



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE



**MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
& BEST WISHES FOR 2006
FROM THE PRESIDENT
AND COMMITTEE**

**Our CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
Celebrating 30 years of
PNG INDEPENDENCE
Will be held on
Sunday 4 December**

At the Mandarin Club, Sydney

Organise family and friends to
come along and please get replies
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on the separate yellow sheet.

The AGM and LUNCHEON
will be on Sunday 30 April
2006

*** don't forget to have a
look at our website

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

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce* we aim to publish a wide range of topics from different times and places. Unfortunately for postage we do have a page restriction and we therefore encourage both short articles (200-500 words approximately) as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words (approximately), in addition to an installment series.

Whilst we like to acknowledge contributions, we thank you for your understanding that it may take a little time.

Correction to Sep 2005 Una Voce - on page 20 in the article on Fryer Library, 'Lloyd Healey' should read 'Rhys Healey'.

Wondering what to give somebody for Christmas? Our book:

Tales of Papua New Guinea

might solve your problem....write to The Publisher PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069

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IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – A Party to Remember

The ‘TOM JONES’ (The movie) NIGHT at Finschhafen Golf Club 1974

Any excuse for a ‘do’ and this was indeed the year’s highlight with folks arriving from sundry out-stations and Lae for the big dress up night in period costume. A cool singing group with guitar was provided by Roger Bonnick and friends. The ‘Skulanka Drifters’, a newly formed string band performed such local hits as ‘Tami Island Girl’ and ‘*Sakim Susu*’, doubling as paid table waiters. *Haus* Haviland hosted after party drinks into the wee small hours. Finch had retained yet again the title of ‘*ples bilong gutpela pati tumas*’ of all Morobe District.

John Watts

In the 1950s, my husband, Tom Taylor, ran a boy’s boarding school at Buin in Bougainville so in 1953 when Queen Elizabeth II was crowned Queen of England, even in this remote outpost of the Empire, celebrations were held to mark the occasion. The school was the obvious place to hold the festivities because there were ample playing fields for sports competitions and football (or ‘kickcross’) and there was also a very large recreation hall even if it was only a thatched roof with ¼ bamboo walls and NO floor.

The ADO (Jim Humphries) sent out invitations to the various Missions and private enterprise to come and join in. The European Hospital ward was allocated to house the nuns and the four wives of the station went into a frenzy of cooking to help with catering. (Oh, for more eggs – they were always SO short – and other things too, we all became masters of substitution in the *hauskuk*). I took over dinner for the nuns and they thought it would be fun to dress me up in one of their habits. We only had hurricane lamps in that ward so when Tom called in on his way to the school to check on how the boys were hosting their guests, I was introduced to him as newly arrived Sister Mary from Australia. He fell for it and was SO polite till everyone got the giggles. He had a 16mm movie projector at the school and so planned to show a film that night. Mr Voyce from the Methodist Mission offered to lend him a precious early movie (made by the missions in the Solomons) to show as well. Anyway, my beloved (full of ‘*joie de vivre*’ and Negrita Rum) didn’t notice that this precious film was spilling off the back of the projector and was being damaged ...oh, the horror of it!

The upshot of all this was that the film was dispatched to experts in Sydney and eventually came back fixed. They also made two more copies which we were able to give to the Mission – phew! The ‘Coronation’ didn’t end there for us – it invaded our dreams. Tom spent nights splicing film and running sports and I had an anxious time trying to keep my two cats off the Queen’s lap!! She was not amused. **Gwen Taylor**

One great party I enjoyed in PNG was one given for the Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Anne and Lord Louis Mountbatten. It was held in the Bainings Mountains in East New Britain just outside Rabaul. The occasion was the Bainings Fire Dance which was not often seen by visitors because of the difficulty of access in the 1970s to that area. We were living quite close to the venue so were able to take a crowd of children and nearly all of our PNG plantation workers. The dancers are naked except for a tapa cloth mask and a penis guard. They have live snakes twined about them and dance on hot coals without any apparent discomfort. Performed in a clearing in the middle of the tropical jungle it is very unusual and exciting. The Queen and her party obviously enjoyed it and overstayed the allotted time making them late for the next appointment in Rabaul.

Pat Hopper

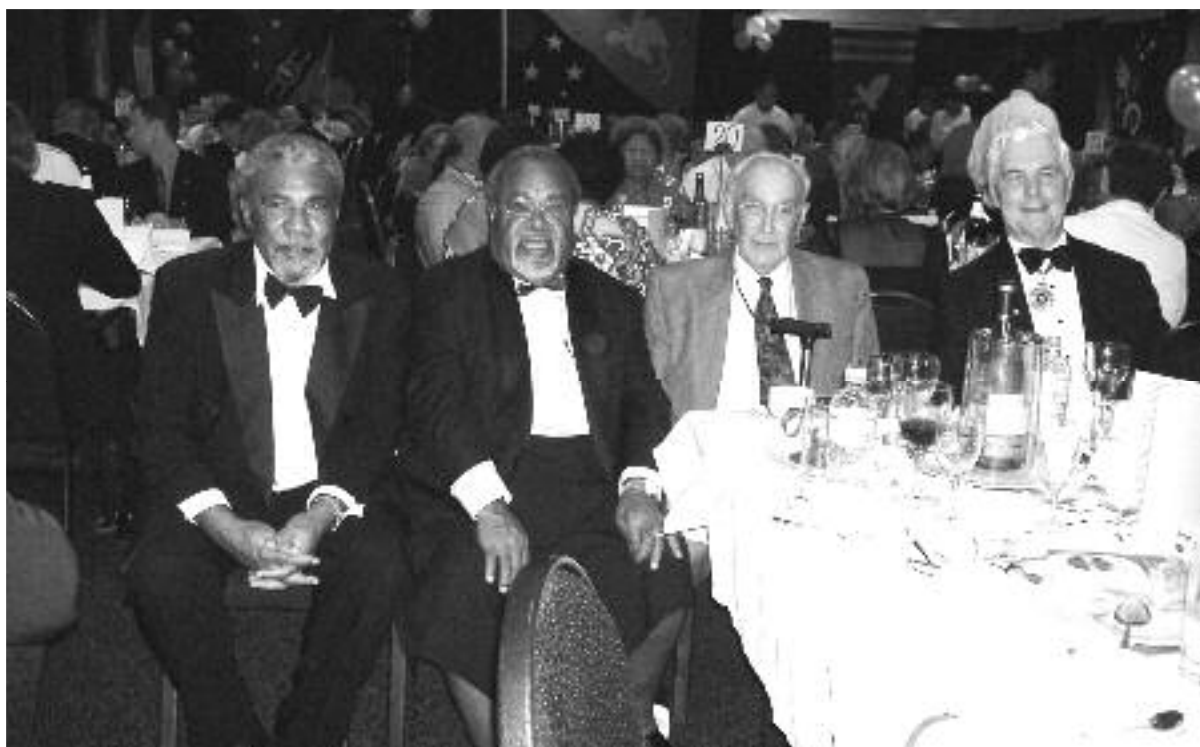
Those once a year Christmas school holidays come to mind; home again with all those festivities awaiting us. One party I remember well was a midday one at Kainantu. From Aiyura Agricultural Station, mothers with young children traveled by jeep. The rest of us traveled on a tractor/trailer with canopy for protection from rain. It had no lights and so we had to be home before dark.

Prior to leaving on this occasion I had decided to take a couple of aspros from an old aspro tin found in our large pantry. Upon replacing the tin, I saw the label 'FOR GOATS'. Good grief! Now what? 'Too late, gone'. My father kept supplies for various animals in the pantry. The party was great, glorious food, better than college tucker. That night I made numerous trips to the outside 'Small House'. I felt awful, worried, sweating in the cold, thinking the end is near – all because of those goat pills. Little did I know, next morning I discovered the rest of the family had the same problems, dashing to the Small House. My father did not have the symptoms. He had not eaten the pork that we had.....so I was saved from the goat pills! **Joe Nitsche**

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS
THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – MY TRIP IN A CATALINA
Deadline for entries **16 February 2006**
Write/Phone/Fax/Email

If members have any particular subjects they would like to see as future themes for 'In 100 Words or Less' please send them to: The Editor PNGAA PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069.

* * *



Sir Mekere Morauta, Sir Michael Somare, David Marsh OBE, His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)

This photo was taken at the State Ball on 16th September 2005, held in the Ballroom at the Crowne Plaza, Port Moresby.

Photo: Di Carter

SYDNEY WANTOKS CELEBRATE

At any one time there are about 1000 Papua New Guineans living in the Sydney area. Some are married to Australian's but the majority are mature students or graduates (and their families) involved in higher education or gaining work experience in the fields of health, law, engineering, accounting, management etc. Some are from government departments, but many are employed by the mining companies or other private enterprise.

To celebrate the 30th year of PNG's Independence their 'Sydney Papua New Guinea Wantok Club' organised several functions, culminating in an elaborate and memorable dinner dance at the St George Leagues Club on 17th September 2005.

Guests were welcomed by Club President Dr Gerry Minei and congenial Daniel Luke, as Master of Ceremonies, ensured that the happy gathering moved at a lively pace. Harry West was guest speaker.

The crowning glory was MOSES TAU and his band of four, especially flown in from Port Moresby to perform contemporary PNG music. Another outstanding feature was a marvellous presentation by five traditionally dressed young Manus dancers.

Congratulations WANTOKS on a wonderful celebration.

Harry West

Your Membership Subscription

Before you throw out the envelope that contained this edition of *Una Voce*, please **check the top line of your address label**. This will tell you when your membership subscription to PNGAA runs out.

If it shows 'December 2005', you should immediately make arrangements to pay next year's subscription - use the yellow insert. Don't forget to also **advise any change in your address details, including, if appropriate, your email address**.

Finally, looking for that last minute Christmas present? Why not a copy of Tales of Papua New Guinea! (Details page 2)

The Melbourne 2006 Queen's Baton

The Queen's Baton Relay for the XVIII Commonwealth Games visited PNG from October 9 – 14, 2005.

The Melbourne 2006 Queen's Baton Relay is the world's longest, most inclusive relay – travelling to all 71 nations of the Commonwealth in a year and a day. The 71 larger lights on the front of the baton indicate the 71 nations of the Commonwealth that the Queen's Baton will visit on its journey to the Games. These progressively light up as the baton arrives in each Commonwealth country, symbolising the gathering of the nations at the four-yearly festival of sport and culture.

After arriving in Pt Moresby on Oct 9, the Queen's Baton travelled to Goroka, to Asaro, then by road to Lae, over to Rabaul and back to Pt Moresby. Vibrant cultural performances were planned for each centre.

In East New Britain on 12/13 October, business and community leaders joined by *tubuans* and school children lined the streets between Rabaul and Kokopo waving flags to welcome Her Majesty's Baton as part of the Queen's Baton Relay.

The New Guinea Club and the Rabaul Historical Society hosted a cocktail evening in the Grand Hall of the New Guinea Club to welcome the baton and to recognise this historical event for Rabaul.

Returning to Moresby the baton was taken to Ela Beach before being transported by *lakatoi* to Paga Point before going into Fairfax Harbour and the Royal Papuan Yacht Club. ■

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

In Darwin the 30th anniversary of PNG Independence was celebrated at the Italian Club by an enthusiastic crowd who heard the Kumul national anthem played quite brilliantly on the clarinet. Would Artie Shaw or Bennie Goodman have believed that a native of the Sepik named Pius could handle that instrument to approach their own virtuosity? Other music and cultural dancing was provided by Drum Drum, the well-established *PNG second generation* band. Immediately after the show the band packed a half-ton of equipment and headed off to Australia's Ocean Territories (Christmas and Cocos Islands) to entertain residents there. On completion, **Julia**, one of the dancers and grand-daughter of **Bob GRAY**, once a mainstay of the Government Printery, Konedobu, goes to Honolulu on a university grant to study Hawaiian dance.

Concurrently in Hooksett, New Hampshire, Joppa FRASCH, a girl from the Siassi Islands, was celebrating the anniversary with her American husband. Probably kaukau and bullybeef once a year is quite enough for him. But what a change of scene for her. Young PNG women can certainly adapt to circumstances beyond their former village life.

In the case of **Mae Koimae** from Kaugere, Moresby, by learning 'teen-talk'. She cleaned up the 100, 200 and 400 metres sprints at the Micronesian Games in Palau and will assuredly represent her country at the forthcoming Commonwealth Games in Melbourne. Of Palau she commented 'the rain did not affect my races because I did most of my training in the rain and I was - like - kind of - used to it'.

To trespass on Croweater News, a survivor from Moresby in the '60s has been found living in Adelaide. **David DONALDSON** went to POM as foundation Registrar of the Administrative College in 1964 when Waigani was a wilderness and remained until 1970. When I spoke to him he had just been listening on ABC radio to Ron CROCOMBE, an academic luminary of that period and now a resident of Raratonga, indulging himself in what David summarised as 'Stirring'. Few people who worked for or with the good professor would be surprised at that description. David has retired from TAFE, South Australia.

It is 155 years since the Prince of Wales inn ceased serving drinks to the citizens of Richmond, Tasmania but a photo in The Weekend Australian shows it to be in remarkably good shape. The venerable residence on a large block is for sale again but until last year it housed **Frank LEIBFRIED**, ex-kiap, who ran it as a B&B. He and **Sushila** still reside in Richmond where Frank now enlivens his retirement by taking flying lessons. **Rick GIDDINGS**, also ex-kiap and B&B operator, is still in business in nearby Pontville.

Karate champion **Walter SCHNAUBELT** has been made a village chief (*kabasi*) in New Ireland. He is said to have spent several nights in the jungle at Porobunbun meeting the secret society which finally gave him its blessing. In his speech at the subsequent public ceremony he encouraged his generation to 'maintain our culture and heritage'. I have often said that no father can ever know how his son will turn out - even if he has been made your exact namesake. A German migrant and frequenter of the Kambiu Club during the '60s known to one and all as 'Wally Snowballs' might have been quite surprised at his offspring's chiefly elevation.

The March issue included **Pat Hopper's** article on the German nudists who lived on the Duke of York islands pre-1914. This was of course on the New Guinea side and certainly would not have been permitted in Papua where the Lieutenant-Governor had

firm views on acceptable European behaviour. Indeed Sir Hubert Murray is quoted as warning potential slippers beneath his standards that 'discarding one's socks leads to the beach and the loin cloth'. Sadly most of us have witnessed the downfall of seemingly good men in the Territory. Off come the socks and then....

Have You Heard?

Sir Michael Somare, PNG's founding and current Prime Minister, was given the title 'Grand Chief' in the recently announced Orders of Papua New Guinea. His appointment as a Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu (Motu for Bird of Paradise) was made 'for a most distinguished and unique service to the community as a Member of Parliament for 37 years and for eminent achievement in the foundation of the nation'.

Australia's Governor-General, His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffrey AC CVO MC, was also awarded an Honorary Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu, for fostering close relations between PNG and Australia. General Jeffery, who was in PNG for the nation's 30th anniversary of independence celebrations, served as an officer with PNG's Pacific Islands Regiment in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Also conferred the title of 'Chief' was Mr Whitlam, 89, who was the Australian Prime Minister when PNG became a nation on September 16, 1975. His Honorary Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu was bestowed in recognition for his role in helping PNG attain sovereignty and for setting in place a long-term development assistance program for the nation.

* * * * *

PNG...IN THE NEWS

China Metallurgical Construction Corporation is taking up its right to 85% of the Ramu nickel project in PNG. This will become China's first overseas mine in the Asia-Pacific region and is expected to cost more than \$1 billion to develop. The mine life is estimated at 20 years, based on annual production of 33,000 tonnes of contained nickel whose price has soared due to demand for steel in China.

