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Paradise is published bi-monthly by Morauta & Associates PO Box 1267 Port Moresby 121 Papua New Guinea Tel: (675) 3217986 Fax: (675) 3214375 Email: delta@daltron.com.pg

Paradise Magazine 55 Cassowary Drive Burleigh Waters Qld 4220 Australia Tel/Fax: (61) 7 55 200101 Email: pixie@onthenet.com.au

Publisher:Sir Mekere MorautaEditor:Roslyn MorautaProduction:Dianne McInnesEditorial Board Members:Eva Arni(Air Niugini)Katherine Lepani

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Offshore advertising: Barry Ransom B&D Pacific Rim Promotions Aust mobile 0411574897

Annual subscription rates for six issues including postage are: In Papua New Guinea - K30 Australia - K60 Rest of the world - US\$50

Printed by: Pac-Rim Printing

Articles express the opinion of the authors and not necessarily of Air Niugini or Morauta & Associates. Editorial contributions will be handled with reasonable care. The publisher, however, assumes no responsibility for the safety of photographs, artwork or manuscripts.

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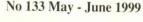
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- Cover: Painting by Jakupa Photograph by Liz Thompson





Welcome aboard

Air Niugini resumed its Cairns -Mt Hagen service and introduced the new Lae - Cairns service on 29 March 1999, thereby improving connections between North Queensland and Papua New Guinea's major cities outside Port Moresby.

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For many the idea of Papua New Guinean art immediately conjures up images of ancient masks, fertility symbols, carved storyboards and canoe prows. Most people associate Papua New Guineans' creative expression with artefact shops that focus on selling the idea of the 'primitive'. In reality, alongside the wooden carvings and clay coil pots, sits the dynamic and constantly evolving face of contemporary art.

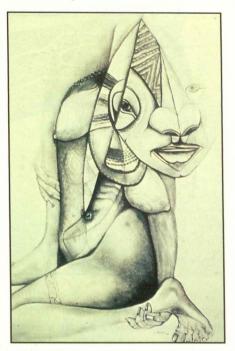
Sculptures are no longer made only of wood but of clay, polystyrene, stone and iron. Gickmai Kundun and Ruke Fame were two of the first sculptors to start working with rusty iron, found objects, old car bumpers - all of which they weld, twist, cut and solder into extraordinary forms. Joins are obvious, metal is torn or scratched, surfaces are rarely smooth or polished. Both men draw inspiration for their subject matter from traditional stories and legends but consistently work with materials which reflect the new experiences and influences arriving in their country.

As well as exploring his traditional past Kundun's work is concerned with current social and political issues in the region. *Nuclear Testing In The Pacific* is a piece he produced in an effort to raise awareness, hoping that it would remind the developed world that people still live on these remote islands. 'We try to say, this is where we live, this is our environment. There are people out there who continue to test their nuclear bombs, throw their nuclear rubbish. By putting out contemporary art I let them know that people live in the Pacific.'

Both Fame and Kundun have had a number of exhibitions. Kundun won an Australian Arts Council Award with which he travelled to Australia, visiting art schools and meeting other artists. His work also appeared at the Sydney 1985 Biennial and was the first work by a Papua New Guinean artist to do so.

Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

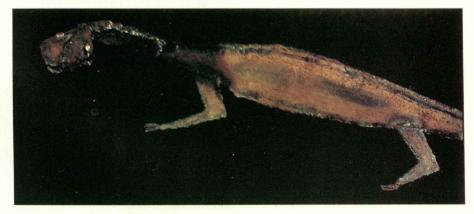
Some of the country's most famous contemporary artists — Kauage, Jakupa, Akis and Nalo — have now been followed by a generation of younger painters. 'Pikinini bilong Kauage' are numerous — a school of artists who have adopted Kauage's style and often his themes. His subjects combine the traditional and contemporary in wonderful paintings which employ a loud and vibrant use of colour.

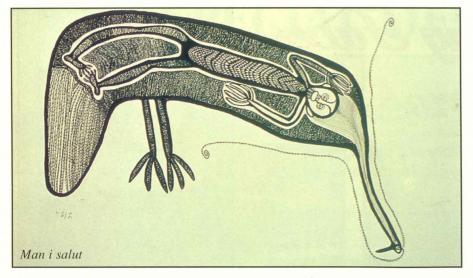


Above: *Creative Movement, a painting by Joe Nalo*



Above: Metal sculptors at UPNG Art Dept Below: Sculptured lizard by Ruke Fame





In some of Akis's most beautiful works extraordinary animal forms emerge (*photo above*). An art teacher who used to watch him draw and paint said he was like a photocopier, he would move across the page in horizontal lines and, as he did, the image appeared.

None of this early generation of artists had any formal training and the raw beauty of their work gives us a deep insight into their perception of the new world they experienced. Most of them came from traditional life in their villages to the cities where they came face to face with a very different world.

Today's musicians combine traditional instruments, flutes, drums and *garamuts* with electric guitars, keyboards, synthesisers and saxophones. They marry ancient chants with contemporary lyrics. *Sanguma*, one of the first Papua New Guinean bands to travel overseas was an international success.

George Telek from Rabaul recently released his first solo CD recorded in Australia to critical acclaim. He has worked closely with Australian musician David Bridie and played and sang *Tabaran* with Bridie's band *Not Drowning Waving. Tabaran* was produced at Pacific Gold Studio in Rabaul. Ben Hakilitz and Buruka Tau, former members of *Sanguma*, now play with the prominent aboriginal band, *Yothu Yindi*.

The National Theatre Company produces plays which explore contemporary Papua New Guinean life. *Price of Urbanisation* explored the consequences of movement from rural areas into the cities, unemployment, gambling and the consumption of alcohol. Some of the company's work has touched on the sensitive issues of crime and prostitution. The actors draw on the rich resource of traditional dance and movement. Theatre and performance were traditionally used as part of an oral tradition for the purpose of teaching. The National Theatre Company, and many smaller, regional companies draw on this idea and often use theatre to convey important messages to the community, particularly about the environment.

Mary Gole is one of Papua New Guinea's best known contemporary potters. Her stunning round coil pots draw on the same traditions the Aibom potters on the Sepik River employ. Their sago storage pots, often large cylinders, decorated with faces of bush spirits or animals, are all built with coils of clay.

National Theatre Company performing 'Price of Urbanisation'

Aibom pots are frequently sold in artefact shops whereas Gole's work (*photo below*) is often the first to sell at art exhibitions. As well as pots she produces functional objects, containers, bowls, cups, saucers and dinner sets, often commissioned. Unlike the Aibom potters who fire their work in hot coals in the ground and paint them with natural pigments, Gole uses a kiln and usually glazes her work.

Beautiful fabrics have been produced through the Art Department at the University of Papua New Guinea and before that the National Art School. Silk screens, woodblocks and tie dye have all been used. Materials have gone to make up clothes and are sometimes bought by large hotels or restaurants as curtains, bedspreads and wall hangings. Many students' designs draw on traditional imagery, masks, weapons and bush spirits. Some are inspired by the rich and colourful natural environment.







Other artists carve delicate jewellery from pig tusks (photo on left) and black coral. They make earrings from tiny wooden masks and parrot feathers or carve brooches from fragile sea shells and polished turtle shell.

While the vast majority of these new art forms employ modern mediums of expression, acrylic paints, canvas, textiles, kilns, wrought iron, steel and electronic instruments, thematically they frequently combine traditional influences with an exploration of the reality of modern day life.

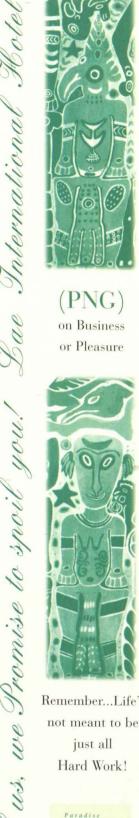
The face of contemporary art reflects the nation's experience, the duality of a country which has moved with extraordinary speed into the late Twentieth Century but, to a large extent, maintains its traditional roots. 3

Liz Thompson is a photojournalist with a special interest in Papua New Guinea.



Above: Contemporary wooden bowl from Trobriand Islands Left: Carved poles at the police station in Gordon, a suburb of Port Moresby Below: Glazed pots using modern potting methods





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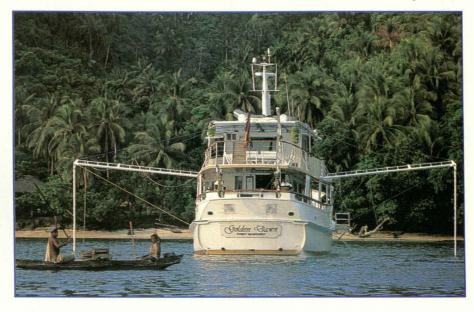
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Manta Ray Discovery on the Golden Dawn

Story and photographs by Bob Halstead

The Papua New Guinea dive tourism industry is more than twenty years old but there are still many coral reefs yet to be charted, let alone dived. Always searching for new dive sites, the *Golden Dawn* is an elegant and comfortable ten passenger live-aboard dive boat with stabilising outriggers (*photo on right*). *Golden Dawn* cruises Papua New Guinean waters from Eastern Fields in the Coral Sea to the Hermit and Ninigo Islands in the northern Bismarck Sea.

Golden Dawn's owner, Craig de Wit, loves to explore, so when the opportunity came for Dinah and I to join him on a special voyage of discovery in October 1998 we jumped at the chance. The voyage was to start in Alotau in Milne Bay, then immediately cruise to the islands south and east of Samarai, continuing along the Papuan Coast and end, two weeks later, at Port Moresby. We planned to dive some known, but rarely dived sites, but the main aim was to explore and discover new ones. A few days into the trip we had made some very exciting dives to add to the growing repertoire of great Papua New Guinean dive sites. Inevitably we also had some disappointments, where reefs that we were hoping would be first class turned out to be ordinary in both coral and fish life. But this is the way of exploration, and probably just a temporary condition for those reefs. Coral reefs are very dynamic. They go through long periods of growth and lush life but also go through periods where the corals die, allowing rejuvenation of the reefs and an eventual increase in biodiversity.



We called in to Samarai Island, still a great place to visit, though much quieter now than the time before Alotau was established and Samarai was the capital of the Milne Bay district. Our divers were stunned by the incredible marine life that lives beneath the old wharf. The wharf piles are covered with brilliant orange corals and schools of small fish surge around them. Other creatures hide in the junk that has accumulated over the years. One of our most exciting finds was a rare Winged Pipefish (*photo on right*).

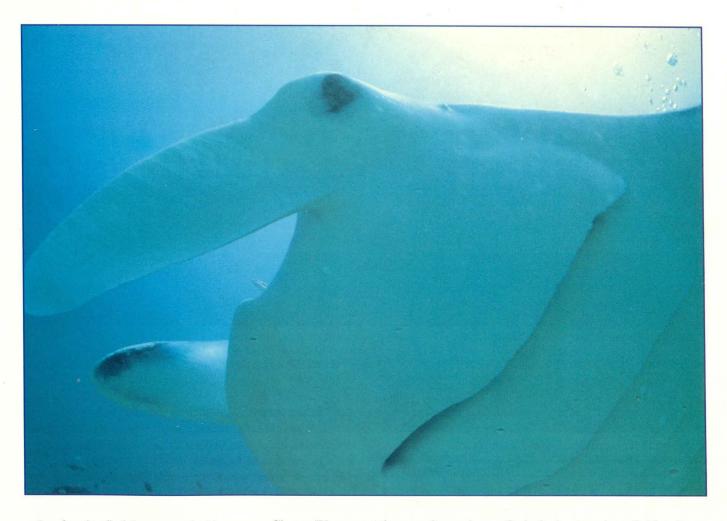
We knew that the islands south of Samarai had a permanent population of Manta Rays, but had never had much success in the past when we had tried to dive with them. Currents can be strong and visibility sometimes reduced, making diving difficult. But we were determined to try again and the Milne Bay crew of *Golden Dawn*, brought up in this area and all keen divers themselves, suggested some different places to look.



The first two sites did not look promising from the surface and we steamed on to a third near a village. The news was good. Villagers told us that there were always mantas around, and when the tide changed they would come close to the island. We anchored up and started to send divers in different directions to explore the reef. Some dived directly from the *Golden Dawn* while others took off in the inflatable boat, planning to work their way back. Large coral boulders, carpeted by a healthy cover of soft corals, were scattered over the sandy bottom, and big sweetlips and groupers peered from ledges beneath them. Suddenly an enormous school of Hump-headed Parrotfish appeared — and just as quickly took off as they realised there were strange intruders in their realm. It was obvious that this reef had not been dived before.

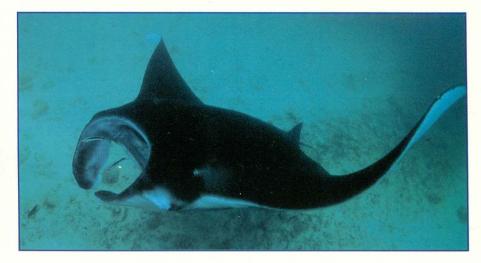
Manta Ray at the cleaning station





I surfaced to find that mantas had been seen feeding on the other side of the island so raced off in the inflatable with a couple of others to see if we could snorkel with them. Sure enough at least a dozen dark shapes moved just below the surface with an occasional dorsal fin or wingtip slicing into the air. I soon had some pictures of the magnificent beasts as they passed me, mouths agape and feeding, but trying to get close was difficult and exhausting.

