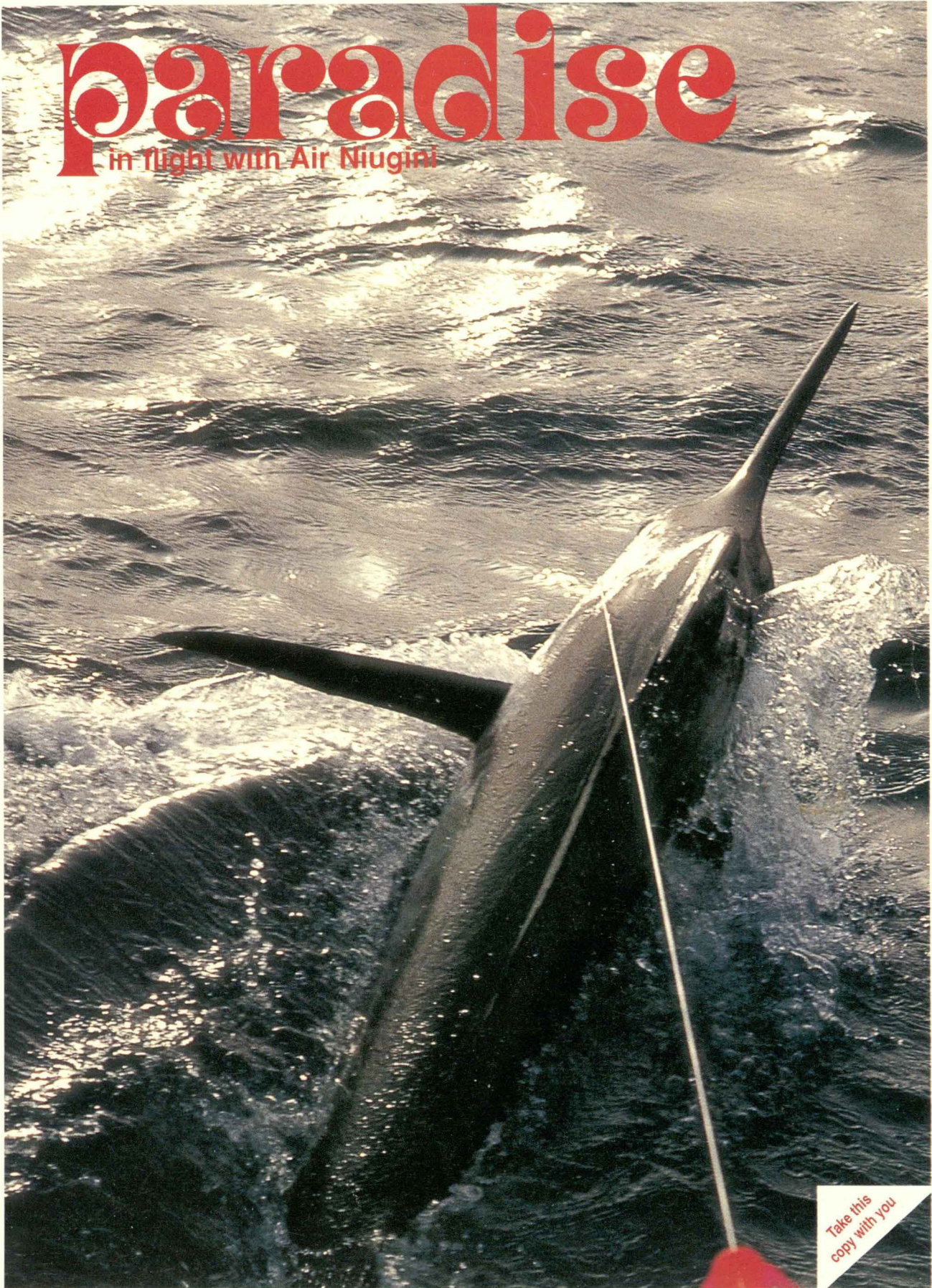


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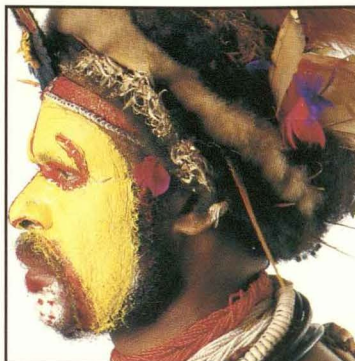
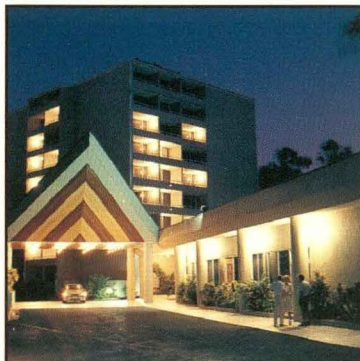
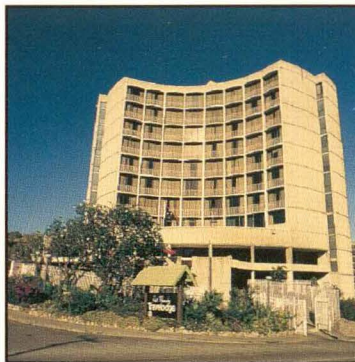
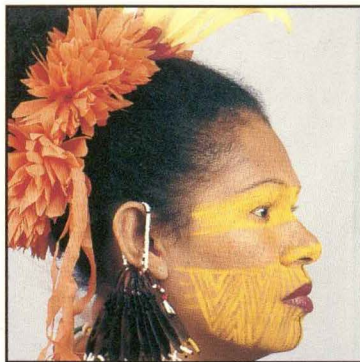
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Cover: A 200kg (estimated) blue marlin taking
the artificial lure
Photograph by Evelyn Letfuss

Welcome aboard our Bird of Paradise Service.

I am pleased to announce Air Niugini's weekly Airbus service to Osaka, Japan commencing with the inaugural flight in July 1997. The direct air services between the two countries are the culmination of extensive efforts by Air Niugini to establish a market through its charter services.

Since the charters to Japan commenced three years ago, more than 4000 tourists have experienced the many tourism and hospitality facilities available in our unique country. Our visitors from Japan particularly enjoy the exotic fishing and diving experiences available in coastal and island areas.

Included in this edition are two articles on Air Niugini. I hope you will enjoy reading about our recently acquired new Dash 8-200B and also about our Engineering Department and its vital role.

Enjoy these and other articles about our wonderful country.

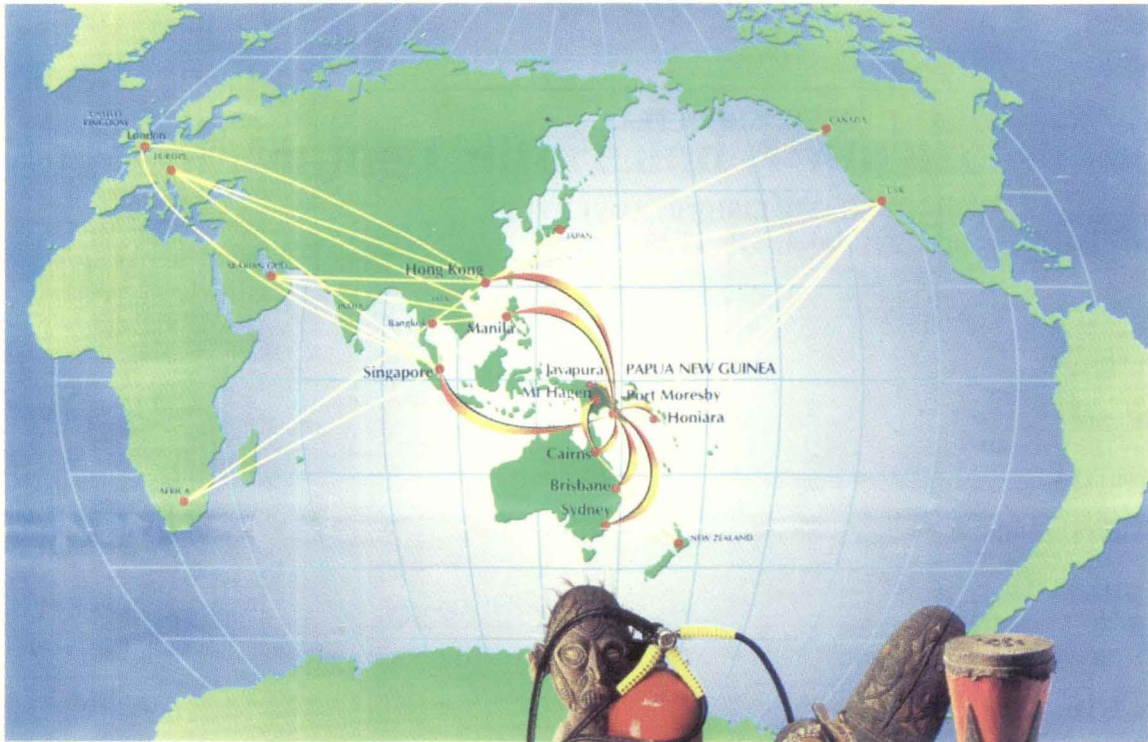
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Moses Maladina
Chief Executive
and Managing Director



Moses Maladina with Canberra Raiders rugby league player David Westley, a sporting consultant to Air Niugini

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Devonshire Teas Tari Style

Story and photographs by Keith Briggs



Above:
*Adding
ingredient to
make the
dough*



Left:
*Kneading the
dough*

Below:
*Forming
bread rolls
and putting
them on
baking trays*



Left: *Putting
trays of bread
rolls into drum
oven*



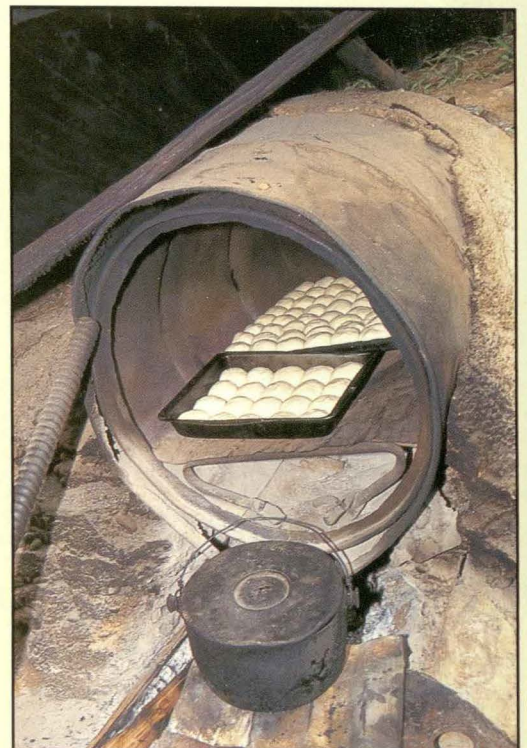
Right: *Drum oven
with door
removed — bread
rolls cooking and
kettle boiling*

As roosters herald the dawn in the Tari Valley every morning, Mrs Birai Luya pours about seventeen kilograms of flour into each of two large aluminium dishes. Adding yeast, salt, cooking oil, baking powder and water she blends them into large masses of dough.

Already the fire has been lit outside to heat the oven constructed of two 200 litre drums. Drum ovens are popular in Papua New Guinea and are made by splitting and spreading one drum to go around the other with a space of about six centimetres between them. They are often buried in a bank of earth for insulation, with the fire underneath. The flames enter the split outer drum and envelope the inner one, heating it quite evenly, the heat escaping either through a chimney or hole in the top. One or two shelves are built into the oven.

As the dough rises Birai greases baking trays upon which she symmetrically arranges small balls of it. The dough in the dishes keeps slowly expanding, almost maintaining its original volume. The balls of dough on the trays rise to a point at which they are ready for the oven, where they swell a little more as they heat and cook.

While the first batch is cooking two more trays are prepared. The bread rolls take about twenty minutes to cook, by which time the next trays are risen and ready.



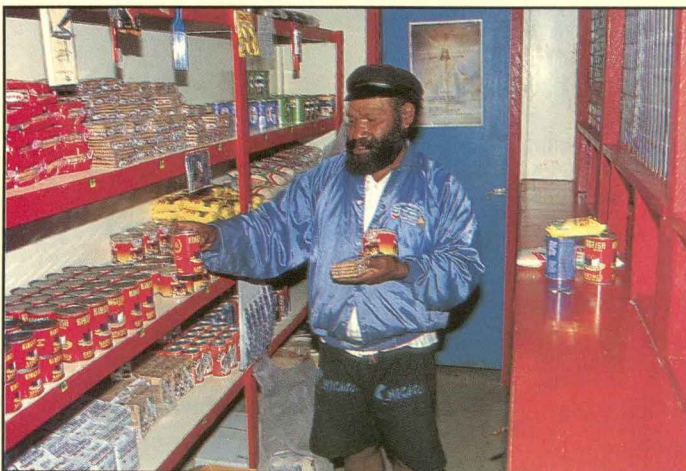


Above: Girls making coffee and serving 'Devonshire Teas' Right: Bedecked Huli men drop in for afternoon tea while returning from a compensation payment. Below: Luya's neat and tidy store where hot rolls and coffee are served.



A kettle is boiled on part of the fire at the front of the oven. Newly cooked rolls are taken into the family owned shop and covered with a cloth. The kettle is carried back and forth as Birai's daughters and nieces begin a busy day of serving cups of coffee with rolls to the customers drawn by the famous aroma of fresh bread and coffee.

Black coffee is ten toea, with the price rising slightly for milk and sugar if required. Good sized mugs are thirty toea. Where else would you get a mug of coffee and a fresh bread roll for forty toea (or thirty US cents)?

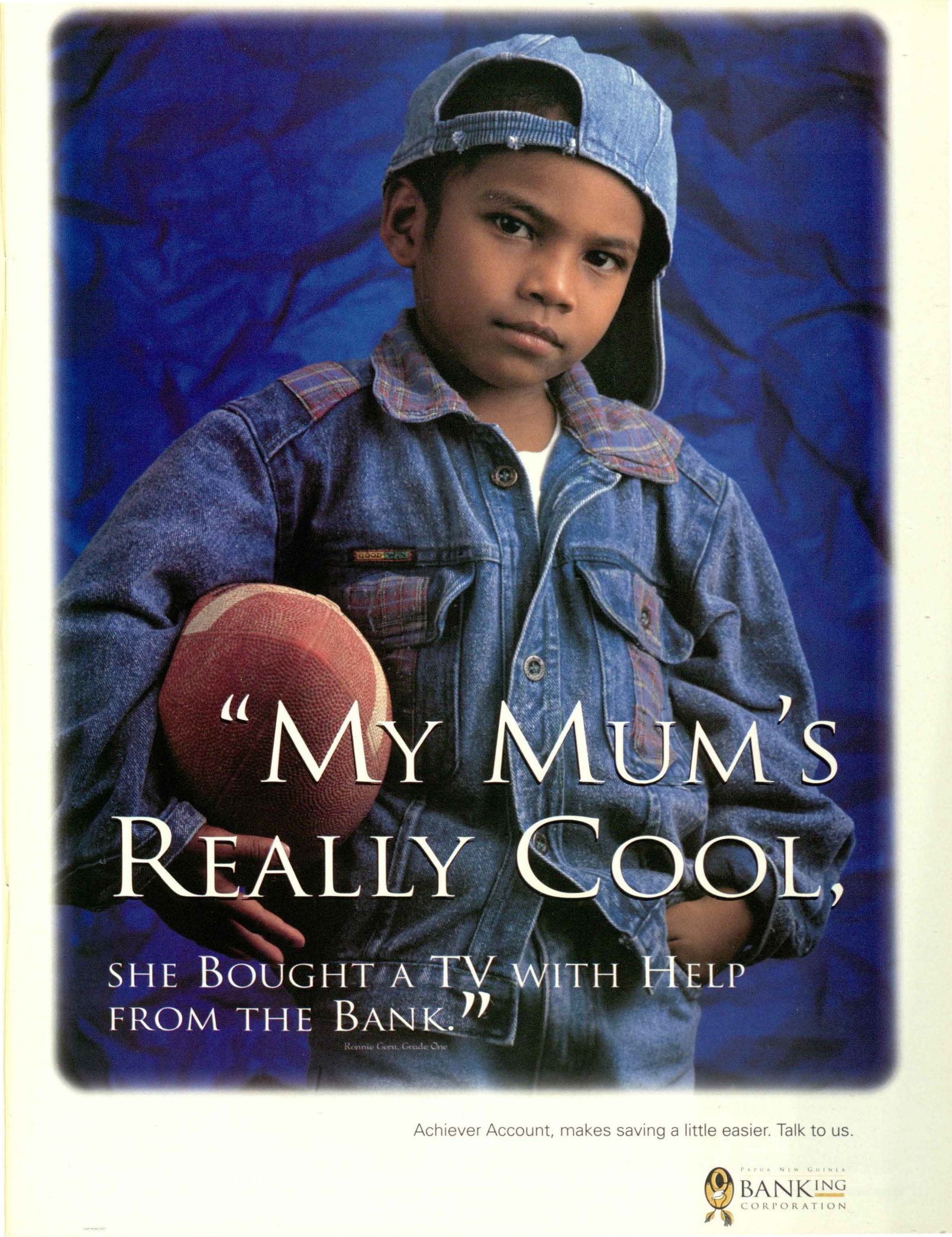


Meanwhile Birai is working away in the back room filling trays and cooking rolls. Each day she forms, cooks and sells about one thousand of them. Even with customers buying two or three with their drink, it represents a lot of cups of coffee that the girls produce each day.

The 'Devonshire Teas' are served over the counter in the trade store of Birai's husband Luya, so customers with a cup of coffee at their elbow are buying other provisions from Luya himself as they munch their bread rolls.

Working in the bakery means Birai does not have time to tend the pigs or dig the garden. Relatives share that side of daily life, each taking his or her place and benefiting in some way from the proceeds they corporately have a hand in earning. By her hard work Birai has paid the hefty High School fees of three of their own children and six nephews and nieces. It is gratifying to see each making a contribution in the partnership of a true family business.

Keith Briggs was born on Kwato Island. He and his wife Norma have served as missionaries with the Evangelical Church of Papua New Guinea since 1965, in the Southern Highlands and Western Provinces.



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GAME FISHING ADVENTURE

Written by David Finkelstein
Photographs by Evelyn Letfuss

It's probably safe to say that few of you are going to jump on the first plane to the wilds of Madang Province and, rod in hand, head for the Bismarck Sea after reading this article. But be aware that top fishermen from around the world — from Australia, Asia, even from America — have already done just that. Thanks to the efforts of Papua New Guinea-born plantation owners Brett and Vicki Middleton, a wonderful young couple with a passion for big-game fishing, these visiting anglers have found that the place is far less wild than they feared and the fishing far better than they ever imagined.

We first heard about Madang's Reel Fish Charters from well-known Cairns skipper Peter B. Wright, whom

we met during a stopover at the Great Barrier Reef on the way to Papua New Guinea.

'Be sure to meet the Middletons,' he urged us, his regard for them so evident we knew we'd not be disappointed. 'They run a really fine game fishing operation.'

They do indeed, as we ourselves discovered when we reached Madang.

Though it's all too true that Papua New Guinea's capital, Port Moresby and a number of other towns throughout the country are beset by the universal 20th century affliction, urban crime and the breakdown of law-and-order, set your mind at rest about the township and province of Madang. Located on the north west coast of the country, the town is

perhaps the prettiest in the entire South Pacific — and among the most serene and safe.

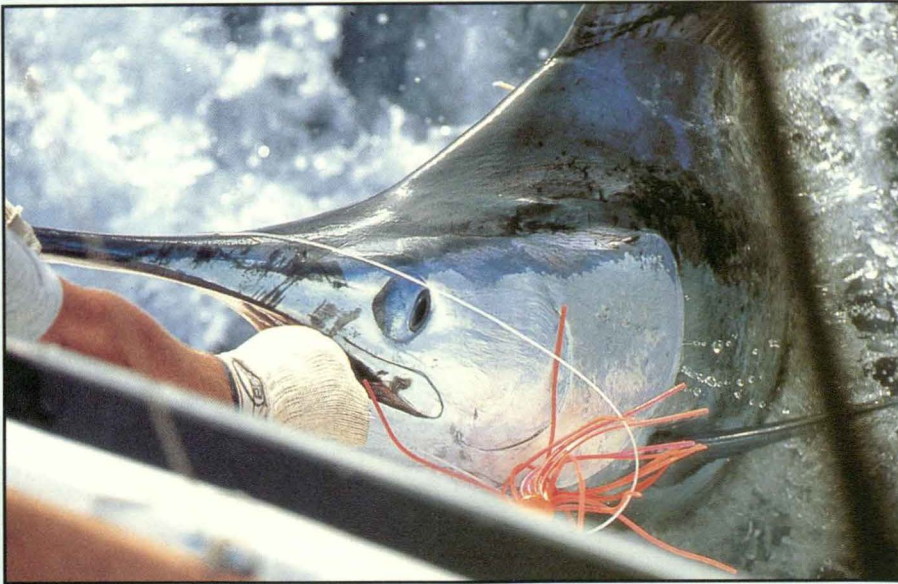
For those of you whose memories of the Great Barrier Reef go back that far, Madang is as quaint and charming today as Cairns was in the '70s, before developers 'malled' it beyond recognition.

Above: *The Middletons' 36 foot Talio*

Below left: *Yellowfish tuna that was caught on colourful plastic lure*

Below right: *Kingfish that fell for a sailfish bait*





A blue marlin by the boat



Above: Dolphin fish (mahimahi)

Below Wahoo by the boat



From Madang, the main coastal route north runs past the Middletons' family-owned coconut plantation, *Dylup* where Brett, who started fishing as a little boy on nearby Karkar Island, keeps his beautifully maintained 36' Australian-built Steber at a jetty right off the road. So safe is the Madang area that Brett leaves all his tackle on board, a complete set of 15- to 130-lb gear. Though the boat remains unlocked and unguarded even at night, since Brett and Vicki first opened their charter operation as a respite from their plantation activities, nothing has ever been touched.

It seems that at least one well-known American saltwater fly fisherman, Trey Combs, discovered Madang even before we did. According to Brett, whose year-round fishery boasts big dogtooth tuna as well as blue and black marlin and virtually every other species of tropical game fish, Combs took an 80-lb 'doggie' on 20-lb tippet during his visit there.

