Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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No 3, 2001 - September

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON -

The luncheon will be on Sunday 2nd December. The theme for the luncheon will be the **60th anniversary of the evacuation of women and children from PNG in December 1941.** If you were involved in the evacuation, please note the date in your diary and make a special effort to come.

SUPERANNUATION

The 'difficult-to-comprehend' letter of 17 April from Comsuper about 'allowances' gives rise to some disturbing questions including the Undeducted Purchase Price (UPP). Your Association has a superannuation committee trying to get sensible clear answers and to ensure that PNG superannuants will get twice-yearly CPI rises along with other Commonwealth superannuants. The Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations Inc (ACPSRO), of which we are a member, is also pushing our cause. Like all dealings with Government, these matters take time but in the meanwhile all our Dept of Veterans Affairs Gold Card holders should contact Comsuper immediately because they have been including the Medicare levy in the tax we pay each fortnight.

Also we suggest you pay no attention to the note at the end of your Payment Summary (Group Certificate) about not claiming your UPP, but rather contact your accountant or go to the ATO (Aust. Taxation Office) personally. If you have further queries contact Freddie Kaad (02 9969 7217) or Doug Parrish (02 9416 6671).

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'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF THE RETIRED OFFICERS ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC

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2002 AGM and LUNCHEON will be on Sunday 28 April 2002.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS -

This will be on **Thurs 11 October** at Leura, a delightful village with a variety of small shops containing attractive merchandise.

Lunch will be at the **Leura Gourmet Restaurant** (as last year) at 159 The Mall, which is on the right hand side a short easy walk down from the station. Please be there a little before 12.30 as the restaurant is crowded between 1 and 2 p.m.

There should be two suitable trains from Central, departing at 9.02 a.m. or 9.57 a.m., arriving Leura 10.50 a.m. or 11.49 a.m. ($2.20 Return for Seniors Card holders). Please check with City Rail prior to the day (City Rail, Sydney, 13 1500, select 0 to speak to operator). If driving we suggest you arrive midday or earlier.

If interested, please ring Pam Foley (9428 2078), or Ann Graham (9876 6949) before 6 Oct. so we can advise the restaurant.

HOW TO HELP PNG CHILDREN

David HARROD, previously Chair of Belconnen High School in the ACT and now in charge of the PNG Maritime College, Madang, saw a letter in an Australian newspaper asking people moving to smaller homes to offer their outdated encyclopaedias to kids in need. He wrote,

> 'I am constantly amazed at what is done here with so little when compared with what is available in schools in Canberra. Kids up here have a fierce desire to learn; all too often they are unable to go much past Year 6 because of the expense involved. Something as simple as an encyclopaedia represents an enormous increase in available resource in these schools. In addition to encyclopaedias, there is a great need for dictionaries, thesauruses and other such publications. I would distribute materials as widely as possible within the Province.'

Please send any surplus resource material to David at PO Box 1040, Madang 511, PNG

HAVE YOU HEARD ???

Isobel PERT of Noosa Heads wrote, '...I am heavily involved in environment matters in Noosa - we just this week saved a magnificent hollow habitat tree which Council had marked to chainsaw. Last year I won an award at a big conference for koalas held here in Noosa - the award was for 'Most heartfelt speech presentation and looking after koalas for 20 years'.

Have always been a keen naturalist and a leader in bird-watching for years. Have been studying the endangered Glossy Black Cockatoo for 7 years - fascinating bird, and we have a flock of up to 18 living and feeding right here in Noosa... Noosa is being spoiled by over-development but I live along a small creek right in the middle of Noosa Heads which is still very natural and pretty... I am a grandmother at last.. Allan and his wife have a 9 month-old daughter. Julie has left the army as a Major after 7½ years. She served 8 months in Timor in the early part and also in Aitape when the tidal wave occurred. She is still in the army reserve.

We still have our annual (Madang) reunion at Bribie Island on 2nd Sunday of November. Always successful and great to have a lot of younger folk turning up. Anyone wanting more information can ring me on 07 5447 3967.'

Member **'Mick' SMITH** of Bateau Bay introduced **Harry BUCKLEY** to our Association. Mick wrote, 'Harry was a 16 year-old crewman on Carpenter's boat *The Desikoko* when we were in Rabaul. He was born in Rabaul and his father Willie Buckley was killed by the Japs.' Mick was a member of the 2/22 Bn. Lark Force stationed in Rabaul, and escaped down the North Coast of New Britain 'thanks to a wonderful man Keith McCarthy'. (Harry lives at Wyee Point NSW, his number is 04 3859 1609.)

Doug PARRISH celebrated his 80th birthday recently with a luncheon attended by over 40 family members and friends. Doug went back to Madang in May with other ROAPNG members, and enjoyed it immensely.

Doug and Pam FRANKLIN and **Syd and Heather SAVILLE** were part of a group of RAN Corvettes Association members plus wives who accepted an invitation to visit Honolulu for an ANZAC Day celebration. ANZAC Day has been observed annually in Hawaii since 1973. Doug wrote, 'We fronted the hotel lobby at 0930 in Number Ones, Medals and Corvette Cap for the big journey to the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, at Punchbowl. This location is actually the level crater of an extinct volcano, and an impressive and emotionally moving place. At 1100 hours an American Marine Corps detachment of 30 guards in ceremonial uniform with rifles at the slope and wearing white gloves, marched in to music played by a band seated near us. ... visitors included the Consuls and Ambassadors of all Pacific Rim countries... in the words of the Hon. Peter Woolcott, Consul General of Australia, it was a 'class act'.

'The Chiefs of US Armed Forces in the Pacific were there and many top Australian and New Zealand generals etc. Throughout the wreath laying part of the ceremony the band played the naval hymn 'Eternal Father Strong to Save'. It was moving to us sailors. At the conclusion the Honour Guard were marched off to 'Waltzing Matilda'. We gave the whole show ten out of ten. Afterwards we were invited to Peter Woolcott's Consular Residence at Waialae Iki, a lovely place on a hill overlooking the sea just round from Diamond Head.'

Kevin WHITE (previously with the PNG Dept of Forests for 20 years and now in semi retirement in Jomtien,Thailand) along with **Rex WIGGINS and Elliot TUCKWELL** (both ex-Dept of Forests, PNG), went on a 5,000 km 6-week tour through Cambodia, Vietnam and Laos. Kevin: 'Our overview impressions are: what a wonderful part of the world is at our doorstep; we met genuine kindness and hospitality throughout; it is a tourists' paradise; the scenery and history are impressive; costs of standard level

transport and above basic accommodation very reasonable and food and beverage costs most acceptable; simple English and a touch of French and plenty of descriptive hand language gets you by; hassles were limited to the cheerful urchins selling postcards and shoeshines and persuasive ladies selling local products rather too vigorously, more so in Vietnam.' The trip was largely a tourism one though Elliot and Kevin made calls on forestry contacts active in eucalypt and teak plantations along the way.

After the Asian holiday Rex stopped off at Port Moresby staying with **Keith STEBBINS** (long term PNG resident and AusAID adviser on education). In the evening, Rex had a Chinese dinner with **John HUGHES** (going finish after 33 years in Education in PNG), **Dan DOYLE**, also a longtime educationalist of PNG who is the deputy team leader of the BEICMP program and Keith (Stebbins) at the Fu Gui, a new Chinese restaurant in Port Moresby. Asians occupied all the other tables, reflecting the changing face of Port Moresby.

Robby H LOVAE, the National Forest Service Director of Finance, filled Rex in on the developments in financial management at Forests. He also gave Rex the address of **Francis PANA** who was still working in Forests and **Alan ROSS** who left Forests after 44 years in February this year and who is now living at the Gap, Brisbane.

Rex met up with **Peter McCREA**, Policy Specialist Resource & Economic of the National Forest Service, **John COLWELL** Jnr. whose parents, John and Jean, worked in Forestry with Rex (John Colwell is principal of St Joseph's primary school) and **Gary STONEHOUSE,** ex Kerevat National High School and currently the Education Editor of the Curriculum Unit.

News from the Northern Territory: **Jim Toner** writes -

In the March issue I mentioned the names of two expatriate sports persons whose efforts in the '60s are remembered in PNG through the naming of netball courts and a memorial race in Port Moresby. Since then I have learned of the **J.K. McCARTHY** Museum. This is in Goroka, not exactly his old stamping ground but if a name is to be preserved from *Taim Bilong Masta* his is certainly a front runner.

I have considerable affection for 'Makati' since he it was who recommended me for a post in the TPNG Public Service. I was to be interviewed by him at an office in Flinders St., Melbourne at a time when he was DC Rabaul but on leave. Naturally I made a preliminary reconnaissance of that office and ensured that I arrived five minutes early. However, I found a scribbled note stuck to its door stating that the venue had been changed to Elizabeth St. I galloped off like the 7th Cavalry and found a 19th century office block, a veritable rabbit warren of corridors and stairwells. I was five minutes late but J.K. looked up from his desk saying cheerfully, 'You've passed the first test, then?' And when he learned that my c.v. included a job at a circus (albeit for one day only wielding a broom and bucket) he chuckled and said he would recommend I be assigned to the Department of Native Affairs.

Few Moresby dwellers will not have crossed the portal of **Brian BELL's** store in Boroko. The store is still there as is Sir Brian who celebrated his 72nd birthday last July. Similarly many Western Highlanders, particularly in the Banz area, will recall Father **Peter van ANDRICHEN SVD**. Still there, he recently celebrated his 50 years in the priesthood.

Talking of New Guinea knights, the Australian Financial Review printed a breathtaking colour photograph of a property in Kenmore Hills, Brisbane. Boasting six double bedrooms and named *Kainantu House* it is being sold by **Sir Barry HOLLOWAY** and **Lady Fua**. The former kiap and House of Assembly Speaker was hoping for a seven figure return.

And talking of Parliament, the PNG Finance Minister while endeavouring to acquaint his fellow Members with his functions explained that he had the ability to 'subtraktim or minusim' funds. Perhaps the late J.J. Murphy, whose dictionary was an essential companion for new arrivals, would have said that this proves that *Tok Pisin* is a living language.

Some readers will be unaware that Anzac Day continued to be commemorated in PNG until 1980. Thereafter 23 July has been gazetted as Remembrance Day. This year **Sir Peter BARTER**, chairman of the National Events Council, said that in addition to remembering indigenous soldiers and carriers who had died defending their country, the Day was to remember all servicemen from Australia, USA, NZ, GB and Germany who took part in two World Wars.

Dirk van de KAA, then a Fellow in Demography at the ANU, researched in PNG in 1966 and subsequently. Now a professor in his native Netherlands, the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population has just made him their Laureate for 2001. This academic 'Oscar' relates to his lifetime work but includes his monograph 'The Demography of PNG's Population' which was published by the Government Printer in Moresby in 1997.

The emeritus professor will be interested to learn that national census figures for 2000 just announced show a 36.4 per cent increase in PNG's people since the last one in 1990. While there will have been some under-counting back then, this still amounts to over 3% per annum growth leading to the present total of 5,130,000 (or double the known figure at Independence!) A curious result was in some sex ratio variation between provinces. In the West Sepik there were 100.5 men to every 100 women but in New Ireland males outnumbered females by 144 to 100. That merits research.

PNG News:

BHP Billiton to quit Ok Tedi: BHP Billiton hopes to exit from the Ok Tedi mining venture by October this year. BHP holds 52% of the mine, the PNG Government 30% and Canadian company Inmet 18%. Although BHP wants to close the mine, the PNG Government would like it to remain open as it generates 10% of the country's gross domestic product. PNG's mining boom is coming to an end - the only major new mining prospects are the PNG-Queensland pipeline project and the $1.4 billion Ramu nickel project, both of which have stalled. *Sydney Morning Herald*, 9-8-2001

Bougainville: The PNG Cabinet has agreed in principle to give secessionist Bougainville Australian state-like autonomy. Plans for a referendum on full independence were deferred, subject to final approval by the central government. *SMH*, 9-8-2001

The Ilimo Poultry Farm, 30 km out of Port Moresby, has been bought by Qld firm Athmaize. The farm supplies Port Moresby and the surrounding Central Province market. *The Tablelander*, 22-5-2001

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DID YOU KNOW?

Jean, a 63 year-old self-funded retiree, had an income of about $43,000 a year from a superannuation pension (from prior PNG service) and other investments. She didn't know about the Commonwealth Seniors Health Card which would enable her to buy her Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme (PBS) medical prescriptions for as little as $3-50 per script. Also she was unaware that from 1 September 2001 she would also be eligible for a quarterly telephone allowance of $17-20.

The Commonwealth Seniors Health Card is available to Australian residents of aged pension age but who are not receiving an aged pension. There are income limits for the qualification for this card: single $50,000 per annum, couple $80,000 p.a., or if you are separated due to illness, a combined income of $100,000 p.a.

If you do not have a Commonwealth Seniors Health Card and you think that you meet the eligibility requirements, telephone Centrelink on 13 2300. **Ross Johnson**

MOSTLY PEACE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Member Nance Johnston of Sans Souci is on the ball. On Friday 24 August she saw a letter in *The Daily Telegraph* to which she took exception. She straight away sent off a letter to the editor and it was in the paper the following Tuesday along with a letter from another correspondent. Across three columns was the headline:

'Mostly peace in PNG'. Nance's letter reads,

> George Anderson of Salamander Bay thinks that Papua New Guinea is a bygone paradise (Letters, August 24), but I doubt his claim that "most weeks we read with horror about the senseless murders, rape and pillage against Australians in PNG".
>
> Like everywhere on this planet there is crime in PNG, but Australians should realise that, while there are trouble spots, most of the country is peaceful and orderly.
>
> I lived there for 30 years, leaving after independence in 1975. Some old ex-PNG friends and I revisited the country 26 years later and, by avoiding the trouble spots, had a wonderful, enriching holiday in a beautiful and interesting country. There was no fear or apprehension. The people were the same as the friendly people we once knew and welcomed us with enthusiasm.
>
> Australians could make a huge difference by choosing PNG as a holiday destination or for business conferences. Some of the facilities there are first-class. The village people still need assistance and support and it is important to counter negative and untrue publicity.
>
> The chairman of Melanesian Tourist Services, Sir Peter Barter, having lived and travelled in PNG for many years, said about Madang that it remains a safe place "despite talk that creates a false perception - interesting enough, more than 95 per cent of PNG remains this way".

The other letter-writer said he lived in Madang for 10 months and found it safe enough for him to walk the streets and enjoy what the *Lonely Planet Guide* called the most beautiful town in the Pacific. He said, 'Give Papua New Guinea a chance, it is a great place.'

.....

By now you have probably had a look at the travel flyer to be inserted with *Una Voce*. These fares are extremely good value. If you have any inclination at all to visit PNG, do consider taking advantage of these offers. Better still, encourage a few like-minded people to go with you. If you wish to stay longer than the advertised specials, you can discuss this with the travel operator by ringing the advertised number, 1300 850 020.

I was a little hesitant about going to Madang last May after what I had read about *rascols*, but my fears were unfounded. My long weekend there was lovely. I am going back soon for a trip up the Sepik on Sir Peter Barter's cruise ship.

Nance is right: Australians can make a difference by choosing to travel to PNG, as the tourist dollar can help people to help themselves. What's more, it is wonderful to see the country for yourself, and to be brought up to date. Editor.

****

GOOD OLD 'TAIM BILONG MASTA' IN MADANG

by **Kevin Pamba***

(Reprinted from the PNG newspaper, *The National*, 8 July 2001)

It's a company of men. Good men. Witty, sensible and well-intentioned village men. The honesty and frankness in the words of these elders of a Madang village is reason enough to hold that if fathers of such character filled all positions in the political and government system, we would not be on our knees seeking help from international financial houses like the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

And if this were so, University of Papua New Guinea students and other poorly informed and skewed nationalists would not have been out on the streets of Port Moresby to pick on the usual scapegoats, the World Bank and IMF, when our God-blessed country suffers from institutionalised robbery and management crisis that our own kind have inflicted upon it.

But these men can't be. They are village elders who by circumstances of their era and passing of time could not be educated and get to where many of our educated criminals and self-serving and inefficient scumbags are in the political and government system.

In villages across our country, sensible men like these from the seaside village of Bilbil outside Madang town abound. Behind from the modern world with the inevitability of time and age, they are locked away in our villages with their wonderful thoughts of good work ethos and sound communal values.

Last month I had the privilege of being in the company of some of the Bilbil village elders under a 'hauswin' (rest house) of one of them, Nakun Pipoi. Mr Pipoi was the literate one among them and a consensus had been reached that he should be the one to speak to me, although they could all speak Tok Pisin.

In the process of explaining why they had asked me over to their pretty village, Mr Pipoi recalled an Australian kiap (patrol officer) teaching him report writing to keep record of the activities of each day.

In the example he was giving, he recalled the Australian, whom he worked under, telling him about how useful well-kept reports become in the future. He said each day the kiap asked him to write reports while emphasising its importance for the efficient management of the district they were working in. Mr Pipoi was contrasting the work ethos of our present-day public servants in the light of his clan having difficulty accessing information and help about a long-standing Madang town land dispute whose records appear not to have been kept properly by the relevant government agencies in Madang. Mr Pipoi's nostalgic recollection of how things were organised and managed in the Australian administration days is a common reminiscence among our parents and grandparents anywhere in our country.

Our elders often talk about the good old 'taim bilong masta' (days of the Australians). They recall the efficiency and prompt delivery and access to goods and services during the Australian administration days. They talk about the enviable work ethics and management ethos of the Australian public servants posted across the then

Territory of Papua and New Guinea. The Australians led the way to do the physical work thus encouraging everyone else in the community, even if it meant walking long distances in some of our unforgiving and rough terrain for extension work or picking up the spade to clear the way for a new road. They say there was a hive of developmental activity in their communities, which seemed to be progressing with the dawn of each new day.

Our elders also recall the prices of goods and services being very affordable and law and order problems being virtually non-existent in those days. They say wages were very small compared to the pay packets of today but they were enough to purchase goods and services on offer then.

Those who were children at independence and others born after it will only wish they had been old enough or were physically there to realise what our parents and grandparents experienced in the Australian administration days prior to Wednesday, September 16, 1975. Some young Papua New Guineans get a taste of what it may have been like, administration and management wise, when they go to Australia for studies or other reasons.

Our time contrasts starkly with the era that our elders recall. Ours is an era where we have grown used to living with vocabularies like corruption, mismanagement, nepotism, vote buying, votes of no confidence, slackness, incompetence, lack of this and that and so forth.