Info from Aust Fin Review 28 September 2005

In an effort to curb separatist sentiment, the Papuan People's Assembly (MRP), an assembly whose members are exclusively Papuan, will be established in Indonesia's eastern most province. Most members of the provincial House of Representatives, which will continue as the main legislative body, are non-Papuan. Papuans are of Melanesian stock where Malays are the predominant ethnic group. The MRP will have authority over cultural matters and is aimed at improving the province's political representation and protecting and empowering the Papuan people. Separatists proclaimed the state of West Papua on December 1, 1962 but, the following year, Indonesia took control of the mountainous, jungle-clad territory from Dutch colonizers. Separatists, split into factions, have been fighting a sporadic guerilla war since then. It is hoped that the MRP will facilitate a peaceful end to this insurgency in West Papua.

Info from Aust fin Review 21

September 2005

The government, through the **Pacific Film and Television Commission** has invested \$150,000 in a new Australian feature film being shot on the Gold Coast. The film is based on the true story of a platoon from the 39th Battalion who became separated from the rest of the battalion during a patrol on the Kokoda Track.

Info from Tweed Mail 30 Sept 2005

GREETINGS FROM THE AIRVOS APARTMENTS By Rick Nehmy

Well, ECP has been given a reprieve, and we are still here. So far so good.

The 30th Anniversary of Independence celebrations were amazing – and officials were pleasantly surprised at the large turnouts at everything (with one exception – see below) and how well behaved the crowds were. The Hiri Moale festival was being held at the same time, and for a week we had traditional dancers performing in the car park across from my window – sadly, the only spectators were public servants obviously not at their desks. But it's a bit disconcerting seeing the blatant eroticism of the Manus or Trobriand dancers at eight o'clock in the morning.

The celebrations also saw some very strong demonstrations of national pride, with estimates of up to 80,000 passing through the Sir John Guise Stadium. Indeed, on the 16th many establishments had their staff (usually young women) in traditional dress....at one place we were served by a woman with traditional white powder all over her upper torso, traditional grass skirt and traditional black lycra bicycle shorts. The supermarkets were particularly into it – at one every single checkout operator was in traditional dress. I am sure however that there must be health regulations about handling raw food while bare topped and oiled up, and a few missionaries would have been turning in their graves.....

We went to a very well attended charity ball on Friday night (the 16th) where the Australian Governor-General made a short but very good speech, and Sir Mekere Morauta a short but very hard hitting speech, mentioning some glaring shortcomings needing to be remedied. During his visit the Australian Governor-General won a lot of points by sometimes speaking in *tok pisin* – he spent several years here in the 60s.....

But for us the highlight was the Kumuls v Kangaroos match on Sunday. Arriving three hours early with our tickets we were offered a police escort to get us past the lines of people trying to get into the ground. I started chatting to the very knowledgeable fan next to me, and eventually the penny dropped – he was Graham Ainui, former Deputy Police Commissioner and PNG's first international referee. But a memory I will have for a long time is a Kumul winger going for a breakaway try down the sideline being pursued and eventually mown down by a 30cm taller Luke Ricketson – poor beggar didn't have a chance!

There was an article in the papers recently about a young man claiming he was abducted from a PMV and raped by five women. In a subsequent Letter to the Editor the correspondent, a regular PMV user, complained that this had never happened to him, and noted that the complainant was stupid to have not been vigilant while on the PMV, stupid to have given in to a group of women armed only with a kitchen knife, and stupid to have reported it, as he didn't put up a fight. Our correspondent, '*trupela man*', then wished the five women a happy 30th anniversary.

We recently bought tickets to a dinner raising funds to send two young female weightlifters to a competition in Australia – but with not enough takers, the dinner was cancelled. Instead, a farewell BBQ was arranged at our apartments. When the organiser rang the band leader, David Sode, the Commissioner for Internal Revenue, he immediately said that the band would be disappointed, and offered to bring them along to our BBQ and play gratis. And they were great – they even made Hotel California sound fresh!

Our next milestone is the upcoming Pacific Islands Forum, complete with PM Howard read all about it next time. ■

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

Eighteen months after leaving Rabaul it's hard to tell how much they miss the place. **Brian** and **Christine LOCK** spent over 30 years in PNG and when they moved back to Renmark in the heart of the SA Riverland in 2004, Brian could claim that he was the last expatriate Principal of Malaguna Technical High School in Rabaul. But the boy from Renmark isn't about to start boasting of his experiences particularly in a post independent PNG.

Before she died in 2005 at the age of 91, **Nora HEYSEN** left many of her possessions to a gallery and trust that now bear her name at The Cedars in the Adelaide Hills, not far from Hahndorf. It was at The Cedars that Nora grew up as one of 7 children of Hans and Selma (Sally) Heyesen in the early 1900s. An incredibly talented, feisty person, Nora was the first woman appointed as a WWII official war artist and spent time in Papua and New Guinea. It was there that she met her husband, **Professor Robert BLACK** whose work with tropical diseases and malaria, in particular, made him a world authority. Amongst some quite stunning sketches and paintings there are portraits of Papuans and New Guineans and one of Robert. If you are in Adelaide a visit to this gallery is a must. There have been many accolades heaped upon Nora including that of being the first woman to win the Archibald Prize.

Dr Roy SCRAGG and **Professor Ian MADDOCKS** recently returned to PNG (see story page 47). **Vin SMITH** happened to be in his home town for the SA screening of 'Walk into Paradise'. There was another reason and that was to attend a very significant reunion of his old footy club at St Raphael's YCW. Vin caught up with old friends at the screening, including **Peter THOMAS**. He met Bill Burn's niece, who found out about the film from a relative in Sydney, as well as the niece of the pilot who was killed in the aircraft that crashed out of Madang with Vin and **Fred KAAD** aboard over 40 years ago.

I hadn't seen **Peter** and **Kay McCARTHY** since 1971 when they were living and working in Rabaul, Kay as a nursing sister at Nonga and Peter teaching Science and Maths at Malaguna Tech. Now in retirement they had been in the Flinders Ranges and were travelling back to Melbourne. For these two, living in Melbourne has obviously done something to stop the aging process. So where do you start after 34 years? I'm not quite sure but after a couple of hours over lunch on the Norwood Parade we were set for one of those marathon efforts. ■

Keith Jackson AM writes - A feature of the 1962-63 cadet education officers' second reunion, held in Sydney early October, was a return to the now somewhat decrepit and rabbit-ridden ASOPA campus. There's some good news, though: the old place is heritage listed and will, at some future time, be restored as a functioning public amenity. The former CEOs shared a sense of anticipation as they headed down the last steep hill towards those familiar cream huts which, back then, represented a great chunk of our lives. The 2005 reunion marked a return for the first time to a place most people had not seen for over 40 years. After a champagne and orange juice morning tea at ASOPA on the Sunday morning there was, despite stern warning signs, a thorough inspection of the premises. Then back up hill to the Mosman Club, where guests of honour were the PNGAA's **Fred Kaad** and former ASOPA lecturer **Ann Prendergast**. A highlight of the afternoon was a reprise of the CEO Certificate awards ceremony of 1963. The spirit of the Australian School of Pacific Administration lives on in its former personnel and with any luck, when restored, the old place will honour those people who, in their time, contributed so much to Australia's administration of its Territories. ■

WALK INTO PARADISE – Film Screening

On Sunday 28th August over 250 members and friends of PNGAA gathered at the Roxy Theatre, Film Australia, Lindfield for a special screening of Walk Into Paradise. This film was directed by the late Lee Robinson and first released in 1955. We hired the new print from the Kodak/Atlab Cinema Collection at Screensound Australia, the National Screen and Sound Archive. Kind permission to show the film on a non-profit basis was obtained from Penn Robinson son of Lee Robinson. We also screened Rhonda Grogan: behind the Scenes Location Footage, and we are grateful to both Penn and Rhonda for their support.

Because of the overwhelming response to the occasion, there were two screenings and everyone agreed that the cinema and its five-star facilities were a perfect venue for our gathering. Screening of the film has taken place in several capital cities now, including Brisbane and Adelaide and the positive response has been the same everywhere.

Most readers are probably familiar with the story and location of Walk Into Paradise, but for those who are not it is set in the Highlands and the Sepik and showcases some spectacular scenery. The film stars the laconic Chips Rafferty, the seductive and beautiful Francoise Christophe and our own dashing Fred Kaad.

Our screening of Walk Into Paradise was more than just a nostalgic indulgence and the chance to catch up with old friends from the '*taim before*'. Seen on the big screen in all its remastered splendour, it is obvious – fifty years later – that Walk Into Paradise is a unique historical timepiece. The story line is uncomplicated and at times amusingly predictable but the cinematography is world class. Filmed only 10 years after the war, the scenes involving hundreds of authentically feathered and costumed tribesmen is nothing short of breathtaking and any documentary maker would kill for much of the footage. It was not surprising to learn that it had been a huge box-office success in America and Europe after the rights were bought by Joseph Levine.

Our President Harry West welcomed the audience and before the main film Fred Kaad amused us with anecdotes on the making of the film and we watched Rhonda Grogan's Behind the Scenes Location Footage. Narrated by Lee Robinson, it explained many of the logistical difficulties of filming in isolated territory, including transporting the Kodak film out of the country quickly to preserve the quality of the colour.

Walk Into Paradise has the irresistible feel of a classic; it belongs to the romantic genre of 40's and 50's movie-making and storytelling. It reminds us of a time when handsome men wore pressed khaki shirts with epaulettes and polished shoes and women were ultra-feminine in full-skirted sundresses, bright lipstick and strappy sandals. With the exotic backdrop of places many of us know – and a happy ending - what could be better viewing for a late winter's Sunday afternoon?

After the film Harry brandished a letter from Hollywood informing us that Fred Kaad, along with several other actors in the film, had received a retrospective nomination for Best Supporting Actor for a film set in New Guinea in the fifties! Fortunately one of our patrons, Mrs Roma Bates, was on hand to open the envelope announcing the winner. The audience held its collective breath and then cheered when Fred's name was read out. It was a lucky coincidence that Harry happened to have an inscribed gold Oscar with him and Roma presented it to Fred. Members of Fred's family and his many friends were out in force to help him celebrate the afternoon and Fred was kept busy signing autographs in the foyer.

The afternoon ended with guests mingling over a glass of wine and finger food. The committee and sub committee would like to thank everyone who generously

....and the winner is.....



Fred Kaad OBE

contributed to the catering and to those who helped set up and serve the food. Your support was much appreciated.

Although this was a non-profit event we had stated that any surplus would be donated to the Children's Ward at ANGAU Memorial Hospital, Lae. We are delighted to report that close to \$2000 will be sent to the hospital. This is a fantastic result and could not have been achieved without the overwhelming support from our members and friends - so thank you to everyone.

Elizabeth Thurston on behalf of

the sub-committee of Mrs Andrea Williams, Mrs Pamela Foley, Mr Ross Johnson and Mrs Elizabeth Thurston. ■

TREASURY REUNION 2005

The recent Treasury get-together in Canberra was the 8th since PNG Independence. In the mid 50's Treasurer Harold Reeve encouraged Treasury Officers to have a social club picnic every year, generally to Local or Fisherman's Islands. What was innovative about these get-togethers was local staff were encouraged to attend. Times change. These gatherings were always popular and the tradition continued, holding the first reunion in Bali in 1980. Like all PNG administration departments the friendships have prevailed. Our ranks are thinning along with the hair; however we still have the capacity for sustained fun. Canberra was chosen for symbolic reasons, as well as to coincide with the 30th Anniversary of PNG Independence.

The four day program included talking, sightseeing, talking, eating, yarning, looking, reminiscing and all the other things including drinking. The arrangements were made by David Martin and John Oberdorf and they managed to collect 40 of us. It was like herding cats. Treasurer Jim Ritchie and Joy were able to attend. Incidentally their son is the current Australian Ambassador to Indonesia. He was very lucky to survive when the terrorists blew up the front of the Embassy.

It was remarkable the number of stories and incidents which were remembered with pleasure. There was no doubt we held so many Departments and Officers in high esteem and respect, especially the field staff of all departments. We worked in the times before clients, stakeholders, them etc, the days before bureaucrats covered their backsides and backs and avoided responsibilities. They were the good old days. We also visited the War Memorial, Floriade, and took a general tour of the city while in Canberra. It was suggested that we hold the next reunion in PNG in 3 years time to re-visit the major cities. Time will tell.

Clive and Harriet Troy

A REPLY ON 'THE PNG HISTORY WARS' from HANK NELSON

In *Una Voce* 3 September 2005, Geoffrey Luck pp.13-15 claims that on the ABC radio program, *Hindsight*, I made several errors. He says that the word 'territory' as applied to Papua never implied that Papua might one day be a state and that Sir Hubert Murray 'never expressed an intention for Papua ... to be incorporated in the Commonwealth'. 'This is plainly nonsense', says Luck. Others will know that there is mass of evidence that Australia was ambiguous about the constitutional future of Papua, and that on this point Luck is simply wrong so I will just give a few quotes. In the debate on the move by the new Australian government to accept control of British New Guinea, Edmund Barton the Prime Minister spoke of 'the long centuries ... New Guinea is to be a territory or, perhaps, a State of this Commonwealth'. And here is Hubert Murray writing to his brother on 17 March 1939: 'in Papua the ultimate fate of the natives is as part of an Australian state'. Murray also made the same point publicly to the Committee 'appointed to survey the possibility of establishing a combined administration' of Papua and New Guinea in 1939. The Committee itself in its report noted, 'It is said ... that the object of the Government of Papua should be to train the inhabitants to be Australian subjects and part of the Commonwealth'. Hasluck in the postwar spoke of a 'measure of independence' and in one of his most considered statements in 1958 said it was Australia's hope that Papua New Guinea would choose a future that would keep it in a 'close, direct and friendly relationship with the Commonwealth'. He thought that Papua and New Guinea would not become a member of the Commonwealth with the same status as the six states, but it might enter into another relationship with the Commonwealth and by then 'I fully anticipate that the Australian federation will itself have changed'. From the very start with Barton's statement through to Charles Barnes there was ambiguity in Australian policy. For part of the time, there is a defence of ambiguity, and that is Australia aimed to allow Papuans and New Guineans to make a choice, but to deny ambiguity or to make an explicit statement that Murray never said Papua might be incorporated in Australia is in defiance of the evidence.

Luck seems disturbed that I made the point that after Versailles Australia's defences were weakened. This was the situation from 1920: Australia then had all of east New Guinea, but the Japanese had taken German Micronesia. The potential enemy was just over the equator, and the Japanese in their new mandate had all the legal advantages over trade, legislation and immigration that Hughes had demanded for New Guinea. With the Japanese so close, the 'Singapore Strategy' was largely irrelevant. As we know, in 1942 the Japanese had taken Rabaul, captured a thousand Australians and bombed Port Moresby before they had begun their assault on Singapore Island. I did not argue or imply anything silly such as Australia should have taken the Mandate over Micronesia or the other fancies mentioned by Luck. I made the case, soon demonstrated as accurate, that following Versailles Australia security was at greater risk. There is no revision: Australian defence experts recognised this in the 1920s and 1930s.

On the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels Luck has simply misunderstood what I said. At various times I have written in confirmation of that great humane gesture of the Papuans on the Kokoda track. On the ABC I did make the point that as many of the Papuans were conscripted they had reason to be sullen and resentful, but in fact the overwhelming evidence is that they responded with extraordinary generosity. This obviously makes their contribution all the greater. I made no 'racial taunts'. The poem 'Fuzzy Wuzzy

Angels' was written by Sapper Bert Beros at Dump 66 on the Kokoda Track on 14 October 1942. For those who know all this and could not understand Luck's confusing comments about the poem by the 'Australian housewife' who, Luck thinks, coined the term 'Fuzzy Wuzzy', I should add that Linda Hanbury wrote a reply to Beros, picking up the lines 'May the mothers of Australia, / When they offer up a prayer, / Mention those impromptu angels / With their Fuzzy Wuzzy hair'. Hanbury's poem begins: We, the mothers of Australia ...

Hanbury's poem was published by the *Cowra Gazette* and reprinted in the *Sunday Mail* and other papers. No doubt there were other replies. Needless to say, Luck's 'Australian housewife' did not coin 'Fuzzy Wuzzy'.

Luck begins a sentence, 'Anyone who has read one of the recent books on the 1942 Kokoda campaign ...' to rebut an imagined error. In fact, anyone who has read the recent books by Brune, Fitzsimons and Ham will find an acknowledgment to my help.