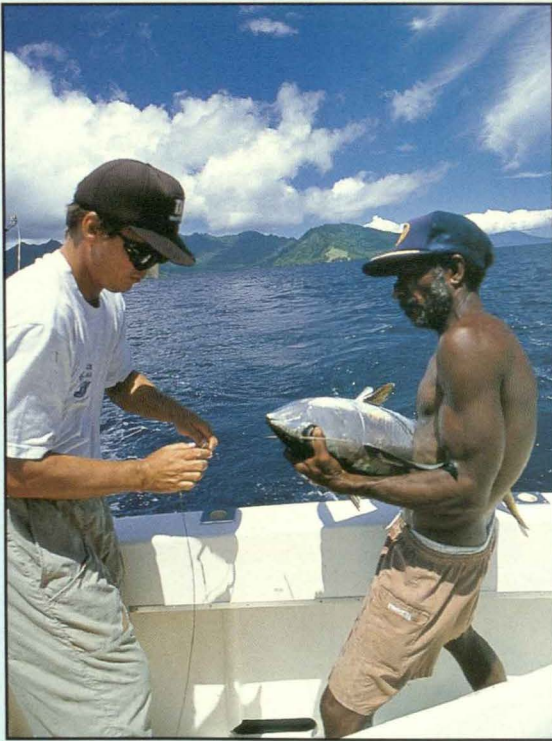
Combs' fish was the second largest tuna — little more than a sardine's weight short of the 81-lb yellow fin taken off Bermuda in 1973 — and the largest dogtooth every taken on fly (an International Game Fish Association record category entirely vacant as of this writing), but a shark bite on its tail unfortunately disqualified it from

becoming a new world record. Though his otherwise full complement of big-game gear does not include fly fishing tackle, Brett's expertise is such that he nonetheless is sought out by saltwater flyrodders from many parts of the world. Incidentally, he teases 'doggies' up from the crystalline depths along the coral reefs off Bagabag Island, an hour's run from the jetty, by trolling hookless rigged rainbow runners on down riggers, drawing the baits to the surface when the tuna dart out to attack.

Habitat to an astonishing assortment of brilliantly coloured birds and other unusual wildlife, *Dylup* Plantation occupies a vast expanse of reef-fringed lowland rainforest, with a string of spectacular (live and menacingly smoking) volcanic islands to the north and a range of rugged, impenetrable mountains forming a backdrop to the south.

Brett catches blue marlin throughout the year, though the blues generally concentrate in greatest numbers between September and December, when he averages five hits per day. The fish range between 200 and 500 pounds, though larger ones have been hooked and lost. (A deckhand in Cairns for several years, Brett has plenty of experience with big fish.) Black of similar size are also taken all year round, though their numbers seem to increase between April and July, when the larger yellow fin (in the 150-lb category) come through. Sailfish too abound throughout the year, becoming particularly active from December through March.

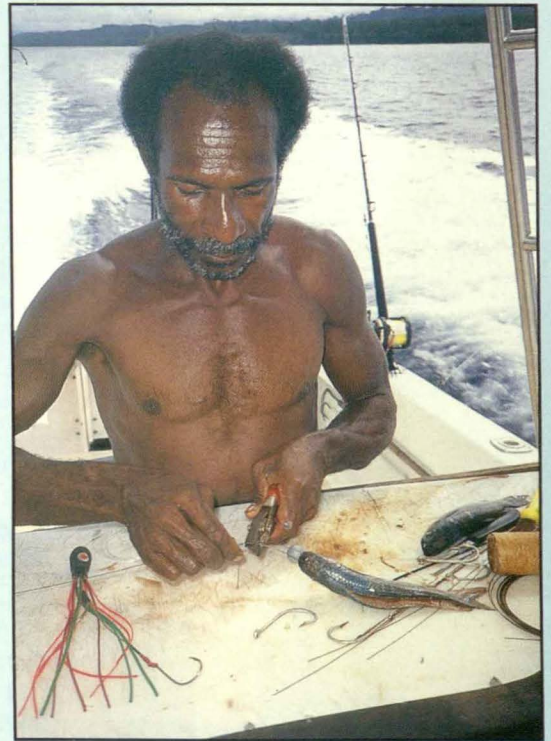
Both sailfish and marlin can be found within a five-minute run from the plantation jetty at an unusual current line — perhaps the most wildly beautiful, 'fishy' expanse of water we've ever seen — that runs so close to shore that at times we feared our outriggers would knock the coconuts off the palm trees that lined the beach.



Left: *Moabi and Brett rig a baitfish for dogtooth tuna fishing off Karkar Island.*

Right: *Brett Middleton's long-time deckhand and boyhood friend, Moabi, rigs small mullet.*

Below left: *Lady angler with jumping sailfish*



Brett and Vicki divide their time between working their plantation and tending their charter operation. Half the month is devoted to producing copra, the other half to pleasing anglers. So when Brett fishes, he really fishes — from 6.30 in the morning to 6.30 in the evening, from daybreak to dusk. When Vicki plays host and caterer, she really hosts and caters. Anglers stay at the plantation's extremely comfortable guest house, located right next door to

the Middletons' own residence, with the outdoor bar and pool just a few steps away. Eating with the family is a real treat because Vicki's cooking is superb beyond description. Small wonder I have so much praise for what this positively delightful couple have accomplished in Madang and why, though they never advertise, so many big-game anglers fly to Papua New Guinea and flock to their doorstep throughout the year.

Brett and Vicki Middleton meet anglers at Madang airport and from there on you're entirely in their excellent care with full-board accommodation and boat charter provided.

Contact the Middletons at Reel Fish Charters, MV Talio, PO Box 521, Madang.

Telephone: (675) 8537496

Fax: (675) 8537468



Selection of blue marlin lures

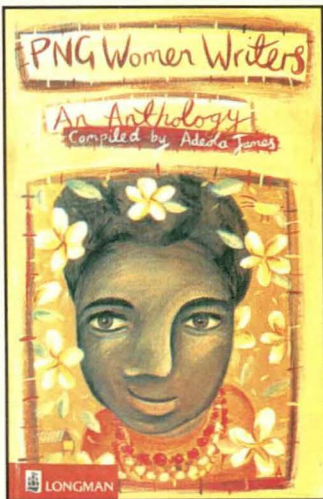




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BOOK REVIEW - by Katherine Lepani



PNG Women Writers is a collection of poems, short stories and plays by eleven women writers including Nora Vagi Brash, Joyce Abaneta Kumbeli, Sally Ann Bagita, Loujaya Mojii Dunar and Mary Toliman. The anthology was compiled by Adeola James, a Nigerian-born writer who taught literature at the University of Papua New Guinea in the 1970s and

organised the successful Pacific Women Writers' workshop at UPNG in 1992.

The anthology is enhanced by lively and compelling interviews with five of the writers that provide an insight into their backgrounds and motivations. The interviews touch on issues of social change, women's traditional roles, and the challenge for women writers to develop creatively as artists while maintaining commitments to work and family.

In some ways the book is a retrospective collection of works written during the 1970s and early 1980s when there was an outpouring of creative writing encouraged by the annual National Literature Competition and the publication of literary journals such as *Ondobondo* and *Bikmaus*. Significantly, the anthology features the popular satirical play, *Which Way Big*

Man? written one year after Papua New Guinea's independence by the country's foremost playwright, Nora Vagi Brash. In addition, the anthology includes a chapter from Dame Josephine Abaijah's autobiography *A Thousand Coloured Dreams*.

The book highlights the role of literature in development and its relevance to literacy as a means of personal and cultural expression. As an anthology, it is a valuable resource for schools and provides encouragement and inspiration for young people to write. Excerpts included here show the variety of styles and themes of works in the anthology.

PNG Women Writers was published in 1996 by Longman Australia and is available in Papua New Guinea from book distributor Gordon and Gotch (PNG).

I Ought to be Writing by Nora Vagi Brash

Today someone asked me
'How's your writing going?'
'Fine, except it's washing day.'
I sit near the tub
Each piece of cloth I wring
bears every word
that's meant to be on paper
The multitudes of bubbles
blow and scatter in
the breeze.
Oops! There goes another
sentence
Popped by a sudden burst of
wind
Leaving my mind sterile
Like my washing on the line.

Wind

by Joyce Abaneta Kumbeli

you come from all directions!

when you come from the East
I laugh and sing merrily
and dance for joy
forgetting who I am

when you come from the South
I get heated up
and get so tired
that I wished you came not
that way

when you come from the North
you bring me cold news
that blankets me up in bed
for long long hours

when you come from the West
you plant a rainbow
in the face of the sun
to give me hope
that there is a tomorrow

but tell me wind!
what do I do
when you cease to come?

Dream Tripper

by Loujaya Mojii Dunar

Sunrise on an open sky
Suitcase in hand
As I said goodbye
face towards the east I go
On a road that takes me
On who really knows
Follow the lines of the horizon
living in a dream for far too long
hoping that it'll grow old
as I grow strong
been living on borrowed time
just passing thru for one last rhyme.

Board a plane and it takes to the heavens
I'm on the wings of a prayer
and only a breath away
from an expanse of eternity
below me the earth swirls
and my problems with it
Shades of brown and green stir into one
I could take the plunge

but I'd only land at the dregs
or sit on the rim of this giant teacup,
my flight is shortlived.

I'm earth stationed with
a suitcase of dreams
so not a Pandora's box
just packed pieces of wear and tear
that I take out
and put on each day
every piece to match
and strengthen my resolve for
Success or rather
I'm not particular about what I'm in
So long as nakedness is a privacy
I look around me,
Search the crowd, petty, into
their own resolve
I head for the bus stop
dreams intact
for without it, I'd be left behind.



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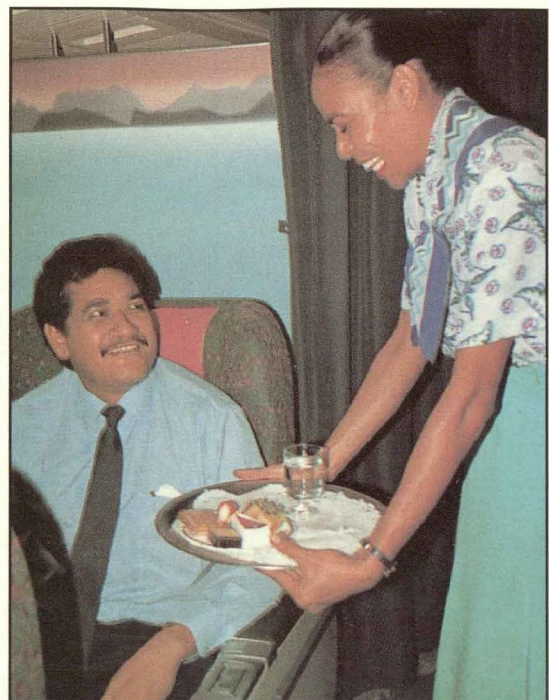
Our flight attendants will provide a Paradise Kit that includes a colouring book and pencils, games and puzzles. The flight attendants will also be pleased to assist in preparing your baby's food and bottle. Baby food and diapers are available on international flights.

SMOKING

Smoking is not permitted on any Air Niugini flight.

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Cellular telephones, TV receivers or radio controlled devices are not to be used at any time on board an aircraft. Electronic devices such as portable computers, compact disc or cassette players and video games can be used only when the **seatbelt sign is switched off**.





Air Niugini's New Aircraft Dash 8-200B

When Air Niugini commenced operations 24 years ago it had one plane, a Fokker Friendship, which flew one single route. Today, the airline has a fleet of thirteen aircraft and serves eight international routes and twenty-one domestic ports. The latest acquisitions to the fleet are two Dash 8-200B aircraft, which have replaced the two Dash 7s. The first Dash 8 arrived in April and the second in May. They are now serving the ports previously served by the Dash 7, namely Lihir Island, Daru, Kundiawa, Mendi, Tari, Wapenamanda and Popondetta.

The Dash 8-200B has 36 seats and, like the Dash 7, will be operated as all-passenger aircraft or as combination with 28 passenger seats and cargo.

Before choosing the new aircraft, Air Niugini conducted an extensive evaluation of various types of aircraft. The Dash 8-200B was chosen for its suitability for the Papua New Guinea aviation environment. It is capable of operating into narrow, gravel airstrips at altitudes up to 1500 metres and where temperatures are high, averaging between 25 to 30 degrees C.

Unlike many other aircraft and older models of the Dash 8, the latest technology -200B can operate with maximum payload under these conditions. The Dash 8 will also have no difficulty making rapid ascents and descents. To fly to Popondetta from Port Moresby, for example, requires taking off from sea-level, climbing over the 3,600 metre Owen Stanley Range of mountains, and then almost immediately descending to sea level

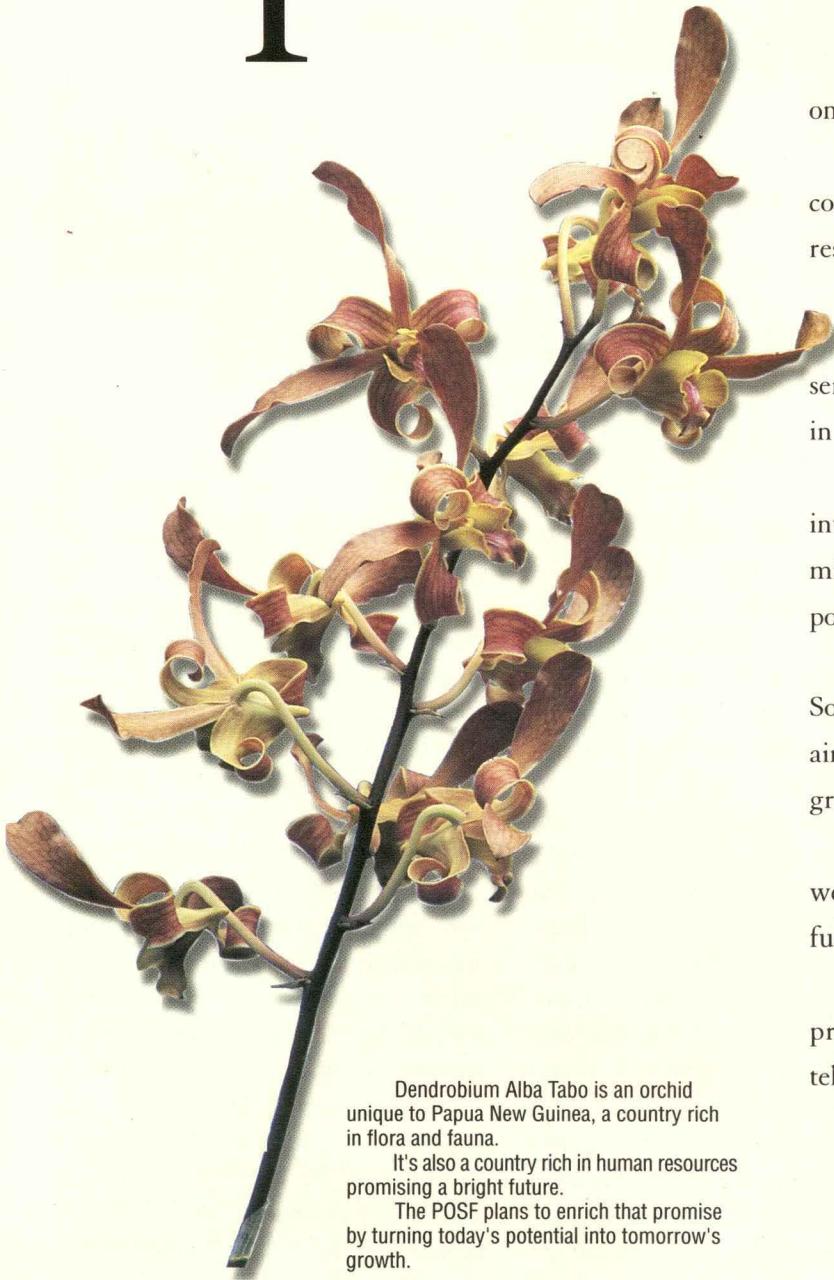
again. The Dash 8 is well equipped to handle such difficult terrain.

Other beneficial features of the Dash 8 are its speed and relative quietness. Flying time will be considerably reduced on the old Dash 7 routes. This will enable Air Niugini to increase the frequency of flights on these routes as well as plan for possible new destinations.

All the Dash 7 pilots and engineers will undergo conversion training appropriate for the Dash 8s. This is being conducted by the manufacturers, Bombardier Regional Aircraft Manufacturers, in Canada.

The Managing Director of Air Niugini, Mr Moses Maladina, told *Paradise*: 'We are very confident that our passengers will find the new Dash 8 a most satisfactory aircraft in which to travel.'

We recognise potential.



Dendrobium Alba Tabo is an orchid unique to Papua New Guinea, a country rich in flora and fauna.

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POSF
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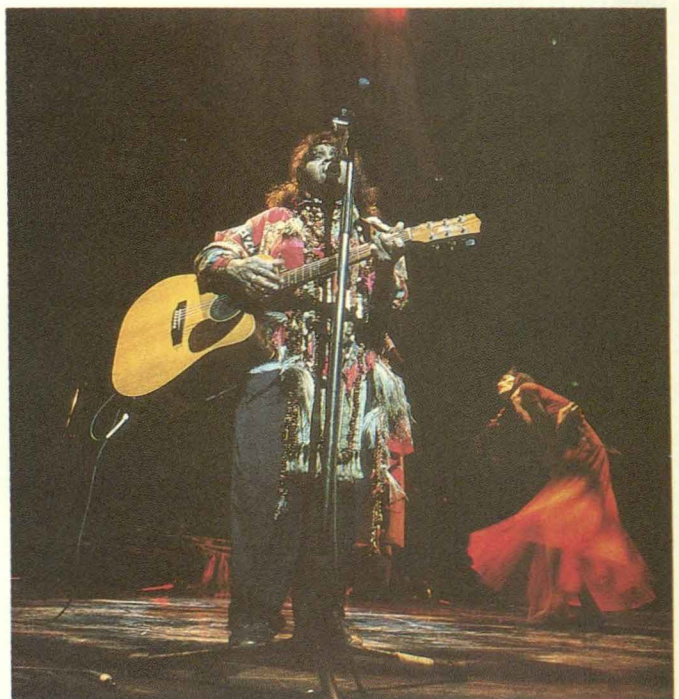
SING SING

Above: *Dancers at dress rehearsal in Melbourne Concert Hall*
 Below: *Ruby Hunter singing Sister Yappa with Jeanette Fabila dancing*

Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

A Sing Sing took place last year in the middle of Melbourne. *Singsing* is a Pidgin word commonly used in Papua New Guinea to describe a gathering of people for a ceremony that includes singing, dancing and, sometimes, a ritual pig kill. In this instance, it was villagers from Papua New Guinea, Torres Strait Islanders, black and white Australians joining together for a performance of music and dance which explored their cultural connections as well as celebrated the immense musical talent found within the region.

The gathering initially took place in the middle of Fitzroy at Adelphia studios. 'Adelphia' — Greek for 'Brother' — is run by three charming Greek brothers who have wonderful tales to tell of their voyage to Australia. Here, for several days, arriving at 11am and often not leaving until midnight, were 23 performers. From the rehearsal rooms you could hear the sounds of a truly cross-cultural collaboration — garamut drums carved out of one large tree trunk and beaten with wooden sticks and flutes from Papua New Guinea, didgeridoos and clap sticks from Aboriginal Australia, synthesisers, drums, mandolins, cellos and ukuleles.

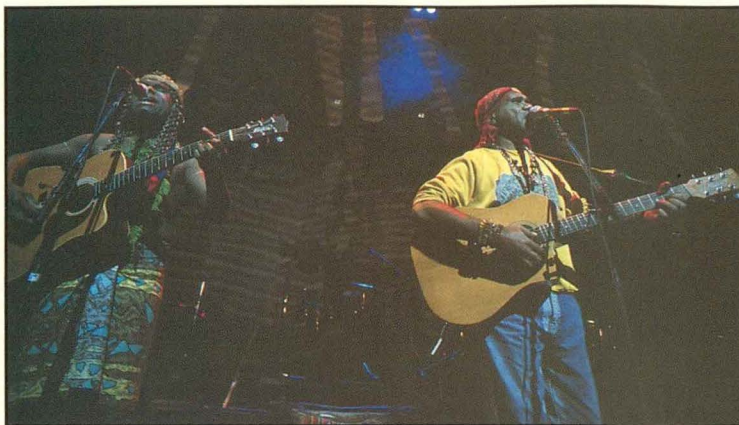


This landmark event was presented by the Victorian Arts Centre, the Next Wave Festival, Triple J World Music Show and sponsored by CRA Foundation for the Arts and the Australia Council. The Australian High Commission in Port Moresby assisted with financial support for the Papua New Guinean section of the concert tour. Rehearsals



lasted for two weeks before performances at the State Theatre in Sydney, the Melbourne Concert Hall and Port Moresby.

Sing Sing was initiated and directed by David Bridie who was vocalist, piano and keyboard player with *Not Drowning Waving* and continues to perform with another band, *My Friend The Chocolate Cake*. In 1988 *Not Drowning Waving* went to Rabaul following an invitation from Greg Seeto, the manager of Pacific Gold Studios, to record with local musicians. The result was *Tabaran* — a ground breaking album that demonstrates the result of collaboration of musicians from different cultural backgrounds. It began what has proven to be a long standing relationship between Bridie and a group of Papua New Guinean musicians.



Both *Tabaran* and the Sing Sing concerts are examples of what can be achieved when musicians from diverse cultural backgrounds work together; they also reflect the strength of the relationships forged between those involved. It is a long way from the exploitative practice, sadly more common, in which western musicians record exotic, indigenous music, add a drum loop and call the result their own, without either acknowledgment or royalties going to the musicians.

Sing Sing, which brought together 23 performers and involved some of the region's best musicians and dancers, was an event long overdue. The line-up included Archie Roach and Ruby Hunter, two of Australia's best known Aboriginal singer-songwriters. *A Change is Gonna Come*, a song about domestic violence by Ruby Hunter, was sung with breathtaking power.



Top: Buruka Tau, David Bridie and Ben Hakilitz
 Middle: George Telek and Archie Roach singing a song written by Telek
 Above: David Bridie at the Melbourne Concert Hall

'My music', says Ruby, 'is based upon survival of an Aboriginal woman in today's society — a modern day world. I sing about the past, my home, domestic violence, incest, people in the street. Some of my songs are about dreaming.'

Archie Roach performed *Down City Streets* and others from his popular album *Charcoal Lane*.

Instrumentalist Dave Steel who often works and records with Roach and Hunter also took part in Sing Sing.

Many of the Papua New Guinean musicians who were involved in *Tabaran* appeared. George Telek from Raluana village near Rabaul sang several of the songs that are featured on *Tabaran* including the haunting *Abebe*, a traditional chant in memory of the ancestral spirits. He also sang with Archie Roach a song which he wrote especially for the Sing Sing concert. Buruka Tau and Ben Hakilitz who now play with Yothu Yindi also performed.

Pius Wasi from Chambri Village on the Sepik River laments the fact that young

people in his country are not interested in traditional music. He believes this concert with its stunning combination of traditional and contemporary influences will encourage them to feel proud of their own culture.

'To see traditional music performed in this way and enjoyed by an international audience is an important influence on our young people.'

Not Drowning Waving performed several songs from *Tabaran* including *Blackwater*, the lyrics of which tell of the takeover of Irian Jaya by Indonesia and the oppression of the Irianese people.

Also included were some superb dance performances — Papua New Guinean musicians showed their traditional dances; Buia, an Aboriginal dance group which includes Albert David, Jeanette Fabila and Sam Barsah incorporated traditional and contemporary Torres Strait Island dance pieces. Albert David gave an amazing performance as a kangaroo hunted

by Sam Barsah. Jeanette Fabila looked ethereal as she performed a dance while Ruby Hunter sang *Sister Yappa*. In some instances they all performed together. The Aboriginal dancers taught the Papua New Guineans their dances and vice versa.

Wasi believes that Sing Sing, which in spirit is a positive and inspirational event, helped people understand much that is beautiful about his country. Saddened at the continuous negative media coverage and focus on law and order problems, Wasi points out, 'The most important thing we want to tell other people from other countries is the peacefulness we have in our country. Every day in the media the wrong picture is painted. But when you go to the real heart of Papua New Guinea and live in the village, there is freedom, there is food, there is everything there, you don't need money to live happily and that is the message we are trying to get across — that we do live peacefully and in harmony and everything is goodness. When we play music in Sing Sing we are automatically communicating with another human being, musically communicating, so it is bringing a message to people that really we should be living peacefully, respecting nature and each other.'