What our elders perhaps do not quiz themselves enough, is why this good management and work ethos prevailed during the 'taim bilong masta'. Good management and work ethos prevailed because, as educated Papua New Guineans know, the Australians were simply applying those very practices and values from their home country they brought up here with them. In other words, it was an extension of how Australia is run.

When the Australians left in 1975, they thought they were leaving behind locals capable of following in their footsteps and managing the country they had established just as well as they did. But it was a serious miscalculation as it is now evident, 26 years on. Perhaps, the views of the Opposition Leader at independence, the late Tei Abal, that our country was 'not ready for independence' were correct? Although he expressed those views with the backing of the powerful expatriate plantation owners lobby who had much to lose with independence, when we look back at how sloppy and poor our own kind have made us become 26 years on, then perhaps Mr (later Sir) Tei Abal was right.

Sir Tei said our country needed another 50 years or so to be developed by the Australians and then it would be in a position to be granted independence. No one really took heed of those words, since we were at the tail end of the decolonisation era that was sweeping across the world then.

If Sir Tei was alive today and had watched things like the recent UPNG student-led scapegoating of the World Bank and IMF for our self-inflicted management woes, perhaps he would ask us: 'What did I say in 1975? Did not I say that we were really not ready to manage ourselves?'

And the expatriate plantation owners who supported Sir Tei to oppose independence, wherever they are, must be laughing at us every time they watch on television Port Moresby being laid under siege by skewed nationalists and plain thugs.

One day some of us have to put aside our skewed nationalism and shoulder some of the blame and do some thorough rethinking.

One immediate point to assess ourselves is by asking why we continuously send to Parliament self-serving scumbags and daylight robbers just because they are our wantoks or belong to the tribe next door that has 'Moka dinau' with our tribe.

And when we put aside our skewed nationalism and do some self-assessment in

a sober and realistic manner, then many of us will appreciate why we need the support of international financial institutions and foreign assistance and be part of the ever globalising world community.

And when we do strengthen our institutions and ways of managing our country properly with the help of international financial institutions and governments of well-established countries, perhaps we will return to the ways when Australians ran our country as our elders like Nakun Pipoi recall with so much nostalgia.

* Kevin Pamba, a regular columnist with *The National* newspaper, is a lecturer in journalism at the Divine Word University, Madang. He graduated from the University of PNG and obtained a Masters Degree at Macquarie University, Sydney.

(Our thanks to 'The National' for permission to reprint this article.)

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MORE WEB SITES WITH PNG CONNECTIONS

Marjorie Walker of Mount Waverley, Vic., noted the web sites listed on p. 4 of the June 2001 issue, and offered the following further suggestions:

Useful **newspaper sites**, updated daily -

- *Post-Courier* Newspaper www.postcourier.com.pg/ This is a well organised site with the full range of news and pictures, and links to PNG Regional weekly papers as well
- *The Independent Newspaper/Word Publishing* www.niugini.com/independent/

Commercial sites of interest:

- Papua New Guinea On Line - Profile www.niugini.com/
- Air Niugini's *Paradise* Magazine http://www.airniugini.com.pg/paradise/index.htm

Excellent **Regional News**, covering major current events:

- Radio Australia - PNG and Pacific Service www.abc.net.au/ra/rahome.htm

- For Elcom, Police, Plantation and Education staff with links to the Sogeri Plateau (and Iarowari), this site could be of interest: http://tufi.alphalink.com.au/sogeri/

Finally, for those **members with a radio receiver with a good short wave band**, in the evening and again in the early morning it is possible to listen to the PNG National Broadcasting Commission (Corporation) 'Karai Service' direct by short wave radio on 4890 kHz. This is quite easy in Queensland and northern NSW, but becomes more difficult further south or west.

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HELP WANTED: This could be of interest to ALL TERRITORY KIDS

Rosalea Cameron, an Australian Education Doctorate student working through Griffith University Qld, wrote, 'I am working on a profile of Australasians who spent part or all of their childhood abroad. These are known as Third Culture Kids (TCKs). It is proposed that they end up with particular traits as adults. My research looks at the influencing factors of their childhood and examines the outcomes. TCKs differ from immigrants because of the expectation of return to their country of origin. I am looking for adults who experienced such a childhood to participate in a written survey.' Rosalea is at email TCK.au@global.co.za or write to PO Box 2629 Witkoppen 2068, South Africa.

Rosalea said the written survey would take about 1-1½ hours. Feedback will be in the form of a written report available via email, fax or postal services. (Rosalea grew up in PNG but holds an Australian passport.)

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Alienated and betrayed: the powerless people of PNG

by **Rowan Callick**

(Reprinted from *The Australian Financial Review Weekend*, 30 June-1 July 2001)

All the awkward keywords of 21st century public life come into play as the coroner begins his grim task in Port Moresby: globalisation, privatisation, corruption, alienation.

In hindsight, it was a miracle of timing that enabled the Australian Government to push through a largely bipartisan reform program in the mid to late 1980s, followed by a Victorian led transformation of most States in the 1990s.

Today, the world is sinking into reform fatigue. Those nations that failed to change in the late 20th century, such as Papua New Guinea, are having a mighty struggle to catch up, for most cultures have developed powerful antibodies to resist reform.

Were the demonstrations in Port Moresby part of this process - as trumpeted by a Sydney anti-globalisation campaigner, who described the dead students as 'martyrs of the new global solidarity movement' - or were other motivations at work?

Laurie Stephens has lived in PNG through its 25-year life. Formerly an Australian, now a PNG citizen, he has helped train its diplomats and thus has good contacts. Now, as Secretary to the Catholic Bishops Conference, he also has contact with the country's grassroots, for the Catholic Church, PNG's biggest, is a major provider of rural services. His account of recent events helps to answer that question about motivations.

He says: 'The tension was building up from Thursday morning, June 21, when I was surprised by large, orderly crowds walking out of the settlements along the road as I drove to the office from my home at Sapphire Creek (17 Mile) at 6.15am. Huge numbers appeared to have been mobilised over an issue that we had not realised was causing this amount of concern.

'Hindsight tells us we should have seen this coming. People are worried. Prices continue to soar. Street vendors continue to be driven off the streets, their goods stolen by the law enforcers. School fees are an impossible burden to many. The Government threw out the minimum wage award of 60 kina ($42) a week, claiming that 30 kina was more appropriate.

'Many second generation settlers have partly educated, unemployed children to care for, in extended families supported by the wages of one or two members. The kids are involved in rascal business [crime] and the response of the authorities has been violent. There are more and more angry people around.

'Mothers try to make a living buying betel nut and loose cigarettes, selling through

their fences or, with caution, in the streets. Caution is necessary because the city authorities encourage louts to attack the illegal vendors, and the women lose their stock and their money.

'In a few years, our small mixed stores, which in the 1970s and '80s were almost all operated by budding Melanesian business people, have almost without exception become foreign operated [by newly arrived Asians; a racket involving illegal issuing of visas was uncovered last year, but no major figures charged].

'We are in serious trouble. And we respond badly to the issues we face. We maintain lifestyles which are glaringly comfortable in a sea of deprivation. We harbour thieves in our churches, homes and offices, failing to investigate and prosecute them while we demand strong action against our petty street criminals. Many of us have developed a sad habit of ignoring the origins of obviously stolen goods, and this feeds back up the chain to the criminals who steal from us. There is a definite feeling that we are governed by thieves and served by thieves.

'The politicians, the public servants, the police, the business houses and now even the courts are all increasingly seen as deceitful oppressors of the people.

'Last Wednesday, I went to shop at Koki. Stuck behind a bus I saw a uniformed police officer holding a varnished stick suddenly start to beat a small boy, capsizing his little cardboard box of betel nut into the street and sending him running away, rubbing an apparently painful ear. The policeman then stood watching as people casually pocketed the abandoned betel nut. I was horrified.

'I turned my engine off and jumped out of the car to give the police officer a furious lecture. He was equally furious. He demanded I accompany him to the police station.

At the Badili police station we went inside. He took me to the charge room and then tried to explain that the boy was a big head who keeps selling betel nut to passengers on PMVs [minibuses]. I left with him with a probably useless appeal that he not treat people in this way.'

A similar impetus to that which drove Stephens to complain also propelled the Prime Minister, Sir Mekere Morauta, from his trawling business into politics four years ago. He was sickened by the betrayal of the country by its elite, by the collapse of everyday services.

And it is that same sense of betrayal that is standing in the way of his achieving the economic changes he rightly believes are needed. Few in the crowds in Port Moresby believe that the government bank or airline are perfect or corruption free, but they have become so mistrustful of the authorities - including both police and politicians - that they fear any ownership change will be to their disadvantage, and to another's gain.

In hindsight, Morauta should have called a halt six months ago and consolidated his reforms until after the 2002 election. But he pushed bravely on, armed by his intellectual and moral conviction. Now he knows he must first engage more fully with PNG's civil society to win wider support for his platform.

Will he receive the endorsements of business and of PNG's neighbours, including Australia, to aid this process - including the level of backing that can trigger projects to deliver desperately needed jobs?

The odds aren't great, essentially because PNG, with its 4.6 million people, is simply seen as not important enough.

That's the ultimate alienation.

(Our thanks to Rowan Callick and the 'Financial Review' for permission to reprint this article.)

COCONUTS AND TEAROOMS

Extracts from Pat Boys' book, published in 1993

Pat Boys' mother, Margaret Wood, spent 5½ years in New Britain in the 1930s. This memoir was written by Pat after long talks with her mother as well as research in New Zealand and Australia. Margaret turned 96 early this year and is in very good health both physically and mentally.

Margaret Wood (now Ferguson) at her home in New Zealand - 1990

After all the years since World War II I still can't visualise Rabaul in any other way than that which I hold in my memory of 60 years ago.

Cool shaded streets, low wooden bungalows with their wide shady verandahs, neat gardens filled with colourful crotons, splashes of colour from hibiscus blooms and the frangipani with their sweet-scented, waxen flowers. The beautiful Botanic Gardens with walkways through the tall trees and splendid displays of exotic plants. The rambling wooden Administration buildings with their ornate fretwork, nearly all built in the German times. I know how all this was completely destroyed by war. I've heard of how it was rebuilt ... but it still doesn't register with me that Rabaul is any different from the lovely little tropical town that I saw when our ship *Macdhui* entered that beautiful natural harbour on December 13th 1931.

My excitement was intense, as I had travelled from my small suburban family home in Auckland, New Zealand to this unknown, hot, mysterious land to be married. The occasion was to be in two weeks' time.

Eric and I had met in New Zealand where for a short time he had been employed as a service car driver running the North Island tour routes. However, this was merely a small interlude in his life as he had spent a lot of his earlier years in the Pacific Islands and most definitely wanted to return. But this time it was New Guinea which held his fascination. He left New Zealand, and we corresponded for nearly a year when suddenly his letters became longer and full of his new life as manager of a coconut plantation in New Britain, owned by W.R. Carpenter and Co. Ltd. Eric felt that this was where we could start our life together. Would I join him and become his wife?

There was Eric waiting on the wharf as the *Macdhui* tied up... I was so relieved and happy to see him. We were only to have a few days together as it was Carpenter's rule that plantation managers were to first ask permission before leaving their plantations, for if it was to be for any length of time then relieving men had to be sent in. But for such a quick trip into Rabaul as this, our home was left without its white *masta*, and Eric returned to it on the next available boat.

Rabaul was created just after the turn of the 20th century. The first settlement in the area was at Kokopo, but this was vulnerable to the open sea and did not provide adequate safe anchorage. So, within the shelter of Simpson Harbour the mangrove swamps were drained and Rabaul (meaning "the mangroves") was born.

Eric came back to Rabaul on the morning of 23rd December in a little copra boat from the north Bainings coast. As well as Eric it brought back another European couple,

Harry and Lilian Briggs, who lived just behind Neinduk. They were coming in with their little boy Don to do some last minute Christmas shopping. Eric asked them to witness our afternoon wedding in Rabaul's Registry office. That night we stayed at the Wunuwutung Hotel which was about seven miles out of the town. It stood on a rise overlooking the sea, a lovely situation. The lessee, Mrs Gilmore, had arranged a very nice dinner for our party, including a special wedding cake, and later we danced to the music of a gramophone.

The next day was Christmas Eve and Eric and I had time then to check that all my luggage was ready to be trans-shipped to my new home. I had a lot of extra cases which held all the wedding presents (as yet unwrapped) that I had been given by my family and friends in Auckland. W.R. Carpenter and Co. Ltd informed us that the *Kokopo* was sailing for the Bainings at midnight. Eric and I, along with the Briggs family, went down to Carpenter's wharf and went aboard in the late evening. This little ship belonged to a Mr Schnackenburg, a German trader, but Ted Croad, a young Australian, was in charge and he had a native crew. The only lighting was a swinging lamp on the mast and for me, the newcomer, a canvas stretcher was kindly offered on deck while everyone else just lay about where they could. It was a warm night and, being at sea, there were no mosquitoes.

We arrived off Neinduk beach in the early morning. My immediate impressions were of a huge mountain range in the distance, the tops enveloped in heavy, misty, rain-soaked clouds and down by the shore, stretching on and on, were rows and rows of coconut trees. While we were still on board the copra boat, we watched a dinghy being rowed from the shore. There seemed to be something in the middle of it, and as it came nearer I saw that it was a chair of some sort. Eric then explained to me that the plantation boys were putting on a special ceremony to welcome the new *missus*. As he had been living alone on Neinduk, the arrival of a wife was quite an occasion. A kitchen chair had been placed in the centre of the dinghy, draped over with red cloth and decorated with hibiscus and frangipani blossoms. I was helped down into the dinghy to the special place of honour, and felt quite nervous and wobbly while being rowed ashore. However, we reached the shore safely and I was lifted out by a burly native who waded through the shallows and deposited me on the sand.

It was now Christmas Day 1931. Eric and I spent a lot of the day unpacking and unwrapping our wedding presents. We were pretty tired after our hectic days in Rabaul and none of the deck passengers had slept much on the boat trip the previous night.

After dinner that night we relaxed on the verandah. I had showered and changed into a pretty pair of beach pyjamas. These were the fashion of the day and were meant to be worn at the beach. About 9 o'clock, when all was dark, there began a most dreadful noise. Objects were being hit against the side of the house; there were tins being banged and there was an awful lot of yelling. I was beginning to feel frightened until I saw the faces of Harry and Lilian Briggs. They, and some of their boys, had come down from Nambung and quietly surrounded our house then let loose with pieces of wood and tin. With them was Keith Johnson, the ADO from nearby Lassul Bay. They insisted we go back with them for the night, so off we went to a lively party at Nambung.

We all got onto flat wooden trucks with no side supports and were pushed along a railway track through the trees by about half a dozen natives. Of course I hadn't had time to see anything of the plantation, and I wondered just where I was going. It all felt very unreal and exciting. But all was not over yet. About half way through the plantation I saw, coming towards us, groups of natives with painted faces, feathered head-dresses, decorations of leaves and beads and their bodies glistening with oil. I was reassured to find that these were Nambung natives going down to join those at Neinduk for a Christmas singsing on the beach.

It was a brilliant moonlight night with the coconut trees all turned to silver. A coconut plantation in full clear moonlight is a breathtaking sight. We continued on until the rail tracks came to a sudden end. This marked the border of the two plantations, and from there we walked past a sawmill and on to Briggs' house, about three-quarters of a mile distant, where the party was held.

To see the New Year in, the Briggs and ourselves were invited to Gavit, which was a large, very well run plantation owned by Mr and Mrs D.M. Forsyth. The Forsyths however were in Sydney and it was their plantation manager, Noel O'Dwyer, who asked us along. Alastair Maclean from Tovanakus was there too. During the day we all enjoyed swimming in a lovely freshwater river in the bush, and in the evening records were put on the gramophone. There were no radios and, unless there was a piano, all entertainment was by music from the hand-wound gramophone. I think every plantation owned one.

At Neinduk, Oct 1933 - Pat and Eric in evening dress (self-taken - a delayed action shot)

So, within the first few weeks I had met people from the nearby plantations. I hadn't had time to feel homesick. I did later though.

Not long after my arrival we moved from the single-man's native-material house which was adequate for Eric, into our brand new residence which was only about 100 yards from the beach. The house was built about six feet off the ground which helped to keep it cool, and also prevented snakes and the occasional crocodile from paying us visits. We were able to order seagrass furniture from Hong Kong, and it was brought down on the German ships which called in to privately-owned plantations to pick up copra.

Within six months, when the gardens had become established and were in full bloom, when the climbing plants covered the trellis and archways and the newness had gone from the house, the home area did look a picture. Likewise, the working areas of the whole property were in spick and span order, the general rule of a well-run coconut plantation in those days. Neinduk was my favourite plantation. When I think back, maybe I had my happiest times there.

I began to settle into the routine of being the *missus*, as the boys referred to me. There was no housework, washing or cooking for me to do, as this was taken care of by five house boys. There *was* a little supervision and a few changes to make, as the boys hadn't worked for a white woman before.

Minsimdimi was our cook boy and would have only been about 16 years old. He and Kas Kas, the boy who did the housework, had been recruited from Ambunti, far away on the Sepik River on the New Guinea mainland. Woi, our wash boy, was from Aitape, a settlement on the northern coast of New Guinea. These boys were certainly a long way

from their home villages, and were with us for the years we were at Neinduk. The cook boy and the house boy each had an assistant.

The boys were intrigued, and no doubt nonplussed, with all the things that were added to their routine with having me arrive in their midst. My nightdresses confused Woi and I found them starched and hung up in the wardrobe along with my dresses, and there were strange things happening in the kitchen. A bowl was kept for washing the dishes, but the water was kept from one wash to the next to be used again. Can you imagine what it looked like when I first saw it!

Kas Kas was always very puzzled when I decided to change the furniture around on our big verandah. I liked to shift the chairs and tables for a change of scenery, but the very next morning when the boys had swept the floors they would return the furniture to the original positions. They seemed to hate change of any kind and I would get very exasperated. Every so often our seagrass furniture was taken down to the beach and given a good soaking in salt water to get rid of any bugs. The house boys made a game of this, and we would watch as they waded out chest high in the sea, lifting the lightweight pieces and plunging them into the waves. All this, of course, with much shouting to each other and much laughter - always noisy. The furniture would then be brought up and left on the lawn to dry.