On the way back to the boat we saw Craig waving to us and a marker float nearby. He was raving about giant mantas being cleaned at a rock he had found in just nine metres of water. I went back in the water and snorkelled over to the rock following Craig's directions from his marker. I looked down to see two really big mantas just hovering near a rock as tiny Cleaner Wrasses worked them over (*photo on right*). I held my breath, quietly dived down and glided towards them. The mantas allowed me to get some close photos before they slowly swam off. Cleaner Wrasses eat tiny parasites and pieces of dead skin on fish thus keeping them in top condition. Fish recognise the wrasses and do not attempt to eat them. The wrasses live on certain areas of the reef called cleaning stations. Although I have seen many reef cleaning stations over the years and watched countless numbers of small fish being cleaned, this was the first time I had ever seen large mantas being cleaned. Craig had returned to *Golden Dawn* for my scuba tank while I was snorkelling, and I quickly donned it, went down to the rock by myself and huddled close against it, breathing slowly. Only a minute went by before the two mantas came again. I stopped breathing as one came right over my head only millimetres from me and filling the frame of my super-wide 16 mm fish-eye lens.





Kwato Island with Samarai in the background

I have learned in the past that it is not a good idea to touch mantas, tempting as that is, as they may get spooked, and when I finally had to breathe out, I released my air in gentle controlled bubbles so as to not startle the manta. It must have worked because the mantas returned again and again, each time pausing for more cleaning and more photos.



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Enquiries and bookings: Telephone: (675) 3231611 Fax: (675) 3255991 Manta Rays can reach wing spans of over six metres and weights of two tonnes but are completely harmless. Unlike Sting Rays they do not have spear-like barbs on their tails and they eat plankton and have no sharp teeth. They have the largest brain of any fish, and often perform elaborate three dimensional underwater ballet with each other. Their dancing is a sight never to be forgotten.

Eventually others joined me in this close encounter of the miraculous kind but I had to surface to reload my camera and refill my tank. It was one of the great dives of my life. I have dived with mantas before but never had I been able to get so close and have the mantas aware of, and welcome my presence. We had been eyeball to eyeball, a truly fabulous experience with a magnificent wild animal.

Craig scheduled divers in small groups on the cleaning bommie throughout the rest of the day. It was fascinating to admire the superb grace and control of the mantas. When hovering the mantas would gently flap the ends of their wings to hold position. Once I was so close I was sure the manta would hit me but it just lifted its wing to glide slowly by, perfectly in control. They seemed to enjoy our visits and would sometimes swim over to divers sitting on the sand near the bommie.

Sites where divers can see mantas being cleaned are rare in the world. We expect that if care is taken to protect them with the help of the local villagers, who have lived with the mantas for many generations and were adamant that no harm would come to them, then this site will join the growing list of Papua New Guinea's legendary dive sites, welcoming visitors anxious to experience a close encounter with one of nature's most awesome animals.

Golden Dawn can be contacted on Email: dive@mvgoldendawn.com

Bob and Dinah Halstead were pioneers of tourist diving in PNG. They now live in Cairns, promoting PNG diving and writing about their experiences.

Another World A Visit to Labu Lake

Story and photographs by Margaret Stevenson

s we near the village, dozens of excited children wave to us from the shore. We have come to Labubutu, a village situated at the northern point of one of Papua New Guinea's most beautiful, but least visited lakes, Labu (*photo above*).

Paddling onto the beach, we are greeted by Tape. It is now four years since my last visit, but she greets us warmly, with recognition. She is a born organiser and within minutes we are on board an outrigger canoe in the safe hands of her brother, Bruce our guide (*photo below*), her young son Richard and his friend, Ezekiel. It is July, and yet as we begin our canoe trip, Bruce tells us that we are the first visitors to the lake this year. In any other country these beautiful waters, which extend for miles along the coast just to the south of Lae, would be spoilt by an influx of tourists, but here we have the peace to view them undisturbed. Perched on board an outrigger canoe, the only sounds today's visitor is likely to hear are the gentle splash of dipping paddles, the occasional bird and the happy laughter of children fishing from a canoe. Labu Lakes have not always been the quiet place they are today. The mouth of the lake at Labubutu bears evidence of this, where the rusting remains of Japanese landing craft from World War Two stand guard (*photo below*).

More recently in the late sixties, prior to Independence, the lake regularly buzzed to the sound of water skiers, as Lae's expatriates came over in small speed boats or wooden motorised canoes to this favourite weekend haunt.







Above: Traditional device for rinsing sago reflected in the still waters of Labu Lake Below: A local fisherman near Labumiti

Now though, anyone visiting the lakes is likely to find themselves the only visitor, free to enjoy the tranquillity of this superb setting, with its magnificent mountain backdrop. Nothing could be more relaxing than to be gently rowed around the lakes and through the narrow channels which wind their way among the numerous islands.

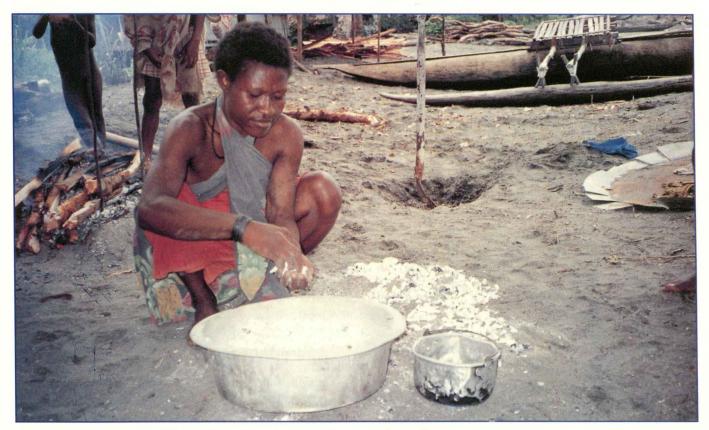
Bruce watches the mild concern on our faces as he bails out the canoe. He explains that the canoe will stop leaking when the wood is wet. It has been out of the water and the wood is dry. He is proud of his canoe and claims that he built it three years ago. Most of the canoes, he says, last a much shorter length of time, but his is made of strong wood and will last for much longer.

Bruce is an excellent guide. He answers our questions with good humour and patience and nothing is too much trouble for him. He pulls into the mangroves to show us the shellfish the local people catch, pointing out which ones they eat and which they use for fishing bait. He explains that the villagers build their houses using the mangrove trees and offers to show us the house he is currently building when we return to the village. The poles are in place and he thinks it will take him about a month to complete it.

As we near Labumiti the lake widens and far beyond we can see Sugar Loaf Mountain at the base of which is situated the village of Labutale, the third of the 'Lake' villages.

We paddle ashore to an island used by the local people as a base for preparing sago. Bruce explains that their gardens are a long way away towards the mountains and the villagers must travel by canoe to them.





'Are there any crocodiles?' I ask. Bruce says there are a few, but only small ones which are no danger.

'Are we likely to see any?' Only at night, he explains, when the lights from the fishing boats shine in their eyes.

During the first hour we see few birds, but later as we travel further away from the coast and head towards the base of the mountains we notice far more, one of which, an elegant white egret, flies low over our heads. We have left the main lake now and paddle through beds of reeds which the villagers use to make baskets. We travel up through the narrow waterways, where occasionally the water is too low and we have to push, or return the way we have come.

As we return to the wide expanse of lake near Labumiti, we can once again hear the sound of the sea. It is easy to forget how close we are to the beach.

Nearing the village we hear a chorus of singing coming from the mangroves. It sounds like an organised school choir, but as we near the voices, it is simply a group of young children singing as they collect shellfish from the mangrove roots. They stop their work and wave frantically until we are almost out of sight.

Back in the village, we sit on the beach drinking from freshly picked coconuts as we wait for a passing boat to take us back to Lae. The beach for as far as we can see is an array of fires and streams of thick, white smoke drift inland as the local people make lime (*photo above*) to sell in Lae Market.

Eventually a boat is sighted. Richard and Ezekiel run up the beach to make sure we are not overlooked. We shake hands exchanging goodbyes. I promise to send photos and to visit more often in future. We paddle out to the boat and wave to the villagers on the shore. Then we turn towards Lae, and a different world.

Banana boats leave for Labubutu from close to the BOC Gas depot at the bottom of Milfordhaven Road in Lae. The trip across takes approximately ten minutes.

Margaret Stevenson is a teacher in Lae.

Below: *Richard and Ezekiel take a rest from paddling*.



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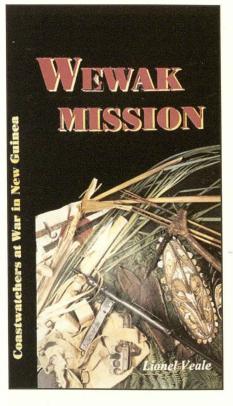
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BOOK REVIEW — Wewak Mission



During World War 2 intelligence gathering of the enemy's movements and disposition could make or break many of the epic battles in the air and on the surface.

The seeds for success in this area were sown at the end of World War 1 when a RAN officer, Captain C J Clarke realised that Australia's vast northern coastlines were virtually unprotected. Apart from on the cattle stations and isolated mining towns, few people lived in the area. The threat of impending invasion in those days of peace by illegal immigrants, smugglers and the like, could go unnoticed for months.

Clarke's efforts to persuade the authorities to do something resulted in the recruitment of an informal organisation of volunteers being established. Public servants, policemen, station hands and others in the area were told to look out for anything suspicious and to report back to Naval Headquarters in Melbourne.

Coastwatchers at War in New Guinea

Review by Eric Lindgren

Following Australia's mandate over the former German Territory of New Guinea in 1920 the scheme was extended to Papua, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. It became known affectionately as the Coastwatchers.

At the outbreak of WW2 the Coastwatchers officially became part of the armed services. A mining warden from Wau, retired naval officer Lt-Cdr Eric Feldt, was given the task of recruiting expatriates living in the islands and training them in the ways of intelligence gathering. These added to the existing service organisations.

In 1943 the Allied Intelligence Bureau transferred all army personnel from the Coastwatchers to 'M' Special Unit which co-ordinated activities throughout the region. Within this, the First Independent Company (Commandos) played a prominent part.

Lionel Veale was a member of this group. He took part in six behindthe-lines missions between 1941 and 1945, rising from raw recruit to sergeant in this time.

Wewak Mission is the story of one of these missions.

It is a true story.

Told from recollections it is a remarkable insight into a time little understood by the present generation. The trials and tribulations of living in constant fear must be read to be understood: either from the Japanese enemy only a few short kilometres away from the commandos' jungle hideouts, or from the local villagers, friend or foe according to their experiences with the warring parties.

The mission commenced and ended in a Catalina. The party of four was dropped on the Sepik River near Yesan Village in mid 1943 and collected at the Washkuk Lagoon after months of hazardous experiences. Their brief was to report on enemy movements and numbers in the Wewak area. Throughout the story, names important in colonial times of Papua New Guinea will be recognised by those familiar with its history: Major J K McCarthy in Port Moresby oversaw Coastwatcher operations in Papua New Guinea. (His Patrol into Yesterday, Cheshire 1963, details his life from 1927-1962 when he rose from Cadet Patrol Officer to District Commissioner, and includes a chapter on the Coastwatchers.) Others are George Eichorn, descendant of a German natural history collector of the nineteenth century; and Yarli (Yali) of cargo cult fame at Madang in 1947.

This story provides a timely reminder five decades after WW2 ended that life has never been always peaceful in this tropical paradise and probably never will be. It was a time of major disruption to the whole world and emotions reached heights which have not been felt again on such a scale in post-war society.

Veale has another book almost completed about another of his intelligence assignments, and three more planned. But, at 80 years of age, he rightly states that writing a book is harder than most people realise. I hope that these other books will materialise to tell more stories of those dark days so far away.

Wewak Mission — Coastwatchers at War in New Guinea, 1996, by Lionel Veale. Hard cover, 310+ pages.

Published by Lionel P V Veale, PO Box 408, Ashmore City, Qld 4214, Australia. AUD35 including postage.

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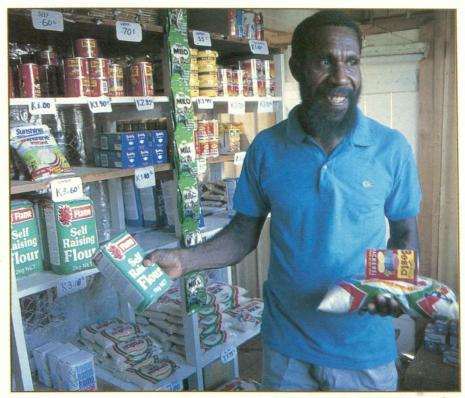
DUWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Story and photographs by Keith Briggs

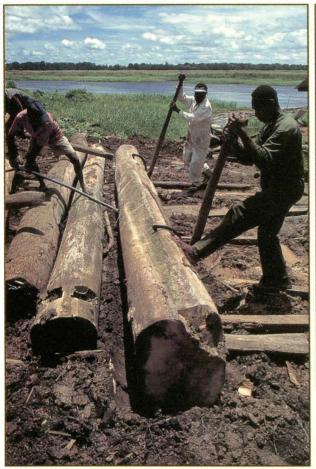
n unusual vessel with a blue tent for a cabin and an open fire for a galley moves slowly with the flow of the Aramia River. Guiding it into the bank at Kawito the occupants are glad their four day drift from Ali village is over.

Their 'vessel' is a raft of logs for sale to the Kakalapa Sawmilling Company. As they put out the fire, fold up their tent and pack their belongings into a canoe tied alongside, Kakalapa sawmill workers start measuring the length and girth of the logs to calculate payment due (*photo below*).

Once paid, the travellers crowd around Aubu Wabadala's store (*photo on right*) to buy outboard fuel for the long trip back upriver, and other commodities not available in their distant village.