There have been many concerts in Australia which bring together international musicians. Often these focus on Africa, South America and Europe and it is from such countries that many bands have been toured. However, it is still surprisingly rare to hear or see performances by musicians from Papua New Guinea or the Pacific region taking place in Australia. Sing Sing bears testament to the wealth of talent and musical diversity in that area. Sing Sing is not only entertainment of great quality but a statement — a political, social and historical statement which speaks of the cultural and historical experiences of peoples in the region. Using traditional and contemporary lyrics, rhythms and movement, Sing Sing managed to explore these similarities and differences and created a thread, a songline which stretches from Papua New Guinea down through the Torres Strait Islands, across Australia and throughout the Pacific.

The Sing Sing concert was a seed, a beginning. 'We have only touched the tip of the iceberg', says Williams. 'This is



what this concert is really about — it is about creating awareness. Don't keep looking overseas. Look at the talent in your own backyard.'

Sing Sing, a celebration of the influences of styles found in the Australasia region, speaks of the enormous potential for future collaboration.

In Australia, the Womad festival of world music takes place every other year. This year it was held in Adelaide in early March. David Bridie suggests that an event along the lines of the Sing Sing concert should take place in alternate years, to become a festival which focuses on drawing together and celebrating the musical cultures of the Asia-Pacific region. It is not just diversity that becomes apparent whilst watching Sing Sing but also a strong sense of solidarity and unity.

'Being part of Sing Sing is like being part of a family', says Frances Williams. 'We get to know each other's stories. We get to know each other's places. You realise we are doing this because we are coming back to culture. The beauty of it all is that we are all linked. The concert is making that link, not only a musical link but a cultural link. I think it is very important that we can make that happen on stage.'

Overhearing what Frances says, Jack Kau from Papua New Guinea joins in the conversation to express his feelings about being involved in the concert. 'It's like we got black, white, brown skins, all from different parts of the country, all working together. We all work with the Sing Sing and enjoy ourselves as friends. Different coloured people — it doesn't matter we are separate from each other, we are still one.'

First album by a PNG artist recorded and released outside of Papua New Guinea

Following the success of the Sing Sing concerts, David Bridie and John Phillips worked closely with George Telek to produce a TELEK album. The project was taken on by a new Australian contemporary music label, Origin, which released the album in February. The distributors are Mushroom Distribution Services.

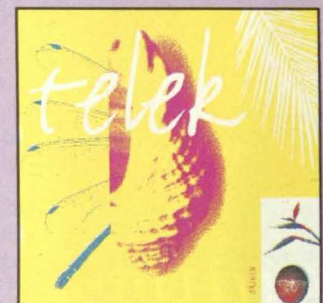
The songs, mostly written by Telek, are performed in Tok Pisin, Kuanua and English. The album is a mix of styles merging traditional Tolai songs, melodies and stories with contemporary rock, groove and folky-gospel stringband styles. There are many new songs on the album, but also some old Telek favourites such as *Talaigu*.

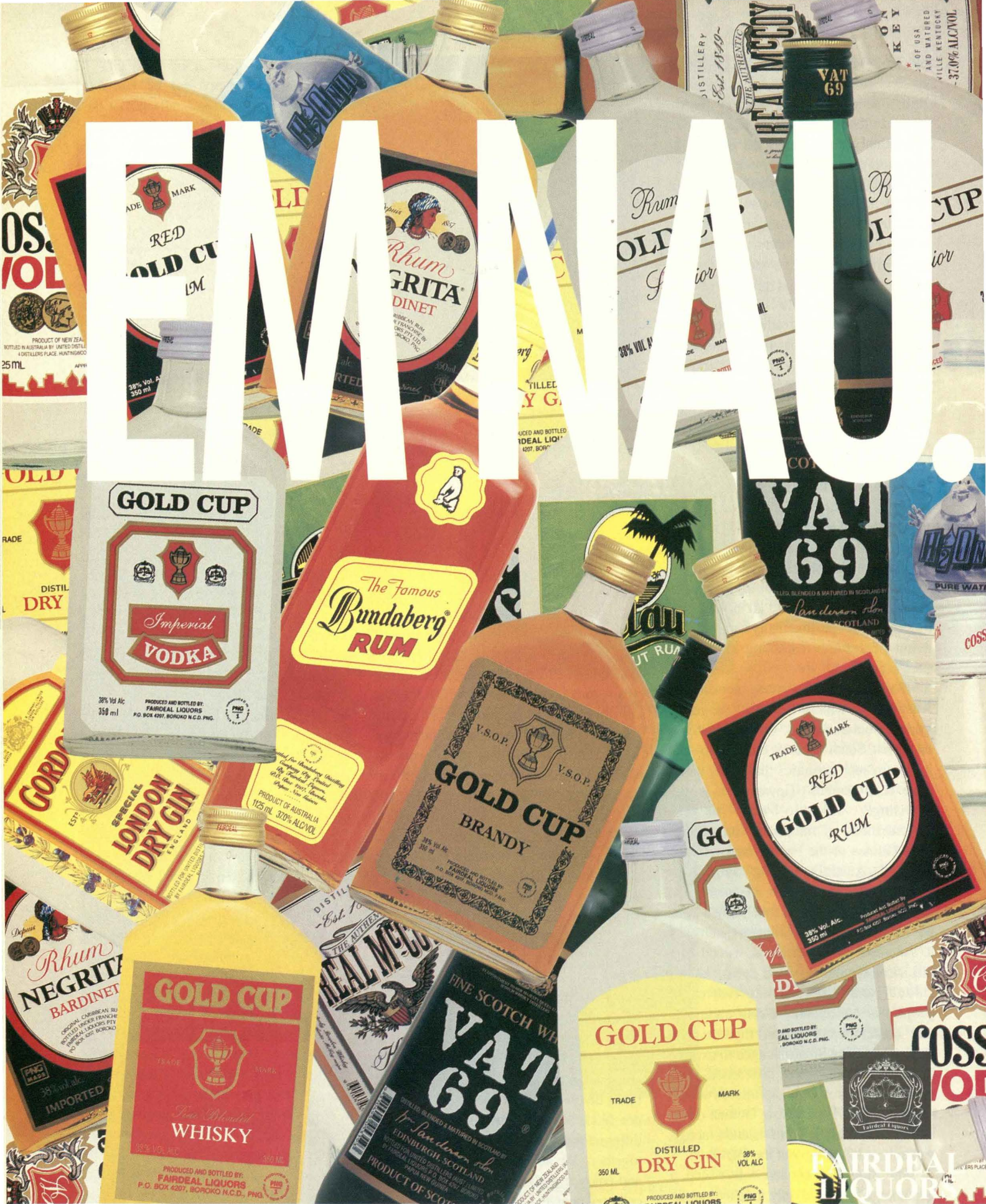
Australian readers and visitors to Brisbane will be able to hear George Mamua Telek perform at the Brisbane Biennial Festival. His concerts are on May 31 and June 2-4 at the Cremorne Theatre, Queensland Performing Arts Complex.

For information about Telek's CD and other Origin releases, contact Philip Mortlock @ Origin

Phone: (61) 2 9299 5966

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THE CROCODILE

by Vincent Eri

The harsh rustle of the sago palms contrasted sharply with the slow gentle swaying of the coconut palms.

In the village below, clouds of dirty brown dust danced in and out among the forest of houseposts. The wind forced itself through the cracks in the floor and the holes in the walls. The dust clouds twisted and turned, forming weird and wonderful shapes.

A fence five feet tall encircled the entire village. It was made of long bamboo tubes placed horizontally on top of each other. They were kept in place by saplings pegged into the ground. This fence had been erected on the orders of the Government officers who said that pigs must be kept away from the village.

On the windward side of the village, outside the fence, stood a lone building. It stood in a north-south direction. Each wall had a blackboard nailed to it, the largest being on the south wall. There were pictures of Biblical stories, and an ABC chart that depicted many objects the children had never seen. A hungry cockroach had eaten clean through the first picture which the teacher called 'apple'. Three portraits looked down on the children: King George VI, Archbishop De Bosimenu of Yule Island and St Therese, the patron Saint of the school.

No partitions separated one classroom from another. Everybody squatted crosslegged on the palm wood floor.

The school grounds were always wet. The owners had allowed this land to be used for the school, because it wasn't much good for building a house. Each flood scoured the area of food wrappings, human and animal excreta and pieces of paper. During the day the children deposited more. At night the adults added to the collection.

Huge breadfruit towered above, cutting out much of the sunlight. The undergrowth around the classroom was so thick that the building was not visible from any direction, not even from the village. Swarms of mosquitoes infested the dark shadows and bothered the children.

There were no toilets. Why bother to build houses to house our waste? That is what the villagers would say to the medical orderlies who complained. The villagers agreed that it was necessary to build 'small houses' for the Government officers, and the white missionaries. Their beautiful white skins

looked too delicate to be allowed to use the bush. The teachers and students used the bush. So did all the village people. The teachers themselves did not believe in the story of the worms that made the people sick. Nobody had seen these worms of destruction. The bush was kept clean by the pigs, who grew fat on it and trailed their bellies on the ground.

Five days a week the children strained their lungs and vocal chords singing their alphabets and numerals. The teachers did not seem to be bothered by the noise. The parents heard their children's voices when they passed by on their way to the garden. To them it was evidence that their children were learning - though it seemed to have little significance for them what their children were learning.

There was a new boy in the preparatory class. He had been in the school for a week. He had recently been transferred from the Protestant school, run by the London Missionary Society, to the Catholic school.

In the Daily Attendance register his name was recorded as Hoiri Sevese. His father, Sevese Ovou, was a deacon in the L.M.S Church. Hoiri was about seven years old.

Hoiri had a bulging stomach, quite out of proportion to the size of his legs. It was surprising that he could see where he placed his feet when he was talking. The other children nicknamed him *taubada*, which literally means 'big man'. Originally it had been a term of respect for all white people living in the district - it was only later that it became a term of mockery.

Hoiri didn't look as if he was going to inherit the towering build of his father. He was short and stinky and some people commented that he was growing sideways.

Hoiri was shy in his new surroundings. Though he was familiar enough with the children in his class, who had been his playmates for years in the village, the school work was different and even the prayers were said differently in the new school. But gradually he picked up most of the tricks of his new class. He learned, for example, that by saying 'May I leave the room' he could have as many recesses as he liked.

Right now he was anxious to leave the room. He had hidden a stick of sago in a secret place between the bearers under the palm flooring, and was worried whether another child might have discovered it. All the children kept the remains of their breakfast in such secret places to be eaten later, and this made it necessary 'to leave the room' as often as possible. Noticing that many of his friends

were 'leaving the room' Hoiri wanted to follow, but lacked the courage to utter the password. Then, without warning, a boy nearest to him popped up like a cork out of water.

'Please teacher, may Hoiri leave the room?' he shouted at the top of his voice. What could the teacher do when four or five other such requests had come from various quarters of the class? Without even looking, he gave his consent.

Hoiri felt greatly indebted to his courageous friend. If his sago was still there his friend must have some of it. In a flash he had disappeared under the building.

One or two pigs raised themselves from their siesta and eyed him askance. Others rubbed their mud-covered bodies furiously against the posts. The children in the school had got used to the countless mild earthquakes every day.

Hoiri searched for his sago in vain. Someone had 'left the room' earlier, and had discovered the hiding place. He fought hard to hold back his tears. Lunch was still an hour or so away. Concentration was more difficult on an empty stomach. For the first time he questioned his reason for being in school. He had no clear ideas about this, but felt, vaguely, that he wanted to learn the white man's language. Not because he wanted to get a well-paid job - for there weren't any such jobs for Papuans and New Guineans to fill - but because the ability to converse with the white people would earn him a respected position in the eyes of the community.

Hoiri wondered whether he would find anything to eat at his aunt's house. Two weeks ago things had been very different. Then his mother was alive and even when she went fishing or gardening she had always left some cooked food ready for him. But now Hoiri wasn't too eager to clear the steps of the classroom when the last phrase of the prayer had left his lips.

'Aren't you going to kneel down, Hoiri? We are all waiting for you.' Faintly the teacher's voice penetrated his brain. Hoiri had been so absorbed in his thoughts that he hadn't been aware of the silence that had fallen upon the building.



Hoiri had not become used to the Catholic way of kneeling for prayers and of making the sign of the cross. In his old school the teacher spoke the prayer alone, everyone else stood with their heads bowed and their eyes closed. Here they all recited the prayer together with the teacher. Hoiri was surprised that in the Catholic school the same Father, Son and Holy Ghost were mentioned in the prayers. Why was there so much antagonism in his village between the followers of the two missions? Whatever the arguments were about, the London Missionary Society seemed to be in the stronger position. They had been the first to establish themselves in the village. In fact Hoiri's grandfather had been a very small boy when the Reverend James Chalmers first landed on the beach of Moveave.

Hoiri made his way into the village under the cloudless sky. The sun made the shadows of the houses darker than they really were. Among the disorderly rows of houses, the *elavo* men's houses with their huge pointed gables towered impressively. Even though Moveave was one of the largest villages in the Papuan Gulf it looked fairly deserted now. A few women were gossiping and weaving mats under the houses. Others were patching holes in their fishing nets, or picking lice from each other's hair.

Out in the open the glare from the sandy soil was hard on the eyes. The air was heavy with the unpleasant smell of scorched earth. Hoiri wished he was taller than three foot six. He cursed the people who did not teach their children and their dogs to do their business outside the village fence.

Bands of ill-fed dogs roamed the streets. They howled miserably in the hope that some kindhearted people might give them some titbits to eat. They appeared to have changed the usual order of nature: the bones of their ribs appeared to grow outside their skins.

Hoiri could tell that his aunt had gone out with the other inhabitants of the house. The only step to the house had been pushed aside so that wandering dogs could not enter the house uninvited. Hopefully Hoiri searched the food rack above the fireplace. Over the years the smoke of cooking fires had coloured the entire room a dirty brown. For a minute he couldn't see anything while his eyes adjusted themselves to the dark.

'Have you found anything yet?' The voice belonged to Hoiri's cousin Meraveka, who went to the L.M.S. school. 'I've got a long stick of sago that will be more than enough for both of us.' Hoiri reappeared from the darkness of the house holding a whole roasted breadfruit and half a dried coconut — still in its shell.

The cousins exchanged food as they walked together. The oil from the dry coconut made it easier to swallow the rubbery sago. The breadfruit was of the Samoan variety, which had been introduced by early South Sea missionaries.

'How do you like the Catholic school?' Meraveka was anxious to find out what new knowledge his cousin was acquiring. 'I am not as happy as when we were at school together. I can't understand why my parents did not take you to stay with us when your mother died. Is it not customary for the father's close relatives to take care of the children when the mother dies? But look what happened. They let your aunt Suaea take you with your brother and sister into their house. And now she made you become a Catholic.'

Hoiri was troubled by his cousin's talk. He knew that he himself had nothing to do with the state of affairs. His father hadn't explained anything to him either. In fact he had mysteriously disappeared soon after his mother's burial and Hoiri did not know where he was or what he was doing.

'It was my father who made the decision,' Hoiri managed to say with great difficulty. 'I had no choice but to go and live with Aunt Suaea. She said that if I didn't go to the Catholic school, she wouldn't give me a *rami* to wear. I chose to keep myself covered, rather than exposing myself to all the girls.'

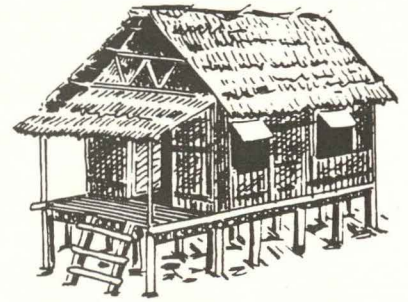
A long silence followed. Meraveka felt he shouldn't have asked in the first place.

'What sort of things are you learning at the new school?'

'Oh, the usual A, B, Cs and 1, 2, 3s. The main difference is that the teachers speak to us in English most of the time.'

'I would like to learn that language too. I envy the village constable, the councillors and medical orderly who can speak to the government officers when they come to our village. The Samoan pastors in our school teach us well, but I don't like the way they speak to us in Toaripi. They don't even speak it properly.'

Hoiri felt elevated. He was learning something his cousin wanted to know. What is more, he told his cousin that in the Catholic school the children were not forced to make sago for their teachers, a practice that was common in the L.M.S. school and a task that took up the best part of the day. Hoiri had heard his father say to the *Ekalesia* that the practice was undesirable but absolutely necessary. 'These Samoans,' he would say, 'have come a long way to bring the Word of God to us. They have no land here where they could make their



gardens. It is our responsibility to see that they have enough to eat.'

'I wish I could come to the same school as you,' Meraveka said, almost to himself. Hoiri felt sorry for him. He knew what these sago expeditions were like and he knew the punishment for shirking them. Most boys realised that it was wiser to go on the tedious sago expeditions than to face the embarrassment of being caned naked in front of the girls.

Together the cousins forded the creek that was the only outlet in the south of the village to the large waterways. The tide was low and the water was up to their thighs.

The cool smell of mud was a relief to their nostrils. Though the water was full of animal and human excreta, the two boys were not bothered in the least. They had been swimming in that same creek ever since they had been able to float.

Long parallel trenches on the mud marked the mooring places of the canoes. Now only a few unserviceable canoes were left lying around. But on a Sabbath day or on Friday — the 'Government day' — the same creek would be jammed with canoes.

'Did you notice that Government officers don't usually come to our village at low tide?' Hoiri remarked. 'I suppose that with all the excreta floating around they are afraid of letting the water touch their clean white feet.'

'I have never seen them brave the water in this creek as yet,' Meraveka added support. 'Whenever they come their canoes are laden with so many patrol boxes, cartons of goods and furniture — you would think they'd come to stay for months. With that kind of load at low tides the canoe can't get anywhere near the normal landing places. So the men of our village have to carry them like small children!'

When they had crossed to the other side they could hear the laughter and chattering of other boys not far away. It was usual at this time of day for the boys to collect coconuts and for the girls to cut wood and fill the water pots ready for their parents' return.



Soon boys disappeared in the thick undergrowth, each heading for his family's coconut grove. Hoiri and Meraveka made haste, because they knew that they had to swim across the same creek nearer to its junction with a large waterway and crocodiles had been known to venture right up to the village with the incoming tide.

By the time the sun was level with the tree tops the boys had their bundles of nuts neatly tied up. They suspended the load on a stick between the two of them and marched off to the bank of the creek to await the arrival of some fishing canoes. They noticed the white bubbles in the water and knew that some canoes must have already gone past. 'Can you hear the *tui* calling? It is announcing the turn of the tide,' Meraveka said. 'Many more canoes should be here any minute.'

Soon a large canoe full of women and girls swung into view from the bend in the creek. Their chattering was out of step to the rhythm of the paddles. Already the two boys could recognise one or two faces in the canoe. They all belonged to the boys' fathers' clan, the Operoro clan. Therefore they regarded all the girls as their sisters and all the women as their mothers.

That night the full moon was out. It was still a period of mourning so the children did not boo and cheer. After the evening meal, they sat and told stories to each other in between the rows of houses. It was a special night. Boys and girls had to keep strictly separate. Mothers warned their sons and elder sisters warned their brothers. On no account were they to play with girls. They were told that grown-up girls and women menstruated at this time. The pale yellow circle around the moon was the sign. Should a girl's grass skirt touch any part of a boy's head, his growth would be stunted considerably.

Hoiri didn't feel he should play and have fun. It would be unfair to his mother. Instead he sat near his aunt Suaea listening to her mumbling to herself. She complained of the extra responsibility thrust on her shoulders by the untimely death of her elder sister. Not that she minded looking after children — but what stupidity to terminate one's life when one has years of useful life still in one's body. Suaea cursed the *mesiri* men, the sorcerers. She couldn't think of one good reason why they had taken her sister's life.

'Who is 'they'?' asked Hoiri who had picked up his aunt's last remark.

'Oh, some people are never satisfied with their lot,' his aunt answered, not wishing to go into too much detail. 'They've got to kill. I do

not know what they get out of taking other people's lives. You find that these people are friendly to you, but that is only the surface.'

'But who are these people?' Hoiri interrupted, suggesting he was not to be put off easily. 'How can one tell they are preparing the deadly mixture?'

Suaea realised it was useless to avoid the subject. Hoiri had set his mind on knowing the truth.

'There are some men well known in this village. It is they who carry out the ground work. They collect the dirt of the person who is to die. Sometimes they cut off a piece from the person's dress. Fresh clean ginger is used. They make sure that their own dirt doesn't get on the ginger or else they are as liable to die. Then they pass these things on to the experts, who are scattered in the villages of the Toaripi coast, or take them to faraway villages on the Moiripi coast. These experts do the rest.'

'Have these experts any means of knowing who their victims are?' Suaea explained that they do. When the mixture has been kept in a bamboo tube over a fire place for some time, the apparition of the victim appears from time to time. The bamboo rolls about the floor when the victim is critically ill and writhes about desperately trying to hang on to his life. The sorcerers have been known to throw the mixture away when they felt sympathetic towards the victim.

Usually the victim doesn't know for sure. He feels unwell. When he goes fishing, the fish he catches fall back into the water as he is about to land them in his canoe. Some of his properties disappear mysteriously. Sometimes it is his close relatives' things that disappear.

As his aunt talked, Hoiri remembered an incident that took place when he and his parents were gardening up the river shortly before his mother's death. That day the half-inch-thick cane vine that secured their canoe to the nearest coconut tree snapped unexpectedly and the canoe was dragged into the muddy waters of the Taure River and sank mysteriously. More strange, the loose floorboards, which one would have expected to remain floating on top of the water, submerged with the canoe.

Hoiri cursed his father. Why hadn't he noted this phenomenon and acted quickly and wisely? If he had given his mother the correct juice of herbs, barks and roots to drink, they might have counteracted the force of sorcery. But maybe his being a deacon of the L.M.S. church prevented him from taking such traditional measures.

During the third week of mourning, Sevese Ovou, Hoiri's father, suddenly walked into his sister-in-law's house. He looked a different man. His clothes were black, and a scraggy beard covered his face. He looked miserable. Obviously he had not been eating much.

Hoiri had a lot of things on his mind that he wanted to clear up with his father. But his aunt would not let him bother his father yet. He had to eat first.

In the end Hoiri burst out straight with the question: 'Did someone really cause my mother's death?' His father looked surprised and uneasy. His son should not have been told this, at least not at his age. He made Hoiri tell him all he already knew about this matter. When he realised how much Hoiri had already been told and how eager he was to know everything he reluctantly agreed to pursue the subject.

'When your mother died, her body was buried. Her spirit did not leave us. She has been visiting the places where she went fishing and gardening. Every evening, as the sun sets behind the tree tops, she changes to her human form and weeps for us. It is at one of these times that we, the living, can find out from the dead the cause of their death.

'So that's why you have been away for two weeks?' Hoiri asked. And he now recalled that ever since his mother had died a separate food dish had been set aside in a special room at every meal time. His father now confirmed that this food was for his mother's spirit.