While talking of the plantation staff, I mustn't forget old Saratoa, the number one boss boy. He was something of an old retainer. Actually, he only *seemed* old because most of the natives were very young. I suppose he must have been in his forties, and was called a *lapun* (old man) by the others. He had his own special native house and a boy to look after him. He always carried a stick and watched over the house boys, telling them off if they weren't doing their work properly. I missed Saratoa when we left Neinduk.

There were nearly 100 native labourers employed on the plantation, recruited from all parts of New Guinea. White recruiters travelled hundreds of miles to reach remote villages, principally on mainland New Guinea.

On arrival at the plantation each boy received a blanket, bowl, spoon and a box to keep his belongings in, and was housed in native quarters. He was also provided with a laplap. The house boys wore white laplaps which gave them superiority over the plantation boys. Wages were paid in New Guinea shillings which had a hole in the middle, and the boys would thread them on a piece of string and sometimes wear them around their necks. They were issued with 1½ lbs (680g) of rice per day plus fish or wild meat provided by the fish and shoot boys. Every Saturday afternoon they lined up outside the house where they were given a tin of meat, two sticks of tobacco, a box of matches and a length of toilet paper or a piece of newspaper for their 'smokes'.

All orders for the plantation work were given in Pidgin, and I would watch and listen to Eric when the boys lined up every morning at the back of the house to receive their instructions for the day. I tried to learn it too, but got myself into many a tangle. The boys spoke so very quickly and there were a lot of swear words in it. After some months I *did* get to speak Pidgin sufficiently well, swear words and all.

The plantation's trade store stocked things like tinned meats, peroxide, powder, scent, soap, belts, knives and gaily-coloured laplaps. I became the storekeeper. As soon as they received their monthly pay the natives would make straight for the store and spend lavishly. They loved to buy talcum powder to shake all over themselves, and used to peroxide their fuzzy black hair, making it look very fair.

My letters home were full of descriptions of my totally different way of life. I sometimes went with Eric to watch the boys working, to see where new land had to be cleared, to visit the copra driers and to learn as much as I could.

Our day began with *mekim belo* - the striking of a bell or gong to summon the boys for line up. The mornings were cool and with getting up early we were able to get most of the chores done before the day got too hot. Eric and I sometimes had a swim before lunch. We couldn't linger on the beach because of sand-flies and sand lice, so it was always a quick trip there and back. It was like getting into a lukewarm bath and didn't do a great deal to cool us down, but was a nice change in the day's routine. After lunch we had a couple of hours' rest followed by afternoon tea or a cool drink. Dinner was about seven o'clock. Often we would go for a walk through the plantation in the cool of the evening. There was no twilight, and when the sun went down it was dark within a few minutes.

I was spellbound by the tropical moonlight nights; they had to be experienced to be appreciated. You always seemed far removed from the real world. But my real world was a very lonely one at times and at first I was terribly homesick until I got used to the quiet isolation.

When a coastal boat came to pick up the copra or land our stores it always brought the mail bag. Sometimes it was six weeks or more between boats, and when the mail arrived it was 'down tools' to open it straight away. We were always hungry for news from home. I wrote my letters at the circular table on the wide front verandah and from there I could look out towards the sea, our lawns reaching down to the beach.

Eric was a keen gardener and had planned a lovely walk up to the house, full of colour with beds of multi-coloured cannas, zinnias and salvias, and rows of scarlet poinsettias. It really was a picture. He had planned the pathways leading up from the beach and built several archways over them for climbers such as bougainvillea and corallita.

On the beach was a long shed for holding the bagged copra ready to be taken to Rabaul. Further along the beach was a small colony of thatched huts which were the native labourers' houses. Here the boys made gardens for themselves in the bush and planted corn, sweet potato and bananas, and so were able to have a change in their diet. A little boat shed sat on the bank of the creek just past the native quarters, and beyond this creek was the entrance to the Nambung River. This separated us from the next plantation, Asalingi.

So there we were in a little world of our own, miles from civilisation, living amongst primitive people, seeing nothing behind us but rows and rows of coconut trees and unexplored mountains and in front the open sea, where we sometimes caught a glimpse of a ship's smoke as it went on its way to China and the East.

Our railway track which ran up to Nambung plantation stopped close to a sawmill run by a Chinese man. He had his wife with him and a large family of five or six children. They lived in a very primitive house consisting of about two rooms, and kept a large vegetable garden. Theirs was an even tinier isolated world than ours. They followed their strict oriental customs such as shaving their babies' heads when newborn, and at the same time making a ritual dish of chicken covered with whisky.

The small boats which called at Neinduk quite regularly were the *Kokopo* and the *Drina*. In early 1936 the *Kokopo* was put up for auction. The *Drina* was owned by Jack Thurston. In Tasmania in 1930 the *Drina* had been practically rebuilt around a former river steamer, and she was brought up to New Britain for carrying copra and general cargo. We came to know well the English skipper, Reg Duncan, and the engineer, George McKechnie with his broad Scots accent. These two would come to the house while the copra was being loaded.

We kept ducks and chickens (mostly bush fowls) so always had fresh eggs. Later,

we got goats for their milk and, when there was an over-supply of their offspring, these became meat for the boys. There were about five dogs and the same number of cats, and as there were always rats in the copra shed and where we kept the rice, these animals helped to keep the numbers down. We had to watch the cats and count them every so often as the boys were rather partial to cooked cat. I liked having the animals around as they were good company.

Our shoot boy had a Government licence to use a shotgun and he went out nearly every day for game. A bird called a kokomo, about the size of a duck made a nice dish, as did pigeon. When our boy was lucky enough to shoot a wild pig he would come back in great excitement to fetch help to carry it home. It was quite an event and was accompanied by the usual bedlam of the boys shouting to each other. We were given the choice pieces and the boys had the rest. These fresh meats, which made a refreshing change to our diet, had to be cooked and eaten straight away as we had no refrigerator. To keep food cool we had an outside safe with a damp cloth over it, hung under a tree.

The fish boy was kept busy supplying us all with fish. He would paddle his canoe out to a fishing spot, take a stick of dynamite, light the fuse and throw it into the water. The explosion would stun the fish which would float to the surface where he could gather them in. But using dynamite was risky, and one morning after our fish boy had left the beach we heard a dull thud. Minsimdimi came running to me and said, 'Ating dispela boi i bagarap pinis' (I think the boy has been killed). I was very worried.

The boys ran down to the beach and brought the wounded boy up on a stretcher. He was a powerful boy, almost six feet tall, and he was in dreadful pain. His right arm had been blown off and he was badly burnt about the chest. (Obviously he had hesitated too long before throwing the explosive, or stopped to check the fuse.) This was a real problem, as we were an eight to ten hour sea journey away from a doctor, with no suitable boat of our own for such a trip.

The first thing I had to do was to try and get the wound bound up; the boys had to hold him down while I attempted this. We then sent boys rowing up the coast to find someone with a suitable boat. This they did at one plantation, but by the time they returned it was evening. We got the boy on board, and several others went with him; but they broke down on the way into Rabaul and drifted all night before being picked up by another boat in the morning. The doctor from the hospital kindly wrote complimenting me on what I had done but, with such a long time span between the accident and hospital, what was left of his arm had become gangrenous and our boy had died a few days later.

Eric couldn't stand the sight of blood or attend accidents, which is why I did all the hospital work at the plantation. I remember him coming to me while I was attending the boy, with a glass of stiff whisky in his hand for either the patient or me. He took one look at what had happened and immediately drank it himself to give his legs strength.

The natives were always scared of the *tambarans* (spirits or devils) and their lives were ruled by them. The most awful thing that could happen was for one native to 'make poison' against another. One would wait until the other was asleep, then cut off pieces of his hair and, if possible, get pieces of his fingernails or toenails. These would be made into little bundles and cooked on a fire, then someone would tell the fated native that his enemy had made poison against him and he would die. And they *did* die because they thought of nothing else until it became an obsession with them.

I had this experience with Minsimdimi. He became ill and got worse and worse until, at last, he told me that a boy had made poison against him and he was going to die. He was a good boy and I didn't want to lose him, so I had to think of a way of breaking into this superstition. I invented a stronger *tambaran* and told him that my devil was a

much stronger one than his; mine would come and eat up the one that had put a curse on him. I took him over to the little shed that served as a hospital and explained that he had to go through a small ceremony where the *tambarans* would fight each other. We went inside the *haus sik* where I made it completely dark by closing all the shutters. I had made up a drink of cochineal in water and had shown it to Minsimdimi, saying that, when he drank it, it would kill the devil inside him. We stayed in the pitch darkness for a few minutes after he drank the medicine, then I told him it was all over and we went out into the sunshine. I saw that he had good meals for a few days and he soon picked up again. It had worked! I was then known as the *missus* that could *kaikai* (eat) devils.

At first, the boys visited their witch doctors when they became sick or sore. Biskit, a *lapun* on the plantation, was one of these. But when the boys realised that I looked after the medical supplies and could achieve quick and effective cures, they came to the *haus sik* where I attended them, and what sights I saw - great gaping holes covered in maggots, ulcers which the witch doctor had been treating with all sorts of weird concoctions, boils and carbuncles. I did my best to cure them, often with good results. Biskit wasn't too pleased, but later on we became quite good friends. *(To be continued)*

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BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

IN A SAVAGE LAND - a film made in the Trobriands in 1997, now available on video

Reviewed by **Jim Toner**

Full length films set in PNG are few and far between so one is always willing to take a look - title notwithstanding. This drama would not have done well at the box office despite its 'sex scenes' now *de rigueur* in almost every screen performance. However it bobs up on TV occasionally and is worth viewing for the excellent photography of the Trobriand Islands.

Shot in sepia presumably to indicate its location in ancient times - actually 1940 - a lecturer in anthropology marries his most attractive student and they embark on field work on Kiriwina. The purpose is to update the 1914-18 studies of Bronislaw Malinowski and since he commented that 'chastity is an unknown virtue among these natives' perhaps the forementioned scenes are not entirely out of place.

There are the usual clashes with Church and State - every true anthropologists's birthright - and the latter is represented by Max Cullen as an Assistant Resident Magistrate dressed in pith helmet and Sam Browne belt. Another well known face is that of John Howard (the other one, from *Sea Change*) as a Presbyterian missionary. It is a joy to hear Bob Jelly intoning in a Scots accent 'Aye, the Lord moves in mysterious ways'.

The academic partnership comes adrift when the wife wants to do independent research to support her own thesis but the husband declares her to be there primarily to type up his notes... Lady readers will be pleased to learn that the male chauvinist gets his comeuppance. From the village wives taking a little recreational break from communal gardening. As the great Malinowski so eloquently described it in 1922, 'The women run after the designated man, seize him, tear off his pubic leaf, and ill-treat him orgiastically in the most ignominious manner'. Dear me!

After that the husband dies, not from shame but dysentery, and the wife who by now has 'gone native', a phenomenon not unknown, shaves her head, covers herself with ashes and mourns while sitting naked in a bamboo cage. Milne Bay veterans will know more about this ritual caging not, I think, practised elsewhere in PNG.

The film moves dreamily along and although somehow we retirees rarely have 90 minutes to spare, this 1997 production, is, apart from passages mentioned, gentle viewing.

ROMNEY GILL, MISSIONARY 'GENIUS' AND CRAFTSMAN by **Christopher Garland,** Christians Aware, Leicester, UK, 2000. R.R.P. $A33 including postage

Reviewed by David Wetherell

Romney Gill was an outstanding artist and missionary individualist thoroughly deserving this richly-researched biography. Christopher Garland gives us a 'Life' rather than a 'Life and Times': one would not go to it for a broad picture of PNG European colonial society. And with good reason. Gill lived in Papua for 45 years far away from other Europeans. There were, however, straightforward reasons for Gill's choice of British New Guinea in 1902 as the focus of his life's work: a younger son of an Anglican vicarage with a 'call'; a romantic view of the Pacific; a father born in the Cook Islands; a grandfather and grand-uncle, George and William Gill, quite famous London Missionary Society pioneer missionaries in Polynesia.

Robed in white at church on his lonely mission stations at Boianai and Duvira (1911-1953) Gill looked like a confirmed celibate, but marriage was never out of the question. A long term friendship with a woman colleague, Ilma Townson, gently changed course when he heard 'wicked little rumours' that the widower BishopHenry Newton was 'very, rather, er, especially nice to her himself' (p.272). After shilly-shallying for a few more years Gill began a romantic corresponding friendship with another woman friend, the Hon. Olive Buckley, whom he finally married at Duvira in 1949. The Reverend David Hand (later Archbishop of PNG) was best man.

As any roll-call of various coastal schools in the Oro and Milne Bay Province would show, 'Gill' is almost as familiar a name as 'Murray' and 'Abel'. The 'Fr Romney Gill Memorial Park' was created by the late Seth Dadada on the Mamba River. Many Papuans living between there and Kwato are named in his honour, as well as one of Charles Abel's grandsons. (There was a strong similarity of method between Gill's and Abel's missions.) In the mainland of Milne Bay Province, Gill is remembered for the 'exhibition station' he created at Boianai village, complete with sweeping lawns, croquet green and workshop. The book's title comes from Sir Hubert Murray's oft-quoted comment that Boianai was a generation ahead of any other village and its missionary 'a genius'.

Among many other themes in the 400-page text are glimpses of Gill's childhood and adolescence and his relations with the Papuans who worked with him, including holidays with a few of them aboard the Lieutenant-Governor's yacht *Laurabada*. There's a chapter on Gill's encounters with the leaders of the Bia and Dasiga cult of theMamba (see F.E. Williams' *Orokaiva Magic*.) Some of the descendants of these prophets are clergy. The Reverend A.T. Gill bequeathed to his children his own love of material objects as the embodiment of material and spiritual beauty, most famously demonstrated in the works of his son Eric Gill, the sculptor and engraver. One of Romney's lovingly-carved library desks may still be seen at Newton Anglican Theological College near Popondetta. There are also criticisms of Gill by the visiting Australian photographer and film-maker Frank Hurley (in 1921) and the English anthropologist Camilla Wedgwood (1946). These adverse comments are well balanced against the rest of a text generally favourable to Gill.

The book is rather detailed in places. One of its joys are the superb photographs. My favourite is the one of his sitting room at Duvira (p.208) - surely the most stylish and beautiful interior in colonial Papua.

Available from D. Wetherell, School of Australian and International Studies, Faculty of Arts, Deakin University, Geelong VIC 3217

'NO, IT'S NOT PARKINSON'S!'

By **Nancy Johnston**

From 1946 Bill Johnston was a kiap. He served at Misima, Woodlark and Normanby Islands, Kikori, Madang, Bogia, Manus Island and Popondetta. From 1970-75 he was the Director of Civil Defence and lived in Port Moresby. During this time he visited every district in PNG.)

For more than three years of visiting doctors specialising in this and that, the response for Bill's physical and mental deterioration from them was, 'No, it is not Parkinson's disease'. Bill did not have the 'shakes' or any sign of dementia, but his ensuing 'shuffled' walk, his slurred speech and frequent falls resembled that disease. A couple of doctors considered it might be depression and/or perhaps the onset of Parkinson's but they could not confirm it. The specialist neurologist differed - he said Bill's condition was caused by mini strokes. We accepted this diagnosis until, in June 2000, on falling for the thirty-eighth time, Bill was admitted to Concord hospital, this time with a fractured knee. It was there the specialist in aged care diagnosed him as having Progressive Supra-nuclear Palsy (PSP)* - a rare brain disease.

Recently the media gave publicity to Dudley Moore, the British actor, when he was diagnosed with PSP, thus bringing some attention to this little-known disease. Because PSP is rare, there is often a delay before the diagnosis is made and it is thought that in the past people with this disease have been incorrectly diagnosed. There is no diagnostic test other than clinical evaluation.

The notes I have for PSP say it was first diagnosed on the island of Guam. A couple of doctors reading these notes made a passing comment that Bill had lived for many years in the islands. The only other case I know of is a man in his late fifties who lived for a number of years in the Philippines. As far as I know, there has never been any link made to connect this disease with any other island but Guam. Even so, those of us who have lived in the islands and are getting on in years, like myself, might be interested in the following information extracted from notes from various sources on the Internet and the Society for Progressive Supra-nuclear Palsy, in Baltimore USA.

'Progressive Supra-nuclear Palsy is a rare, degenerative brain disorder. It strikes middle-aged adults and the elderly, slightly more men than women, and affects 1.4 in 100,000. Its cause remains a mystery and there is no cure. PSP has been identified as a distinct neurological disorder. Initially even the experts may be mistaken, mis-diagnosing or confusing this disease with Parkinson's disease. In time the differences between them become readily apparent. Like Parkinson's, PSP usually begins around the age of 60. It progresses more quickly than Parkinson's with many patients becoming disabled within 5-10 years against 20 years for Parkinson's disease.

No-one knows what causes the brain cells to degenerate in the first place. The most likely culprit is some yet-to-be-discovered and probably naturally-occurring chemical in the food, air or water which slowly damages certain vulnerable areas of the brain. A clue may lurk on the Pacific island of Guam, where a common neurological disease occurring only there and on a few neighbouring islands has some of the characteristics of PSP. Its cause is probably a dietary factor or toxic substance found in that area.'

Knowing, recognising and understanding the early symptoms would save a lot of anguish and frustration in everyday family life. Now, having some knowledge of the early symptoms, I can go back and follow those that affected Bill (and regret my sometimes intolerance and misunderstanding). Going back four years or so, it was only every so often that he did something irrational - not often enough for me to think there was something wrong. To all appearances Bill was 'normal'. As time went on, the unexplained small incidents became more frequent and he started falling over for no apparent reason, resulting in abrasions, bruising, fractures and hospitalisation. By this

time I knew something was not right - and the doctors were no help. I was told the cause was probably ongoing old age. Bill at that time was 72.

There was a gradual but obvious loss of interest in social and other activities. Once a prolific reader, he seldom picked up a book or newspaper, and the music he once loved became a source of annoyance. I would tell him he was 'sitting in God's waiting room' when he spent hours on the patio, looking into space. The professor from the oncology unit noticed a change, and commented that Bill no longer told him jokes when he visited. I blamed the chemotherapy for robbing him of his quality of life - or of Bill and retirement not being compatible. He continued doing such things as doubling up on shopping, dialling wrong numbers and leaving water taps running, and he had difficulty using the TV remote control. His reputation as a good cook diminished when he over-seasoned and used wrong ingredients, and food he was cooking on the stove was sometimes forgotten and burnt. I began to have reservations about him driving.