Linking Nelson, Hughes and Patience together as 'post-modernist' and 'left-wing' is a great joke. As Luck would say: 'This is plainly nonsense'.

Luck found no mistakes in what I said, and made several himself.

I wrote my first books about Papua New Guinea thirty years ago. Luck's 'revisionist historians' loyal allies in the ABC' would surely target me – not enlist me. But if I'm a postmodernist anything is possible. ■

THE MARKET by Shane Jenkinson

I have always loved going to the market in PNG, especially Saturday and have always brought home far more than needed; I just couldn't resist it! Rabaul Market pre eruption '94, regarded as the best in the Pacific, was a delight. As well as food and fruits there were the cheerful lovely people – and there were carvings, baskets, artifacts, necklaces, bows and arrows, clay pots, tobacco leaves and rolled 'brus', chickens, pigs, parrots of all kinds, pigeons, kokomos, possums, puppies, mangoes, soursop and breadfruit.

Kavieng was less famous, but no less impressive. There was fish by the thousands, particularly on Saturday when people came in from outlying islands. They were smoked, steamed, cooked or wrapped in leaves with vegetables. There were baskets of shells you couldn't lift (K1) and yes! Kina shells too; crayfish, mud crabs, coconut crabs, mangrove oysters - K3 a bag - the finest oysters you can get.

As well as the seafood there was garden produce: taro, trays of sago, tapioca, huge bunches of bananas and mountains of coconuts ready to drink. The Saturday market was ever a forum for something or other, a revival crusade perhaps, loud music with tambourines and guitars, a burning eyed evangelist warning us of judgement day, and in Kavieng the forum for the wronged wife! I never knew the seriousness of it. The ladies would appear at around 8.30am, the market at its busiest. With blazing eyes they would confront one another in front of a captive audience. With hands on hips, they spat at each other, and then attacked! (world championship wrestling pales before this) urged on by the crowd, clawing, pulling and slapping. Eventually separated by Police, they would meet again at the bakery outside the supermarket. No blood, no broken bones, just dammed good theatre.

From 'My Life Behind Bars'

THE FATE OF “CHARLIE UNCLE TARE” DAKOTA A65-61

Frank Piper (Taxation Dept, Pt Moresby, 1966-1971) spoke about the following episode at the Probus Club, Pt Macquarie on 17 August 2005

During wartime we hear of many sad incidents involving RAAF aircraft. So what happened to Dakota A65-61 – Uncle Charlie Tare?

It was rostered to take 17 stretcher casualties, mainly Borneo casualties, from Morotai to Sydney on 18 September 1945. Looking after the stretcher cases were dedicated RAAF Sister Marie Craig and orderly Sergeant Blackmore. There were a total of 10 RAAF and 19 Army personnel on board.

The Dakota left Morotai on time with its jubilant cargo (‘We’ll be in Australia tonight’) and arrived at Biak – a massive USA airforce base – at 10 am. The usual route followed from Biak to Australia was south across Japan Island, the Goose’s Neck in Dutch West New Guinea, then south-east to Merauke or Horn Island to Townsville and down the Australian coast. This route involved flying at no higher than 5,000 feet although it included a dogleg around the west of New Guinea. Otherwise, to fly the shorter direct route meant going over the high Carstenz Mountains – their soaring snow-capped peaks reaching between 15,000 and 18,000 feet into the sky.

The pilot, competent W/O Hunter, had been instructed by his CO J D Balfe to take the longer safer route and the aircraft was on the ground in Biak for only forty minutes before taking off again.

From that moment we will never know the reasons for Hunter’s decisions or actions. Why was he west of his track? Why did he choose to fly the dangerous direct route? By the time he reached the mountains he would have been forced to fly between the peaks instead of above them. With their summits in the clouds he could not afford to lose sight of the ground and totally lose his whereabouts. They were in real trouble, hemmed in by the mountains and with the cloud rapidly closing them in.

The Dakota entered a rock wall valley – its floor at 12,500 feet and some walls 300 feet high. Perhaps Hunter decided to climb higher and turn back out of the valley; he would have realized the trap he was in and that his only chance was to get out of the valley as fast as he could. But before Hunter could turn, his outside wing struck the cliff face and instantly wrenched the aircraft into the rock wall at 14,000 feet. A65-61 an exploding, shattered, tangling burning mass fell to the bottom of the cliff. Then nothing moved for 25 years.

On 16 October 1968 an American mission pilot was flying over these ranges when, away to the west, down among the mountain tops, he saw something silver reflected in the morning sun. Flying over it, he saw a large silver aircraft that had smashed at 4,670 metres lying shattered and almost unrecognisable. It was at a spot almost exactly on a direct route from Biak to Horn Island, 190 Kilometres east of his designated route.

In mid 1970 the American pilot and two friends landed a Bell 206 Jet Ranger close by, but because of the shortage of oxygen and the rare atmosphere, he could only stay long enough to identify it as A65-61. He concluded the impact had been incredibly violent, destroying almost everything; human bones were scattered around and they found the remains of a woman’s shoe. The RAAF was informed.

On 4 December 1970 the RAAF commenced recovery. The helicopters experienced much difficulty because of the altitude and they could only stay for two hours, recovering only 36 kilograms of skeletal remains. A skeleton was discovered almost

complete under the recognisable wing. Whoever it was may have survived the crash, but would not have survived long in the cold and rarefied air.

Again in May this year the RAAF, in conjunction with the Indonesian Air Force, set out to complete the recovery. The mission recovered all of the remains as well as personal effects of the passengers and crew. Poignantly, these included Sister Craig's medical bag which, as well as medical equipment, contained items of a personal nature – lipstick, a lottery ticket and a train ticket.

Flight Lieutenant Greg Williams of Canberra, leader of the team, said another 100 feet of altitude and the Dakota would have cleared the peak. It was also discovered that an elaborate oxygen supply had been set up in the plane. One wonders if this contributed to the pilot's decision to take the high altitude route?

On 11th August 2005 the Dakota crew members and passengers were finally laid to rest at a service at Bomana War Cemetery. The RAAF flew surviving relatives who could be located to Port Moresby for the service, which was conducted with an RAAF Hercules flying overhead.

Early in April 1945 I also flew from Morotai to Sydney. Our pilot took the approved safe route and we arrived safely that night in Townsville. Sixty years on I remember every aspect of that momentous flight – such an experience for a 22 year old kid from the bush. ■

Helping Hand: La Trobe University lecturer in Nursing and Midwifery, Ms Nola Aicken, spent two weeks with a volunteer team of midwives at the Goroka Hospital in May 2004. Here, in a crowded adult surgical ward, she found little Shirley Yapea aged 10, sitting on her hospital bed smiling, despite severe burns to her lower limbs. These shocking burns had been caused by a kerosene spill that had set fire to her nylon clothes. Shirley had survived despite a lack of antibiotics, pain relief and appropriate dressings. Ms Aicken contacted Rotary on her return to Australia and obtained assistance from the Rotary Clubs in Goroka and Bendigo and Rotary Medical Aid for Children. Shirley's fare to Australia was raised and medical staff at St John of God Hospital, Bendigo, donated their services. In May this year she underwent a major operation with skin grafts. Shirley, from isolated Mondo Ando village, five hours from Goroka by four-wheel drive, is now walking normally again and returned to PNG at the end of July. *Info from La Trobe University Bulletin Aug 2005*

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REMINISCING By Chris Warrillow

(An edited version of that originally written for the Aviat Social and Sporting Club's magazine in 1991)

I had a fascination for aeroplanes from when I first remember trying to sleep at 10 o'clock at 'night', the sun yet to set, with double daylight saving time. Above, dozens of RAF machines noisily gathered in formation over the Midlands of England bound for Europe. WWII was to finish a year or so later.

However, my first means of rapid travel was by train, not plane. I had to wait until my mid-teens before I could experience the thrill of flight. Even so, memories of those several train journeys through the English countryside, verdant in summer but oh so drab and grey in winter, lingered in my memory.

Many years later, surrounded by crates containing my personal effects, I looked through the window at the trees and occasional patches of alpine grass flashing past, and reminisced. The other passenger seat, next to mine, was occupied by Patch – my dog. Ours were the only seats, we the only passengers.

I was somewhere around eight or nine thousand feet above sea level but a mere couple of dozen feet above tree level. My transport was an Ansett-MAL Caribou aircraft, negotiating the lowest terrain to the north of Mt Giluwe just below the base of a thick cloud cover, a few minutes out of Mendi. Apart from walking there was no other way to travel this part of PNG in the late 60s.

It was goodbye to the Southern Highlands District, my home for the past five years. I had only returned from long leave a couple of months earlier and here I was being reposted on a special assignment. Soon the sun shone on the growing town of Mt Hagen as we climbed into blue sky over the Wahgi Valley. Over the Sepik/Wahgi Divide we headed east-north-east and then commenced our gentle descent to beautiful Madang.

Here I spent a day organising my crates onto a vessel for the long sea trip to Kieta, via Rabaul. Patch was left with friends to await a freight flight later (and there is another story there before he rejoined me). The next day it was a TAA DC3 which flew me to Lae where, after a short stop, we taxied for take-off to Rabaul. After standing at the end of the 'strip for a few minutes it was back to the apron and an unplanned night in Lae. The pilot had been told that Rabaul was closed indefinitely due to weather.

The following morning Rabaul was basking in bright sunlight. A strong smell of sulphur came from Tavurvur as the DC3 glided past the smoking crater on 'finals'. At Rabaul I found I was only 'waitlisted' to Buka.

Seats on the thrice weekly DC3 flights to Bougainville were at a premium due to a growing diamond drilling programme on a copper discovery inland from Kieta. CRA was moving dozens of geologists, drillers and support staff to their prospecting camp at Barapina. Drilling results from nearby Panguna were proving very encouraging. It was another three days before I was able to fly to Buka Island. After arrival a short vehicle trip took me to Buka Passage, thence a quick launch trip to Sohano Island, then Headquarters for the Bougainville District.

After presenting myself to the District Commissioner, Ken Brown, and receiving my instructions I was off again the following day to report to Bill Brown, Deputy District Commissioner, Special Duties in Kieta. The flight along the east coast of Bougainville to Aropa Airstrip must provide some of the most beautiful tropical scenery anywhere.

The vehicle trip from Aropa to Kieta seemed to take longer than the flight from Buka! Even so we only got bogged once.

Beautiful Kieta, with its enclosed harbour; houses with grounds which would win any garden competition; and views which would cost millions in capital cities of the world was then a Sub-District Headquarters. It was 31st August 1967, another 23 months before I next had leave. So what? This was surely the epitome of a 'South Seas Paradise'!

Alas, idyllic Kieta was not for me just yet! I was to join another officer (John Dagge) at Barapina and do field work from there. The dilapidated old *haus saksak* (bush materials house) which I was to share with the Patrol Officer, and a newly arrived Police Officer (Geoffrey Brazier), was originally built for CRA's geologists. Months later, when we moved into a small permanent materials house, we offered the bush materials house back to CRA as labourers' quarters. CRA said they did not want industrial trouble on top of their already considerable woes! They therefore used our old house to accommodate their trial poultry project. Thus the *Haus Kiap* became the *Haus Kakaruk!*

Over the next ten months I spent 182 days on patrol. Duties included escorting CRA geologists into areas where the company's presence was opposed. Much of our work was, however, designed to explain to the people what was going on and what was planned. Convince them that a mine would bring development, not only to Bougainville, but the whole of PNG! More and more I found myself in areas where the Government's presence was opposed as much as CRA's! The people objected to my visits as violently as they did the '*Kompani*' intrusions into their land.

In between patrols there were increasing calls on us *kiaps* to attend to problems in the growing number of prospecting camps. Our reward, in between patrols and sorting out problems in exploration camps, was a 'night on the town' every month or so when we were allowed into Kieta on Saturday afternoon – so long as we got ourselves back to Panguna by Sunday afternoon.

As early as April 1968 my reports included ominous warnings. The people did not care for PNG – they wanted their own independence. I cautioned "...that they are capable of violence. The people, sensing a weakening of the Australian control and an awareness of external supportwill again resort to threats and possibly carry out the threats."

I felt that, despite our massive 'awareness campaign', the Government and CRA should do more for the people. My reports warned that tangible benefits, not promises, were required ..."These benefits must be felt by the people of Bougainville as a whole and parts of this Sub-District (Kieta), outside Panguna, in particular. Should this be the case, with the majority satisfied, then the few (Panguna) landowners, who will possibly never be satisfied, will not count for much should attitudes in that area take a turn for worse at some future date."

The Administration took some note! The Patrol Officer and I (an Assistant District Officer) were soon supported by the 'import' of half a dozen more field staff, of various ranks and seniority from the 'mainland'. Soon *kiaps* were posted to every major project site between Kieta, Panguna and Torokina.

In late 1968 I was allocated a house in Kieta. This was shared with three other officers, plus itinerant junior public servants passing through. Over a third of my time was still spent on patrol despite the demands of a growing town's District Office.

Soon however the Post Office and Commonwealth Banking agencies were no longer our (the *kiaps*) responsibility and thus there was less office work for field staff. We still provided Finance services, Magisterial services and host of other agency functions, such as labour inspections, rural crime investigations, Coroner's Enquiries and all forms of rural extension work.

It was a mentally and physically tired me sitting on Aropa Airstrip in July 1969 waiting for TAA's DC3 to arrive to take me to Rabaul, Lae, thence Moresby and leave. Someone, also waiting, turned on his transistor radio to some short wave station. There was a buzz of excitement amongst the small crowd awaiting the arrival of the DC3. Then there was quiet as we all listened to static and voices.

Some American guys were landing on the moon. The Eagle had landed! I just wished the DC3 would!

After three months leave, spent recovering from hepatitis and an occasional bout of malaria, I returned for my next two years stint – but this time back in 'my' beloved Highlands. They too had changed since the late sixties!

But are lessons learned? After more than six years of exploration drilling and appraisal studies, the Chevron led consortium got the go-ahead approvals for its Kutubu oil fields development in December 1990. Seven months into construction there was still no Government presence in the project area. As an example, the only school in the Petroleum Development Licence area survived because of company support for it and its staff. The two teachers were, apparently, abandoned by both the National and Provincial Governments after taking up their postings earlier in 1991.

As for the liaison officers, business development officers, health and agricultural workers etc – that was left to Chevron and its partners and even today (2005) is mostly left to new operator Oil Search Limited who bought out Chevron's interests in PNG.

Postscript:

Despite the lack of Government support in the field 'first oil' commenced loading onto the *Ten-ei Maru* on 27 June, 1992. Five days later the tanker left the off-shore loading facility in the Gulf of Papua taking its cargo of 455,000 barrels of light, sweet Kutubu crude to Japanese refineries. Oil continues to be exported to Australia, Singapore, China and Japan (even west coast USA has received cargos). Total PNG production is now down to 55,000 barrels per day (after peaking at around 150,000 bpd) as even new discoveries and improved production techniques fail to replace the depleted reserves of the main fields. The new oil refinery in Port Moresby now gets most of its crude from the Southern Highlands oil fields and can handle around 30,000 bpd.

Despite numerous threats by landowners and actual disruptions to production, at no time has export of crude been disrupted. With 600,000 barrels of oil in storage tanks and another 600,000 in the pipeline to the offshore terminal, loading of tankers has continued during well shut-ins whilst issues have been resolved before the arrival of the next tanker. ■

PNG's Kokoda Track has been walked in under 24 hours for the first time. Winner John Hunt Hiviki did it in 22 hours, one minute and 14 seconds after leaving Kokoda with 25 other competitors at midday on August 27, 2005. The first overseas runner to finish was New Zealand medical student Andy Rowan in 24 hours and 15 minutes. Prizemoney of 5000 kina (\$A2255) is up for the winner with another 5000 kina shared among those beating the 24-hour mark.