'And did you see her after all?' Hoiri asked again, most anxious for his father to continue.

'You see, son,' his father explained, 'I was facing the setting sun near our cemetery, alone. I felt the back of my neck become cold, all of a sudden. The cicadas seemed to screech louder than ever. Night was already falling and now here and there were real pockets of darkness where a tall tree obscured the quickly fading sunlight. I found it difficult to focus my eyes on any one subject. Images became



blurred. Trees which had been victims of grass fires held out their massive black arms as if to strike. I felt chilly though there wasn't a breath of wind. Then my feet became weak. There was a thumping in my chest. A nearby tree seemed to bend down towards me. My legs gave way and everything became blank for a moment. Then your mother's familiar voice came to my ears.'

In a low voice Sevese Ovou told his son the cause of his mother's death. He also mentioned the names of the *mesiri* men who were involved. He ended on a note of warning to his son to keep well away from the evil men.

Hoiri also learned from his father that his mother's spirit would still be with them until the day a feast was made to forget her. It was vitally important that this feast to release her be not delayed any longer than necessary. The earlier she arrived in the place of the dead, the better for her. Besides it was not fair to keep the whole village in a state of mourning. They must be freed to beat the drum again. The children too must be freed to cheer and laugh again at nights, the men must be allowed to shave their beards and the women to take off their black grass skirts and black armbands.

The great day came at last. Smoke from numerous cooking fires made the village look as if it was on fire. It was a day of many activities. The whole village was awakened after three Sundays of inactivity.

The squeaking of pigs being slaughtered rang from one end of the village to the other. The long-silenced drums boomed. Their thunderous notes were carried high above the tops of the sago palms. The nearby villages of Heatoare and Savaiviri were warned of the feast.

The women and girls had put on their best grass skirts. Only the close relatives of

the dead woman were not yet allowed to dress in bright colours.

By late afternoon all the food had been assembled. School children had depleted the meagre supply of chalk in their classrooms so that their mothers could mark their pots.

At a signal from Hoiri's uncle the crowd settled down. The food was already placed in heaps, one for each clan. With a young coconut shoot in hand, the uncle went from heap to heap naming the clans for whom the food was intended.

By night time all the food had been eaten or removed. From now on, any reference to Hoiri's mother would be made in the past tense.

Hoiri was sad to think that his dear mother's spirit was to be leaving for ever early next morning. Once she had passed the villages in which people had known her during her life time, her body and spirit would be reunited. Hoiri was comforted by the knowledge that his mother lacked nothing to enable her to make her trip comfortably. His father had provided her with everything at the funeral. Before she was lowered into her grave she had been given a string bag full of roasted balls of sago and coconuts, a lamp and a knife to defend herself with. The more Hoiri thought about the dangers that lay in wait for her in this journey, the more he wished he could accompany her.

From his father he had learned about the cunning ferrymen and dishonest guest-house proprietors she was likely to meet on her way, who were only too ready to deceive and rob the unwary. But if she survived the journey, she would shed her dark skin and become a European. She would be in a land of plenty and one day she would send gifts to them.

From then on Hoiri kept trying to visualise this land of plenty his mother had gone to. Did

she ever arrive there? And if she did, had she forgotten to send the goods to the loved ones she had left behind? Or were they intercepted before they reached their rightful owners? One day, he was sure she would send these gifts.

Editor's note about the author Vincent Eri:

Co-operative officer, teacher, senior bureaucrat, ambassador, businessman, political activist, Governor-General, Trustee of the National Museum and Art Gallery, Vincent Eri was also the first Papuan to have a novel published. Eri wrote *The Crocodile* whilst studying at the University of Papua New Guinea and it was published by Jacaranda Press in 1970. *The Crocodile* is a thought-provoking and amusing account both of traditional society in East Kerema and of the perceptions of the coloniser by the colonised.

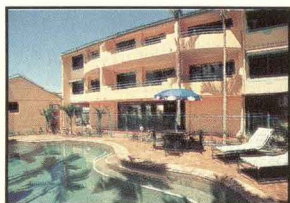
The Crocodile is unfortunately now out of print. To follow Hoiri's adventures, you will have to search for a copy of the book in your local library. It is our hope that by reproducing the first chapter of *The Crocodile* in this issue, sufficient reader interest might be aroused to encourage a publisher to produce a new edition of this important novel.

It is also unfortunate that during his busy working life Vincent Eri did not find time to pursue his talent in creative writing. In the late 1980s, when Governor-General, Sir Serei as he was then known did start to write again, but sadly had not completed any major work before his untimely death in 1993.

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Short Story Competition prize winners will be published in the July/August Issue of Paradise.



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Behind the Wings of Flight

Story and photographs by Michael D. Hallett

REMEMBERING THE FORGOTTEN ENGINEER

Through the history of world aviation, many names have come to the fore -

Great deeds of the past on our memory will last as they're joined by more and more -

When man first started his labour in his quest to conquer the sky, he was designer, engineer and pilot, and he built a machine that would fly —

The pilot was everyone's hero, he was brave, he was bold, he was grand, as he stood by his battered biplane with his goggles and helmet in hand —

But for each of these flying heroes there were thousands of little renown, and these were the men who worked on the planes but kept their feet on the ground —

We all know the name of Lindbergh and we've read of his flight to fame —

But think if you can, of his maintenance man, can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes, Gabreski, Jabara, and Scott —

Can you tell me the name of their chief engineer?

A thousand to one you cannot —

So when you see mighty jet aircraft as they mark their way through the air,

Remember the grease-stained man with the wrench in his hand, he is the engineer who put them there.

(Author Unknown)

The backbone of all airlines throughout the world is the unseen and often unacknowledged aircraft maintenance engineers, working tirelessly behind the scene. Air Niugini is no exception, with a dedicated team of Licensed Aircraft Maintenance Engineers, Aircraft Maintenance Engineers, Sheet-metal Workers, Upholsterers, Painters, Storemen and Cleaners, all of whom take pride in their chosen field.

Air Niugini aircraft are maintained by two sections of the Aircraft Maintenance Department: the Hangar Check Crew and the Line Maintenance Crew. The line maintenance and hangar crews operate 24 hours per day all year round, currently working two 12-hour shifts. The day-shift starts at 6:00 am and the night-shift at 6:00 pm.

The hangar crews carry out maintenance checks on the Dehavilland Dash 8 and Fokker F28 Aircraft. The checks can take from 24 hours up to 5 days, depending on the level of periodic maintenance tasks required. Aircraft checks entail scheduled inspections, modifications, repairs and operational checks of aircraft systems.



Left: An F28 in Air Niugini's maintenance hanger and a Dash 7, nosed in, undergoing night time maintenance Above: Jackson's Airport Port Moresby Below: First departures in the early morning rush



It is the responsibility of the line maintenance day-shift engineers to provide a streamlined operation for the daily operations of the airline. Their goal is to ensure on-time departures by providing a smooth and quick service in performing their pre-flight inspections, refuelling and rectification of any aircraft defects. The hangar crew backs up and supports the line with help from the stores' personnel to supply urgent spare parts when needed.

From time to time unavoidable engineering or technical delays do occur. As defects occur, Engineering goes into full swing to rectify the problem in the quickest possible time, to avoid or limit the delay in the aircraft's departure. Line rectifications can be as simple as topping up engine oils to in-depth trouble shooting of an aircraft auto-pilot system.

The night-shift plays a slightly different role from the day-shift, with the bulk of aircraft maintenance being performed at night. About 8:00 pm each evening sees the end of scheduled flying for the day. Every night there is an average of 10 aircraft on the ground at Jackson's Airport, all requiring some form of maintenance.

Base checks, defect rectification, scheduled maintenance and engine changes are carried out right through the night. Some defects may require much problem solving, trouble shooting and in-depth research into aircraft systems to facilitate a fix.

Top left: *LAME Kiwi Ball & William Abdul completing engine start clearance*

Top right: *The dedicated wheel bay team*

Bottom left: *Kupe Chanoan, one happy sheet metal tradesman*

Bottom right: *Marawa Ravu & Kapu Ura, upholsterers*



A career in aircraft engineering is no easy task and requires a special person to dedicate many years of training and hands-on experience. Both men and women can enter an apprenticeship with Air Niugini. The minimum age for entry is 18 and the minimum educational qualification Grade 12. Apprentices spend 4 years at the Qantas Jet Base at Mascot Airport in Sydney where they learn the fundamentals of aircraft engineering and maintenance requirements of various aircraft systems. They also undertake theory of aircraft maintenance courses at a TAFE College.

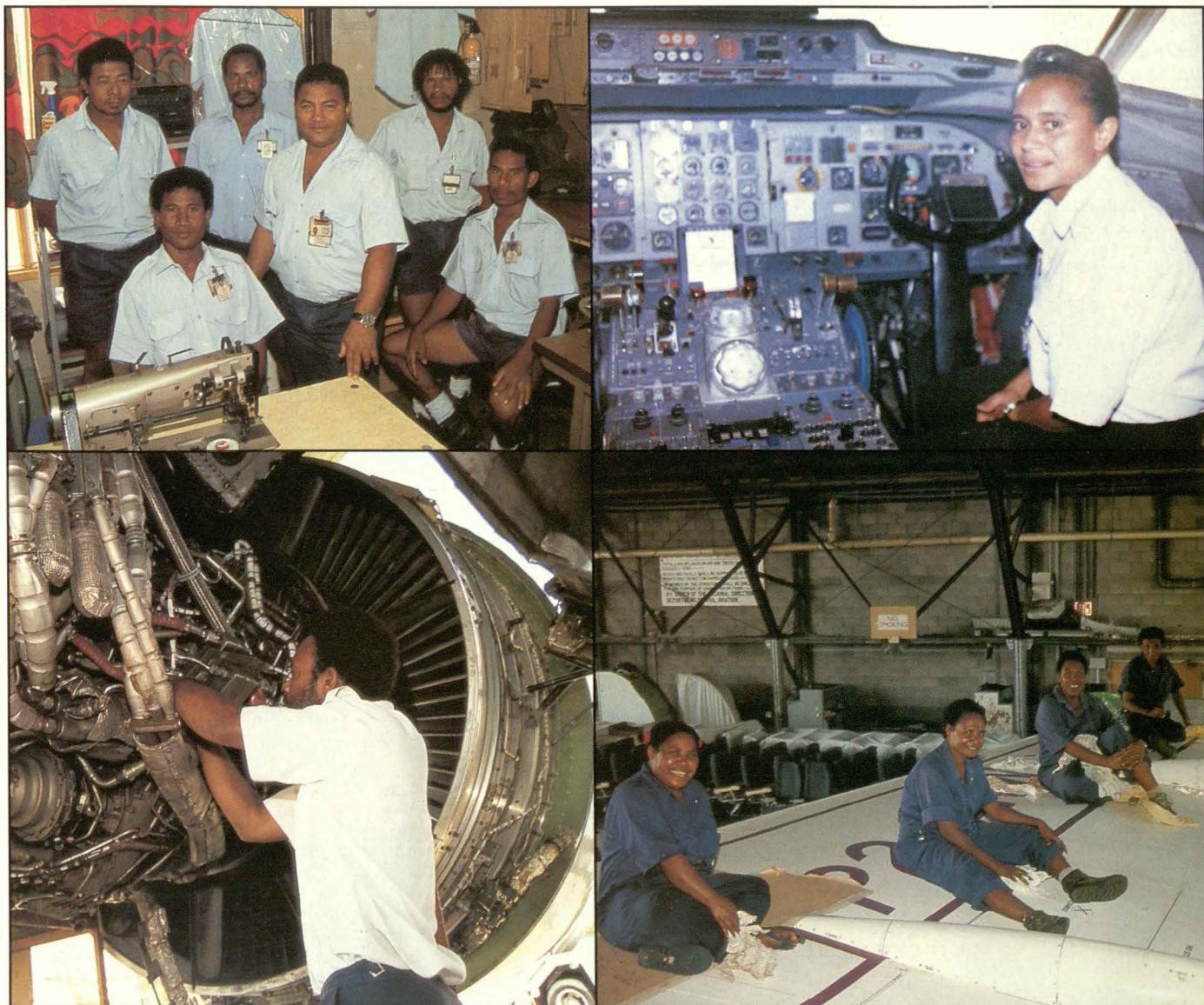
Apprentices will have the opportunity to specialise in one of two trades groups: Mechanical (Airframe and Power-plant) or Avionics (Electrical, Instruments and Radio).

After completing the apprenticeship, the trainees rejoin the engineering team as Aircraft Maintenance Engineers (AMEs) at Air Niugini's maintenance base at Jackson's Airport in Port Moresby. Training continues as hands-on practical experience under the guidance of a Licensed Aircraft Maintenance Engineer (LAME), combined with further exams. To obtain a Basic Licence, each AME must pass exams in four core subjects for Mechanical and six for Avionics. After passing the Basic Exams and a minimum of six months of practical experience, the AME can embark on the road to become a LAME.

Top left: *Kapu Ura, Marawa Ravu, Patoro Mahaie, Sugar Ray, Luscomb Auro & Rario Veali, the upholstery shop team*
 Top right: *Joyce Wal, the first Papua New Guinean female aircraft engineer*

Bottom left: *LAME John Pidik working on the PW Spey engine fitted to the Fokker F28*

Bottom right: *Karen Napo, Kathy Hove, Jean Koney & Judy Amon meticulously clean inside and outside the aircraft.*



For the Mechanical licence, there are nine more exams, making thirteen in total. For the Electrical-Instruments strand of Avionics, there are eight more exams, making a total of fourteen. To obtain a full Avionics Licence with Radio qualifications as well, the engineer must sit thirteen more exams, making twenty-seven in all. In addition the engineer must attend aircraft type courses. Each AME must pass a type course and have sufficient hours of practical experience logged to satisfy the requirements of the Department of Civil Aviation before being granted a licence. This licence allows an engineer to certify for maintenance for a particular aircraft type and to supervise and train other AMEs.

Becoming a Licensed Aircraft Maintenance Engineer thus involves many years of hard work and experience. The minimum amount of time for people with aptitude and diligence is approximately three years. For some, it can take up to ten years to finish the LAME requirements.

Top left: *Quality Assurance, Canisius Lang carrying out an NDT inspection of an F28 main wheel rim*

Top right: *AME Daniel Sioni inspecting the horizontal stabiliser of an F28*

Training does not stop with becoming a LAME: it is on-going throughout the engineer's career. With the introduction of new aircraft come new advances in technology. As a consequence, engineers can look forward to many hours of class room training followed by months or sometimes years of practical hands-on experience before qualifying for upgraded licences. Each type of aircraft carries its own rating for which an engineer must be certified. The licence required to be certified for an Airbus, for example, is much more difficult than for a Twin Otter or even Dash 8.

So when you step aboard an Air Niugini aircraft, spare a thought for the people who make it all possible. On the occasion you may experience a technical delay, be patient as your safety is of prime concern.

Mike Hallett worked for Air Niugini as an aircraft engineer and now lives in New Zealand.

Bottom: Early morning fog envelops the tarmac during preparations for F28 departures.





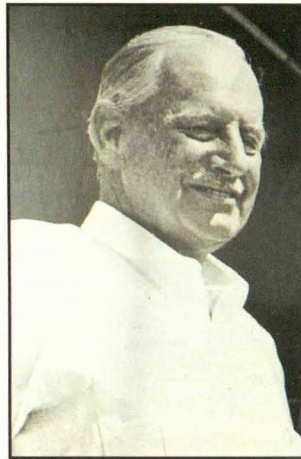
MUSEUM NEWS

An Introduction to the J.K. McCarthy Museum

The J.K. McCarthy Museum is located in Goroka, the capital of Eastern Highlands Province. The Museum, which is a branch of the National Museum in Port Moresby, was established in the 1960s and is named after John Keith McCarthy (photo on right), a distinguished pioneer in the Australian colonial administration. McCarthy was a Member of the Legislative Council, Deputy Speaker of the House of Assembly and a Trustee of the National Museum. His donation of 64 artifacts from his own collection formed the foundation of the collections held by the museum in Goroka which was subsequently named after him.

The construction of the J.K. McCarthy Museum was initiated by the Rotary Club of Goroka in 1965. The cause was then taken up by the Eastern Highlands Agricultural Society which made land available on the Society's showgrounds. Additional support was obtained from the Goroka Local Government Council and the National Museum.

The museum building was designed to reflect traditional Eastern Highlands architecture. Four round houses are joined together to form the museum building which includes six public galleries, storage rooms, office space and a book store and handicraft shop. Construction began in



Text by Theodore Mawe
Photographs by Wally Ainui

1966 with the foundation stone being laid by the Chief Justice of the time, Sir Alan Mann. The building was completed in 1967 and opened to the public in 1968.

The exhibit in the Highlands Gallery consists of old photographs of previous Goroka Shows including some dating back to the first Show which was held over 40 years ago.

The New Guinea Gallery displays artifacts from different parts of Papua New Guinea while the Giddings Gallery holds a display of objects from World War II as well as photographs of war carriers and soldiers in action.

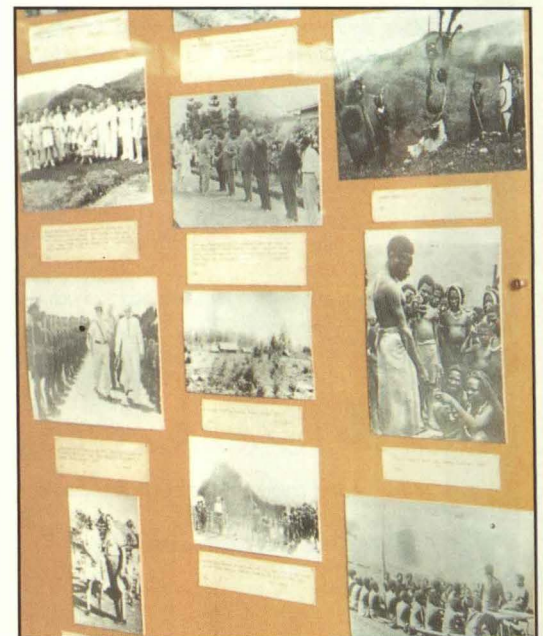
The Leahy Gallery, named after one of the early Australian explorers of the Highlands, was a gift from the Collins and Leahy families and was opened in 1979. It has an exhibit of old photographs showing early European contact with local groups in the Highlands.

The Soso Subi Gallery shows the materials and techniques used to manufacture salt by the people of the Marawaka District of the Eastern Highlands, while the Prehistory Gallery gives an overview of the prehistory of Papua New Guinea.



Right: *Early colonial photographs in the Leahy Gallery*

Left: *Murals on the front of the museum*





Above: World War II airplane in the yard of the Museum. The National Sports Institute and the Goroka Showgrounds are in the background.



Above right: Display of musical instruments in the Giddings Gallery

Below: Pottery in the Soso Subi Gallery



The Museum's bookshop sells a variety of books and handicrafts. The sale of these items supplements the annual grant received from the National Museum.

The J.K. McCarthy Museum assists the National Museum in its efforts to preserve and protect Papua New Guinea's natural, cultural and historical heritage; to educate the general public about the heritage; and to administer the *National Cultural Property (Preservation) Act*. It is also involved in collecting and preserving objects of cultural, natural and historical significance. The Museum has a programme of visits from local

school children and is an active participant in the Goroka Show which is held in September each year. During the 1996 Goroka Show, the Museum organised a traditional salt making demonstration by people from Marawaka.

The J.K. McCarthy Museum is looking to improve its ability to carry out research and make the research results available to the public. It is also hoped to enlarge the building and expand the library and photographic archive.

Next time you are in Goroka spend an hour or two at the J.K. McCarthy Museum. It is located at the Goroka Showgrounds at the corner of Morchhauser and Makinono Streets.

Opening hours:

8am - 4pm — Monday to Friday;

2pm - 4pm — Saturday;

10am - 12noon — Sunday.

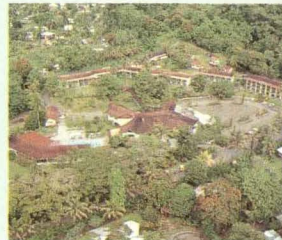
For more information, contact the Chief Curator on 732 1502.

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A310-324 Airbus Industrie Europe	46.67	43.90	2 Pratt & Whitney PW4152	900	10,500	209 pax + bags + 11,100kg cargo	7,000
F28-4000 Fokker The Netherlands	29.61	25.07	2 Rolls Royce RB183-15H	750	9,000	74 pax + bags + 667kg cargo	1,600
F28-1000 Fokker The Netherlands	27.60	23.58	2 Rolls Royce RB183-15	750	9,000	60 pax + bags + 794kg cargo	1,600
DHC DASH8-200 Bombardier Canada	22.25	25.89	2 Pratt & Whitney PW123D	550	7,600	36 pax + bags + 331kg cargo	1,700

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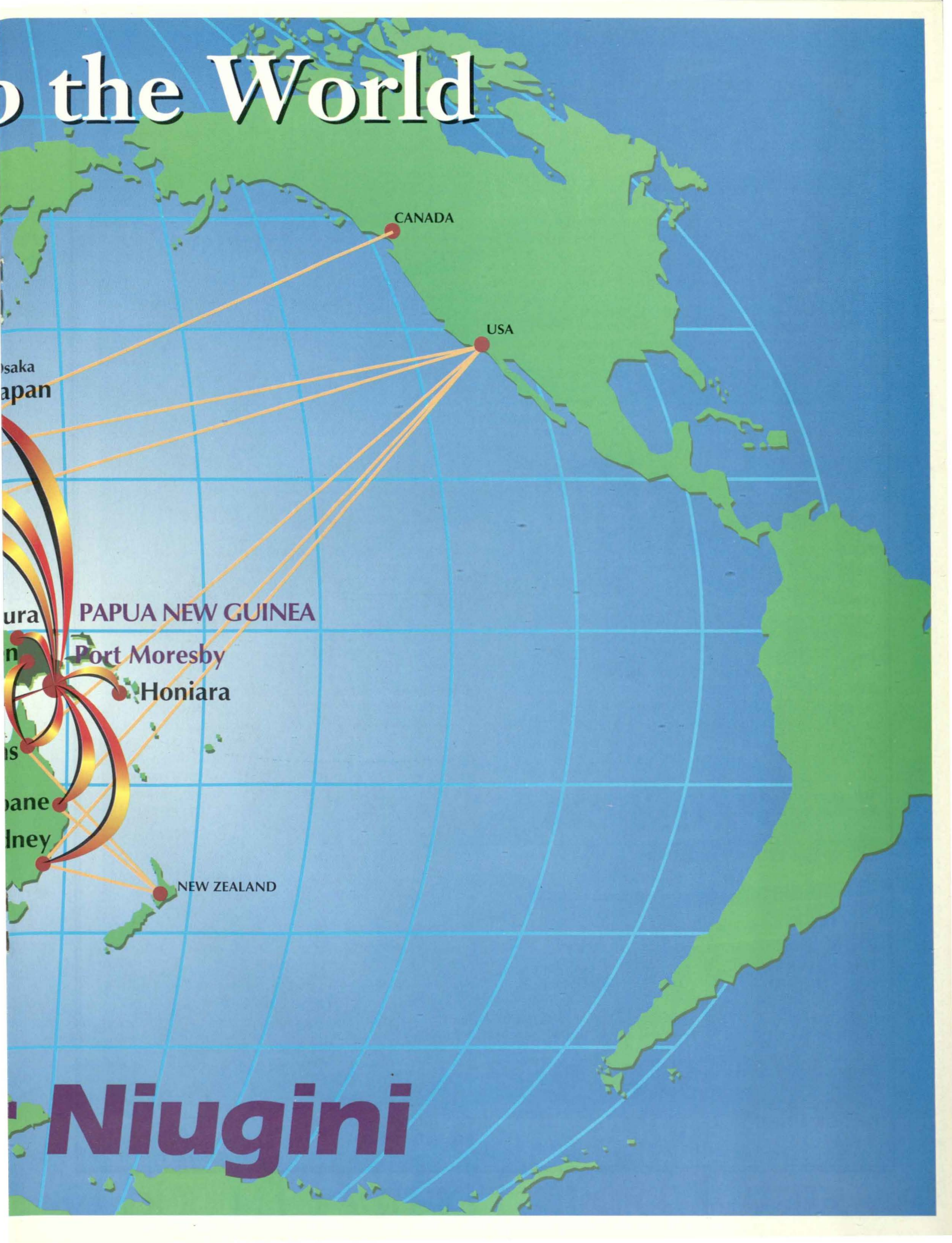


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The heART of TERRY

Story by Myles McIvor
Photographs by Chris Higgins
and Terry Saleh



Terry Saleh left Papua New Guinea more than 20 years ago. He landed in Queensland's capital Brisbane with five kina to his name. This year he returns to his homeland as one of Australia's most prolific and popular artists. He will bring with him a feeling for various cultures and a yearning to be reunited with his past.

