

Birds-of-Paradise, birds in tears and lies and deception in the –

Central Highlands of Papua New Guinea

28th August to 12th September 2010

Garry Daly and Steve Anyon-Smith



The Plan

Barry-Sean Virtue, my long-suffering travel buddy, told me of Kumul Lodge in Enga Province in the Central Highlands of PNG. He'd heard that this was a good place to find many different Birds-of-Paradise (BOPs). The lodge was said to be well organised, surrounded by a good network of tracks, and offering good food.

So the plan was to seek birds and critters in the moss and water-laden forest at the lodge and at sites readily accessible from it. Barry-Sean, perhaps with the aid of a premonition, decided to go into hospital instead*(he is much better now)*.

A personnel change was effected with Garry Daly, an environmental consultant from Nowra, south of Sydney, joining the team. Garry proved to be perfect company, being witty, knowledgeable, and moderately sane.

Quick summary

One week at Kumul Lodge would have been sufficient. I couldn't be bothered leaving home for just a week and as Barry-Sean and I had seen many of the lowland birds in a previous trip to PNG, we had pre-paid the lodge for a two week stay. It was the second week that was to prove the most interesting.....

If you are a lover of BOPs and their allies, don't mind being routinely utterly confused by everyone you meet, don't get stressed by the possibility of attack from the local earthworms and get off on crying women, then go to Kumul Lodge. The location is excellent and you will see many good birds.

Itinerary (as executed)

Day 1, 28th August 2010

Go to Kumul Lodge.

Day 15, 12th September 2010

Go home from Kumul Lodge.



Kumul Lodge, Food, Beer etc

The lodge is sited at an elevation of ~2850 metres and within an extensive forest. Although a casual observer may not realise it, the forest is not pristine and has been selectively logged for some time. Never mind, the vegetation is weird and wonderful and full of exciting birds.

The rambling lodge complex is homey and comfortable and structurally interesting. It is made principally of locally collected forest products. The architecture can best be described as evolutionary. In our self-contained cabin various structural members were simply removed when it was discovered that certain things wouldn't otherwise fit, like beds.

Our cabin had an electric jug, vanity unit and shower. Sometimes we had tea and coffee, electricity and water as well. Occasionally we had all these things at once, but this was quite rare.

Room service was erratic, but this ceased entirely after we changed the locks. The "diary" section of this report provides details on why we would do this.....



Food at the lodge was simple, plentiful and wonderful! Three hot meals per day were far more than necessary. The kitchen and its staff were clean and hygienic so our stomachs and the bits attached to them stayed happy. Main meals would feature pork, chicken, beef, fish, or sometimes a choice of dishes.

The lodge sells the rather good SP Lager at a reasonable price.

The cabins and the restaurant / bar are all connected by covered walkways. This was fortuitous as it prevented us from drowning and gave the black-tailed antechinus something to walk on.

Much could be written on the mindset of the lodge staff. They were obliging enough providing they didn't have to do anything.....Alternatively you could ask them three times as long as the task was a simple one. They suffered from the

mass delusion that they worked hard for a small amount of money. Somewhere in their job descriptions must be a clause that stated that a maximum of one staff member was allowed to be in motion at any one point in time. If no-one moved for at least an hour they all received a bonus, or so they thought. That they were poorly paid was true enough. This situation was about to be rectified as they were about to find out that they were not going to be paid at all..... or at least this is what we were told by the management.

A track network can be accessed from the lodge. There are no track maps or diagrams and the tracks are not marked in any way. You would need to be quite daft to get lost though, as there are plenty of landmarks and every track connects with every other track. While the tracks could be steep, muddy or overgrown they were quite safe underfoot. Many of those close to the lodge were paved - with tree fern trunks!

The forest is loaded with epiphytes. This region boasts the highest diversity of epiphytic orchids in the world. Some of the epiphytes have their own epiphytes! Flowering rhododendrons grew high in the trees. For fans of Lord of the Rings, I wasn't entirely sure about some of the trees. They may in fact be Ents. I stared at one for a good while to see if it would move, wink at me, or perhaps offer profound insights, like where to see Loria's ex-BOP.

We visited two "off-lodge" sites known as Pigetes and Tonga. Pigetes is about 300 metres lower than Kumul and Tonga a further 700 metres lower again. Some birds were common to all sites but even small changes in altitude triggered big changes in animal and plant diversity. A whole suite of different living stuff could be seen at



each site. Pigetes can be accessed from the lodge by foot, taking about 45 minutes. Tonga requires road transport. It is about a 30 minute drive, assuming you live through the experience.

I managed to sneak off to Mt Hagen (the mountain, not the town) by walking from the lodge and not telling anybody. If I had left earlier in the day it would have been possible to climb the mountain (3770m) and get back to Kumul before dark, but the lodge catering arrangements held me back. The management doesn't like people wandering off without telling them because they find it difficult to extract extra money at the Paying of the Bill Ceremony.

Personal Security

We didn't feel threatened during our time in Enga Province and pretty much everyone we met wanted to shake hands, convert us or have a gas-bag. The most dangerous event attended was the Gathering of the Messiahs in Wabag - see diary for Day 10.

Around the lodge and along the nearby roadsides it is probably quite safe by day. I never felt terribly comfortable in towns. The likelihood of crime must be fairly high judging by the sheer number of police vehicles present. Whilst most people you meet in PNG are very keen to downplay the risk of anything bad happening, consider this: according to the Enga Province Museum in Wabag, there were 340 wars between 1991 and 2006 in Enga Province alone. This province is not very big. This resulted in 3800 dead and no record of the wounded. If this is how they treat each other..... The good thing is the wars can be gay and colourful affairs, although they normally get called off if the weather turns shitty or if the footy is on.

The other thing you notice is how the cars and trucks look like extras from a Mad Max movie. They are all plastered with steel cages. I wasn't certain whether this was to stop flying rocks, flying warriors or to prevent employees from escaping en route to work.

The kids were okay. Some were rather fun.

Personally I found the missionaries to be scarier. I'm not alone on that score. And I'm still not sure about the earthworms.



Wildlife and the Environment (see also bird list at the end of the report)

The mountains of PNG are, for the moment, still covered with significant areas of good quality forest. There are sites where the population is small or non-existent and I am sure wildlife does well in these places. In recent times some forests have been set aside as national parks or non-hunting areas. I don't expect access to these places is easy but I am not sure about this. Anywhere you can walk from a road or village has been visited millions of times by local people hunting and gathering. Birds are relatively common but large mammals are very thin on the ground.