JUST A CADET – 1951 By Ralph Sawyer

Most people will carry those first impressions of the Territory for the rest of their lives. It may have been the smell of Koki Market at low tide or the first sight of the army huts at Konedobu. The bottom pub was not most people's idea of tropical elegance and the lukewarm sea water at Ela Beach was a bit of a shock. The following memories of a young cadet arriving in PNG in 1951 may revive a few of those first impressions.

MV Montoro swung around on its bow hawser and edged towards the main wharf in Pt Moresby. So this was it. David had read about it in the 'Pacific Islands Monthly' and seen the newsreels in Ipswich but this was the real sparkling thing. The donkey winch clanked them towards the wharf as the old hands looked on calmly over the rails. Across the harbour, the rusting hull of the *Macdhui* poked out from the glassy water with its entombed soldiers. Its sister ship still lived on across at the wharf; all that seemed a lifetime away. The native labourers were still there though, sweating away and the Europeans were still there in their whites supervising as usual.

David avidly watched the whole procedure from the railings. He was suddenly joined by Leonie, one of the barmaids from Sydney. They had been warned about wearing shorts but there she was waving to her friend to come and look too.

David was reminded of the dusty proprieties of shipboard custom. The trip from Brisbane had been the poor man's passage to India with all the ridiculous covenants of class being acted out. On the first night, the District Commissioner from Morobe sat with Justice Newton at the Captain's table. The second table was graced by coffee planters and executives of Guinea Airways and Bulolo Timbers – the 'box wallahs' of the Australian Line. On David's table were Stanley Dewdney and his wife from the London Missionary Society. The two barmaids, Leonie and Miriam, were also on this second class table. They talked excitedly about their upcoming jobs at the bottom pub in Port Moresby. David was fascinated by the English manners of Mrs Dewdney who was just returning from six months leave in London. 'Could you possibly please pass the sugar Mr Bromhead?' was miles ahead in the civilised stakes from the raucous laughter and loud talk of the top tables.

Passengers were now going ashore along the main wharf. Tractors trundled along the wharf with baggage, mail and perishable freezer packages. A derrick crane was lowering a black car onto the wharf. It was a new Humber Super Snipe and the owner was not impressed by the efforts of the native crane operator and the two labourers on the wharf who were holding restraining ropes. As the car lightly bumped its way down the side of the ship, the owner desperately shouted 'Easy! Easy!'. The cheerful workers were obviously New Guineans as they reassured him in *pidgin*, '*Masta, dispela kar i kam down alright; kar i paitim ship liklik, em tasol.*' ('Master, the car will come down OK, it will only damage the ship a little.')

David strode down the wharf towards Musgrave Street. He was beginning to feel that he had really arrived as a cadet patrol officer. Behind his imperious figure struggled a greying '*boi*' from the Moresby Hotel. The porter was lugging a cardboard case that had spent its last twenty years on top of an Ipswich wardrobe. In the pecking order, David was now a young '*Taubada*' to this servant but in the Public Service scale, he only held an accommodation warrant for the lowly 'bottom pub'.

Lunch was served at 1pm. That same venerable servant walked up to the head of the stairs in the lobby and stroked an oriental gong with the urgency of a fire alert. Out of the rooms and balcony cubicles poured an assortment of Territory sojourners –

mustached planters, new wives, old traders and young pups. Dusky waiters with hibiscus in their hair padded around on the polished linoleum taking menu orders which were reduced to numbers from one to five. The shiny skinned servants all wore white *ramis* with 'HOTEL MORESBY' monograms smartly slashed diagonally across the material. Ipswich and the dairy farm seemed a world away.

Two o'clock saw David in an old army bus jolting out to the DNA office at Konedobu, a converted army hut with rows of offices off a central hallway. A warren of such huts was all that remained of the Army HQ after the forward HQ was moved to Hollandia in 1944.

Behind these iron huts, hidden in the trees, was the Administrator's Residence. The old Lieutenant Governor, Sir Hubert Murray lay buried in the gardens. Old Judge Murray, the Papuans' protector, no longer took afternoon rides on his chestnut mare out to Hanuabada village. Most of the young people had forgotten him or never known him. They walked now in sullen silence along the dusty roadsides as a new breed of whitemen whizzed by in long socks and jeeps.

David was ushered into the District officer's room. Mr Horrie Niall gave David a short talk on the fine traditions of resident magistrates, patrol officers and ADOs. David was to be posted to Kerema, Delta Division.

'Clarence Healy, the District Officer from Kikori will meet you at Kerema. A fine officer; you'll learn a lot from him. Look at this flag on the map – 160 miles along the coast – Steamship Trading Company vessel leaving tonight – good luck – don't forget to pick up malaria tablets from the front office – see you in twenty one months.'

This time David sat next to the driver as they flashed back to the hotel in one of the many army surplus jeeps. David deposited the new tablets in his room and hopped across to BP's.

Musgrave Street in 1951 was a quaint contrast of the old and new. Bare footed natives in red *laplaps* strolled down the footpath, taking in 'the big smoke.' Old men and women sat on the stone kerbs and spat betelnut juice out onto the asphalt. Jeeps, Landrovers and the odd Peugeot were parked in the centre of the road under poinciana trees. At the Papuan Hotel corner an incongruous native policeman was ensconced on a raised central pillar. With white gloves up to his elbows, he was giving extravagant signals to the traffic. Most cars obeyed but some drove on past. These cars were either unobservant or unwilling to take orders from this new phenomenon. David crossed the road and looked up at the BP tower. The cement facade was still pock marked with Japanese bullets from the bad old days when Moresby was the front line and the tower with its flag was the symbol of white Imperial commerce. Inside along the ceiling, huge punkha fans swayed back and forth just as David remembered then in 'The Bengal Lancers' with Errol Flynn. An elderly clerk with traces of Scotland and sleeve protectors ushered him into a frosted glass cubicle.

'Let's see, you're booked for Kerema on the *Kobe* tonight. That's a Steamship's vessel but that's no problem; we'll have all your cargo delivered to the *Kobe* this afternoon. Now this is what you'll want, all on account of course; you're now one of our valued clients. Let's see, a personal kit – a steel patrol box and mosquito net to keep out the water and mossies, you know – a good torch and Tilley lamp – chlorodyne for dysentery, oil of cloves for tooth ache.' The list grew longer and longer. 'No fresh food at Kerema you know – cases are the cheapest so one case of Camp Pie, one of Irish Stew, Lamb's Tongue, Ideal Milk, Peaches....' And so the list went on.

‘A grand total of £108-4-6d.’ At eight pounds a week, David felt he might be a valued credit client of BP for some years to come.

He still had three hours to kill before he checked out of the hotel. Bit of a rook really when he hadn’t even had a sleep in the bed. David went upstairs to his ‘room’ which was really a three-ply cubicle on the verandah. For a while he lay on the quilt listening to the heavy snoring from one side of the partition. A towel from the other side slapped over the wall. This occupant seemed to be engaged in much sneezing, coughing, huffing and puffing – probably would not survive the night. David was faintly annoyed at this double intrusion. He was not to know that in the lonely months ahead on the outstation, he would remember with longing, those insignificant signs of human company. At the moment only confidence and anticipation filled his mind. David abandoned the idea of a nap and popped downstairs into the late afternoon sunlight. Next to the bottom pub was The Snakepit. He should have known better but he skipped down the concrete steps anyway. The Snakepit was a down market public bar where white contractors, recruiters, road foremen and traders usually drank. Public Servants certainly did not.

‘Where ya going? Kerema! Struth mate, ya wanna steer clear of those Kerema boys; they’re the original bush lawyers. They’ll run rings around ya.’

‘I don’t reckon you bastards should be allowed to go anywhere. You come up here, pumped up full of bullshit and start spoilin’ the locals. It won’t be long before the country isn’t fit for a white man to live in.’

‘Too right, you young Cook’s Tourists can go home but we’re stuck here, tryin’ to earn a livin’. I bet you’ve never had to earn a proper livin’ have ya?’

Bromhead disengaged as quickly as possible and scuttled back up the narrow stairs. He collected his case and went down to hand in his travel warrant. From behind a curtain bobbed Leonie from the ship.

‘Hello darls, on your way then?’

‘Yes, I’ll just sign the warrant and be on my way.’

With feigned importance, David flourished his signature and swept down the front steps, hoping the necktie around his cardboard case would hold.

At six o’clock the dusk clanged down on the harbour like six o’clock closing. A few weak electric bulbs on the wharf sheds guided him down to the K boat wharf. The native skipper and crew were still loading bags of cement and sheets of iron into the hold. A pressure lamp hissed above them below a canvas canopy. David checked on his cargo from BPs and put his case in the tiny rear cabin. The smell of copra, diesel and disinfectant filled the cabin. Back on deck, the hold was now sealed with a heavy tarpaulin and an ice chest was being lashed secure on the hatch cover. Two natives were loading hessian bags of food into the horizontal chest. These parcels were the weekly freezer orders for the outstations along the way.

Heavy rain darkened the night and spattered on the canopy. Low thunder and flashes of lightning presaged a dirty night. David heard the single clang of a ship’s bell and the slap of a mooring rope on to the deck. The cabin door swung open as the throbbing diesel drew them out into the night. As the vessel curved into the main channel, David could just make out astern, the bare electric bulb on the shed. The night and the dark sea soon swallowed the *Kobe* and its human cargo. The great adventure had begun. ■

ROYAL PAPUA & NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY

Background on the Constabulary badge and tie By MR Hayes

The introduction of the new blue 'in line' uniform for all ranks (save with some minor differing styles) as from 1.10.1964, marked a dramatic change in the Constabulary. The retirement of Christopher Normoyle on 30.09.1964, saw the last of the pre-war New Guinea Police Force officers to reach the rank of Commissioner, and the scrapping of the native police uniform of jumper, lap lap, cummerbund and beret; largely a legacy of the pre-war Royal Papuan Constabulary. Prior to this there had been much disenchantment and talk of mutiny amongst the native police having seen the Pacific Islands Regiment soldiers go into a much smarter 'in line' uniform several years before the introduction of the new long delayed Constabulary uniform.

The appointment of Robert Rothsay Cole MC (OBE June 1968) as Commissioner on 8.12.1964 was an extremely popular move, especially with the native police, many of whom had served under him during the war or subsequently in his roles leading to District Commissioner.

The appointment of Patrick Alfred Clarke Erskine as Assistant Commissioner on 21.6.1965 considerably widened the experience now available to RP&NGC. 'Paddy' served with the Palestine Police Mobile Force and worked alongside the Irish Guards, British Army, in the years of bloodshed there. Between 1948 and 1965, he served with the police forces of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, rising to senior commissioned rank. He was thus well versed in military and police tactics and traditions and delighted to be at Port Moresby where an ancestor, Commodore James Elphinstone Erskine, R.N., as head of a Royal Navy flotilla of the Australian Squadron expedition, hoisted the British flag in 1884 and declared that part of the island of New Guinea to be a British Protectorate in the face of Imperial Germany annexing the northern part of the island.

Along with Senior Superintendent Brian Holloway and Superintendent Robert Robertson (both long serving and capable senior officers having joined the Constabulary in 1948 and 1952) and some other senior officers at Konedobu police headquarters, many changes took place. 1964 saw the commissioning of the first ten native police graduates (most of whom who had given many years loyal war and post-war service rising to the then most senior native rank of Sergeant Major - First Class) from the Police College, later established at Bomana. Morale among many permanent expatriate officers had been declining in the early 1960s due to the absence of the Australian Government's intentions as to their future and many left. Co-incidentally with the independence of many former African country's police forces, a number of British Colonial police officers became available around 1965 and many then joined the Constabulary to bolster the thinning officer ranks. There were substantial pay rises and promotion schemes for the native police but, unfortunately, the new literacy standards required saw many experienced and loyal lower rank native police being pensioned off. A sad day, as their service over the last eight decades and particularly during the 1942-45 war was the backbone of progress and stability in the developing nation.

Under 'Paddy', later promoted to Deputy Commissioner, officer dining in nights, officers' mess dress and police balls became frequent, extending to the two other major towns of Rabaul and Lae. 'Paddy' decided that there should be a Constabulary tie for less formal occasions and, through his contacts at the Colonial Office in London, arranged for 100 ties to be manufactured by regimental tie maker, T.M. Lewin, of 106



Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. In due course in 1966, these arrived in T.P.& N.G. and, if my memory serves me correctly, were sold to officers for £2.10.0.

The tie bore the Constabulary badge which was created in early 1953 for the three commissioned officers and Sgt Major (First Class) John Guise to wear when representing T.P.& N.G. at the Queens' Coronation in June 1953. The 24 native police wore a shoulder patch at the Coronation (such patches now being exceedingly rare with only 2 known). Native police did not wear the brass badge until berets were introduced in 1955. In a letter dated 23.09.1953 under letterhead of the former title Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force, the then Commissioner, John Spillard Grimshaw, (who obviously did not like to waste paper) expressed appreciation to his son, Peter J. Grimshaw of D.C.A. Port Moresby 'for the assistance you have rendered this office when the question of insignia for the Force was under consideration. The design for crest, badges and buttons then submitted by you, proved

eminently suitable and has been adopted for use. Your endeavours on our behalf, especially as there was no question of monetary reward, were most worthy. Accordingly, it gives me pleasure to present you with the enclosed casket containing the representative insignia suitably mounted as a token of my appreciation'. This brass badge consisted of the central motif of a stylised Bird or Paradise, surrounded by a laurel wreath, surmounted by a crown and with the Constabulary name in two lines of text at the foot.

The brass badges now are quite scarce. Many Territorians would have seen these badges so highly polished over the years by their wearer's rubbing that the text and designs were long obliterated. The 1953 badge minted in a very small quantity bore the text 'Royal Papuan & New Guinea Constabulary' and was surmounted by a 'King's Crown'. Although the King had long since died, the 1955 minting still had the same crown surmounting the badge, but with the text amended to 'Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary'. Technically that minting should have seen the 'Queen's Crown' surmounting this badge of which several thousand were minted. The new chrome/red/blue badge which commenced from 1.10.1964 bore the 'Queen's Crown', the then correct name of 'Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary'. The design of this badge then became the multi imaged motif on the new Constabulary officers' tie in the colours of dark blue, red and white. These ties are now fairly scarce and a few appear around the necks of earlier members of the Constabulary from time to time. I wonder if any other departments had their own neck ties in the 1960's or earlier?

More common are the various manufacturing's of the chrome badge, still essentially the same design created by Peter Grimshaw, which are still in use after 40 years.

'Bob' Cole retired as Commissioner on 20.04.1969, and 'Paddy' as Deputy (sometime acting Commissioner) Commissioner, moved to another career on 1.09.1968. The current title of the Constabulary, 'Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary', was formalised in 1972. Until 1967, there were only three King's/Queen's 'Royal' police forces in the world of which our Constabulary was the junior member. ■

Victory in the Pacific and 60th Anniversary of the end of World War II Commemoration Service and Wreath Laying Ceremony was held at the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway on Sunday 14 August 2005 at 10.30am in the presence of His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC, CVO, MC (Retd). Mr Rusty Priest AM, Chairman of the Kokoda Track Walkway, welcomed the guests and the Governor General gave the Commemorative address. The Catafalque party was escorted by the Mounted Police and there was a wreath laying ceremony. Guests from PNGAA included Mr Fred Kaad OBE, Miss Gaynor Kaad, Mr David Marsh, Mr Iain Mitchell and myself. Pat Hopper

ARTEFACTS, ART and EARLY PHOTOS

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ANOTHER 'RULES' REUNION By Henry BODMAN

Anyone connected with sport in Papua New Guinea over the years will have realised that 'Aussie Rules' has always boxed well above its weight.

With Queensland and NSW as 'neighbours' it was inevitable that 'the Sniffers' would form the majority but that pesky Southern Religion always made its presence felt – whether on the field, in the press or in the bars of PNG (and Oz).

Well it isn't going away with time.

The Papuan Rules competition in the 60's was dominated by "The Red 'n Whites"(Port Moresby)- before Koboni realised that it was competitive. The premiership trophies for 1960, '61 (Summer and 'Winter' comps), '62, '64, '66 and '68 (Seniors and seconds) found their place at Moresby's home, The Colts Club (since burnt down).

