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Cover: Papua New Guinea's bilum textile makes a dramatic entrance to the world of high fashion.



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Bilum Chic

Story by Zen de Guzman-Alaluku

When fashionable women go shopping for something cool, sexy and different to wear this summer on the French or Italian Riviera, they will discover in the exclusive boutiques of this playground of the rich and famous a line of clothing and accessories with a Papua New Guinean pedigree. Alongside the usual high fashion labels will be a collection of resort-wear made of 'looped bark string textile' produced in a country so far away from Europe — in both geographical and developmental sense — that people there are likely to ask, 'where is that?'

The body skimming sheaths, tops and skirts, with matching bags, belts, scarves and jewellery are, as designer Sharon Brissoni (*photo on right*) proudly proclaims, 100 per cent hand-made in Papua New Guinea. From their raw material, the bark of trees grown in remote mountain regions of the country, collected and dried by village women, to their craftsmanship, by urban settlement women, it may be said that the clothes have been born and bred in Papua New Guinea, like Brissoni herself. Indeed, they are a cultural legacy that has not only travelled across time and continents, but has also crossed taboo lines and psychological barriers of traditional society.

Brissoni has chosen simple, classic designs, the better to show off the net-like fabric that moulds and moves with the body. Depending on what is worn underneath the clothes, the effect can either be daring or intriguing. The fabric is woven from one long, sturdy string produced by rolling and twisting bark fibres on the thigh and lengthened by adding more fibres, then repeating the same process. The string is then looped by hand, using a technique said to date back to the Stone Age, although nowadays it is often done with the aid of a length of plastic packaging tape as a guide and a needle made from an umbrella wire tip. The weaver releases the string by winding and unwinding it with the other hand in a continual, seemingly tireless twisting motion.

The real skill is manifested in the fact that the clothes are made in one piece, with no seams or zips, by women who learned the looping technique from watching their mothers or grandmothers or aunts.





Model Iva Rex wears a dress adorned with seeds.

They have had no training in modern dressmaking — nor indeed has Brissoni. Using samples of the type of clothes Brissoni had in mind, they then translated them into her designs. The bark fibre's natural colours — shades of brown, beige, green, red — give the fabric its subtle striping. The only trimmings are shells and seeds commonly found on Papua New Guinean beaches and bush areas. The weavers are given a free rein in adorning the clothes and the accessories according to their imagination. The result combines traditional skills and creativity with contemporary styling.

Papua New Guineans will instantly recognise the material, for it has been part of the daily and ceremonial dress and activities of the diverse cultures that comprise their nation. But they know it in its most familiar form — as a *bilum*, the most versatile bag on earth, the string bag that holds and transports anything from food to pigs, from babies to spirits, and which is used by both men and women. It may be worn as a cap like plumage and to keep the mountain chill out of one's head or as an apron to go with traditional dance costume. To call the Brissoni collection '*bilumwear*' would be quite apt, except that it would not mean a thing to its European buyers.

The entry of *bilum* clothes into the world of European high fashion is the culmination of a year-long research by Brissoni and experimentation with her team of weavers. It began when Brissoni returned to Papua New Guinea after working with the fashion magazine *Vogue Italia* and later with an Italian couture house in Milan. There she learned all about the fashion industry. It became clear to her that it wasn't outstanding design that was driving the industry. 'Everything has been designed', she said, 'but the potential (for creating something new) is in the use of fabric.'

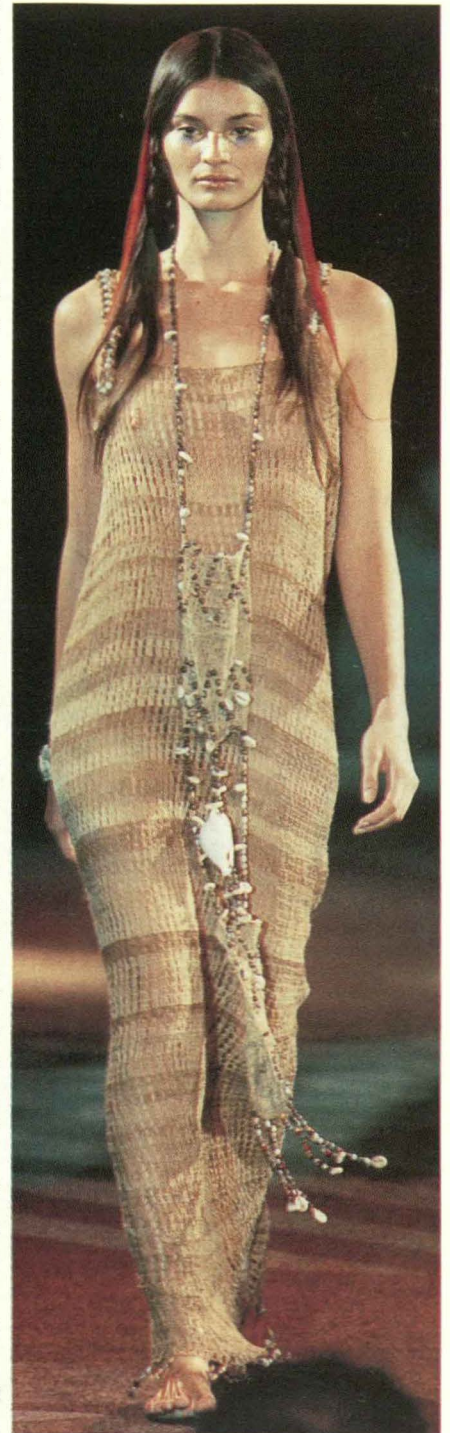
Noticing that the designers in Europe were interested in new fabrics, she became fired up with the idea of finding a distinctive Papua New Guinean textile that could be made into high fashion clothing, something natural and hand-made, qualities that she said would appeal to the European market. She looked at the *tapa* (bark cloth) and screen-printed fabrics with modern renditions of Papua New Guinean motifs, and decided that neither fitted what she had in mind. 'Then I noticed the *bilum*, not the multi-coloured ones, but the traditional fibre *bilums*. I thought, now that's a very interesting textile that I haven't seen anywhere else in the world.'

She then embarked on a search for the right *bilum* fibre, soft enough to wear. In taking up the challenge, this young Italian-Australian woman found for herself something else that she was looking for: something worthwhile to do while she's in the land of her birth. 'My family, thank God, always believed in this project.' They encouraged her and backed her with financial and moral support. Some of her friends, not seeing any future in the idea, thought she was crazy leaving Europe and a good job, for what?

The 'what' led to a series of journeys into the Papua New Guinean hinterlands. Accompanied by friends or her family company's workers who came from the areas she visited, Brissoni, a fluent Tok Pisin speaker, went to the villages, asking the women about their *bilums* and what material they used. In the end, not only did she learn about village life but she also got to know of different types of fibre native to particular regions. However, at first she got no easy answers to her enquiries. There was reluctance, there was scepticism, and there was fear.

'When you touch the artistic

Simple, classic styling sets off a striking necklace.





Weavers display their own colourful bilums.

culture, the traditions, people are always a bit scared of what can happen', says Brissoni. 'And because there are a lot of women involved, this project was initially seen in the wrong way, like trespassing certain traditions and certain aspects of the culture. Nobody has ever made clothing out of this textile, so it's like violating their normal view of it.' Even her workers were initially frightened by the thought of venturing into the 'unheard-of'. To make dresses out of something they had used to make bags was hard to comprehend in the beginning. 'They thought I was young and what I was doing was something make-believe, or a hobby just to pass my time. They didn't think it was going to lead to anything else.'

Unschoolled and living in squatter

settlements, they tended to be self-disparaging and saw themselves as having little value. Brissoni perceives this thinking as being reflective of the obstacles that women often encounter in society and of the way many women view themselves.

It took a lot of patient explanation, over a period of time, to allay people's fears and change their attitude towards the project. The villagers now supply her with the fibre she requires; moreover, what they used to gather from the bush, they now cultivate. As for the workers, Brissoni's task was to convince them that they were skilful, creative women whose work was of interest to people overseas.

Brissoni's first trials were unsuccessful.



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'I produced terrible samples — very itchy and tight. I was using the wrong fibre, the wrong bark.' She continued experimenting until she found a combination of bark fibres that was ideal for clothing. The second step was to find designs that could be made from one piece, as the nature of the weave is such that it cannot be cut and then sewn together. Again, it was a case of continually trying and discarding. The weavers had to break away from the bilum-as-bag mentality and to learn to use their skills to produce a dress, modern and high fashion. Says Brissoni, 'It didn't happen the first time, they made mistakes, we made corrections. When they finally got it right, it was a very happy moment.'

Fabric and design found and a whole collection created, it was now time to see how it would fare in the fashion world. There were a number of considerations. 'I knew this textile was ideal only for summer, and being a hand-made product, it's going to be costly. We're not industrial, we are artisan, a cottage factory, and we need time to produce. So, where in the world can we find a market and encounter people who are understanding of a cottage industry and why they have to pay so much for it, being natural and hand-made?' Brissoni decided to introduce it to Italy where she had developed a network of contacts. 'I know Italians like new things every season and are willing to pay for it.'



She then arranged to take the collection to a trade show in Milan and to have it worn on the catwalk by a bevy of international models, including exotic-looking Papua New Guinean Iva Rex. Brissoni and her team also created a spectacular floor-length *bilum* poncho to give the collection a dramatic entrance and exit. Listed in the New Designer category, the *bilum* designs were much admired for their uniqueness and caught the eye of buyers.

Will they sell? Will a product of the ages survive the seasonal nature of fashion? An impassioned Brissoni is confident that there are women out there who will buy her *bilumwear* for its special value. 'They're not just buying a dress or a bag, it's like acquiring an artifact, a piece of history, a piece of culture, an ethnic testimony of a society, a tradition that they would never find in a Versace or Valentino gown.'

Sharon Brissoni is already thinking of new designs for the next summer season and looking at new markets. The *bilum's* cultural evolution marches on.



Below left: *Jenifa Hane demonstrates the age-old looping technique.*

Below right: *Ruki Eno puts the finishing touches on high fashion string bag.*



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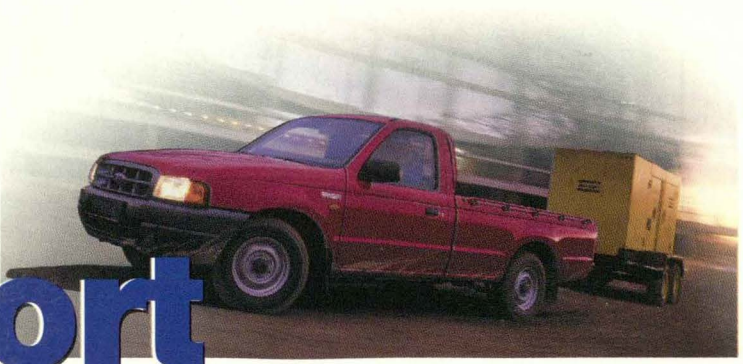


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HALF WAY HOUSE

Miracles in Morata

Story and photographs by Keith Briggs

A recklessly driven vehicle bounced and roared towards Charles and some friends chatting in the middle of the pot-holed road. There being plenty of room for it to pass, they took no notice until it was too late. The driver steered and accelerated towards Charles. At the moment of expected impact he blacked out and knew nothing until a few seconds later when the vehicle rattled away.

Later, his would-be assassins saw Charles walking around unharmed. In terror they confessed they had driven to kill, had hit hard and driven off convinced they had smashed him up.

Although grateful for Divine intervention that saved him on that occasion, miracles are very much a part of life for Pastor

Charles Lapa, his wife Lucille (*photo on right*) and those who work with them in the notorious settlement of Morata on Port Moresby's outskirts.

To Moresby residents the name 'Morata' conjures up visions of police chases, stolen and stripped vehicles and a hide out from which criminals sally forth nightly on raids of theft, violence and assault.

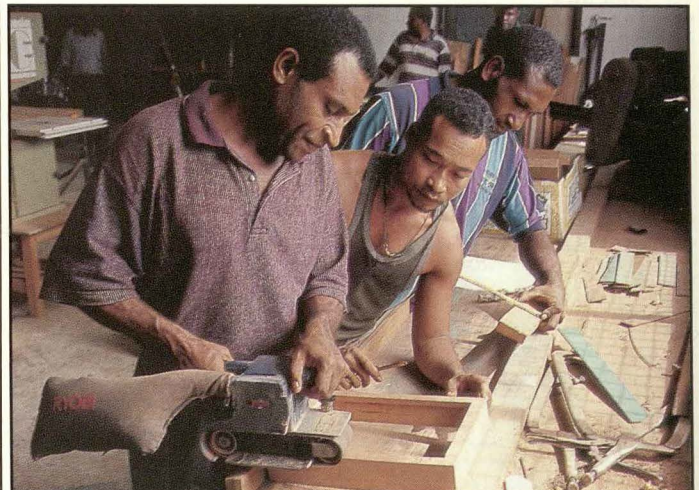
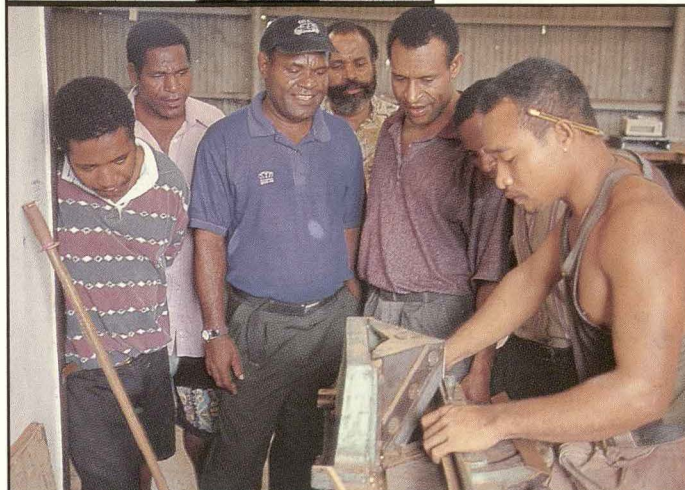
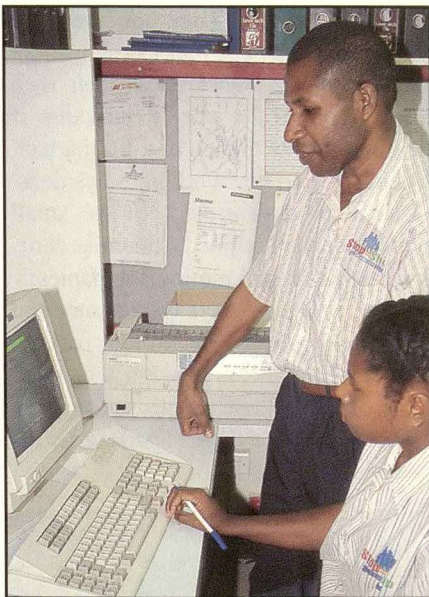


Despite the above attempt on Charles' life and another time when he was shot through the abdomen by criminals, he and his family live happily in this enigmatic community, where they are respected, loved and protected by peace loving residents and rascals alike.

Why would an educated man from Ialibu in the Southern Highlands with a good job as a Post & Telecommunications technician choose to settle his family in a notorious settlement like Morata?

In 1973 Charles began working among delinquent boys in Moresby. He was concerned for the innumerable youngsters who, having lost their sense of dignity and respect for themselves and their fellow men were on the run night after night. This concern led to the establishment of the Christian Life Faith Centre, out of which came the vision to create the Jesus Half Way House for the homeless, destitute, rejected and hunted youth of the city.

There was a piece of 'evil' ground in the middle of Morata where stolen vehicles used to be hidden and stripped and where murder, rape and violent crimes were joyfully celebrated by gang members. Charles and his team applied for this area because they felt that this land with its history of wickedness would become a centre with a vision to 'rehabilitate criminals to become good citizens of the community'.



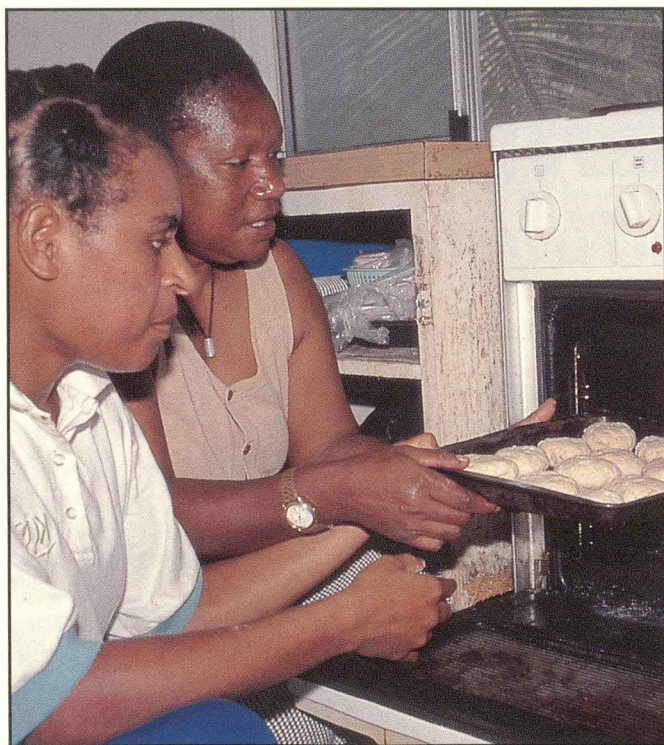
It would also provide food, shelter and spiritual care for those currently in the rehabilitation process', as their Mission Statement puts it.

The Jesus Half Way House is recognised and respected by the police, the courts and prison authorities. When these bodies have young offenders they feel would respond to the atmosphere of Christian growth, love, food, shelter and care offered by the House, they refer them to Charles. Rather than being destroyed by the demeaning process of imprisonment, they are asked if they are prepared to abide by the rules of the Half Way House. Most are willing to embrace it and in so doing have, in a real sense, won half the battle towards rehabilitation. A vital part of the programme is systematic Bible teaching.

The rules are strict and the programme demanding, but as is often the case with young people they respond to it, having for the first time some purpose and direction in life. Youngsters who have been abused and beaten, who are victims of incest, former wild criminals and girls who as prostitutes harboured, aided and abetted them, are now industriously learning skills that enable them to earn a living and contribute to society. They are quiet, clean, tidy, friendly and polite as they go about their duties, playing their part in the running of the Jesus Half Way House Community.

A unique feature of the Community is that each takes his or her allotted time in the round the clock prayer vigil, praying for people in countries or places shown on the World or Papua New Guinea maps painted on the walls of the prayer room. This rather bare room is the power house of the place. Groups go to local markets to sing and testify to the change that has taken place in their lives. While expatriates may scoff at open air preaching, Papua New Guineans who see the transformed criminals they once feared standing there telling them how it happened, really take notice.

When Charles conducts huge Evangelistic Crusades he invites converted notorious former criminals to come and tell of the miracle in their lives. Some of these crusades have made national headlines when dozens of rascals have come forward and laid down their guns and instruments of crime, with tears running down their faces. They have resulted in mass rallies when criminals have met with Charles Lapa and prominent public figures to confess and apologise to the public for what they have done.



Girls bake bread rolls, make ice blocks and take their products to sell at the local markets. They and the boys prepare and cook most of the food they eat, thus learning about nutrition and healthy eating habits. Girls make their own clothes and go on to sew garments for sale. Instruction is given in health, hygiene, the sensible choice of a life partner, Christian marriage and family life. They work in the gardens, learning to grow subsistence or cash crops. In the small printery unique Papua New Guinean designed Christmas cards are produced especially for large oil and mining companies.

Albert, a German volunteer trains the boys in carpentry and cabinet making. The photo below shows one of their rocking horses, which are sold to selected clients through the board members in their business offices. Photographs on page 11 show the boys and instructor fulfilling a large outside order for the framing of three-dimensional pictures.