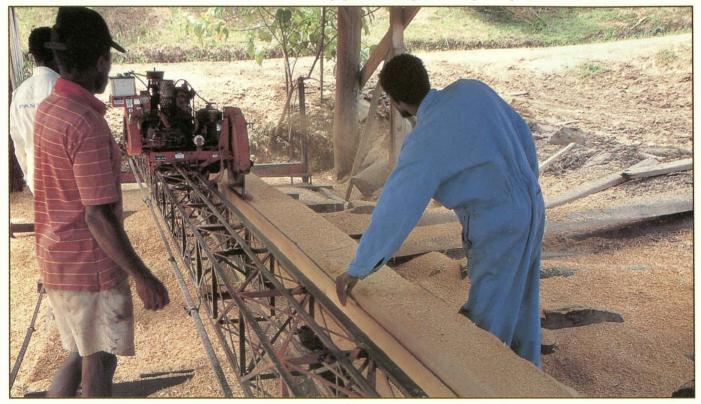




Above left: Logs, which have been winched out of water, being rolled onto skids. Above right: Cutting log to length Below: Mobile dimension saw in action



Aubu Wabadala is a skilled mechanic trained in the mission/church workshop at Kawito, of which he was manager for some years after the missionaries left. Because of his ability to operate, maintain and repair machinery to a high standard, the station sawmill was sold to him. With his crew of local workers he has been producing first class timber for four years. Restoring a couple of discarded tractors he bought very cheaply, Aubu has expanded to run an efficient, self dependent business. He is capable of doing all repairs needed on any of the equipment to keep the mill operating well.

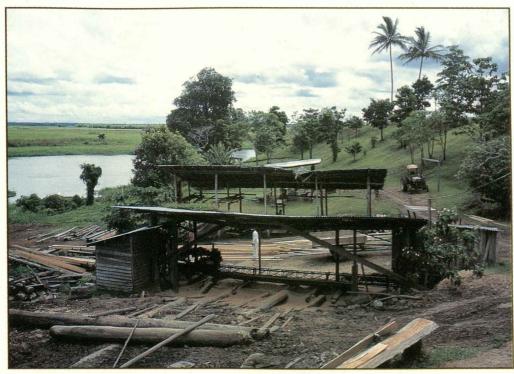


With the river on which to float logs, many village people from up stream can make good money selling them to the mill. Aubu built a small trade store nearby so those with newly acquired wealth could make it go full circle, and keep the circle as small as possible!!

A more important sense in which things have gone full circle is that contemporaries of the missionaries who trained Aubu are now buying timber from him and calling on him to repair their station equipment.

Kakalapa Sawmill is a registered private business established by someone willing to work hard and build on the start he was given by expatriates who saw his potential and invested a lot of themselves in him.

Keith Briggs and his wife Norma have been missionaries in Papua New Guinea since 1965.



Above: The sawmill beside the river

Below: Loading timber on to a customer's canoe





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Pilot Pat

Story by Phil Smith Photographs by Mal Lancaster and from Pat Toole's collection

In the years following the Second World War, bush pilots and their light aircraft rebuilt the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Single engine, canvas covered war surplus planes flew government officials and local people in and out of the grass paddocks that passed as airstrips. Tiny, Australian-registered *Kilo Sierra Kilo* was at the front line. And at the controls was the first woman to operate a commercial pilot's licence there, Pat Toole. Indeed, in the early 1950s, Pat may well have been the only full-time female commercial pilot in the world.

Australian aviation had no room for the young Patricia Graham, no matter how well qualified she was. But the legendary fighter ace of the Western Desert, former Wing Commander Bobby Gibbes needed tough, resourceful pilots for his fledgling airline in New Guinea's north west.



Above: Patricia Toole at Coffs Harbour Aero Club in 1950

At her suburban home in Brisbane, Pat laughs when she recalls her early days as a pilot with Gibbes' Sepik Airways. *Flying in New Guinea in the fifties was a lot of fun. We worked hard and we played hard.* We flew seven days a week. We operated mostly into one-way strips. You only got one go at it because you couldn't go round. So you had to be pretty spot on with your approaches.

Below: VH KSK being restored in a hangar at Samford, Australia — almost fifty years since Pat was last at the controls.



You know, a patrol officer would walk in and select what he thought was a reasonable site for a strip, and get all the villagers to cut the grass. They'd stamp it down a bit, and then one of us would go in and, uh, land on it!

The young lady who had started her professional life as a hairdresser spent every spare moment and cent gaining her commercial licence in Australia, only to find that aviation down-under didn't have room for a woman. So she headed north to fly over the jungles and mountains of the Sepik and Western Highlands.

Gibbes' time in the Western Desert had taught him the need for sturdy aircraft, and he established his bush airline with Norseman and Auster types. The first aircraft under Pat's command was an Auster but, as Pat recalls, her career almost crashed before it had taken off.

I'd only been in Port Moresby two weeks when Rinus Zuydam, the chief pilot, said he had to go through to Wewak to change over an aircraft and would I like to go. I said, 'Yeah, sure, how long are we going for?' He said, 'Oh, a couple of nights'. So, not knowing New Guinea, I packed a weekend bag and I got back to Port Moresby 18 months later. We arrived in Wewak and Col asked us if we could do a trip to Angoram for him that afternoon, which we did. But we lost an engine, just ran out of noise. That was on Friday the 13th of June 1952. It had taken ten minutes to get to where we landed and ten hours to walk back.

The senior pilot quickly spotted a kunai ridge and pulled off 'a beautiful landing'.

We had fourteen 'repats' on board, loaded to the gunnels with everything from axes and knives to all the bits and pieces they were bringing home after working away for two years, and they were all out before Rinus and I were, and we had a door each to get out! We didn't waste any time either, but they just vanished into the kunai. We didn't think they'd ever fly again!

Pat's adventures soon hit the headlines around the world, with stories in women's magazines, the Christian Science Monitor and the Goodyear Dealers' Magazine. The banners read 'That Flying Girl' and 'Our First Girl Bush Pilot'.

If flying in New Guinea could ever be described as 'uneventful', the next twelve months were at least without mishap. Pat flew the Austers and Norsemans loaded with anything from



mission supplies to government officials. The only thing she never had on board was a radio. Her close encounter of the hard kind with VH KSK came on a flight without passengers to Lumi. Pat discovered just how quickly the weather could change in the mountains.

I was five minutes out of Lumi. I could see it. Then all of a sudden, voomph! Black out completely. I've never seen a build-up as quick. So I just stayed in the air as long as I could while I was looking for somewhere to put it down, because I couldn't get back over the range and I was trying to find a way through to the Sepik flats. But I couldn't find anything. Then I saw a gap, and a river bed down there, and I thought, that'll do me.

Pat swung the aircraft around and made for the clearing, but when she was low enough all she could see was steep banks on both sides of the Keang River. Now past the point of no return, Pat eased the aircraft down and landed on stones and shingles.

The Auster bounced along the riverbed towards the trees so she pulled the aircraft round in a ground loop, stopping it dead, breaking the propellor and snapping off one undercarriage leg (photo on left). Pat was shaking then, and she shakes her head as she recalls that landing. I had about one gallon of fuel left in the tank so I was very lucky. I had a good idea where I was and I thought about walking to Dreikikir, which I thought was about 13 miles away. But I stayed with the plane and a search patrol from Lumi arrived two nights later.

Pat was rescued. So was the Auster. The aircraft was pulled apart and carried to the nearest airstrip. A new propellor was brought in along with a new undercarriage leg. A new piece of timber was spliced into the main spar and it was flown back to the GSA base at Wewak. Pat insists it flew better after that. She reckons it was much easier to trim!

Kilo Sierra Kilo went on flying after Pat married and moved out of aviation onto a coffee plantation. And the little plane has circled back into her life. The aircraft is being fully restored in Samford, Queensland, and a reintroduction has been a real thrill for a woman who has decided to get back in the air.



It's terrific, says Pat. It treated me very gently in that riverbed and I just used to love flying it. It's been flying on and off over the years. I saw it once in an episode of the TV series, 'The Flying Doctors'. Apparently at that stage a fellow in the Air Force owned it and I think he must have pranged it. It's been rebuilt several times. A fellow at Echuca had it, and he rebuilt it. Then Anthony Forbes at Yarraman had it and he rebuilt it. It has been out in a severe hail storm so that's why it's being repaired this time. I definitely intend to fly it. That would be fun.

Now seventy years of age, Mrs Toole has run a hair dressing salon in New South Wales, succeeded in the world's toughest aviation arena, and helped pioneer the coffee industry in the Papua New Guinea Highlands.

During a recent trip to New Zealand to attend a Women in Aviation conference, she was offered the opportunity to try hot air ballooning. Instructor Rhonda Tulk asked Pat why she hadn't got back her fixed wing licence.

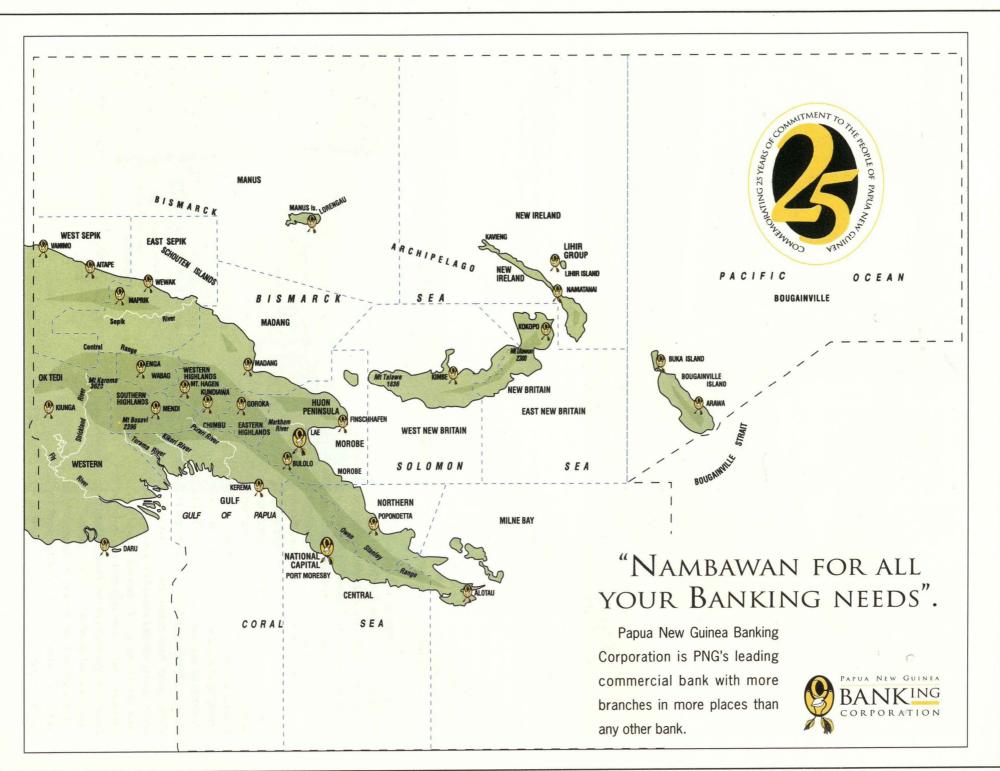
Pat's response was typical, immediately enrolling herself at a flying school at busy Archerfield airport. I thought if I'm going to fly again I'd better throw myself in at the deep end. But oh those radios! Voices bleating in my ear all the time. You've got three changes of frequency before you even get in the air. The flying came back reasonably quickly. I went solo in seven hours, which I thought wasn't too bad after more than forty years. I remember my first solo very distinctly, but it was different this time because, you know, I'm fifty years older. I still had a great adrenalin rush. It's still great fun.

The civil aviation authorities reactivated her original paste board licence with its endorsements for the Auster and Norseman. More relaxed than the passengers from her early days, Pat's first passenger after her solo was her eleven-year-old grandson, 'Jacob (*photo above*). Every boy needs someone to look up to, and Jacob's bent on following in Grandma Pat's footsteps, or flight path.



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CREATIVE WRITING - The Missing Piece

'Get out of my house. Out!' father shouted at the top of his voice. 'Honestly Neula, I don't want to see you again. I've had enough of these problems year after year. Get out of my house. Get out of my life.'

'You are an unfit good-for-nothing father. You are to blame for all our problems. All you care for is beer and women,' Neula replied bitterly.

Father, furious at Neula's comments, stubbed his cigarette butt and hurled a full bottle of SP beer directly at his son. Neula ducked and the bottle went smashing into the glass louvres behind him.

'Bihiya, please! Stop this fighting,' screamed mother. 'Please, stop!'

'Shut up,' replied father. 'You're only a woman. See what you have done. Groomed your boy into a useless street kid, a rascal. I have spent a lot of money on his school fees. Yet he has only brought me shame and disgrace. Listen, woman, stay out of this before I pin you up against the wall, understand ah!'

Mother rushed into the kitchen. She was sobbing and shivering from the threatening words father had said to her.

The problem had its beginnings back in 1987. As times became difficult, it grew worse until one night in June 1992 when emotions could no longer hold. Neula had dropped out of grade six five years ago. Father had put him into a vocational school but due to his careless attitude and violent behaviour, he was expelled. For the last three years he had done nothing. I knew he had the motivation and vision for a satisfying life somewhere within him. I felt that maybe he was only scared to show it.

Father laid strict rules to be followed yet most times they were broken. At first Neula would ask father for permission before going out. His favourite places were the snooker house, the haus-piksa, and the mini-markets where cigarettes and betel nuts were sold. Father usually refused permission. Unhappy about father's attitude and influenced by his peers, Neula turned to drugs, alcohol, sex and violence.