The pages of *Una Voce* have recorded that the 40th Anniversary of the '61 triumph was held in Brisbane, the 40th of '64 in Perth and now the 40th of '66 is to occur on the Barwon River in March of next year (2006).

The event will be conducted over a long weekend, cheap but comfortable accommodation has been reserved (but with 70 known starters at the time of writing this is starting to get thin on the ground) and consideration of partners' enjoyment is a priority.

All connected with Rules in PNG are invited to contact Jock Collins at 39 Edgerton Rd Mitcham Vic 3132 to obtain the details and reserve accommodation. ■

KIRIWINA WEDDING PARTY 1931



Marriage of Revd John (Jack) Dixon to Olive Fielding

Was this a first? Above is a photograph of an Australian marriage party in Kiriwina, Papua, in March 1931. Esala Sanai (far right) was the groomsman (bridegroom's close friend) and the Revd EA Clarke was the best man. The people depicted are nearly all members of the Methodist Mission in Papua, including my great aunt, Olive Fielding, the bride. Olive went to Kiriwina as a teacher. The officiating minister was the Revd MK Gilmour. The couple walked to Omarakana on Kiriwina and then Kaibola for the honeymoon.

John Dixon had come to Papua as a Methodist layman in 1923 and was stationed at Dobu. Esala Sanai went with Dixon to Sydney in 1926, staying for a few months with Dixon's family when Dixon began theological training. Do readers know of any other Papuans in pre-war PNG who were involved in European marriage ceremonies as best men, bridesmaids or groomsman? David Wetherell

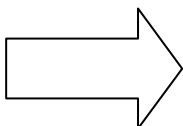
* * *

Robert and Margaret Parer write with the following news from Aitape:

‘On the 13th August 2005 we celebrated the Golden Anniversary of the Raihu District Hospital. Prime Minister Sir Michael and Lady Veronica Somare came up from Wewak by chopper for the big day. Our local MP Patrick Pruaitch Minister of Forests also attended. Patrick is from Ulau Village 30 Km from Aitape on Wewak Highway. And also the Prime Minister opened the new Administration Building called The Peter Metz Admin Block.

Many of your members would have fond memories of Peter Metz having come to PNG about 1956 from Holland. He worked in many places including Kainantu, Rabaul, Aitape and eventually dying in Madang. In Aitape he owned the only hotel and when he knew he was dying he sold it and went to Madang.

All who knew Metzzy would be amazed that he left his entire estate to the Catholic Mission run Raihu Hospital as he did not always see eye to eye with the Mission. His link with the hospital was the huge help that has come from the Netherlands with staff and funds. And today it is one of the best hospitals in PNG.’



The PNG Post Courier's special Commemorative magazine for the 30th Independence Anniversary will be available at the Christmas luncheon on December 4 at a cost of \$5. Limited quantity available.

TO PT MORESBY AND PANAETI, 1914 By Mrs Lucy Barnes

[Don Barnes from South Australia sent us his mother's account of her journey from Pt Moresby to Panaeti, an island close to Misima, in 1914. The Rev Frederick Barnes was stationed there with the Methodist Foreign Mission from the third quarter of 1914 to 1919.]

To our sorrow we found that the booking of our fare [to Misima] was too late and there was not room for us on board. We said 'put us on the first boat that leaves' and that is what happened. An old tub that traded to Port Moresby was under-going repairs and would take us to Samarai.

The *Misima* was a very small ship and the first day out most of the crew were suffering from the effects of being in port, and we were put in a cabin below deck, but not for long as we were given a new four bunk cabin, newly built and on the top deck, which was airy and comfortable and we were treated as VIP's, being the only Europeans and a baby, a novelty, we could not have had more attention given us. When the sea was rough I would sit on the floor with a basin to bath Kath and the boat would roll from one side to the other carrying baby, mother and the basin with it. On calm days Kath would sleep on the deck in a folding pushcart. One day when I went to see if she was all right, she was not in her cart, but a ship's mate had her on his lap, manicuring her nails.

We were all enjoying the journey until a few hundred miles from Pt Moresby, when the engine went on strike, so we made the rest of the way under sail, which meant the *Misima* could not travel to Samarai.

A trading boat was going there, so we were allowed on board. 'Oh yeah' What a difference, only one small cabin with the rudder chain working by the side of the bed and not silently. The Captain sometimes amiable and at others swearing at his cat and the native crew. The seven or eight passengers had to sleep where they could, on the table, forms or anywhere, and we anchored at night, mosquitoes took a fancy to us and poor little Kath had her first cry since leaving Sydney and her mum was not far from doing the same. We eventually reached Samarai after five days and nights and were put in a dinghy and rowed across to a beach where we and our belongings were just dumped on the sand. We were not expected so no-one was there to meet us. We found our way to the street in Samarai and chose to stay at the middle of three hotels, where we were given a good welcome by the owner. A woman and her daughter, who could not have treated us more kindly. I thought Samarai was beautiful, almost like I would imagine it was going to be.

After waiting about doing nothing for several days, the mission vessel *JR Williams* arrived. As we were anxious to get to our work we were glad to board the boat and get a start. Our mission boat had no engine and it took us five days and nights to travel the 115 miles to Panaeti. The native crew did

their best, and one lad E Val Val, spent all his time watching Kath and he would sit by the bunk and just gaze at her, and was her faithful friend all the time we were there. ■



Kath & Lucy Barnes with boatcrew 1914

BISCUIT BOMBING AT BEREINA By Peter Marvell

I think it was 1956 or 1957. I was then the Supply Officer for the Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries (DASF) at Head Office in Port Moresby. There had been torrential rain in the Mekeo District west of Port Moresby such that the small airstrip at Bereina which serviced the DASF stations at Epo, Beipa and Inuaia was underwater. A new airstrip above flood level was under construction nearby but was not yet completed. The road to Kairuku on the coast was impassable.

DASF staff and families were running short of food and it was resolved to provide an airdrop. Lists of supplies required by the various families and single officers were received by radio and fulfilled by Steamships Trading Company and Burns Philp. Supplies for some local people other than DASF staff were also ordered (Ron Slaughter, I think, was one of those).

The goods were taken to our store at Konedobu where they were sewn tightly into hessian parcels of approximately forty pounds weight. These bundles were then secured in a large hessian sack so that if the bundles broke on impact with the ground the contents would remain in the outer sack.

The drop was carried out by Papuan Air Transport (PAT) using an Avro Anson aircraft. The Avro Anson was then in use by PAT as a commercial aircraft for both passengers and freight. The seats of the Anson were taken out except for one near the cabin door. This door was also removed. Two pilots crewed the aircraft - one strapped into the seat near the open door and the other flew the plane. I believe they were both former Dutch air force pilots but alas I have forgotten their names.

A third person was required to help with the drop and I volunteered. The sacks were duly piled down the centre of the cabin – there were about forty – and I took my place alongside the pilot. My job during the drop was to move to the cabin and pass the bundles to the pilot near the door opening when we were over the dropping site, which was to be the partially completed new airstrip.

When we arrived at Bereina a canoe was being poled across the old, now flooded, airstrip while station staff lined the new airstrip.

After each run over the drop site, during which we threw out eight to ten bundles, the Anson banked steeply and was lined up for the next approach. I learned later from one of the people on the ground that we flew about ten to fifteen feet above the surface.

As well as manhandling the bundles and fighting to keep my stomach down, I took a series of photographs. On completion of the drop the pilot did a victory roll over the strip. It was then that the crew looked at me and burst out laughing. Apparently my face had turned a pale shade of green!

The drop was most successful, only one bundle landed in the water and even eggs were recovered unbroken.

The officer in charge at Epo, Thorald Sorensen, who supervised the ground collection, ordered that the bundle in the water not be retrieved until all the others had been picked up. It transpired that that bundle was intended for him which caused some amusement amongst other staff.

The photographs taken were quite good but, unfortunately, were later lost to me when the person to whom I loaned them left Port Moresby without returning them. ■

SUGAR NOT SPICE by Neil Lucas

Tufi in 1957 still had the honour of only one supply vessel out of Samarai on a six weekly basis. At that stage, too, the accomplishments of the Wright Bros had been forgotten and no heavier than air machine was ever seen near the place. It would not have been able to land, with any real degree of safety, due to a lack of runway.

So stores from Gov.Stores and personal stores from Steamies, B.P's and or Buntings relied on the M.V.Chinampa under the command of Captain W.Busch.

Estimates and ordering had to be well prepared, as it was a terrible thing to be left stranded without the necessary flour sugar and /or tea, not mention that cure all for snake bite, arctic sniffles and general lurgi, rumus Negritia.

On a patrol through Dyke Ackland Bay towards Oro Bay I decided to take as few station staff as possible, as supplies were not due for a few weeks, so patrol supplies had to be trimmed. As there had been a few extra bouts of fisticuffs around the villages, the increased station population was stretching the necessary ration scale. The smaller party would also alleviate the draw by the patrol on village hospitality.

We managed well until near Waiwa, the last village on the north-westerly run, and disaster decided to visit us. Ants invaded the sugar bag and reduced it to a crawling mass of black sludge. After much wailing it was decided that perhaps one of the patrol policemen could wander across Oro Bay to Ray Stewarts Store and beg borrow or steal a small bag of the necessary ingredient. I composed a pass for Ray, to the tune of "do you have half a dozen pounds of sugar, mate." Explained the predicament, ants, short rations, and as I was not sure of cost, and that the patrol allowance would not cover much anyway, I offered to send him a cheque when patrol was over. So off went the trusted member of the RPNGC.

Evening arrived along with the return of said Member of RPNGC, with a Melbourne Bitter tallies carton on a pole, and a worried look on his face, and a note from Ray Stewart. 'Neil, I can't imagine you guys being out of sugar on patrol, so I've interpreted your pass as being cryptic and am sending you the half dozen MB which is no doubt what you require. Your policemen bought himself a pound of sugar, and wasn't until he said you had run out of sugar I thought well maybe the poor buggers are a bit short, so I've put a few pounds of sugar in as well. Pay me when you see me next, Cheers, Ray.'

Melbourne Bitter was a frightful drop in the tropics then, always cloudy, often flat even when cooled. I could not come at it in humid 82 degree temperature. We carried that lot back to Tufi and after a couple more weeks sloshing about in the sauna it was a putrid drop.

Saw Ray some time later en route to Popondetta, we settled debts and had a good cackle over the story, his contribution of a few pounds of sugar saw the patrol safely back to Tufi. The Melbourne Bitter contributed to the continued health of a large hibiscus bush outside the door of the PO's quarters, without the assistance of further refining! ■

PNG REUNION - GOLD COAST – Saturday 10 June 2006

This will be held at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough Street, Southport. The three course buffet dinner will cost \$39.00 per person, drinks will be at Club prices. Should anyone wish to organise a group, tables can be arranged together. Further details can be obtained from Paul Bolger, 5 Tamarix Ave, BRAY PARK QLD 4500 Phone/Fax: 07 3889 6805

HELP WANTED

From January to May 1942 81 people walked from Madang to Mount Hagen. If anyone of these people has written about the four months it took to cover that territory **Marion Booker** would greatly appreciate hearing either from them or about the trip. Her husband was one of those people. Marion can be contacted at 52 Birra Street, West Chermshire QLD 4032 * * *

The **emblem of PNG** is no doubt the Bird of Paradise. Does anyone know where **small lapel pins** featuring this emblem can be purchased please?? Thank you. Please contact: **Bob Piper** - 7 Brazel St., Higgins 2615 (ph. 02 6254 8376 - *email* mars5@tpg.com.au) * * *

I am trying to contact the relatives and descendants of **Jack Keegan** who in 1942 was the Manager of the Kupei Gold Mine in Bougainville. Jack was evacuated from Kieta via Tulagi in February 1942 and arrived in Sydney early April 1942. He was married but his wife's name is not known. She was evacuated from Kieta late November 1941. Jack was in Parramatta in 1943 and in Auburn in 1948 and possibly on the North Shore in Sydney in 1950. Please contact **John Plunkett** (03) 8848-0850, e-mail wjplunkett@applewood.net.au or 4 Grand Boulevard, Doncaster VIC 3108.

Does any know what happened to **Wong You** a chinese trader who was in Kieta on Bougainville in 1942. He and his family stayed on Bougainville during the Japanese Occupation. He was captured by the Japanese, interrogated but I believe released. Does anyone know where his relatives or descendants are at this time? Please contact **John Plunkett** address given above. * * *

Would anyone know of **Josef Gaal**, an Hungarian 'Shaft Engineer' employed by Commonwealth Dept of Works, Pt Moresby, in 1956 to 1959 period approximately? Josef obtained his Australian citizenship there (witnessed by Sub Inspector Bradley at the Pt Moresby Police Station). He resided in the four mile camp, Pt Moresby, however after this period his whereabouts are unknown. His grandson, a friend of **Gerry Bellis**, is researching information about his family. If anyone has any information could you please contact Gerry at 250 Richmond Road, Morningside, 4170 phone 07 3399 9775 fax 07 3399 9773 or email: gezza@mail2me.com.au * * *

W.W.11 Escapes from New Ireland

1. Can anyone confirm for me please how the coastwatcher on Emirau Island **C. Chambers** escaped after the Japanese arrived at Kavieng. Was it with Pastor Atkins and Trevor Collett on the SDA launch 'Malalangi' and had Chambers replaced Charles Cook on Emirau plantation, or did Cook also escape on the 'Malalangi'? How did Chambers then get from New Britain to Australia? [Jim Ridges, see address below]

2. The New Ireland government boat 'Nereus', Captain Jock Laird, departed the Sepik for Australia on 21st March 1942 with about 14 passengers. Did the 'Nereus' escape from New Ireland after the Japanese landed, if so how and with whom, or did it just happen to be on the New Guinea coast at the time?

Thankyou, any information would be appreciated by **Jim Ridges**, POBox 86, Kavieng or email: pmcewan@global.net.pg * * *

Does anyone know how Mt Bellamy in PNG got its name? Please contact the Editor.

A THOUSAND MILES TO FREEDOM
From the Sydney Morning Herald, Saturday 10 November 1945
Sent in by Rossi Barrand nee Thomas

In what was one of the longest and most arduous rescue trips in the Pacific war zone, five civilians, survivors of a party of 29, got clear of the Japanese at Kavieng, in New Ireland, traveled nearly 1000 miles of hostile land and sea, and, en route, helped to rescue 37 American airmen, most of whom had been forced down during the Battle of the Coral Sea.

The story is told by Mr WR Thomas, of Sydney, who was radio telegraphist in charge of the AWA radio station at Kavieng at the time of the first Japanese air attack there on January 21, 1942. The station was badly damaged, but Mr Thomas was uninjured, and got clear with a teleradio set.

By schooners and punts, he and the other survivors escaped to a nearby inlet, where 19 members of the party and three schooners were captured. Mr Thomas and nine others escaped and hid in a swamp. Here he made wireless contact with Port Moresby.

A week later, the hideout was virtually surrounded, and in his last messages to Port Moresby from the swamp Mr Thomas said the chances of escape seemed hopeless. At this stage, the District Officer, who had assumed command of the party, ordered the destruction of the wireless set.

It was then that a friendly native penetrated the Japanese cordon and brought news that a lorry, hidden off the road near Kavieng, had not yet been discovered by the enemy. By stealth and at night those of the party who elected to take the risk, sneaked out of the swamp, made their way to the lorry, and got away to the other side of the island.

As they were subsequently to learn, they left the swamp just in time, for some natives had betrayed the hideout to the enemy. Next day the position and its occupants were taken. For those who escaped, there were many other tremendous hazards ahead. At Panaras Plantation, about 100 miles from Kavieng, they found a number of Europeans who were not impressed with their own chances of escape, and here four of the original party also decided to remain. However, Mr Thomas, and four of the party decided to push along the coast in the hope of finding means of escape. Before leaving Panaras they had received demands for surrender written by the Japanese and delivered by a native. Notwithstanding a promise of safety, the offer was rejected.