Pastor Charles and his group offer employment and homes to people who have almost given up hope. As Chairman of Habitat for Humanity, he has been involved in building over 150 low-cost permanent houses in Morata, training reformed boys in making and laying bricks, welding, plumbing and carpentry.

Former Prime Minister, Sir Rabbie Namaliu is Patron of the Centre and the current Prime Minister, Sir Mekere Morauta is Deputy Chairman. Mr Chris Pratt, Manager of Steamships Trading Co is Chairman of the Board. The Centre has the support of other major companies like Placer (PNG), who are convinced of its value in rescuing young people who would otherwise be a menace to society and living sub-human lives.


The average annual intake is about 100, averaging 60 per cent boys and 30 per cent girls. The success rate is around 80 per cent with an estimated 2,000 young people having passed through since its inception.

Large firms support the Centre through the board members and by donating short-dated foodstuffs and other necessities. They also show their faith in the genuineness of the miracles that have taken place in the lives of the youth by employing them in responsible positions within their companies. The accompanying photographs show a number of them working in Steamships Stop and Shop store at north Waigani and security guards at ANZ bank.






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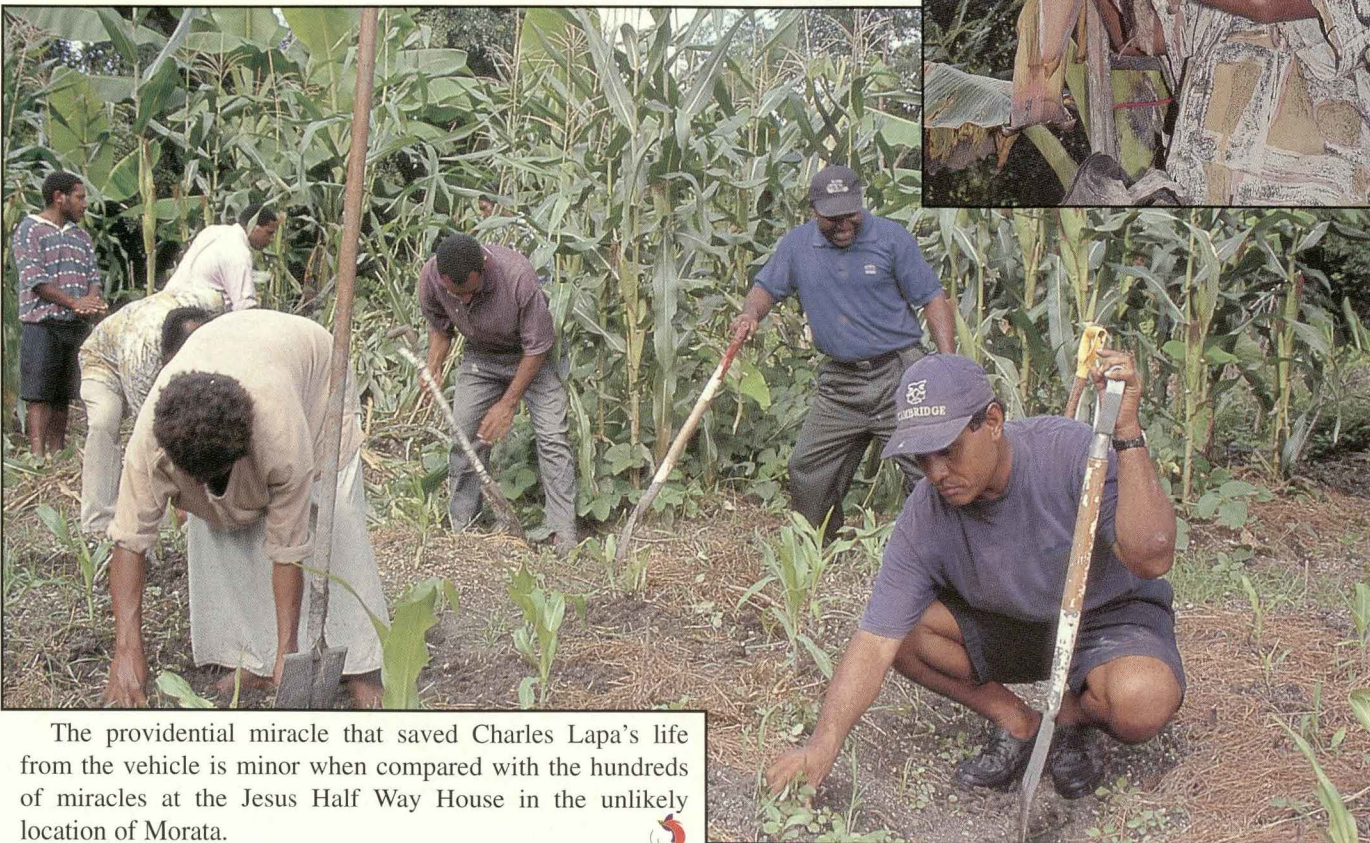
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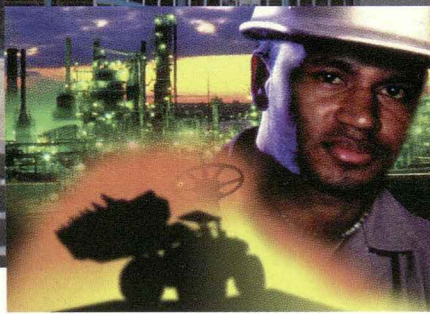
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The providential miracle that saved Charles Lapa's life from the vehicle is minor when compared with the hundreds of miracles at the Jesus Half Way House in the unlikely location of Morata.

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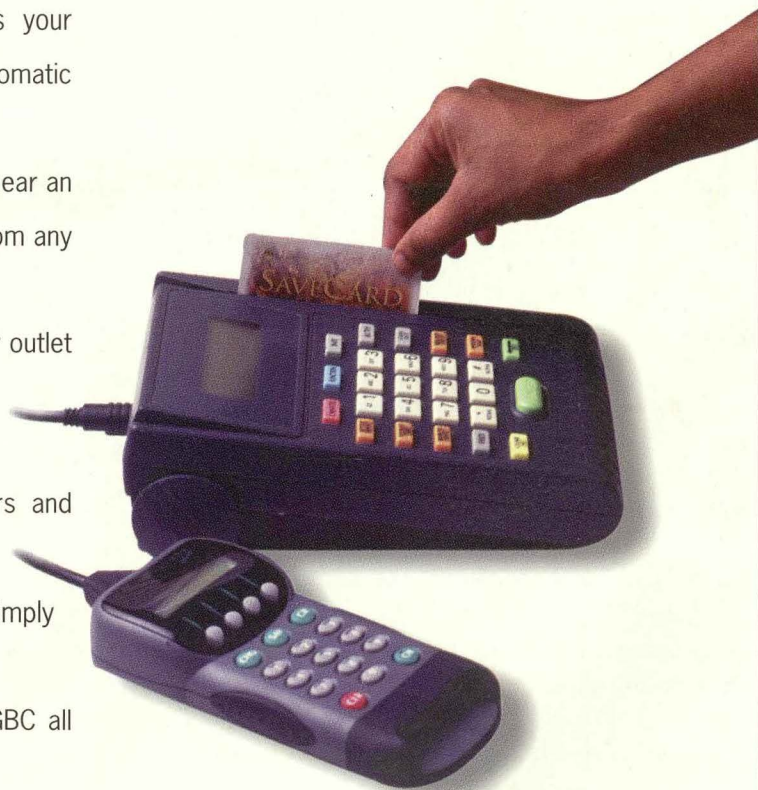
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Left: *Healthy vanilla vines*
Above: *Vanilla growing on productive cocoa tree*
Below: *The pretty and delicate vanilla orchid flower*

Vanilla

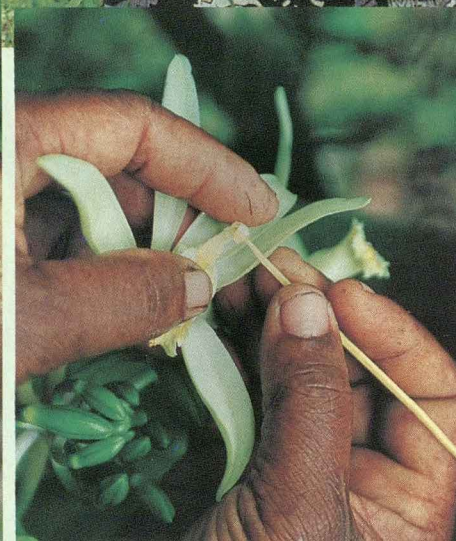
The sweet smell of success!

Story and photographs
by John Brooksbank

Deline Ausel carefully holds the delicate, newly emerged orchid flower in the fingers of one hand, separating its anther and stigma. She transfers crumbs of potent yellow pollen from one to the other with a small sliver of bamboo held in the other hand. She will have to wait seven months to know whether it was a successful fertilisation!

She is an essential part in the life cycle of this tropical vine, using a pollination technique unchanged since the early 1800s. Without her intervention it is unlikely that the vanilla plant would ever propagate or carry fruit.





Above: *Deline Ausel at work, pollinating in her vanilla garden*
 Left: *Deline's practised hands transfer the pollen to fertilise the vanilla flower.*

Deline is from Rei village on the coast of Lou Island, Manus Province — a small island with rich volcanic soils that are ideal for the growth of the vanilla vine. Vanilla planifolia is a member of the *Orchidaceae* family, one of the few orchids that produces a fruit with an aromatic flavour. It has proved so successful since its introduction to Lou in 1992 that villagers have even uprooted productive cocoa trees to plant vanilla.

Deline goes out every morning to check her vines. Once the heat of the midday sun gets to the flowers they will wither and fertilisation will be impossible. One vanilla pod is produced by every hand pollinated flower. Deline, her husband Lester and other Lou islanders have now planted many hectares with vanilla.

Their example has been followed by people in other areas of Manus with suitable soils, such as the main island and Rambutso Island. These village plots have demonstrated growth rates and times to reach maturity faster than those suggested in agricultural textbooks on the subject. In Manus, vanilla vines are ready to bear just 18 to 20 months after planting.

Vanilla has been grown in tropical regions around the world for many years. It is indigenous to Mexico and Guatemala, the only places where it has natural pollinators — the *Melipona* bee and tiny humming birds. Vanilla is now grown right through the tropics with other major producers being Madagascar, Tahiti, Indonesia and the West Indies.

Vanilla was introduced to Papua New Guinea during the European colonisation of the Pacific in the 19th century. However, unlike other successful commercial crops such as coffee and cocoa, it remained more a curiosity than anything else until just a few years ago. It was one of the alternative minor cash crops investigated since Independence by the Lowland Agricultural Experimental Station at Kerevat in East New Britain Province.



Ripe vanilla beans

Kerevat still supplies much of the root stock and propagation cuttings of the two vanilla types grown — *V. planifolia* and *V. tahitensis*. Both varieties grow well on Manus, although the local Department of Primary Industry staff encourage *V. tahitensis* since this appears to produce a larger pod.

Most vanilla used around the world is chemically synthesised vanillin, the essential element in natural vanilla, which is much cheaper to produce. The prices for natural vanilla, which everyone claims tastes much better, have fluctuated dramatically over past years. However, with increased interest in cleaner, organically grown natural products, markets and prices have stabilised and also increased. Definitely good news for Deline Ausel and other growers in Papua New Guinea.

Vanilla is a vine that needs to grow on some form of support. Agriculturists recommend that a leguminous *Lucaena* be grown as a shade and support tree. They also advise optimum planting spacing, mulching and weeding. No neat plantation rows on Manus though — plantings seem to follow the normal village garden philosophy of inter-planting with everything else including cassava, bananas, aibika and peanuts — and everything seemed to be growing very well indeed! The only factors that were considered a problem by the villagers were crabs that dig and eat the roots of the vine — the pest control mechanism applied here is of course to eat them!

The vanilla vines were growing on all sorts of other trees and bushes, including in some cases cocoa, which on Lou Island at least has been replaced by vanilla as the village crop of choice.

Deline's daily routine results in harvesting the normal garden produce for the family meal as well as maintenance of the vanilla. Unlike many other crops, vanilla has to be checked every day, so as not to miss any newly emergent flowers.

After pollination, if the vanilla flower slowly dries up it is likely that bean development will begin. If however the flowers quickly drop off the plant, the exercise has not been successful. From the time of pollination it will take seven to nine months before the vanilla pods will be ready to harvest.

On Lou Island the climate and rich soil enable vanilla to flower and therefore to produce all year round rather than having any distinct seasons. This means constant plant maintenance, such as the constant looping of the vine to keep it at a height where flowers and beans can be reached. However this also means a more constant income through the year.

Vanilla pods have to be picked at just the right time and cured in the correct manner otherwise they will split, and be graded sub-standard. Deline shows me her cured beans — brown, dry and shrivelled up, but having a truly beautiful aroma of concentrated ice cream!

Processing of the vanilla pods is called curing. The picked beans wilt, stopping the ripening and starting reactions that create the vanilla flavour. During the first stage, taking 10-14 days, the pods are sun-dried for about two hours every morning, then 'sweated' while wrapped in waxed paper for a couple of hours every afternoon. This sweating encourages a fermentation process that develops the complex flavours of natural vanilla.



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The dried vanilla pods weigh about a third of their original weight, and approximately 90 pods would weigh a kilogram. Vanilla is marketed overseas. Usually packed in bundles of 200gm, by the growers themselves at the moment, dealing with contacts that they have established with importers from the United States. Prior to air freight, the shipments are inspected by the quarantine officers, whose primary role is to check for disease in the dried beans.

Once production is underway and vines are growing in profusion around the shade trees, up to 1.5 tonnes of beans can be produced per hectare of well maintained vanilla. Having such a lot of vines also means that smallholders can then start producing their own cuttings for propagation and expansion of their plantings.

It is certain that vanilla will become a major smallholder crop in Manus and other island provinces. Although the pollination, drying and curing processes are very labour intensive activities, vanilla production is ideal for remote areas where transport costs are high. Vanilla is a low volume, low weight, but high value crop that can be stored, if necessary, for a considerable time before shipment without any decline in value.

Vanilla has a wide variety of uses in the flavouring of food, confectionery and drinks. It was first discovered by Europeans as a flavouring the Aztecs of Central America added to a beverage they made from cocoa beans. The next time you eat a vanilla ice cream, remember that vanilla was also once thought to have medicinal, pain killing, poison antidote and aphrodisiac properties.



Above: *Vanilla beans drying in the sun*

Below: *A bowl of vanilla beans — many weeks work*



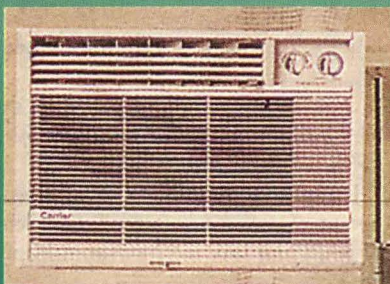
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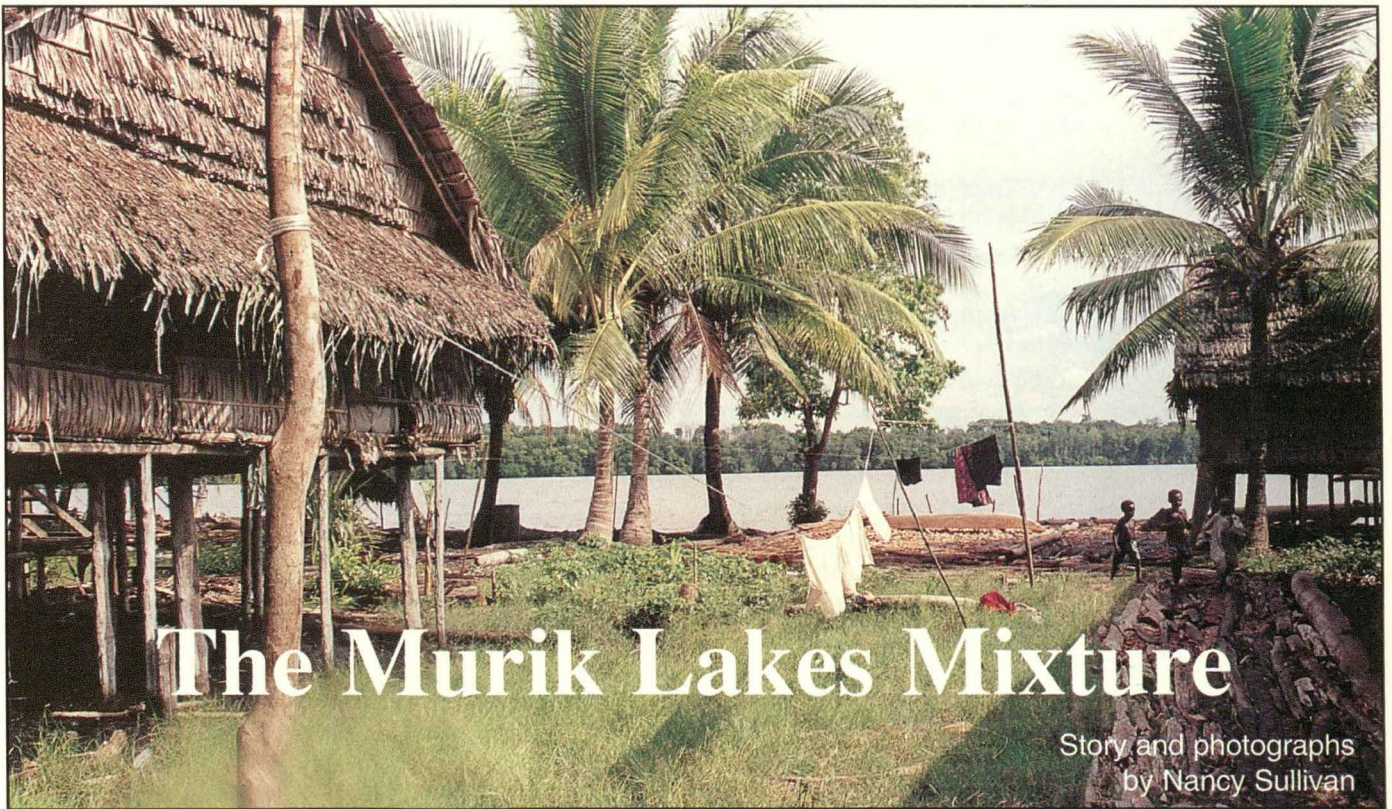
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The Murik Lakes Mixture

Story and photographs
by Nancy Sullivan

The Sepik River meets the Bismarck Sea at a cluster of salt and freshwater lakes called the Murik Lakes. Part riverine, part marine, part sago eaters, part seagoing, the Murik Lakes people are the confluence of two cultures — the watershed of two streams of thought. They call themselves ‘hap-hap’ because they’re migrants from the islands mixed with migrants from the Sepik. Even their language is interstitial, part of the non-Austronesian language group otherwise found in the islands. But they have the resources and the customs of two places, and the combination is really more than the sum of its parts.

I came by speedboat from the Sepik, following the narrow brackish canals overhung by mangrove, sago and pandanus palms. Liana vines knit the canopy together in a loose, cool arcade through a waterway clotted with floating logs. The fungal, blackened water was banked by hundreds of nipa palms, whose fruit falls and rots untouched amidst the forest of sago palms. On both sides of the canals leading toward the lakes there were bamboo stalks bent and tied to mark the ground taboo, off limits to outsiders because they lead to the sago gardens owned by the Murik people. The overgrowth all around was so thick and primordial-looking, it was hard to imagine that the Japanese once widened these bays to bring their U-boats up the river during the War.

Finally we broke out onto a wide lake surrounded by mangroves. At the far end we arrived at the small village of Mendam. The ground beneath our feet crunched as we walked through the village. It was landfilled with broken clam and mussel shells on the swampy ground. The villagers had placed boards across particularly boggy spots, but you could still feel the cracking beneath your weight, like stepping over the accumulated bones of years of human habitation on this spot.