There is great potential for habitat and wildlife conservation in PNG.

For bird identification we used Beehler's *Birds of New Guinea*. Mammals were identified from Flannery's *Mammals of New Guinea* (or whatever it's called).

We identified 99 different birds and five mammals. This made us happy.

Mammals

PNG has a wonderful array of delightful mammals. They must all taste pretty good, which makes them very hard to see. Pretty much everything is uncommon, rare or impossible. Locals will expend a hundred times the energy they might gain from a dead cuscus in the act of hunting one. Assuming they succeed it won't just be the cuscus that suffers. Giant trees might be felled in the process. The only possible good news from this might be the trigger for a war, say, if the cuscus crosses a clan boundary or utters a curse at a villager's dog or something.

Whole villages go nuts over a dead rat. Rats were prominent on our mammal list. One of these - the black-tailed giant rat, is a formidable animal indeed. They are as big as a large possum (I am not making this up), much more aggressive, and quite capable of ripping tyres off trucks. Maybe.

We went spotlighting quite a bit along the tracks near the lodge but all the mammals seen were in the lodge grounds. Callaby's pademelon is doing well on grassy patches while black-tailed giant rats rule the roost on the bird feeder by night. A mountain melomys was also seen here. A pair of black-tailed antechinus ran along the walkway cover just after sunrise, whilst the attractive (for a rat) white-eared giant rat was seen on the ground on three occasions during daylight hours.

Cuscuses (including silky), other possums, Rattray's bandicoot, moss forest rats and various other furry stuff also occur around the lodge but were not seen by us. Nervous Doria's tree-kangaroos still occur on the slopes of Mt Hagen but we put in no real effort to see one.

Birds

I missed just one of the BOPs or bowerbirds that were possible - Lawe's parotia, and pretty much cleaned up on possible parrots. We found most of the less colourful jobbies.

Some ground-dwelling skulkers were heard but not seen. These included lesser ground-robin, Forbes' forest-rail and spotted jewel-babbler.



Kumul Lodge has a large bird (and by night, rat) feeder that is replenished at least twice daily with fruit and vegetable scraps. Commonly seen visitors included ribbon-tailed astrapia, brown sicklebill, Archbold's bowerbird, crested cnemophilus, chestnut forest-rail, Brehm's tiger parrot and bronze ground-dove. Other less exciting visitors abounded.

The Pigetes site had many King-of Saxony BOPs, Loria's cnemophilus, black pitohui, black sittella and heaps of parrots.

Tonga was the must see home of the incomparable blue BOP. Also seen here was superb BOP (common), Macgregor's bowerbird, streaked berrypecker and Madaraz's tiger parrot.

Reptiles and amphibians

One type of skink was common around the lodge, *Papuascincus stanleyanum* along with a lower altitude one, being *Sphenomorphus leptofasciatus*. Quite boring but. I think Garry found about half a dozen different frogs. I believe he called them "microhylids".



Insects (annoying / life threatening)

Garry found a single leech, or, more correctly, the leech found Garry.

Insects (not annoying / life threatening)

A few butterflies and moths and some interesting phasmids. Cicadas were heard a few times just on dawn. They soon closed up shop, or maybe they were eaten by worms?

Non-arthropod invertebrates

We are dealing with worms here. I asked one of the local guides what caused the noise that sounded like a truck reversing through the forest. He said "worms". I said no, the noise that sounds like truck reversing lights. "Worms". Bullshit, how big are they. This long -----

----- and this wide -----. "How do you know this?"
"One ate my cat". Time to be afraid. Although, on the whole, if they eat cats.....

I am still puzzled by the likelihood of noisy worms but more than one of the lodge staff were quite firm on the matter.

The prospect of aggressive or dangerous worms seemed to have a profound effect on Garry. Periodically and seemingly at random he would crash to the ground and start frantically digging. No worms were ever seen. I was hoping he caught one. I was keen to find out what other noises it could make.

Orchids

The highlands of PNG are orchid fanciers' heaven. Pretty much every mature tree has orchids on it. Some trees had a dozen or more species. Many are undescribed. Terrestrial orchids are also in evidence with road cuttings being popular hosts. Many of the orchids were flowering at the time of our visit. The size of the plants often bore no relationship to the size of the flowers. Some plants were so small they were hidden under moss, yet the flowers were large, colourful and unlike any I have seen elsewhere. Max Mal, one of the lodge's "staff" has established an orchid garden on land near the lodge. It is well worth a visit. Max is very keen on his orchids and we spent some time with him on collecting sorties.



Weather

Consecutive fine days do not occur in the PNG highlands. It rained from mid to late afternoon most days. It often stopped after dark, but not always. Fogs were common. Clouds could be seen moving in three different directions at once. It was well nigh impossible to predict the weather beyond about a minute and a half.

Night temperatures dropped below ten degrees and by day got up to 20 something. It was plenty warm enough to sit in the sun in a pair of shorts in the middle of the day and get sunburnt. My nose was so burnt I crafted a new one after the old version fell off.

All told we were happy with the weather.



Roads and Transport

"Buggered up true" best describes PNG's road network. This is very good news. If the roads were in better condition I wouldn't travel on them. The only reason that everyone doesn't die every day on the roads is that drivers are prevented from travelling as fast as they would like on account of the curious shape of the roads. Some of the potholes are large enough to create their own weather.

Our road experiences were restricted to the major road that connects Western Province's Mt Hagen to Wabag, the capital slum of Enga Province. That this road exists at all can be attributed to a very large mine at one end.

There are very few private vehicles in the Central Highlands and all of these are 4WDs. Not one conventional car was seen. Most of the traffic consists of PMVs (public motor vehicles), government 4WDs and trucks. As a hitchhiker, any one of these may stop for you, but it pays not to be in a hurry. You may find yourself as the owner of an excellent working knowledge of a very small section of roadside before anyone will stop. PMV fares are highly negotiable if you happen to be coloured white.



Diary

Day 1 - 28th August 2010

A taxi booked for 0430 does not make for a great night's sleep. Our 0605 Qantas 737 to Brisbane was quickly followed by an Air Niugini 767-300 for Port Moresby. All was well until the Air Niugini pilot decided a banana-shaped runway would better suit Port Moresby's Jackson International Airport. He then used a Bastards Incorporated braking system so that all his passengers could be better acquainted with the seat in front of them.