The objective of the party, now reduced to five, was to reach Tulagi in the British Solomons. A boat was necessary. Alternately helped and betrayed by natives, they skirted the beaches and crossed and recrossed the island.

The first find, a 12-footer, was unsuitable. Then they found a 17 footer; for it they made sails. But the winds were adverse, and the party returned to New Ireland.

Then they achieved a splendid improvisation. They took the engine from a lorry, installed it in the boat, and with a propeller and shaft retrieved from another part of the island, motorized the craft.

Seven perilous weeks after the getaway from Kavieng, the party again put to sea. Because of overheating, the engine had to be stopped every few hours. Then, when they were within easy reach of Rabaul, the engine broke down. As the lesser of two evils, they turned back to the coast of New Ireland. That night repairs were made to

the engine, and to escape oncoming Japs, the party traveled 40 miles back towards Kavieng. Here they landed.

Notwithstanding the presence of the Japs, the little group reconnoitered until another boat was discovered 100 miles down the coast. In another retrieved lorry the engine and propeller were carried as far as possible.

Then Mr Thomas and one of his comrades in a small punt took over the cartage, while the others continued on foot. It was a dangerous coastline, and the punt was wrecked on a reef, but Mr Thomas and his mate pluckily got the engine ashore.

The two parties then linked, and at Muliyama Plantation found a boat, too small, however, for their purpose. Here they learned of a small Chinese owned schooner at the island of Tangar, 40 miles away.

Installing their power plant in the smaller craft and using it as a makeshift, the party sneaked across to Tangar, and found the schooner. The owner agreed to an exchange. Then, to overhaul their craft, the party put back to Muliyama.

Here, one day, eight Australian soldiers arrived. They had escaped from Rabaul, after the Japanese capture, and had then made their way to New Ireland in a small craft that had since become useless.

The troops had two objects that had a special interest for Mr Thomas – a Teleradio transmitter and a Radiola. The former, previously installed at the AWA coastwise station at Namatanai, had been taken by the Japs, put out of action, and discarded. The Radiola had been parachuted over Cape St George (the southernmost point of New Ireland) by an RAAF Catalina in answer to an appeal for equipment. That only a parlour model could be supplied is an indication of the shortage of equipment at the time.

Mr Thomas, in a pretty piece of understatement, says he ‘managed to repair’ the Teleradio. Then he contacted Australia through Port Moresby. His first message to his company revealed true Australian adaptability.

With the enemy so close – and on wireless alert – Mr Thomas could not speak ‘in the clear’. So he used a code. In his opening message to Mr Clarke, Superintendent of AWA Coastal Radio Service, the first sentence was, ‘my wife’s second name’. Mrs Thomas, who incidentally had been evacuated from Kavieng just before the Jap attack, and who was then in Sydney, was promptly contacted. When she told her name, AWA had the key to the code used by Mr Thomas.

To him the Navy authorities flashed ugly news. The Japs had taken Tulagi and Bougainville. The party was advised to make due south for Papua. But after weeks of dietary deprivations, the food situation had gravely deteriorated. Now there was only some pollard available. This they made into biscuits. These and water were the only supplies on a 700 mile journey to Papua.

With a four-knot contrary current, engine troubles due to a fuel mixture of black kerosene and crude oil, and because they were in hostile waters, the course was not direct. It was seven days before the schooner made a landfall at Buna. By then five original members of the party had lost up to 2½ stone each.

At Buna, where for the first time the escapees were out of enemy territory, there was a week’s blessed rest. Then they were ordered on to Oro Bay, there to join a 25-ton schooner, and proceed to Milne Bay. On that trip they were to have the first proof that they had traversed waters made historic by battle. At various isolated points the party

had a new role – as rescuers. They picked up seven American airmen, from the aircraft-carriers Yorktown and Lexington, whose aircraft had been shot or forced down during the battle of the Coral Sea.

On the final stage of their voyage – Milne Bay, Samarai, Port Moresby – the Kavieng party received marine ‘promotion’. They joined a 60-ton schooner. Once more they were in the wake of the Coral Sea Battle. This time they rescued 30 American airmen. At the end of that fateful May in 1942, the five Kavieng men – survivors of the 29 original escapees – reached Port Moresby.

In the four and a half months they had walked or water traveled approximately 300 miles on and around enemy occupied New Ireland, and the sea voyage on to Papua involved nearly 700 additional miles in hostile waters. ■

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* * * * *

In early July 2005, Philip Alpers, Adjunct Associate Professor, School of Public Health, University of Sydney, (Personal mailing address: PO Box 727, Surry Hills 2010. palpers@med.usyd.edu.au) delivered a paper at Goroka on gun running in Papua New Guinea with particular reference to the Highlands. He subsequently delivered his report to the United Nations. It is a disturbing well researched document on social aspects to life in PNG as a result of the break down of law and order, and the influence that high powered military weapons, often exchanged with criminal elements in Australia for PNG cannabis; sometimes sold to ‘raskols’ by corrupt police and soldiers or otherwise obtained through carelessness on the part of authorities, supplemented by home made weapons, is having on the lives of Papua New Guineans.

Anyone interested in this 138 page paper, can download it for viewing or print out at;
<http://www.smallarmssurvey.org/publications/special.htm>

Max Hayes

* * * * *

A **KOKODA TRAIL SOUVENIR MAP** has been compiled by Charlie Lynn with data collected during his 40 treks across Kokoda over the past 14 years. It also includes data from wartime sketches in the Australian War Memorial, official Australian Army Survey Maps, the PNG National Mapping Bureau and satellite images. Indigenous names of mountains and rivers have been provided by clan leaders from along the track. On the map the Isurava Memorial is embedded in the Owen Stanley Ranges and the words etched in the granite pillars of the memorial: ‘Courage, Mateship, Sacrifice, Endurance’ are watermarked in the sky as a solemn reminder of the qualities of our diggers, and the PNG ‘fuzzy-wuzzy angels’, who saved Australia from invasion during the war in the Pacific in 1942. The map measures 850mm X 300mm.

\$149.50 (incl GST, postage & handling) Cheques to ‘Adventure Kokoda, PO Box 303, Camden NSW 2570 or available through the website: www.adventurekokoda.com.au and click on ‘Merchandise’. ■

RECENT PNG BOOKS AT SYDNEY CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

A table will be provided at the December Xmas luncheon for the display of recent books (and catalogues) on PNG. Because it will be impracticable for actual sales to take place, all those who wish to show books should also supply, on a clip board or the like, brochures and order forms for follow up action by those who browse the books and are interested. (Copies of the Association’s own publication, ‘Tales of Papua New Guinea’ will be available at the luncheon from the Treasurer, Ross Johnson.)

WELCOMING PARTY AT TAPINI By Chris Warrillow

In March 1961, after nearly eighteen months in Kairuku I was transferred to Tapini for further experience and training (and to complete my ASOPA correspondence course assignments which were well over-due) before proceeding on leave and possibly the ASOPA Long Course.

A Patair Piaggio was chartered to fly me, my domestic servant and my personal possessions to Tapini and return to Kairuku with a CPO on reciprocal transfer. Being single and in my first term I had little in the way of household effects. Aware of the sixpence a pound airfreight charges from Moresby to Tapini I decided to run up a large bill at Ron Slaughter's store before leaving Yule Island and take advantage of the spare capacity of the 'Pig' which could lift a couple of thousand pounds.

Half a dozen expats on the Tapini airstrip - not so much as to welcome me but rather farewell 'their' CPO - witnessed the unloading of my 'household effects' and their carriage, by *kalabus*, (inmates of the gaol) to my nearby donga.

After the rest of the afternoon in the office I retired to my house to check on the *hausboi's* progress at unpacking and the state of my 'fridge (I had even brought up a 44 gallon drum of kero for it!). I was followed by eager helpers who assured me they would assist with the heavy drum and numerous other poorly disguised cartons of my effects should the *kalabus* and *hauskuk* not have everything in order.

I was honoured that District Officer Orm Mathieson and ADO Paul Ryan led the party of volunteers to assist a humble cadet lest the *hausboi* and prisoners had not completed the task.

All was in order and the 'fridge up and running - and full!

The helpers were well into the second carton (**of my SP**) when one of them mentioned that one of the cartons contained what appeared to be a dozen 'buka meri'. Within minutes former *kiap* and former guest of Bomana and Long Bay, Andy Anderson, arrived on the scene to help! He owned the small Tapini Hotel and a coffee plantation. Fortunately PO Col Sanderson was OIC at Guari, a hard day's walk away, and so most of my rum survived to see another few days.

Despite my careful planning (plotting?) my following months' BPs' Country Order Statements required payment for several unbudgeted cartons of 'groceries' and several score sixpences paid to Patair by BP's!

To be fair, I enjoyed the hospitality of my welcoming party many times during my following six months in Tapini - especially after returning from patrols. ■

* * * * *



'It was a TOP DAY' grinned John Stevenson recently after celebrating his 79th birthday with a parachute jump!

Jumping from 4000m, John thoroughly enjoyed his experience saying it was 'the best thing I've ever done'. After stepping from the aircraft 'into nothing' he free fell for several minutes before the parachute opened. John was in PNG with CommWorks from 1949-1965.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

No Turning Back, By **E.T.W.Fulton**, Edited with an Introduction and Afterword by Elizabeth Fulton Thurston, ISBN.1 74076 141 3. Soft cover, 314pp, illustrated, including maps, index \$34.95. Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, ANU, Canberra ACT 0200 Ph: 02 6125 9975 Available booksellers.

What an extraordinary life Ted Fulton lived. An Australian heir to a British military tradition, he was born in Sydney in 1904 the year that the new Australian Commonwealth agreed to take over Britain's role in Papua. After his middle-class family was plunged into poverty he made his own living from a tender age before setting out to see the world. His account of his early years in Sydney, when public transport meant trams and most private transport was horse-drawn, are among the most fascinating in these memoirs. After his first foray to Rabaul in 1926 he was down-and-out in Hong Kong, and shipped back to Sydney. He doesn't say so, and his editor, daughter Elizabeth Thurston, doesn't emphasise this, but his integrity was so obvious and impressive that people did want to help him out in the financial crises that marked his life in Sydney and Hong Kong before he returned to Rabaul. In 1936 he joined Jack Thurston, gold mining in the Sepik. Prospecting in the Sepik right up to the war was real pioneering, but it is the war years that will hold most readers' attention. As a gunner in the 6th Division he fought in the Mediterranean and narrowly survived the calamitous Greek campaign, then spent the rest of his long war with ANGAU in New Guinea – most often behind Japanese lines. Month after month of perpetual danger brought him to the edge psychologically. (His bride, Gwen, had to cope with what we now call post-traumatic stress.) These were extraordinary wartime adventures, but it's not the events that make the book special, but rather Ted's profound reflections on the nature of war, the nature of his enemies, the quality of his allies. Averse to writing about himself, he is generous and accurate in his accounts of everyone else. Similarly, Ted is at his most acute when he describes the New Guineans who worked for him and with him on the goldfields, during the war, and on the plantation he developed afterwards. His language is shaped by the colonial ethos of that era, but it expresses mutual trust, mutual respect, mutual admiration.

Ted Fulton's life (he died aged 95 in 1999) covered the whole era of Australian administration in New Guinea. Just as he conceived Australia as in some sense British, so his New Guinea was in some sense Australian. Australia's official relations with PNG are often tense, and yet relations between people are often warm, intimate and enduring. Ted embodied the personal warmth rather than the formal coolness. To understand the links between these radically different societies, we must dig below the official surface to the gold of personal connections, and the publishers, Ted and Elizabeth have given us the perfect place to begin prospecting.

Elizabeth's role in her father's memoirs is not obvious, yet absolutely critical. Ted's diaries, interviews and writings are rich in detail but often cryptic and allusive and assume knowledge of the wider context. Elizabeth first had to add the information a later generation needs to understand the men who were born before the Great War, survived the Depression and then fought in the Pacific. But what makes Elizabeth such a splendid editor is not just what she puts in or omits, but her restraint. Because she curbs her filial loyalty and her literary flair, it is her father's voice that is amplified and reproduced, not her own - until the last chapter, where she has incorporated seamlessly a daughter's perspective on growing up in PNG with Ted and Gwen.

Donald Denoon

Meeting The Challenge - Australian Teachers in Papua New Guinea, Pre-Independence 1955-1975 Edited by Gail Burke ISBN 1 876844 42 3 Hardcover 240 pp CopyRight Publishing Co. Brisbane. October 2005 Cost: \$20 plus \$5 postage within Australia. Available from: Gail Burke, PO Box 1224, KENMORE QLD 4069. Phone: 07 3374 4894

All profits from sales of this hardcover book will be channelled through Rotary International in support of aid projects focused on the welfare of the children of Papua New Guinea.

'Careers with a Challenge' was the background information supplied to potential officers of the Public Service of The Territory of Papua New Guinea during the 20 years leading up to Independence. This very slim volume supplied virtually no detail of life and employment in our future home but it was certainly 'spot on' in its title.

Only 30 years after Independence, we have seen the history of the Australian contribution to PNG independence twisted into unrecognisable forms and it behoves us to ensure that future generations and historians will have the necessary evidence to arrive at something approximating the reality we know.

Gail Burke's edited stories, in *Meeting the Challenge*, has put on record grass roots experiences which will be hard to ignore in future years when students and academics might like to promote an 'original' and 'imaginative' version of Australia's contribution to the welfare and future of the independent state of Papua New Guinea. Gail's collection has been put together in a random way without personal agendas to interfere with the simple record of the lives of those teaching in PNG from 1955 to 1975. It is an enjoyable record of real life 'at the coal face' of colonial administration. The result is a collection of very human experiences which contrast beautifully with each other in suggesting the aura of the times and the commitment of the story tellers to the job of educating a people to embrace the task of self government.

Too often we have rued the fact that our experiences in Papua New Guinea are largely unrecorded and, thus, Gail Burke is to be congratulated on putting these stories together. It is to be hoped that this simple formula will be adopted by others who have equally interesting and important experiences to add to the existing record.

In Gail's book you will find the range from uproariously funny through desperation, violence and challenge to pride and satisfaction. Many of the 'scribes' will be known to many from shared times on outstations and meetings along the path of nation building.

That the profits from the book will be sent to the scene of expatriate PNG teacher effort gives Gail's book and personal effort real credibility.

Included in *Meeting the Challenge* Gail's husband, Clarrie, has written an Introduction and Background (Historical Snapshots) which sets the larger scene for the stories which follow. It is a useful précis for the reader not familiar with Papua New Guinea between 1955 and 1975 and will also be a reminder of much for those who have let that part of their lives slip into the mists of time.

With Clarrie's help and guidance, Gail has overcome enormous personal challenges to produce for us an enjoyable reminder of times gone by and to illustrate why so many can be, and are, proud of their colonial contribution....in whichever field it might have been delivered.

Henry Bodman

The School That Fell From The Sky, by **Fred Hargesheimer** ISBN 1-58909-1167. Soft cover. 148pp, illustrated. \$20 inc. postage within Australia. Orders to Dougal Geddes, Foulsham & Geddes, Solicitors, Suite 1103, 99 Elizabeth St, Sydney 2000.

‘The story of Fred Hargesheimer is to me one of the great stories of the Pacific War,’ said Jack Paar, when long time host of American NBC’s ‘Tonight Show’. Those who know Fred Hargesheimer’s story agree, and this book will lead a great many more to the stirring tale of the young US Army Air Corps pilot who was shot down, wounded, over West New Britain in 1943, survived only with the help of the people of Nantabu village who hid him from Jap patrols – and who went back after the war to build them a school in gratitude.

The Airmen’s Memorial School at Ewasse – ‘the school that fell from the sky’ – is now 41 years old, and ‘Hargy’, who turns 90 next May, is still active chairman of the Memorial Foundation that set it up. For his 90th birthday he hopes to make one more visit to New Britain from his home in California. It will be his 14th, although in the 1970’s he and his wife Dorothy spent four years at Ewasse to help the school become self-supporting.