Above: View of main path in Mendam, looking to the Lakes — marshy ground covered with palm slats and clam shells
Below: Young girls giggle at their visitors.

It was like walking across an open archaeological dig, and hearing all that fragile detritus crumble beneath your weight.

The lakes are an intertidal environment with lagoons and mangrove swamps, and sandbanks between fresh water and the sea. Dozens of types of freshwater and saltwater fish inhabit the waters. The Mendam women dig for five different clam types. Nobody starves. The men fish by drift nets (like coastal people) and spears (like Sepik people), the women with droplines (like at the coast) and traps (like along the Sepik). They seem to have all the resources of both environments, plus enormous sago gardens.



A young man was roasting hundreds of shelled mussels on long spits, which they would take to sell at markets up the river. A young woman was threading small *tambu* shells on a cord, in strings of thirteen, which she would trade out to the Schouten Islands and Manam Island for ten kina per band of thirteen. These are still working currency in places like Rabaul, where they form an important part of traditional payments such as bride price.

Elsewhere, a young woman proudly displays the enormous basket she has woven. As in the islands and along the coast, these baskets are most important symbols during mortuary ceremonies. But this basket, large enough to carry a whole family and all its belongings should be in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. It's not until I'm home and have developed my photo of the owner standing beside it, that I realise its outlandishness — forcing me to look twice at what I first take to be a Lilliputian standing beside Gulliver's hand basket.

The highlight of our visit was the performance by the Mendam Players (*photos below*), a youth theatre group that has been producing short, humorous skits based on local legends for several years now. They are a big draw at the Madang or Goroka Shows whenever they can make it. What a pleasure to visit a small remote village and find a band of witty performers ready to 'take the stage'.

Murik Lake people are unique among Sepik people, and among mainland people in Papua New Guinea, for having Chiefs. Leadership positions are more diffuse here than in the islands, but more institutionalised than elsewhere on the Sepik. Families are steered by sets of older and younger brothers, called *nagam*. These pairs may be ardent rivals as children, but they grow into adults who observe more formal customs according to their birth position. 'Elder brothers' become chiefs, and they inherit the right to wear certain boar's tusks, called *Suman* insignia, which are the signs of a *Sana* (Chief). In addition, they inherit special feast partnerships; pig-trading partnerships in the Shouten Islands; and the rights to fishing grounds, pigs, almond gardens and other resources. Elder brothers become the bestowers of these rights upon other members of their family. Like the executor of their ancestor's estate, or like generous older siblings anywhere, they distribute garden and fishing wealth among their generation. The younger brothers, called flying fox sons, must suffer the reduced prestige of people who always receive rather than give resources. An older brother cannot even accept food from his younger brother's wife, or it will make him sick.

Much like the islands — as in Manus, for example — it is cousins, rather than siblings, who have relaxed relationships with each other. The joking and flirting between sets of male and female cousins is called *pilai kandare* in Tok Pisin.



What sets the Murik Lake apart from anywhere else in Papua New Guinea is the tradition of siblings competing for the 'elder brother' or *Sana* position. Remarkably, women as well as men can vie for leadership positions, particularly if the woman has been initiated. The title of *Sana* is not inherited automatically by the first-born male. Lobbying for the *Sana* title involves staging a feast for the incumbent, and building a *haus tambaran* in the *Sana's* name.

But what really complicates the accession to *Sana* are the marital customs of the Lakes. Here people commonly have live-in relationships during their youth that may, but more often do not, result in marriage. Children born to these first loves can compete with children of the later marriage when a father (or mother) decides to hand down a title. But even then, assuming the title requires a special education, much like the extensive initiations found all along the Sepik River.

Papua New Guineans remember what their first Prime Minister, Michael Somare, a Murik Lakes man, confessed when he came to power at Independence. 'I may be Prime Minister to you,' he told the country, 'but I'm still not fully a man in my own village.'



Above: *Mendam* woman with her enormous basket

Below: *Mendam* family sitting in their doorway

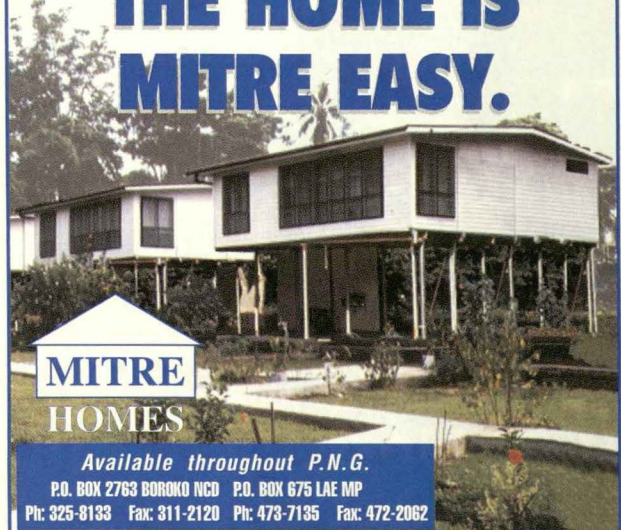


Only after he returned to the Murik Lakes to complete the long series of initiation rites, becoming the *Sana* of his line, did he fully merit the title of 'Chief', which Papua New Guineans everywhere have given him.

More than the sum of its parts — from this little place where various waters and ideas come together, the Murik Lakes have chiefs, recognised positions of status, prestige and leadership for women, and a unique system for ascendency.



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By Alfred Faiteli

Ding! Dong! Ding! The third bell rang. Everyone rose from their seats as the preacher and church elders made their way into the chapel. I took my place at the right corner, second last form.

I glanced around. I was seated among a group of elderly men. Grey-haired, heavy reading glasses and thick black Bibles were the distinguishing features of this particular group of people.

The church service began.

*Our Father
Who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come ...*

As I bowed in prayer, I heard noises behind me. Someone was changing seats. Tot tat tot tat — the sound of footsteps became louder and louder. Then I felt someone taking a seat next to me.

Amen

I opened my eyes and turned to my left. There I saw an old woman in her late seventies, immaculately dressed and radiating a beaming smile. I returned her smile hesitantly and turned to the preacher who was in the pulpit, ready to deliver his message to the congregation.

Throughout the sermon, I felt uneasy. The old woman had her eyes glued on me. Out of her *bilum* she pulled her handkerchief and wiped her tears. The preacher was giving an emotional account of his childhood experiences growing up as an orphan. He referred to these as the most traumatic days of his life. He carefully and artistically linked his bitter childhood experiences with the principle of having Jesus as the ultimate friend in times of desperate need.

The sermon was topical in the present age. An age where there were lots of divisions in the church, divisions in the workplace, divisions in the family. How encouraging and warming the sermon was. It brought a sense of relief and renewal to weakening hearts like mine, which was forming many divisions in many aspects of my life.

After the hour-long service, I decided to make myself known to the old woman. I turned to her and held out my hand. I felt a firm grip as she gazed into my eyes. Gathering up my courage, I spoke to her. *Hello madam. My name is Emosi. What is your name?*

No response.

Halo lapun mama. Nem bilong me em Emosi. Wanem nem bilong yu?

No answer.

Daba namona sinebada. Lau egu ladana be Emosi. Oi emu ladana be daika?

No spoken word. Just a glorious beaming smile. I realised that she could not speak English, Pidgin nor Motu. I patted her lightly on the shoulder as a gesture of goodwill and left to greet my other friends and colleagues who were members of this church.

Sunday after Sunday, the same event occurred between the old woman and me. There were those big beaming smiles and firm handshakes without a spoken word. One thing I did not understand was that glaring stare she possessed. She gave me a lot of these stares, which seemed rather frightening at times. Gradually, I became quite accustomed to them although they created a mystery in my mind.

I noticed the old woman came to church alone.

How did she get here? Did she know anyone? Did she understand the sermons? Did she find the place and people interesting?

These were some questions that continually pondered my mind. Relevant they may seem, I had no right whatsoever to question her existence, her integrity, her rights, her freedom, her reasons for coming to church. What mattered most was the companionship she provided every Sunday morning. I began to appreciate the old woman's company although we could not communicate to each other the way I expected.

The morning of 24 August 1977 was somewhat ironic. It was a bright Sunday morning without a single cloud in the sky. The morning breeze emitted a scent of frangipani as rays of sunshine spread their cover over the splendid chapel that stood silently in the middle square of the old booming Chinatown.

Deep within me, a resentful feeling was growing. As I entered the chapel, I suddenly felt a deep sense of sorrow pierce my heart — a truly unusual feeling at this time. I took my place feeling rather uncomfortable and doubtful and waited for the opening hymn to be sung.

Moments later, I realised something was quite unusual. I could feel a vacuum in my heart. I was missing something, someone. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes for a while and then looked around. The old woman was not there. Her presence, which had become part of my Sunday routine, was taking its toll. Throughout the sermon, my eyes searched the room. She may have decided to change seats, I wondered. Thoroughly my eyes searched the entire room but to no success.

Six days passed. It was two Sundays since I last saw the old woman. I deliberately walked in late for service. As I entered the chapel, my eyes unconsciously switched to the old woman's favourite spot. It was empty. She was not here again. Downhearted, I ambled to my seat. I tried to concentrate on the sermon 'strength in Jesus Christ' but my emotions did not allow. I checked to see if the old woman had taken her place while I was daydreaming. It was plainly clear. She was not here this morning. Her seat remained vacant. *Poor old woman, I muttered to myself. She could be feeling unwell.*

Four dreary Sundays passed without the old woman's presence. My curiosity high as it was drove me to enquire further. I asked several people in the congregation whom I thought would know the old woman. Sad to say, no one had the faintest idea. Nothing, nothing whatsoever.

I reasoned that perhaps her inability to speak English, Pidgin and Motu made it difficult for her to make herself known. I tried in every possible way, giving a descriptive account of her beaming smiles and firm handshakes. Despite my efforts, no one could put her face to a name.

From the general response, it seemed no one was very much interested in an old illiterate woman. It saddened me that a worthy person like her could only be considered worthless because of her age, her physical appearance and her illiteracy.

It was the fifth Sunday after our last meeting. I felt a deep sense of guilt building within me. As I sat in my usual place, reflections of the past Sundays with the old woman began to rotate in my mind.

Let us all bow in prayer, the church deacon announced.

Our Father

Who art in heaven

Hallowed be thy name

Thy kingdom come ...

Tot tat tot tat — a familiar sound I hear. Tot tat tot tat — could this be true? The sound grew louder and louder. I could hardly believe this friendly sound echoing in my ears. This was the sound I had longed to hear for the last five Sundays — the sound of the old woman's footsteps.

Nervous and excited I turned to the direction of the approaching footsteps. There, standing before me was a woman in her mid-thirties. Dressed in one of the old woman's favourite Sunday dresses — a white strapped knee-length silk dress with tiny red and black floral patterns.

She smiled at me. Her face beamed exactly like the old woman. She sat down and stared at me for a few thoughtful moments. Out of her *bilum* she pulled her handkerchief and wiped her tears.

Benediction:

*May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ
The love of God*

*And the sweet fellowship of the Holy Spirit
Be with us all*

Now and forever more

Amen.

I turned and stared at this woman beside me. I could see a reflective image of the old woman in her twinkling eyes. She grinned and extended her hands for a handshake. Tears streamed down her radiant cheeks as she announced with great difficulty the heartbreaking news.

Mum died six Sundays ago. Her final word on her deathbed was a plea for me to meet you. Here, she said, handing me a photograph.

I took the photograph and turned it. Before my very own eyes was my very own image. *No! Wait! W...a...it! It was not my image.*


Sobbing the woman took my hands in hers, looking at me straight in the eyes and proudly remarked pointing to the photograph in my hands.


This is my dad.

Mum always wanted to come to church to be near you. You reminded her of dad and proved to be an inspiration to her in many ways. A dynamic source of strength in her old age. Sundays were days she always looked forward to and cherished because she knew she could find a lost love companion in you. In you she found peace. In you she found faith. In you she found strength to live one more passing day. Before she died, she asked me to meet you and thank you on her behalf for being her closest companion in her last few months.

At this instant, I realised one of the many divisions was broken and crushed. The old woman surely understood the sermons. She made strangers become special friends. Today, we witness a testimony of her life. She prepared a path to tie one of the many broken relationships, although others in the church may never know and appreciate.

We hugged and exchanged those beaming smiles without a spoken word and bade farewell with a firm, reassuring handshake.

Goodbye and God bless you, the preacher concluded in his usual way. The woman and I departed in our own different ways, satisfied to our hearts' content that although the old woman was gone, we could still see her alive in our lives now and in times to come. 



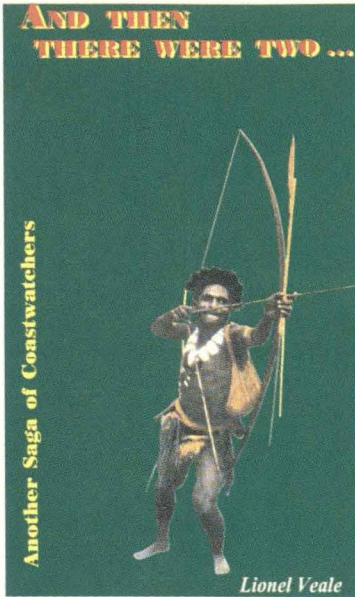
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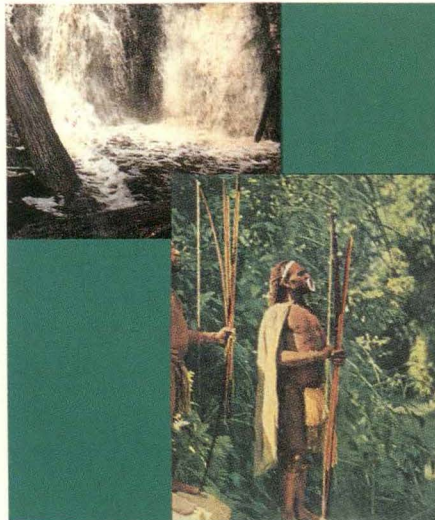


And Then There Were Two is a novel based upon Lionel Veale's experience as a Coastwatcher in the Australian Forces during WW2. It tells the story of a time so different from the present day — a time when values were different, when society was different, and when the world was being wrenched out of the complacency of the 1930s into a new era.

War has to be experienced — it cannot be imagined.

Lionel has drawn on his intimate knowledge of the northern shores of the beautiful island of New Guinea, and of deeds of the courageous men who worked mainly behind enemy lines. The snippets of information they relayed back to central intelligence units resulted in the destruction of many enemy bases.

Charles Munro was one of the adventurous band of gold-hunters who migrated to the new-found goldfields of New Guinea in the 1920s and '30s. He discovered instead his Shangri La, a hidden quarter near Kukukuku country in which he settled, built a plantation, and fathered a daughter with a wife who died in childbirth.



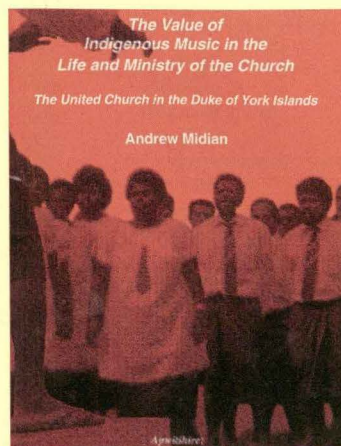
His daughter came to love the country as much as he did. The fact that there was gold in his chosen land helped him build a model of the contented tropical life.

It was disturbed however by the events which over-ran the world, and also by the Kukukukus, who lived in the nearby mountains and who were renown in pre-colonial and colonial times for their ferocity.

Justin Clark was a Patrol Officer, a singular brand of person who took up, pre-war, the task of pacifying the country and starting it on its first steps into the modern world. He was especially suited to the role of Coastwatcher which he volunteered for when the Pacific War broke out.

The story follows the events of the early period of the Japanese occupation of the Morobe coast. Their conquest of Lae, the establishment of bases along the coast, their increasing penetration of the inland areas and the role of individuals such as Lionel Veale, are woven into a narrative which reflects the reality of his first-hand experiences. It is an understated love story, interweaving the lives of two young people (Munro's daughter Maria and Clark) in the formative years of their adulthood, and in the terrifying times of war.

It rings with authenticity and for those who know Papua New Guinea, it will bring back vivid memories of the land and its people.

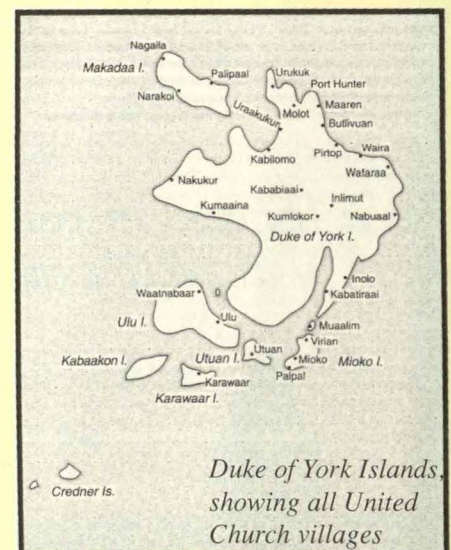


The book — *The Value of Indigenous Music in the Life and Ministry of the Church*:

The United Church in the Duke of York Islands — was officially launched on 1 April 2000 at Molot village, Duke of York Islands by Sir Rabbie Namaliu, Member for Kokopo and on 3 April 2000 at Rarongo Theological College by Rev Albert ToBurua, former Moderator of the United Church in Papua New Guinea.

Written by Andrew Midian, this is the sixth volume in the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies series, Apwitihiere: *Studies in Papua New Guinea Musics*.

This book is an important addition to Papua New Guinea music studies. Libraries, educational institutions and music enthusiasts will find this publication informative. It is available for K10 plus postage and bank charges from the Institute of PNG Studies, PO Box 1432, Boroko 111 PNG.