In June as well as his paintings and artifacts Terry will bring to Papua New Guinea, Aboriginal artist and didgeridoo player Michael Connolly whom he has taken under his wing. *The Aboriginal and Papua New Guinean cultures will combine on this month-long tour,* Terry says. I

see this tour as breaking cultural barriers. We want to show my homeland how both cultures can intermingle. There are a lot of common themes between Aboriginal and Melanesian cultures. An accomplished didgeridoo player, Terry says, Some Papua New Guinean tribes have similar instruments to the didgeridoo.

Terry's mixed parentage — Malay/Indonesian and Papuan/Indian — has given him an appreciation of different cultures which has in turn influenced his creative work. *I was brought up in the bush and some of my work has a distinct Papua New Guinean flavour.* However, he also

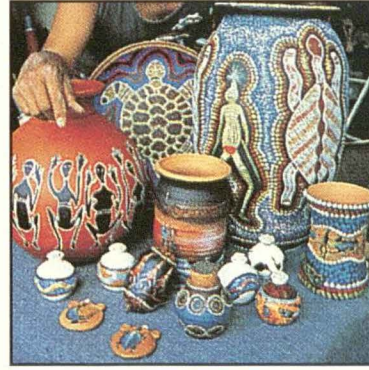
feels a close affinity to the cultures and lifestyles of Australia's original inhabitants.

As to his nationality, Terry doesn't care what he is called. An Australian citizen, he still looks upon Papua New Guinea as his home. *I love Australia. It is an excellent place to work as an artist as I can do what I like and travel anywhere. There has been a lot of negative publicity about Papua New Guinea, that's why I want to show something positive. I hope to inspire some of the young people.*



Top left: Terry inside the Gallery which features, pottery, Australian themed oil paintings, bush and kangaroo skin art
Top right: Handcrafted painted pottery platter
Below left: Kangaroo skin art burnt in with a hot iron
Below right: Terry's Gallery at North Pine Country Park, Dayboro Road, Kurwongba





Above left: Bullocky 1 from the Colonial Works collection of oil paintings

Above: Handpainted pottery

Above right: Purelko, an Australian Aboriginal Dreamtime print

Far right top: Handcrafted and handpainted plates, emu eggs and jewellery

Far right middle: Kangaroo skin-art framed/unframed

Far right botom: Handpainted paper-bark art

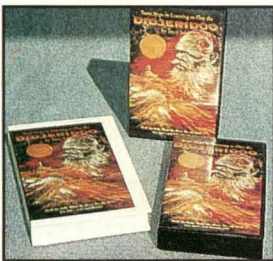
One of my memories from Papua New Guinea is my grade six certificate signed by my teacher Paulus Arek, later a Member of Parliament. He wrote that this student would become an artist in the future. That was handwritten while the rest of the report, which contained fairly ordinary marks, was printed.

The boy from Popondetta has matured into a man who has seen the world but still wants to be among his people. Although his immediate family of five brothers, three sisters and his parents have moved to

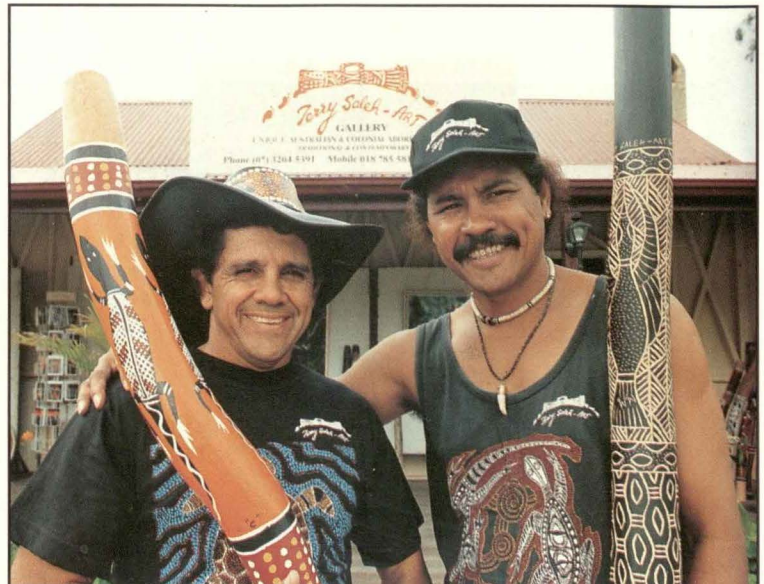
Australia, Terry will visit this coastal town which gained its place in history as the beginning of the famous Kokoda Trail in World War II.

This is the first time I have been home since I left in 1975. After my country gained its independence, I came to Brisbane as a 21-year-old with my cousin whom I had convinced to quit his office job. We looked up a friend's address in the phone book and caught a taxi there. We couldn't convince the driver to accept the five kina so I had to knock on doors in the neighbourhood before a lady offered to lend me the cab fare until I got my money changed.

Now, art connoisseurs throughout Australia and overseas come knocking on Terry's door. His art transcends normal boundaries as he portrays the legends and lifestyles of Aborigines and the way of life of the pioneer European settlers of the coastal and outback regions. His striking Dreamtime works arouse the most interest with limited edition prints the subject of keen bidding. All this from a man who did not start sketching until 15 years ago when his mother handed him a book on the Dreamtime. He had been working as a clerk in the Maintenance Section of the Education Department



Left: Basic steps on learning to play the Didgeridoo videos
Below: Terry playing the didgeridoo on a school tour
Right: Aboriginal artist & didgeridoo player Michael Connolly and Terry Saleh



Film Centre or picking up odd jobs such as washing dishes in hotels.

Terry's first artistic break came in 1988 with a six-month stint at the Australian Pavilion in the World Expo at Brisbane where he staged demonstrations of his charcoal and pencil sketches. He broadened his horizons by taking holidays in Queensland's wide open spaces, travelling to Tropical Daintree and Cairns where he exhibited his works. This led to a Canadian contact who convinced him to exhibit internationally at the 1991 Calvary Exhibition and Stampede.

It's my destiny I told my wife Janice, Terry says of the offer. I said I've got to go. I hunted up sponsorship and went.

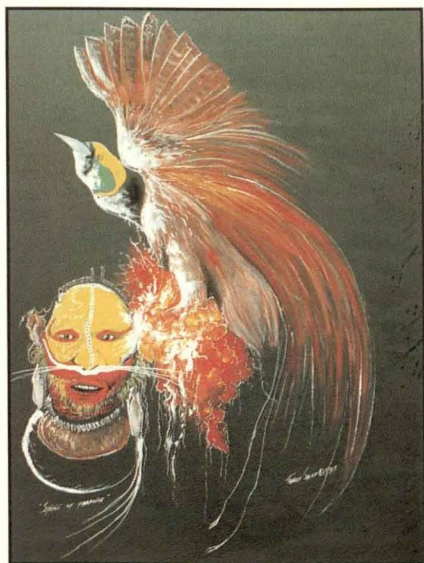
From there came trips to Germany, Japan and Britain. Terry works seven

days a week, maintaining a schedule of market appearances and private commissions as well as speaking engagements to schools, colleges and universities. Apart from traditional prints, sketches and drawings, Terry also produces stained glass art, water colours, charcoal and chalk sketches, hand-printed t-shirts, leather craft and oil paintings from his home studio and gallery at North Pine Country Park on Brisbane's northern outskirts. He has moved into other fields with a video on how to play the didgeridoo, a CD of didgeridoo music and two tapes. He has expanded to kangaroo skin artwork, burning etches onto skins highly prized by American and Canadian buyers. He also makes bush furniture, giving him fewer hours to spare as he also tries to make as many trips into the Australian bush as

possible. His most challenging commission was the giant artwork he created for the first Gold Coast Indy Car Grand Prix in 1991. The 22-metre design took many hours of hard work to complete and was strapped across a pedestrian bridge in Surfers Paradise for the three-day event which was televised throughout the world.

Keeping control of my work has paid off, says Terry. I have seen some artists sell the rights to their works quite cheaply and then have them mass reproduced at a massive profit to the other party. I have been very lucky that my works have not been pirated.

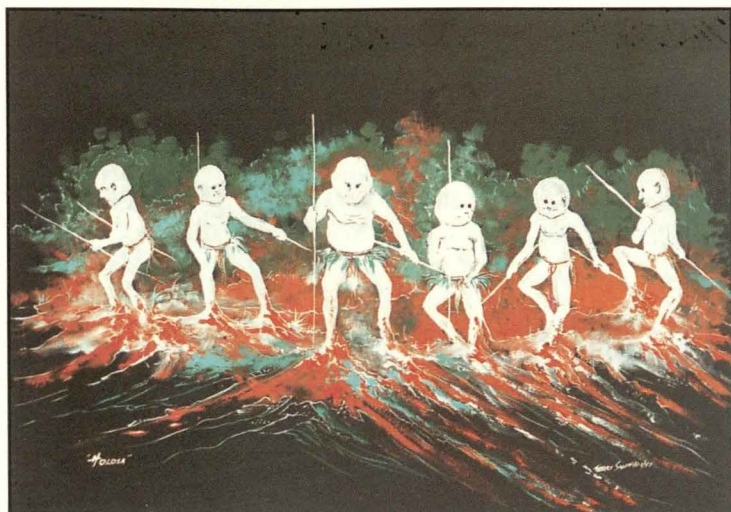
Terry, who has painted some scenes of his homeland from memory, (examples shown below) intends to paint more during his tour of Port Moresby and the major regional centres.



Left: *Spirit of Paradise*



Right:
Orokaivan mourning



Left:
Mudmen



Right:
Baining fire walkers

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Lihir Island

During the Gold Exploration Times



by John Hamau

The newest gold mine to be developed in Papua New Guinea is located on Lihir Island 50km off the northeast coast of the New Ireland mainland. Exploration of the mineral deposits commenced in 1983 by a Kennecott-Niugini Mining joint venture. After nearly 13 years of exploration, a feasibility study, technical evaluation of the mineral deposit and negotiations to operate a mine, a Special Mining Lease was awarded on 17 March 1995. Construction work for the mine has progressed on schedule and the mining and processing of mineral ore will commence in May 1997.

Mineral explorations have been carried out on what can be referred to as 'the treasure islands' of New Ireland since the early 1980s. These islands include the Lihir group and the adjacent Tabar group of Islands. Mineral discoveries in Simberi on Tabar Island by Nord Resources look promising for a second gold mine in the area.

The New Ireland Province, with its unspoiled tropical islands, has some of the most authentic culture and peace-loving people in the New Guinea Island region.

Above: *The Lihir Gold Mine site with Ladolam Base Camp in the foreground*
Below: *The mining of the mineral gold deposit on Lihir will involve a system to cool off the underground hot steam during the mining process.*





Above: Three young men dressed to dance a traditional Lihir dance

Below: A typical New Ireland Hausboi enclosed by a stone fence. Traditional feasts are held inside the Hausboi.

A three-hour trip down the 300 km Boluminski Highway from Kavieng to Namatanai gives the visitor exciting views of rows of swaying coconut palms, crystal clear rivers, lagoons and fascinating coastal villages.

Both Lihir and Tabar Islands are part of the Namatanai Open Electorate. The

need for close administrative involvement with the mining activities on the island ended Lihir's formal administration from Namatanai in 1990 when it attained District status of its own. Tabar island is administered from Konos Patrol Post in central New Ireland.

From the 1960s to the 1980s



Government officers made regular patrols to the outer islands using government trawlers based at Namatanai. Nowadays, patrols can be made by scheduled daily flights or chartered planes or helicopters from Tokua.

During exploration, geologists and company staff flew to and from Lihir Island either by helicopter or by twin-propelled small aircraft that operate to Kunaiye airstrip. Since there were no roads around the island visitors soon got used to jumping off dinghies on to the beach and walking along stretches of sandy beaches to reach their destination.

One of the company's priorities after settling on the island was to connect Lihir to the outside world by telephone and television reception. The telephone transmitter located on the highest peak of the island is maintained by Telikom. Always covered with clouds, even at 10am this peak can be extremely cold and reminds one of the ridges in the Chimbu Province. During exploration the company communicated with the outside world by telephone, facsimile, HF and VHF radio.

The large TV tracking dishes on the mine site give the wondering villager a sneak preview of something they have never seen in their lifetime. Most evenings after having a first class dinner, staff can relax with a drink and watch any television program that is being viewed in Port Moresby.

A visitor to the mine project finds on arrival at Ladolam Base Camp that the base is open and without fences. All company staff dwell in similar huts and dine in a central mess situated only a few meters from the waterfront of the Luise Harbour. The cool and relaxed atmosphere reminds visitors of the post-World War II times when Australian ex-servicemen came to New Guinea and set up their coconut plantations on the best and most fertile coastal locations on both the New Ireland mainland and the islands.

During the early 1990s, at the end of a day's work at the mine site, local islanders were taken on a tractor to the villages which lay along the only short stretch of road between Palie Catholic Mission and Ladolam Base Camp. Those who came from villages without road access had to try to get home before dark either by dinghy, by walking along beaches or along bush tracks.



Left: A typical waterside scene on Lihir Island

Since March 1996 the islanders have been able to travel the 72 kilometres right around the island on wheels.

Lihir islanders are renowned for their strong attachment to their traditional way of life. Even today, when a big feast is to be held, bigmen from the island travel as they did in the old days through high seas to mainland New Ireland and the adjacent islands of Tabar and Tanga in search of pigs for the celebration. Lihir islanders are famous seafarers but pay little attention to nautical safety. In 1995 a number of islanders were sailing back to Lihir after purchasing some pigs from Tanga when they encountered engine failure at sea. They drifted in open seas for weeks before being rescued in the waters of the South Pacific island of Tuvalu. A similar incident happened a few years earlier when a Lihir islander's motorised dinghy suffered engine trouble. After floating in outer oceans he was picked up by an international cargo ship, only to be dropped off at Townsville in Queensland. Authorities had to work out how to fly the man with his dinghy back to Lihir.

The Lihir islanders are known to be professional manufacturers of *mis*, the shell money highly valued in New Ireland. When boats or large canoes travelled from Lihir to mainland New Ireland, it signalled a time to trade pigs for shell money. Since the islanders had the shell money and the mainland New Irelanders the goods, the islanders usually enjoyed good trading hospitality on the mainland until their return to Lihir Island with their pigs.

A major feast on Lihir often takes a week to celebrate with elaborate customs to be observed, a large number of pigs and garden food to be consumed along with the staging of traditional *singsings* by people from other villages on the island.

Relatives on mainland New Ireland are always expected to attend feasts on the island. This is still a strong part of village life despite a world class gold mine being developed on the island.

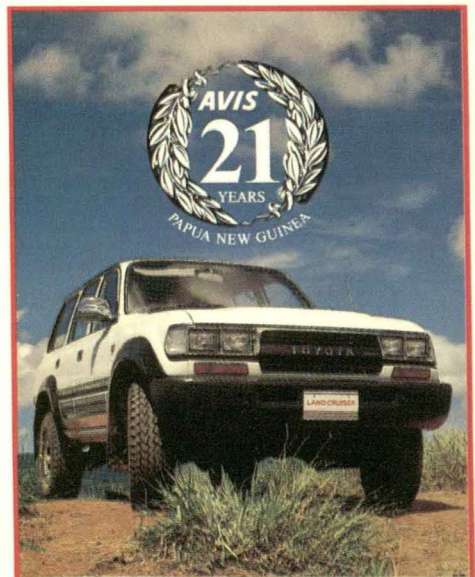
The operation of the mine is sure to have some impact on the islanders' traditional way of life. For instance, Lihirians will have to get used to working at the mine while still maintaining their subsistence gardening and fishing activities; or accumulating cash on the one hand while still producing and accumulating the traditional *mis* shell money.

Those villagers who have been relocated may find they need to adjust their lifestyles. For instance, unless they maintain their *hausboi* system in the relocated site, they will also need to adjust to the idea of an extended family living in one permanent house. This is very different from the Lihir tradition where the men and young boys live in *hausbois* while the women and children live in the ordinary dwelling houses.

Those who might be working at the mine will have to find time to maintain their gardening activities, for there is the risk that diets will suffer in the change from fresh garden produce to easily available imported trade store food. It will be interesting to see how much of the rich traditional lifestyle of the islanders will be altered within the expected 37 years life time of the mine.

Being an island girded by sea and with a small population, Lihir may find it easier than other areas to control and manage the impact of the mine on the traditional socio-economic lifestyle.

John Hamau comes from Lihir. He is a lecturer at the University of Technology in Lae but is currently studying for his Doctorate of Philosophy at Macquarie University in Sydney.



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SEASONINGS



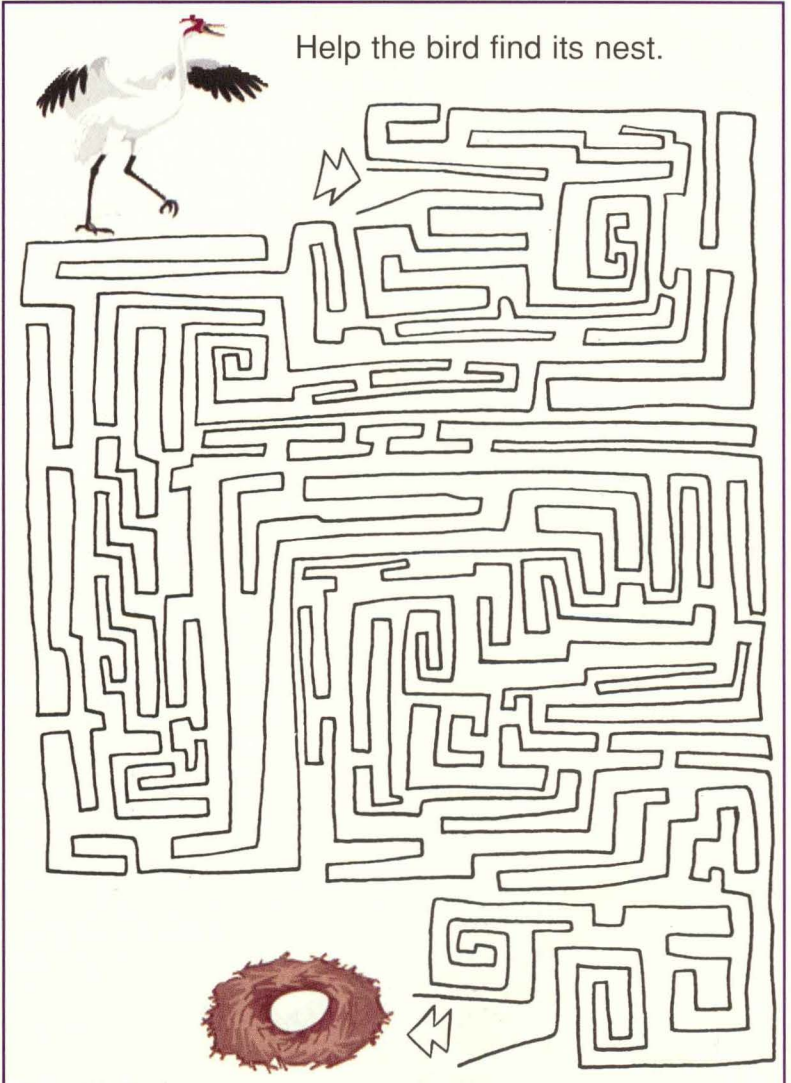
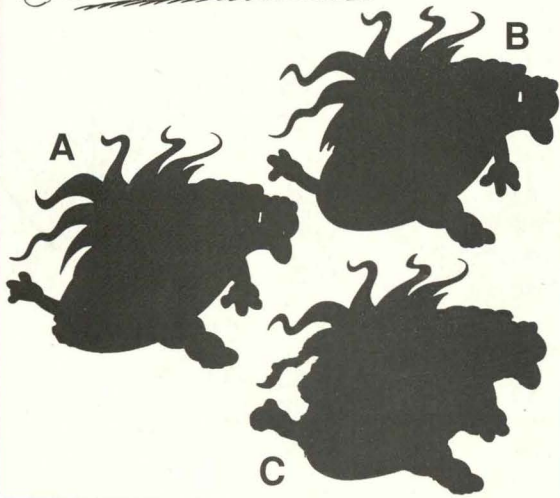
Can you find nine seasonings in the word search?



C	G	S	T	A	B	R	C	M	D	F	H
I	E	A	G	I	E	K	M	L	A	M	J
N	N	P	R	G	C	A	S	T	R	C	O
N	U	W	N	L	N	L	Y	Z	X	V	E
A	B	I	D	N	I	F	O	G	E	O	C
M	G	J	I	L	N	C	M	V	C	K	P
O	R	C	H	I	L	L	I	S	E	U	S
N	U	W	T	Y	Z	T	A	X	H	S	V
A	C	L	E	G	I	B	H	C	F	D	B
H	A	J	I	N	A	M	T	Y	K	I	H
S	O	R	U	T	W	E	V	T	M	S	P
X	Z	A	C	E	K	G	F	D	B	E	T

SHADOWS

Which shadow matches the monster?



SWEET

Fill in the empty squares using the clues below the grid to spell out a sweet food across the top row.

						T		
U		W		A		X	E	Y
	T		E		G		N	



a type of tree

A little tougher!

T- ANAGRAM

Add the letter T to each of the words below, shuffle the letters if necessary and write down the new word.

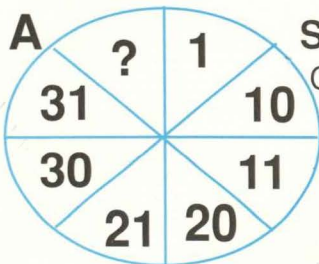
BEANS _____
 LABEL _____
 RAGED _____
 SPACE _____
 STAY _____

DEER _____
 MAID _____
 RELISH _____
 STATE _____
 TRACES _____

CROSS-OUT

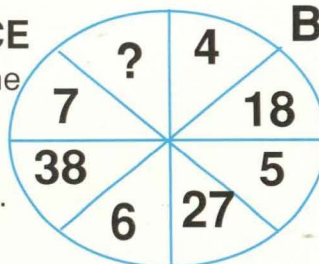
Cross out one letter in each square, so that the remaining letters spell out words in all rows and columns.