The school has had hundreds of graduates who have made their mark in all walks of life - lawyers, leading academics, sociologists, and business people. Its cross-section of active volunteer supporters include trustees Anne Ames and Garua Peni and many PNGAA members, such as Fred Kaad, Betty Whitten, Ray Thurecht and Matt Foley. Matt and Hargy had met in the jungle in 1943 when Matt was a member of a Coastwatching team led by Ian Skinner and including John Stokie.

That story, together with all the other details of Hargy’s eight months on the run in New Britain, the first month alone, his squadron given him up for dead, is the meat of this book – and what a vivid, honest read it is!

Hargy first published it in a private small-run edition in the US, but this edition, updated and expanded, has come off the presses of Ray Thurecht’s PNG Printing Company in Port Moresby, with proceeds to the school.

The update reveals that 54 years after Hargy had bailed out over New Britain, his aircraft in flames, he was able to locate Mitsugu Hyakutomi, the Japanese fighter pilot who shot him down. Hargy learned he survived their crucial encounter because Mitsugu ‘could never bring himself to shoot helpless enemy pilots hanging from their parachutes’.

Thus Hargy was able to go on to change the lives of hundreds of Papua New Guinea children for the better.

Stuart Inder

* * *

Independence Gift of Books To celebrate Papua New Guinea's 30th anniversary of Independence, Pandanus Books, in conjunction with sponsors has made a 'Gift of Books' to community and public libraries throughout Australia and the Pacific. The special selection of twelve titles published by Pandanus Books covers a range of genres from memoir to history, fiction and poetry. The Gift of Books project was launched by His Excellency, Charles Lepani, Papua New Guinea High Commissioner to Australia at the National Library of Australia on 14th September 2005.

Albert Speer MBE advises that he recently obtained a copy of the book ‘**Of Storms and Rainbows**’ Volume II by AL Graeme-Evans, ISBN 0 646039822. It is a fine history of the 2/12th Battalion and the Milne Bay campaign. Reference copies are available in the Mitchell Library and the Australian War Memorial Library, Canberra.

A Trial Separation: Australia and the Decolonisation of Papua New Guinea, By **Donald Denoon**, ISBN 1 74076171 5, 228 pp Cost: \$45 Available from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, ANU, Canberra ACT 0200 Ph: 02 6125 9975 and other booksellers.

'Many people say that independence came too soon; others accept that the timing was about right, and a few insist that it was overdue. However, developments in the past 30 years beg the question: is 'independence' the appropriate term for what happened in 1975?' (page 5)

Donald Denoon's highly accessible and authoritative book examines this much debated and still relevant question. Denoon, who was Professor of History at the University of Papua New Guinea in the optimistic 70s sees PNG's past 30 years not as the coming of age of a restless youth anxious to escape the paternal home, but as a trial separation of two adults whom geography and history had yoked together. As many former 'items' discover after seeking freedom and independence from each other, PNG and Australia remain interrelated and inter-dependent in a variety of ways. *'Decolonisation is by no means complete and independence is a work in progress. What seemed like a divorce in 1975 is a trial separation, in which the two governments can negotiate a new way of living next to each other.'* (page 197)

Denoon's metaphor looks to the future of the relationship as well as its past. To avoid repeating mistakes, it is essential to be clear-eyed about what happened back in the 1970s. *'It is more useful to understand the past than to moralise about it.'* (page 197)

This means steering clear of some of the unfounded pessimism which characterises many recent accounts of PNG independence, and the romantic view of the colonial period which inspired them. For instance, the notion that the country's crime could be eradicated with the re-introduction of the kiap system is both unrealistic, and incompatible with democracy. Denoon rightly attributes the nation's relative lawlessness to a failure to properly train a civilian police force, both before and after independence.

Of particular interest to anyone concerned about the development of democracy in former colonial territories is Denoon's detailed and highly readable account of the negotiations over PNG's constitution. It reveals that some of the country's problems: the ambiguous status of Bougainville and the unrepresentative character of many politicians, for instance, date back to this period. Similarly, its constitutional stability, peaceful changes of government, and high degree of civil liberty, can be traced to the same era. On balance, they didn't do a perfect job, but didn't do a bad one either.

Denoon's information is original, balanced and lucidly expressed. This book is sure to become a favourite with scholars and general readers interested in PNG affairs. One can only hope that policy-makers in Canberra read it as well.

Leo Scheps

Leo Scheps is a Sydney-based Pacific historian.

[Donald Denoon was Professor of Pacific Islands History at the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, ANU, until retiring in 2004.]

To The Ends Of The Earth, The Life Story of Ida Voss, ISBN 0 646 43485 3, A Missionary story written and compiled by Paul and Eleanor Knie, , Knie Family Trust, 2004. 224pp. Includes bibliography, index and over 280 photographs. Cost: \$35 (incl p&p within Aust) Available from: www.kftbooks.com or Paul Knie, 38 Murphys Creek Road, Blue Mountain Heights, Toowoomba Qld 4350 Ph/Fax 07-46968344.

Bougainville Before the Conflict, Edited by AJ Regan and HM Griffin ISBN 1 74076 1383, Hardback, 566pp, non-fiction, includes maps and illustrations price \$85 Available from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, ANU, Canberra ACT 0200 Ph: 02 6125 9975 and booksellers

This is a monumental work compiled by Anthony Regan and Helga Griffin as editors of contributions by an array of highly qualified academics. This includes Bougainvillians who can add their people's inner feelings and thought processes to their scientific findings.

Anthony Regan is a Fellow in the State, Society and Governance in Melanesia project at ANU Canberra, and has worked in PNG, Uganda, East Timor and Solomon Islands. He has been an advisor to the Bougainville Peace process 1997-2005.

Helga Griffin BA, Hon., Dip Ed. Graduated from Uni PNG, James Cook Uni., and Canberra College of Advanced Education, and has been on the research and editorial staff of the Australian Dictionary of Biography at ANU Canberra for 20 years. Her interest and study of Bougainville goes back over 30 years.

Contributing authors in the introductory chapters start with Mathew Spriggs, Professor of Archaeology at ANU covering sites and artifacts from pre-history to later migrations. Hugh Davies, Professor of Geology at UPNG contributes an overall geological picture of the island and – linguistics are covered by Professor Darrell Tryon, Professor Linguistics at ANU who has worked for 40 years on the indigenous languages of Oceania. Eugene Ogan, UCAL and Harvard, has carried out ethnographic studies on Bougainville for over 40 years, mainly in the Nasioi area and is a worthy successor to his early mentor, Douglas Oliver. He provided the introduction and Jonathon Friedlander, (Harvard) delves into biological Anthropology and genetics but disappointingly does not come up with a definite reason for the distinctive and highly attractive colour of the people.

Of my 35 years in NG prior to the late 1960s, I spent 23 on or involved with Bougainville, and I found the people to be dour, enigmatic, conservative and proud. I admired them greatly and trust that any impact I had on them was reasonably positive. Chapters covering the 'Colonial' era, from 1910 to and including WWII, contain many rather contentious statements emanating from anecdotal and/or personally prejudiced evidence. However none of these detract markedly from the overall picture presented and little could be achieved by questioning them here. The remaining section of the book covers the Post WWII period up to the present day, the political, social and economic development and the massive impact of modern global economics on a subsistence culture. The lack of a national entity and appreciation of grassroots politics over NG as a whole led to misunderstandings on all sides, and given the unexpected solidarity of the people, the ensuing chaos became inevitable.

All this is ably recorded by the following Bougainville academics: Roselyn Kenneth, Joachim Lummani, John and Elizabeth Momis, Bill Sagir, James Tanis, and Melchior Togolo, as well as expatriate scientists Jared Keil, Jill Nash, Eugene Ogan and Hank Nelson, with a contributing chapter by Don Vernon the Managing Director of Bougainville Copper 1970-1986.

Gene Ogan's reference to overstated fatalities might be borne in mind when assessing the human costs of this turbulent period but the sufferings of the average villager, women and children can never be overestimated.

This book will be a standard reference in the future to be quoted, misquoted and argued about but one wonders how the people will cope with the 21st Century, as indeed how any of us will.

Robin McKay

The Truth About Kieta – January 1942 by John V Plunkett (2005) ISBN 0 646 452002. Soft cover, 220pp, illustrated, cost \$30 (including postage anywhere in Australia). Published by John V Plunkett, Doncaster, Victoria. Please purchase from the author, 4 Grand Boulevard, Donvale, Vic. 3108.

There have been many stories of escapes retold. In relation to PNG these have similar scenarios, ie, lack of communication, confusion and disbelief about forthcoming events and subsequently the failure on the part of some planters, missionaries and administration officials to grasp the seriousness of what was about to unfold. Not fully realising the danger, those who chose to stay, in most instances, did not survive. A timeline of significant war events sets the scene, spanning a period of just three months.

This is the story about a group of 15 men who heeded the prudent decision of the Administration Officer-in-Charge at Kieta to escape. All made it safely to Port Moresby. Why did these men choose not to talk about their experiences and courage in sailing a small ketch to Port Moresby with only a wall chart and compass as navigational aids? The Introduction describes why the author decided to find out the truth. The facts are provided through reports, letters, diaries, newspaper articles and cablegrams. These also illustrate the personalities of those involved. The recollections and diary of the only survivor living today of this escape, are central to the story. What is also revealed is how distortions, misinterpretations and misinformation can change the context and the truth reflecting on the credibility of the participants of what really happened. The reports in the print media were also a source of anger and resentment. The extensive Bibliography illustrates the effort the author has gone to in checking the veracity of information and highlights the importance of using Primary rather than Secondary sources when engaging in research. In this case, errors of fact from the same source were reproduced in many publications, some not included in the Bibliography.

Overall, this is a story for those interested in PNG war events and Bougainville in particular including, as well, the serious researcher.

Pat Johnson

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Jim Cox writes from Tasmania – ‘I was recently reading about the PBY Catalina Flying Boat and their role during WWII. The RAAF brought a total 168 of them into service. These operated out of Rathmines base at Lake Macquarie (NSW), Bowen (QLD), Cairns (QLD), Port Moresby and numerous advanced operations bases throughout the South Pacific. Some expats in PNG during the 50s and early 60s will have experienced the exhilaration of taking off and alighting (flying boats don’t land, they ‘alight’!) in the Cats. operated by Qantas and then TAA.....On one occasion I was on a catalina flight chartered to fly supplies from Samarai to Goodenough Island. Enroute we flew into a heavy rain squall and at that moment the windscreen wiper suddenly stopped operating. To fix it the No. 2 pilot said we would have to return to Samarai for repairs. Because of poor visibility the captain was not able to alight safely in the marked water lane next to Samarai so he alighted well out to sea. There was a good swell running at 1-1½ metres but this appeared no problem to the experienced Captain. The taxiing run back over and through the swell to the island was some journey. After quick repairs we took off and made our destination to Goodenough Island where Clarry Healy was the ADO.....**Can you ask if anybody was involved with the peace-time operation of the Catalinas in PNG who would be prepared to write about the role they played.** There must be many stories to be told! ■

ASCENDING MT WILHELM By James Porter

James Porter worked in PNG as a Telecom engineer between 1964 and 1977 at the time radio microwave repeaters were being installed on high mountain tops for communications over 'the other side' of the main range from Pt Moresby. He has written several novels including Hapkas Girl and The Talking Mountains on PNG themes. He climbed Mt Wilhelm over Easter weekend 1966.

Mt Wilhelm, the highest mountain in PNG, is still shown on many maps as having an altitude of 15400 feet, therefore it was rather deflating to the ego to learn after I climbed it that the latest survey maps show it as 14793 feet (4512m). Situated 40 miles northwest of Goroka, it was so named in 1888 by a German expedition which in typical colonial fashion either ignored, or did not bother to find out, any names that may have been bestowed upon great physical features by those who lived there. Of course in this case there may have been some excuse, as the expedition did not actually set foot on these mountains. For another half century Europeans were to remain ignorant of the dense population of Chimbu people and others who had settled the beautiful and fertile highland valleys here. Leader of the German expedition, journalist Hugo Zoeller, was exploring the Finisterre Ranges to the east, across the other side of the Ramu Valley, when he named the four highest peaks along the skyline of his Bismark Range after the German Chancellor and his children. From south to north as he saw them were Otto-berg (the Chancellor himself), and the three children, Wilhelm-berg, Marien-berg and Herbert-berg. From where Zoeller stood, Otto, the closest, seemed to be the tallest and so was named after the father, but it is in fact more than three thousand feet lower than Wilhelm.

The opportunity for me to scale Wilhelm came one Easter weekend. Four of us were interested initially. Albert and Dave, both high school teachers from Sogeri in the hills near Port Moresby, had heard of the climb being planned by Ken and myself, so we joined forces. We flew to Goroka on the regular DC3 flight on the Friday afternoon, and arranged to charter a small Cessna aircraft to Keglsugl Mission airstrip at 8000 feet the following morning.

Ken and I were early at the airport that morning, skeptically surveying the tiny aircraft allotted us. We had already heard one estimate of the load-carrying capacity of a single-engined Cessna 195 at altitudes of 10,000 feet over the mountain passes we had to negotiate. The second revised figure we suspected was nicely tailored to accommodate our four man party with bulging rucksacks at weigh-in. We were therefore more than a little dubious at the last minute when the pilot casually accepted a fifth man and his gear! Gordon, another high school teacher from Goroka, and overnight host for Dave and Albert, had made a spur of the moment decision to join us.

How we all managed to squeeze into that tiny fuselage is a story in itself. Albert sat next to the pilot with a rucksack on his knee. Dave and Gordon occupied the middle two seats, likewise nursing their packs, while Ken climbed into one of the skinny rear seats. That left the other rear seat for me. I passed Ken's pack in through the little two foot square hatch opening in the side of the fuselage which was the only means of entry to this section normally used for cargo. I then tried to get in myself, head first. After squeezing the upper part of my body in I found insufficient space to allow long limbs to be bent up through the opening. Only by Ken passing his pack over the shoulders of Dave and Gordon in front, was there room for me to slide my rear portion up onto Ken's lap for a moment, enabling legs to be retrieved so that the hatch could

be closed – not before my own rucksack was shoved in onto my lap by an airport assistant.

There we were, rucksacks blocking our view, as we bounced alarmingly down the Goroka strip in a laboured take-off, yet this was only 5500 feet altitude. Thinner air was to come. The weather looked clear up the Asaro Valley out of Goroka, but clouds already hung about the tops, so early in the morning. We crossed over two fairly high gaps in the ranges, and having got into another valley we had to get over a 10,000 foot pass at the other end. There was just enough room in the narrow valley to circle around to gain a bit more altitude. But no, not enough height on that first run. We were going around for a second try. The plane banked steeply as it soared around, the engine roaring its utmost as it struggled to gain altitude. Third time around and still that pass looked menacing, but this was it...wild thoughts of bods and packs about to be strewn over the range. The pilot charged straight for it, the plane lifting in some miraculous up draught just as we approached the edge to glide within feet of the tree-tops on the heavily wooded pass, then over into the Keglsugl Valley. And there it was, a magnificent spectacle, the crags of Wilhelm towering above us like an apparition in the sky, white clouds around its base lending it an unreal fairy castle appearance in the reddish early morning sunlight. It had seemed we were already on top of the world at 10000 feet but Wilhelm quickly put things in perspective.

Keglsugl strip appeared ahead on a broad sloping ridge about a thousand feet above the mission buildings at the bottom of the valley. I had by now seen a few steep-graded airstrips around the Territory, including Tapini on the Papuan side of the main range, the strip there cut short at the lower end by a yawning chasm. However, this one promised to be more exciting than most. As at Wau, there was a tendency to fly straight into the sloping strip. The overloaded Cessna's wheels bumped down with a sickening crunch and bounce. How those spidery little wheel struts stood the strain I couldn't imagine. Then immediately the engine roared into life again as full throttle was applied to climb to the top end of the strip to be ready for take-off.