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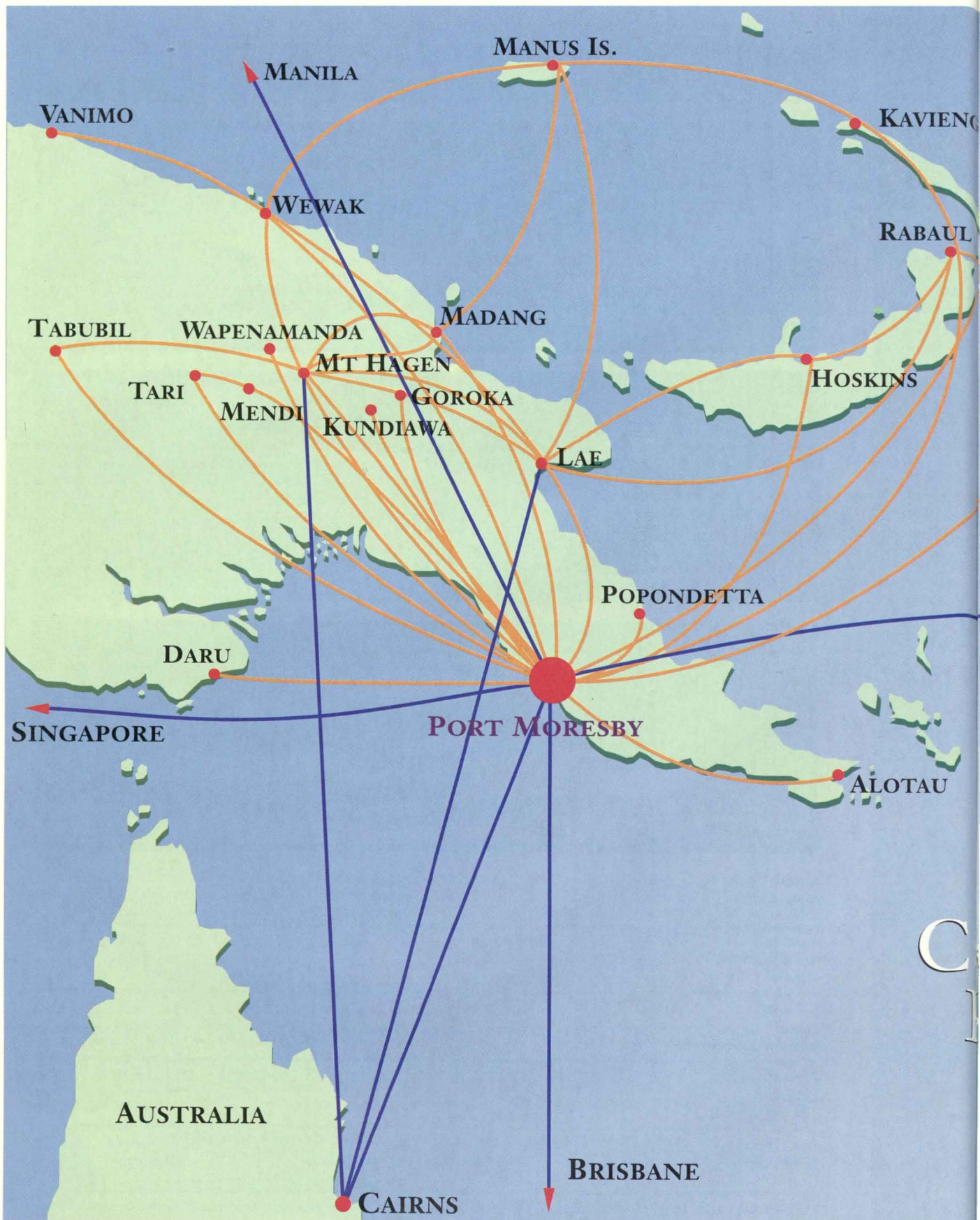


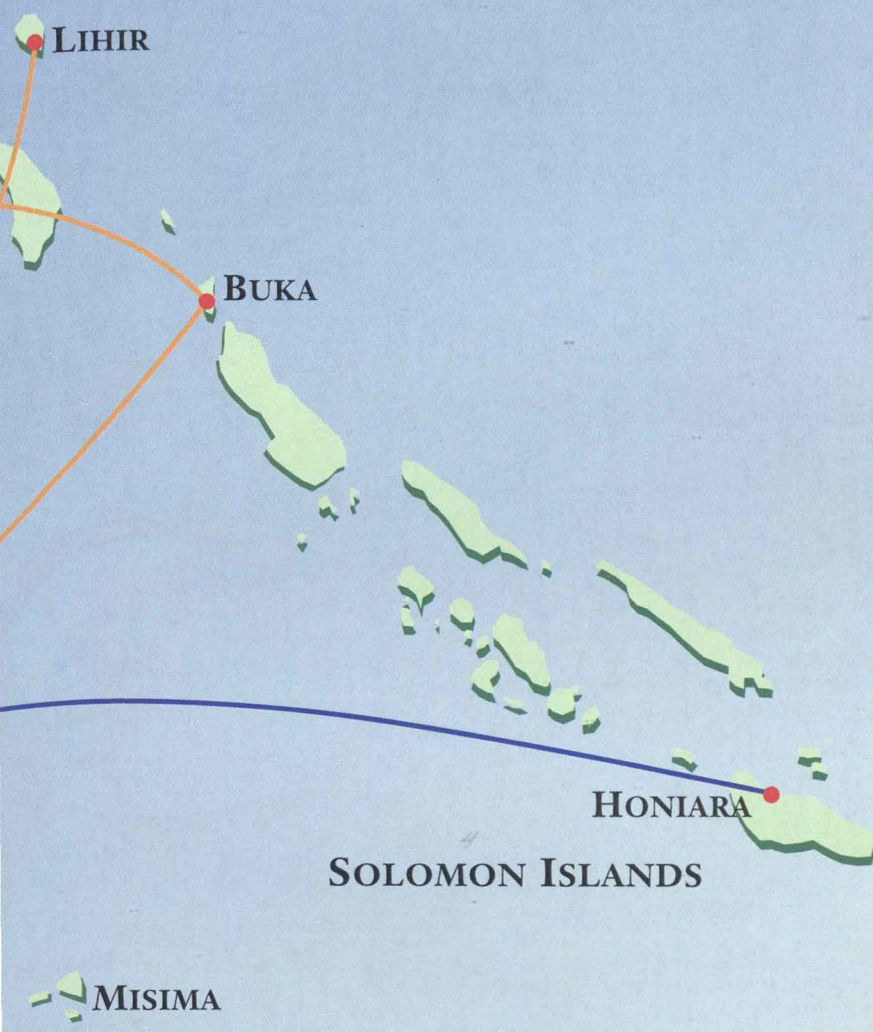
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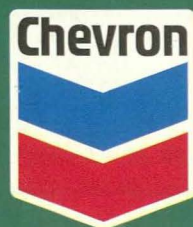
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need to minimise the impact we make on the landscape, while maximising the benefits for the people. After all, it's only natural that a country as beautiful and rich in resources as PNG, should continue to remain pristine while advancing into the next millennium. We'll be maintaining our close eye on the environment as we continue our close contact with PNG.



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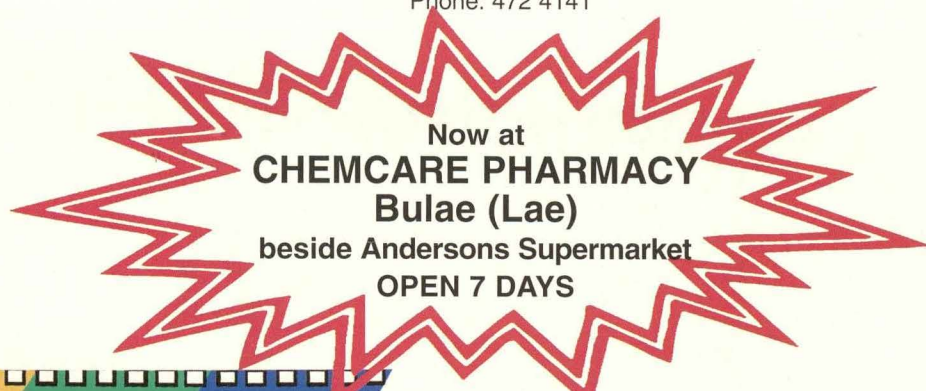
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Sr E Taylor — winner of the Photograph Competition
Baking bread rolls

An aerial photograph of an oil drilling site on a hillside, overlaid with a geological cross-section. The site features a tall derrick, various buildings, and equipment. The geological cross-section shows different layers of rock and soil, with a blue line representing the drilling path. The background consists of lush green hills under a clear sky.

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Onward to Discovery

Story and photographs by Tim Rock

The sun was rising as Captain Craig DeWit studied the maps and the sonar. A passage through a submerged reef indicated an extremely deep inner bay, its slope rising to shallow water very near shore. This gaping cut could contain some very unusual marine life. We couldn't wait to find out what.

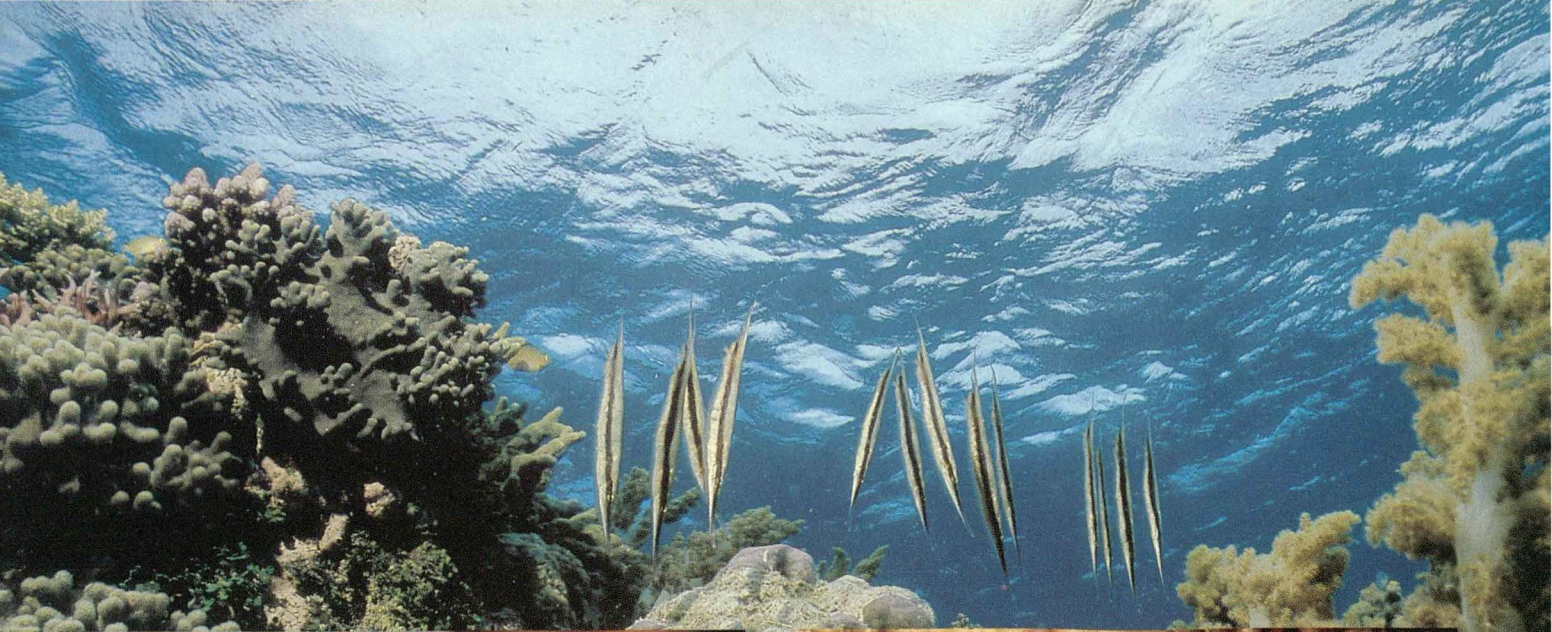
The passage to Crown Island had been rough. Mother Ocean provided a rock n'roll ride to remember. The seaworthy *Golden Dawn* prevailed and we found ourselves far north-east of Madang on the doorstep of adventure.

Behind: Mackerel and fusiliers school together along the Crown Island saddles.

Top background: Lush vegetation at Bagabag surrounds the sea as youngsters in outriggers play and fish in a protected inner bay.

Left: A giant tridacna clam is adorned with a soft coral at Long Island.

Right: The eye of an octopus looks at its reflection in the camera lens.



Crown Island is quiet and lush and all but deserted. Only one family lives on this rough cut island. It has a high volcanic crater with vegetation growing down to the shoreline. Towering trees line the beach. This place begs for exploration and we were going to oblige, at least on the ocean side. We knew of only one other live-aboard dive boat that had visited here, and that stop had been brief.

Our first look at the world beneath the sea was a spot we dubbed Crown Pinnacle. This lone pinnacle south of the barrier reef rose to within 5 metres of the surface. It had immense giant tridacna clams in only 10 metres of water, with two of these beasts sitting side by side. Swarming fish schools and lots of anemone and invertebrate life included unusual nudibranchs and a ragged pipefish, a very rare find. The point on the west side of 18m had schooling sharks and other pelagic action. This was definitely a good start.

Garden Eel Lagoon, where we anchored the ship, was our next target. This protected, deep inner body of water dropped to 50m near the outer barrier reef. It was evident it had some fine places for shallow dives. Inspection of large coral bommies proved interesting. In this day of human mobility it is rare to find a place without signs of human presence. There was not one aluminium can on the bottom. Not even a candy wrapper. This place was pristine.

Top background: Razor fish hover over the coral reef at Bagabag.

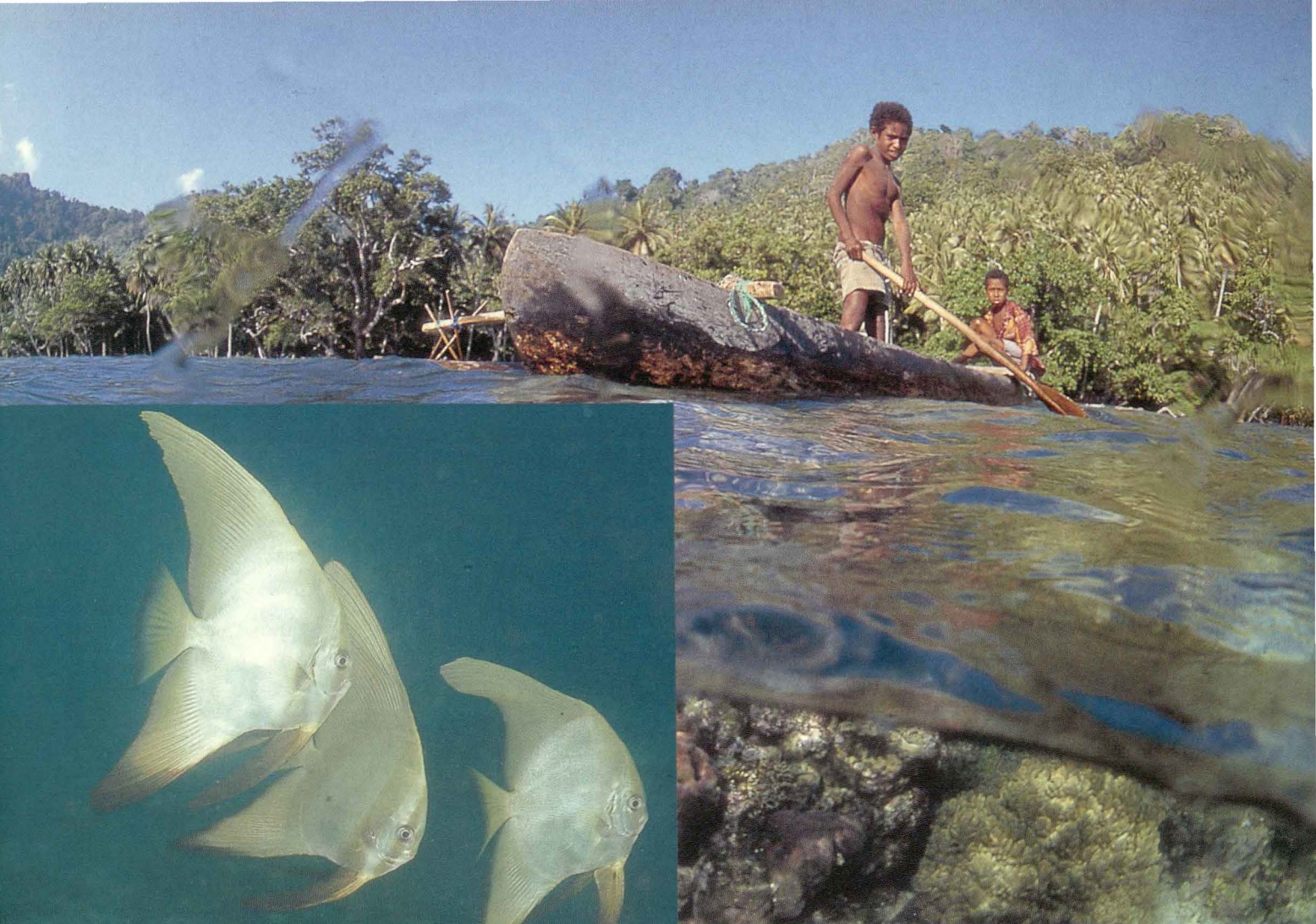
Left: A blenny sits on a bubble coral at Crown Island.

Right: A nudibranch at the dropoff at a Long Island reef

Muck diving, a term coined in Papua New Guinea that means looking for unusual creatures in sandy or muddy habitats, was superb here. A large school of garden eels picked at plankton at 10m. Mantis shrimp, spine cheek clownfish, schooling juvenile batfish and prolific growth of brilliant yellow and purple ascidians dotted the seascape. Night diving was also good. Unusual sand anemones and sea pens peaked out of the bottom. Large turtles came in, and snorkelers enjoyed the shallows at high tide.

But the real object of our exploration at Crown was the unique series of submerged reefs that extended off the island.

We found current-swept pinnacles, deep ocean passes, shallow reefs with brilliant soft and hard coral growth and everywhere there were fishes by the thousands — large dogtooth tuna, eagle rays, solo and schooling grey reef sharks and silvertips. One immense hawksbill turtle was its own ecosystem with remoras and a gathering of rainbow runner accompanying it.



Background: *The lush vegetation can be seen above and below the water in the bay of Bagabag.*

Left: *Batfish hover in the shallow lagoon waters of Crown Island.*

Barrel sponges, fans, soft corals and a wide and colourful variety of marine inverts punctuated the outer wall. The inky inner lagoon held mostly wave-created rubble and patch reefs that were home to many cuttlefish and nudibranchs. Spinner dolphins also swam in this deep inner reef area.

But Crown was only one of our goals. A four-hour ride south by boat took us to a twin-peaked isle we could see from the horizon — Long Island. A superb caldera and two active volcanoes highlight this intriguing island.

That evening we were greeted by an incredible sunset that set the sky over the calderas on fire. We made an excursion to shore to see one of three small villages at the west end. A man-made lighthouse was the only other sign of civilisation. It gleamed white on a rocky point far down the coast. An elder told us that we were the first diving boat to ever stop here. He had been educated on the mainland, but had been in his idyllic paradise for years, preferring it to the rat race. Children gathered around, gaping in awe. People quickly brought items for barter. They grew their own tobacco, so needed little of that. Sugar was a good trade unit. We ended up with coconuts, leafy spinach, string beans and lots and lots of fresh, sweet bananas.