W	A	G	E	U
T	I	S	D	R
F		I		D
A		N		E
B	T	A	M	I
A	E	B	N	S
L		N		M
Y		C		I
S	A	P	A	N
E	C	T	E	R



SEQUENCE

Complete the sequence in each circle.



PAPUA NEW GUINEA QUIZ

- The poisonous fish on the 2-toea coin may be known by seven different names. What are they? _____
- Two hundred million years ago, there were 16 families of reptiles in the world. Now there are only four families still alive. What are they? _____
- What are the two types of flying mammals found in Papua New Guinea? _____
- Of the forty-three birds of paradise in the world, how many are found in Papua New Guinea? _____
- I am an egg-laying mammal with a 10-cm snout and spine. What's my name? _____

VOWEL PLAY

Complete the puzzle by filling in the empty squares with the missing vowels.

	G	R		D		F		M		R	
S			M		W	L				F	
T		B		C							
	L	K		L		R		S	C		
F		L		L				S		R	
F	L		M	B		L			W	Y	
						L					
W		D		W	S			F		L	D
			C			M	P				
	C	C		L	T			N	D		N
D			L		T						S
S						R		N			
	R		R		R		Y			L	D

CONSONANT PLAY

Complete the puzzle by filling in the empty squares with the missing consonants.

A			I	E						O
	A	A	A	E			E	O	O	
	A	I	I			A	E	A		
I	U	E						A		
	U	E		U	A	A	O			
				I						
	I		U	I			U		A	A
E			I				U			
E	A	I	E			I	I	O	I	
	A							A		
A	U	A		A	E	O	O	U		
U				U				I		
	I	A		A			O	O	E	
I			I	A		I	I			E
	E	O		A	A		A			

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While the rest of the world "returns" to organic farming, in Papua New Guinea, it has only ever been that way.

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AUDIO ENTERTAINMENT

CLASSICAL Channel: 5

**Symphony No 3 in E flat
Major Op 55 'Eroica' -
Scherzo,**

Allegro vivace - Trio
(Beethoven)
Orchestra of St Luke's
Conductor: Michael Tilson
Thomas
SONY/SONY

**Violin Concerto Op 47
in D Minor (Sibelius)**
Maxim Vengerov: violin
Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Daniel Barenboim
TELDEC/WARNER

**The Marriage of Figaro:
'Porgi, amor' (Mozart)**
Kiri Te Kanawa: soprano
London Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Sir Georg Solti
DECCA/POLYGRAM

Prelude No 5 in D
(Villa-Lobos)
Julian Bream: guitar
BMG/BMG

**Judas Maccabaeus: See, the
Conqu'ring Hero Come**
(Handel)
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Charles Groves
SONY/SONY

Roses from the South Op 388
(Johann Strauss)
Vienna State Opera Orchestra
Conductor: Julius Rudel
MCA/UNIVERSAL



Sheryl Crow

 **Air Niugini**

POP Channel: 6

All By Myself
Celine Dion
EPIC/SONY

Sad Caper
Hootie and the Blowfish
ATLANTIC/WARNER

I Finally Found Someone
Barbra Streisand & Bryan Adams
COLUMBIA/SONY

Fly Like An Eagle
Seal
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Never Miss The Water
Chaka Khan featuring
Me'Shell Ndegeocello
REPRISE/WARNER

I Shot The Sheriff
Warren G
DEF JAM/POLYGRAM

2 Become 1
Spice Girls
VIRGIN/VIRGIN

Step By Step
Whitney Houston
ARISTA/BMG

Last Night
Az Yet
DEF JAM/POLYGRAM

Say What You Want
Texas
MERCURY/POLYGRAM

Love Rollercoaster
Red Hot Chili Peppers
Geffen/UNIVERSAL

Everyday Is A Winding Road
Sheryl Crow
A & M/POLYGRAM

Twisted
Keith Sweat
ELEKTRA/WARNER

Young Hearts Run Free
Kim Mazelle
CAPITOL/EMI

Everytime I Close My Eyes
Babyface
EPIC/SONY

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

We've Got Tonite
Barry Manilow
ARISTA/BMG

Alfie
Dionne Warwick
MUSIC CLUB/LARRIKIN

Georgia On My Mind (Live)
Ray Charles
PABLO/FESTIVAL

If
Sissel
PHILIPS/POLYGRAM

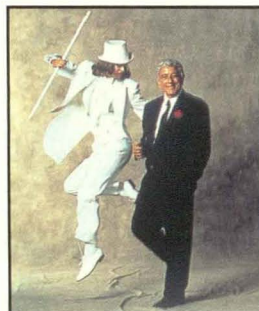
Your Song
Al Jarreau
WB/WARNER

The Look Of Love
Anita Baker
ELEKTRA/WARNER

Your Secret Love
Luther Vandross
EPIC/SONY

Wind Beneath My Wings
Bette Midler
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Moonlight In Vermont
Tony Bennett
COLUMBIA/SONY



Tony Bennett

Mary, Mary
Rebecka Tornqvist
EMI/EMI

To Love Somebody
Michael Bolton
COLUMBIA/SONY

He Was Too Good To Me
Natalie Cole
ELEKTRA/WARNER

All In Love Is Fair
Stevie Wonder
MOTOWN/POLYGRAM

Sunshine On My Shoulders
John Denver
BMG/BMG

COMEDY Channel: 9

The Driving Lesson
The Bickersons
EPIC/POLYGRAM

Take My Wife, Please!
Henny Youngman
K-TEL/CASTLE

Stupid Things
Ellen DeGeneres
ATLANTIC/WARNER

The Latest Devices
Get Smart
RAVEN/EMI

Uvula
Saturday Night Live
ARISTA/BMG

The Ukulele
Phil Harris & Alice Faye
DELTA MUSIC/INDEPENDENT

**The Appomattox Courthouse
Bar & Grill**
Stan Freberg, David Ogden
Stiers & Lorenzo Music
RHINO/WARNER

**Man On The Street
(Personal Problems)**
Steve Allen
VARESE SARABANDE/
POLYGRAM

Underpants
Phil Haldeman
LARRIKIN/FESTIVAL

Royalty
Jasper Carrott
EMI/EMI

**Football Summary/Children's
Program/Wrestling Matches/
Weather Girl**
The Best Of Radio &
Television Bloopers
MCA/UNIVERSAL

Argued With My Pants
Shelley Berman
K-TEL/CASTLE

Al 'N Yetta
Allan Sherman
RHINO/WARNER

COUNTRY
Channel: 10

She's Taken A Shine
John Berry
CAPITOL/EMI

Do The Right Thing
George Strait
MCA/UNIVERSAL

She Drew A Broken Heart
Patty Loveless
EPIC/SONY

The Dreamer
Mark O'Shea
ABC/EMI

Maybe He'll Notice Her Now
Mindy McCready featuring
Richie McDonald
BMG/BMG

Can I See You Again?
Mitchell Shadlow
EMI/EMI

Half Way Up
Clint Black
RCA/BMG

Small Town Dreamer
Wayne Law
EMI/EMI

Ease My Troubled Mind
Ricochet
COLUMBIA/SONY

Ain't Got Nothin' On Us
John Michael Montgomery
ATLANTIC/WARNER

Everybody Knows
Trisha Yearwood
MCA/UNIVERSAL

Everything I Love
Alan Jackson
ARISTA/BMG

Cry On The Shoulder Of The Road
Martina McBride
RCA/BMG

A Little Bit Of You
Lee Roy Parnell
CAREER/BMG

Sunday Drive
Alabama
RCA/BMG

Already Gone
The Dead Ringer Band
EMI/EMI

Three Little Words
Billy Ray Cyrus
MERCURY/POLYGRAM

The Old Stuff
Garth Brooks
CAPITOL/EMI

CHILDREN'S
Channel: 11

Hello Goodbye
Bugs Bunny & Daffy Duck
RHINO/WARNER

This Is The Way
Benita Collings & Friends
ABC/EMI

The Old Man's Mitten
Benita Collings & Friends
ABC/EMI

The Little Red Hen
Glen Riggs
RCA CAMDEN/BMG

**Does Your Chewing Gum Lose
Its Flavour?**
Mic Conway's Whoopie Band
ABC/PHONOGRAM

Sleeping Beauty
Audrey Hepburn
DOVE/DOVE

I Taut I Taw A Puddy Cat
Mel Blanc
CAPITOL/EMI

Nursery Rhyme Rap
Armando Hurley
ABC/EMI

Horton Hatches The Egg
Dr Seuss
RC/RCA

Dorothy The Dinosaur
The Wiggles
ABC/PHONOGRAM

The Sparrow And The Phoenix
Siobhan McKenna
CAEDMON/CAEDMON

Susan The Sausage
Julie Collier
ABC/EMI

At The Dance
The Muppets
ASTOR/POLYGRAM

The Princess And The Pea
Arlo Guthrie
LIGHTYEAR/FESTIVAL

Macarena
Los Del Chipmunks
EPIC/SONY

PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Channel: 8

Honiara
Basil Greg - featuring Connie A.
CHM Recordings

Loloni Flute
Yalungwa village (Kilivina)
Milne Bay Province

Kuvi Raule
Stringband by Pelpel Brothers
of Kandrian
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Ndieng mama
Ndrano village (Ere lele d)
Manus Province

Baba
Lamaika Rock band Vol 4
CHM Recordings

Kwaitiva
Kewieng No 2 village (Kewieng)
Madang Province

Mountain Meri
Rock band by Hollie Maea
CHM Recordings

Aiara Gaba
Karurua village (Purari)
Gulf Province

Folo Apepe
Frank Pala Solo Album
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Linu
Irelya village (Enga)
Enga Province

Channel 8 recordings compiled by
Cultural Studios Division
National Research Institute

PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Channel: 8

Bowas
Iahita village (Arapesh)
East Sepik Province

Gabu Dau
Memehusa Company
CHM Recordings

Garamut Signal
Vunakaur village (Tolai)
East New Britain Province

Meri Mangas
Solo Rock Album by Leonard
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Panpipes
Gomriage (Chimbu)
Simbu Province

Egu Lohiabada
Lista Laka X-MAS Album Vol 5
CHM Recordings

Gaba Anena
Hanubada village (Motu)
Central Province

A Kurkur
Masalai Tribe Rockband
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

Keles 'Kwapen'
Mararamu village (Kovai)
Morobe Province

Disco
Junior Jacash Stringband Vol 1
CHM Recordings

Liru (Niu Ailan)
Rockband by Temmy Mates
of Rabaul
Pacific Gold Studios Recordings

PUZZLE ANSWERS from Page 44 and 45

SEASONINGS

C G S T A B B C M D F H
I E A G I E K M L A M J
N N P R G C A S T R C O
N U W N L N L Y Z X V E
A B I D N I F O G E O C
M Q J I L N S M Y C K P
O R C H I L L I S E U S
N U W T Y Z T A X H S V
A C L E G I B H C F D B
H A J I N A M T Y K I H
S O R U T W E V T M S P
X Z A C E K G F D B E T

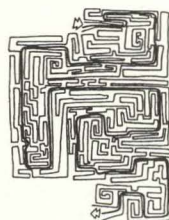
SWEET

C H O C O L A T E
U A W U A E X E Y
P T L E K G E N E

T-ANAGRAM

absent; deter; ballet; admit;
grated; slither; aspect;
attest; tasty; scatter

BIRD'S NEST



SHADOWS (B)

SEQUENCE

A = 40 B = 51

PAPUA NEW GUINEA QUIZ

- butterfly codfish, scorpion fish, red firefish, lionfish, turkey feathers, featherfins or zebra fish.
- (i) crocodiles; (ii) snakes; (iii) lizards; (iv) turtles and tortoises
- (i) flying foxes (bats); (ii) sugar gliders
- 38 5. long-snouted echidna

VOWEL PLAY

ACROSS: greed; femur; owl; alkali; rescue; lea; flambe; leeway; widows; afield; occult; indian; ear; rarer; yield; DOWN: embalm; docile; floral; mousse; staff; fiery; lei; bow; elf; ail; woods; ocular; sitter; apiary; iodine; dense;

CONSONANT PLAY

ACROSS: advisers; symbol; Pacific; arsenal; clue; guava; only; biscuit; sultana; easiest; idiotic; aqua; cameo; opus; diagram; twosome; tremor; aardvark; DOWN: aspic; vacuums; safe; recruit; yes; bonanza; lolly; quiet; fluid; bee; arc; sausage; trauma; inertia; tapioca; audit; sleek; trio; void

CROSS-OUT

T I G E R
A I A
B E A N S
L N O
E A T E N

FEATURE FILMS

International flights:
from Port Moresby

to Port Moresby

MAY

Jerry Maguire

The Mirror Has Two Faces



Genre: Comedy Rated: PG-13
From: Columbia 135 minutes

Genre: Romantic Comedy
Rated: PG-13
From: Columbia 125 minutes

Jerry Maguire is a sports agent who is brought to a point of crisis in his life when he decides to become, of all things, an honorable and decent man. The film follows his journey to redemption through an unlikely alliance with Dorothy Boyd, a young accountant and single mother, and his only remaining client, second-string football player Rod Tidwell.

The Mirror Has Two Faces is about two Columbia University professors and the roundabout way they come to realise their mutual attraction. Exploring the myths and follies of modern courtship, this powerful film challenges our contemporary perceptions of beauty.

Featuring: Tom Cruise, Kelly Preston,
Cuba Gooding Jr,
Renee Zellweger
Director: Cameron Crowe
Producer: James L. Brooks

Featuring: Jeff Bridges,
Barbra Streisand
Director: Barbra Streisand
Producer: Barbra Streisand,
Amon Milchan

JUNE

One Fine Day

Portrait Of A Lady



Genre: Romantic Comedy
Rated: PG
From: Fox 108 minutes

Genre: Drama Rated: PG-13
From: E-source 144 minutes

The lives of two working divorced parents collide on the most important day of their respective careers. The last thing they need is to get involved with each other's lives, jobs and kids. The last thing they expect is to feel an attraction. But the next thing they know, they're falling in love.

A young woman's search for love and power leads her from defiance to manipulation and a loveless marriage. But the force of love proves that even the most disastrous of mistakes can be the source of redemption. Based on the novel by Henry James.

Featuring: Michelle Pfeiffer,
George Clooney
Director: Michael Hoffman
Producer: Linda Obst, Michelle Pfeiffer,
Kate Guinzburg

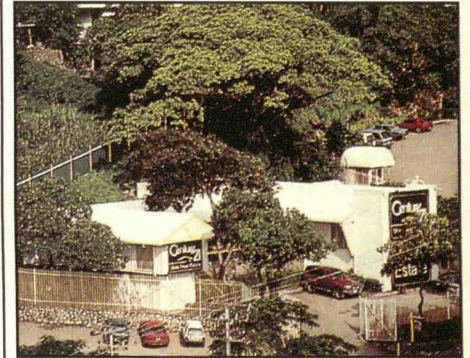
Featuring: Nicole Kidman,
John Malkovich,
Barbara Hershey
Director: Jane Campion
Producer: Monty Montgomery,
Steve Golin



Channels 1 and 2



**THE WORLD'S LARGEST
REAL ESTATE
ORGANISATION**



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Sweet Ladies Of Fire

NOSE ART ON AEROPLANES OF THE PACIFIC WAR

Story and photographs by Dr Eric Lindgren

'A squadron's life is built around its aircraft, and it is natural that they are given names, instead of being referred to by number or a letter of the alphabet. The early A-20 Havocs were picturesque and varied in the names given by their pilots or by a conference of pilot, gunner and crew chief. We had EIGHTBALL, KENTUCKY RED, OKLAHOMA, MARY MANUAL, PAPPY'S JOY, ST SEBASTIAN and other highly individualistic names on ships that carried the freight to every target within striking distance.'

This was the introduction to the unit history of the 89th Bomb Squadron, in the 3rd Bomb Group, 5th Air Force, in the United States Army Air Forces which operated in the South West Pacific Area during World War II. The book *Altitude Minimum* gives a good account of the trials and tribulations encountered by airmen based in the Pacific Islands during those early 1940s. The freight, of course, was the bomb load carried by the squadron and the ships were not of the ocean but of the air. These ships varied from the small liaison aircraft, such as the Stinson L-1s which engaged in general duties as required — perhaps spotting the enemy positions on behalf of mortar platoons or landing behind enemy lines to rescue downed airmen; or carrying the mail or milk from one campsite to another — to the larger bombers such as the B-24 Liberators, which carried their bomb loads over

the vast distances of the Pacific War and, incidentally, provided perhaps the greatest flat surface area on the nose of any aeroplane to be used for nose art.

Nose art became a distinctive feature applied to all sorts of aircraft in all theatres of the War. It was frowned upon by some authorities, perhaps being seen as 'bucking the system' or lessening the power of those in command. However the USAAF recognised that it could be used as a morale builder, in that the plane became more than just a collection of nuts and bolts, but took on a personality of its own. Very often this personality reflected the priorities of the crew and naturally the thought of women was uppermost in the artificial male-orientated society of the combat forces.

Some of the planes were named for the wife of the pilot — Major Dick Bong, the highest scoring USAAF ace in WW2 always flew in his plane named *MARGE*, after his wife. The plane was not strictly decorated with art, as Bong arranged for the Photo Section to make a black-and-white enlargement of a photograph of Marge, and this was glued to the aeroplane and then varnished over. The photo occupied the favoured position for nose art, on the left of the cockpit, in front of or below where the pilot sat.

Most USAAF aircraft had the pilot's name just below the left hand window. The name of the Crew Chief, usually a Technical Sergeant who was responsible for the maintenance of the plane after each mission, also

occupied a position near that of the pilot. The most elaborate naming 'rights' were to be seen on some planes where each crew position was acknowledged: pilot, radio operator, gunner, bombardier, navigator, etc., had their names placed on the skin outside the space normally occupied by that crew member.

THE 90th BOMB GROUP

Women, loving, sexing and booze were plentiful in the names of the aircraft: *PRETTY BABY, SKY WITCH, TWIN NIFTIES, LIBERTY BELLE, ROARIN' ROSIE, PAPPY'S PASSION* and *TEN KNIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM* were among the names used for some of their planes by the **Jolly Rogers**, who termed themselves 'The best damn heavy bomber unit in the world'. These men of the 90th Bomb Group (Heavy) earned that reputation for they served continuously throughout the South West Pacific from November 1942 until the end of the war. The CO of the 5th Air Force, General Kenney, stated: *It's only natural that the Jolly Rogers are part of the best damn Air Force in the world. With the kind of support the Jolly Rogers have given us, we'll give the Japs the best damn licking in the world.*

Termed King of the Heavies, the plane the Jolly Rogers used was the B-24 Liberator, a four-engined, high-winged brute of an aeroplane which had the distinction of being produced in greater quantities during WW2 than any other Allied aircraft, yet few remain in the modern world. This plane was ideal for the conditions encountered in the Pacific War, where long distances over water and erratic flying conditions made a robust, reliable aircraft a necessity. Its rival, the B-17 Flying Fortress, was the principal bomber used by the USAAF in the European Theatre of Operations where distances were shorter and help for downed airmen was closer at hand.

Nose art proliferated in Europe too, with perhaps the most famous B-17 being *MEMPHIS BELLE*, the first American aircraft to complete its tour of duty of 25 missions, and the subject of a recent film. However, names and art of the European planes did not rival the risque of the Pacific aircraft, possibly because the Pacific was remote from the politicians and decision makers of society and people at the front therefore had fewer inhibitions.

Like many of the planes' names, the unit name of the 90BG(H), the *Jolly Rogers*, was itself a *double entendre*. It exemplified the happy-go-lucky piratical spirit of its members, but it was also the name of the Commanding Officer, Major Arthur H Rogers, one of the original flight leaders when the Group formed in April 1942 and destined to become a man of reputation throughout the Fifth Air Force.



Asterperious, the motto of one squadron, reflected their philosophy: *A superior attitude in an inferior environment*. The squadron's flight jackets were adorned with a cloth patch on the breast with the Asterperious symbol, a colourful grass-skirted cannibal with a bone through his nose. *Jolly Rogers'* aircraft had the tail rudders painted with the traditional pirate symbol, a black and white skull and crossbones.

THE CHARACTERS

The 89th Bombardment Squadron (Light) of the 3rd BG(L) called themselves **The Characters** — for good reason. One of their members was obviously a skilled artist or cartoonist and he took the names of a series of characters from Damon Runyon stories and applied them to the aircraft in the squadron. In the distinctive cartoon style of a small body with an enlarged head he drew humorous caricatures of the group as nose art. Thus: JOJO, TOBIAS THE TERRIBLE, HARRY THE HORSE, BIG NIG, PADDY THE LINK and JEW LOUIE, each with an out-of-proportion body and a face looking like that of the pilot. Photographs of the pilots standing in front of the plane show how skilled the artist was in reflecting facial features in nose art. Their aeroplanes, A-20 Havocs, were designed as light attack bombers with two engines and usually had two crew.

It is fortunate that enough bits and pieces remained in Papua New Guinea after the war to allow the RAAF to restore two machines to static display condition — one, the USAAF *THE HELL'N PELICAN II*, to go on show in Port Moresby and the second, RAAF's *JESSICA*, to be added to the RAAF Historical Collection at Point Cook, Victoria.



Restored to static display condition by the RAAF at Amberley, Australia, The Hell'n Pelican II had its nose art restored by a professional sign writer.



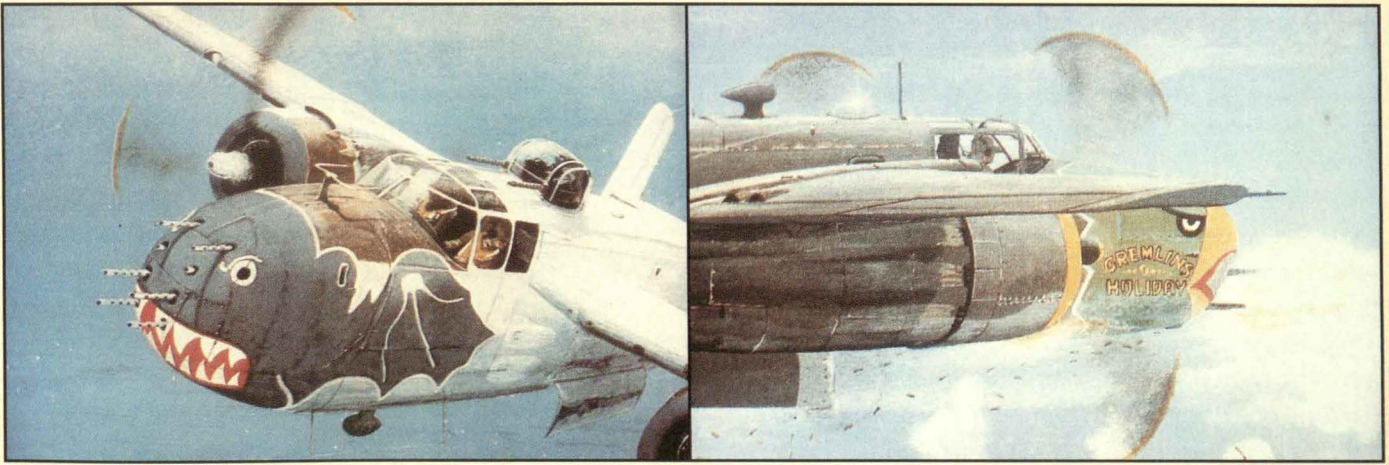
BIG NIG of the 89th Bomb Squadron, The Characters, lay under water for 40 years until it was retrieved by the RAAF in November 1995.