The people processing system at Jackson was pleasant and we soon found ourselves in the nearby domestic terminal waiting for our mid-afternoon departure for Mt Hagen.

Just when you think you have seen every possible way you can inefficiently get people onto planes, along comes Port Moresby Domestic. There are no electronic screens, blackboards or sandpits to tell you what flight is going where and when. Nor are there any announcements in English. So at 1450 all departing domestic flights - about eight of them - all boarded at once through the same gate. Several hundred people charged the giant plane parking lot.

I reckoned our plane would be some beat up relic but my seat allocation - 20G - suggested otherwise. Our Air Niugini Fokker F100 left and arrived on time. Every seat was occupied - even mine. Except it wasn't me that was sitting in it. Not unless my skin colour had dramatically changed and I'd inherited a world-class collection of tats on my bulging muscles. I sat in another seat. Pointless causing a fuss....

We were happy to see the smiling Janet from Kumul Lodge with one of those little signs they carry. Janet and her sister Kim soon had us out of the arrivals dog kennel and into a modern mini-bus for the fairly short ride to the lodge. It rained most of the way. If Mt Hagen (the town) has anything to sing its praises, I failed to see it.



Kumul Lodge is about 1000 metres higher than Mt Hagen. We made a short stop to rejoin a part of the van that wanted to scrape along the road, arriving just on dusk. We hurled our gear into Cabin #2.

Months earlier, while in the process of booking and paying for our accommodation, I sent a number of emails to Janet and Kim. Janet was very obliging so I told her that I would bring her a small gift from Australia. Something like a T-shirt or an eastern brown snake or something. Janet responded with a request for a medium-sized digital camera. As it happened I had an old camera that would have languished forever in a drawer before eventually being thrown away by the beneficiaries of my estate. So it was this relatively ancient machine that I gave Janet. She was disproportionately happy with the acquisition. It got her to thinking that other things might swing her way if she played her cards right.....

We repaired to the fireplace near the lodge's bar; single malt in hand. Here we conversed with a Christian nutcase doctor couple and a 78 year old scientist who was



trying to set some sort of record for upsetting wildlife. This guy was attempting to put every known vertebrate into a box. Not all at once, just one at a time. What he did with them was a closely guarded secret and likely to have broken a number of laws.

The large and rather splendid bird feeding table outside the restaurant played host to a monstrous

black-tailed giant rat. It was in the process of eating a baby. I wasn't going to tangle with it. It got our mammal list off the ground in any event.

The altitude, whisky, general exhaustion and anticipation of the day to follow made for a rather ordinary head experience as I hit the bed.

Day 2 - 29th August 2010

Pre-dawn excitement got the better of me, so I went spotlighting. What else would you do? This was a masterstroke as I soon had excellent views of Callaby's pademelon in the lower car park.

The lodge's bird feeding tray was next. This was just ridiculous with ribbon-tailed astrapias, brown sicklebills, Archbold's bowerbird, Brehm's tiger parrots, chestnut forest-rail, bronze ground-dove and a host of honeyeaters.

We enjoyed a big breakfast before hitting the tracks. The forest is exciting, not too tall and with an enchantment factor of 9 /10. Almost every step revealed something to delight in, with flowering orchids and other plants, birds, frogs and no people. We walked what I believe to be the standard circuit that takes you past Max's orchid garden - a patch of forest being tended by an interesting chap named Max Mal where fallen (and not so fallen) orchids get rehoused. Max knows the names of all his pets, which is an achievement in itself.

Lodge manager Lyn, the sister of Janet and Kim, moved us from Cabin #2 to Cabin #5. This is the cabin which the male crested cnemophilus tries to break into.

Fish and chips, lying shirtless in the sun and trying not to see everything on the first day were now the priorities.

The afternoon's birding highlights were the brilliant Papuan lorikeet (both colour morphs), plum-faced lorikeet and brown-backed whistler.

Post-dinner spotlighting returned various frogs but no mammals.



Day 3 - 30th August 2010

With head torch attached and with a mug of coffee, the pre-dawn gloom was ideal for writing in my diary. All around was birdcall on a cloudless, windless morning. As often happens, the time spent waiting for and eating breakfast was the best time of the day for birds.....

We reversed our walk from yesterday. Whilst it was delightful we didn't add very many birds to our list. The shape-shifting and rather bizarre lesser melampitta was the best of them. This weird little beast - an all black ground-dwelling lurky thing - called constantly and moved about within a few metres of us, never showing more than 5% of itself at any one time. According to taxonomists (who should never be trusted) the lesser melampitta is a BOP! Really?

Rachel, a very pleasant but ever-slothful lodge staffer paid us a visit and scored a stuffed kangaroo for her trouble. This was to have ramifications - the donated kangaroo, not the visit. Max Mal also visited. He was friendly and also pragmatic enough to realise we were his best chance of scoring cargo or patronage.

We said our goodbyes to Brain McNab, one of the world's leading scientists on the study of energetics, whilst simultaneously making wildlife cranky.

Rain arrived in time to answer the question of whether we should go spotlighting.



Day 4 - 31st August 2010 (six days before The Incident)

We had arranged to go to the Tonga birding site, about 15km down the valley along the road to Wabag. Lyn told us we would leave the lodge at 0600. As neither our guide, Max Mal, nor our driver had yet to emerge from their beds at this time, this wasn't very likely. That they should be asleep was not all that surprising as they had not been told of their involvement in this little enterprise.

We arrived at Tonga, a hillside covered by regrowth forest, at 0700. In PNG the likelihood of seeing birds is more strongly related to the local hunting effort than it is to being in pristine forest. BOPs and other birds can tolerate much selective logging before they abandon ship. Tonga's forest has been selectively logged though the hunting effort is said to be small. It is the blue BOP site but our visit found them to be hard to see. We heard them calling readily enough but had to settle for distant views of a female.

We delighted in the different plants at Tonga. Garry was particularly interested in them, and informative, especially with trees and shrubs that have representatives in Australia. Max Mal was a student of everything he could learn, so we made a good team.

Other birds seen included displaying superb BOPs, Macgregor's bowerbird and Madaraz's tiger parrot.

The track at Tonga climbs a fairly steep hill. A village and school sit on top of this hill and the track - an old logging road - entertained a constant procession of schoolkids along with the odd schoolteacher. One was quite odd indeed. She was best described as ugly, but felt the need to explain to Garry that she was married. In fact this was all she said. Bad luck Garry.