As the disease progressed, other symptoms developed. His speech changed and the unexplained falls increased. (He had many fractures as the chemotherapy he had been having for prostate cancer made his bones brittle). Not knowing it was part of the still undiagnosed disease, I could not understand why he held food in his mouth for a long time and then, unthinkingly, coughed or choked. He developed a habit of not looking at people when speaking to them, or he stared with a fixed look, holding a person's gaze then closing his eyes and looking away - appearing as if he could not stand the sight of the person he was speaking to. Bringing these things to his notice made no difference. I now know that holding food in the mouth and the inadvertent coughing and choking is part of the disease, that the problem with the eyes is caused by the inability to direct them properly because of weakness and paralysis of the eye muscles, and that the shutting of the eyes and looking away is involuntary. Apparently, when the eyes become affected, it gives a clue to the disease and with this and the person's immediate past history, the disease can be determined, usually by a neurologist.

Even though his memory and comprehension were good, he developed a vague appearance like a person with dementia or senility - the speech difficulty, the slight forgetfulness, the slow (albeit accurate) mental responses, the personality change and the poor eye contact gave that erroneous impression. Bill's past and present memory is still good, he tries to talk of everyday things but interpreting his speech is difficult and he gets very frustrated and angry when he cannot say a specific word. His overnight (sometimes awful) dreams and hallucinations become a reality for him the next day; he gets distressed almost daily, thinking something has happened to me.

It is hard to believe this old kiap once patrolled the limestone mountains in the Southern Highlands of Papua. As the doctors and people say, 'It is a dreadful disease' - and it is indeed when you see its progression destroying a person like Bill. His poor balance and the increasing stiffness of his body make movement difficult; he can no longer walk, and he needs everything done for him. He cannot write or read, his eyes will not move from one line to the next, and television is a blur. On the doctors' recommendation, reluctantly, he was placed for high level care in a nursing centre where I visit him daily and keep him in touch with what is going on in the world.

My reason for writing this is not to highlight Bill's problems (which he would consider to be personal), but because the disease has been linked to a Pacific island. No doubt there are people with PSP who have never been to the Pacific - but there just *might* be a connection, and other people, like Bill, could pose a problem to doctors for a couple of years and be given unnecessary treatment for other ailments. As mentioned above, PSP remains a mystery and there is no cure. Its cause is still being researched.

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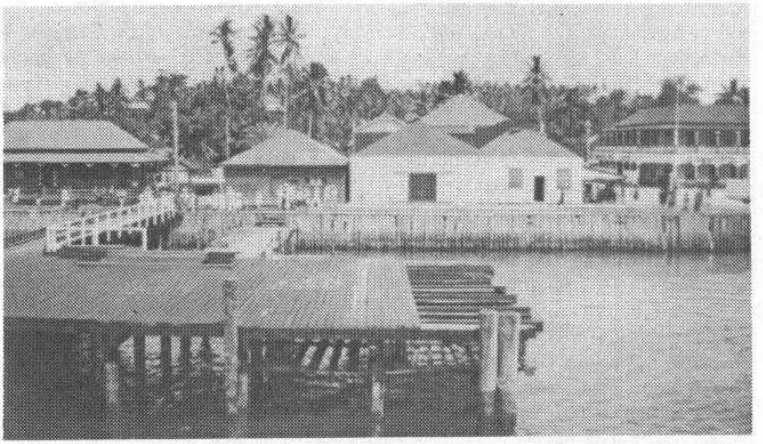
* *Progressive* is self explanatory; *Supra-nuclear* refers to the nature of the eye problem; *Palsy* means the paralysis of the body.

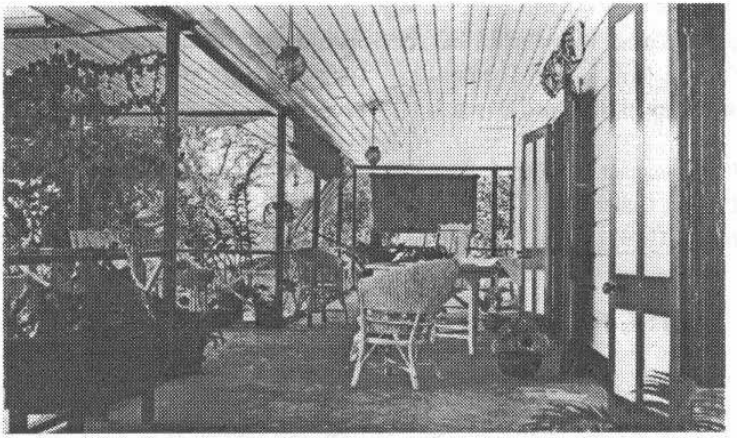
EARLY PHOTOS OF SAMARAI

Main Street, Samarai, 1900
Photograph from Tessa Jones (nee Washington) ©

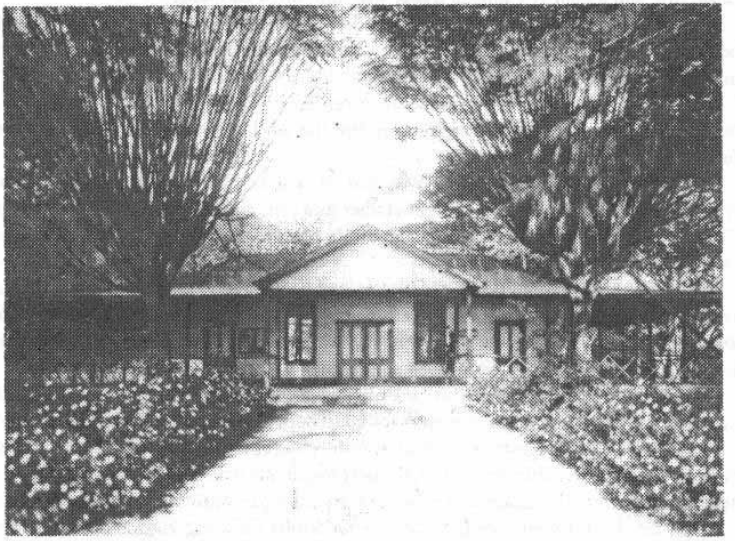


Wharf area, Samarai, between the wars
Photograph from Shirley Lockhart (Feetum)

EARLY PHOTOS OF KAVIENG



The ADO's house at Kavieng
when Geoff Melrose's father Robert Melrose was there in the early '20s



The District Office, Kavieng, 1923

Geoff Melrose wrote, 'More than anywhere else in New Guinea, Kavieng remains in my memory as a place of purple bougainvillea and frangipani perfume. It was a shady town with its tree-bordered main road and palm-fringed beach road - it seemed cooler than other areas. It was indeed a tribute to the German planners who contrived to recreate the lushness of the jungle in such an ordered fashion. Set above the natural harbour and with views of the Albatross channel it was truly a paradise.'

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THE RISE AND FALL OF TOVARUR PLANTATION, 1937 to 1977

by Frank Wilson

At the end of 1937 or early '38 I lost my position as manager of Wassanga plantation on Lavongai, New Ireland. This was because a plague of locusts ate the coconut flowers and so reduced copra production by about 80%. The owner of Wassanga, Vic Maxwell, decided to mothball the plantation until production improved. The war came first and a nearby Chinese trader was appointed caretaker.

I became a *rot masta*, supervising the clean-up of Rabaul after the eruption. I helped to put in all those drains which criss-crossed Rabaul and which became very unpopular with people leaving the pubs and clubs. I heard that a Mr Perriman, a W. R. Carpenter director, wanted a manager to develop a block of land he had purchased from Vic Pennefather. We clicked right away and the job lasted about 25 years. I could not have asked for a better boss.

Tovarur, about 800 acres, was part of Tokua Plantation which was German freehold and was granted to Vic Pennefather as a returned serviceman of WWI. Most of Tokua was virgin bush, the portion sold to Mr Perriman adjoined the lighthouse reserve on Cape Gazelle, New Britain.

When I started there, about 50 acres had been cleared and about 40 acres planted with coconuts. All the buildings were native material - labour houses, manager's house and, in a garden area, a house for Mr and Mrs Perriman. This garden area was large and beautifully laid out with trees, lawns and shrubs.

When I found out that the nuts planted were purchased from the local Tolais I suggested to Mr Perriman (in future referred to here as BBP) that we find a better source of seed-nuts. The suggestion was immediately accepted by BBP who then set about finding the best available. For a start, the best producing palms on Ulaveo plantation were selected - Ulaveo plantation was a W. R. Carpenter plantation managed by Max Lees.

Then BBP found bigger and better seed-nuts on Kar Kar Island. It so happened that Carpenters owned a desiccated coconut factory at Madang and sent small ships to Kar Kar to collect nuts for the factory. Those same ships also collected nuts from Ulaveo for the same factory so it was arranged that the ships would pick up my seed-nuts from Kar Kar and deliver them to Ulaveo where I could collect them.

I had about 40 labourers from the Aitape district to fell the bush, clear the fallen timber and mark out for planting, dig the holes and plant the nuts from the seed-beds (30ft on the square was chosen, as we intended to plant cocoa between the palms).

A timber man, Tom Flower, 'One-Eyed Tom', had contracted to remove the millable timber before felling. The man doing the actual logging was Harry Hugo - he had a conventional Bedford truck. He and his team of labourers would fell selected trees, saw them into 12 ft lengths, winch the logs onto the truck, then with a lot of 'shove and grunt' carry the logs to the beach. At high tide the logs, each weighing some tons, would be rolled across the reef into deep water (rice power). The logs were then assembled into rafts, 10 to 20 logs to each raft, depending on type,. The 'erima' (cigar box cedar) logs were excellent floaters, the kwila logs would sink like a stone. The kwila logs were slung between two erima for rafting. Other timber shipped out was 'lope' walnut, and Taun, a red hardwood a bit like redgum. When the rafts were made up, a pinnace would come from Rabaul to tow them into Rabaul where they would be lifted from the water and loaded as deck cargo. There was quite a strong tidal current running past Tovarur and I have seen the pinnace and raft heading for Rabaul at full steam but going backwards towards the lighthouse.

My workers, some 40-50 strong, would go through an area first with their bush knives to clear small trees and undergrowth. Then with axes they felled the larger trees some of which had great flanges at their base. Before these could be felled a scaffolding had to be built sometimes 12-15 ft high.

One part of Tovarur was swampy and I remember a huge ficus growing in the wet area - its aerial roots must have covered over a quarter of an acre. One such tree split in half, one half falling as expected, the other half fell in the opposite direction trapping some of the workers. Luckily I was close by; we removed the branches that were pinning the men in the mud, I bound their wounds, applied splints to broken arms and legs (about five men were caught), and we got them into Kokopo where the *liklik dokta* took over. One man died some days later, but all the others returned to the job on the plantation. They would not cut bush in the 'bad' area until I took steps to drive out the evil spirits. At that time I had a permit to use dynamite to kill fish to feed the labour line. I got two or three sticks of dynamite and attached them to long fuses. With the whole labour line shouting and singing, we marched into the 'bad' area, set off the explosives and so drove out the *masalai*. The axe used by the dead man was never used again - it was never chosen by any of the labour line although the axes all looked the same to me.

In pre-war New Guinea everything was done the hard way, using cross-cut saws only. I had one worker whose job was to keep the tools in order. He replaced broken axe handles, sharpened the saws (hand file) and kept the axes sharp with the big sandstone grinder (water-cooled).

About this time I gave Harry Hugo the fright of his life. The manager's house, built by the first manager, was a huge native-material building about 40 ft x 40 ft - the roof must have been 25 ft high in the centre. The area was divided into rooms with plaited bamboo walls, no ceilings, so each room had a good view of the rafters and the kunai roof. To keep rats in check I had a pet carpet snake which lived in the rafters.

One evening Harry reported in, after having spent a long weekend in Rabaul. In those days he used to knock himself about a bit with the grog. He was sitting in the lounge room recovering with a cold beer when he looked up to the rafters, shuddered and looked down again, then looked up again, and in a shaking voice said to me, 'Frank, do you see a snake up there?' I made out to be searching carefully and replied, 'No Harry, I can't see any snake'. A very subdued Harry whispered, 'My God, I've got them again'. Before he came again I moved the snake to the store. Harry carefully checked the rafters each time he came. Soon afterwards he went 'on the wagon' and as far as I know gave up the 'hard stuff' forever.

I carried on with the clearing and planting. My pay was £25 a month, plus one-

third of the trade store profit, plus a planting bonus, ie. so much for each seed-nut in the ground. Return fare was paid to Australia every three years, leave was a month a year on full pay.

I remember one time I had planted several thousand nuts in their holes when we had about ten inches of rain in 24 hours and all the freshly planted nuts popped out of their holes and went sailing towards the sea. We collected them and returned them to their holes. This time I fixed them with a couple of stakes until their roots developed.

A plantation manager from a nearby Carpenter plantation was visiting me one day. He was a very experienced manager and I think BBP may have asked him to give me some advice if required. I was preparing another low-lying area for planting and instead of digging holes I was building mounds for the seed-nuts. My visitor viewed my method with dismay and remarked, 'BBP should stick to business and not get mixed up in plantations which he knows nothing about - this swamp will never make a plantation.' After the war, when Tovarur was producing 50 tons of copra a month, the same gentleman remarked, 'BBP is a very lucky man to have a plantation like this'.

In 1940 I had finished planting the whole area except for about 30 acres of swamp. I had dug drains throughout the plantation. At the outbreak of war I joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and in July 1940, with BBP's blessing and a promise of re-employment after the war, I joined the 2nd AIF.

I was in Borneo when the Japs surrendered and had enough points accumulated to get a quick discharge in 1945. After a short leave, I reported to BBP that I was ready to return to my job on Tovarur. BBP contacted the Production Control Board (PCB) and asked that I be employed to manage Tovarur. The PCB paid my fare and wages. Early in 1946 I returned to Rabaul, or should I say to where Rabaul used to be. None of the buildings of pre-war Rabaul were left standing.

The Australian army were in charge, there were some 150,000 Jap POWs awaiting ships to return them to Japan. The PCB had taken over some surplus army equipment and I managed to get a Jeep and trailer, half a dozen tents, axes, bush knives, and also stretchers, blankets, and 'walk-about' lamps.

With about six workers I set out for Tovarur. The road through Tokua was unbelievably bad - it was only ever a dirt track and the Japs had ploughed along in their big army trucks leaving deep wheel tracks which were filled with water and mud. The Jeep had chains on all wheels which I had fitted before leaving the 'good?' road. In four wheel drive and low ratio, plus a lot of 'shove and grunt' from my helpers, we finally made it to the Tovarur boundary. I remembered that BBP's house and garden was on top of the hill. The secondary bush was some 30 ft high, and vines and creepers covered the palms. We hacked our way to the top of the hill to search for the house area. We had almost given up hope when we discovered some of the yah (casuarina) trees that had been planted along the edge of the road through the garden. We cleared an area and erected the tents. I had one tent for sleeping and one tent for lounge-dining room; the others had three tents for eating and sleeping and one tent was a store room. I had picked up from a Japanese dump a set of 12 v. batteries and a small charging plant. I was very proud of the fact that on the first night I had electric lights in my tent. The bathroom was a bucket shower hanging from a tree. We collected washing and drinking water from the run-off from banana leaves.

With my living quarters set up, the next job was to get the plantation producing copra. 'BP' Robbie (Mr Robertson, a pre-war Burns Philp plantation inspector) was in charge, and at a meeting with all the PCB plantation managers he pointed out that, as all the dryers had been destroyed, we could make a fresh start by building Ceylon-type dryers. We must discard the 'slovenly methods of the South Seas' which was finger-cut

copra - this produced large and small pieces of nut which made even-drying impossible. Ceylon copra on the other hand was dried in the half shell and was the method used by all the important copra producing countries.

My next problem was getting enough workers to start producing copra. I contacted two *luluais* from the Toma District and arranged that some 20 men would come and work on Tovarur for a month and at the end of the month I would pay them off, truck them back to their village and pick up another gang. *(The separate story of Tabaranat on p. 29 refers to this early period.)* This method worked very well - some of these workers were still with me twelve years later.

I had purchased through the PCB two ex-army trucks, one for use and one for spare parts. Next problem! How to build a dryer without building material??? I found: lots of 44 gal. drums left by the Japanese and Australian armies; lots of arc mesh from airstrip building; some black corrugated iron (not galvanised); rails from train tracks which the Japs had used in their tunnel digging, and plenty of bush timber for posts etc.

We put it all together and built a Ceylon-type copra dryer - cut the tops and bottoms out of the 44 gal. drums, split them, flattened them and we had walls; black iron was used for the roof and arc mesh for the copra beds which were supported by the rails.

The dryer had four beds. The dryer crew would empty the bags of split nuts onto the No. 1 bed, place them face down on the arc mesh and light the coconut shell on the floor of the dryer about ten feet below. The day crew kept the fires going until the night gang took over. The night firemen would keep the shell burning until about 4 a.m. when they would throw the half nuts onto No. 2 bed, light the shell underneath and wait for the day shift to take over. By the time the half nuts had reached the fourth bed the copra would be dry and most of it would fall out of the shell. Some copra had to be helped out by banging the shell on a plank. The copra would then be carried to the sacking shed and the shell retained to keep the dryer fires burning.

Tovarur was the first plantation to produce copra after the war. Mick Thomas on Rainau had produced some 'trade' copra a few days before me.

About this time I got some extra workers, recruited from the Aitape area for the PCB. Before they arrived we had built some native-material labour houses, and my tents had been replaced by a native-material house with sac sac palm roof, bamboo walls and limbom floor. When galvanised roofing iron became available I built a 'house-cook'. Having acquired and repaired a big water tank, I then had a house fit for a 'woman'. Dorothy, who arrived a bit later, was bemused (?) by our living conditions. (We married in 1944 - Dorothy was a city girl, and found things DIFFERENT.)

The labour quarters had been built near a spring so we set up a small overhead tank and fitted a pump so the workers had plenty of water for washing and cooking.

During the war the Japs had dug a tank trap right across the plantation. They had planted 200 lb. bombs nose up in front of the tank trap, as anti-tank mines. I asked the army for help and they sent out some twenty Jap POWs, two or three police boys, an army truck and an army lieutenant in charge. The POWs dug out the bombs (they were not 'live'), loaded them on the truck and stacked them on the edge of the reef. The resultant crater became famous later on as the 'bomb-hole', with young children learning to swim there .