THE AIR APACHES

Most distinctive in appearance were the aircraft of the 345th Bomb Group (Medium). These were the nifty twin-engined B-25, or Mitchell, bomber. Modified to carry eight 50-calibre machine guns or four 20mm cannons in the nose, these were a formidable weapon for strafing and low level bombing missions with parafrags — small bombs attached to a parachute which when dropped from 16m or so could be extremely accurate. The parachute delayed impact until the aircraft had time to get out of the bombs' blast.

The **Air Apaches** had four squadrons, as was normal for the 5AF Bomber Command — *Bats Outa' Hell*, *The Falcons*, *Rough Raiders* and *Black Panthers*. The nose of each plane right back to the cockpit was adorned with a large illustration appropriate to the name: *Bats Outa' Hell* had a sinister Dracula-like blue-black bat with



Left: The spectacular nose of the Bats Outa' Hell, 499 Bomb Squadron, 345 BG(M), must have been an awe inspiring sight for its foes. Right: GREMLIN'S HOLIDAY, a B-25 Mitchell of the 498BS, 345th Bomb Group, sports the Falcon noseart restricted to this squadron.

piercing black eyeballs and a threatening red mouth; *Rough Raiders* planes carried a grey and white mustang on the nose and on the tail, while the *Falcons* had a fierce green bird's head with a red rimmed yellow falcon bill. The *Black Panthers*, just to be different, had nose art on some but not on other planes. The strong symbolism of these portraits was no doubt chosen to intimidate the enemy and also to provide a link between the crews to enhance morale. In addition to the strong front end art most planes of the 345BG(M) received a name: *Gremlin's Holiday* and *Betty's Dream* are examples.

THEIR FATE

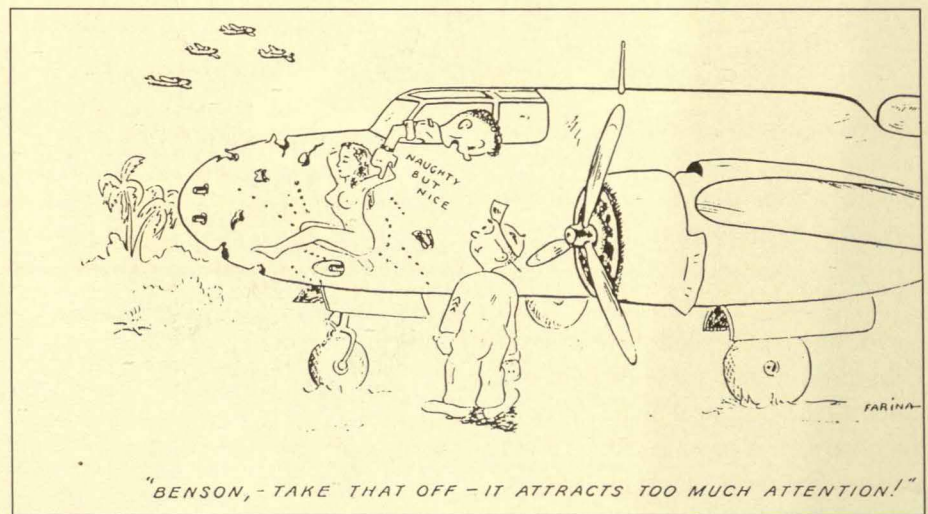
At the end of World War Two the first thought of the authorities was one of relief. But with mountains of war materiel to dispose of and a post-war economy to consider, it was thought necessary to destroy as much as possible of the substance of war and get on with the peace. It literally became a 'beating of swords into ploughs', except that the concept was now updated to become a melting of planes, guns and everything else, to be turned into ingots and used in the production of the things of peace.

In Port Moresby, to the north-west of Jackson Strip, a production line

progressively broke down and melted these planes which had been the life of the men of war. In Popondetta, and in countless other locations around Papua New Guinea and the Pacific, the same ritual went on. Little thought was given to the historical significance of the period and to the preservation of these planes which had meant so much to the people who flew in them. In the South West Pacific area hardly any of the colourful nose art survives.

In the Kokopo Museum in East New Britain can be seen *Naughty but Nice* which crashed in the mountains behind Rabaul and was retrieved comparatively recently.

In the collection of the National Museum, at the War Museum, is the tail rudder from a *Jolly Rogers* Liberator, probably the only original skull and crossbones art in the world today. This was returned to Port Moresby in the early 1980s by helicopter from its crash site on Mount Thumb at the insistence of Bruce Hoy, then Curator of the Aviation, Maritime and War Branch of the Museum. At this time the Central Identification Laboratory of the US Defence Force actively gathered and started the identification process of the remains of the crew of aircraft 42-41081 which had disappeared in March 1942.



"BENSON, - TAKE THAT OFF - IT ATTRACTS TOO MUCH ATTENTION!"

This is not the *Naughty but Nice* in the Kokopo Museum but another A-20 Havoc belonging to the 89th Bomb Squadron of the 3rd Bomb Group.

In a more modest way, during the 1970s when my children and I were systematically searching the 5AF campsites around Port Moresby, we made a memorable find near Durand Drome, a small round cover from some part of a USAAF aircraft upon which was painted an unofficial insignia showing a skull wearing a pilot's helmet superimposed on a bomb over a blue cloud in a white sky. The thrill of turning over a nondescript piece of aluminium and finding this treasure can be imagined.



Unofficial artwork painted in an airman's spare time, found upside-down in the kunai grass near Durand Drome, Port Moresby in the 1970s.

In the European Theatre of Operations a little more thought was given to the historical significance of the nose art. A passing phase of pop art, this ephemera could have been lost completely apart from the mainly black-and-white photos from this era before colour photography. But

someone with forethought salvaged some of the skin-bearing samples of this nose art, hacking them from mountains of carcasses due for the melting pot, and there now resides a small collection of genuine nose art in the Smithsonian Institute in the USA. In addition the mighty Confederate Air Force, a body devoted to the preservation of warbirds in the USA, has a collection of this evocative art in its headquarters in Midland, Texas. Its American Aviation Heritage Museum has one of the best collections in the world of flying warbirds of all eras.

<i>Anna Belle</i>	<i>Baby</i>
<i>Cash and Carrie</i>	<i>Dinky</i>
<i>Eager Beaver</i>	<i>Fiery Queen</i>
<i>Grapefruit Gator</i>	<i>Hell's Belles</i>
<i>Ill Wind</i>	<i>Joltin' Janie</i>
<i>Kandy K II</i>	<i>Lady K</i>
<i>Miss Behavin'</i>	<i>Norma</i>
<i>Oklahoma</i>	<i>Princess Pat</i>
<i>Queenie</i>	<i>Roarin' Rosie</i>
<i>Sack Time</i>	<i>Tepee Time Gal</i>
<i>Upstairs Maid</i>	<i>Virgo</i>
<i>What Shebolians</i>	<i>Xcalibur</i>
<i>Yankee Raider</i>	<i>Zapping</i>

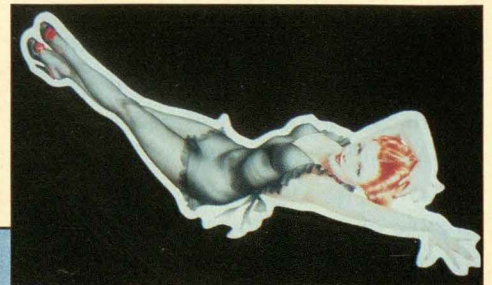
Wherever we go
 Whatever we do
 Just remember this Joe
 That
 You and I 're
 In the hands of those planes
 With the names
 Of SWEET LADIES OF FIRE.

The original art work by Vargas, a cute redhead in a black negligee, has been copied as nose art on a B-24 Liberator of the 90th Bomb Group.



WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
 Much of the art originated from the artists themselves. These people ranged from talented illustrators, some of whom had worked for the Walt Disney studios, through to enthusiastic amateurs who decided to give it a go. But a great source of inspiration was the artwork in the contemporary magazines. During this period pinups were popular, both photographic and painted. One of the greatest illustrators was a gifted Mexican artist, Alberto Vargas, who was commissioned by Esquire magazine to paint a typical pinup for each issue of the magazine during most of the war years. Accompanied by a catchy verse these paintings captured the imagination of the Allied troops and were popularly seen on noticeboards in common rooms, tents, etc. For contractual reasons Vargas' name was shortened to Varga on most of these paintings, leading to a bitter copyright battle in later years. Vargas' paintings were copied endlessly in the nose art on USAAF aircraft and, in their own small way, contributed a lot to the lifting of morale in the forces during the war.

*A book with the name **Sweet Ladies of Fire** and dealing with nose art of the Pacific War is in preparation and should be available sometime in 1998.*



Dr Eric Lindgren, photographer, writer and long-time resident of Papua New Guinea, now lives in Australia. He has a keen interest in World War II memorabilia.



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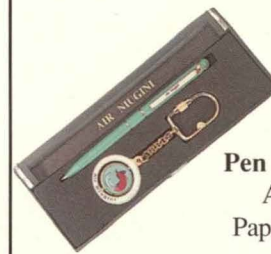
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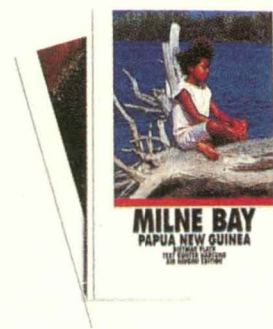
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DESTINATION - Malaita



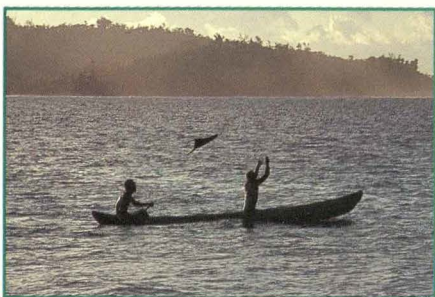
Above: Coastal village, Langalanga Lagoon — at sunset

Below: Diving for fish in net — Langalanga Lagoon



Above: Fishing with a frame net — Sinalagu, east Malaita Island

Below: Kite fishing for garfish using a kite made from sago palm leaf and bait of spider web — Walande, Malaita Island



Story and photographs by Michael McCoy

Malaita, one of the major islands of the Solomons group, is large as South Pacific islands go — 190km in length and varying in width between 10km and 30km. It is a very beautiful island in many respects, with high mountains shrouded with rainforest and often veiled with swirling mists. Rivers and streams, fed by the frequent heavy rains, are cold, clear and fast running — they flow through the fertile intermontane valleys and down to the sea where, along much of the leeward coast, the sweeping expanses of white sandy beaches delineate the border of forest and coral lagoon.

The majority of Malaitans now live in coastal villages. They have, for the most part, reconciled traditional values with a modern world, a world of increasing technology. Though still largely involved in subsistence agriculture, they increasingly rely on cash crops and occasionally cattle farming as alternatives. Malaitans use trucks and outboard-powered fibreglass canoes to take produce to market, they dress in Western clothes and listen to the latest music from Australia or America. Their villages invariably have a church and the larger communities have health clinics and schools. Yet, as in the past, men do the work of clearing the land for the food gardens that are tended and harvested mainly by the women. Shell money is used to buy brides, settle land disputes and as compensation for infringements of customary laws.

While these rural Malaitans continue to pay lip-service to *kastom* by observing many of the old *tambus*, they no longer practise ancestor worship. A notable exception are the people of Laulasi Island in Langalanga Lagoon. They maintain a reverence for their ancestors who, they believe, inhabit the bodies of living sharks. The skulls of their predecessors are stored in a Custom House and, up until fairly recently, Laulasi Islanders undertook their famous shark-calling ceremony, usually

for the benefit of visiting tourists who were charged a hefty fee for the show. But they've gone now — those old high priests who could call up the ancestral sharks — and, to the dismay of the present generation, they died without passing on the closely guarded secrets of their creed.

The 'bush' people of modern Malaita still dwell in the rugged interior of the island in small, isolated hamlets of three or four houses, usually comprising one to four family groups. They practise the shifting subsistence agriculture, the hunting and gathering of their predecessors and the raising of the all-important pigs. The people of the East Kwaio bush typify this lifestyle. Their strongholds are the foreboding mountains above Sinalagu Harbour. Less than 2000 in number, they are virtually the only group of true pagan people remaining in the Solomons. They vigorously maintain their traditional way of life, rejecting the modern world with its politics and religions in favour of their own beliefs and the ways of their forebears.

Ancestor worship is a dominant feature of Kwaio society; the spirits of the ancestors are omnipresent — they directly affect the fortunes of the living and the occurrence of everyday events. Magic and sorcery are regular elements of Kwaio ritual and are an integral part of their religion. The Kwaio established their own 'government' — the Kwaio *fadanga*. Although the tenets of the *fadanga* have caused some contention amongst the various clans of the Kwaio, its influence tends to prevail. Until recently, the Kwaio boycotted national elections and passed their own judgment on transgressions of traditional laws. Whereas the attitudes of many of the present leaders of the Kwaio have mellowed, the Kwaio bush still remains essentially a select enclave, a region where the intrusion of outsiders is often viewed with suspicion and mistrust and consequently few strangers have ventured into these mountains.

The artificial islands — a unique feature of Malaita — were constructed many generations ago. These islands are home to the Saltwater People. Over the centuries they laboriously built up their coral rock islands on shallow reef flats, partly to escape the frequent raids and head hunting depredation of other mainland tribes and also to avoid the malaria carrying mosquitoes of the coastal lowlands. Langalanga and Lau Lagoons are liberally spread with these man-made islands, large and small. Langalanga is also the traditional home of the manufacture of shell money, a vitally important aspect of the Malaitan economy, past and present. Pieces of the bivalve shell, *Spondylus*, are ground into small disks, drilled and strung together, commonly in lengths of about two metres. Ten such strings, joined side by side, are termed a *tafuliae* and form the basic unit of shell money currency. The value of one *tafuliae*, in Western monetary terms, is around US\$100.

The sandy expanse of Lau Lagoon stretches around the northern tip and for some distance down the north-eastern coast of Malaita. It forms a protective barrier against the heavy pounding seas of the south-east trade winds; green turtles and dugong browse the vast fields of eelgrass in its sheltered waters. Sulufou is the largest and oldest of the artificial islands of Lau Lagoon. Construction started over five hundred years ago, its foundations laid before Columbus reached the New World.

No one would call Sulufou a tropical paradise. It is crowded: thatched houses are packed closely together, narrow alleyways between them. It is noisy: the kids of Sulufou are boisterous, exuberant and when the moon is full over the lagoon they go wild. After midnight the peals of laughter and squeals of sheer pandemonium fill the air together with the music of guitars, accompanied by the distinctive sing-song cadences of Lau voices. Every Saturday morning the Lau people paddle through the mangroves to Urutao on the mainland to trade with the bush people — fish for root crops — a tradition dating back many generations. Even during those times when frequent bloody conflicts occurred between the two peoples — for they were traditional

enemies — there was always a truce for the exchange of food.

The provincial capital of Malaita is Auki, its name somewhat of a misnomer — a victim of colonial error — for this is actually the name of a small nearby island and is correctly spelt and pronounced 'Aoke'. First instituted by the British as a district administrative centre in 1909, today it is a sprawling little town with a resident population of some 3500 people. It lies on the western coast, at the northern end of Langalanga Lagoon. Auki has a rough charm all its own and in many ways is reminiscent of the Pacific towns of Conrad or Maugham. For six days of the week it fairly bustles. Sundays are quiet, appropriately reserved, a reflection of the piety of the populace.

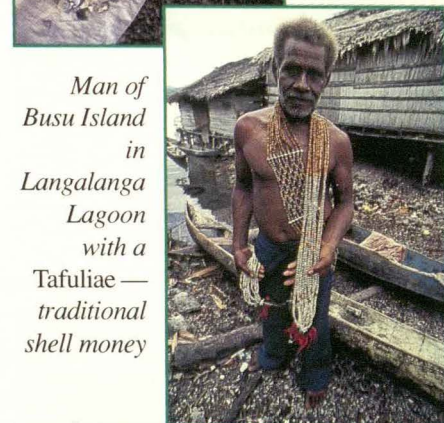
Auki — six o'clock on Saturday morning — the police, with all due ceremony, raise the national flag in front of the police station. There is already a lot of activity: market trucks, packed to capacity with people and produce, roll down the dusty main street to the waterfront market. Canoes — small dugouts and larger craft with powerful outboard motors — crowd the shore. Strolling through the market in this early morning light there is a richness to everything — colours, smells and sounds. Many of the people I meet know me. They greet me with unaffected friendliness. Others, to whom I am a stranger, murmur '*araikwao*' (whiteman) as I pass. For Malaita is off the beaten track as far as most tourists are concerned. Those who do get there are more likely to be backpackers and foreign faces tend to inspire some curiosity, particularly for the small children who shyly glance from behind their mothers' skirts. Ever the opportunist, a man sells freshly caught fish to the crowd at the market. His customers make their selection which he cooks on a steel hot plate over a wood fire and he is obviously delighted when I photograph his thriving little enterprise.

Air Niugini flies to Honiara in the Solomon Islands twice a week.

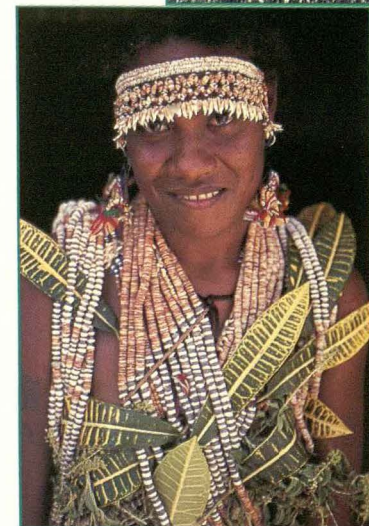
Michael McCoy is a travel writer who has been visiting Malaita for more than 20 years.



Women chipping shells in rough disks for manufacture of shell money — Rade village, Malaita Island



Man of Busu Island in Langalanga Lagoon with a Tafuliae — traditional shell money



Above: Girl wearing traditional decorations of shell money and dolphin teeth headband from Sulufou Island, Lau Lagoon

Below: Rainforest stream, central Malaita mountains



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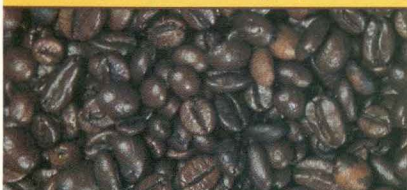
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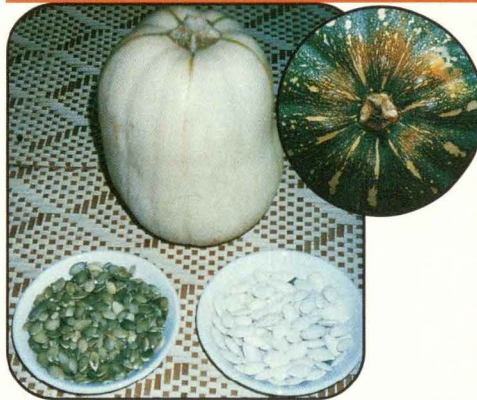
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LOCAL GOURMET FOOD Pumpkin

Story by Roslyn Morauta
Photographs by Mekere Morauta



adopted in Europe in the seventeenth century and derives from the Greek for melon ('pepon'), which originally meant 'ripe' or 'cooked by the sun'.

In Papua New Guinea, pumpkins are available all year round, and all over the country. We do not have the number of varieties of pumpkin as in Australia, the most common ones found in markets here being the Butternut (left of photo), the Queensland Blue and the Jap (right of photo), which is also known as the Kent pumpkin. Most local pumpkins weigh between 2 and 4kg, but pumpkins as large as 30kg have been recorded elsewhere.

Origin and Varieties

In Papua New Guinea and Australia, pumpkins are an everyday vegetable. Not so in England or France, where pumpkins are rarely eaten. They are grown, but used primarily to feed livestock. Until recently Italians too deprecated this vegetable, but now it has been 'discovered' and is very fashionable and popular, especially in the regions surrounding Milan and Venice, where it is mostly used for soup, pasta or rice dishes. In Asian cooking, e.g. Indian and Thai, pumpkins feature quite prominently, readily adapting to the spices and aromatics commonly used. In North America, pumpkins are rarely eaten as a vegetable dish, but most often as dessert — the famous 'gramma pie'. They are of course also used in the United States as decorations at Halloween time — the Jack-o'-Lantern. The seeds are removed and a light placed inside the pumpkin to shine through cut out eyes, nose and mouth.

Pumpkins, along with marrows, zucchini and chokos, belong to the *Cucurbita* genus of edible gourds — the 'squash' group of vegetables. There are hundreds of varieties belonging to this group, with a range of colours, shapes and sizes. Stephanie Alexander, gourmet chef and food writer, informs us in her latest excellent book, *The Cook's Companion* that the name 'squash' was adapted by the early pilgrims in the United States from various American Indian words for this gourd. It is in fact thought that squash was a staple in the Indian diet throughout the Americas from 3000 BC. The word 'pumpkin' was

Selection and Storage

Pumpkins should not be harvested until fully mature. To store well, they should have unbroken skin. Always leave 5-10 cm of stalk attached so that diseases and insects can not enter through the top. Whole pumpkins keep very well for weeks or even months in an airy spot. Cut pumpkin should be covered and stored in the bottom of a refrigerator and should be used within a day or two as it is very susceptible to mould.

Preparation and Cooking

Most people peel pumpkin before cooking, but it is not essential. The skin of butternut pumpkins is much softer than other varieties and it tastes very good cooked. If you do not wish to peel pumpkin, wash it to remove any dirt on the skin. If you do wish to peel, it is best to cut the pumpkin first into chunks and then peel each piece separately. To avoid being cut by a knife which slips easily across a pumpkin, place the chunk on a board with the skin side facing away from you and cut the skin off.

Pumpkin can be boiled, steamed, mashed, baked or stuffed. The most common way of eating pumpkin in Papua New Guinea is boiled with other vegetables in coconut milk.

The seeds of pumpkin are highly nutritious. They make an ideal snack. In Italy the toasted seeds are eaten as *passatempi*, 'to pass the time'. They can be bought in the supermarket: green ones are called 'pepitas' and the salted variety are usually white. You can however make your own very easily, as the recipe below shows. Just remember not to throw out the seeds next time you prepare a pumpkin for cooking.

Roasted Pumpkin Seeds

Wash the seeds of a pumpkin and scrape off any fibre. Place the seeds on an oven tray and dry overnight in the oven on the very lowest setting. In the morning roast the seeds at 200°C for 15 minutes until they are a deep golden colour. Scatter over a pinch of salt (sea salt is best) and 1 teaspoon ground cumin. (Toast the cumin seeds lightly before grinding.)

Soup

Pumpkin makes excellent soup. I have included recipes from a number of countries to show you quite different ways to make soup from pumpkin.