Father on the other hand became abusive and turned to heavy drinking.

He ignored his fatherly responsibilities and became increasingly cold and hostile.

Poor mother could not handle the situation alone. As a result, she became stressed, silent and withdrawn. Amidst the frequent fights and arguments between Neula and father, mother's voice could never be heard. She remained silent.

I was confused. At the age of eight, life for me was just beginning. I began to make friends at school and was learning new skills such as painting, reading and writing. I didn't know why these frequent fights were occurring in the house. I would cry, become angry and scared. I knew that something was terribly wrong, but did not understand what.

The once regular family outings and other social activities were no longer part of our lives. Those Saturday picnics at the beach, the family lunch after Sunday church service and the regular visits to the village became rare experiences. How I miss those exciting moments.

One night the argument completely blew out and took a direction I never expected. Like a volcanic eruption, harsh words and hot tempers flared emitting true emotional feelings deep within like poisonous gas. I was scared.

'Now that you are 19, you think you can do anything you like. Rubbish! You something-nothing! Get out of my house,' father yelled. 'Had I known you were not my child, I would have forced Yobila to have aborted or abandoned you.' Father's voice and emotions exploded, unable to control himself.

There was silence.

Neula's face lit up. There were tears in his eyes. 'That's it. I am go..ing. Going, for good,' he wept. He went into the kitchen and stood for a few moments, staring at mother. 'Why didn't you ever tell me the truth. Why mother?' He held her tightly in his arms, sobbing.

'Please son, stay! Stay!' cried mother. 'I can't take it anymore. I've had enough of this abuse. Only part of me belongs here. The other half I will search to find out. I believe that it is there I will be taken in and loved as a person. I love you mother.' He kissed her softly.

By Alfred Faiteli

'I know that you love me Son,' I heard mother whisper to him. 'Take care and God be with you, my dear child.'

I could hardly bear it. Neula meant it; he was leaving. The look on his face showed determination and confidence. 'Kaion, brother Joey,' he whispered to me as he gave me a big hug. 'Behave yourself and do not ever take this step I am taking.'

'Go and never come back,' father yelled angrily.

'Shut up! Enough! I'm leaving,' Neula protested as he made his way to the door. 'I am going and shall never return.' He stamped his feet heavily on the floor and slammed the door on his way out.

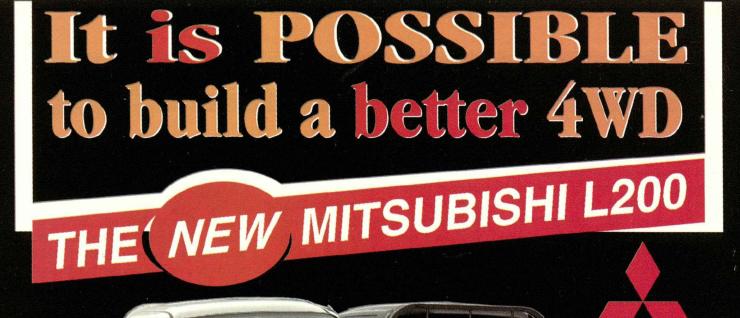
'I will lead my life and show you one day how to be a good father. You never gave me the love and care every child deserves, all because I was not your real son,' Neula firmly said and disappeared into the night. Sadly, these were the last words I heard from my brother.

Father marched up and down the stairs in rage. He switched off the lights and went downstairs and lit a cigarette. He sat on the platform trying to cool his temper. He was deep in thought. Moments later, I realised he was lying with his hands over his face, sobbing quietly.

In the corner of the kitchen mother continued crying. I sat in my bedroom, frightened and sad, staring at Neula's empty bed. My eyes filled with tears. Looking back, it seemed that Neula talked but father never listened. Mother whispered so silently Neula could not understand and father yelled so loud that Neula could not hear. Whose fault was it that Neula had gone?

It has been seven solid years now since that dreadful night. No news from Neula yet. Truly, we have lost him. We believe one day we shall meet him, not alone but with his family. Over the years we have built our lives step by step, one day at a time. Although we seem happy together, our family life is incomplete. For there is still a missing piece we cannot replace.

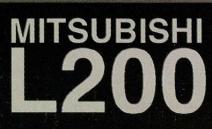
Alfred Faiteli is a talented writer from the Milne Bay Province. He teaches at the University of Papua New Guinea.



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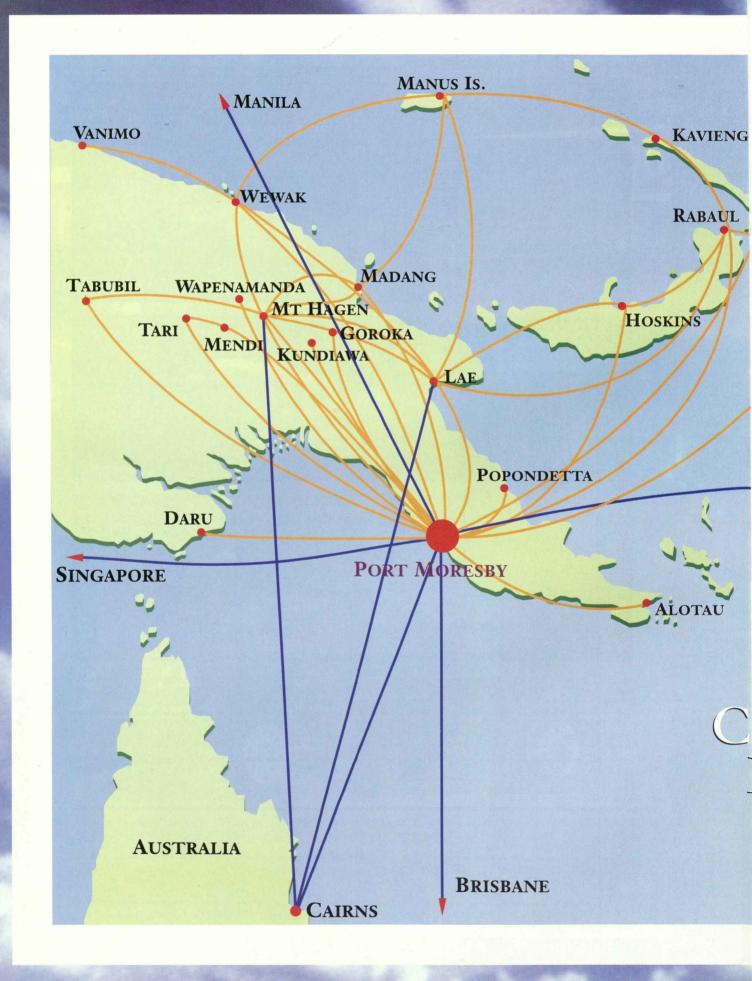






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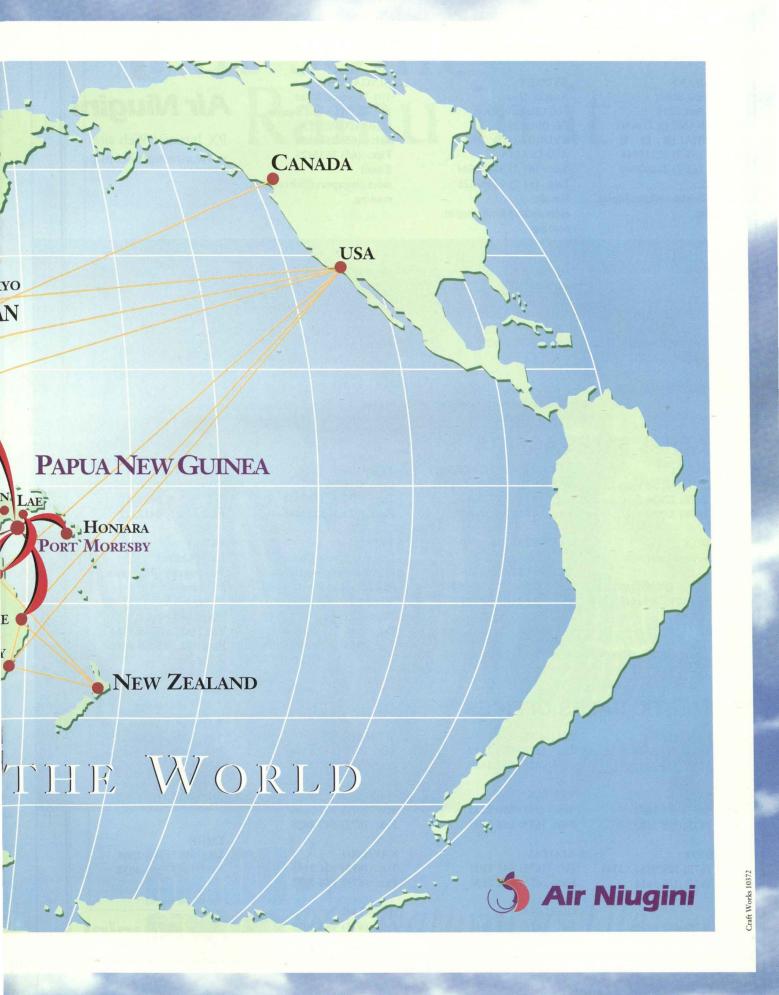
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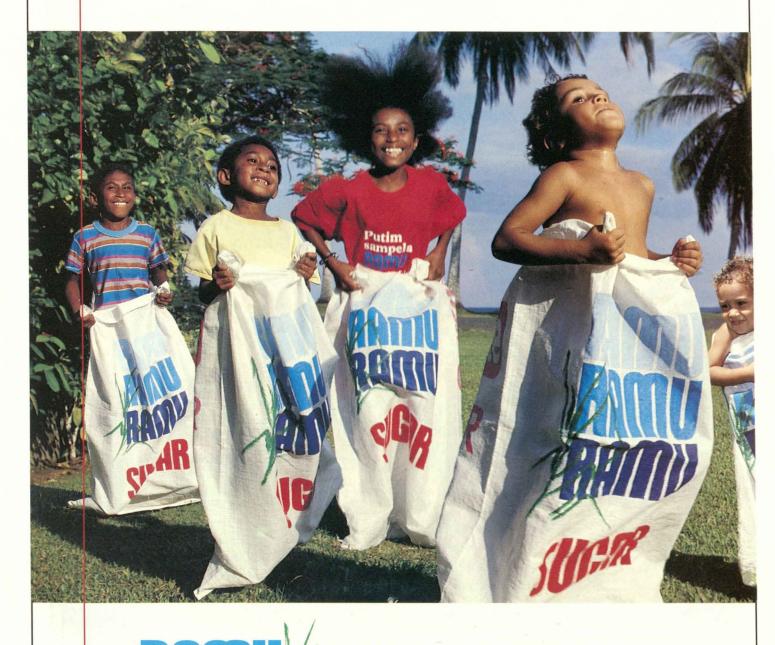
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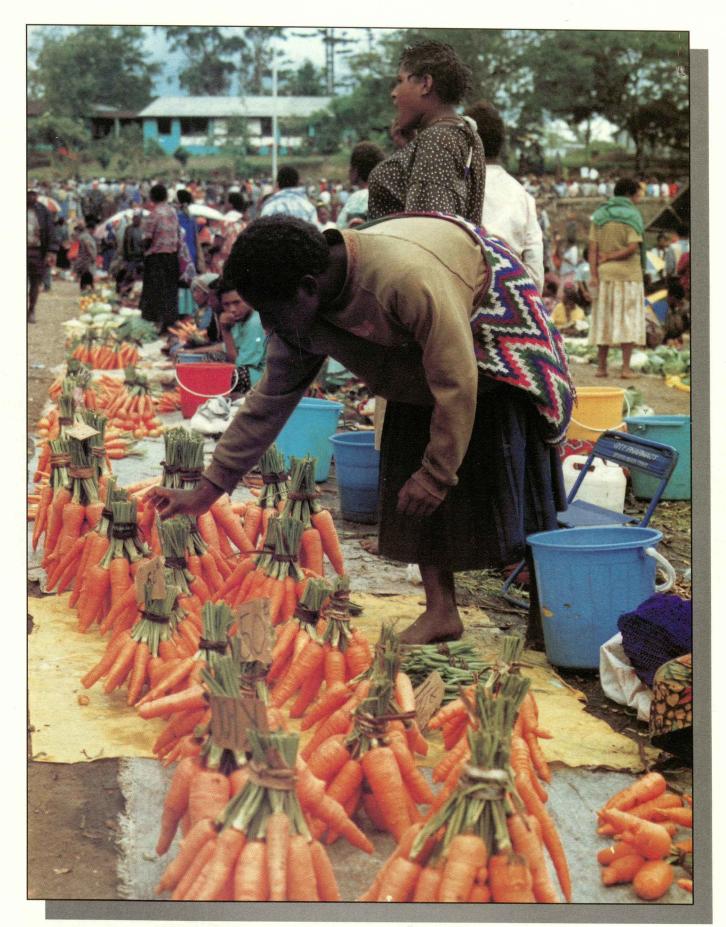
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The Ford Explorer has a 4WD system that literally thinks for itself..it is called Control Trac. Control Trac automatically changes from 2WD to 4WD and back again as the road surface and driving conditions change.



No more shifting or locking hubs. It's 4x4 capability makes it a dual purpose vehicle offering superior performance on city streets and rough terrain.



