

pride in their homes. Older public toilet facilities were being phased out and new dwellings now included bathrooms and sewage systems. Much like their suburban counterparts in New York's Mamaroneck, London's Richmond, or Sydney's Double Bay, the Hanuabadans added on extra rooms as their economic status improved. They likewise acquired sailboats and water craft (but not cabin cruisers or yachts) and many a family boasted a *lakatoi* — a hollowed

trade wind that wafted sea breezes in from the Gulf of Papua.

These breezes notwithstanding, Noi and I were thirsty under the hot Papuan sun and we stopped by a small village trading store for bottles of "lolly water" — carbonated drinks. The proprietor, a grizzled old fellow, apologized that he had none. In fact, he had little of anything on his bare shelves except for a few meager cans of corned beef and mackerel and, on the floor, half a dozen bags of rice and salt.

were ironic evidence that the Japanese invasion had belatedly succeeded. Forty years after Sogeri, columns of Japanese-manufactured vehicles dominated the rush hour traffic on all the roads in and around the city.

In a modest frame house on the shore we called on Morea Hila, the seventy-three-year-old village elder, who had served for many years as Chairman of the Village Council. "Boina!" he said, welcoming us, and invited us to join



out tree trunk rigged with sails made out of flour and sugar bags and paddled by spade-like oars. The *lakatoi* was used for fishing or racing and was capable of putting out to sea.

Unlike their Western counterparts, however, the Hanuabadans' homes were awash with laundry, colorfully strung out on clotheslines every which way. No automatic washers or dryers here. No airconditioners either. The cooling system was provided by the *laurabada*, the

Short on merchandise, this plodding shopkeeper was, however, long on hours. He kept open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., freely extended credit until the next payday, and somehow survived in his not-too-competitive business world.

Hanuabada's suburban community of about three thousand souls included many government clerks, carpenters, drivers and mechanics, who daily squeezed into crowded buses, trucks and cars to reach their jobs in Moresby. The cars

him on a straw mat on the floor. Although squatting barefoot and dressed in a sports shirt and green patterned skirt, Morea Hila projected the impression of a quiet, wise leader. He had been elected to the Village Council and chosen as its Chairman many times. He was a fourth generation descendant of Boe Vagi, the celebrated first Chief of Hanuabada whose title was bestowed on him by a British Naval Commander. It was said that this Commander, on an offi-