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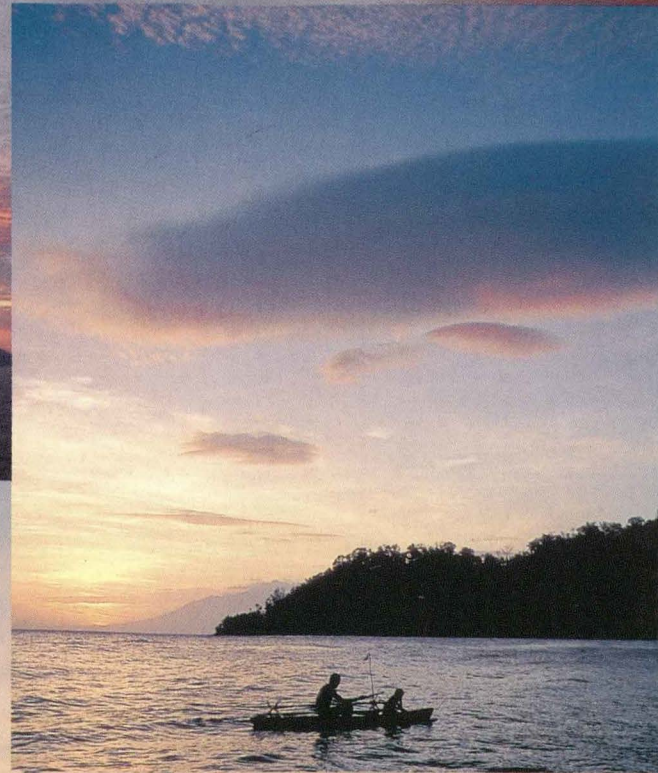
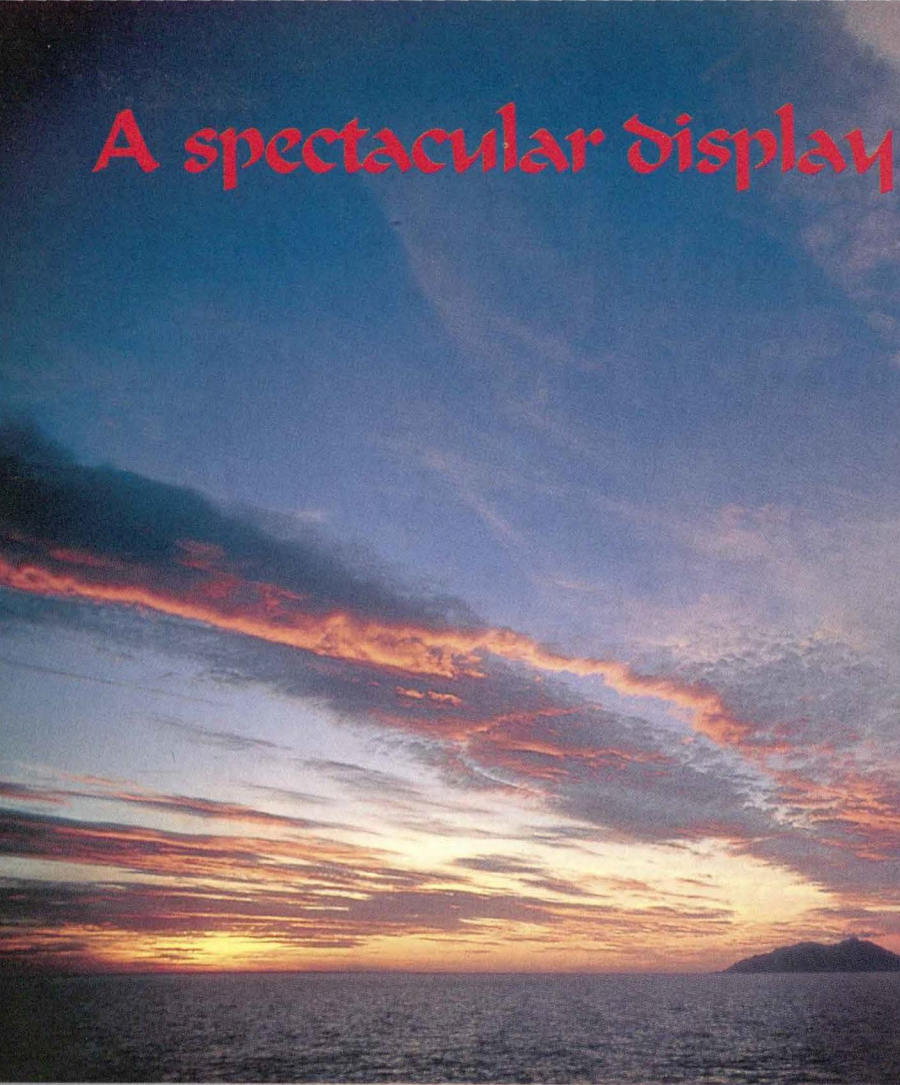
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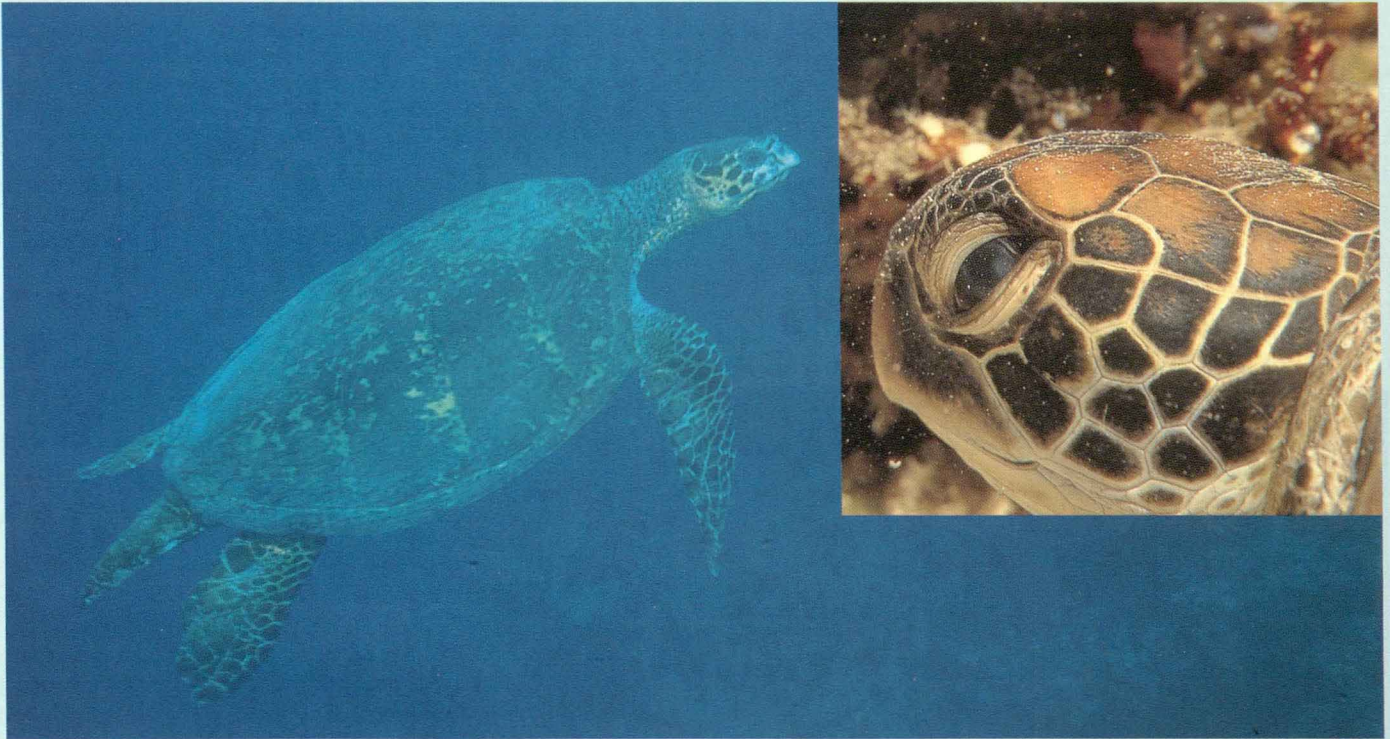
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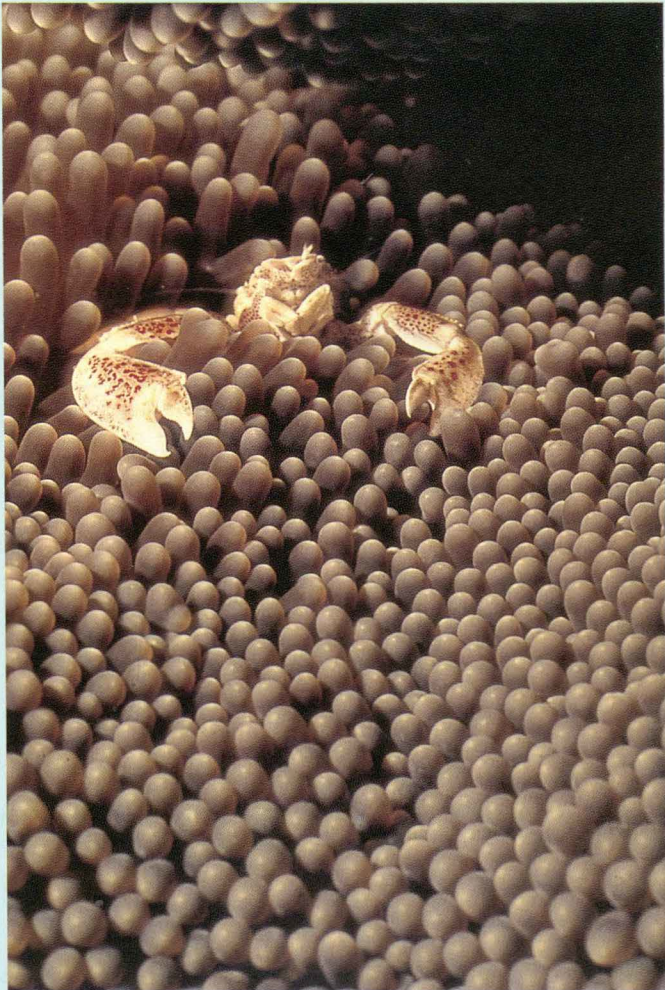
A spectacular display over Bagabag





Above: Sea turtles abound in the protected bays and along the outer saddle reefs at Crown Island.

Below: An anemone crab shares its host with tiny commensal shrimp near Long Island.



Offshore there were many reefs and seamounts creating a blue hue just beneath the surface. At one unnamed site we came upon one of the most beautiful sea fans in the ocean, a huge *Solencaulon* sea fan with snowy white polyps and a large hawkfish in its branches. There were many varied nudibranchs and lots of corals and other marine invertebrates along protected crevices and pockets on the wall.

One discovery was dubbed Julian's Reef, named after the Captain's son. This site had superb action with grey reef sharks coming to check us out, darting silvertips and on one dive a large and very confident tiger shark. Big bumphead parrotfish schools, huge schools of rainbow runners, jacks and surgeonfish were even more populous than on the other reefs. Near the top, the shallow reef at 10 to 16m featured giant tridacna clams adorned with trees of soft coral, numerous anemones and crinoids with clingfish.

Another site dubbed Mad Dog Reef produced the grandfather of dogtooth tuna, mating sea turtles, clouds of black snappers, bigeye and silver jacks. The fact of the matter was we had just scratched the surface of diving.

We ended this odyssey with a visit to Bagabag Island, a lush entity with towering copra groves and rustic, but modern by comparison to the other islands, homes. Here children paddled above us in outrigger canoes as we dived in the clear waters below.

Explorations of unblemished reefs are rare nowadays. Exploitation by unchecked international fishing vessels and unregulated fishing industries in the most sea rich and economy poor countries in the Indo-Pacific have led to a real pillaging of the world's sea life in the last two decades. Papua New Guinea is considered the last bastion of hope by many who study the fishing trends. On this venture, we have confirmed that incredible intact ocean ecosystems exist. We hope to return some day to document more fully these gems of the sea.



Westpac in Papua New Guinea 90 Years

By Simon J. Millett
Managing Director

10th May 2000 marked the 90th anniversary
of Westpac in Papua New Guinea.



Simon Millett, Managing Director, and Tony Wabiyau, 30 years with the bank (longest serving staff member), cut 90th birthday cake at celebration with other bank staff.
Photograph: National newspaper

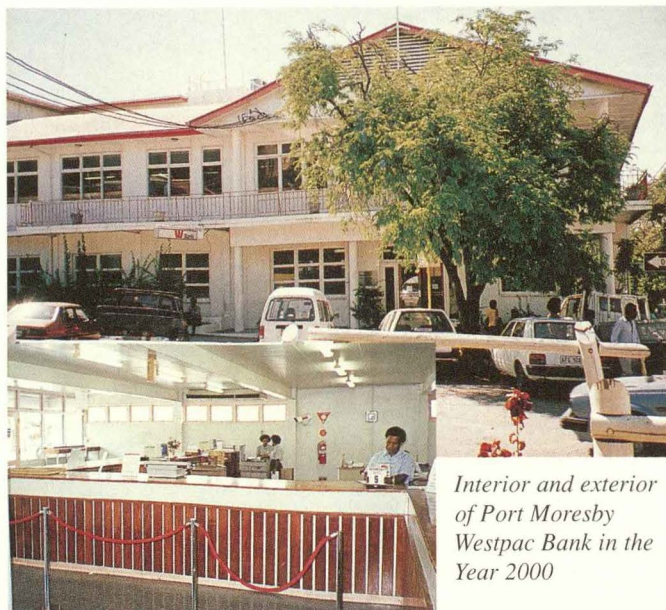
The history of this bank, initially as the Bank of New South Wales and since 1982 as Westpac Banking Corporation, is part of the modern history of Papua New Guinea. We were the first bank in the then colony; we have a solid foundation, a sense of purpose, pride and tradition, not only concerning the country's past, but also its future. Now, probably more than ever before, Westpac is with Papua New Guinea.

Westpac's performance stands out in what is a relatively vibrant, competitive and strong banking system. As the development and reconstruction of the economy gathers momentum, Westpac is well positioned to play its role in nation building.

Westpac Bank (PNG) Limited is 10.1 per cent owned by Papua New Guinean institutions and individuals. At the same time, the bank's majority ownership by Westpac (International) gives the local subsidiary the unique ability to leverage globally and regionally for the best outcome. The Board of Directors includes a number of eminent Papua New Guineans, and contributes enormously to the balanced development of Westpac in Papua New Guinea.

Westpac has significant representation throughout the country. Customer contact locations in Port Moresby, Boroko, Waigani, Lae, Kokopo, Goroka, Mt Hagen, Wewak, Madang, Alotau, Misima, Kimbe, Kavieng, Tabubil and Vanimo, give Westpac coverage in the most significant commercial locations. In addition, Port Moresby, Boroko, Waigani, Lae, Kokopo, Kimbe and Wewak have special, high value customer GoldCard Centres.

Westpac's view is that the key to effective banking in Papua New Guinea is about having a clear, well enunciated strategy that focuses on getting close to customers and on understanding their financial needs. Westpac's strategic focus is directed towards specific customers within chosen personal, commercial and corporate market segments, to which we believe we add most value. Westpac is not a bank that wishes to be all things to all people. Organisations that attempt this strategy will end up striving for mediocrity and will not be successful.



Interior and exterior of Port Moresby Westpac Bank in the Year 2000

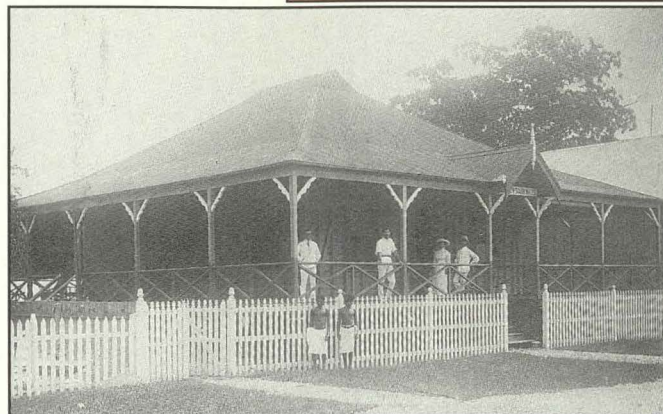
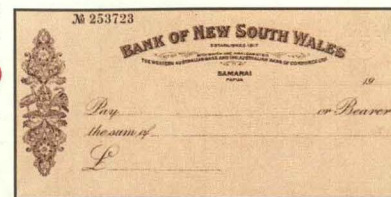
In service industries like banking, customers are the company's strength. Our strategy is to continue to provide our customers with competitively advantageous products and services. We take immense pride in our staff, as it is through their strengths that we are able to achieve our customer goals.

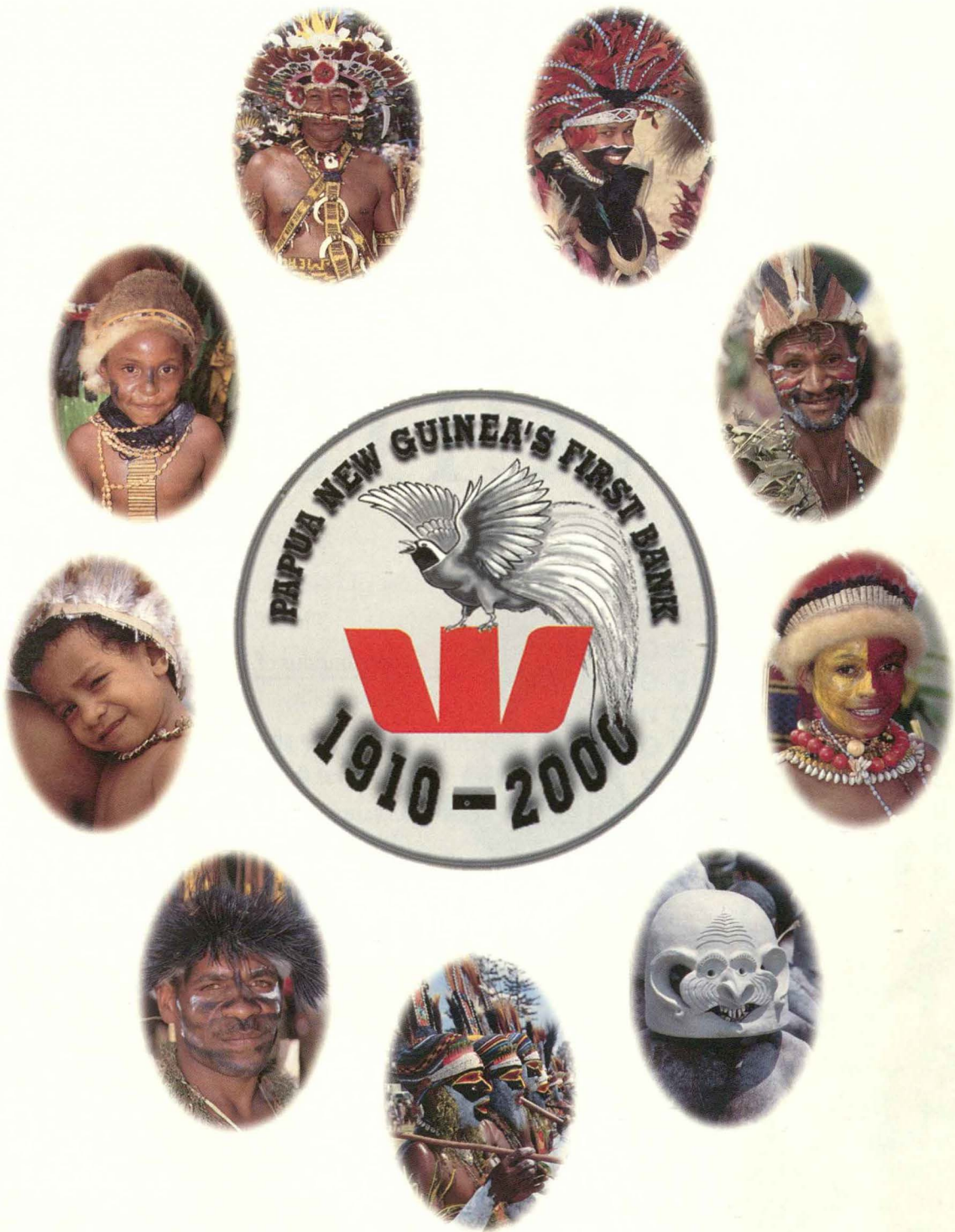
Westpac is committed to deliver better solutions for our customers. Solutions ranging from innovative corporate financing to simple transaction accounts need to be delivered in both a cost effective and value enhancing way. Through our 'Customer Link' initiative, Westpac is investing 5 million Kina in electronic banking infrastructure, which will see the introduction of services like telephone banking, credit cards and PC/internet banking and expansion of our EFTPOS platform. The Customer Link activities extend to product, infrastructure, distribution and staff programs and will give the Bank a significant competitive advantage in the market place when fully implemented by mid 2001.

Our aim is to make Westpac the bank of first choice in Papua New Guinea — first for our customers, first for our staff and first for our shareholder investors.

Papua New Guinea is poised, ready to fulfill its dreams as a country and the dreams of its citizens. Westpac has been here since the very beginning of this modern state. On this, our 90th birthday, now, more than ever, we're with you, Papua New Guinea.