Because of the dense overgrowth, the palms and also the 'dries' (fallen coconuts), were very hard to find. We counted 15 palms in from the boundary and cleared a track for the Jeep and trailer. The labourers would then clear the palms 15 deep each side of the track, collect what dries they could find and carry them to the track. As about 30% of the palms had been destroyed during the Jap occupation we had to replant as we progressed through the plantation. When one track was finished we would count another

30 palms and clear another track.

Later these tracks were graded into permanent roads which covered the whole plantation - ten in number. As we progressed, the drains were cleared and bridged where needed. The cover crop which I had planted before the war still existed in places and we replanted where needed. This reduced grass cutting to a minimum. By about 1950 the whole plantation had been replanted and cleared of all secondary bush.

In the early '60s most of my replants were producing and my copra was increasing every month. I then started planting cocoa in between the lines of coconut palms. My intention was to produce 50 tons of copra a month and 50 tons of cocoa a year. It was pleasing to have my methods vindicated by achieving the lowest cost of production figures for the Territory for some years running. (I was a member of the Copra Industry Stabilisation Board and we had access to cost of production figures for the whole of PNG. Of course I didn't have the names of the plantations but I did recognise my figures.)

Once the plantation roads were formed, drained and graded, a conventional truck could cover the whole plantation. My big army trucks and Jeep were pensioned off and a three-ton Bedford truck took their place. My tractors graded the roads and cut the grass on the roads and around the labour houses, store, married quarters, driers etc.

One of the outstanding features of Tovarur was the beach area - we had about a mile of beach front, protected by a beautiful reef. A lot of neighbouring families spent many happy hours there. Children learned to swim in the shade of overhanging trees, and it was a happy hunting ground for spear fishermen, shell collectors, etc. The cost of the material and labour for the buildings at the beach had come out of my own pocket. The toilet walls - green and brown SP stubbies - were supplied by visitors to the beach. The cry was 'drink up, the west wall isn't finished yet'.

It was a wonderful safe beach, although we did get a shock one day. The children were in the water when somebody pointed out a log that looked like a crocodile. At that moment the 'log' opened its mouth - it was a huge salt-water croc. In seconds the beach was free of children. The local 'cop' who was at the beach said, 'If I had a rifle I could shoot that thing'. As it happened I had a .303 rifle (ex-army). The cop accepted my offer, shot the croc, and even gave me back my illegal weapon.

Everything on the plantation was running well. Production up, costs down, copra prices good - and then the BOMB fell. Mr Perriman told me he had sold both plantations, Selapui and Tovarur to W. R. Carpenter & Co. I was stunned and immediately tendered my resignation. BBP said he had arranged for me to remain as plantation manager and I was to be appointed general manager and director of the new company, Tovarur Plantations Ltd. Selapui & Tovarur - also I was to receive a pay increase. Against my better judgment I allowed myself to be persuaded - biggest mistake I ever made.

Suddenly, in spite of the imposing titles, I ceased to be a plantation manager and became a 'clay-pigeon' for all the two-bob clerks in the CPL (Carpenters) Rabaul Office. They kept sending me letters telling me how to run the plantation. I learned later that BBP had used my Tovarur production figures to spur the CPL managers to equal them. It didn't earn me many friends!

...It left me in wonderment at the blunders made by the people in power at CPL...

...Not wishing to dwell too long on this period I must mention a very hostile letter I received in the '60s. It stated, 'Your failure to deliver the full quota of seed-nuts places our replanting plans in jeopardy, you will immediately supply the required number of seed-nuts.' I had to point out that a very dry period some eleven months previously had drastically reduced flower setting and caused a drop in production. I mentioned that although my abilities were exceptional there were some things over which I had no control.

I often considered giving up the job on Tovarur and concentrating on my other business interests, but the attractions of the beach at Tovarur were too strong.

.....All good things must come to an end. One day I was told to meet someone from Carpenters in Rabaul, no Director present, no Manager, not even any office staff - only an alcoholic 'has-been'. Smelling strongly of whisky, he read out a dismissal notice. Two weeks' notice. Later they asked me to stay a bit longer as they were not ready to take over!!! And so ended my thirty years of devotion to Tovarur. Out came a couple of 'Office Bods' to take over the plantation. First of all the cash. I had a bank bag half full of 2 toea pieces. The OBs counted them a number of times but always came up with an odd amount when it should have been even. They spent so much time counting the sticks of tobacco and the aforementioned cash they didn't have time to count the rice bags, the bagged copra etc. They accepted my figures for these.

.....

In 1986 I visited Tovarur, nine years after my departure. The plantation was shabby and neglected. Roads had been washed out and not repaired, coconuts left ungathered. The only sign of my Ceylon dryer was a burnt-out shell; a huge pre-fab dryer had been built. The cocoa dryer and fermenting boxes had gone.

The greatest bit of vandalism I saw was in the garden area. The frangipani trees which Mrs Perriman had planted in 1936 and which had survived the Jap occupation had been sawn off at ground level. Thy had reached a height of about 50-60 ft and the lawn would be strewn with their blooms and the perfume very pleasant. I will never understand why anybody would want to destroy such a beautiful environment. Only weed trees were growing in their place.

Some trees in the beach area had been removed and the seas had eroded inland. The 'bottle-house', the house wind, the dressing shed had gone. A notice on the beach said, 'Open to friends of CPL only'. On the following week-end when I sailed past the place there was one man and his dog there.

It was a great shame - as I'm sure the 2,000 plus people, including overseas visitors, who signed the Tovarur Beach Visitors Book would agree.

.....

TABARANAT - When the first or second gang of workers from the Toma area lined up for work on their first morning I noticed a young *manki*, about ten years old with them. It seemed that he was an orphan - his father had been killed by the Japs and he was in the care of his uncle. I put him on 'ration strength' while I considered the options. He made the decision himself, and attached himself to the Jeep. Wherever the Jeep went, so did Tabaranat. He kept it clean; whenever I needed water for the radiator he was there to fetch it. When driving around the plantation I would let him steer the vehicle. The gangs from Toma came and went but Tabaranat stayed. When we went shopping to Kokopo Tabaranat would drive the Jeep to my front door and come with us as a passenger. On one occasion I was playing cricket in Kokopo and during the tea break asked Tabaranat to collect the mail. The post office was an open room on the edge of the cricket ground and mail was placed in boxes for anybody to collect.

Bill Dix, the local cop, came up to me and said, 'I saw your Jeep going past the police station but I couldn't see any driver. On investigating I found a very young manki driving. I don't mind young people driving but they must have some under-arm hair first'. I explained that I had expected Tabaranat to walk across the cricket ground to pick up the mail, not drive the Jeep. Bill said he couldn't fault his driving. Tabaranat drove for me for about ten years and was one of the best drivers I ever had. He married a Ralabang girl who had an area of land, and started a plantation.

30
A TERRITORY TALE

by Jim Toner

Ageing *wantoks* who think they have seen it all should be aware that there is always something unexpected just around the corner. So it was when I answered a phone call from a female stranger. She told me that her father had killed her mother and then himself on a New Britain plantation in the '60s and asked if I could tell her anything about the circumstances. Even in Darwin, this would be considered unusual.

The enquirer, self-composed and as intelligent as a qualified nurse should be, had been two years old at the time of the tragedy. No one had ever told her the full story and although it was all in the past she was still puzzling over it in her private moments.

Her research began in a supermarket earlier this year. She had been chatting to a friend and said that all she needed to buy was some *kaukau*. Standing close by was a man who happened to be ex-PNG. Overhearing the pidgin he enquired 'place bilong you?' and subsequently gave her the latest copy of 'Una Voce' in case it might be of interest. It was.

When the lady saw that our president was H.W. West, she recognised that name as the signatory on the bottom right-hand corner of her birth certificate. She was more familiar with that document than most of us, due to extensive use gaining citizenship etc. In view of their 'relationship', Harry having been Acting District Commissioner, New Britain when she was born, she felt it reasonable to phone him in Sydney to ask what he might know about her parents' awful demise. This question is even more unusual in leafy Chatswood and Harry referred her to 'Our man in the N.T.' Hence her call to me.

I recognised her name as the same as that of an affable fellow who was a motor mechanic in Rabaul and this turned out to be her uncle. But knowing nothing of the other matter - in the circumstances there had been no trial to 'hit the front page' only a coronial inquiry, presumably low key - I passed her on to the Oracle, namely Terry Daw who had been Welfare Officer at Rabaul for 20 years, now retired to Perth.

Terry certainly recollected the case because six parentless children had been brought in to him from the plantation. When he spoke to their uncle the latter cheerfully offered to take them all - to share a Sulphur Creek Road house with his own six children! Terry kept his eye on developments and there seemed to be a problem with only one lad who refused to attend school on the grounds that he intended to devote his life, 24/7 as the Americans say, to motor-bikes.

One of the sensible edicts from Canberra was to permit mixed-race Territorians to apply for Australian citizenship and in due course, with Terry Daw's assistance, the dual family, excepting my caller who continued to nurse at Rabaul hospital, moved to Queensland. Later she had married and come South.

Terry was equally surprised to get that phone call but delighted to learn, decades later, that his efforts on behalf of the TPNG administration had borne fruit. Everybody was doing very well in Brisbane. One girl had almost been rejected by Australian Immigration as retarded but Terry insisted that she should not be separated from her family and that she was quite capable of, and was happy carrying out, domestic tasks. Apparently she had greatly benefited from attendance at a special school and was now not only earning her living at a hospital but was in charge of a linen store. As for the 'bikie', when applying for a job at a repair shop he had been asked by its unconvinced proprietor to dismantle a motor. He had taken it apart and reassembled it in record time and was immediately hired. Pure Hollywood and the lad was now a foreman.

If nobody now knows what actually transpired between the spouses on that remote plantation it is almost certainly for the best.

FIRST AUSTRALIANS KILLED IN WWI

by **Maxwell R Hayes**

Few Australians realise that the first Australians killed in WWI were not killed at Gallipoli but were killed some seven months before that tragic event.

On 4 August 1914 England declared war on Germany following the declaration of war on France by Germany the previous day. Two days later, England sought Australian assistance to seize German wireless stations at Nauru and Yap Islands, and Bitapaka situated some 30 miles south east of Rabaul, New Britain, German New Guinea.

In a quite remarkable feat of voluntary mobilisation, Australia hastily assembled, equipped and despatched a force of over 1,500 officers and other ranks, on the MV *Berrima* which left Circular Quay, Sydney, on 18 August 1914. This force was known as 1 Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force, and other ranks signed on for a period of six months. There were to be other ANMEF before Australia assumed civil administration of the former German New Guinea in 1921.

The MV *Berrima*, together with Australian warships, *Australia, Sydney, Melbourne, Parramatta, Warrego* and *Yarra* headed north. The flotilla was joined by Australia's only two submarines - AE1 (lost near the Duke of Yorks, near Rabaul, on or about 14 September 1914) and AE2 (which achieved distinction in the Dardanelles campaign later). The force regrouped at Port Moresby and then sailed for Blanche Bay at the north east tip of New Britain.

On the morning of 10 September 1914, a small armed party landed near Herbertshöhe (later Kokopo) and severed some phone lines. There was little or no resistance. Due to an absence of maps and information, it was not known precisely where the German wireless station was, but it was suspected to be further inland at a higher altitude.

On the morning of 11 September 1914, two detachments landed, one near Herbertshöhe, the other at Kabakaul pier, a couple of miles east from Herbertshöhe. Despite a large military contingent being available, the landing party at Kabakaul comprised mostly naval personnel. After obtaining some information from a Chinese storekeeper, the force set out on foot south along the Kabakaul to Bitapaka Road. This road ran through plantations and, unbeknown to the force, had been mined in at least two locations and was defended by Germans at three trenches across or adjacent to the road.

Near the first trench, approximately 1½ miles from the pier, the Germans opened fire, resulting in the mortal wounding of Able Seaman W.G.V. Williams. Australian Army Medical Corps Captain B.C.A. Pockley, in a feat of considerable and unrecognised bravery, gave his own Red Cross arm brassard (which identified him as a non-combatant) to the stretcher party removing Williams. Almost immediately Pockley was himself mortally wounded. Both were conveyed to the *Berrima* where they died that afternoon. Within a short time Able Seaman J.E. Walker (who served as A/B J. Courtney) was shot dead and Signalman R.D. Moffat was mortally wounded - he was conveyed to the HMAS *Australia* and died on board.

In a valiant attempt to lead a charge on the trench, Lt. Commander C.B. Elwell was shot dead. After taking this trench, the force captured the second trench some 1¾ miles further south. A brief skirmish some ¼ mile toward the wireless station, saw Able Seaman H.W. Street shot dead.

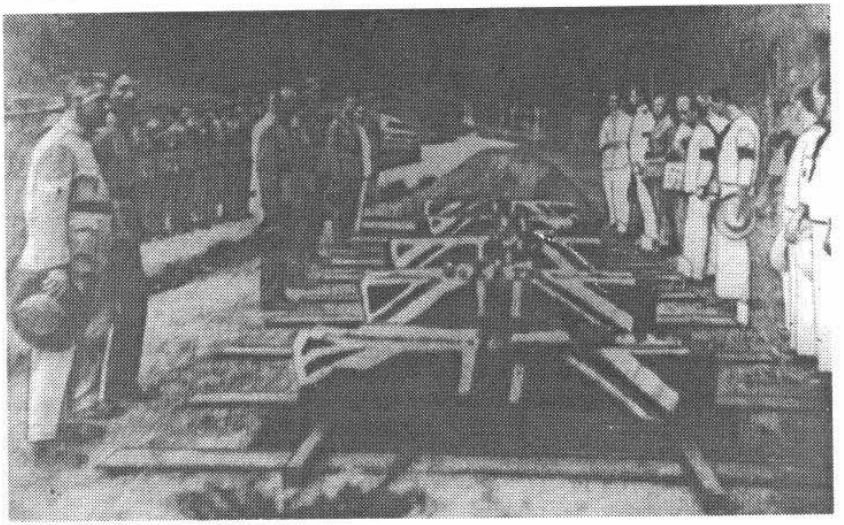
After that there was no resistance and the force occupied the wireless station, the masts and the barracks some 1½ miles further south.

German losses killed were put as one white NCO and about 30 native

police/troops. Australian losses had been six killed and several wounded. The following day the German Governor surrendered.

This battle marked not only the end of the German empire in the south west Pacific; it was also Australia's 'Baptism of Fire' as a sovereign nation. Although Australians had been killed in the Boer War, they did not fight as Australians but rather as members of colonial military forces.

Of the six Australians killed on 11 September 1914, Pockley and Williams were buried at the Herbertshöhe cemetery. Street was buried where he fell on the road to Bitapaka and was subsequently re-interred alongside Pockley and Williams. Elwell and Walker were buried in 'a suitable position' at Kabakaul and Moffat was buried at sea.



1919 - Re-interment, at Rabaul Civil Cemetery, of 5 of the 6 Australians killed on 11 Sept. 1914 during capture of German radio station at Bitapaka (Photo, A. Page)

In 1919, the five buried at Herbertshöhe and Kabakaul were re-interred in the Rabaul Civil Cemetery in adjoining graves to which headstones were later erected.

After WWII, the Office of Australian War Graves was able to identify the graves of Pockley and Williams and suitably re-inter them at the Bitapaka War Cemetery which is approximately where the German radio station existed. It is presumed that the graves of Walker, Elwell and Street were not located, having been obliterated during the war.

Although the loss of the first Australians killed in WWI was subsequently overshadowed by the tragic events at Gallipoli some seven months later, their battle should be recognised as the first battle Australians fought against the Germans.

Sources - *Official History of the War 1914-1918, Volume X, The Australians at Rabaul*
British Military Administration Government Gazette No 1 of 15-10-1914;
Private sources

'AUSTRALIANS AT WAR' - Omissions raise members' ire

The series *Australians at War*, which screened on ABC TV, raised the ire of several members. **Donald RAMSAY** of Woollahra NSW said, 'After the KOKODA screening on 23 May last, I fired off a fax to the Letters Editor of the *SMH*, but, of course, not printed.' - Donald's fax reads: '... As usual whilst our Allies were reported, NO mention was made of the brave Papuan and New Guinean soldiers nor of the Papuan stretcher-bearers as they crossed the screen. It so happens that the first of the many Australian Battle Honours on the Colours of the Royal Pacific Islands Regiment is KOKODA TRAIL.'

Geoff BASKETT of Port Macquarie NSW also wrote to the *SMH*: '... I noticed in one episode when Australians were shown leading a blinded mate away from the action that a number of Papua New Guineans were seen in the background as they carried provisions across a river. I also noticed another time that a number of Papua New Guineans were shown smiling at the camera as they carried a wounded soldier on a stretcher. But I did not hear in the episode of any tribute given for the way in which Papua New Guineans had contributed to the defence of their country and in that way, to the defence of Australia.

'Several thousand Papua New Guineans were used by the Australian Forces in PNG during WWII. In the Milne Bay area alone 1,200 Papuans took part in aiding the Army during the invasion by the Japanese and subsequent actions in that area. Throughout the action in PNG, Papua New Guineans were used as carriers of stores and ammunition, stretcher bearers, spies, labourers, ships' crews and in many other forms of duty. Many helped the famous coastguards and spotters although they were well aware that if they were captured they would have been beheaded by the Japanese forces. In the episode there was no mention of the fact that many Papua New Guinean civilians, including women, were captured, tortured and killed by the Japanese during the Japanese occupation.

'Papua New Guineans also played a very important part as fighting members of the PNGVR and as Police with the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit ... the whole nation of Australia owes a great debt to the people of PNG who helped, and in some cases laid down their lives, in the defence of Australia.'

Max HAYES of Box Hill South, VIC wrote to us concerning the series' failure to mention the events at Bitapaka in 1914 when Australia suffered its first WWI casualties. Max is taking several authorities (Australian War Memorial, Aust Defence Academy, Dept of Veterans Affairs, the ABC, and others) to task over this omission.

(SeeMax's article, *First Australians Killed in WWI* at page 31 of this issue.)

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ROAPNG wrote to the ABC about the omissions in *Australians at War*.

HELP WANTED: Member **Michael WHITE** is putting together **a display of stamps, postal history and postal cancellations of the Rabaul, Kokopo and Matupit areas** for exhibition some time in the future. He said he is trying to cover the period from German colonisation to its volcanic destruction and has a lot of gaps. He asked if any members would be willing to part with any such material - he is prepared to pay for this. He can be contacted at PO Box 86, Braddon ACT 2612, or email: mwhite@easyapply.com.au

A NEW LOOK AT RELATIONS BETWEEN PAPUA NEW GUINEANS NEAR MADANG AND THE JAPANESE IN WWII

by Mary R. Mennis

New Guinea was a German Colony from 1884 until the signing of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. While it was a colony, the Germans built a network of roads and established plantations. Control over the villages was maintained through a system of leadership with the old village chiefs the *luluai* and their deputies the *tultul*.