Some of the kids were a bit of a nuisance but not too bad in the world scheme of things. They could be encouraged to leave us alone through gentle encouragement, extreme violence, or the intervention of the village chief. This venerable chap had nothing better to do so he joined us for much of the morning.



One very positive aspect of a visit to rural PNG is the universal habit of its people to shake hands and warmly welcome you. They are truly polite and gentle souls. That is when they are not killing each other over border disputes, pig ownership or poor footy tipping.

We had booked our tour of Tonga as a "full day excursion". For reasons that eluded us, by late morning we found ourselves walking along a boring hot road toward Max's village of Anji. This bird-free trek still has me mystified. I am guessing it had more to do with Max than us. Our driver had disappeared and it was unclear whether he would return.

We proved to be the local entertainment for throngs of bored locals, including an entire school, which emptied in our honour.

By lunchtime we found ourselves back at the lodge after our driver discovered us waiting a long way from where he had initially been searching. Serendipitously we found Kim in the lodge car park. A short and measured conversation saw her offer to drive us down the road to the Pigetes site later in the afternoon with the promise that she would personally pick us up a few hours after that. No extra charge. All good.

The first part of our new schedule worked just fine. We were deposited at Pigetes at 1500. We were joined by Max and Tony, the landowner. The forest at Pigetes is remarkably different to that at the lodge, with different soil, altitude and aspect all playing a part. Podocarps are dominant, at least for the moment. We missed many of

the birds we heard calling, including Forbes' forest-rail, lesser ground robin and spotted jewel-babbler. King of Saxony BOP is common, and we added sooty melidectes to our trip list.

We could smell the rain before it landed on us. We made a hasty exit. Through the miracle of mobile phones (and everyone in PNG has one) we could call the lodge to pick us up. Calling someone is not the same as getting them to do anything. We learnt that our pick-up vehicle had gone to Mt Hagen. In fact "gone to Mt Hagen" became a familiar reason given for something not happening, whether it was a person, vehicle, key or anything else that couldn't be located where it should have been. We eventually caught a PMV back to the lodge.



SP Lagers were enjoyed before a lavish and good dinner. It was a day where few things went according to plan but we managed well over 40 birds and the cultural experiences were rich.

Garry had continuing minor issues with the altitude and retired early. Rain cancelled spotlighting plans.

Day 5 - 1st September 2010 (five days before The Incident)

We decided on a Lay Day. So it was largely sit and wait, with a little bit of exploration thrown in. We discovered someone's "seasonal hunting lodge" by walking in a fairly random fashion. Rufous-throated bronze cuckoo was the only bird of interest that we hadn't already seen.

The weather was kind to us. It waited until we arrived back at the lodge in the late morning before it began to rain. It kept up for the rest of the day, thus confirming our brilliance in the planning department. The rather colourful and confiding crested berrypecker made an appearance while we were sitting inside at the bar.

The lodge charges a hefty fee for visiting off-lodge sites. In our case this invited creativity for us in terms of fee minimisation. This is otherwise known as not telling the whole truth. It works this way. Given that all the ex-lodge birding sites are accessible by road, and that transport can be fairly easy to get (and thoroughly inexpensive), why pay extortionate fees to the lodge? There are allegedly good reasons to do this actually - the lodge developed the tracks in the first place and according to the management they pay locals not to hunt the birds. Counter to this argument was our developing history of not getting what we paid for.

There are problems associated with just wandering off down the road to say, Pigetes, which is only a 45 minute walk, and with birds along the way. The problem is this - the lodge will soon know where you went. This is due to the fact that everyone distrusts one another. They love nothing more than to dob each other in for some perceived infraction of the rules, or in order to start a war or something.

Post-dinner spotlighting was possible but despite an hour or so searching a wide area of likely looking forest we saw no mammals or nocturnal birds.



Day 6 - 2nd September (four days before The Incident)

Being daring, we decided to walk along the main road in the general direction of Pigetes. Tony, the Pigetes landowner, was lurking on the roadside about a kilometre away from the lodge. He explained that he needed to walk with us for security purposes. This started an unfortunate chain of events. Next thing Max was next to us saying that we were seen consorting with a lodge staffer (Tony) by another lodge worker ("Judas") who passed us on the road. This apparently invoked a scrum of extra fees and charges. We agreed on a version of the facts that would lead to the least amount of violence.

We managed a number of birds that were new to us but failed to see the main target of Loria's cnemophilus.

Back at the lodge and we were asked where we had been. Had we gone to Pigetes? Of course not.

We tried as best we could to understand some of the more confusing aspects of life in the PNG highlands by talking with lodge staff. This added a new layer of confusion; slightly mitigated by the ingestion of SP Lager.

Spotlighting was undertaken in perfect conditions for the spotlighting team but revealing no mammals or nocturnal birds.

Day 7 - 3rd September 2010 (three days before The Incident)

The day started with fog and drizzle. We had no firm plans so it didn't matter much what the weather did. Garry and I meandered about, finding some magnificent old pines along a small creek that were so loaded with moss and epiphytes we marvelled that they could all stay up in the air. There were trees growing in the trees.

We caught up with Lyn, the lodge manager, and asked her if we needed to pay to walk down the road and into an area of forest being logged - which just so happened to be adjacent to Pigetes. She said we didn't have to pay for this. Hmmm.

One of the mysteries of staying at Kumul Lodge is the "fees and charges" that accrue during your stay that are only accessible to you during the Paying of the Bill Ceremony prior to checkout. Attempts to establish a daily tally or, heaven help you, an advance estimate, are futile. So it pays to keep a diary.

We walked across the main road into the (probably) natural grassland and the forest beyond it. This didn't amount to much in the way of fun so we tried to make a beeline for Max's orchid garden. This involved making a series of tentative and sometimes arbitrary decisions within a dense track network. At no point did we walk around in circles, but there was always a good chance that we would. We both held pet theories on where we were, where we had to go, which way was north and whether Speyside, highland or Islay single malts were best, but we lacked conviction. It mattered little as we could have easily retraced our muddy steps but where's the fun in that?

At Max's garden we told of our adventure. We mentioned the more interesting tracks and the small burnt house we discovered. Max happily revealed that the small burnt house was dear to his heart. He had built this house. He was also the one who set fire to it. It turns out Max was once lost in this same forest while trying to get from one of his houses (now incinerated) to another. After encountering the same house twice he got the shits (his words, not mine) and taught it a lesson it would never forget.