Right & Below: Memories of the Samarai branch — cheque book and building





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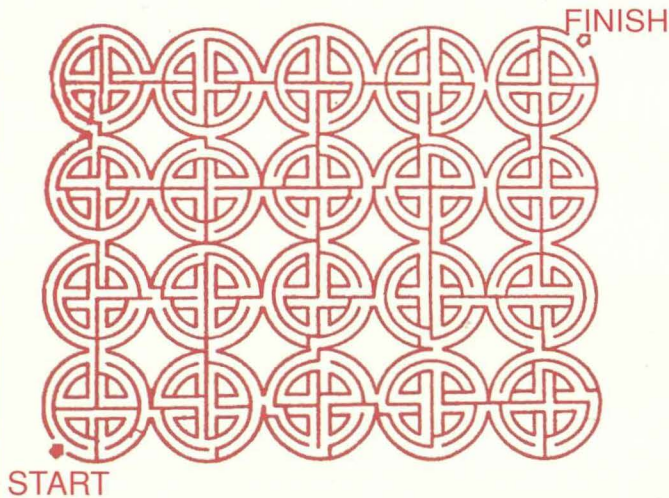
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Puzzles

Answers on page 48

RING MAZE

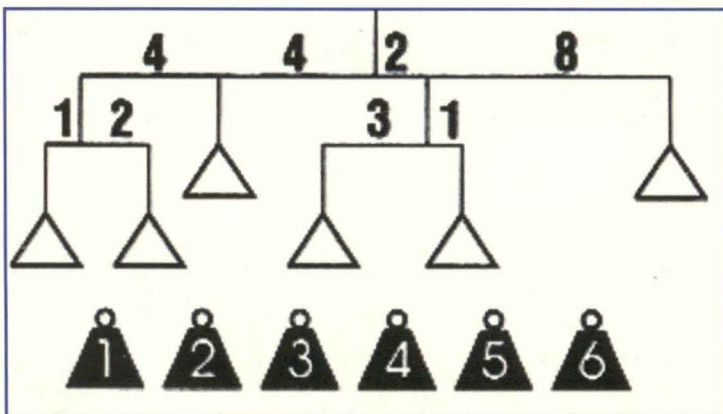
Get from START to FINISH without crossing any solid lines and you'll be the lord of the rings.



IN THE BALANCE

Place the weights given on the pans so that the entire system balances. The black numbers tell you how far apart each pan is from the next.

You can assume that the rods and pans are of negligible weight and can therefore be ignored in the calculations.



POETRY

Why might these three words not be very useful to someone who writes poetry?

MONTH ORANGE ORIOLE

TUNEFUL SEARCH

Find these words in the square.

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CAROL	CHANT	CONCERTO
DITTY	DUET	FOLK SONG
FUGUE	HYMN	LULLABY
MADRIGAL	MARCH	MEDLEY
MELODY	OPERA	OVERTURE
PRELUDE	REFRAIN	RONDO
SOLO	SYMPHONY	TUNE

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

LATERAL THINKING

- How many letters are there in the 'one-word answer' to this question?
- Since birth Joe has always had a birthday cake, decorated with the appropriate number of candles. To date he has extinguished 253 candles in all. How old is Joe?
- Can you work out this riddle?

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When I am empty,
Nothing moves me.
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One without, one within.**

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CLASSICAL Channel: 5

Promenade: from Pictures at an Exhibition (Mussorgsky)
Rotterdam Philharmonic
Conducted by James Conlon
ERATO

String Quintet in E Major — Menuetto (Celebrated Minuet) (Boccherini)
Orpheus Chamber Orchestra
DGG

Symphony No 4 in D minor, Op 120 (Schumann)
Chamber Orchestra Of Europe
Conductor: Nikolaus Harnoncourt
TELDEC

Il Trovatore: Anvil Chorus Stride La Vampa (Verdi)
Opera Australia Chorus,
Lauris Elms: soloist
Martin Handley: Chorus Master
Elizabethan Sydney Orchestra,
Conductor: Richard Bonyng
ABC

Espana (Chabrier)
The Philadelphia Orchestra
Conductor: Riccardo Mutti
EMI

Clair de Lune (Debussy)
Roger Woodward
RCA

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (Bach)
Philharmonia Virtuosi
Conductor: Richard Kapp
SONY

Hallelujah Chorus (Handel)
English Chamber Orchestra & Choir
Conductor: Raymond Leppard
ERATO

Finlandia (Sibelius)
Czecho-Slovak Radio
Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Kenneth Schermerhorn
NAXOS

POP Channel: 6

Go Let It Out
Oasis
CREATION

Smooth
Santana feat. Rob Thomas
ARISTA

Pure Shores
All Saints
LONDON RECORDS

Say My Name
Destiny's Child
COLUMBIA

American Pie
Madonna
MAVERICK

Ex-Girlfriend
No Doubt
INTERSCOPE

Stand Inside Your Love
Smashing Pumpkins
HUT RECORDINGS

Live Without It
Killing Heidi
ROADSHOW

All The Small Things
Blink 182
MCA

Today (Watch Me Shine) Remix
Everlast
MUSHROOM

Be With You
Enrique Iglesias
INTERSCOPE

The Other Side
Red Hot Chili Peppers
WARNER

I Knew I Loved You
Savage Garden
ROADSHOW

Never Let You Go
Third Eye Blind
ELEKTRA

Don't Call Me Baby
Madison Avenue
VICIOUS GROOVES

Don't Stop
ATB
CROSS OVER RECORDS

EASY LISTENING Channel: 7

Buy Me A Rose
Kenny Rogers
DREAMCATCHER/EPIC

Crazy
LeAnn Rimes
CURB RECORDS

Randwick Bells
Jimmy Little
FESTIVAL

Brother Can You Spare Me A Dime
George Michael
AEGEAN

Tears In Heaven
Eric Clapton
SONY

When You Say Nothing At All
Ronan Keating
POLYDOR

Can't Take That Away
Mariah Carey
COLUMBIA

You're Where I Belong
Trisha Yearwood
MOWTOWN

God's Gift To The World
Al Jarreau
GRP

The Man Midas Touched
Karma County
WEA

Wild World
Cat Stevens
ISLAND

Have I Told You Lately
Van Morrison
POLYDOR

My Heart Will Go On
Celine Dion
EPIC

I Honestly Love You
Olivia Newton John
FESTIVAL

Danny Boy
Emma Pask
MORRISON RECORDS

Out'a Nowhere
Norman Brown
WARNER

COMEDY Channel: 9

The Dentist
Bill Cosby
CAPITOL

Bookshop
Monty Python
POLYGRAM

Golf and Football
Henny Youngman
K-TEL

Germs and Groucho
Groucho Marx
RAVEN

Life is So Peculiar
Groucho Marx & Bing Crosby
RAVEN

Tum & Phul: Slup Slop Slep
Tony Martin & Mick Molloy
MUSHROOM

Men & Women
Jerry Seinfeld
UNIVERSAL

Money Song
Monty Python
VIRGIN

The Question Man
Steve Allen & Tom Poston
VARESE SARABANDE

Get a Horse; Lost
Rodney Dangerfield
DECCA

Who's On First
Bud Abbott & Lou Costello
RHINO

Video Trailers
Ben Elton
BBC

Chim Chim Cheree
Allan Sherman
RHINO

**COUNTRY
Channel: 10**

Jimmy's Got A Girlfriend
The Wilkinsons
GIANT

Mr Bayliss
Kasey Chambers
EMI

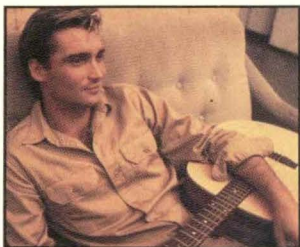


Carlene
Phil Vasser
ARISTA NASHVILLE

The Best Day
George Strait
MCA NASHVILLE

Lessons Learned
Tracy Lawrence
ATLANTIC

Good Friends
Adam Brand
COMPASS BROTHERS



Goodbye Earl
Dixie Chicks
MONUMENT

Cunnamulla Feller
Lee Kernaghan
ABC

Beer Thirty
Brooks & Dunn
ARISTA

Bob's Breakdowns
Asleep At The Wheel
DREAMWORKS

**COUNTRY
Channel: 10**

The Blues Man (A Tribute To Hank Williams JR)
Alan Jackson
ARISTA

Purple Roses
John Williamson
EMI

Little Bird
Sherrie Austin
ARISTA

Ring Of Fire
Johnny Cash
COLUMBIA

Wherever You Are
Mary Chapin Carpenter
COLUMBIA

Capricorn Rain
Terra Australis
SOUTHLAND/OUTBACK

Been There
Clint Black with Steve Wariner
RCA

**CHILDREN'S
Channel: 11**

Hello Goodbye
Bugs Bunny & Daffy Duck
RHINO

The Enormous Crocodile
Roald Dahl
N/A

When You Wish Upon A Star
Walt Disney
DISNEYLAND

Mr Happy
Narrator from Mr. Men
FESTIVAL KIDS

How the Rhinoceros Got his Skin
Jack Nicholson and Bobby
McFerrin
WINDHAM HILL

Splish Splash
Elmo & Friends from Sesame
Street
ABC

**CHILDREN'S
Channel: 11**

The Origin of Superman
Bob Holiday, Jackson Beck &
George Petrie
METRO

**Can You (Point Your Fingers
And Do The Twist?)**
The Wiggles
ABC

Sleep
Mic Conway
ABC

Five In A Bed
Noni Hazelhurst
ABC

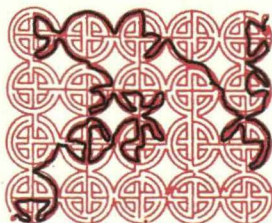
Sleep And Rest
Jolly Doctor Dolliwel
METRO

The Lullaby Of Lonely Lions
Tim Finn
SIMPLE ENTERTAINMENT

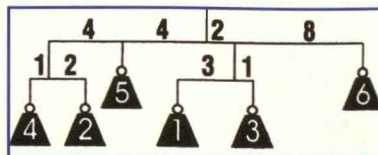


Puzzle Answers

RING MAZE



IN THE BALANCE



Left = $((4+2) \times 8) + (5 \times 4) = 68$

Right = $((1+3) \times 2) + (6 \times 10) = 68$

TUNEFUL SEARCH

LELEOCLUTLECO
MI NRNI ARFERLL
EUGUFAGRPDGI O
HOI TTL AOAOKG
THGRAMPROLNI N
NCOETEDOALMNO
AHDVPI AGNAEES
TYNOHPMYSBDDK
NMOOREYBALLUL
ANRLTTOGI LELO
HPCONCERTOYEF
CODSCNGUNLARI
PYTTIDI SDNSPT

LATERAL THINKING

1. The answer is FOUR. To see why, suppose the answer was SEVEN. This cannot be correct because this answer has 5 letters, not 7. However, FOUR does have 4 letters and is a valid answer. In fact it is the only number, when spelled out in letters, that has the same amount of letters as the number specifies.

2. 22 years, since $1 + 2 + 3 + \dots + 22 = 253$.

3. A glove

POETRY

These three words do not rhyme with any other words in the English language.

FEATURE FILMS

International flights:

from Port Moresby

to Port Moresby

JULY

The Cider House Rules

Erin Brockovich



Genre: Drama
Rated: PG-13
From: E-Source 131 mins

The film tells the story of Homer Wells, a child without parents, who is raised and mentored by his orphanage's doctor, a man named Larch. Larch taught Homer everything about medicine and a little bit less about right and wrong. All Homer wanted was the one thing Larch couldn't give him ... rules to live by.

Featuring: Tobey Maguire, Charlize Theron, Michael Cainer, Delroy Lindo
Director: Lasse Hallstrom



Genre:
Drama
Rated: R
From:
Universal
131 mins

When Erin Brockovich's attorney fails to land her any settlement following a car accident in which she was not at fault, Erin persuades him to let her work at his law firm. While she is there, Erin stumbles upon a cover-up involving contaminated water in a local community, which leads to a law-suit against a large utility company. The outcome is the largest settlement ever paid in a direct-action lawsuit in US history - \$333million.

Featuring: Julia Roberts, Albert Finney, Aaron Eckhart
Director: Steven Soderbergh

AUGUST

Return to Me

Play It to the Bone

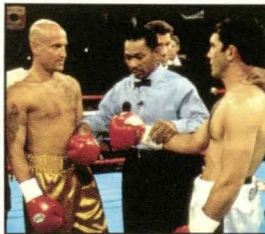


Genre:
Romantic Comedy
Rated: PG
From:
MGM
116 mins

Bob Rueland's ordinary life as an architectural engineer is shattered when his wife dies in a car accident. Bob throws himself into his work, completing a gorilla habitat that was his zoologist wife's dream. On the other side of town, a waitress, Grace Briggs, is given a new lease on life when she receives a heart transplant. When Bob and Grace's lives intersect, a spark is ignited. It all adds up to a life affirming story that helps make sense of love, loss and the unexpected.

Featuring: David Duchovny, Minnie Driver, Carroll O'Connor
Director: Bonnie Hunt

Channels 1 and 2



Genre:
Drama
Rated: R
From:
Buena Vista
124 mins

Vince and Caesar are best friends and professional boxing rivals. The guys are past their prime, and neither has worked in years. A sleazy promoter offers them the chance of a lifetime: an assignment to box against each other in Vegas as a preliminary bout before a Mike Tyson fight. A former girlfriend Grace agrees to drive them to Vegas. Sparks fly as the trio travel through the sizzling desert to their big showdown with destiny ... and each other.

Featuring: Antonio Banderas, Woody Harrelson, Lolita Davidovich, Lucy Liu
Director: Ron Shelton

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DESTINATION — Cairns

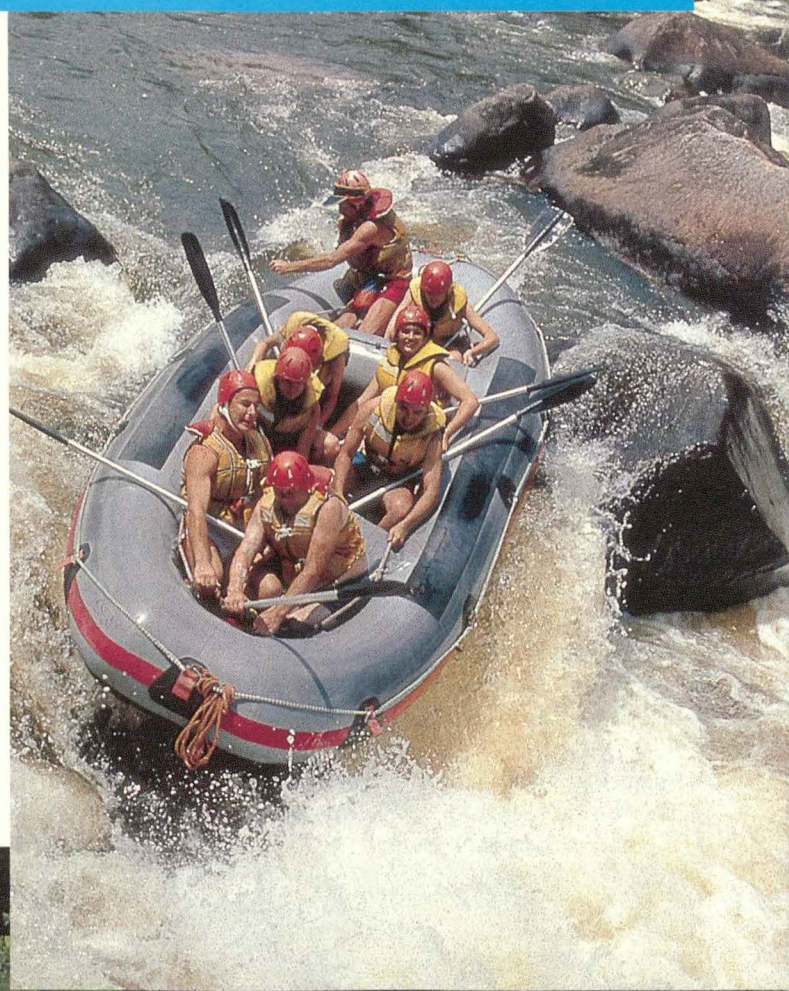
White Water — White Knuckles

Story and photographs
by Danielle Johnson

We came to Tully River. We saw Tully River. By gosh, we were going to conquer Tully River (we said with our fingers crossed). The scene of the day's excitement was 150 kilometres south of Cairns, and the adventure started with a luxury coach picking us up from our hotel. How tough could it be?

No doubt the sunny North Queensland sky was giving our confidence a boost. Surely, they wouldn't start us off on the foaming white water, which was churning over the boulders just in front of us. We were inexperienced white water rafters. We were novices, trying to work out which strap goes where on the life jackets. We were confident innocents, all happily signing the document which would absolve the organisers from legal responsibility should any one of us drown or be injured.

We were the suckers who were going to start our rafting career on that growling foam: a flotilla of five rafts, each manned by a crew of five unfit tourists and captained by an experienced guide who must harbour some perverse death wish.



But first, our introductory course on the fine art of 'forward paddle', 'back-paddle', 'right-hand paddle' and 'hang on!' —the commands Mick, our raftmaster, would be shouting at us for the rest of the day. The rest of the instructions seemed to consist of how not to kill or maim your fellow rafter with your paddle handle.

Anyone here who can't swim? Mick asked. Before waiting for an answer, he went on. *Well, it won't matter anyway. You'll be lucky if you can float.*

Easing our raft out to midstream, accelerating as we do so, we run into the Alarm Clock. *Paddle left or you're in big trouble,* Mick shouts.

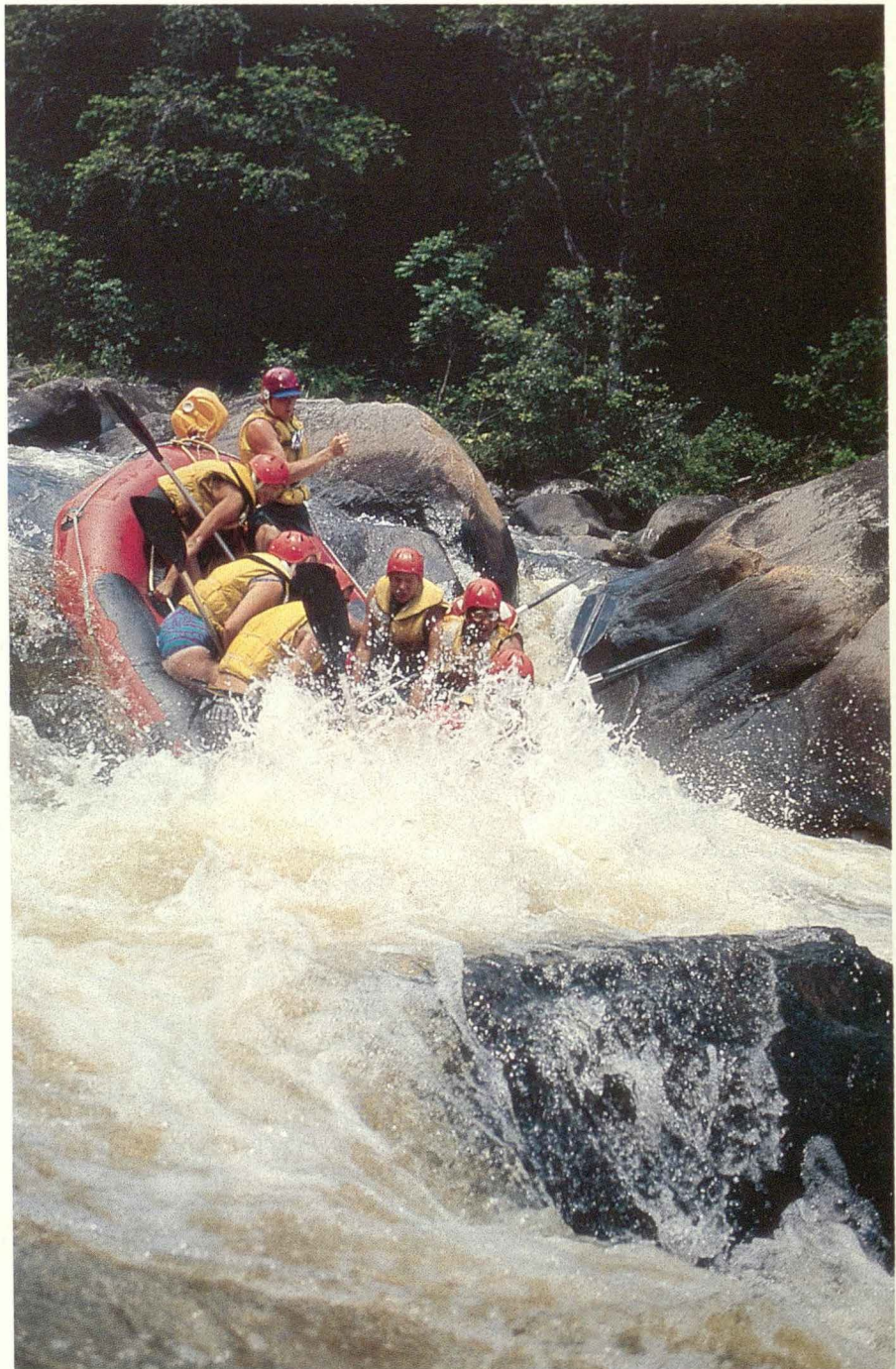
Nearly every command for the next 15 kilometres will be a stretch to his vocal chords, as Mick makes sure he is heard over the din of the rapids.