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A Salute to the Jeep

ton of the other

In Retrospect

Two transports turned the tide of war in the middle of this century: an aeroplane, the Douglas C-47 Skytrain; and the 4x4 personal transport officially known as 'Truck, $\frac{1}{4}$ -ton, 4x4, Willys MB, Ford GPW'. The C-47 went on to become one of the longest lasting air transports. The DC-3 is still flying in some corners of the world, while the Jeep (named from its 1941 acronym GP originally = Government, Passenger, later General Purpose/Willys) is still around in its original and descendant forms.

0-0-0-0-0-0

In the late 1930s the US Armed Services were looking for a small personnel transport which had off-road capabilities.

A number of companies tendered for the contract —it was to be a four-wheel drive, with low ratio for when the going got tough; it had to carry a load of 500lbs ($=\frac{1}{4}$ -ton or three people) plus another 500lbs making an effective payload of 1,000lbs; it had to have a 4-cylinder engine for fuel economy; it needed to be versatile enough to carry weaponry or be modified as needed; and it should not weigh more than 1,308lbs.

No company was able to meet these requirements, but the American Bantam Company built 70 vehicles which came close, though their minimum weight of 2,030lbs was well above the desired limit. Story and photographs by Eric Lindgren

The origins of this transport were interesting for they went back to the Austin Motor Co in Birmingham, England. Their popular 1922 Model-Seven or 'Baby Austin' was licensed for production in France (by Rosengart), Germany (BMW), Japan (Datsun) and USA (American Austin Co).

This latter became the American Bantam Co in 1934. Its tender won the Army contract in 1940 but financial difficulties led to its demise in 1941. The winning model was known as the Bantam Mark II. A restyling to Army specs led to the Bantam BRC (Bantam Reconaissance Car), 2,850 being produced mainly for Lend/Lease to Russia and Britain in 1941.

The disappearance of the AB Co brought Willys and Ford to the fore.

Willys tender had produced their 'Quad' in 1940 and an improved Model MA in 1941. Most of these 1,500 units were sent to Russia.

Ford reworked their first tender (Ford Pygmy, 1,513 units) to meet Army weight requirements and named their new model the Ford GP (3,700 units).

However Willys won the contract and Ford manufactured under licence from them because of their better production facilities and the urgency of wartime demand and supply.

Predecessor to the Jeep: An American Bantam at an Austin 7 rally under the Story Bridge in Brisbane, Australia 1998. One of the best examples of this model in Australia.





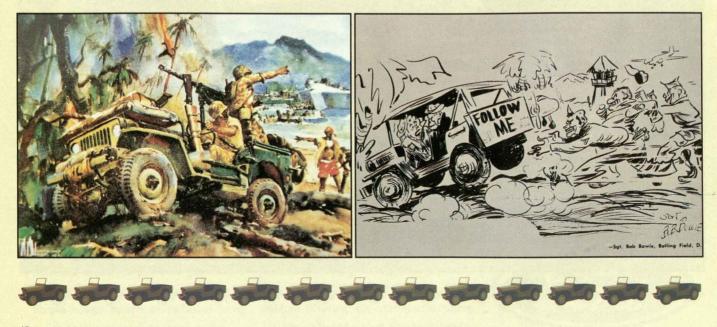
Left: On the road to Nadzab airstrip, Morobe Province in 1943. There were eleven strips at Nadzab, which the USAAF had built into one of their major bases in the south-west Pacific. Below: Post-war — jeeps were quickly taken over by civilians in New Guinea. Here three children have fun at the wheel of their father's car on Koitaki Plantation, Sogeri, near Port Moresby. The truck in the background was Army surplus also. Bottom left: The drama of an amphibious landing is captured by the artist in this advertisement from an American magazine. Such pictures showed scenes from all spheres of operations and increased civilian awareness of the role the jeep played in battle. Bottom right: Jeeps played an important part in military humour as this cartoon from the US Army magazine 'Yank' proves.

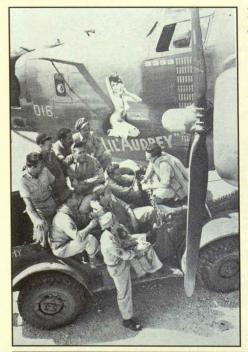
An improved model, the Willys MB = Ford GP-W became the 'standard Jeep' at 2,450lbs. It was continued until 1945. Altogether Willys made 359,851 units and Ford 277,878 units. This model is easily identified by its 9-slot pressed steel grill and divided windscreen with square corners. The Willys version can be recognised by a tubular cross section beneath the radiator whereas the Ford version has a channel section.

Post-war Willys produced the first Civilian Jeep CJ-2A in 1945-47 (138,465 units). This differed from the MB only by a 7-slot grill, sealed beam headlights and indicators in place of the wartime blackout lights.

Since then Willys released the CJ-3A (1948-53), Willys MC (1950-53), Kaiser-Jeep CJ-3B (1953-68) and the Willys M-38, the Jeep seen in the TV show M*A*S*H (1950-54). [CJ stands for Civilian Jeep; M for Military.]







Left: In a familiar pose, the crew of the USAAF B-24 'Lil' Audrey' crowd into their jeep before a mission. The heavy bomber Liberator was used during most of the early and mid years in the Pacific. It was replaced by the heavy B-29 Super Fortress for direct attacks on Japan towards the end of the war. Right: General Macarthur, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in the South West Pacific Area, inspects jungle operations in New Guinea, 1944. The driver of the jeep is Lt-Gen Robert L Eichelberger.





Above left: A Willys MB Jeep, bogged in the muddy road between Godowa and Butawa, is helped by another jeep. The bogged jeep belongs to the Australian HQ of the 2/1 LAA (Artillery) Company. In the background is a US GMC truck. Above right: Australian Army personnel of the 2/8th Australian Armoured Regiment unload a jeep from a barge at Jacquinot Bay, New Britain.

Below: A sea-going version of the Jeep, known as the Ford GPA (Government Passenger, Amphibian) or 'Seep' was built

around the Ford-GP/W chassis. A total of 12,778 units were produced but it was not a success in heavy seas and was of limited use in the Pacific theatre.

In 1953 Kaiser Industries bought out Willys-Overland, renamed it to Willys Motors and a new model CJ-5 (1954-69) was introduced. At the same time Kaiser reworked the wartime jeep to produce the M-38A1 (1955-62) and Ford produced the M-151 Military Utility Tactical Truck, coded 'MUTT' (1962-70), which looked a little like an overgrown MiniMoke and was informally known as a Jeep.

Additional CJ and M-models have been added to the range since, as well as a variety of two- and four-wheel drive for the civilian market.







Above: This 1942 Willys Model MB Jeep belongs to Rod Maden of the Military Jeep Club of Queensland. The vehicle was used by General Macarthur's Medical Corps and later as a HQ staff car in New Guinea. The jeep replicates the colours of the Australian 141st Transport Division based in Port Moresby for most of the war. Maden's father served with this unit, being responsible for supplying the biscuitbombers taking food and other supplies to front-line troops, as well as general maintenance and transport around the Army's campsites.

In Prospect

Throughout the world active collectors band together into societies devoted to the restoration of old motor vehicles.

It is no surprise, then, that military vehicles have their loyal band of enthusiasts. Each year they hold rallies and swap meets. At these *concours d'elegance* men and women outdo themselves in their efforts to present the most authentic example of their beloved vehicle. The honour of having the best vehicle in the rally results in a handsome trophy and accolades from their peers.

Dr Eric Lindgren is a freelance photo-journalist in Brisbane. He deeply regrets not having bought the MB Jeep for sale in Hanuabada in 1970, and has had to make-do with the Matchbox version ever since.



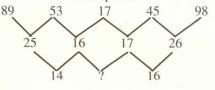
Puzzles

MIND BENDING PUZZLES

Q1. 26 zips weigh as much as 4 crids and 2 wobs. Also, 8 zips and 2 crids have the same weight as 2 wobs. How many zips have the weight of 1 wob? (Clue: algebra)

Q2. Can you position four squares of equal size in such a way that you end up with five squares of equal size?

Q3. In the puzzle below, the numbers in the second row are determined by the relationships of the numbers in the first row. Likewise, the numbers in the third row are determined by the relationships of the numbers in the second row. Can you determine the relationships and find the missing number?



ALPHABET

There is one place for each letter of the alphabet in the 26 empty spaces below. Fill in each letter so that a word of at least 5 letters (no plurals) is formed reading across. Not all the letters in each row will be used. One line has been done for you.

JOBUDD	ISMERN
AGRAFI	PACTOR
CUPGHO	TTERF F
SPRO JE W	ELINGE
ETENVO	NDERLY
CHAMPU	ARIEDI
GARLIA	TIQUEL
OBESAC	IDEALT
CITIVO	LEDDOW
AFALFA	LTRISM
MASTUR	NOMERS
REASTA	UERYEX
SCREAN	URISHT
ASTEAR	ADEFFE
CREPSP	SMITRO
POFFRE	DEPOND
FUTURU	USTLYN
THAPPI	IERONT
GRETRO	LIQUER
BRAVOI	RENCEL
STOPPI	UESHAW
BIFBRO	ENITCH
OCOTHO	ONEENT
AGORIM	ALENZA
BARIME	EVATOR
PRBENE	ITEICS

BOOKS

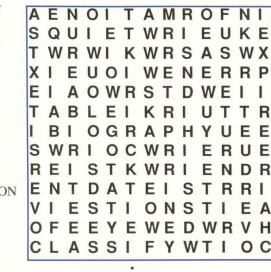
Find the words listed below in the puzzle.

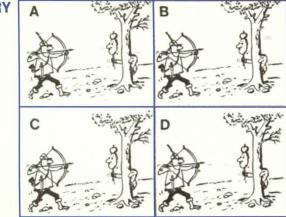
BIOGRAPHY BOOKEND CARD CHAIR CLASSIFY COVERS DATE DESK DUE **EXPIRE** FEE FINE INFORMATION **OVERDUE** QUIET RENEW RETURN TABLE WORK WRITE

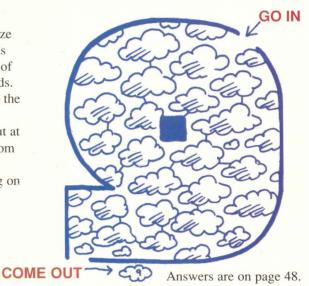
ARCHERY Each picture has one detail missing that appears in the other three. Can you find the missing details?

MAZE

This maze of clouds has lots of dead ends. Go in at the top and come out at the bottom without stopping on a cloud.







DESTINATION — Singapore Everything old is new again

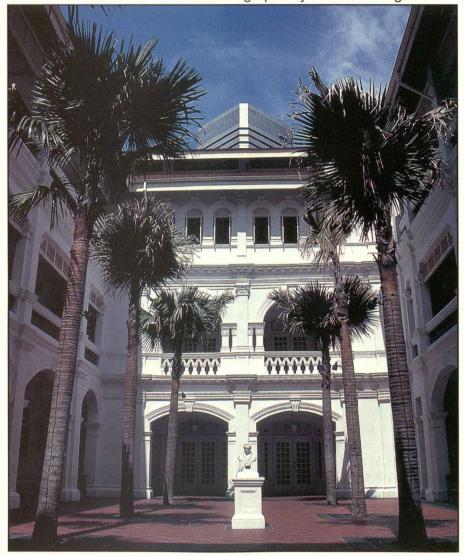
It has become conventional wisdom among those who consider themselves 'Old Singapore Hands' to say that the place is not what it was ten years ago, or fifteen or twenty, depending on how much seniority in the game one wants to display. This is undoubtedly true, but not particularly helpful, since the same observations can be made of Bangkok or Brisbane or, for that matter, Port Moresby.

What they usually mean, of course, is that it has changed for the worse, but many of those who say so tend to suffer from a peculiar form of nostalgia and a strange inability to distinguish between the squalid and the picturesque. Certainly, the Government of Singapore, in its desire to 'develop' and 'modernise' has been responsible in the past for some remarkable acts of municipal vandalism.

But if you really enjoy the smell of open drains (or is it the smell of the aphrodisiac fruit 'durian'?) or a glimpse of people throwing their bath water into the street or living and working in premises which would give any social reformer apoplexy, then you can still catch a hint of what the old hands refer to as the 'real Singapore'. Most of what is left is still around Chinatown or 'Little India', particularly in those stretches whose inhabitants have not been re-housed in the vertical suburbs north and east of the city.

The better news is that either out of a belated attack of conscience, an awareness of the changing expectations of tourists, or perhaps both, much of what seemed to be heading for oblivion a few years ago has been saved and is being restored with much care and at no little expense.

Most obvious and eye-catching of all the restorations is Raffles Hotel (*photo above*), about which so much has been written already, that it hardly seems worth adding anything here. Except to say that Somerset Maugham, Story by Norman and Ngaire Douglas Photographs by Norman Douglas



whose name is still invoked in the hotel's publicity, could probably not have afforded the present prices. In its current manifestation, Raffles is grander than it has ever been, and the tariff is commensurate, as are the food and beverage charges. A beer in the Long Bar, for instance, will leave you poorer by \$\$11.00, no cheap drink.

But there are other less well-known spots which are more affordable and also have historical associations. A recently redeveloped one is Lau Pa Sat or the Telok Ayer market which began its existence as a fish market more than 150 years ago and has been re-fashioned to the tune of \$\$18 million. Inside it's a fantasy in filigree cast iron that might have been reduced to scrap but instead was cleaned up and rededicated to that most popular pastime of locals and tourists alike — eating. Just so you don't become bored with nothing but food, it also contains a number of clothing and jewellery stalls, and in the evenings features live performances, though the cast iron structure does little for acoustical quality.