With the Treaty of Versailles all this changed. New Guinea became a Mandated Territory and Australians took control and the German plantations were mostly given to ex-servicemen. Because Australian patrol officers visited the coastal and inland areas quite frequently the influence of the Australian government was quite widespread especially in the main towns before the Japanese arrived in 1941-42.

Because this time of influence was only a matter of 20 years, it is amazing that so many of the villagers remained loyal to the Australians. When the Japanese arrived, some village people regarded them as just one more lot of bosses who had taken over. One bewildered villager told me in the 1970s, 'The Germans came and then they went, the Australians came and then they went and then the Japanese arrived'. He was old enough to remember it all.

When the Japanese landed in Madang on 18 December 1942, some of the village men had been out fishing and were returning along the beach. Suddenly there was movement in the bushes beside the beach. Movement on a calm day! Curiosity got the better of them and they crept up with their spears at the ready, thinking that an animal was hiding there. The bushes leaped up revealing Japanese soldiers with leaves in their hats. They seized the petrified villagers and made them carry cargo from the ships into the safety of the hinterland.

The Madang people were amazed at the power and the cargo these new conquerors had. A whole convoy of ships - submarines, minesweepers and troop carriers suddenly arrived. They tried to interpret the arrival of the Japanese within their own belief system. Handed the strange Japanese occupation money as payment for their services, they studied it in detail. It was the first tangible evidence of the Japanese they could take away and ruminate about. In the village of Riwo, north of Madang, the strange money was handed around the group of elders. They noted that in one corner was a group of coconut palms depicted on a point of land similar to the point at Budup just near Riwo village.

Sample of money circulated by the Japanese during the occupation

'Maybe it is Kilibob and his men returning!' *Luluai* Kamot decided. The men nodded in agreement. It was their old creator-being, Kilibob, returning. They all knew the story of Kilibob and Manup, the two creator beings who had been born at Budup generations before. These two brothers had lived with their parents but were always fighting. Their mother was angry and showed them her stomach where they had both been in her womb. The two of them were very ashamed but it did not stop them fighting.

Manup made a canoe but Kilibob built a ship. The two of them fought and fought and rested. Kilibob went off in the direction of Madang to make islands and place men on them. He went to Riwo, Kranket, Bilia, Bilibil and Bogati. He gave each place weapons and decorations and introduced singsings and feasts and all the customs of the ancestors. Then he left for the white man's land. For generations the people had been expecting Kilibob to return and bring the good times with him.

Writing about the myth of the two brothers of the Madang area, anthropologist Peter Lawrence said, 'The people accepted myths as the sole and unquestionable source of all important truth. All the valued parts of their culture were stated to have been invented by the deities who taught men both secular and ritual procedures for exploiting them'.

In August 1976 I talked to Dau, an old man in Riwo village who was present when the Japanese money was being discussed and he said:

> My ancestors used to talk about Kilibob. They had heard it from their *tumbuna* (forebears). When the whiteman came they thought they were Kilibob and Manup and they would bring the good times. Then when the Japanese came we thought again about Kilibob. The story was that when Kilibob came back there would be fighting. Men with *mal* (laplaps made of bark) would appear and bring cargo. So when the Japanese arrived and we saw they were wearing *mals*, our thoughts went back to our *tumbuna* and we said to ourselves, 'True, now the good times will come up'.
>
> The Japanese paid us in money. It was another kind of money. We could buy food and things from the Japanese, but later when the Australians and Americans came, they told us to collect the money and give it to them because it was rubbish. This Japanese money had a picture on it like New Guinea. We thought it was the point of land inside the passage at Alexishafen (Budup). There were three coconuts on this point just like the picture on the Japanese money and we said 'this is the point where Kilibob had his boat'. We thought, now Kilibob was back with his money.

Because the people thought they were being loyal to a far older order, they welcomed the Japanese and some cooperated openly with them. Amongst these was Kamot, a Riwo villager, who was made a big boss of a big area by the Japanese. Dau remembered the first American airman shot down over the island. Kamot took him to the Japanese and the American was killed. Kamot went to court about this (after the war). Other Americans also crashed at Riwo and Dau brought them over in a canoe to the Japanese who took them, put them in prison and then killed them.

> Dau: They fastened their hands and cut their necks with the long knives and buried them. I was only a *bosboi* (boss) for the Japanese. I saw them kill some white men with my own eyes. There was a big court about this. Master Powell judged all the crimes and the *luluai* went to prison. I too went to court but they found I just bossed the men. The Americans came and asked me where the bones were buried. I took them up to where the graves were.
>
> In court I told the kiap that I wasn't strong enough to talk out against the Japanese. I saw these things happen but I had to keep quiet or else I too would die. They were bad men. When *luluai* Kamot died I took his place.

After the war these Riwo men were described as cargo cultists who had sympathised with the Japanese. They were punished for their disloyalty. But perhaps they would argue they were being loyal to a much older tradition - that of their mythical heroes Kilibob and Manup?

60 YEARS ON - NO REAL RECOGNITION OR ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In the March issue of *Una Voce* we (ie. those listed below) sought to make contact with people who might help us gather information about experiences before, during and after the Japanese invasion of PNG. The response has been encouraging. We have:

- established a network of people across Australia,
- exchanged information and books relevant to our quest,
- added to our knowledge of those dark days, and
- learned about experiences and events in places in PNG other than Rabaul.

We are sure that there is still much to uncover but we are now ready to ask people to write their stories to be published as part of a proposed social history of that time and place. If you are interested or would like to contribute, please contact:

Margaret (Bishton) Carrick, 5 Shaw Ave., Kingsford NSW 2032. Fax 02 9697 9499

Gael Penrose, 'Clevecourt', Bingara NSW 2404 (Pls. write giving your phone number.)

Geoff Melrose, 48 Koree Island Rd., Beechwood NSW 2446, Ph. 02 6585 6307

Margaret (Simpson) Henderson, 11 Fourth Road, Belair SA 5052, Ph 08 8278 7154, Fax 08 8278 4849.

PORT MORESBY TOWN, 1942

Marie Colbron Conroy of Avalon Beach NSW wrote, 'I am enclosing a photo taken in 1942 after the blockbuster bomb destroyed the middle of Port Moresby town with a direct hit on the school opposite the Papua Hotel, I believe. Amazingly the hotel entrance survived with the name of the manager which on close scrutiny looks like J.L. Best. The soldier in the doorway is Bill Alexander, the late husband of a neighbour of ours. Another soldier with his tin helmet is in the left foreground. Up the hill framed in the doorway, seemingly not damaged, is the old church.'

Marie said that Bill Alexander's widow, Beryl, was happy for us to publish this historic photo.

AN EXPERIENCE DURING MY FIRST YEAR IN PNG (1940)

by **Marjorie Deasey**

There was one date on the calendar - the expected arrival of a baby. The couple, George and Ranee Sexton, were at the Mission Station at Madiri, a village on the mighty Fly River. Also at Madiri was a rubber plantation owned by Mrs Cowling. Mrs Cowling was very excited about the anticipated event and had taken upon herself the responsibility of caring for Ranee. Her care was always well meant, but not always the best treatment - 'Ranee, if you want to live in this country, you must eat, eat, and eat' she would say. She went on to tabulate the foods she thought beneficial - cheese, peanut butter and vegemite. Mrs Cowling was a woman of great ability, great physique and great ideas, and was loved and respected by all.

It was arranged that I should attend the mother at her confinement. I was not a qualified nurse but had had some experience in midwifery and general nursing. My husband Dudley and I were with the Unevangelised Fields Mission at Balimo, some considerable distance from Madiri. The country was rugged and wild, and the journey between Balimo and Madiri could take a whole day or more.

Plans had been discussed and all was in readiness for the birth of the first white baby in the Western Province. My husband and I had arrived at Balimo in early July 1940, amid great celebrations, but I was confined to bed soon after our arrival with a most irritable rash which could not be diagnosed or controlled. Was it something I had eaten, the result of mosquito bites, the humidity, or just something ordinary? Days passed, and nothing relieved my complaint. The time was approaching when preparations for the trip to Madiri had to be made. I was still in bed suffering from the uncontrollable irritation but I was determined to go.

Four local men offered to take us on our journey. We set off very early one morning, travelling by canoe to the other side of the Balimo lagoon, then trekking for hours. I was carried in a cane chair strapped to two long poles, which the four men bore on their shoulders. Feeling very weak, I relaxed in the chair and repeatedly shut my eyes to try to get some sleep. It was a ghastly trip, but the carriers never complained of the heat or the difficulties, and never deviated from the narrow path through the jungle. When it came to crossing swamps, the youngest man carried me on his back. He strode along the small logs lying just above the water without the slightest variation in balancing - proof of the amazing skill of the tribespeople.

Towards late afternoon we arrived at the creek at Duwaba where we were met by Mr Len Twyman. The carriers were no longer needed as Mr Twyman had brought canoes from Madiri. I was placed in one of the canoes and soon fell asleep, the first real sleep for weeks. The other canoe accommodated Mr Twyman and my husband, and the paddlers, and together the 'fleet' set off for Madiri. The trip took longer than expected but by nightfall we had arrived at a village not far from the Fly River. The villagers kindly provided us with sago and coconut but the big attraction was the long hair of the 'white lady'. We rested for several hours, then it was decided to cross the Fly River.

The Fly is so treacherous it is necessary to cross it with caution. The group paddled well, and by dawn had arrived at Madiri. I was not aware of what was happening or that I had been laid on the floor of one of the houses. All the missionaries then went to another house to pray for my recovery. Eventually I awoke, struggled to my feet, and went to look for them.

When I found them they looked at me in amazement. Mr Sexton was alarmed and said, 'You can't possibly attend my wife in the condition you are in'. Covered with a rash, thin and weak, I realised he was justified in the comment he made. His wife, Ranee,

quietly said, 'We will pray and ask the Lord to hold the baby 'til she is healed.' That brought a feeling of calm to all despite the fact that the baby was due in a few days, according to human reckoning.

Mr and Mrs Sexton had been missionaries in Brazil for many years and had used homeopathic treatment on their patients there. Immediately I was given some homeopathic medication, which resulted in rapid and amazing relief. Within a fortnight I had fully recovered and was given approval to attend the expectant mother. This mother-to-be was an outstanding nurse who had trained in England. Her nursing ability was rewarded by a special presentation from the General Nursing Council of London. Never did she show any sign of fear or anxiety.

The time was near so she said to her husband, 'Let us do some exercise late tonight - that might bring on contractions'. So off they went, jumping the small channels that wove round the rubber trees. About 11 p.m. I was called, as things were beginning to happen. Events followed one after the other, and towards dawn the cry was heard announcing the arrival of Elizabeth Sexton. My diary reads, 'Sunday 1 September 1940, Elizabeth Nora has arrived - 8½ lbs - 22 inches long - dark blue eyes and long black hair, a beautiful little bundle.'

Elizabeth was adored by all. Another member of the Sexton family was the only surviving member of a tribe that had been attacked and wiped out. He was Kumalas, a lad of about 10 years; he had been given to Mr Sexton by the Government Officer at Daru, to be loved and cared for. This lad was so enthralled with the baby that he sat beside the cradle almost all day. When she cried he hurriedly sought help and protested if it was not given immediately. Communication was difficult, but his actions conveyed his needs. In October the Sexton family moved across the Fly River to Wasua, the newly established headquarters of the Unevangelised Fields Mission. Mr Sexton was the Leader. Establishing the headquarters, and becoming familiar with the environment and the people of the tribe nearby, he never neglected the fatherly responsibility of caring for Kumalas.

It was only several weeks after their arrival at Wasua, that Kumalas went down to the edge of the river one morning to bathe. He had his towel and was wading through the incredible mud to reach the water when a crocodile rose up and took him. It was a tragedy for everyone and Elizabeth lost one of the people who adored her and who would have been a wonderful companion in future days.

To celebrate the arrival of Elizabeth, Mrs Cowling acted in a most unusual manner. She arrived at the Sexton residence with a young pig - for Elizabeth.

Postscript: My complaint was caused by my having passed through the smoke of a certain tropical tree that was being burnt - the smoke is known to affect those with a Vitamin C deficiency. To welcome us, the people of Daru had staged a huge feast and had used this wood as fuel for cooking. It is all described in Dr Raphael Cilento's Tropical Medicine Book. Some years later, the LMS missionary Mr Schlinker of Daru was flown to Australia for medical treatment - he had the same complaint, and on his return he informed me of what had affected me.

Marjorie Deasey was in Balimo from 1940-74 (except for wartime), in Moresby from 1976-85, and at Mapodo in the Balimo area from 1986-91. Of her trips back, she said recently, 'I always enjoy my visits, noticing the tremendous changes taking place, and the wonderful way the people are adjusting to the present situation'. At the request of the Mission and of her family, she is now writing the story of her life.

MY YEAR IN WAU - AN EDUCATION OFFICER'S STORY

by **Nancye Simington**

In 1953 I spent almost a year in Wau and loved it. For the first few days I stayed at the hotel and then Lloyd Hurrell, our district officer, came with the ute to help me move into my new home. It had two bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, bathroom with bucket shower and a hole in the floor, and a back verandah. The toilet was up the back yard. It would have been nice if I could have shared the house with another girl, but there wasn't one available so I had it all to myself. Back in those days my reputation would have been in tatters if I'd let a man move into the spare room.

There were the usual items of furniture - two beds, a table and chairs and a couple of easy chairs. The only thing it lacked was a fridge and after a look around the government store Lloyd found that the only one there was a big new Kelvinator still in its carton. He let me have it but stipulated that I was not to ask for anything else.

It only took a couple of days before I realised that I did need to ask for something else and that was a front door. There was a big bolt on the inside of my bedroom door but I couldn't spend all my time locked in the bedroom. It was hard to catch Lloyd as he was always dashing here and there but finally I did, and got prompt action - a new door with a bolt on the inside and a six inch nail for a door knob on the outside.

Wau had a lovely climate, warm days and crisp nights. It was a place where you could have an ideal lifestyle. We had a doctor and a hospital but I didn't ever need them, a two-teacher school (where I taught) and a pre-school. There were two churches, one Catholic and one Protestant. We had a box library, kept at the District Office, with books from the library in Lae, and could borrow two books at a time. There was a small Burns Philp store where we bought meat and groceries, and supplemented those with locally grown vegetables.

Our recreational needs were well taken care of by way of a pub, a club, a picture theatre, a tennis court and a golf course. The golf course went up and down in all directions. There were always a few locals hovering around hoping to earn a shilling as a caddy, which I found to be a good investment.

Like most small communities there were the usual minor scandals but on the whole everything went well. Whenever we had a ball at the Wau Club the local talent would get together and put on a really good cabaret-style floor show. A lot of our activities that year were inspired by the fact that it was coronation year. We had a ball, tree plantings, a special afternoon at the school with speeches and a play put on by the children, and a grand parade on coronation day itself.

Just about everyone was involved in the parade one way or another. Everything with wheels was in it, from bikes to large trucks. We decorated with flags and banners, miles of red, white and blue crêpe paper and great armfuls of foliage. The school children marched as a group and all wore white. We wound our way through the town and ended up on the oval where a dais had been built. We listened to speeches, sang patriotic songs like 'Land of Hope and Glory' and stood proudly to attention for the national anthem. It seemed strange to be singing 'God Save the Queen' instead of 'God Save the King'. After lunch, preparations for the singsing were begun. The government had donated several pigs and people were arriving from as far away as Goroka. The revelries went on all night.

Our senior police boy, a sergeant, was one of those chosen to go to London for the coronation. After his return he said to me, 'Missus Nancye, do you savvy that the number one boss of the whole British Empire is now just a liklik missus?'

I loved my school and the kids. Our school building had a double classroom and a small office in the corner. There was a big verandah where the children had their lunch. It could feel a bit crowded sometimes with two of us teaching there, so one day I asked Lloyd if perhaps we could tack on a storeroom of some sort, just to give us a bit more room. He came down, paced up and down and measured and thought. He eventually got so enthusiastic that when our extension was built it was big enough for a second classroom. It was great!

Though I was proud of our school I had to admit the other one in the town was somewhat superior. It was out at the Lutheran mission. The mission people had a boarding school for their primary-aged children. When they were old enough they would go back to Australia or the USA for their high school education. Little brothers and sisters, and mothers, would take it in turns to spend time at the school. This provided them with a break because leave did not come round very often - every five years for single people, and every seven years for married ones. The mission school had two teachers, one Australian and one American. I visited them a lot as there weren't many girls my age around and I enjoyed their company.

Recently I heard there are now only five or six Europeans living at Wau and that most of the buildings have been burnt down and the jungle has grown back over the golf course. It sounds very sad and if it is true I won't ever go back for a visit. I prefer to remember it the way it was - such a happy place.

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REUNIONS

PNG REUNION 2002, GOLD COAST: This will be on Saturday 8 June 2002 (Queens Birthday Weekend) at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough Street, Southport. Cost for three-course buffet dinner is $36 per person (which compares favourably with the charge of $35 for the 1994, 1998 and 2000 reunions); liquor will be at Club prices (which are cheaper than those charged at previous venues). Guests will enjoy vastly superior facilities at this venue - they are equal to or surpass any on the Gold Coast. The same band will be in attendance as at the 2000 reunion.

If you are interested in attending please supply your name, address and contact details (home/work or mobile number) to:

Paul Bolger, 5 Tamarix Avenue, Bray Park Qld 4500 (Phone or fax 07 3889 6805)

Full details, including suggested accommodation venues, will be sent to you.

HELP WANTED: Jonathan RITCHIE, (son of **Jim RITCHIE**), is doing a PhD with the History Dept of the Univ. of Melbourne. His area of study is the way that PNG's independence constitution was developed, in the years 1972-1975. He would like to hear from anyone who was involved, particularly those working in the Dept of District Administration or the Govt Liaison Branch of the Chief Minister's Department at that time. Jonathan is particularly interested in personal recollections of:

- the establishment and conduct of Discussion Groups from early 1973 to mid '74,
- the tour by the Constitutional Planning Cttee (C.P.C.) from May to Aug 1973,
- the constitutional talks between representatives of Australia and PNG from mid-1972 onwards, and
- the work involved with negotiating the passage of the C.P.C.'s report and the drafting of the constitution.