I hit someone hard on the helmet with my paddle. Concentrating on survival, we have become immune to pain. Two of us are thrown into the swirling water. Overboard? No. Our raft is now half-full and a whirlpool is created around our knees. Once we clear the Alarm Clock, we have half a kilometre to bail before getting into position for the Helicopter.

In the ensuing five hours, we manage to take every rapid sideways, backwards, executing 360 degree turns, bouncing off rocks, and getting stuck on large boulders in the middle of the river.

The rocks speed towards us. Mick knows that killing his paying customers is not good for business, so he's not going to lose us. *Paddle ... Stop! Forward paddle! Hang on!*

We paddle for our lives. We are five cold, white fleshy punters, who are tied to office desks for 48 weeks of the year. But right now, we are paddling like Marines.



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Your hosts: Peter and Chrissie Johnson



And we make it through that one too. Now, we have a chance to enjoy the scenery. It's a rainforest wonderland, and its beauty captivates us as we float gently down stream. Trees are clambered over by vines, ferns and elkhorns. There are dramatic black basalt cliffs, scored with weather and waterfalls. Some pale green ferns high in the trees look like frothy moss. Iridescent butterflies flutter through the canopy, and orchids hide in the foliage.

We are lulled into a serene peaceful state, which lasts all of a few minutes, as we now approach the Corkscrew. Big monster rocks. We do our best to follow Mick's commands, but the water is stronger than we are, and we get stuck on top.

We have a new command: *Everyone jiggle*. The suction is broken by everyone bounding up and down in our seating positions. We are released from our pillar — straight into the power of the mighty Tully again. We paddle frantically, and manage to leave the thunder of the Corkscrew behind us.

The names given to each rapid are aptly chosen monikers. The Staircase, for example, is a series of rapids. The idea is to paddle strongly into the rapid, scream and survive while you surf the currents, then hang on during the drop, before repeating the process on the next step of the Staircase.

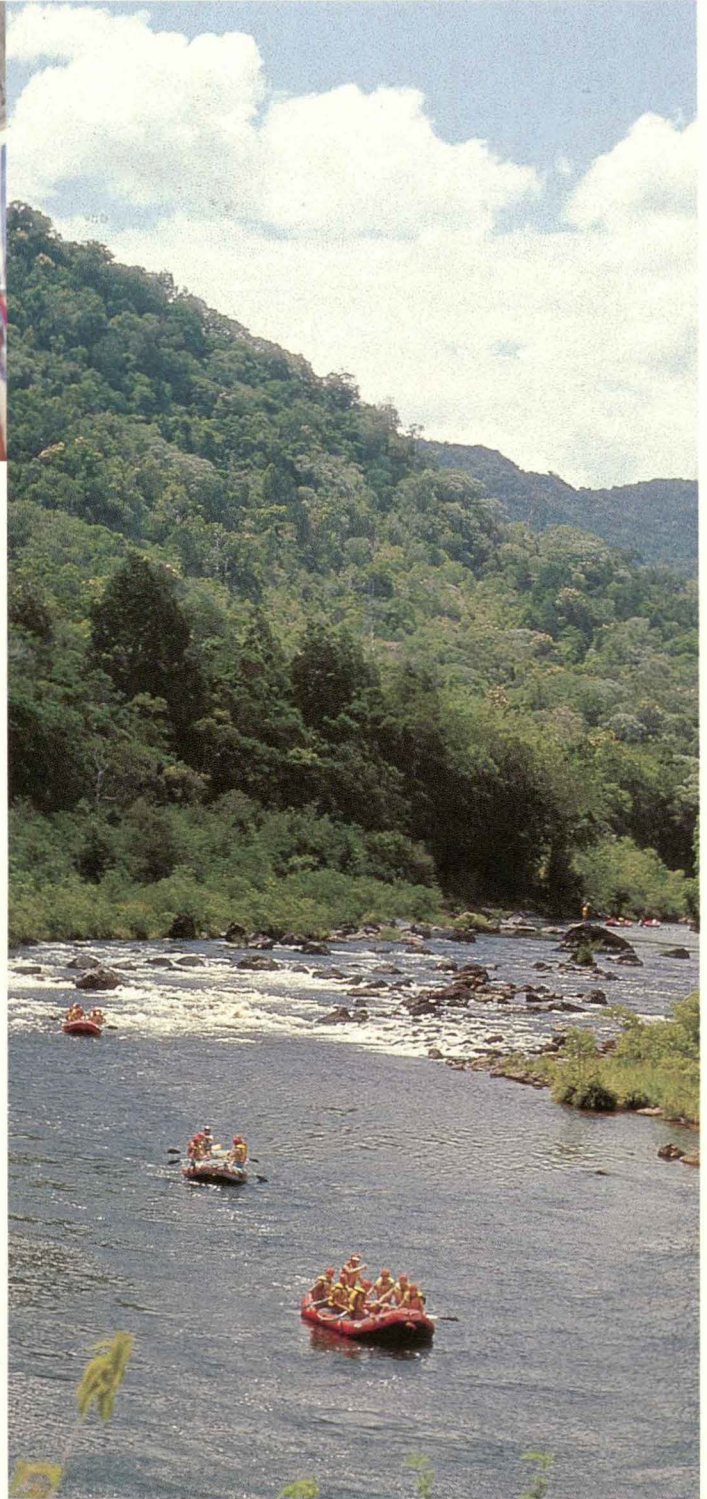
We contort through Twisted Sister. We attack Avalanche Alley. We manipulate the Minefield. We laugh after each conquest, then scream into the next one, fear concentrating the mind.

Then it happens. Man overboard. But we have been schooled in what to do should this occur. And sure enough, our team member had paid attention. He opts not to try to grab a raft or a paddle, which could have resulted in him becoming wedged between the big rubber raft and a rock. Instead, he lets the water carry him downstream a little, away from the rocks. We scoop him out of the calmer water. Damage done: a bruised knee and a scrape on the shin.

No time to discuss it: Shark's Fin is looming up on us. And the unpredictable pick-up of Zig-zag. Then lunch.

With knees like jelly, we wobble onto the banks to tuck into a vast BBQ lunch, washed down with hot tea and coffee, and finished off with hunks of juicy tropical fruit.

Just as we are warming up, it's time to get wet again. There are challenges yet to be faced. Kamikaze is the first. Then Double-D-Cup comes upon us with a vengeance. Down we go, only to blast back up out of the bottom.



Back at the Country Club, waiting for the bus to pick us up, we watched a video about rafting. Then it dawned: this was us! Some blighter had been on the banks making videos of our exploits, and now we were re-living it all over again.

Come to the Tully River to enjoy yourself. But do not come to relax.



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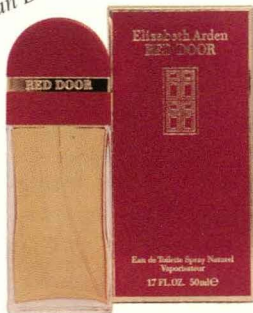
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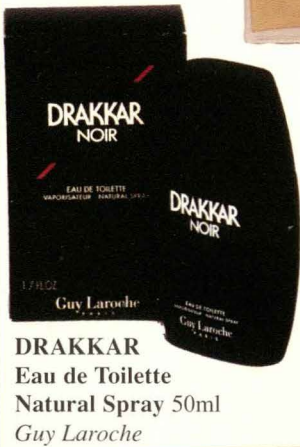
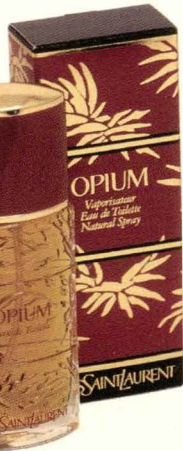


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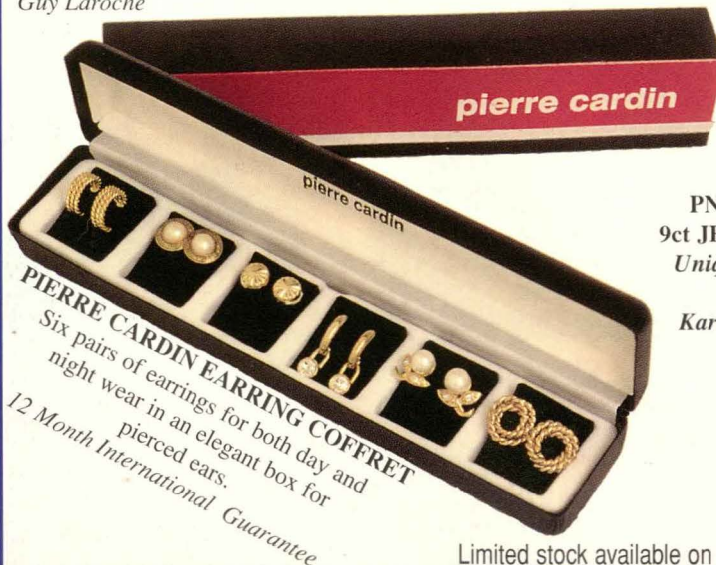


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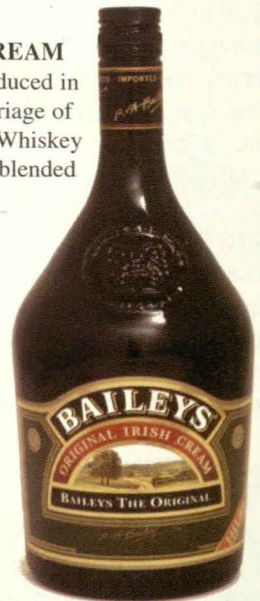
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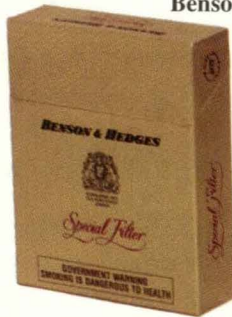


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A Salute to the Gooney Bird



Story and photographs
by Eric Lindgren

Two transports turned the tide of the Second World War: the 4x4 personal transport commonly known as the Jeep and an aeroplane, the Douglas C-47 Skytrain.

The Jeep (named from its 1941 acronym GP originally = Government, Passenger) is still around in its original and descendant forms. The C-47 went on to become one of the longest lasting air transports in the industry. As the DC-3, it is still on duty somewhere in the world.

IN RETROSPECT

In January 1933 the prototype of the first Douglas Commercial passenger plane, the DC-1, completed its trials. The United States Army Air Corps placed orders for the successor, the DC-2 and by 1936, the USAAC relied upon this as their principle troop and cargo carrier.

Douglas, however, soon introduced the third in their line in August 1936 and the DC-3 was quickly taken up by the major American airlines. Air travel at this time was a novel experience, not long after the barnstorming days of the post-WWI era and more-reliable passenger aircraft were becoming available from the Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed factories on the west coast of USA.

Far-sighted designers at Douglas had strengthened the airframe of the DC-1 line — wings were strong enough for the rapidly evolving radial engines from Pratt & Whitney or Wright-Cyclone; the passenger compartment had a floor strong enough to cope with loads of the future; the corrugated under-sheath of the wing centre-section could take undreamed-of stresses; the entrance door was big enough to handle large machinery as well as the passengers it carried every day.

Above: USAAF C-47 lands at Kila Kila airstrip. This was the original strip servicing pre-WW2 Port Moresby. The terminal buildings are still standing.

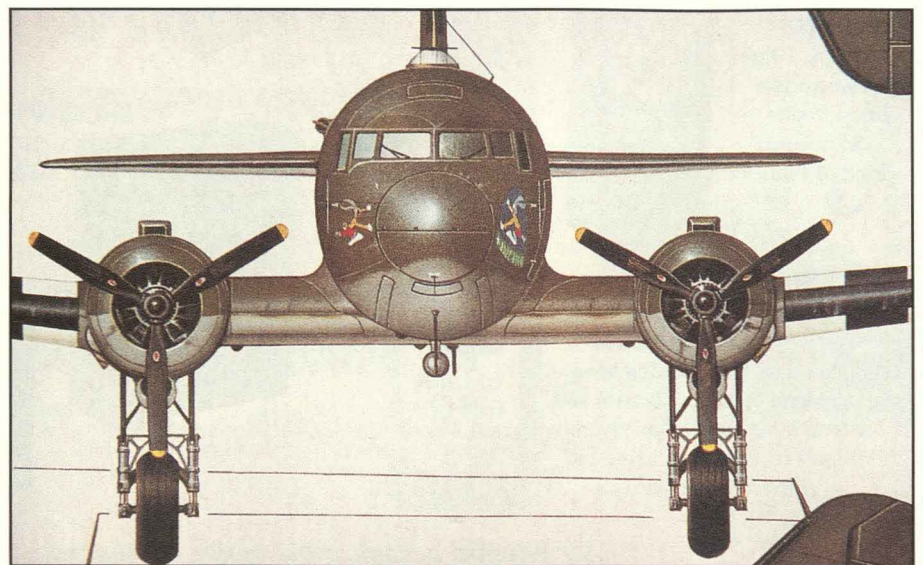


Left: A radial engine of a C-47 corrodes in the sea near Lababia village, Morobe Province.

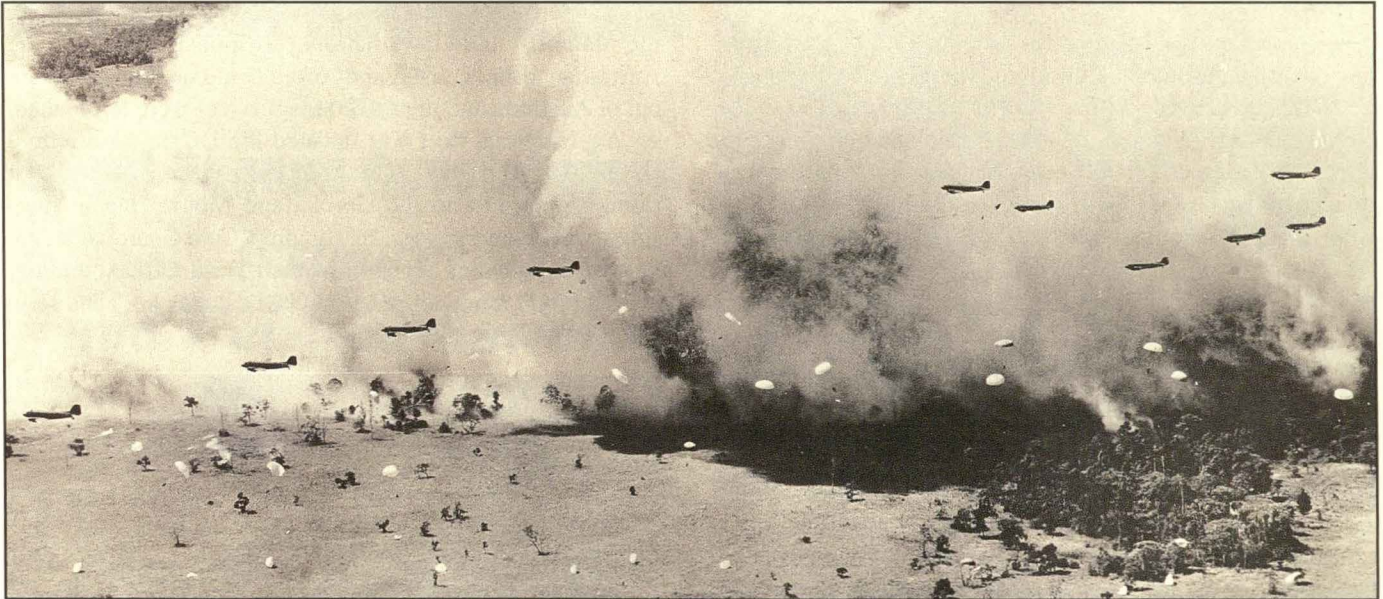
With little modification the 1936 DC-3 had positioned itself for the present and the future.

This paid off for the USAAC. In December 1941, upon the entry of USA into WW2, the need to rapidly deploy troops to combat areas became urgent. With the DC-3's cargo version, the C-47, Douglas had the ideal aircraft.

Production intensified, especially at their Long Beach California factory. They supplied an aeroplane that could carry 28 servicemen plus their gear, or 2,722kg of cargo. Such was the demand that a second facility soon became necessary, and one was built at Tulsa, Oklahoma specifically to produce this 'plane.



Buzz Buggy, a C-47 built at the Long Beach factory in California.



Smoke screen and C-47s during the airborne landing at Nadzab, September 1943

Almost 11,000 DC-3s were constructed; including 485 manufactured under pre-war licence in Japan. These were used by the Japanese Air Force in WW2.

The ungainly appearance of the C-47 — triangular forward-facing wings and snub nose, plus its somewhat lumbering flight and the distinctive sound of its twin-radial engines — soon earned the plane the name ‘Gooney Bird’, after the nickname for the Black-footed Albatross from the tropical Pacific. It earned more too — Biscuit Bomber, Skytrooper, Flying Jeep, Flying Hospital — but the official USAAF name remained Skytrain, while the RAAF named theirs Dakota.

IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

General Kenney, the commander of the USAAF 5th Air Force, which conducted the air campaign in Macarthur’s South West Pacific Area, quickly realised that an essentially island hopping campaign over vast expanses of water demanded transport of troops and materiel by air. The primitive nature of the airstrips in the jungles of the south-west Pacific demanded exceptional aircraft and the C-47 was one of the best. A two-way traffic developed, with men and cargo flown north to the front and casualties evacuated south to hospitals along Australia’s eastern seaboard.

On 1 September 1943 the first major airborne invasion of WW2 took place when the US 503rd Parachute Regiment, accompanied by hastily trained gunners of the Australian 2/4th Field Regiment, were dropped at the junction of the Erap and Markham Rivers near Lae. Fierce fighting at Salamaua had forced the Japanese to abandon the area, and Macarthur’s tactic prevented them retreating to Lae — a heavily defended Japanese area. Ninety-six transports accompanied by three fighter groups dropped the airborne force of 1700 men in less than three minutes. The Yanks praised the Aussie ‘Two-by-Four Airborne Cannon Company’ for their help. Macarthur observed the drop from above the smoke screen laid down by 25 Havoc light bombers and, in his propaganda-mode, pronounced the operation a great success.


Not until the invasion of Normandy, when the first wave of 24,000 US and British paratroops jumped into German territory, was the 503rd’s effort surpassed.




Above: RAAF Dakota used in the post-war searches for missing planes and crew from WW2.


Below: Sure Skin, with its naked lady noseart, waits with other Skytrains on an airstrip covered in Marston matting, Port Moresby 1943.