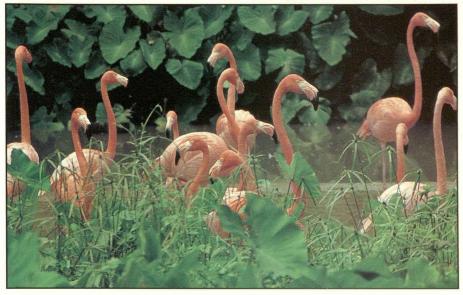
On the other side of town, Bugis Street was once a retreat for sailors and their ladies, and a playing field for Singapore's transvestites: an undeniably seedy area which was often recalled fondly by many people who had never actually been there. It was also an embarrassment to the government. In the interests of moral and urban renewal, the third sex went first, then the sailors and girls, and then the street itself. At least they made it rather difficult to find where it had been. But only a few years ago, Bugis Street re-emerged full-blown, rather than merely fly-blown, as a night market (photo on right). The same sort of merchandise is no longer on sale, but such is the reputation of the place that the occasional carefully chosen 'performer' puts in an appearance.

The new fondness for old things is perhaps nowhere better shown than in the Tanjong Pagar Conservation area, in what was once almost the heart of Chinatown. Here, spread over several blocks, more than 200 shophouses of the type which once characterised Singapore have been saved and are in various stages of restoration, even if many of the dilapidated interiors had to be gutted first. The superbly ornamented facades remain, however, now carefully and colourfully repainted (photo on right). When they are restored they provide space for a variety of non-traditional enterprises, ranging from architects' offices to Italian restaurants. Elsewhere in the Tanjong Pagar area one can find such novelties as the Elvis Presley Pub and more than one karaoke bar.



'Boutique' hotels have appeared in this neighbourhood; the Duxton and the Inn of the Sixth Happiness, on Duxton Road and Erskine Street respectively. Contradicting all that was once holy in Singapore hotel construction, when each new building aimed to be higher than its competitors, these are built into rows of two-storey shophouses, thus conforming to the general architectural spirit of their area. The Duxton aspires to a kind of European quality of genteelness, charming if incongruous. The Inn, the more interesting of the two, offers such touches as a Chinese antique rosewood wedding bed in its Mandarin Duck suite ('to ensure an auspicious beginning to married life', says the brochure), and an antique blackwood opium bed in its VIP suite. Opium-smoking VIPs should take note.





As additional evidence that Singapore's tourist laurels are not being rested upon, several long-standing popular attractions have been enlarged and improved. The bizarre Haw Par Villa (Tiger Balm Gardens) now boasts a number of theatres where live or multimedia presentations take place; the Singapore Zoo, already one of the world's best, keeps getting better; the already superb Jurong Bird Park (photo on left) has some superb new exhibits, including a penguin enclosure, and the new bonsai collection at the Japanese garden at Jurong is an astounding tribute to this specialised craft.





Above left: Bonsai display at the Japanese Gardens

Horticultural ingenuity is also on display at the conveniently situated botanic gardens, a beautiful 47 hectare expanse surprisingly overlooked by many visitors. In a cleverly designed exhibit on Sentosa Island life-size tableaux vividly depict the historical influences which major fashioned the story of Singapore.

So if you want to avoid the Orchard Road shopping traps, there are plenty of other diversions in the Lion City. And there could hardly be a better time to go. Airfares don't seem to have increased significantly for years and packages appear to offer better value than ever. No. Singapore is not what it used to be. But, then, it just might be better.

Air Niugini flies to Singapore every Wednesday and Saturday.

Above right: Topiary creations at Singapore's Botanic Gardens Below: Visitors to Sentosa Island pose with mythological beast.





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AUDIO ENTERTAINMENT

CLASSICAL Channel: 5

Fidelio Overture (Beethoven) Cleveland Orchestra Conductor: George Szell SONY

La Traviata — Libiamo, ne'lieti calici (Brindisi)(Verdi) Carreras Domingo Pavarotti Los Angeles Philharmonic Conductor: Zubin Mehta TELDEC

L'Arlesienne Suite No 1 (Bizet) Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux Conductor: Antal Dorati PHILIPS

Prelude No 4 in E Minor (Villa-Lobos) Julian Bream: guitar BMG

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in G (Ravel) Martha Argerich: piano Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra Conductor: Claudio Abbado DG

Solomon-Arrival of the Queen of Sheba (Handel) Academy of St Martin-In-The-Fields Conductor: Sir Neville Marriner EMI

Rondeau: Allegretto grazioso from Sonata, K 309 in C (Mozart) Alicia De Larrocha: piano RCA

Gymnopedie No 2 (Satie) Richard Stoltzman: clarinet Nancy Allen: harp RCA

Concerto For Flute and Orchestra No 1032 (J S Bach) James Galway: flute Wurttembergisches Kammerorchester Heilbronn Conductor: Jorg Faerber RCA VICTOR



POP

Channel: 6

Baby One More Time Britney Spears JIVE

No Matter What Boyzone POLYDOR

I Still Believe Mariah Carey COLUMBIA

God Must Have Spent A Little More Time On You N'Sync RCA

No Scrubs TLC LAFACE

The Animal Song Savage Garden ROADSHOW

Written In The Stars Elton John & LeAnn Rimes ROCKET

Have You Ever? Brandy ATLANTIC

Funky Love Kavana VIRGIN

Pretty Fly (For A White Guy) The Offspring COLUMBIA

Addicted To Bass Josh Abrahams and Amiel Daemion PROZAAC

Cigarettes Will Kill You Ben Lee MODULAR

To You I Belong B*Witched EPIC

Angel of Mine Monica ARISTA

Enjoy Yourself A+ UNIVERSAL

Ex-Factor Lauryn Hill COLUMBIA

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

When You Love Someone Anita Baker & James Ingram WEA

A Song For You Ray Charles WARNER

Unforgettable Natalie & Nat King Cole ELEKTRA

Can't Help Falling In Love Neil Diamond COLUMBIA

I'll Wait Rebecka Tornqvist EMI

I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan Tony Bennett COLUMBIA

The Man I Love Barbra Streisand COLUMBIA

The Girl From Ipanema Stan Getz & Astrud Gilberto ABC

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

I Bid You Goodnight Aaron Neville A & M

One For My Baby (And One More For The Road) Bette Midler ATLANTIC

Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child Van Morrison Polydor

Your Love Diana Ross EMI

September Song Frank Sinatra Reprise

Can We Bring It Back Randy Crawford WARNER BROS

Going Home Kenny G ARISTA





COMEDY **Channel: 9**

Train of Events The Two Ronnies BBC

The Immigrants National Lampoon EPIC

Nutter on the Bus Jasper Carrott CHRYSALIS

Halloween Jerry Seinfeld UNIVERSAL

Constable Savage Not The Nine O'Clock News BBC

The English Language Bill Cosby CAPITOL

She Loves You (Inspired by Dr Strangelove) Peter Sellers EMI

An Excerpt from 'The Best of **Comic Relief 2'** Steven Wright RHINO

Plain Speaking The Two Ronnies BBC

Birds Mating Ellen DeGeneres ATLANTIC

Senator Brea's Dead Rowan Atkinson ARISTA

King Kwazi of Kwaziland Jonathan Winters CBS

Father and Son Peter Cook and Dudley Moore DECCA

Home Sweet Home Rodney Dangerfield RHINO

Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah! Allan Sherman RHINO

COUNTRY Channel: 10

I Was Neal McCoy ATLANTIC

I'll Think Of A Reason Later Lee Ann Womack MCA

Better Man The Warren Brothers BNA

Hold On To Me John Michael Montgomery ATLANTIC

Love Ain't Like That Faith Hill WB

If A Man Answers Toby Keith MERCURY

Country Girl (In The Urban World) Felicity EMI

Unbelievable **Diamond** Rio ARISTA

PUZZLE

ARCHERY

A: Stone at foot of tree B: Branch of tree C: Feather D: Quiver

MIND BENDING PUZZLES

Q1. Seven zips have the weight of 1 wob. The problem can be set up as follows: 26z = 4c + 2w8z + 2c = 2wRearrange: (1) 26z = 4c + 2w(2) 8z = 2c + 2wMultiply equation (2) by 2 so that the c factor drops out. 26z = 4c + 2w16z = -4c + 4w42z = 6w7z = wQ2. 3 2 4 Q3. Add the sum of the two digits in any number to the sum of the two digits in the adjacent number to get the corresponding number in the row below: 8 + 9 (89) and 5 + 3 (53_ = 25 5 + 3 (53) and 1 + 7 (17) = 16To find the missing number, add:

1 + 6(16) and 1 + 7(17) = 15

COUNTRY Channel: 10

Grandpa's Piano Adam Brand FESTIVAL

I Can't Get Over You Brooks & Dunn ARISTA

Hands Of A Working Man Ty Herndon EPIC

You Don't Need Me Now Clint Black RCA

Gone Crazy Alan Jackson ARISTA

For A Little While Tim McGraw CURB

Everytime I Cry Terri Clark MERCURY

Your Own Little Corner Of **My Heart** Blackhawk ARISTA

SMERN

Anyone Else Collin Raye EPIC

ALPHABET JOBUDD H

AGRAFH M PACTOR CUPGHO S TERF F SPROJE ELINGE 11 ETENVO V NDERLY CHAMPU ARIEDI GARLIA TLOUFI OBESAC HEALT R CITIVO LEDDOW AFALFA LTRISM. NOMERS MASTUR G UERYEX REASTA SCREAN URISHT -0 ASTEAR ADEFFE REPSP SMITRO POFFRE DEPOND FUTURU J HGTLVN THAPPH HERONT GRETRO B LIQUER RENCEL BRAVOL Đ STOPPH UESHAW BIFBRO ENITCH OCOTHO Z ONEENT AGORIMP ALENZA BARIME PRBENE **HTEICS** SQUIETWRIEUK NI R 0 WRWAIKWRSA



CHILDREN'S Channel: 11

Moon Walk The Hooley Dooleys ABC

Peter Pan Peter Pan Cast WALT DISNEY

Yesterday Daffy Duck RHINO

Buried Treasure Bananas In Pyjamas ABC

Monster In The Mirror Grover from Sesame Street ABC

Di Dicki Do Dum The Wiggles ABC

Robin Hood Top Cat EMI

My Family's Just Right For Me Barney & Friends SBK

The Purple People Eater Sheb Wooley TIME-LIFE

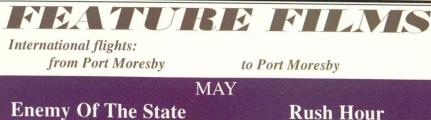
Gossamer Wump Frank Morgan CAPITOL

Octopus Blues An Octopus from Sesame Street ABC

Fox In Socks Dr Seuss RCA

Everything In The Wrong Place Ball Oscar & Grundgetta from Sesame Street ABC

Big Red Car The Wiggles ABC





Genre: Action/Adventure Rated: R From: Buena Vista 132 minutes

Robert Dean, a successful and happily married attorney, inadvertently comes into possession of dangerous top-secret information. Even though he is unaware he has the information, Robert becomes the target of a corrupt intelligence official. He's running for his life without knowing the reason for the deadly attacks. Even though trusting the wrong person may cost him his life, Robert is forced to rely on the help of a mysterious former intelligence operative named Brill.

Featuring: Will Smith, Gene Hackman, Jon Voight Director: Tony Scott

Holy Man



Genre: Comedy From: Buena Vista Rated: PG 114 minutes

This sharp-edged, high-octane comedy stars Eddie Murphy as an overnight marketing sensation who unexpectedly takes a Home Shopping broadcasting company — and the country — by storm. The self-styled guru spreads an upbeat spiritual message mixed with a healthy attitude towards consumerism. Before long, he's a media sensation, an inspirational televangelist hilariously spreading an unorthodox message — that in today's complex world, shopping by television can truly be a religious experience.

Featuring: Eddie Murphy, Jeff Goldblum, Kelly Preston Director: Stephen Herek



Genre: Comedy From: WB Rated: PG-13 98 minutes

Inspector Lee is the pride of the Royal Hong Kong Police — a dedicated cop whose modest demeanour gives no hint that he is a martial arts genius. His favourite pupil is the Chinese Consul's 11-year-old daughter. His assignment: go to America and rescue her when she is kidnapped by the criminal mastermind who killed Lee's partner. Unwilling to have the investigation run by an outsider, the FBI assigns LAPD detective James Carter to the case. Carter embarks on a one-man crusade to solve the case. **Featuring: Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker,**

Tom Wilkinson, Philip Baker Hall -Director: Brett Ratner

JUNE

Waking Ned Devine



Genre: Comedy Rated: PG From: Terry Steiner Int 92 minutes Set in a tiny Irish village — population 52 — where some lucky person possesses the winning lottery ticket. When lifelong friends Jackie O'Shea and Michael O'Sullivan hear this incredible news, they conjure up a plan to find the winner, befriend and convince him or her to share the winnings with them. After a series of false leads they eventually find the winner — Ned Devine — dead in his bed with a smile on his face and the winning ticket clutched in his hand.

Featuring: Ian Bannen, Fionnula Flanagen, David Kelly, Susan Lynch Director: Kirk Jones



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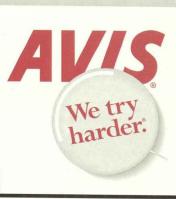


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Channels 1 and 2

Little Mountain Climbing Adventurers

Story and photographs by Sir Paulias Matane

ver their last Christmas holidays, a group of eight children decided to climb and explore Vunakokor (Mount Varzin), a two-peak solitary mountain in the Toma-Vunadidir Local Level Government area of the Gazelle Peninsula of East New Britain Province.

The youngest was Ia Peril, a six year old girl, while the oldest was Reuben, eighteen. Their leader, a sixty-eight year old man, was their grandfather myself.