He is also interested to learn of the whereabouts of the C.P.C.'s administrative staff, including Mrs J Haynes, Mrs V. Curran, Miss K. Diggelmann, and Mrs F. Zahara.

Jonathan is at PO Box 191, Parkville VIC 3052, email: jritchie@trinity.unimelb.edu.au ph:03 9349 0395

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s from Paul J Quinlivan

No. 30 - Reality and Imagination

It is because of the tendency for false allegations to supplant truth, that I am writing these Snapshots and, in a curious way, an incident on tonight's SBS typifies what I mean. In the 'book segment' of Jim Lehrer's News Hour they promoted a novel about a Catholic priest who is alleged to have ministered to the American Indians for over 40 years and who, only when she was dead, was discovered to be a woman. The author freely admits that there was no such priest and that it is all the product of her imagination, but I am sure that the book will make her very wealthy. I am not so sure that today's American Indians will enjoy having their forebears portrayed as unobservant clods! In case anyone decides to make their fortune by writing a similar book about PNG, I will mention two experiences which I personally had.

The first was in Chimbu in 1952. I was walking to Mingende when I had a call of nature. Taking all precautions to make sure that there was nobody about, I ducked behind a tree but, in the twinkling of an eye, I suddenly discovered that there were five women only a few feet away, looking at me, giggling. When I reached Mingende the bush telegraph had already reported the event so the priests there told me not to worry because it happened to everyone because OLI wanted to know whether white people were, anatomically, like others they knew. When they arrived, the priests said, the usual form of 'first contact', in quite different parts of the Territory, was a swift grabbing of the crotch to make sure that a 'man' was a man!

There was one exception to the crotch test and that, curiously enough, is the second incident I want to talk about. I was on circuit with Chief Justice Mann in the Papuan Islands and we called in at Iwa and Gawa, two very remote islands where no white woman had been before. Lady Mann was with us, dressed in boots, jeans and jacket. As we walked up a hill a group of women appeared and, surrounding Lady Mann, moved her to one side where, ever so gently, they started prodding her upper body in a most embarrassing way. Lady Mann took it in good part when the interpreter said that the women were explaining that their menfolk were sure that she was a woman but, since the Europeans said she was a Mann and since she was dressed like a man, they had been deputed to do what they were doing!

No. 31 - Return to Reality... The Reform, in the 50s, of the PIR (Pacific Islands Regiment)

The summaries of Sean Dorney's excellent Blamey Oration and of the *SMH* report on the Papua New Guinea Defence Force, which were in the last *Una Voce*, refer to a period outside my time-frame since they start in the 1970s. They must, however, be of concern to all who remember that Papua New Guinea was a Trusteeship Territory of Australia so I would make three observations.

Firstly, it was only natural - and perfectly proper - for Australian Army personnel who were sent to TPNG in the 1970s to train the members of the PIR, to seek the best pay and conditions for the men they trained. It was for others, in Australia, to convince Cabinet that it had a duty to assert itself and say, 'Preferential Treatment can only lead to envy which would be destabilising. It would therefore be against the Trusteeship Agreement so it cannot be permitted.' After all, the Port Moresby riots which almost destroyed the PIR in the 50s were reported as being due to the PIR men's jealousy and frustration that their pay was less than that of the Police!

Secondly, it was not just the PIR who were, within the limits imposed by the

standards of education, well trained in those days. Far too little credit is given to those who trained medical orderlies, interpreters, boats crew and the police themselves, so I will quote from my Telefomin Reports to remedy this.

Thirdly, it was not just the personnel sent up from Australia who did such sterling work in rebuilding the PIR. A great debt is owed to the Franciscan Missionary, Father Ray Quirke, the Rabaul planter and MLC, Don Barrett, and the unknown person who appointed the two to their highly unusual task. To explain what I mean I will have to breach my two rules of keeping myself out of the picture and of not dealing with events after, say, the Section Ten Inquiry which changed things so radically. My reason is that, although the incident I am about to relate occurred in the 70s, it showed how wonderfully the recovery process had succeeded long before the retraining of the 70s began.

Court had finished and a PIR man came into my Chambers, unattended and unannounced and, for reasons which will become clear, I feel that I should not say whether he was a private, an NCO or an officer. But he was clearly - and by any standard - a Leader of Men. After giving me a classy salute he said: 'Although my father has never been a homosexual he has, in recent years, always dressed as a woman and gone to work in the fields as if he was a woman. He has just died there, dressed as a woman.'

Because all my seniors had either died or left, I was the Territory's senior lawyer and, despite my reputation for exploding if anyone tried it, some people had the idea that they could come to me when they wished strings to be pulled and pressure exerted. And, at face value, the words my visitor used could be read as an attempt to get me to put pressure on some poor unfortunate coroner to 'keep the family scandal out of the newspapers'. But this was clearly not so and I found myself explaining that coroners were independent. But he interrupted saying: 'No, Sir. You misunderstand! Everyone in the village accepted what he did, just as the people accepted the man at Chimbu that you used to talk about. It was something peculiar to him, at that period of his life, and no *shame* attached. My reason for coming and telling you is that you are *family* and you are entitled to know before the news breaks - if it breaks at all.'

That floored me and I said: 'Family? I don't understand!'

He said: 'You are *family* because you stood "sponsor" for me when the Bishop confirmed me. You probably won't remember me because you did it for so many but when Father Ray and Major Don Barrett came to help us get back our self-respect, after the riots, you used to come and talk to us. I always remember your talking to us about the good side of village life and about the man at Chimbu. And the lesson of Romeo and Juliet.'

It was one of the nicest things anyone has said and it ties in with two other very pleasant memories. The first is that, after the Telefomin investigations of 1954, a group of Wewakians shanghaied John Grainger and me (John was the OIC Police), and put us on a plane with instructions to spend a week at the army camp at Vanimo to relax and recuperate. Father Ray Quirke was in charge of the Catholic Mission nearby and he took us up to his place. The other is that, when the Administrator chartered a special DC3 to take just himself and me to Rabaul to deal with the Navuneram Shootings in 1958, Don Barrett was one of three wonderful hosts who took me into their homes and looked after me so that I could have freedom to operate - the others being Col Liddle of Vunadidir Training Institute (who joined the Field Staff on 22 October 1947) and Rev. Wesley Lutton of the Methodist Mission.

In between those two dates, '54 and '58, the PIR riots devastated Koki and Moresby and, by a stroke of genius, someone chose Father Ray and Don Barrett as the people to be brought in to raise morale in the PIR which was at an incredible low. It was

(apart from the efforts of the army personnel themselves) the fact that two men who loved PNG were chosen which produced the turn-around; but, since they thought that access to 'sympathetic outsiders' might be a good thing, they asked others to drop by whenever they could. And since, even in those early days, there were remarkably few Australians in Port Moresby who could speak pidgin, I am proud to be one of those who was especially asked.

I am particularly proud that, as educational institutes were created a few years later, I was asked to speak there too; at the Papuan Medical College, the Teachers Training College, the Gorris home at 6 Mile which later became the Admin College and the Bankers Training School opposite where the Travelodge is. At all of them it was the same basic worry gnawing at the students, and although it sounds rather pretentious today, I talked about how 'tribalism' was not unique to PNG, as evidenced by the fact that an early law of King Ine, who ruled in England from A.D. 668 to 726, said that if you saw a stranger and he did not show that he had no weapon in his hand, it was your duty to kill him! And yet, during King Ine's own lifetime, the Venerable Bede said that, because of the success of the lawyers in bringing in the Rule of Law, the country had become so peaceful that a widow could walk from one coast to the other without an escort! And how, with more than 700 languages, PNG would find it easier to bring that happy state about if everyone worked together but that, even when that happened, she had to face the fact that Romeo could not marry Juliet because they belonged to warring 'houses' within a peaceful city. The explanation of the reference to 'the man at Chimbu' was that I used to tell them how 'Government' was the name of a *longlong* man at Chimbu who used to put on a Tultul's hat and dance around with an enormous spear, pretending to menace people coming to the Government Offices. I explained that whereas he would have been locked up in Western cultures, he was given a good life in the village - and a delicious name - because village life protected people.

No. 32 - A Short Description of the Telefomin Attacks

There were many other Father Rays and Don Barretts doing wonderful jobs and, as I have said, I will illustrate what I mean by a couple of quotes from my Letter Recommending Awards for what happened at Telefomin. First, however, I should mention that the Telefomin Station was at a place called Ifitamin. It was here that the Ward Williams mining expedition landed in an amphibian aircraft in 1936. It was here that they made their base for a five months-long survey. It was also here that Allied Soldiers had a rest camp during the war and during the 'clean-up period'. Because of this long period of occupancy, everybody assumed that we knew all about the Telefomin. Unfortunately, there was an incredibly powerful cohesive force emanating from the nondescript Haus Tambaran at Telefolip which was in a different valley system. We did not know that the tribalism which, as I have said in No. 31, worried most of the Papua New Guinean elite, was different, in this area, from what we were used to elsewhere in PNG, and that Ifitamin - the place we judged everything by - was really an irrelevant nothingness. The extent of the influence of that Haus Tambaran is described, in great detail, by Professor Jackson starting at page 35 of his *Ok Tedi: The Pot of Gold* (University of PNG, no date, probably 1982).

The point is that, from the very beginning, the Masters of the Haus Tambaran decided on two things: (a) these white intruders had to be destroyed and (b) that, since the intruders had powerful things which could prevent plan (a) succeeding, the Min had to get to know all about these new things so that they could work out ways to neutralise them. Aircraft were easy to deal with. You just put logs out to prevent them landing.

Radio was also easy: just chop down the aerial masts. Getting at people inside buildings was also easy so they manufactured enormous numbers of five-pronged arrows which I will describe later. Other things, such as rifles, were more difficult but not impossible, and teams were trained to become so friendly with the invaders that nobody would object if they saw them wandering around. Then the individuals who were recognised as having right of entry were trained to make off with all the rifles without being noticed! The plan was complete and incredibly detailed, but although there were a number of occasions in the 40s when it was put into operation, the operation was always cancelled at the last moment. Then, as I said in the Letter of Recommendations,

> 'On Sunday 3rd November 1953 the Masters of the Tambaran House discovered that the whites would be in three widely scattered areas and their foreign Native helpers would be in five such scattered areas. This was the perfect opportunity. Instructions went out and the plan - in which the entire population, irrespective of inter-village hatreds and warfare, was involved - was implemented. The plan was absolutely comprehensive and superbly conceived. Attacks on all fronts were to take place without warning at an hour after daybreak on Friday. By a miracle an unscheduled aircraft landed at Telefomin station at that time and the attacks on that station and on the Mission did not take place at the planned time and, because those at those places became suspicious, they never occurred. Had the attacks succeeded - and only the inconceivable stopped them - the entire body of non-Telefomins in the area would have been annihilated and it would, conservatively estimated, have taken months and many lives of paratroops - the plan called for the demolition of the airstrip and the arming of a home-guard - before we could have got back into the area.'

No. 33 - A Medical Orderly who showed that he had been well trained

Medical orderlies were trained in many different centres and, since the anti-yaws campaign had caused everyone to believe in the wondrous effectiveness of 'a shoot', an essential part of that training was the proper preparations for injections. This is a passage from the Recommendation for Awards which I made in 1954:

> **'BUNAT of MOIM, Sepik, Native Medical Orderly.** This medical orderly, after being axed in the forehead and hit about the head with pieces of wood, carefully boiled his syringe and meticulously followed all instructions in giving the proper treatment to Cadet Patrol Officer Harris and Police Constable Kombo when the initial stages of the attack were repulsed. He stood by continuously throughout the whole attack, tending his charges. He did this so well that Kombo is alive and well today and Harris who (apart from multiple ghastly wounds) had his brain exposed, lived, without pain, from seven o'clock when that particular wound was inflicted, until 4.40 p.m. I know of no award which properly seems to fit such devotion to duty. It used to be the Albert Medal but I think this is now defunct. Others, with more knowledge than I, should know.'

No. 34 - Two Policemen who showed that they had been well trained

In the same recommendations I said the following about Constables PAHEKI of Mumuni, Popondetta, and MUYEI of Saba, Waria. For a proper understanding of it I should mention that the Telefomins did not tie flaming rags to ordinary spears as in old-fashioned Cowboys and Indians films, but they had created a gigantic arsenal of five-pronged arrows and they wedged a live coal between the prongs because, when rushing through the air, the coal would burst into flame.

> 'These two policemen were with the Harris patrol and were both themselves attacked in the initial stages. After Kombo's shooting had temporarily dispersed the attack, they stood guard

in turn with Kombo's rifle and a total store of seven rounds of ammunition. He who had the rifle stood guard outside the place wherein refuge was being taken. At first this was the police barracks. Then after it was burnt to the ground, it was the resthouse and then after that was burnt to the ground, it was the stockaded pig-pen. At the pig-pen everyone except the unconscious Harris and Kombo and their medical attendant Bunat were outside the pig-pen, engaged in dodging arrows which came in their many hundreds (at least 280 were embedded in the planking of the pig-pen when it was inspected later). Paheki received one arrow in the forehead, but otherwise they stood guard thus from a little after seven o'clock in the morning continuously until twenty minutes past five o'clock in the evening. They could at any time have tried to run away (Tigori, on their instruction, successfully did so). The reason they stayed is that they had two wounded men to guard. This conduct is, I think, worthy of the Queens Police Medal for Bravery.'

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PNG POLICE - THE EARLY DAYS

If you have ever wondered what motivated members of the PNG police force in the early days, Bill Gammage's book *The Sky Travellers - Journeys in New Guinea 1938-1939 (pp 38-9)** gives an explanation.

First, the reasons why young men would volunteer to join a patrol as carriers, cooks, personal servants etc: 'The European coming demanded choices of New Guineans: to accept or oppose, to exploit or avoid. ... Some who accepted were leaders, co-operating or pretending co-operation for commercial, political or military reasons. These tended to stay at home, using existing power bases to maximise advantages the newcomers brought. Others helped the new because the old disadvantaged them. Boys too young to hope for wealth or status or marriage, no-account men, orphans and prisoners of war supplied most of those who went travelling with the sky people *(spirits - how white people were described during early contact)*. They wanted rescue from hardship, ignominy and celibacy. They wanted a chance. Some dreamt of returning laden with wealth and knowledge; others never wanted to return, and committed themselves to finding a place in the *mastas*' world.'

Regarding the police: 'The most prestigious European work New Guineans could do was as police. The *mastas'* control depended on police, which gave them favoured status and great influence as middlemen, shaping exchanges of wealth and knowledge between *mastas* and clans. ...

'To take the rucksack and heavy Lee Enfield .303 rifle and wear the policeman's peaked cap, loincloth, and leather belt with bayonet and pouches for a hundred rounds, a young man passed a fitness test, then "made paper" - signed a contract - usually for three years by 1938. A recruit earnt 8s a month, a sergeant-major first class £5, but police were also rewarded by adventure and power. Nothing better demonstrates that power than the ease with which, far from home, police could marry. Clans competed for their favour, and debated whether police or *mastas* were the real men of power. The police were a formidable brotherhood, almost a clan.'

Of the 20 police accompanying Jim Taylor and John Black's 1938-39 patrol, Bill Gammage wrote, 'Obeying the forms and displays the *mastas* expected, they nonetheless sought in the police what the clan taught them to admire. They wanted power, wealth, fame, battle, good food, sex, to understand the *mastas* and to rival the deeds of ancestors and kin. They would pursue these confident that their ability and magic could outmatch any restraints *mastas* might impose.' *Melbourne University Press 1998

(Our thanks to Bill Gammage for permission to print this.)

HELP WANTED: The Retired Officers Association is seeking information on the whereabouts of **John ANDERSON** who was a clerk or patrol officer at Bogia, in the Madang District in the early 1960s. If you have any information which could help us locate him or his family please write to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069 For Attention of the Editor, or ring her on 02 9958 3408.

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'STONE IS ON THE WAY' - MEMORIES OF KEN STONE

from his wartime associate and lifelong friend, C.O. 'Bill' Harry

Ken Stone was a product of the Marconi School of Wireless which turned out operators and technicians of extremely high talent. He was appointed to Rabaul about two years before the outbreak of war in the Pacific.

With the outbreak of WWII in 1939 the Coastal Radio Service on sea and land assumed greatly increased responsibilities. With an eye to the future the OIC AWA, New Britain, Harry Holland, a WWI veteran, gave Stone the opportunity to stand in readiness to attach himself to Naval Intelligence in the event of an invasion taking place. In such case this would, ultimately, involve his enlistment in the Armed Services. Stone readily agreed.

It all came soon enough. All civilian women were evacuated. Rabaul was on a war footing and New Guinea grimly awaited developments. The radio station was subsequently put out of action and most of its staff departed with the exception of Harry Holland 'who was lost on the *Montevideo Maru*'.

Ken duly reported for duty and was given army gear and a rifle before being shunted off to Lieut Hugh Mackenzie, the Naval Intelligence Officer and long-time resident of New Guinea who knew his way around the Territory. Ken commented that it seemed a funny sort of enlistment - had he not to sign some paper or other? The response was, 'See that great fire there? Anything you sign would go straight on to it and if you want a Regimental Number it is NG something'. Ken passed that one up - he was now in the Army. Radio Rabaul was off the air. He reported forthwith to the Naval Intelligence party and helped put gear together prior to moving to a position beyond Malabunga on the edge of the inland Baining area.

With Japanese forces reported fanning out in their general direction, the party was completely devoid of carriers to transport the heavy gear. False reports caused the party to wreck all the gear rather than let it fall into enemy hands. The consequence was that the true position of the Rabaul garrison was not known for many weeks.

Lieut Peter Figgis, Lark Force Intelligence Officer, with two colleagues (one of whom was the writer) later arrived, to be greeted with this tragedy.

It turned out that the only tele radio equipment on New Britain was now located at Talasea on the North Coast of New Britain under the control of J.K. McCarthy, who had resumed his Coastwatcher duties. This, however, was not known until several weeks later when the mixed Headquarters party was holed up on the South Coast of New Britain. Keith McCarthy had hastily despatched Frank Holland across to the South Coast to round up any personnel in the immediate area and quickly bring them across to the North Coast to participate in an evacuation plan he was endeavouring to organise. About 25 troops and civilians including a survivor of the Tol Plantation massacre made the rugged journey across.

Ken Stone, Lieut Mackenzie, Lieut Figgis and three other troops remained behind to round up personnel further down New Britain, and passed a message to this effect for transmission on J.K. McCarthy's radio. While this was going on it was learned that Father Ted Harris had a radio receiver at the Catholic Mission in the Waterfall Bay area.