Lyn had given one of the donated toy koalas to her niece, Sarah, a delightful and precocious two year old. She loved it so much she set table for it, fed it, took it to bed with her and treated it like her baby. She was cock-a-hoop that her family could give her such a wonderful birthday present. That's a good spend of \$A1.67! These little travel gems make a difference.

Day 8 - 4th September 2010 (two days before The Incident)

Our 0600 breakfast arrived at 0640. We had arranged to go walking with Max but there was no sign of him. Eventually he was summoned and we walked down the road beyond Pigetes and then into the forest. We worked hard for our birds and again failed to see Loria's cnemophilus. Added to our list were black-breasted boatbill, black-throated honeyeater, grey gerygone and black sittella.

Garry returned to the lodge, while Max and I trudged about logging tracks bagging orchids from the ground. We managed to snag a PMV back up the hill.

I reflected on my level of apparent fitness. I was so happy to be able to walk up and down hills at a little bit of altitude with no physical effects (or defects).

Day 9 - 5th September 2010 (the day before The Incident)

This was a slow day but not unwelcomed.

We said goodbye to a very pleasant and well-travelled Dutch couple. A targeted hunt for orange-crowned wrens failed in its mission.

Basking in the sun adjacent to our wet washing was something of a highlight. The whole of the afternoon was spent at the bird feeder trying to take photographs. 19 species were seen. We then proceeded to give the gin and single malt stocks a bit of a hiding as we sat around the fire and chatted to each other and anyone else who got in the way. Fog killed our planned spotlighting. A mountain melomys was seen under the bird feeder after dark.



ribbon-tailed astropia

Day 10 - 6th September 2010 (the day of The Incident)

A pair of black-tailed antechinus were seen well after sunrise running along the covered walkway to the restaurant.

The plan was to go to Wabag, the capital of Enga Province, for a "cultural experience". Janet was to take us but she discovered she was needed at her place of work, a lawyer's office in Mt Hagen. Hardly surprising really, Monday being a work day and all. So Lyn was to come with us but she couldn't be located. Situation normal.

Lyn eventually arrived from Mt Hagen and we found ourselves waiting by the roadside for a PMV. This was a good plan but the execution was troublesome as every vehicle was full. It was suggested that we walk to the provincial border where every vehicle is stopped for inspection. In this way we had a better chance of pleading with and / or bribing any drivers. This wasn't a complete waste of time as a mountain swiftlet was seen along the road.

By 1030 we, 50,000 live chickens, various locals and a battle-scarred, baldy-tyred Toyota van were on our way along the "buggered up true" road to Wabag. The chickens were quite chatty. There may not have been 50,000 of them. There may well have been more than that but it is likely that some failed to see the humour in the journey and expired along the way.

Chickens aside, the road trip was pleasant. We descended a long valley with the scenery being mostly gardens and people. Little native vegetation remained. Not many birds were spotted and even less were heard. The 50,000 chickens played a part in this. A flat tyre - a routine occurrence in a country where the last new tyre was sold in 1975 - slowed us a little; six minutes to be precise, but made little overall difference in the two hour journey.

Wabag is a fairly small town most notable for its police presence. Every second conveyance is a police vehicle. All of them are armoured. It would be kind of fun to see Wabag at the end of a balmy day after the local football side had lost, a brewery truck had overturned and a neighbouring tribe had determined that a very important pig had been stolen. The police must be there for a reason.

The town of Wabag is also renowned for the number and quality of its messiahs. At least three different messiahs approached us. They all had a different delivery, with one dressed in suit and tie who we first thought was announcing the winning lotto numbers. We learnt that he was quoting from Spastikus II, an Old Testament writer who missed the cut. But our favourite was Foamer, a rather wiry chap who welcomed us to paradise while simultaneously abusing the living crap out of us. Some of his disciples threw food at him and offered helpful advice when they thought he had misinterpreted the scriptures. This always led to Foamer spraying messianic spittle in all directions whilst he interacted with his followers.

Lyn took us to the rather brilliant and incongruous Enga Cultural Museum. This well-designed facility had been built by a Danish anthropologist who clearly fell in love



with the locals and their culture. We could have spent many more hours here looking at the spacious exhibits and reading about the fascinating history of the Enga.

Here, amongst other things, we discovered the myriad ways people could kill each other, and still do. This museum is a must see for the twelve or so tourists who pass through Wabag each year.

We toddled off to a nearby building so that I could buy a sand painting or two. These rather attractive paintings are a local specialty and we had come to a site where the artists were hard at work! Surely we could buy a painting. Well

normally yes, but the guy with the key to the locked showroom was in Mt Hagen. That makes sense. Not.



the excellent Enga Cultural Museum, Wabag

We searched the market area for billums but these were in short supply. Of interest was a dead person. Some guy suicided (I think) beside the road and broke his back (not that I am experienced in broken backs, but I'm getting there....). Everyone from the adjacent market stalls ran across the road to stare at him as he reclined in the drain. I joined them thinking that some type of rare roadside drain cuscus might have stupidly shown itself but this was clearly not the case.



Billums were not the only things in short supply; so were PMVs bound for Mt Hagen. I began to ponder a short, unhappy and probably violent life in Wabag.

Beer was the main thought as we escaped from Foamer, his messianic mates and the other colourful inhabitants of Wabag.

We flashed past Max Mal on our way through his village. We didn't stop, neither did anyone else, and he subsequently spent three hours walking back to the lodge.

The world was a good place. The fire was lit, the beer was cold(ish) and hotel options - or the lack thereof - in Wabag were never explored. Relaxation was now the focus. But the day was to grow more interesting.....

(Disclaimer - the next paragraph is not entirely accurate. This is due to the fact that I "have been bought". I promised certain individuals that I would not write particular things. So some minor details have been changed. Anybody who enjoys cryptic crosswords should easily work out the truth here...)



Garry went to our cabin and soon returned. He commented that he thought it unusual that baby food had been left next to the electric jug. Hmmm. An investigation might be in order. I also went to our cabin and I too noticed something unusual. A baby was crying and it was doing this from an unattended billum hanging from my backpack. The main gig in PNG, as it happens, is to donate things to unsuspecting visitors as a form of greeting and / or payback (or advance payback). I checked that the baby was okay by asking it a series of questions, before ignoring it and reporting it to the management.