I had climbed the mountain many times since 1937 when I was barely six years old. In fact, we lived at Vunapaka, the top of the lower peak, in a house that my grandfather built. He also planted a number of coconuts around the house. The slopes around the mountain were covered with thick tropical jungles in which thousands of wild birds, snakes, wallabies and pigs lived.

The view of the surrounding rich Gazelle Peninsula from the higher peak was one of the most beautiful in the country. The air there was also fresh and cool. There's no wonder we loved to spend so many of our young days there.

At 6:30am a utility dropped us off at Bitakaurwat. With the eastern water on our backs we began the climb through a cocoa garden. We stopped at the foot of a tall galip tree about 100 meters from the road, where I told the children a story about the 'origin' of the mountain. The people believed that a giant lived up there and that if we destroyed anything of importance he would 'eat' all of us!!



One of the children asked, 'Do you believe the story?' I said at that time, yes, but as I grew up, I stopped believing it. 'I don't want you to believe it either.'

Then we began our hard climb. It was hard, not only because of the steepness of the mountain, but because the track that we used to follow was no longer there. Trees have been cut down to make way for food and cocoa gardens. Where there were no gardens, tall and thick secondary growth had claimed the area making it almost impossible for us to progress quickly. We did not have bush knives to clear our path. Led by Isimel, a tough nine-year-old boy, we either crawled under the bush on both knees and hands or used sticks to push the grass down for us to walk over. The children thought it was all fun. But for me, it was hard work.

After 50 minutes, we excitedly sang and shouted as we reached the top of the higher peak (*photo below*). We were a little disappointed to find that the once beautiful peak was covered with tall kunai grass. However, the view from there to Kokopo in the east, the active volcanoes of Rabaul environs to the north-east, the Baining Ranges to the west, and surrounding valleys covered with thousands of hectares of rich and healthy cocoa, coconut farms and gardens, was most magnificent. One has to be there to appreciate that view.

After a short rest, questions and comments from the children about the view and the climb, we ate, drank and prayed together, thanking God for creating such a beautiful land below and all around us.

We turned west and began our descent, again through thick, tall grass.



Some 15 minutes later, we reached a row of round rocks known as 'To Nga na Peaka' or 'The Row of Bald Headed Men'. We sat on the rocks while Isimel climbed one of the dozens of wild pawpaw trees to get a big ripe fruit.

'How are we going to cut that pawpaw, bubu?' asked ten year old Paulias.

'Watch and see. While on an adventure, one has to be imaginative and creative,' I said as I broke a branch of a tree, split it and used a part of it to cut the pawpaw to pieces. While we were eating the pawpaw, nine-year-old Jackie asked: 'Tell us about To Nga na Peaka.'

I said that there were many stories about the rocks. 'What I know is this: Many years ago, some bald-headed old men came to this area to look for wild pigs. When they found one, they picked up some stones and stood around it, ready to kill the pig. Suddenly, a bright flash of lightning followed by a series of deafening thunder caused the men to run away. Another flash of lightning came. The old men ran up a track here and as the thunder exploded, they all died. They turned into those stones you are sitting on.'

Colin cried out to his cousins, 'Jump off the stones. Let's run away before we too turn into stones.'

'There's no need for us to run away,' I calmed the children down. 'We will not turn into stones. That's only a story.'

We continued our walk until we reached Vunapaka. My grandfather's house was no longer there, and all the coconut trees which he planted had died. I wept quietly for this courageous and imaginative man, now dead, his house and trees gone.

We thought of going back down the western side, but again could find no bush track. Instead of battling with thick and tall grass, we decided to go through the wooded slope. Though the atmosphere was most welcoming, with flowering shady trees everywhere, the mountainside was steep and slippery. The children loved this as they skidded down hill. I had to hold on tightly to trees in case I rolled down. But I did roll, 111 times as eleven-year-old Gloria, who had been counting my falls, later told me.

After a church service at Vunapaka



We reached the foot of the mountain at 11.20am. We had a long way yet to go to reach the headwaters of the biggest river of our area, Tamukavar. The water comes out from a hole covered with sandstones. We dived into the refreshing waters enjoying the swim (*photo above*).

Birds sang on the tall trees while colourful butterflies flew around, making the atmosphere most inviting and relaxing.

As we sat down in the bubbling pool, ten-year-old David, the quietest of them all, looked at me with an enquiring smile. I knew that he wanted to ask something but could not get it out.

The others were also looking at him. Then I said, 'I know that you all want to hear a story about the origin of this river. Well, like the story about To Nga na Peaka, this valley, thousands of years ago, did not have any water. It was full of giant rocks. A quarrel arose between two spirit giants — To Lagulagu and To Begela — over a woman. The quarrel turned violent and nasty to the point where they hurled rocks from the valley at each other. When the spirit giants ran out of rocks, they dug deep into the ground, creating a deeper valley. The water sprang up and has been flowing ever since. No one won the fight. They parted to two different places where they are waiting for another opportunity to fight one another again. Who knows, they may dig out Vunakokor and spread the rocks and stones all over the Gazelle Peninsula?'

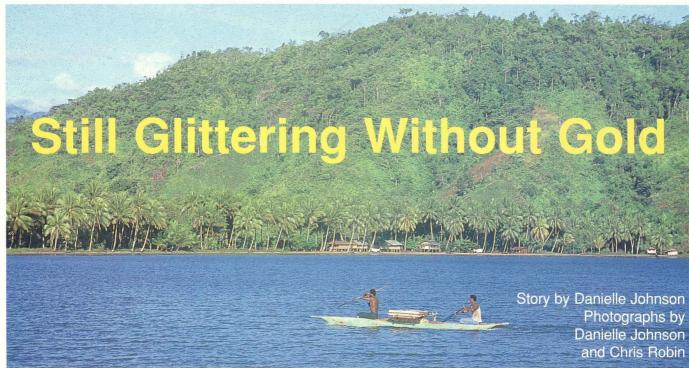
The children sat there trying to work out how a big valley could be dug up and a tall mountain removed by just two people.

The children played some more in the cool spring before we walked back home, arriving by 3:00 p.m. Though we were tired, we slept well that night.

Anyone from East New Britain, Papua New Guinea or overseas who would like to do this walk, please get in touch with us. You will enjoy the trip as much as we did, and we will be happy to be your guides. Our contact: PO Box 680, Rabaul,

East New Britain. Phone: 9829153 Fax: 9829151





he fate of a gold town after the gold rush is often that of a deserted ghost town. When the realisation dawns that vast riches aren't guaranteed to all those who come searching, the prospectors abandon the town to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Only the broken shell of the former boomtown remains.

History has treated Salamaua differently. This pretty village on the Parsee Peninsula in the Huon Gulf *(photo above)* has too much natural richness to just fade away.

To be fair, gold was never discovered at Salamaua: the mineral was 50 kilometres inland, close to Wau. But the small port sprang up in the early 1920s when the gold prospectors arrived by ship. The uphill struggle to the goldfields, through dense jungle, took eight days. The track was steep and slippery, the foreigners were not used to the tropical diseases, and clashes between the miners and the local inhabitants protecting their land were frequent.

When a richer field was discovered at Edie Creek, it became evident to the more far-sighted prospectors that large investments and heavy equipment would be required. The rough trail from Salamaua was totally unsuitable. An airstrip was constructed at Lae and a shuttle service went into operation. Apparently no longer of use to the outside world, Salamaua began slipping back into the role of a quiet local village. But the port had proved its viability, and the next influx of interested foreigners began. Along with Lae and Rabaul, Salamaua became one of the major Japanese bases during World War II in Papua New Guinea. At the height of occupation, the Japanese forces in Salamaua totalled 30,000. It was an ideal stronghold: a peninsula surrounded by sea, the mainland to the rear protected

Gruesome remains from WWII

by towering mountains too rugged and steep to allow road building.

Early in 1943, the Japanese made a final attempt to take Port Moresby, marching up over the mountains. The Australian troops in Wau were quickly reinforced by air from Port Moresby and the Japanese were defeated.

During the next six months, the Allies fought a grim campaign to clear the Japanese from Morobe. Air strikes on the Japanese base at Salamaua as well as the freighters and troop ships at anchor



in the bays along the peninsula were frequent. Salamaua was set free on September 4, and Lae was secured seven days later. The Japanese fled on their long retreat to Wewak. Lae, Wau, Bulolo and Salamaua were all destroyed during the fighting. But Salamaua was never rebuilt.

This isn't to say that Salamaua settled into obscurity. The 1950s once again saw a new type of development at Salamaua. The peninsula was 'discovered' by the many expatriates living and working in Lae. Holiday and weekend retreats began springing up, and the narrow strip of shore became dotted with beach houses.

The town is now a popular place where workers of Lae escape. It is also becoming more popular with international travellers who want to experience something a little more remote than the main centres of Papua New Guinea.

It is a paradox that the most amenable places to spend a holiday are the very beautiful places which should never be developed as such. Salamaua has nothing to fear. There are no multinational hotels, no fancy resorts, just well-kept village guesthouses hosted by their proud owners.

There are canoes and windsurfers for hire. Local guides help bushwalkers find their way for anything from short rambles through the bush, to the full



The original town cemetery. Tombstones indicate that many died from blackwater fever or by poison arrow.

day's walk up Mt Tambu, with its spectacular view from the top. For the more hardy and adventurous, local guides will also escort bushwalkers along the old gold miners' route. The path is in reasonable condition, and there are a few villages along the way who will host the walkers overnight. The walk takes three days if starting at Wau and finishing at Salamaua. But if starting at the coast, the struggle takes about a week.



The jungle has now thankfully hidden many of the war's scars. The original town cemetery is disappearing under the bush, but it can still be reached following a rough path. The path also leads past a small reef good for snorkelling. Near the start of the path is the entrance to a Japanese tunnel. Further along on the headland, several anti-aircraft guns remain (*photo on left*).

The natural richness of Salamaua extends offshore. The river tides flowing out of the Markham River bring rich nutrients to the network of coral reefs dotting the Huon Gulf. Bannalla Banks is a snaking system of reefs at depths of 24 metres, 6 kilometres from Salamaua's shores. There are other reefs: Sheila's Reef, Georgia's Pinnacle, Shepparton Shoals, all home to the vast marine life which feed on the richness that the currents bring.

Halfway Reef is an undersea pinnacle rising from the sea floor 200 metres down to within 26 metres of the surface. The entire surface is covered in living corals, sponges and algae, some standing two metres high. Over Halfway's sheer walls are the Hanging Gardens with gorgonia fans dribbling from the overhangs like brilliant lace curtains.

The *Kotoko Maru* is a 4,000 tonne Japanese freighter which was bombed at Buna and drifted to these shores, burning.

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It now rests on the seaward side of the headland with part of its bulk protruding from the eater. In death, it has given life — and become an artificial reef for the fish, crustaceans and corals who seek a stable structure to call home (*photo below*).





But if it's rest and relaxation you are looking for, rather than strenuous climbing and diving, there's nothing better than a gentle snorkel, then sipping a cool drink on your verandah. The dolphins are porpoising in the shimmer of the flat sea, the frigate birds circle overhead and the cicadas' drone blends with the bird calls in the trees. If you venture into the village, perhaps you will be invited to a *singsing (photo above)*.

Danielle Johnson, a former research scientist, is a travel writer who enjoys being in the Pacific Region.

Welcome to the Air Niugini inflight shop. The items displayed on the these two pages are available on all international flights.* We are happy to accept most major currencies, travellers' cheques and leading credit cards for purchases.



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Gin Gilbey's London Dry 1.125 litre Made to the same secret family recipe for over 130 years

Vodka Finlandia 1 litre The world's finest Vodka The national drink of Finland





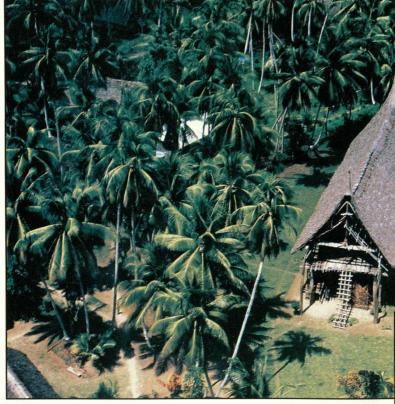
Rum Bundaberg 1.125 litre The great Australian Overproof Rum



The Magical Sepik River

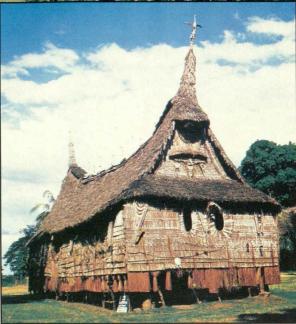
Photographs by Randy Keck





The Sepik is one of the world's great rivers. I had the fortune to cruise the middle and lower sections of the mysterious Sepik River aboard the *Melanesian Discoverer*. The vessel features 23 spacious cabins and can carry up to 52 passengers. The well-trained staff, the extensive reference library, informative lectures and the bountiful, healthy cuisine of the ship's kitchen, including fresh produce purchased from local villages along the river, make the cruise a comfortable adventure.

Middle and right: The Haus Tambaran is the focal point of each village. It houses ancestral and spiritual items and is a men's meeting place. Special provisions, however, were made to allow women visitors on the Discoverer to enter the haus tambarans of most of the ten villages we visited.





Above: The primary means of transport along the river is the dugout canoe. Right and below: The Sepik is a treasure trove for collectors of primitive art. Local artisans along the river offer their handiwork for sale — carvings, masks, intricate storyboards and pottery.







At Yentchen village we were treated to an exotic crocodile dance. The elders are passing on their traditional beliefs and rituals to the children of the village, who performed most proficiently.



