideal romantic tropical retreat. bottom left Young villiage men observe visiting divers.

left Vertical drop-offs to incredible depths are feature of Walindi diving.





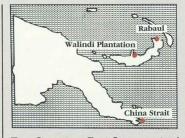


We swam along massive coral cathedrals whose walls dropped vertically more than 1,000 metres. Water color was an incredible deep, oceanic blue, laced with velvet indigos, reducing to the mysterious greys the deeper we ventured. Water temperature averaged 29 degrees Celsius.

We marvelled at myriads of coral trees and gorgonia, sometimes two and three times our own length. Schools of trevally, barracuda, dogtooth tuna and jacks would leisurely accompany us on swims through this fantasyland. Rainbows of reef fishes and carpets of anemones festooned the reef tops and coral outcroppings. Colorful crinoids, curious cuttlefish and and an occasional reef shark were lumped together in these gathering places for nature's abundance.

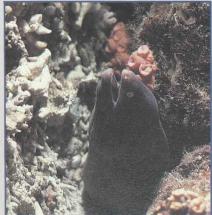
The sheer numerical presence of these living

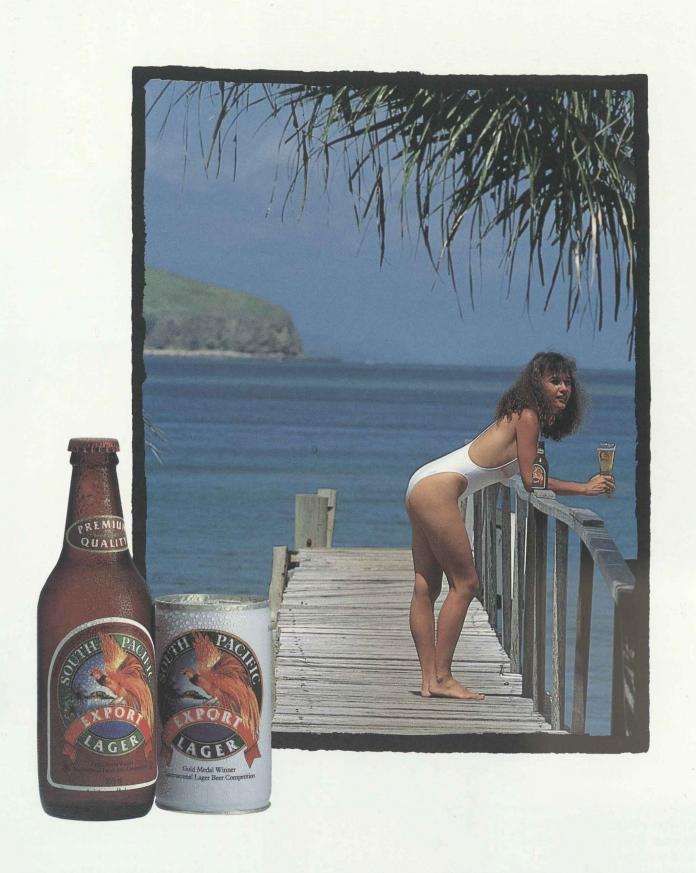
treasures provided us tangible proof of an incredibly vibrant, healthy environment. On the surface, thermal currents, born in equatorial heat and nourished by dense jungle blessed us with an endless cycle of brilliant blue sky, wonderously changing cloud formations, occasional afternoon rain showers and postcard sunrises.



Top Sunset on East Cape. centre left Islets jut out from the sea in Rabaul Harbor. centre right Coastal freighter crosses calm waters of Rabaul Harbor. bottom left Pristine waters and reefs abound in PNG. bottom right Moray eel guards his lair.



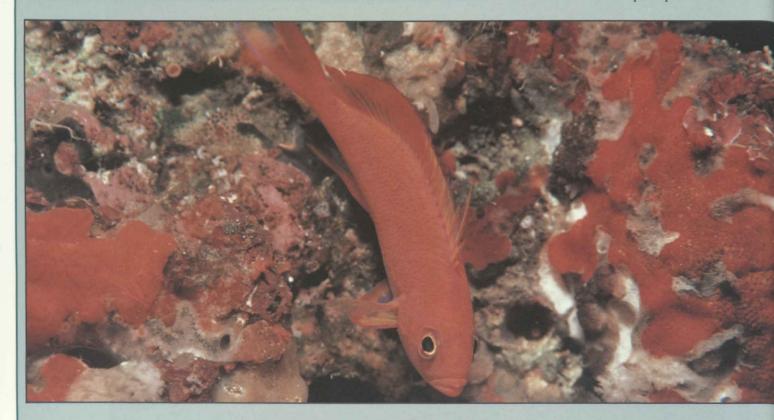




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Well I haven't given up on the treasure, by Neptune! I'll settle for a bronze cannon! But the passion has dimmed. I have been lured away from diamonds and sapphires to some little fishes, just as beautiful, but rare and even harder to find and capture on film. These are dwellers of the precipitous



t has always been a source of regret that I have never found a treasure ship wrecked in Papua New Guinea. No silver bars nor emerald studded crosses on gold chains for me. Not even one measly piece of eight.

So when people tell Dinah and myself how lucky we are to own our beautiful dive charter boat Telita, I think about this and usually growl something about 15 years' hard labor.



deep reef walls that define much of PNG's continental shelf.