Management were unimpressed. They promised to find out who put the baby in our room. We were assured that this would happen quickly and that little "Sony" (the baby) would soon be returned.

Day 11 - 7th September 2010

Max explained that his clan "owned" much of the forest on the approach to Mt Hagen (the mountain, not the town). From the lodge a clear approach to the summit can be seen running along a ridge line. Many things look clear from afar. Up closer reality intervenes. Anyway the plan was to try to get to the top of the mountain and back in one day. Several obstacles lay in the way. The first of these was to get an early start. This entailed an early breakfast and a packed lunch.

I was advised not to telegraph my movements too much or else the lodge would charge me money for doing something significant or interesting.

The early breakfast I asked for arrived at about 0720, not 0630. The packed sandwich and fruit took one hour to prepare. I was getting pretty antsy by the time we finally left after 0800. Max and Daisy, his wife, were my walking companions. The weather was ordinary, with fog and drizzle and a very wet path. The mud, fallen logs and wet vegetation tried to take all the fun out of walking uphill. The biggest problem was that the uphill bits were not uphill enough, with regular down-slopes. I wanted to gain altitude as quickly as possible!



As we approached the tree-line and the time my socks were soaked we finally started seeing changes in vegetation. I left Max and the tiring Daisy behind and gained the tree-line after midday. It was clear that I wouldn't make the summit which at 3770 metres was still a couple of hundred metres in altitude higher and some distance

away. I rested for a bit, emptied my shoes and descended, picking up Max and Daisy and a burgeoning quantity of orchids along the way.

The walk back to the lodge took four hours, as the risk of slipping over increased as we walked downhill. I failed to see any of the targeted high altitude birds and only some signs of Doria's tree kangaroo. Never mind, I was stoked by the positive physical side of my "big day out".

The search for Sony's owner was on in earnest but nobody claimed responsibility. The police were called (so we were told).

Ten hours of blissful sleep.

Day 12 - 8th September 2010 (the crying period starts)

A tearful Rachel visited us before breakfast to unnecessarily further state her innocence.

I asked Lyn how much it would cost to go to the Pigetes site by PMV and she responded with a reasonable rate; so Tony and I hoofed it down the road arriving at 0845. Occasional light showers and very little wind contributed to a bird-filled morning with Princess Stephanie's astropia, yellow-billed lorikeet, a brilliant black pitohui and at last a male Loria's cnemophilus calling from a tall tree.

Meanwhile Garry had gone a' froggin' with Max down in Anji village. He returned with stories of village violence caused by people stealing things and getting caught doing it. PNG seems to be in a constant state of minor wealth redistribution, and as a consequence the good folk get quite skilled at "going the nut" when they find the new owners of their former property.



Whilst sitting outside our cabin and actively pondering the consumption of brown aerated medicine, Garry yelled out something about orange-crowned wrens. Indeed he had discovered a large noisy group of these most un-wren-like birds. These guys crashed noisy through the mid-storey and if their behaviour was anything to go by it is no wonder I hadn't seen them, as I had been constantly looking in all the wrong places.

An adjournment to the bar was coincident with continuous heavy rain, thus killing spotlighting, again. Lyn joined us. I gave her a whisky and then negotiated a reduced rate for another visit to Tonga.

Day 13 - 9th September 2010

In an amazing display of spontaneous organisation the staff at Kumul Lodge made us our breakfast and had us out the door at 0630 - as arranged. A madman drove us to Tonga, arriving at 0700. A large fruiting *Trema orientalis* near the road bridge played host to both blue and superb BOPs. Happily for us the blues included a stunning male. This same bird was seen displaying briefly. Quite a number of blues and many superbos were also seen in *Trema* on the cultivated side of the river. We spent a couple of hours hoping to see Lawe's parotia but it wasn't to be.





A walk to the top of the ridge revealed streaked berrypeckers (pecking on berries...) and a marbled honeyeater. Although we had the whole day at this site, breezy conditions and rain-showers saw a strategic retreat to dysfunction-land shortly after lunch. I would have enjoyed a coffee on arrival. The lack of electricity (and coffee) made this challenging.

A staff-free zone had apparently been declared. Just as we were enjoying the fire in the bar area a contingent of the local constabulary arrived. Large scary-looking guns were on display. The gentleman in charge made the introductions. This process was cumbersome, not because the policemen lacked language skills but because they were so pissed they could hardly scratch themselves. One bloke, allegedly a detective, had pissed his pants (never a good look) but had failed to notice - or didn't care. Garry and I suggested that their business at the lodge (whatever that was) was concluded and they were invited to leave. They did.

Lyn returned and advised that the police would be interviewing potential "mothers" of Sony.

Torrential rain meant.....

Day 14 - 10th September 2010

We had seen most of the birds likely to be found around Kumul Lodge but my level of interest was still high. Kumul is in a stunning location and the human side of the experience was rich, with many of the people from the lodge taking on characters not normally associated with humans. Most sought patronage, cargo or someone to understand them. They all suffered one delusion in common - they thought they were hard working.

I managed the firm impression that the PNG highlanders we met were far less at peace with their lot in life than people in similar situations in Africa or Asia. I blame missionaries, the period of Australian government administration and the advent of mobile phones, in that order.

We walked as far from the lodge through the forest as we dared given that an aerial view of the track network would resemble a bowl of spaghetti.

By lunch we had returned and sat in the sun talking nonsense. Kirsten and Per, a Swiss / Swedish couple arrived for a few days. We ate with them. It later transpired that Kirsten had read many of my trip reports and correctly guessed my surname!! She was almost overwhelmed. Garry said I looked stunned and lost for words. A middle-aged South African white boy also arrived. At one point I explained to the Afrikaner that he had left his vehicle's headlights on. "Oh, I'm not the driver" he snapped. I told him I couldn't care less.

Janet arrived and we had a bit of a chat. She was so happy with the camera she was given, expressed her love for me and asked that I take her home. No.

Max pointed out a mountain owllet-nightjar during a short evening spotlight session. This was a nice bonus. Others were spotlighting as well, but for a different reason. Some rascally locals had come to the lodge to hunt cuscuses with their dogs. Garry got the shits and went to Lyn and demanded that these guys get the shunt. The lodge "security" - now there's a misnomer if ever there was one - were busy playing games on their mobile phones and refused to act. Eventually they were told to get off their arses and kick their friends out, which they reluctantly did.