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A STAR

'Old Miscellaneous' was number 10 off the C-47 production line at Santa Monica, California. In February 1943 the USAAF took delivery, and in May '43 it was on active service in New Guinea. She was returned with honours to the USA after 2000 missions/3000 hours of operations transporting troops and supplies to the battlefields. During that time she wore out twelve engines, and was given new wing-tips, new elevators, new rudders and new crews. She carried a letter of commendation back to the USA: 'This ship is the oldest, fastest C-47 in the South-west Pacific, so into whomsoever; hands she falls, treat her kindly and she will always get you to your destination.'

IN PNG - A FALLEN ANGEL

Most famous of the fallen angels of Papua New Guinea must be the 'Flying Dutchman', a C-47 with a poignant story attached.

In November 1942, while flying from Ward's Strip to Dobodura with two crew and 20 enlisted men this aircraft struck the legendary 'rock in the cloud' on Mt Obree about 100km due east of Port Moresby. Seventeen men survived the crash. In tough terrain, at 3,000m altitude, the cold and wet conditions soon started claiming the injured. It was decided that four men should set out to find help — travelling south-west to Rigo on the coast. Five days later a second group departed, east to Safia then south to Abau. With the help of village guides the first group managed to reach Rigo. Six days later they were in good care in the US Army's 10th Evacuation Hospital in Port Moresby. Two men from the second group reached Abau, where David Marsh (later to organise Papua New Guinea's Independence celebrations in 1975) immediately set out to find the wreck. He came within 30 minutes walk of the site, but impenetrable vegetation hid it from him.

Later, when finally discovered, a most touching reminder of the disaster was found — on the toilet door of the C-47 was a diary of the days from the crash until the death of the last survivor. Crashed 1:30 Tues 10 November 1942. Tues 10: 17 men alive. Wed 11: 16 men alive ... Mon 7 Dec: Year ago today the war started. Boy we didn't think of this then ... Thur 24: Tonight is Christmas Eve. God make them happy at home. ... Wed 30: Johnnie died today. Fri 1: New Years Day. Pat, Mart and Ted.

This door is now in the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. A replica, identical to the original, is in the Papua New Guinean National Museum. (A detailed account of the Flying Dutchman can be found in *The Searchers*, a book reviewed in Paradise Issue 139.)

TIMES PAST

Following WW2 the DC-3 took an honoured part in rebuilding the airline industry throughout the world. The first Australian conversion actually took place in 1944, before the end of the Pacific War. ANA (Australian National Airways, later to become Ansett Airlines) configured a C-47 for passenger use within Australia, and Qantas and Guinea Airways soon followed suit. A regular Qantas service to Papua New Guinea commenced in April 1945, soon becoming known as The Bird of Paradise Service. The journey took two days, overnighing in Cairns.

At Independence Air Niugini was established to take over the domestic and international responsibilities of the Australian airlines. TAA and Ansett could no longer operate out of Australia and their overseas services were terminated. As Air Niugini's fleet was updated the DC-3s were retired and Fokker F-27s and F-28s took their place. The days of riding side-saddle to the Goroka and Mount Hagen Singings were gone forever. Air Niugini's Gate Guardian DC-3, *Larry Blackman*, on a pole near their Head Office building, gives a proud reminder of the aircraft's duties in Papua New Guinea. (photo below)

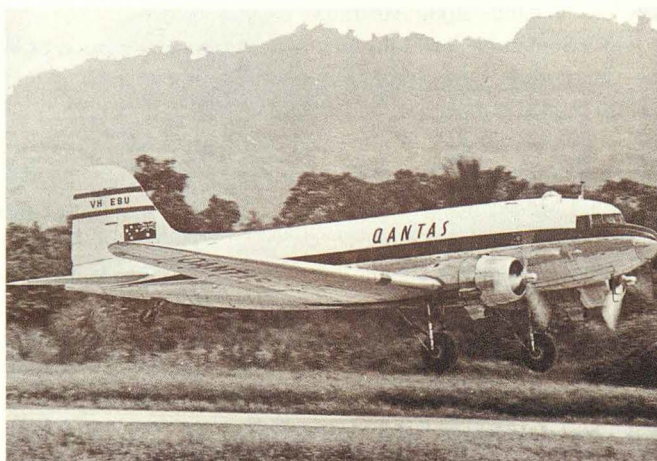


IN PROSPECT

The Gooney-bird still flies.

Airshows the world over include restorations and originals (though probably all major parts have been replaced many times) and spectators can thrill to the noisy radials and the lumbering flight, which gives views not experienced in today's modern high-flying jets.

These 'concours d'elegance' give men and women the opportunity to present the most authentic example of their beloved aircraft. The honour of having the best in the show results in accolades from their peers. Australia's airshow circuit includes year 2000 displays at Rockhampton Qld (July), Caboolture Qld (August), Nowra NSW (September), Jamestown SA (October) and Bankstown NSW (November). For the enthusiast, well worth the visit!



Qantas DC-3 VH-EBU sporting the new colour scheme, August 1960

Corporal Bagimo LSM

of the

Royal Papuan Constabulary

Explorer and War-time Saviour

By John Meehan

The Lieutenant Governor of Papua, Sir Hubert Murray wrote: *I have the honour to inform you that on 10 December 1934 Assistant Resident Magistrate Jack Hides and Patrol Officer Jim O'Malley left Port Moresby on an expedition to the Western Division. Their plan is to ascend the Strickland (River) and then strike eastwards through unknown country, hoping eventually to strike a tributary of the Purari River. I have given them a free hand in choosing police and carriers.*

And so began the now almost legendary Strickland-Purari Patrol, which for the first time introduced foreigners (black and white) to the areas now so well known to the oil industry. One of the players in this saga was Armed Constable Bagimo from Wagadari village, near Ioma, in the Northern Province.

Bagimo enlisted in the Papuan Armed Constabulary at Ioma on 1 July 1931. After training at Port Moresby, the newly graduated Armed Constable (AC) was posted to Kikori, in the Gulf Division (now Gulf Province). For the next three years he was mainly on patrol, helping explore the upper Purari and Samberigi areas, and at the same time assisting in pacifying the warring clans and introducing them to the ways of the outside world.

Jack Hides had chosen Sergeant Orai and nine Armed Constables to accompany him on the Patrol — all men of whom he had a personal knowledge, but he had to recruit good carriers and would need a few more Police during the initial stages. At Kikori he engaged 13 fit, tough Goaribari carriers. AC Bagimo left Kikori with Hides on 16 December 1934.

After a stop at Daru they headed up the Fly River. The launch *Vailala*, now laden to its masts, towed four cedar canoes into which most of the carriers were crammed. Up the Fly and into the Strickland, on they went until the little *Vailala* could go no further. On 11 January 1935 they began the tedious and time consuming business of relaying the men and stores upstream. With the four canoes they could only move one third of their stores at a time. On 29 January they found a large river leading to the north-east which was where they were headed. Hides named it the Rentoul River after his friend (and boss) Resident Magistrate AC Rentoul. He also named the Nomad River. Just above the East River junction, the Rentoul became impossible for further canoe travel. From here onwards it was to be walking all the way.



The Loyal Service Medal was awarded from 1942 for outstanding service by carriers, villagers, the Police and some members of the Papuan Infantry Battalion. A number of policemen were recommended for the Military Medal, but the MM could not be awarded to them because the Police did not belong to the Armed Forces. (They belonged to the Royal Papuan Constabulary, which was a civilian organisation.) The LSM was struck in sterling silver, and is 38mm in diameter. The LSMs were individually numbered; Bagimo was awarded Medal No 51.

The party was now about 500 miles from Daru, and had arrived with eight tons of supplies, which was quite an achievement considering that it was all done with human muscle power. On 20 February Hides inspected the carriers. Two were already showing signs of strain, and the really hard work was just about to begin. These two, along with a local guide and the four Policemen Hides had 'borrowed' from Kikori and Daru, were to return to the coast. Hides burned three of the canoes — he didn't want to tempt any potential deserters) — and as the remaining canoe headed downstream, AC Bagimo stood and waved to the two Europeans, 10 Police and 30 carriers who would be given up as lost before they eventually struggled into Kikori. Hides' party reached Port Moresby on 20 July 1935.

Unfortunately AC Bagimo was illiterate, so we don't have the story of his no doubt adventurous 800km trip down river. Bagimo and his party arrived unscathed at Daru in mid-April, where they reported to Resident Magistrate Leo Austen. They carried Hides' reports of the Patrol, but the last was, of course, written on 20 February when the parties separated. No satellite phones in those days!

AC Bagimo spent the next few years on frontier work. He spent time at the Upper Fly River Police camp, and in 1937 went back up the Strickland River with the POD geophysical party, from whom he received a very favourable report. He was now a well regarded and well respected, albeit junior, member of the Murray Administration. He was transferred to Port Moresby in September 1940, and after the Japanese invasion was attached to the 2/14th Infantry Battalion of the Australian Imperial Force (AIF).

The 2/14th Battalion was the first of the seasoned AIF Battalions to go over the Kokoda Track to meet the Japanese Army. The 39th Militia Battalion had been forced out of Kokoda and had made a defensive position near Isurava village, some ten kilometres south of Kokoda. The 39th was mightily relieved to hand over the position to the 2/14th on 26 August 1942, but the brave 39th remained at the rear as they knew only too well what was about to happen. A furious, but unequal, battle took place over the next four days. On 30 August the 2/14th was forced to withdraw, or be annihilated and leave the road to Port Moresby undefended.

The Japanese Army had a force of about 6,000 men, who had their heavy machine-guns, mortars and light Artillery. The Australians had only 554 men of the 2/14th, less than 200 of the 39th, plus a few of the Royal Papuan Constabulary. These men had all walked from Sogeri, carrying eight days rations, their rifles and Bren light machine-guns.

The Australians escaped from Isurava to fight another day, and another day, and another day, as they slowly withdrew across the Kokoda Track buying time for reinforcements to arrive.

It has often been said that 'these were the men who saved Australia'. One of them is Corporal Bagimo of the Royal Papuan Constabulary.

Private Bruce Kingsbury won a Victoria Cross at Isurava, but was killed in the action. Several others were also given awards for the gallantry displayed during the Kokoda fighting, and one was Cpl Bagimo. The citation for his Loyal Service Medal reads:

**Cpl Bagimo-Aiwa of Wagadari,
Northern District**

For coolness shown when under enemy machine-gun fire at Isurava on 30th August 1942. He has had long service.

For coolness under fire at Isurava! What those words don't say! On 26 August 1998 the author had the privilege to visit Isurava with 46 men of the 2/14th Battalion who came back after all those years to say a final farewell to the 166 of their mates who died during the Kokoda Campaign.

Like Bagimo, Roy Watson was a Corporal at the Isurava battle, but Roy had already fought with the 2/14th in the Middle East, and would go on to see the battles at Buna-Gona in the Ramu Valley, and at Balikpapan in Indonesia. Captain Roy Watson knows something of war, and so when he says that the enemy machine-gun fire at Isurava was like nothing that he and the others had ever experienced before, or would experience later, then I believe him. In such a battle, and in such company, Cpl Bagimo must have stood tall indeed to be singled out for an award.

Let us all make sure that whenever we hear people talk of Isurava and 'the men who saved Australia' that the name of Cpl Bagimo-Aiwa is remembered with honour.

Below: *Bagimo's Record of Service file covers. The earlier one is for the Territory of Papua, Armed Native Constabulary and bears the Coat of Arms of the Territory of Papua. The later one is the war-time version. The separate Territories of Papua and New Guinea were amalgamated and administered by the Army as the Territory of Papua-New Guinea and the file cover bears the Australian Coat of Arms.*



Above: *The Minister for External Territories, Mr E J Ward, examining the Loyal Service Medal worn by Corporal Bagimo-Aiwa on 19 April 1944*

Photo: Courtesy of the Australian War Memorial.

PEN 83


 TERRITORY OF PAPUA - NEW GUINEA
ROYAL PAPUAN CONSTABULARY
RECORD OF SERVICE


ARCHIVES

No. 838 Name BAGIMO Village WAGADARI
 Sub-District PIRA RIVER District NORTHERN DIVISION
 Attested at 10MA on the 1st July 1942

Particulars and Description of Recruit

Apparent Age 33 Height 5'2" Chest Measurement 34"
 Name of Wife BI-IA Wife's Village WARIA
 Children _____

For Headquarters Officer's Use Only


 TERRITORY OF PAPUA
ARMED NATIVE CONSTABULARY.

Record of Service of

No. 838 Name BAGIMO Village WAGADARI
 District PIRA RIVER Division NORTHERN
 Attested at 10MA on the 1st July 1942

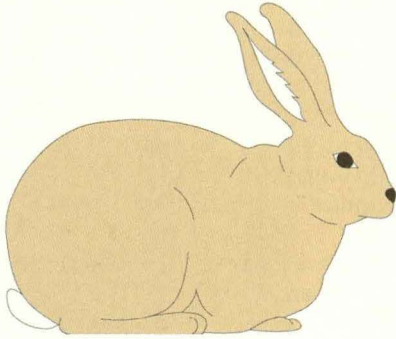
Particulars and Description of Recruit

Apparent age 33 Height 5'2" Chest measurement 34"
 Name of wife on the strength _____ Wife's village _____
 Children _____
 Date of Government Secretary's permission to have wife on strength see H80 644/570/1456 of 1942

John Meehan is a civil engineer who lives in Port Moresby. His main interest is PNG history, and he is compiling a record of all of the Papua New Guineans who received honours and awards for service during World War II. It is his intention to publish such a book because the deeds of the many brave Papua New Guineans are now little known, and even in a person's village the stories are now becoming vague. If any of Bagimo's family can add details to the story above, please write to John at PO Box 1135, Port Moresby.

LOCAL CUISINE — Rabbit

By Céline Peter



Rabbit meat is still rather new for many Papua New Guineans but it is now available — upon request at the meat section — from supermarkets in town. Rabbit is bred as a source of protein and for *bilums* in the Highlands. In other countries, rabbit has been staple meat for rural people for centuries and there are lots of ways to cook it. Domesticated rabbit has white and tender meat, not unlike chicken. Wild rabbit has strong meat that is best when stewed in a red wine sauce like the civet recipe below. *Bon appétit!*



Rabbit with mustard sauce (serves 6)

3tbsp butter 1tbsp oil
1 rabbit, cut into pieces
1 tsp dry thyme 1 bay leaf
4 spring onions
1 glass dry white wine
3tbsp Dijon mustard (French mustard)
juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
126ml double cream

In a big pot, heat oil and 1tbsp butter and cook the rabbit pieces until well browned. Season with thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Cover tightly and cook for 40 minutes.

Heat the remaining butter in a pan and fry spring onions. Moisten with wine and reduce by half. Stir in mustard, lemon juice and cream, then heat through.

When the rabbit is cooked, put the rabbit pieces on a warmed serving dish. Stir the juice of rabbit that was in the pot into the sauce and pour over the rabbit.



Civet (serves 6)

1 rabbit, cut into pieces
1 bottle of red wine (*Cabernet Sauvignon*)
3 carrots 1 onion
English potatoes
parsley bay leaf
salt, pepper

Cut the carrot and onion into slices. Put the rabbit pieces, carrot, onion, bay leaf, parsley in a pot. Cover with the wine. Put in a refrigerator or in a cool place for a few hours. The idea is to prepare this in the morning and cook at night for dinner.

Two hours before dinner, put all the ingredients into a casserole, bring to boil and simmer on very low heat for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Serve warm with steamed potatoes.

Rabbit Papuan style

1 rabbit, cut into pieces
1 litre coconut milk
aibika 1 onion
ginger 1 chilli
2tbsp oil salt, pepper

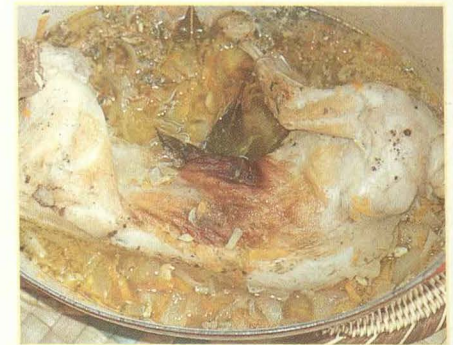
Fry the rabbit pieces in oil in a big pan. When golden brown, add onions, chilli and ginger. Stir for 2 minutes, then pour in coconut milk. Bring to boil and cook on low heat for 45 minutes.



Meanwhile wash aibika. Drop into boiling water for 1 minute, then strain.

When the rabbit is cooked, put aibika in the pot and cook for 5 minutes.

Serve with sweet potatoes, pumpkin or your favourite root crop.



Roasted rabbit

1 rabbit
1 onion, sliced
2 cloves of garlic, crushed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ round cabbage, shredded
2 carrots, shredded
2 glasses of water
salt, pepper
mixed herbs (parsley, thyme, bay leaf)
2tbsp cooking oil

Rabbit can be roasted in an oven, but the meat tends to be dry. An alternative is to pot roast it. Heat cooking oil and cook the rabbit on medium heat in a large cooking pot. Cook on one side and then the other for 10 minutes or until browned. Stir in onion, garlic and herbs. Add other ingredients and water, cover tightly and cook on low heat for about 40 minutes.

Water can be replaced with white wine if you like.

To make it a full meal, you can add peeled potatoes in the pot about 15 minutes before the rabbit is cooked.

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.

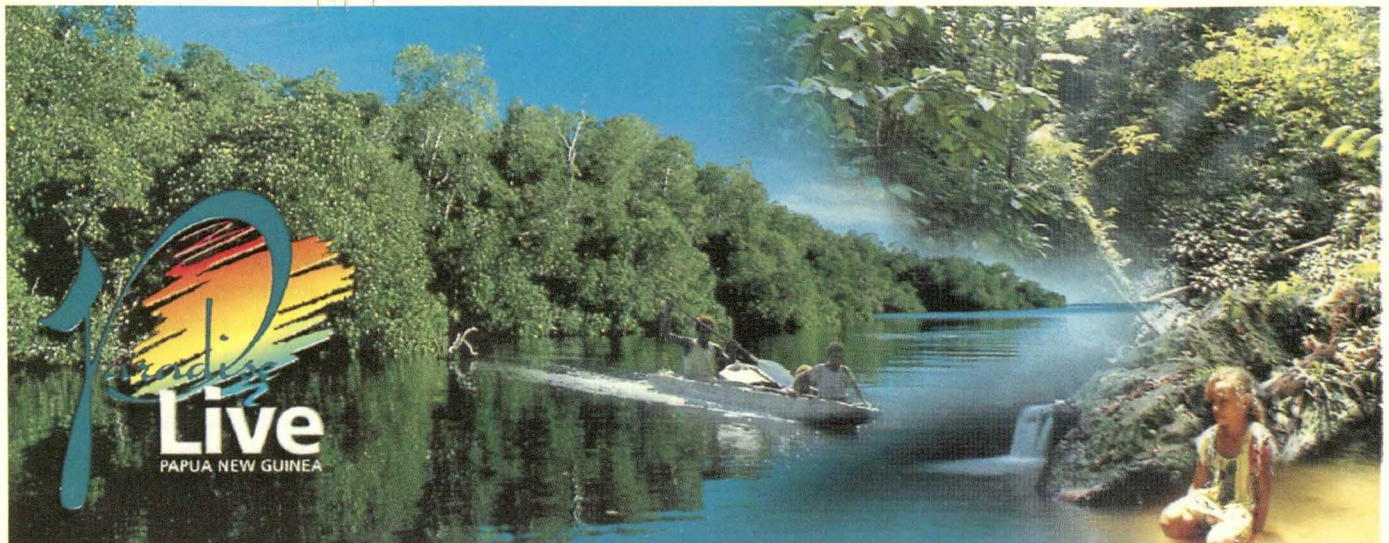
Shopping: Large stores and artifact shops offer a variety of goods for sale. Saturday is a half day for most shops and nearly all are closed on Sunday. Artisans sell their craft beside the roads or in markets. All markets sell a wide range of fruits and vegetables.

Cultural Events: Celebrations of traditional culture include:

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

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 Division 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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