Australian Pumpkin and Orange Soup

1-2 tablespoons olive oil
2 large leeks, chopped
2 large onions, chopped
4 cloves of garlic, chopped
1 tablespoon finely chopped ginger
finely grated rind and juice of 2 oranges
2 cups freshly squeezed orange juice
1 litre chicken stock
1-2 tablespoons brown sugar
juice of 1 lemon
1-2 kg pumpkin, peeled and chopped

Heat oil in a large saucepan; add leek, onion, garlic, ginger and orange rind and cook, covered, over low heat until soft. Add remaining ingredients, bring to the boil then simmer until pumpkin is soft. Puree in food processor or sieve. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve.

Italian Pumpkin Soup with Almonds

500g pumpkin, peeled and diced
900ml (1½ pints) milk
salt, pepper, ground nutmeg
300ml (½ pint) cream
4 tablespoons chopped almonds, toasted

Put the diced pumpkin into a saucepan, add milk, salt and nutmeg to taste. Bring to the boil and simmer for about 30 minutes. Blend until smooth. Pour back into the saucepan, stir in the cream, taste and adjust seasoning. Gently reheat and serve, sprinkled with the toasted almonds.

Thai Pumpkin and Coconut Soup

1kg pumpkin
2 tablespoons fresh lime or lemon juice
150g dried shrimps
4 shallots, chopped (or 1 onion)
4-6 red chillies, chopped
1 stalk lemon grass, chopped
3 cups coconut milk
1 tablespoon shrimp paste
300ml tamarind water
1 litre fish or chicken stock or water
1 tablespoon fish sauce; 1 bunch basil
Peel and dice pumpkin. Place in bowl and sprinkle with lime juice.

In a food processor make a paste of the dried shrimps, shallots, chillies, lemon grass and shrimp paste. Skim cream from coconut milk and reserve. Add spicy paste and coconut to a large saucepan and stir until dissolved. Bring to boil, add tamarind water; simmer for 10 minutes. Add pumpkin pieces and cook gently until tender. Add stock and return to boil. Season with fish sauce. Before serving stir in coconut cream and basil leaves.

Baked Pumpkin

As for soup, there are a host of different ways you can use baked pumpkin. Anyone familiar with traditional Australian fare will remember Sunday roasts with pumpkin baked in the meat drippings — delicious. But just as good, more healthy, and can be done without a meat roast, is the following simple method.

Roasted Pumpkin (with Sesame Seeds)

Cut pumpkin into pieces and toss in oil (preferably olive oil). Spread on a baking tray, season with black pepper and a sprig of rosemary if available. Bake in a hot oven (220°C) for about 20 minutes. If you have some sesame seeds, add them to the tray for the last few minutes.

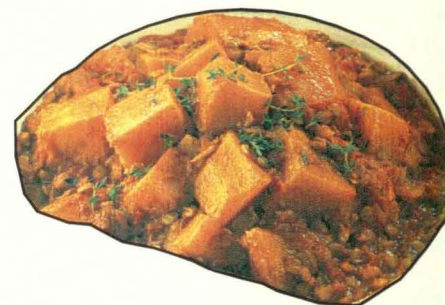
If you have any baked pumpkin left over, try this pizza. It is guaranteed to win sceptical children over to pumpkin!

Pumpkin Pizza

Squash a little baked pumpkin onto a pizza base with Fresh Tomato Sauce and top with thin slices of mozzarella cheese. Bake at 240°C for 10-12 minutes.

Tomato Sauce: Stew chopped tomatoes (a can is fine) in a little olive oil with a sliced onion, 2 cloves of crushed garlic, a bay leaf, a little salt and pepper and some basil. When soft, press through a food mill, or blend in food processor. (If you have neither, just chop the tomatoes very finely to begin with.)

An excellent way to do pumpkin as a dish on its own or as an accompaniment to grilled or roast chicken or lamb is to braise it with lentils.



Braised Pumpkin

2 tablespoons olive oil
2 onions, finely chopped
2 cloves of garlic, crushed
a sprig of thyme (or a little dried)
2 teaspoons tomato paste
1 large can tomatoes (800g)
¼ teaspoon brown sugar
1kg pumpkin, peeled and sliced
150g green lentils, washed
chopped parsley

Heat oil in a heavy pan and add onion, garlic, thyme and cook until onion is soft. Add tomato paste, chopped canned tomato (including juice) and sugar. Season to taste and cook over medium heat for 5 minutes.

Add pumpkin and lentils, stir gently and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Remove cover and cook 15 minutes or until pumpkin is tender, adding a little water if necessary. The pumpkin should be moist but not swimming in liquid. Sprinkle generously with chopped parsley to serve.

Italians make wonderful pasta dishes with pumpkin. My favourite is pumpkin dumplings — *Gnocchi di Zucca*.



Pumpkin Dumplings

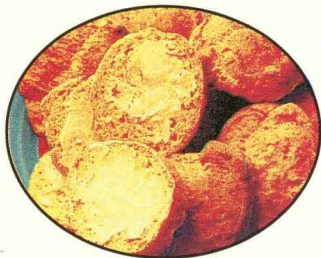
800g pumpkin, seeds and fibre removed
1 egg
200g flour
salt and pepper
75g butter, melted
grated parmesan cheese

Wrap the pumpkin in foil and bake at 220°C for 1 hour. Remove flesh from the skin and mash the pumpkin well with a fork. Add the egg, salt and pepper, and work in flour to make a firm paste.

Make dumplings by dropping the paste by the tablespoon (using another tablespoon to push it off) into barely simmering salted water. When the dumplings rise to the top, let them cook a few minutes longer, then lift them out carefully with a slotted spoon.

Drain well and serve with melted butter, grated cheese and chopped herbs. (We used sage but chives, parsley or basil would also be good.)

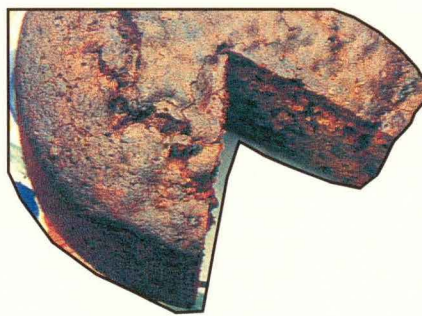
Pumpkin can also be used in baking and for desserts. Lady Flo Bjelke-Petersen was famous for her pumpkin scones, but my husband is famous with our office staff and his relatives for his pumpkin fruit cake.



Flo's Pumpkin Scones

1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup mashed cold cooked pumpkin
2 cups sifted self-raising flour

Beat butter, sugar and salt (in mixer if you have one). Add egg, then pumpkin. Stir in flour by hand. Press out and cut into rounds. Place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven (230°C) 15-20 minutes.



Mekere's Pumpkin Fruit Cake

1 cup mashed pumpkin
125g butter or margarine
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 tablespoon golden syrup
1 pkt mixed fruit (250g)
2 cups self-raising flour
or 1 cup white and 1 cup wholemeal (S.R. flour)
teaspoon spice (cinnamon or mixed spice)

Beat butter and sugar to a cream with a wooden spoon or electric mixer. Beat in eggs and golden syrup. Add pumpkin then flour, spice and fruit.

Bake in well-greased loaf or round cake tin for 1 hour in a moderate oven (175°C).

Serve plain or buttered.



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Samarai's Striver

Story and photographs
by Steven Dawanincura
Papua New Guinea
Tourism Promotion Authority



Major tourism locations, superb island retreats, beach front resorts with friendly staff, scrumptious meals and a host of activities are popular getaways around Papua New Guinea — Loloata, Mansava, Manus Harbourside, Malagan Lodge, Jais Aben, Walindi, Madang Resort ... the list goes on. The imagination runs wild when the Papua New Guinea Tourism Authority is trying to describe, sell and promote the exotic spots that dot this vast country to the world market.

Behind many of these establishments are men and women who have toiled hard for their dreams and ambitions. But not everyone's dreams can be realised all the time and many promising entrepreneurs and organisations have fallen by the wayside through lack of support, bad management or a host of other unforeseen problems. However Wallace Andrew, on Samarai Island, Milne Bay Province in the eastern corner of Papua New Guinea, knows 'life wasn't meant to be easy' and has experienced his share of hardships trying to keep his dream — Kinanale Guest House.

Milne Bay is such a small place that when people notice changes they are quick to form their own professional opinions and conclusions, quipped Andrew. If times are hard for me, I feel it's all right to have the water running and lights on when guests arrive so that there is no wastage. In the meantime I use enough to get by. This saves incurring extra costs without reason — it's only common sense. I'm not going to have lights flashing saying that my rooms are available when I know there's not a

tourist around for a hundred miles. But we are always ready to welcome and host guests who arrive on the spur of the moment. Life here is simple and we always cater to the needs of the tourist.

A friendly smile beaming from cheek to cheek is the first thing you notice when you meet Wallace Andrew. Back in 1975 during his days with Elcom, an accident severed four of Wallace's fingers and crushed his right hand while inspecting a huge engine at the Kimbe Power Station. Wallace underwent surgery to remove his hand at the wrist and reshape the bone structure and nerves into a current manageable condition. However, this

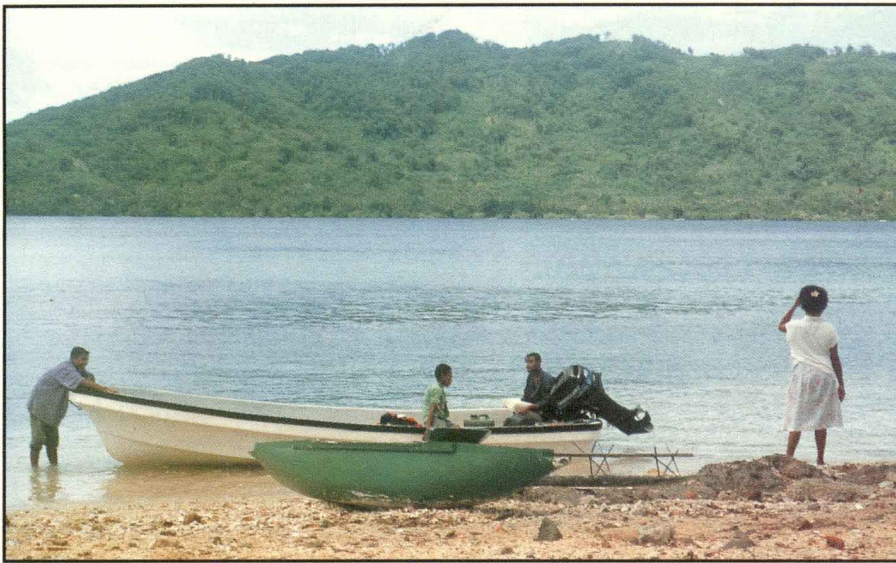
accident did not stop him from aiming for success and he remains a keen fisherman, operating his 7m dinghy with a canopy shelter in all types of weather while travelling to and from Alotau and the many islands in the area.

Wallace silently hopes that his three daughters who reside in Australia will return to share his tourism vision. Bella, the eldest, is a talented singer currently working in the hotel industry. Since completing her University studies, Didileia has worked in computing. Kenu, the youngest, has taken up martial arts since joining the armed forces and has a keen interest in being a chef.

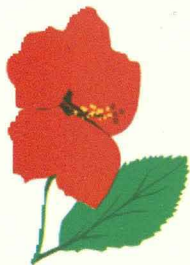
Top: *Come on in... A warm welcome is offered to every guest at Kinanale by Wallace Andrew and his staff.*

Below: *Gesila Island — a picnickers' paradise*





Above: *Sea transport is your choice — traditional or modern*
 Below: *Milne Bay magic — a superb sunrise around Kwato Island*



In Milne Bay Suau language *Kinanale* is the bright red hibiscus flower, common to the Pacific and a popular hair decoration.

Wallace Andrew, the boy from Logea who grew up on Kwato Island, decided this beautiful flower was an appropriate name for his guest house.

In early 1982 Wallace, his wife Jenny and three daughters bought the house and two blocks of land that *Kinanale* now occupies. When the renovations of the building were almost finished, a mining company surveying the region chose *Kinanale* for their employees to stay and have regular meals. So it was that *Kinanale*, which has the motto of providing a quality service to both visitors and locals, was opened to accept its first guests a little earlier than scheduled — its ten rooms booked out.

Kinanale has the capacity to hold conferences and seminars and has played host to World Bank leaders and European Union delegates. Guests have included Papua New Guinea's and foreign prime ministers. Wallace is very proud of the fact that during the SP Forum meeting on Samarai, historical documents were signed at *Kinanale* Guest House, officially giving membership to the Forum's newest member — New Caledonia.

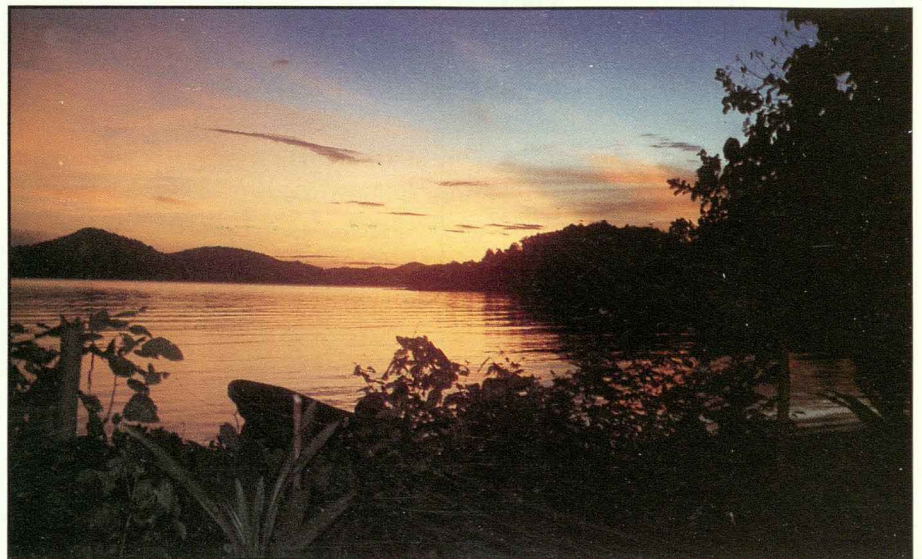
Tourists include travellers on cruise ships, backpackers and business executives who want to get away from it all. One of Samarai's greatest attractions is its isolation. Andrew says, *Although some people are afraid of the isolation because they have become accustomed to the shops and busy streets of the cities and towns, after a day or so on Samarai, they're right at home. Here, there's no smog or pollution — it's a perfect stress-free environment where people can move at their own time and set their own programmes. Anything can happen — all they have to do is ask.*

Other attractions include long casual strolls around Samarai and the famous Kwato Island, choir singing, historical missionary landmarks or participating in church services in the Kwato Memorial Church, recently restored to its former glory. There's no shortage of beaches and reefs for swimming and snorkelling and there's a fishing spot where you're guaranteed to hook up your evening meal. The magical beaches on Gesila Island, five minutes by boat, make a perfect picnic spot. The cooks at *Kinanale* pride themselves on providing the most appetising homemade cooking Milne Bay style. Samarai's markets provide the freshest fish, vegetables, bread, scones and traditional delicacies.

Kinanale Guest House rates which include three daily meals range from K45-K60. If you are ever in the vicinity of Milne Bay, Alotau or Samarai and want silence, peace of mind, beauty, rest and relaxation, ask someone to take you to *Kinanale* Guest House and Wallace Andrew will welcome you with open arms and look after you as if you were his own family.

Air Niugini has daily flights to Gurney airport, 20 minutes drive from Milne Bay's capital, Alotau. It is a pleasant two-hour boat ride along the picture postcard coastline past Kanakope into the China Strait to Samarai Island. *Kinanale* Guest House is only two stones' throw from the wharf.

Bookings can be made through Milne Bay Tourism Office, Phone: 6411503



PAPUA NEW GUINEA

TOURIST INFORMATION

SECURITY

As with all developing countries, there are times when law and order issues are a concern. Much of what you have read or heard are over-exaggerations of what you will find and apply in the main to urban areas. Although you are unlikely to experience any difficulties, please use common sense, particularly when out and about at night. Seek local advice from your hotel or the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority.

VISA EASE

A 60-day tourist visa is available on arrival at Port Moresby and Mount Hagen airports. The fee for the non-extendible visa, available only at the air gateways, is K25. You will need valid travel documents, sufficient funds for your stay and an airline ticket with a confirmed outbound flight before the expiry date of your visa. Some restrictions apply to travellers from several Asian, Eastern European and African countries. We recommend that travellers check with the PNG Embassy or the nearest Australian Consular or PNG representative office (which are located in the capitals of most countries) or any Air Niugini Office as to the visa requirements before travelling to Papua New Guinea.

STAY HEALTHY

Water quality is within World Health Organisation standards in most towns. Bottled water is available. However, in rural areas, it's advisable to boil water at all times. Malaria continues as a health risk in some parts of the country. You should start taking anti-malaria tablets two weeks before arrival, continue during your stay in Papua New Guinea and for four weeks after departure. Prevention is effective and easy: use insect repellent and wear long-sleeved shirts, long trousers and shoes in the evening when mosquitoes are more active.

CRAFTY SOUVENIRS

One of the many pleasant surprises you will find in Papua New Guinea is the wide range of art forms in diverse styles. Among the many tempting souvenirs you'll encounter are:

- * **Bilums** — String bags made from natural fibres
- * **Masks** — Woven from cane or rattan; made of wood and clay with shells, hair and pigs' teeth or incised with brown and white patterns and finished in glossy black.
- * **Wooden Bowls** — Fashioned from prized local timbers, including ebony. Carved walking sticks, stools and tables are often inlaid with mother-of-pearl.
- * **Baskets and Trays** — Many different patterns and styles can be found. Those from Bougainville are regarded as some of the finest in the Pacific.
- * **Drums** — The most common musical instrument in Papua New Guinea. Those made from a hollow tree trunk are called *garamuts*, while the smaller *kundu* is shaped like an hour glass and has snake or lizard skin stretched over one end.
- * **Story Boards** — Made on the Keram River, they illustrate in raised relief, events and incidents of village life.
- * **Spirit Boards** — Act as guardians of the village with those from the Gulf Province believed to possess the spirits of powerful warriors.

Many artifacts and other historical and cultural objects are prohibited exports. Others require an export permit. Contact the National Museum for details. Export of Bird of Paradise plumes is prohibited. For export permits for other wildlife and animal products, contact the Nature Conservation Division of the Department of Environment & Conservation.

FEATHERS OF FLIERS

Over 700 species of feathered fliers flutter across our island including 38 of the 41 species of the magnificent Bird of Paradise. There are numerous other birds of distinction including the Cassowary, which stands 1.8 metres high and can weigh up to 59kg and the Crowned Pigeon which is the size of a turkey. Parrots of kaleidoscopic colours dot our towering trees. Not all the colours of the rainbow have been reserved for birds: there is an unlimited range of hues and shades to be seen in our 2000 orchid species and countless magnificent butterflies including the world's largest, the Queen Alexandra Birdwing.

TALK TO US

English	Motu	Pidgin
Good Morning	Dada namona	Monin
Good Afternoon	Handorai namona	Apinun
What's your name?	Oi emu ladana be daika	Wanem nem bilong yu?
My name is...	Lau egu ladana be...	Nem bilong me...
How much is this?	Inai be hida?	Hamas long em?
Thank you	Tanikiu	Tenkiu

THIS AND THAT

Getting Here/Getting About — Your touchdown is on the tarmac of Jackson's Airport which is 11km (7 miles) from the centre of Port Moresby. There are rental car counters, a bank and a duty free shop within the airport complex. Major hotels have a courtesy bus to and from the airport. Taxis have meters but are rather expensive. Within the city, PMVs (public motor vehicles) cost 50toea per journey.

Currency — Papua New Guinea's unit of currency is the Kina which is divided into 100 toea. There are K50, K20, K10, K5 and K2 notes and a K1 coin. Exchange your Dollars, Sterling, Yen and most other international currencies at Jackson's Airport or in banks which are open from 9am to 3pm, Monday to Thursday and until 5pm on Friday. And don't forget your credit cards which are accepted in leading hotels and shops.

Calling Home — Modern satellite communication brings the world to Papua New Guinea at the touch of a few buttons. Only in the remote areas is a radio telephone service in use.

Useful Port Moresby Numbers — Tourism Promotion Authority 320 0211; Air Niugini Information Jackson's Airport 327 3480; Reservations and Confirmation 327 3555 (Domestic) and 327 3444 (International); Police 000; Ambulance 325 6822.

Stamp Facts — The Papua New Guinea Postal Service is fast and reliable. Plus there is the added bonus of beautiful and highly prized stamps to decorate your letters and cards. Special collector and presentation packs available from most post offices make great gifts.

Power Pointers — Papua New Guinea's electricity supply is 240 volts AC 50 Hz. Some hotels have 110 volt outlets for shavers and hair dryers.

Dress Sense — For most occasions, dress is informal and casual. Thongs, sneakers and sandals are not allowed in some bars and restaurants. In the Highlands, sturdy walking shoes are recommended, as is a sweater or jacket for cool evenings.

Dining Out — You won't go hungry in Papua New Guinea. Western cuisine is available in hotels, restaurants, guest houses, lodges and village resorts. Port Moresby has several Asian and European restaurants. For something different, try a traditional 'mumu' of roast pork, chicken or fish, sweet potato, taro, banana and greens.

Shopping Surprises — From modern department complexes to quaint little stores, there are plenty of places to spend your money. In artifact shops you may try your hand at bargaining, but be gentle! Remember that Saturday is a half day for most shops and virtually every place is closed on Sunday.

The Sporting Life — Play golf, tennis and squash or go fishing, diving, snorkelling, hunting and trekking. Check with Air Niugini and the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority for venues.

Time Out — Papua New Guinea is 10 hours ahead of GMT and in the same time zone as Eastern Australia. However, there is no daylight saving in Papua New Guinea.

Fine Feathered Festivals — While it's always possible to see various aspects of our rich heritage, there are annual regional festivals of traditional culture well worth including in your itinerary:

June	Port Moresby Show
August	Mt Hagen Show
September	Hiri Moale Festival, Port Moresby
October	Maborasa Festival in Madang
October	Morobe Show

Topping them all is the Eastern Highlands Show in Goroka (staged in September of even numbered years) when thousands of painted and feathered tribespeople sing, dance and parade in full regalia.

Tipping Tips — You are a guest in Papua New Guinea and hospitality is an honour in our Melanesian culture. Tips are neither expected nor encouraged.

Taxing Matters — While there is no service charge added to bills, a service tax of between 2.5% and 7% is levied in some provinces and the National Capital District. Save K15 for your international air departure tax. Tax stamps can be purchased at post offices or on departure.

Customary Regulations — Standard customs concessions for travellers apply to the following goods:

- * 200 cigarettes or 50 cigars or 250grams of tobacco
 - * One litre of spirits
 - * A reasonable amount of perfume
- We value your visit but please don't bring drugs, obscene literature or video tapes, firearms or weapons. Food items, seeds, spices, live or dry plants, animals, animal products and equipment as well as biological specimens such as cultures and blood need special documentation before they can be imported.

For more fascinating facts about Papua New Guinea holidays, contact your travel agent or the Papua New Guinea Tourism Promotion Authority.

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