Day 15 - 11th September 2010

A distinct lack of motivation saw me lurking menacingly, until finally deciding to walk the circuit with Kirsten and Per. Upon our return Per wandered off, leaving Garry and I with the chatty Kirsten. She explained life (but not as we know it...) in Zurich. We learnt that the people of Switzerland are very strange indeed. Switzerland's only positives, according to Kirsten, were the price of biscuits, a proven and useful link between IQ and valley width, and the lady who lives two doors up from the bus stop. Our new friend then went on to reveal a whole lot more about herself than was really necessary. Most people are understandably coy about being inbred and owning an extra hole in their head.



Janet, recovering from the news that I wasn't going to take her home with me, also visited.

Once more we tried to get lost on the mass of tracks behind the lodge but couldn't quite manage it. So we worked on our suntans before the "finish the single malt" challenge. This proved to be no challenge at all.

The day exhibited something of a celebratory flavour. Although Sony still hadn't found his rightful home, Lyn gave us some thoughtful gifts - PNG coffee mugs and beer bottle holders. To celebrate our stay, a major mumu was to be prepared. A mumu is a traditional method of cooking that requires a fire, very hot rocks, a special leaf-lined hole in the ground, lots of meat and vegetables, and a shovel. The rocks and food and a few other bits and pieces are dumped into the leaf-lined pit and buried with rotting vegetation and few errant plastic bags. Later the food is recovered. This was quite good to eat but the process was far more interesting than the meal.





Paul Arut, the lodge's founder and owner came to meet us. His primary purpose was to re-unite Sony with his family. Various threats to soon-to-be ex-employees failed to elicit the desired response. He was not a happy man and harangued the staff well into the night.

The much dreaded Paying of the Bill Ceremony was next. The teams were:

- Lodge (playing at home) - Betty and Lyn
- Whiteys (visiting) - Garry and "Whisky-breath".

The lodge made an early attacking move when they proffered a bill of 1570 kina. Many whiteys are inclined to panic when the home team makes such an audacious manoeuvre early in the game. A calm counter-attack from the visitors saw the production of a diary, which had been kept handy, a cold "Sony's yours, isn't it" stare directed at Betty and a plea for a revision of the account. One of the questions asked by the whiteys was "why are there two separate entries for the same date but listing completely different activities?" The second, more realistic quote was 770 kina. From this we deducted 200 kina gained by a favourable exchange rate when we wired money to the lodge for food and accommodation, and 400 kina for the upkeep of Sony forever. The whiteys won on points.



Day 16 - 12th
September 2010

Rachel was crying, the dear thing, as we said goodbye. Paul Arut drove us to Mt Hagen Airport. We learnt a few juicy details about the lodge and its workers from Paul as we went.

The airport car park hosted a surreal scene as a dead SDA missionary descended from heaven

on Air Niugini flight PX180. A pipe band (thankfully silent), costumed Toyota Landcruisers and myriad mourners competed for space with billum salespeople and airport car park professional loiterers. Whether the colourful throng remained peaceful is not known as we escaped to Port Moresby in a Fokker F100.

The flight was short, uneventful and more or less on time. A chatty chap on our flight worked for a charter aircraft company. He said they employed hundreds of locals. I asked him if they stole much stuff. He said yeah, avgas for their cooking stoves (!!) and one guy stole a car. NB - you shouldn't steal cars from a company that owns a fleet of helicopters.

A 767 took us to Brisbane and then on to Sydney. Garry continued to display new skills. He was seated next to an ancient missionary and his wife - or perhaps an ancient missionary and his missionary, engaging them in a theological discussion. It was quite cruel, I thought. Enjoyable but painful for some when faced with the corollaries of belief. Eventually the missionaries swapped places, thus ending the one-sided debate.

Home in time to go to work. Bugger.

(Post-edit - A correspondent has told me that "babies" continue to be "donated" unabated to patrons of the lodge who don't use their own locks)

Steve Anyon-Smith
67 Wattle Road
Jannali 2226
NSW Australia
steveas@tpg.com.au
30th September 2010

Bird List

Notes:

Page - the plate number in Beehler

Kum - Kumul Lodge (~2850m)

Pig - Pigetes (~2500m)

Tong - Tonga (~1850m)

The numbers in the columns represent the first “Day Number” – see diary, that each bird was seen at each site.

page			Kum	Pig	Tong	Other
1	Brown Quail	<i>Coturnix ypsilophora</i>	9			
3	Cattle Egret	<i>Egretta ibis</i>				1
5	Brown Goshawk	<i>Accipiter fasciatus</i>			13	
6	Brown Falcon	<i>Falco berigora</i>			4	
6	Long-tailed Buzzard	<i>Henicopernis longicauda</i>	9			
6	Black Kite	<i>Milvus migrans</i>	2	6	4	1
6	Brahminy Kite	<i>Haliastur indus</i>	12		4	
9	Peregrine Falcon	<i>Falco peregrinus</i>		8		
9	Spotted Marsh-Harrier	<i>Circus spilonotus</i>	11			10
10	Chestnut Forest Rail	<i>Rallina rubra</i>	2			
16	Brown Cuckoo-Dove	<i>Macropygia amboinensis</i>			4	
16	Great Cuckoo-Dove	<i>Reinwardtoena reinwardtii</i>			4	
16	Black-billed Cuckoo-Dove	<i>Macropygia nigrirostris</i>	3		13	
16	Bronze Ground Dove	<i>Gallicolumba beccarii</i>	2			
18	Papuan Mountain Pigeon	<i>Gymnophaps albertisii</i>	3			
19	Goldie's Lorikeet	<i>Psitteuteles goldiei</i>	3			
19	Papuan Lorikeet	<i>Chamosyna papou</i>	2	6		
19	Plum-faced Lorikeet	<i>Oreopsittacus arfaki</i>	6			
19	Yellow-billed Lorikeet	<i>Neopsittacus musschenbroekii</i>		12		
19	Orange-billed Lorikeet	<i>Neopsittacus pullicauda</i>	4			
21	Brehm's Tiger Parrot	<i>Psittacella brehmii</i>	2	4		
21	Painted Tiger Parrot	<i>Psittacella picta</i>		6		
21	Madarász's Tiger Parrot	<i>Psittacella madaraszi</i>			4	
23	Brush Cuckoo	<i>Cacomantis variolosus</i>			4	
23	Fan-tailed Cuckoo	<i>Cacomantis flabelliformis</i>	5		4	
23	Rufous-throated Bronze Cuckoo	<i>Chrysococcyx ruficollis</i>	5	8		
24	Sacred Kingfisher	<i>Halcyon sancta</i>				1
25	Rainbow Bee-eater	<i>Merops ornatus</i>	2	6	13	
26	Mountain Owlet-Nightjar	<i>Aegotheles albertisi</i>	14			
28	Glossy Swiftlet	<i>Collocalia esculenta</i>	2		4	
28	Mountain Swiftlet	<i>Aerodramus hirundinaceus</i>	9			
28	Great Woodswallow	<i>Artamus maximus</i>		4		
29	Pacific Swallow	<i>Hirundo tahitica</i>				10