Ken was despatched down the coast. He twiddled the dials for two days and with his considerable skills managed to plot those transmitters in the islands areas still in operation.

Some weeks later the message which had been passed across to the North Coast got through to Port Moresby, resulting in Lieut Alan Timperley of ANGAU and two Army signallers coming in on a small pinnace with a tele radio aboard. Ken was in his element. Atmospherics and

enemy jamming held no terrors. He slipped messages through to Port Moresby. At that end an AWA operator who took Ken's messages shouted, 'Stone is on the way - only Stone could be on that key - I know his touch'. This was the forerunner to the *Laurabada* under Ivan Champion slipping in to the South Coast of New Britain and getting safely out again with approximately 130 troops and civilians.

There is an interesting sequel to Ken Stone's period of wartime service. He was never formally attested into the Army and was directed back into Reserved Occupation duties. All that came his way was a Letter of Commendation from the Hon. Norman Makin, the Minister for the Navy, and an ex gratia payment equivalent to a Leading Hand Telegraphist in the Navy.

On Ken's behalf a great number of affidavits from various members of the Services attesting to the circumstances of his service was produced, but it took 17 years of agitation after the war before his service as a member of the Australian Army was recognised. Certificates of Service and Discharge were finally issued to him together with his respective medals entitlement and all other associated matters - all in one deluge. This was a saga in itself.

Ken was an achiever, a modest man, and a caring husband and father. He had a great sense of humour and many friends - he was in every sense a fine Australian. From 'Bill' Harry

A notice concerning Ken's passing is included in the 'Vale' section.

VALE - *With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends. On behalf of the Association, the Committee extends sincere sympathy to their families.*

Mrs Margaret Mary THISTLETHWAITE (22 May 2001)

Margaret was the wife of the late Ian Thistlethwaite, who served with the Administration, mainly in the highlands. She is survived by children Paul, Leanne and Janine, and grandchildren.

Mr Ron PRIOR (7 March 2001, aged 82 years)

Ron Prior was in PNG from 1947 to 1991. He served with the Departments of Education, Forests and Works in New Britain, Milne Bay and Port Moresby. He was a 'hands on' man - this was demonstrated when he built his own home, boat and marina called Tahira, at Bootless Bay in Papua. In that capacity he met people from many fields of work and formed many friendships. The University of PNG purchased Matupore, an island in Bootless Bay, and Ron assisted with some of their projects there. He had an excellent rapport with the academics and students, as well as the esteem and respect of his Papuan neighbours and other residents.

Ron is survived by sons Ron and Jake from his first marriage and by son Geoff and daughters Rhonda and Loani from his second marriage. From *Garamut*

Mrs Julie KRAUSE (8 May 2001, aged 82 years)

Mainstay of the Rabaul telephone exchange for two decades, Julie lost her sight in later years and was cared for at Brisbane by her sons Teddie and Gus, and daughter Dianne. Julie was a member of the Lucker family from Vunapope and partner of the late George Kassi who worked at the District Office, Rabaul, war excluded, 1927-1967. From Jim Toner

Mr John W. HANSON (aged 88 years)

John Hanson died recently in Costa Rica where he had been living in solitary retirement for more than ten years. He worked as a teacher educator in Nigeria, about which experience he published useful material, and in Michigan. He was the Professor of Education at UPNG 1976-77 advising both secondary and primary teachers colleges in an insightful and mild manner.

Mrs Ann TUZA (11 August 2001) Ann was the wife of Dr Tuza. Further details in next issue.

Mr Kevin TOMLIN (22 June 2001) Further details in next issue.

Mr Barry Harcourt BOND (3 May 2001, aged 76)

After serving in the AIF and the American Merchant Navy, Barry returned to New Guinea in 1946 and worked as a plantation inspector for Colyer Watson in Rabaul. He joined the administration in 1956 as a co-operative officer with the Department of Trade and Industry. He served in Port Moresby, Misima and Samarai, and was transferred to Kundiawa to develop the Kundiawa Coffee Society.

He and Jean were married in Rabaul in 1952, and their four children were born at the old Namanula Hospital. Barry was medically retired in 1970 and they made their home at Southport Qld. Barry gave many years' service as a voluntary worker for the National Party, and for at least 15 years he has been a senior radio operator for the Volunteer Coast Guard.

He is survived by Jean, four children and 12 grandchildren.

Father Paul FARKAS, OFM Cap (4 December 2000, aged approx. 77years)

Father Paul was ordained a Priest in 1951. He worked in Pittsburg for four years and in 1955 was selected to be one of six missionaries to open a new mission in Papua. He spent 26 years in Tari in the Southern Highlands and then 15 years teaching in the minor seminary on the north coast. At the end of June 1996 he suffered from heart problems which ended his days in PNG. In his book *Papuan Tales*, he remarked of his journey home to Pittsburg, 'Now instead of dreams and apprehensions over the unknown, I had many marvellous memories and a heart filled with gratitude for the opportunity to be a missionary in PNG'.

Those who knew Father Paul may also know Sisters Mel Hoffman, and Lorraine and Ruthann Boylan. The three Sisters have retired from their work in PNG and are returning to the States.

Father Paul's nephew Jim Correll has a wonderful PNG web page to honour him. You will enjoy the photos and tales on www.icubed.com/~fr.paul
From Anne Vans-Colina (nee O'Regan), ex St Joseph's High School, Tari anne@vans-colina.com

Mr Kenneth Charles John STONE (25 April 2001, aged 84 years)

Born in Brisbane, Ken stone was a product of the Marconi School of Wireless which produced operators of extremely high talent. His first posting was to Darwin in the late 30s from where he was appointed to Rabaul about two years before the outbreak of war in the Pacific.

Ken played a key role in the rescue of soldiers and civilians in New Britain during WWII. *Please see the story entitled 'Stone is on the way' on page 46.*

Back in Australia, Ken resumed duties with the AWA Coastal Radio Service with postings to Townsville between many recurring bouts of malaria. He was later appointed manager of the coastal radio station at La Perouse until his retirement in 1981 and was, for a period, Acting General Manager of the Services.

Ken married Lillian Dixon in 1943 and has two daughters. Lillian survives Ken but sadly is in extremely poor health and has spent several years in nursing home care. From 'Bill' Harry

Mr Neville N. DACHS (24 January 2001, aged approx. 71 years)

Neville Dachs was a teacher in Queensland before going to PNG in the 50s where he taught at Lae and Manus. After completing a course in Special Education at the University of Qld he served as District Inspector in the Gulf District. After further study he became District Inspector at Lae. Neville was involved in the Scouting Movement both in Australia and PNG and was Area Commissioner in the Morobe District for some years. On his return to Australia Neville taught in Queensland before being appointed personal assistant to the Director of Special Education in NSW. He was very active in various Rotary Clubs, and was several times President of his Club in Sydney. Neville is survived by his wife Helen, and children Ian, Barbara and Michael and their families. From *Garamut*

Mrs Penelope Joan (Pennie) FOWKE (June 2001)

Penny was the wife of kiap John Fowke. No further details available.

Mr George DUNN (16 June 2001, aged 71 years)

George entered Sydney University as a medical student in 1947 while studying at the Conservatorium. The next year he won a scholarship to study violin in Paris but parental opposition saw this opportunity lapse. He went to New Guinea in 1949 as a 19 year-old and worked in Port Moresby with Australian Petroleum Company. He joined the Customs Dept in 1951, and subsequently transferred to Rabaul. In the early 1960s he transferred to Public Health as a medical assistant. He maintained a lively interest in German literature and entered the University of New England to study in depth. Lack of funds curtailed this and he joined the RSL Building Society in Sydney, returning to Rabaul in the mid 60s to work with the Tolai Cocoa Project. He had the skills and patience to communicate with growers and teach them book keeping and office procedures. His contribution to the Project was invaluable and he made many firm friendships with the local people.

In the late 60s George joined the Labour Department in Konedobu as an industrial organisations officer where his integrity and proven ability to work with locals were invaluable. In the rapidly changing society of the 60s and 70s he taught workers the role and function of trade unions and assisted in their establishment, and became involved in ancillary projects including workers clubs. His frequent travel through Papua New Guinea strengthened his already wide knowledge of locals and allowed him to consolidate the efforts of other Dept of Labour officers. The memories of his time in PNG were the cornerstone of his retirement.

George was a kind, tolerant man with an astonishing diversity of skills. His knowledge of music was encyclopaedic and he shared this generously. An accomplished linguist, he was at home in many languages. A modest man who loved and cared for many people, George had the rare quality of being genuinely welcome in whose-ever house he visited. We miss him.

From John Herbert and Peter Cahill

Miss Hazel SAVAGE (13 July 2001, aged 91 years)

Hazel Savage worked for W.R. Carpenters at Salamaua in late 1941 before being evacuated; she returned to PNG in 1946 to work in the accounts departments of PCB in Port Moresby and Rabaul, and Mandated Airlines in Lae. She left PNG in 1950.

Mr John CRAINEAN (17 April 2001, aged 87 years)

John Crainean and his wife Maria went to Port Moresby in 1949 with their five children. John worked in sawmills as a wood machinist/foreman. Later the family moved to Wau where John worked for New Guinea Goldfields (5 years), to Lae (6 years), Mendi (9 years) and Port Moresby. They 'retired' to the family farm in 1973. John's wife predeceased him.

Mr Henry (Harry) GRANT (18 April 2001, aged 79 years)

Harry was educated at the Church of England Grammar School, Brisbane. During WWII he served in the AIF in Bougainville and New Guinea in the Engineers Unit. He first visited Rabaul with the Australian forces after the Japanese surrender. In 1955 he joined the Education Department (Technical Division) and taught at Malaguna Technical College until 1962 when he was transferred to Lae. There, one of his main extra-curricular duties was as careers adviser, an activity he enjoyed. In 1963 he married Joyce Lightbody. On retirement in 1976 he enjoyed voluntary work and golf, and he and Joyce travelled widely - in early 2000 they visited many areas of the Antarctic including McMurdo Base and Scott's hut on the Ross Sea. Harry died suddenly as result of a stroke. His wife Joyce survives him.

From Joyce Grant

Mr Arthur Hatton CORBY (3 July 2001, aged 84 years)

Arthur Corby died at Greenslopes Hospital Brisbane. Arthur had a close wartime association with Bobby Gibbes as an aircraft engineer. Early postwar he worked with Gibbes Sepik Airways before establishing Wahgi Plantation at Banz, Western Highlands District. In 1958 he went to Popondetta to plant cocoa and returned to Australia in 1976.

From Arthur's son Steve

Mr Robert BALENZUELA (25 June 2001, aged 65 years)

Just about everyone who lived in and around Goroka from 1964 to 1993 would have either personally known Bob Balenzuela, or at least known of him. 'Balo', as he was affectionately known by everyone, was also known as 'Daulo Bob' in recognition of the many years he spent overseeing the maintenance and upgrading of the Highlands Highway across the Daulo Pass between Asaro and Watabung from 1965 to 1974, working for Dept of Works.

Born in Collaroy NSW, Bob first came to Goroka with his wife Janice in 1964, to work for his father-in-law Eric Gane at the local brickworks. In the ensuing 29 years Bob became a local identity, a big man with a larrikin glint in his eye, typically larger than life, as befitted the culture of PNG expatriate society in that era.

In 1973 Bob was recruited by the Goroka Council to improve the rural road network which was fundamental to the economic and social welfare of the village people. Bob devoted his enormous physical energies to get the work done, and with great success. He remained in that position until 1985. Then he became Manager of New Guinea Motors until 1987, and then Property Manager for Talair.

In 1989 Bob was appointed a member of the Eastern Highlands Capital Authority and assisted greatly in restoring urban services for Goroka which had fallen into disrepair. In 1991 he was recruited by the Eastern Highlands Provincial Govt as Provincial Works Manager where again he worked tirelessly with the people, finally calling it quits in 1993 when the money ran out!

Bob was a champion lawn bowler, representing PNG in both South Pacific and Commonwealth Games. He returned to a reluctant retirement in Brisbane in 1993 where he was able to enjoy the companionship of his wife Janice (long time employee of Dennis Buchanan at Talair and Flightwest) and his children Roslyn, Beverly and Robert. From Will Muskens

Mr Jonathan (Jon) Bentley HOLMES (12 July 2001, aged 61 years)

Jon died unexpectedly of a heart attack and never fulfilled his wish to return to PNG. He spent 10 years in the Territory, commencing as a cadet patrol officer at Kainantu in 1958, then as patrol officer in charge of Lufa Patrol Post. Then he served briefly at Goroka Sub-District Office and then as OIC Chuave Sub-District. It was at this time that his patrol was attacked, and all his possessions lost when his house was burnt down, though he did manage to salvage his trumpet! He certainly encountered some fascinating events, and had an abiding love for the Highlands and its people.

In September 1960 Jon was posted to District Office, Port Moresby and met Frances Meade who worked for *South Pacific Post*. A short time later he reluctantly resigned from Dept. of Native Affairs as he could never get an answer on the two comas he sustained due to Camoquin poisoning. This disappointment followed him all his life.

Jon then spent a brief period in the Western District, then returned to Moresby and rejoined the Public Service as a temporary officer working at Taxation, and Stores and Supply. He married Frances in 1961. Jon had his own dance band, the AC's, who regularly played venues such as the Badili Club, the RSL and Aviat Club. He ran several successful annual variety concerts, *The Sound Festival* to assist Red Cross, and even had the Police Band playing jazz! During this time he co-founded the Papuan Cultural Association.

After working for the Public Curator in Daru, Jon and Frances and their two sons returned to Australia in 1967. In Melbourne their third son was born and the couple commenced an entertainment agency which operated for 22 years.

Jon is survived by his wife Frances, sons Sean, Patrick and Jason, and grandchildren.

From Jon's wife, Frances

Mrs Betty SANDERSON (17 July 2001)

Betty was the widow of Clive Sanderson, owner and manager of Madang Air Services. We hope to provide further details in the next issue.

Mr Gerald NEWTON (13 April 2001, aged 88 years)

Gerry retired from Dept of Public Works in 1972. Further details in next issue.

Mr Henry (Harry) CURTIS (4 July 2001, aged 88 years)

Harry was born in England and trained as a radiographer with the RAMC; before WWII he served in Shanghai and Hong Kong. He was one of the evacuees from Dunkirk where he lost hearing in one ear when a shell exploded next to him.

After leaving the army he worked in Tanganyika (now Tanzania) and the Gold Coast (now Ghana) before emigrating to Australia with his family in 1959. In 1961 he moved to TPNG where he worked in the X-ray department of Moresby General Hospital until 1970 when he and his wife returned to Australia, first to Mackay, then Melbourne where they remained.

Harry is survived by his wife Penny (ex Steamies and P & T), son David, daughter Anne (ex Treasury), grandchildren and great-grandchildren. From Harry's daughter Ann (Young)

Mr Norman John McKENZIE (4 October 2001)

Norman retired from PNG in the late 1970s. No further details available

Mr Bryan GREY (May 2001)

Bryan Grey led Air Niugini for three years from 1976 to 1979 when the new airline was still establishing its own identity in PNG. He was responsible for expanding Air Niugini's international and domestic services.

His contribution to aviation in PNG began in the 60s as Company Secretary and later Assistant General Manager of Ansett Airlines based in Lae. His time at Ansett coincided with the massive airlifts between Madang and the Highlands in the days prior to the opening of the Highlands Highway as an all-weather road. In 1973 he joined Territory Airlines as General Manager and concentrated on the tourist business of Talco Territory.

His expansion plans for Air Niugini were often the subject of controversy but he was always ready to explain himself, either publicly through the media or privately over a beer at the nearest club. In every airline he served he mixed easily with staff.

Moving back to Australia after his term with Air Niugini, he headed East West Airlines, taking the relatively small NSW regional airline into some direct and interesting conflicts with Australia's two major airlines. Later, via Compass Airlines, he attempted to break the long-standing hold of these two airlines on the lucrative trunk route services. Both attempts to establish a third major airline failed, but his efforts will be long remembered by many Australians.

On his departure from PNG, the *Post-Courier* said, 'Since he took over the helm three years ago the airline has grown from a marginal profit earner into an efficient money-maker. As he leaves Papua New Guinea Mr Grey has the satisfaction he has put the Air Niugini Bird of Paradise on the map...' From an obituary by Jim Eames

SUB-COMMITTEES OF ROAPNG, 2001

At the first meeting of the Committee after the AGM, it was decided that the Sub-Committees for 2001 would be as follows (Names underlined are the conveners):

Social	Joe Nitsche, Pamela Foley, Pat Hopper
Caring	Pat Hopper, Andrea Williams, Roma Bates, Frank Smith, Marie Day
Finance	Ross Johnson, Graeme Baker, Doug Parrish, Noe Nitsche, Ian Reardon
Legal	Doug Parrish, Freddie Kaad, Graeme Baker, Don Drover, Ross Johnson
Editorial	Marie Clifton-Bassett, Doug Parrish, Ross Johnson, Don Drover, Pamela Foley, Jean Mulholland. (Later the following members were co-opted to assist with our book, *Tales of PNG*: Graeme Baker, Andrea Williams, Joe Nitsche)

New Sub-Committee to handle superannuation matters

At a recent committee meeting it was decided to form a sub-committee to handle superannuation matters. Members to be as follows:

Freddie Kaad (convener), Harry West, Doug Parrish, plus co-opted member Peter Clay.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR. R.H. AITKEN	33 MANNING RD.	DOUBLE BAY	NSW 2038
MR. P. DENNETT	139 BROOK ST.	COOGEE	NSW 2034
DR. F.P. ENGLISH	41 CHARLTON ST.	ASCOT, BRISBANE	QLD 4007
MR. J. FOERS	33 BELSIZE AVE.	CARNEGIE	VIC 3163
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MR. G. INNS	60 GOVER ST	NTH ADELAIDE	S A 5006
DR. J.W. McKAY	P O BOX 211	CRAFERS	S A 5152
MRS. T. MEEHAN	28/18-24 CROZIER AVE.	MODBURY	S A 5092
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MRS. J.R. MULLEY	6 MAGNETIC ST.	ROBINA	QLD 4226
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MS. E. PRYCE	5/5 TRELAWNEY ST.	WOOLLAHRA	NSW 2025
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MR. A. ZWAR	18 SHORTRIDGE ST.	MODBURY HEIGHTS	S A 5092

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