One of the reasons that diving is so good in PNG is that water hundreds of metres deep can be found very close to the shore. The deep water prevents siltation and keeps the water clear, and the chemical-free run-off from shore provides nutrients to feed the reefs. Marine life is abundant and diverse and a constant source of wonder. There are so many different species

Story and photographs by Bob Halstead

Top left Sand tile fish at 60m deep. centre left Male Randall's sea perch at 50m. bottom left Yellow lined anthius at 50m. below Red sea perch at 50m bottom right Cave butterfly fish at 40m.



in PNG waters that it has taken Dinah and I 20 years to become familiar with them and be able to recognise which creatures are common and which are rare finds.

Over the past year we have been venturing deeper down the coral walls. The process started innocently enough when Dinah noticed a fish she had not seen before on a dive which was a little deeper than usual. So we decided to plan for some deliberately deeper dives in likely locations and to study, and attempt to photograph, what we saw.

For scuba divers breathing air and diving in the friendly warm waters of the tropics, 30 metres is considered by most divers to be the start of deep diving, with 40 metres the limit. However it is possible for very experienced divers to safely dive deeper than that and, with the right equipment and techniques, make dives to 60 metres. The deeper the diver goes the bigger the risk of nitrogen narcosis, 'rapture of the deep',



impairing judgement or even causing a diver to become unconscious. We therefore gradually increased our depths and were very aware of any symptoms.

The dives varied. On some days our heads were clear and on others we never made it to the planned depth as we started to feel groggy and aborted the dive. As we acclimatised, the groggy days became few. Deep diving also increases risk of decompression

sickness, known commonly as 'the bends', so we carried multiple diving computers as additional safety factors. Because it would be difficult to survive running out of air at those depths, we also carried a separate small tank of air with its own breathing regulator attached which had enough air to get us safely to the surface if the main supply failed.

Deep diving is a very serious affair which may be equated with moutain climbers attempting Mount Everest, or sailors attempting solo around the world cruises. It certainly is not 'fun' and very careful preparation and training are called for. Some divers have survived even deeper dives - the world record is deeper than 130 metres - but many have not.

A very good reason is needed to assume the risk of the deep dives and the motivation for us was the



discovery that virtually nothing was known about the marine life that lives deeper than 50 metres. We started to find exquisite fish that, where we could find an illustration of the animal, was usually a photograph of a dead specimen. So we were able to photograph these brillant creatures alive in their natural habitat, probably the first to ever do so. We also were able to photograph a few fishes that we were unable to get identified, which are probably species new to science.

At 60 metres in the astoundingly clear water that is common at that depth we realised that we were just on the brink of a region of mystery that awaits discovery. To dive deeper, as much as we desired, was too much of a risk. So now I have to try to find a submarine to probe the deep reef. If it was gold bullion we were after I have no doubt we would have offers aplenty; alas it is just a few little fish, living jewels of the deep.





Top Deep Reef. left Striped anthius at 50m. bottom left Female Randall's sea perch. below This deep water firefish with elongated dorsal filament is probably a species new to science.





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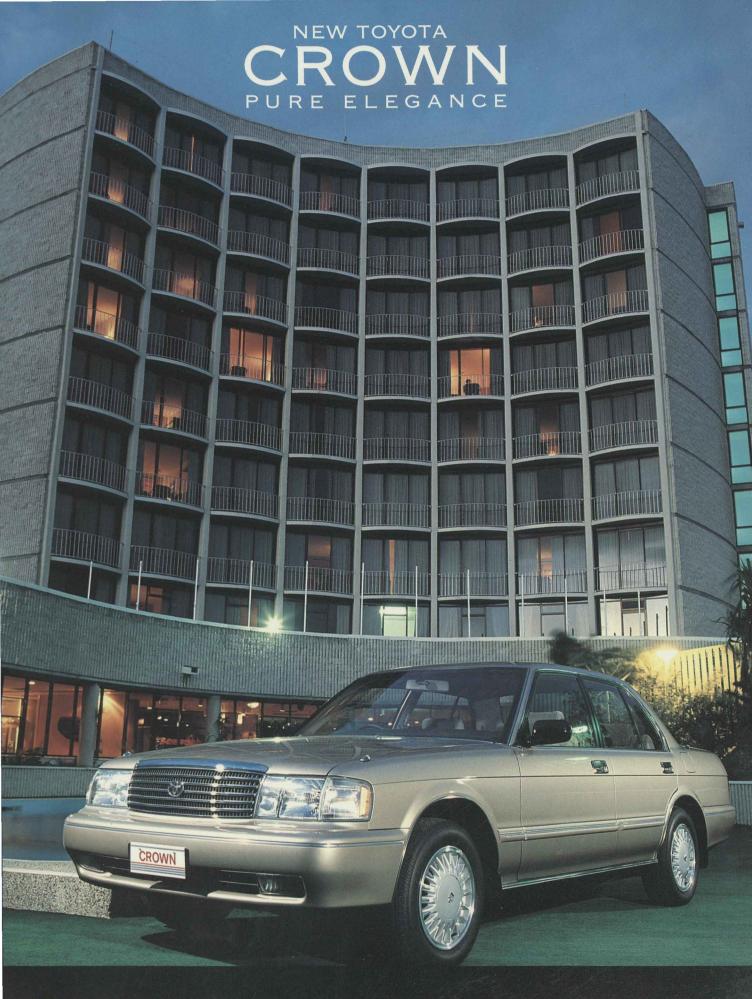
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