page			Kum	Pig	Tong	Other
31	Lesser Melampitta	<i>Melampitta lugubris</i>	3	6		
31	Island Thrush	<i>Turdus poliocephalus</i>	2			
32	Hooded Cuckoo-shrike	<i>Coracina longicauda</i>		6		
34	White-shouldered Fairy-wren	<i>Malurus alboscapulatus</i>	12	4	4	
34	Orange-crowned Wren	<i>Clytomyias insignis</i>	12			
34	Tawny Grassbird	<i>Megalurus timoriensis</i>	2		4	
35	Mountain Mouse Warbler	<i>Crateroscelis robusta</i>	4	12		
35	Treefern Gerygone	<i>Gerygone ruficollis</i>	3	6		
35	Grey Gerygone	<i>Gerygone cinerea</i>		8	13	
35	Papuan Thornbill	<i>Acanthiza murina</i>	6			
35	Island Leaf Warbler	<i>Phylloscopus poliocephalus</i>		8	13	
36	Papuan Sericornis	<i>Sericornis papuensis</i>	2	12		
36	Large Scrubwren	<i>Sericornis nouhuysi</i>	2	6		
36	Buff-faced Scrubwren	<i>Sericornis perspicillatus</i>		12	4	
37	Willie-wagtail	<i>Rhipidura leucophrys</i>	2	4	4	
37	Black Fantail	<i>Rhipidura atra</i>		4	4	
37	Friendly Fantail	<i>Rhipidura albolimbata</i>	2	4		
37	Dimorphic Fantail	<i>Rhipidura brachyrhyncha</i>	2	8		
39	Black-bibbed Robin	<i>Poecilodryas albonotata</i>		6		
39	White-winged Robin	<i>Peneothello sigillata</i>	1			
39	Blue-grey Robin	<i>Peneothello cyanus</i>		4	4	
39	Pied Bushchat	<i>Saxicola caprata</i>	2	4		
40	Black-breasted Boatbill	<i>Machaerirhynchus nigripactus</i>		8		
40	Montane Flycatcher	<i>Microeca papuana</i>	3	8		
40	Garnet Robin	<i>Eugerygone rubra</i>		6		
41	Sclater's Whistler	<i>Pachycephala soror</i>			13	
41	Brown-backed Whistler	<i>Pachycephala modesta</i>	2			
41	Regent Whistler	<i>Pachycephala schlegelii</i>	2	8		
42	Wattled Ploughbill	<i>Eulacestoma nigropectus</i>	2			
42	Rufous-naped Whistler	<i>Aleadryas rufinucha</i>	2	8		
42	Black Pitohui	<i>Pitohui nigrescens</i>		12		
42	Blue-capped Ifrita	<i>Ifrita kowaldi</i>	2	4		
43	Fan-tailed Berrypecker	<i>Melanocharis versteri</i>	2	4		
43	Streaked Berrypecker	<i>Melanocharis striativentris</i>			13	
43	Tit-Berrypecker	<i>Oreocharis arfaki</i>		4		
43	Crested Berrypecker	<i>Paramythia montium</i>	5			
43	New Guinea White-eye	<i>Zosterops novaeguineae</i>			4	
43	Olive-crowned Flowerpecker	<i>Dicaeum pectorale</i>			4	
44	Rufous-backed Honeyeater	<i>Ptiloprora guisei</i>		6		
44	Black-backed Honeyeater	<i>Ptiloprora perstriata</i>	2	8		
44	Black Sittella	<i>Daphoenositta miranda</i>		8		
45	Red-headed Mountain H'eater	<i>Myzomela adolphinae</i>			4	10
45	Red-collared Honeyeater	<i>Myzomela rosenbergii</i>	3	6	4	
45	Slaty-chinned Longbill	<i>Toxorhamphus poliopterus</i>			4	
46	Black-throated Honeyeater	<i>Lichenostomus subfrenatus</i>		8		
47	Marbled Honeyeater	<i>Pycnopygius cinereus</i>			13	
47	Smoky Honeyeater	<i>Melipotes fumigatus</i>	2	4	4	
47	Sooty Honeyeater	<i>Melidectes fuscus</i>		4		

page			Kum	Pig	Tong	Other
47	Yellow-browed Honeyeater	<i>Melidectes rufocrissalis</i>			4	
47	Belford's Honeyeater	<i>Melidectes belfordi</i>	1	4	4	
47	Cinnamon-breasted Honeyeater	<i>Melidectes torquatus</i>			4	
48	Mountain Firetail	<i>Oreostruthus fuliginosus</i>	2	6		
48	Hooded Mannikin	<i>Lonchura spectabilis</i>	2	6	4	
49	Long-tailed Shrike	<i>Lanius schach</i>		4		
50	MacGregor's Bowerbird	<i>Amblyornis macgregoriae</i>			4	
50	Loria's Cnemophilus	<i>Cnemophilus loriae</i>		12		
50	Crested Cnemophilus	<i>Cnemophilus macgregorii</i>	2			
51	Blue Bird-of-Paradise	<i>Paradisaea rudolphi</i>			4	
52	Ribbon-tailed Astrapia	<i>Astrapia mayeri</i>	2	8		
52	Princess Stephanie's Astrapia	<i>Astrapia stephaniae</i>		12		
52	Brown Sicklebill	<i>Epimachus meyeri</i>	2	4		
53	King of Saxony Bird-of-Paradise	<i>Pteridophora alberti</i>		4		
53	Superb Bird-of-Paradise	<i>Lophorina superba</i>			4	
54	Archbold's Bowerbird	<i>Archboldia papuensis</i>	2			
54	Singing Starling	<i>Aplonis cantoroides</i>				1