For information about visiting the Sepik River, as well as other regions of Papua New Guinea, contact Melanesian Tourist Services, PO Box 707, Madang, Papua New Guinea. Tel: (675) 852 2766 Fax: (675) 852 3543 Email: melanesian@meltours.com Website: www.meltours.com

Cycling in the Southern Highlands

Story and photographs by Anthony Beven

Papua New Guinea is an exciting destination for anyone with a mountain bike and sense of adventure. Opportunities for cycling abound. No matter where you go you can find a wide variety of tracks from undulating idyllic coastal rides in the Momase or New Guinea islands regions to challenging mountain trails in the cooler Highlands region.

Is it safe? You can expect to hear this comment when arranging a cycling holiday in Papua New Guinea. The short answer is that it is no more dangerous cycling here than in any other country. In many respects it is safer, as drivers tend to travel at a relatively sedate pace, and the novelty of seeing a tourist on a bicycle always raises a curious eyebrow, especially in rural areas.

Nonetheless, as everywhere, there are risks and you should always use common sense and stick by the old boy scouts adage of *Be Prepared*. Talk to a person from the area you are interested in travelling to, or to the Tourism Promotion Authority. Ensure you are aware of where you are going and what the conditions are like. Acquaint yourself with any places to avoid and things you should not do as they may offend the local people. If you keep these basic rules in mind you will have a memorable experience.

A great ride is from Mendi to the small isolated village of Topua, near Nipa. The Southern Highlands Province is noted mostly for its oil and gas reserves, its successful football team, the Mendi Muruks, for Mt Giluwe, the country's second highest mountain, its beautiful traditional resorts, Ambua Lodge at Tari and Kiburu Lodge in Mendi, and for the Huli wigmen. However, it is also an interesting place to explore.



Many people still live traditionally, the area being difficult to access due to the rugged terrain.

Unlike riding in the coastal areas, cycling in the Southern Highlands is only recommended for the serious cross country cyclist. The bike must have at least front suspension, but ideally a full suspension mountain bike is best. The roads are made of large rough gravel and rocks which can break spokes, flatten rims and tubes, and soften the backside of even the most regular cyclist.

From Mendi to Topua on the Nembi Plateau is approximately 42km via the short cut, or about 70km along the Highlands Highway which passes through Nipa. Be prepared for hills, hills and more hills. The bitumen ends not far from Kiburu Lodge, a comfortable lodge set in beautiful gardens on the Mendi River and an excellent starting point for a trip up to the Nembi Plateau.

After Kiburu Lodge the climbing starts almost immediately. The local people will gladly give directions. However, be wary. After a life in this rugged countryside, the toughness of the terrain is not appreciated by the locals. On many occasions you will hear comments such as, *It's just a little bit up*, *then down and a little more up*, or *Village i klostu nau*. It could be miles, and very hard-going!

Roads are a vital link to the outside world for the local people and form a central part of their lives. As a result the roadside is usually a hive of activity. After a long and constant climb of approximately 15km to the top of a plateau out of Mendi, the road suddenly comes to a point overlooking a valley far below, through which the fast flowing Lai River runs. At this point you get your first view of the spectacular Nembi Plateau on the other side of the valley.

The descent to the Lai River bridge crossing is steep, winding and rocky. At the bridge you see the power of the Lai River (*photo below*), and understand why it is a favourite spot for the thrill seeking kayakers from Mendi.





From the Lai River it is a struggle in low gear out of the valley as the road climbs steeply. Once out of the valley the road continues through pine and natural forests and rocky limestone grasslands until it comes to a junction near a small river crossing. The left road leads to Kutubu. The way to Topua is straight ahead.

This junction was once the site of the bustling village of Parite and was a local trading centre, with a BP service station and market, and a Christian Union Mission Station. In 1996 tribal fighting destroyed the village and service station, and the villagers moved away. Now it is a very quiet place, although the Mission Station is still operating.

From the junction the road is relatively flat for 8km. But the flat riding soon comes to an end and it is once again time to 'go up a little more'. At this point you must leave the Highlands Highway to Nipa and take the short cut road (on the left at Tengil Junction) to Topua. Although it is only 3km from the Nipa road to the top of this plateau, it is the steepest section of the entire journey from Mendi. It is very rocky and more of a goat track than a road. Even 4-wheel drive vehicles have difficulty ascending this section. This is definitely the time to walk and push the bike or hitch a lift.

However, when you reach the top there is welcome respite. The bone jarring rocky road is replaced by a smooth earth road, and you are able to increase your average speed markedly. The road undulates along the top of the plateau and passes through many villages, including Upa, Embi, Hol, and Pomberel. It is actually surprising how densely populated this area is.

The Nembi Plateau is home to the Member for Nipa Kutubu, Hon Philemon Embel. He has a large house at Hol, where there are also a community and health centre, and market on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Mark Pus, Pus Maropel and Reynold Pus at Topua



Hol is a useful reference point indicating that Topua village is not too much further down the road, approximately 4km.

After 42km of rocky roads, and lots of 'a little bit up and a little bit down', it is of great relief to arrive at the intended destination, the home of Mark Pus. Mark is from Topua, but is the principal at Nipa High School, approximately 20km further down the road. His house in Topua is in a beautiful grassy area, surrounded by large pine trees and food gardens.

Nelson Pus and Winnie Popon run the local Saturday night movies, with a large screen TV and a video powered by a small generator. For 20 toea you can get into the small open-air *pitpit* walled compound to watch the only movies showing for miles around, usually a mix of Kung Fu and Sylvester Stallone.

After a long day on the bike, the cool clear air of the Highlands ensures a very relaxing and deep sleep. Most people in the village awake early and the sounds of children playing card games and church bells awaken those attempting to have a Sunday morning sleep in.

The village children never seem to tire and are only too happy to show any visitors a limestone cave located close to the village, which is accessed by a small opening covered by ferns and bracken. The children use bush torches fashioned from dry grass and explain that the cave, which is about 800m long, was used to bury the dead and as a hiding place during tribal wars and when the first white man arrived in the area. Today it is only a home to bats and a playground for kids.

After returning to the village it was time to pack up and begin the journey back to Mendi, this time in a 4WD ute.

If you are interested in travelling to the Nembi Plateau I suggest you contact Mark Pus at Nipa High School. There are many interesting walks or riding journeys on the plateau and it is not necessary to stick to the main road. Give the Southern Highlands a go!

Many thanks to the residents of Topua, particularly Reynold, Mark, Nelson and Peter Pus, Isaac, Pus & Tunduten Maropel, and Jacob Temo.

Air Niugini flies to both Mendi and Tari regularly from Port Moresby.

LOCAL GOURMET FOOD — Cake Party



Being a student of Maino Heduru Youth Centre in Port Moresby, I've learnt new cake recipes, which are delicious with a cup of tea or coffee. I would encourage anyone to bake them. These are simple recipes. All you have to do is to go to the store and the market, buy the ingredients listed below and enjoy your baking!



Cup Cakes

3 tablespoons margarine

1 egg

1 cup sugar

 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk

2 cups self raising flour

Beat margarine, sugar and egg. Add flour, milk and mix together.

Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mixture in each hole on greased cup baking tray. Bake them in the middle of the oven at about 180°C for 20 minutes until light brown.



Let them cool down for five minutes in the tray, then take them out, grease the tray again and repeat the operation. Continue until the mixture is finished. You will make 15-20 cup cakes.



1 cup sugar 50 grams butter 1 cup sugar 3 ripe bananas

2 cups self-raising flour

Peel the bananas and mash them in a bowl. Melt butter on very low heat. (It should not change colour.) In another bowl, mix sugar with melted butter. Add flour, milk and mix. When well mixed, add the mashed bananas. Then place the mixture in a lightly greased pan. Bake in the oven at 180°C for 40 minutes until light brown.

Let it cool down for 10 minutes, then turn the cake upside down on a plate. Serve when cold.

It is also very good to eat with a spoon of sour cream on top.



Coconut Chocolate Cookies 40 grams butter

- 1 cup sugar
- r cup sugar
- 2 cups coconut

1 cup self-raising flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cocoa powder

Mix butter and sugar in a bowl. Then add coconut, flour and cocoa. Mix well

and coconut, nour and cocoa. Mix wen and roll in small balls. Place the balls on greased flat baking tray and flatten with spoon.

Bake for 12 minutes in warm oven (180°C). This makes about 20 cookies.

(in photo on left with her guests)

By Helen Galfa Suponduo



Coconut Scones

3 cups self-raising flour
1¹/₂ cups coconut milk
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons margarine
In a bowl mix flour and sugar. Rub the margarine in the flour, then pour the coconut milk on to the flour mixture and mix.

When well mixed, use a roller to flatten the dough. Cut into circles with a cup. Place the cut circles on a baking tray. Bake in the oven (180°C) for 20 minutes.

Serve when still warm, with butter and pawpaw jam.



Spicy Pawpaw Jam 1kg ripe pawpaw

- 1kg raw sugar
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon

Peel pawpaw, remove seeds and mash. Mix pawpaw and sugar in a saucepan. Let it stand for 30 minutes, then add cinnamon and bring mixture to the boil. Simmer on medium to low heat for 45 minutes. Cool jam completely in the pan.

Store in sterilised pots in the refrigerator for up to 6 months.

Enjoy on a piece of toast or on scones.

Welcome!

Getting Around: At Jackson's Airport, which is 11km from the centre of Port Moresby, there are rental car counters, a bank and duty free shops. Major hotels have a courtesy bus to and from the airport. Taxis have meters. Within the city, PMVs (public motor vehicles) cost 50 toea per journey.

Elsewhere, PMVs, taxis and hire cars are available.

Useful Port Moresby Numbers: Air Niugini Information 3273480; Reservations & Confirmation 3273555 (Domestic) and 3273444 (International); Police 000; Ambulance 3256822.

Currency: Papua New Guinea's unit of currency is the Kina which is divided into 100 toea. Exchange your money at Jackson's Airport or in banks which are open from 8.45am to 3pm, Monday to Thursday and until 4pm on Friday. Credit cards are accepted in leading hotels and shops.

Customs and Quarantine: Adults over 18 have a general allowance of new goods to the value of K250 and are allowed duty free:

- · 200 cigarettes or 50 cigars or 250grams of tobacco
- One litre of alcohol
- · A reasonable amount of perfume

Drugs, pornographic literature or video tapes, firearms and weapons are prohibited. Food items, seeds, spices, live or dry plants, animals, animal products and biological specimens such as cultures and blood need special import approval.

Languages: Although over 800 languages are spoken in Papua New Guinea, English is the language of education and commerce. Tok Pisin is widely spoken and Hiri Motu is common in Papua.

Time: Papua New Guinea is 10 hours ahead of GMT, in the same time zone as Eastern Australia. There is no daylight saving.

Communication: ISD, STD and facsimile services are available in most areas. Large towns have public telephones. Phone cards can be used in some. Many rural areas have radio phones.

Driving: Drivers' licences issued in other countries are valid for 3 months after arrival. Vehicles travel on the left side of the road; speed limits are 60kph in built-up areas and 80kph out of town.

Electricity: Electricity supply is 240 volts AC 50 Hz. Some hotels have 110 volt outlets for shavers and hair dryers.

Health: Water quality is within WHO standards in most towns. Bottled water is available. In rural areas it is advisable to boil water. As malaria continues to be a health risk in the country, anti-malaria tablets should be taken two weeks before arrival, during your stay and for 4 weeks after departure. Use insect repellent and wear long-sleeved shirts, trousers and shoes in the evening. Dentists, doctors and hospitals are in all major centres. Rural areas have health centres and aid posts staffed by trained health workers.

Dress: For most occasions, dress is informal. Thongs and shorts are not allowed in some bars and restaurants. Lightweight clothing is suitable for coastal areas but a sweater or jacket will be needed in the highlands.

Restaurants: Western cuisine is available in hotels, restaurants, guest houses and lodges. Port Moresby has several Asian restaurants. Some hotels especially in the provinces serve local food such as roast pork, chicken or fish with sweet potato, taro, yam, pumpkin, banana and greens cooked in coconut milk.

Tips: Tips are neither expected nor encouraged.

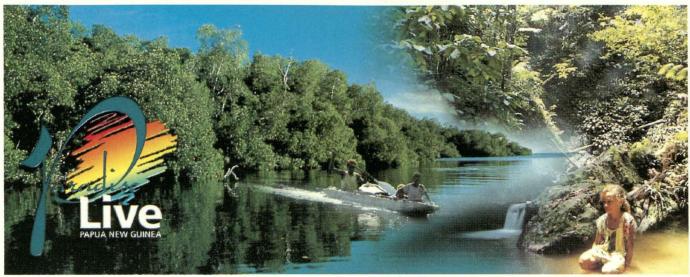
Shopping: Large stores and artifact shops offer a variety of goods for sale. Saturday is a half day for most shops and nearly all are closed on Sunday. Artisans sell their craft beside the roads or in markets. All markets sell a wide range of fruits and vegetables.

Cultural Events: Celebrations of traditional culture include:

June	Port Moresby Show
August	Mt Hagen Show
September	Hiri Moale Festival Port Moresby; Goroka Show
October	Maborasa Festival Madang; Morobe Show

Export Rules: Many artifacts, historical and cultural objects are prohibited exports. Others require a permit from the National Museum. Export permits for wildlife and animal products are issued by the Nature Conservation Divison of the Department of Environment and Conservation.

Tourism Promotion Authority, PO Box 1291, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea Phone: 320 0211 Fax: 320 0223 Email: tourismpng@dg.com.pg







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