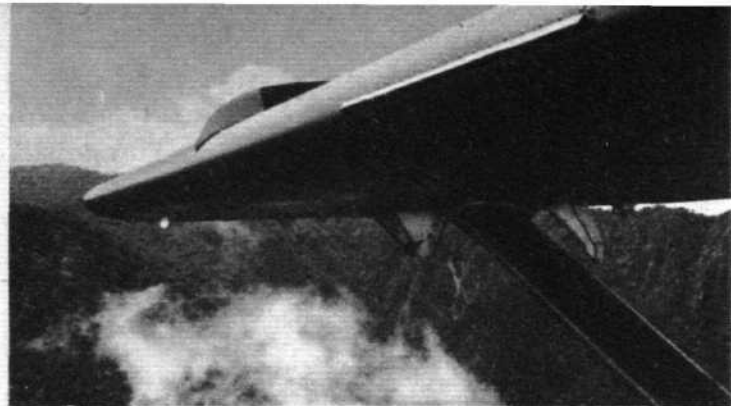


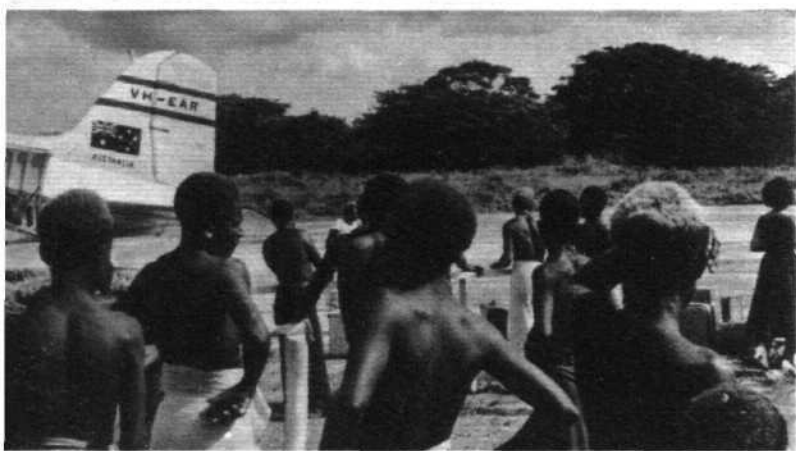
IN THE STOL COUNTRY...



These jungle-covered mountains near the 8,978ft Mount Shungol give a good idea of the terrain in most parts of New Guinea. I was comforted by the knowledge that our single engine was a Pratt and Whitney



From Lae I made the milk run to Rabaul via all stations, and at the second halt—Awar by Hansa Bay—found this Nakajima Army 100 Helen sitting among the coconut palms. At Lae a partly sunken Japanese ship just off the end of the runway is a useful landmark in bad weather



Typical of the spectators at each stop were these New Ireland islanders at Kavieng. Had I stayed there long I would soon have become the same colour. The light patch of hair adorning the head of one onlooker is the height of fashion

End of a day's flying: last-light approach to Rabaul's 5,180ft grass strip which just fits between Simpson Harbour, this end, and Matupi Harbour. The sulphurating volcanoes off the end of the runway go up to 2,247ft. Out of the picture to the right is Vulcan, which suddenly blew up out of the harbour in 1937