That warm, sun-soaked strip of Mother Earth felt really good, as my legs slid out onto solid ground. Within minutes the empty Cessna roared off downhill to lift lightly now, like an eagle having suddenly dropped its catch. Gordon, who spoke fluent *pidgin*, hired a guide from the crowd of villagers who turned out to meet the plane. Alfred was a typical Chimbu; stocky build, untiring walk, and well educated for a mountain man, having attended the mission school to Standard IV. He spoke quite passable English, and agreed for the sum of two dollars to guide us to a base camp at the Pinde-Aunde Lakes at 11500 feet that night, thence next day on to the summit and back to the base for a second night before we walked out on the Monday.

In brilliant sunshine we shouldered packs at 0930 hours to head straight off. We carried standard bushwalking equipment; tents, sleeping bags, food etc, all except Gordon, who sprinted off up the track with a sausage-bag crammed full of blankets and a few packets of rice, his bag tied each end with twine and slung across his shoulders. He was the youngest member of the party at 22. The track from the end of the airstrip led to a fast flowing stream spanned by a slippery log bridge, without hand-ropes – a balancing feat. Then into heavy forest and soft mud underfoot for a mile or so before criss-crossing along a stoney creek bed for two more miles. We were soon puffing up a very steep ridge of dense moss forest where, at the first short halt, our guide Alfred cheerfully informed us that of all previous parties he had seen attempt Wilhelm, only half the climbers made it to the top due to high altitude effects. (*Cont.*)

About midday we broke out of the moss forest onto the end of a terminal moraine at 10500 feet. The floor of the gently sloping moraine valley was clear of timber all the way to its head, where a large waterfall discharged from the lower of the suspended Pinde-Aunde Lakes, our intended base camp. It looked at least another two hour march, so we sat down for lunch on the edge of the abrupt cliff forming the end of the moraine, from where we gazed straight down onto Keglsugl airstrip 2000 feet below, periodically hidden from view as misty clouds swept across beneath us. After lunch it was a pleasant walk up along the grass covered moraine to the base of the waterfall, then a steep scramble up beside the fall to the shores of Lake Aunde at 11500 feet. Beyond this lake and the second 500 foot waterfall dropping into it from Lake Pinde suspended above, the mountain backdrop soared skywards on a breath-taking scale.

The Australian National University had only recently constructed a hut here on the lake edge for scientists researching tropical high altitude flora and fauna, but no one was in attendance and the building was locked. We bedded down in a couple of old native bush huts nearby. Ken, who had been feeling the effects of altitude, got into his sleeping-bag very early that night after sipping only a cup of soup for his evening meal. He tossed and turned uneasily all night and next morning seemed to be even worse. He announced reluctantly that he would not be able to make the summit, and stayed in his sleeping-bag for most of that day while the rest of us attempted the top.

On arrival here at Lake Aunde, our guide Alfred had straightaway returned to Keglsugl village for an Easter celebration that evening. He promised to return during the night so that he would be back by 6am to lead us up the mountain, and borrowed Albert's torch for this purpose. What a constitution! Down three and a half thousand feet for supper, then back again in the pitch of night in time for breakfast.....However, he had not shown up by 0700 on Sunday morning, so we started off without him. I had a rough sketch map of the route.

The climb took us almost vertically 2000 feet above the lakes to the 13000 foot level, where we rested near the remains of a plane wreck spread over the eastern face of the rocky slope; a World War II American bomber. One of its engines with bent three-bladed prop still attached was a stark memorial here among the rocky crags.

The weather was still clear as we looked out eastwards to see my old foe Otto-berg, blue in the distance. I had climbed it a few weeks earlier. We were already 2000 feet higher than it. Our rest periods became longer and longer, waiting for Dave to catch up each time. He was now feeling the altitude. Gordon however was still sprinting around like a mountain goat, but then he had the undoubted advantage of permanent acclimatization to 5500 feet at Goroka. Albert and I alternated between keeping up with Gordon and maintaining a steady pace for Dave to follow. We were all suffering slight headaches from the lack of oxygen now above 14000 feet. It was, after all, the altitude at which Air-force pilots in non-pressurized aircraft are recommended to use oxygen. The higher we went, the shorter the stages we could do without pausing for a breather. The heavy exertion made us gasp for breath in the thin air, yet recovery time was quick, indicating it was not muscle exhaustion. It was about 1100 hours when we reached a saddle not far below the summit. We had been sitting there for some time waiting for Dave, when unexpectedly two figures appeared over the ridge behind. Dave had been joined by a substitute guide, Maina. We learned that our original guide Alfred had tried to keep his word the previous night, but a short way up on the return he had staked his bare toes on a sharp tree stump in the dark. He limped back to the village and detailed his cousin Maina to go straight off up the mountain after us.

A steep rock scramble above the last saddle took us over onto the western side of the main ridge, where we got our first sight of the summit trig point towering above us. A huge steeply sloping rock slab, which required careful negotiation, took us to the top just on 12 noon.

Unfortunately drifting cloud had beaten us. Our view was limited to the nearby peaks sticking up out of the general cloud cover below, which obscured any long distance sights. While we ate lunch the temperature dropped startlingly and I recalled the colour slides I had been shown by a friend who had camped a thousand feet below the summit the year before, so that he could reach the top early in the morning before cloud set in. His tent was covered in snow. Not far west over the border in West Papua, Mt Carstensz Toppen at 16500 feet is permanently snow covered.

We left the summit at 1300 hours and made much better time down. Gordon and I pushed on ahead to get camp fires going and food cooking, however Ken, now somewhat recovered, had forestalled us and there was our old friend Alfred keeping up the supply of firewood. Alfred, not to be done out of his promised payment, had bandaged his toes and come up here with another companion. It was a highly satisfying meal we enjoyed that evening. Altitude effects had quite worn off; it was almost like returning to sea-level.

Surprisingly it rained quite heavily during the night, following a clear starry evening, but the weather had cleared again by morning. We broke camp at first light to be sure of the doubtful privilege of catching that little Cessna down at Keglsugl at the appointed hour.

* * * * *

WALK INTO PARADISE by Vanessa Westley

This film holds a special significance for my family. At the time my parents were courting, my mother went along to McDowells on one of the days Chips Rafferty was auditioning ‘pretty girls with likely screen talent.’ Although she was shortlisted my mother did not get a part in the film. She did, however, marry my father in 1958 and they moved to a small part of ‘Paradise’ named Bainyik, near the Sepik River. I was the first white child to have been born there in the village.

My father was the local school teacher and was involved in planning some of the social activities. He decided to organize a movie night and the film to be screened was ‘Walk Into Paradise’. The evening was a much anticipated event, not only by the white community but also amongst the locals. Some walked for miles from surrounding villages to attend.

It was a balmy night and the film was shown on an outside screen. As with all films shown on projectors there was the constant frustration of the reels breaking. These interruptions were helped along by generous amounts of Negrita Rum and the atmosphere was one of light-hearted frivolity.

However, the greatest source of amusement came when Chips Rafferty appeared on the screen speaking his own version of *pidgin*. The whites laughed their heads off – some of them conscious of their own struggle with perfecting this colourful language. Their amusement, however, was nothing compared to that of the local natives. They simply rolled around in the grass absolutely unable to contain their hysterical laughter every time Chips opened his mouth.

When the film finished, Dad announced to the audience that Mum had nearly been chosen for a part. Of course everyone agreed that because Mum was so beautiful it had been Chip’s loss and Dad’s gain!

PIRATE TREASURE FOUND ON ISLAND NEAR SAMARAI By Geoff Baskett

A Pirate Party? Right! Cutlasses, skull-and crossbones flag, eye patches, a prisoner, a cannon, walk-the-plank, a vessel, a cave, food, candles in bottles, a treasure.....

So with all this in mind, some of us on the staff of the Kwato Mission, an island two miles from Samarai in the Coral Sea, planned a Christmas party for the Samarai schoolchildren.

We had the vessel, the Kwato-built 60-foot *MV Kwato*. We had the carpentry shop suitable for turning out wooden cutlasses. We had the ideal setting – an island with coconut palms hanging over white coral beaches and ringed with reefs of coral. Obviously the right place for pirates to bury their treasures.

The first step was to send a suitably worded invitation to all the thirty or so boys and girls at the Samarai school. Written in bright red ink, of course, and decorated with skulls and crossbones, the invitations told them that they were to dress up as members of a blood-thirsty Pirate Band and be ready to board the ‘Kwato’ at the Samarai wharf at 2pm on a specified afternoon during the school holidays. (There was really not very much for the children who lived on the 64-acre island to do during their long Christmas holidays, and this was enough to make the blood of bloodthirsty pirates rise to fever pitch.)

Came the day, and at 2pm the *MV Kwato* with its all-Papuan crew captained by its usual skipper, Mahulu Mark, drew in to the Samarai wharf. I feel sure some of the children would have felt a bit embarrassed as they climbed aboard, after all, the boys were wearing baggy shorts and shirts, bright red head-scarves and black eye patches, and the girls wore ragged dresses and so on, but here was the pride of the Mission fleet decked with flags and with its well-dressed crew coming alongside to take them across to Kwato.

As they left the wharf, everything seemed to be very calm and humdrum, though, strangely enough, the vessel seemed to be heading the wrong way, over towards another island and not towards Kwato.....

Then.....with blood-thirsty yells a number of us from the Kwato staff, all suitably attired as pirates, burst out of a cabin! Two dashed to the skipper and tied him to the mast while another took over the helm. While one pirate hoisted a large black skull-and-crossbones flag to the mast, others handed out wooden cutlasses painted silver to the bright-eyed and excited children. The rest of the vessel’s crew were rounded up and packed into the hold.

Soon the *Kwato* swung to its correct course heading for the Kwato island and now all attention was on the fearsome cannon mounted on wheels and trying not to look like a drainpipe. Sailing along the coast of Logea Island and passing a village, a large firework was lit and hastily shoved down the spout of the cannon where it exploded with a suitable crash. (As one or two of the Logea houses had smoke from fires behind their huts, this all added to the veracity of the cannon’s aim and fire-power!)

Approaching Kwato, a large plank was pushed under the railings until it jutted over the side where it was made fast with ropes. Next the poor unfortunate Mahulu was freed from the mast and as he was prodded (gently) with cutlasses, he staggered along the plank. Then he paid us all back! After screaming as he took his initial plunge, he dived deep and kept swimming under water. While the children leaned over the rail to find out what happened to someone who had been made to walk the plank, we began to wonder ourselves, had one of our plans become unstuck with disastrous results?

When Mahulu finally came to the surface laughing and waving to us from a distant coral reef, we all breathed again and the vessel of the relieved pirates soon went alongside the Kwato wharf.

Next everyone started on the Treasure Hunt. Finding a piece of ragged parchment nailed to a coconut palm which gave a rough idea where the treasure was buried, all the pirates set out and only the steep hill prevented them from running! Waving their cutlasses, uttering piratical whoops and yells and dragging the cannon on its wheels behind them, the children trudged up the hill and down to the far end of the island. Struggling along the beach of fine white coral sand, the pirates searched among the bushes and coconut-palm fronds and, at a place where it seemed the sand had already been disturbed, they began to dig.

At last the treasure, a large tin of Minties, was discovered and all the pirates were suitably rewarded. With mouths full of Minties, the exhausted but victorious pirates proceeded to a cave at the top of the hill.

Led to a verandah of the Mission House, the pirates crawled into a long dark cave formed by green coconut fronds bent across each other. Down the centre of the cave were bottles with flickering candles lighting up the pirate food laid out on banana leaves. The food consisted of home-made biscuits in the shapes of bones and small cakes in the shapes of skulls. These were all suitably admired before being gobbled and washed down with fizzy 'lolly-water'.

The feat completed, and their pockets filled with packets of boiled lollies, the pirates wove their way down to the wharf. Then, boarding the *Kwato* with the pirate flag stowed away and its original crew once again in control, they were returned to Samarai where I feel sure they regaled their parents time and time again with tales of the bloodthirsty pirates of Kwato Island! ■

TRAILING CLOUDS By Kingsley Jackson

In 1940 Old Lazy Brains here sat for Leaving Honours English at the Melbourne Exhibition Building, the cradle of the Australian nation. For some reason long lost to me I quoted – misquoted – Wordsworth 'Trailing clouds of glory do we come' when the quote should have continued 'from God who is our home'. My quote was disastrously truncated and carried a most unfortunate connotation, however unintended; I loved Wordsworth's poetry – still do. But no wonder I only got Third Class Honours! Wordsworth saw signs, intimations that we descended from God. What would he think of humans today? Even for me, my book 'Not Always Wise' never trailed clouds, much less of glory; rather, there were a few lost tales (sic) to the kite I flew! Here's one.

In 1954 I took over at Kerema from my old mate Max Denehy, who'd been holding the fort since Eric Flower went on leave. Max was a delightful chap, always poking fun at himself, charming company. One of his pet projects was to organise a freezer service on Steamships K boats (so-called because their names all started with 'K': Kaia, Kuku, Kokoda, Karu etc). Government Stores had freezer boxes which for some abstruse reason were called 'hot boxes'; the idea was that freezer items such as meat and vegetables could be delivered direct from Port Moresby to outstations along the Gulf of Papua.

Mixing metaphores a bit, the scheme didn't get off the ground, never weighed anchor so to speak. Max retrieved what he could, strove without success to be known

henceforth as ‘Hot Box Denehy’! There was always a sensitive, kindly side to Max; knowing I’d be struggling to adjust to Papua, periodically he got in touch with me just to give me a word of encouragement that my stakes were high in District Headquarters, Kikori.

Let’s move now to 1963 when I was Madang representative at a meeting of the Public Service Association in Port Moresby. Ralph Ormsby, my old boss in 1945 now coroner Madang, deputed me to move that freezer items be sent by trawler to outstations along the Madang coast, Saidor, Karkar, and Bogia – much the same scheme as Max’s. I proposed the motion but struggled for a seconder; finally a chap by the name of Smith said ‘No motion should be lost for want of a seconder’, but the motion didn’t receive a single vote! I think you call that ‘Closure’!

At that same meeting a man from the Public Service Commissioner’s Office, whose name was lost to me for over forty years, proposed that the Public Service Association should press that on severance members should be allowed entry into the Commonwealth Public Service and so retain security of employment. Tragically his lone voice fell on deaf ears. His name eluded me all these years but I knew he had taken up a position as a Vice Chancellor of a university and was fairly sure it was the University of Queensland. There seemed to be a good chance that if I heard his name it would ring a bell, so what did I do? Phone the University of Queensland, they run through the list of Vice Chancellors – but ‘no bird sings’.

Ten years slip by then somehow, from left field, AR Simpson (of Simpson washing machines!) produced his remarkable loss-of-career compensation scheme and most passionately and successfully presented our case to the Australian and Papua New Guinea governments. The one crucial weakness was absolutely no security of employment.

Thirty years on. I’m writing ‘Not Always Wise’, struggling to recapture the tense atmosphere of Port Moresby in the early Seventies. Then, on Friday 31 January 2003, the terrible derailment at Waterfall near Wollongong occurred. The next night, I think it was, the telly is recounting the names of people injured: J Ritchie galvanises me and I shout ‘That’s him’. But worry sets in because I fear he is a Vice Chancellor of the University of Wollongong and injured in the derailment.

At least I have his name – or do I? Inspiration! Look up the list of financial members of the PNG Association of Australia, Inc., to obtain his address, seek Directory assistance and telephone him. Great to hear his voice and learn he is unscathed – wasn’t even there. He was a Vice Chancellor of the University of Queensland, was involved with the Public Service Association in Port Moresby; I remember him very clearly and, with a great sense of achievement, write about him on page 315 of ‘Not Always Wise’.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS - 13 October 2005 - Eight PNGAA members were guests of George and Edna Oakes at their lovely home at Woodford in the Blue Mountains, about 90 minutes by train from Sydney. George and Edna welcomed us warmly, and for a few hours we revelled in the delights of country life - the space, the lovely clean air and the expansive mountain panorama. Lunch was an informal affair outdoors, and we all did justice to Edna’s delicious soups. Those present were our president, Harry West, Nance Johnston, Joan Stobo, Marie Day, Ralph and Barbara Sawyer (from Silverdale NSW), Friedegard Tomasetti (from Wentworth Falls NSW), and myself. George and Edna could not have done more to ensure we all had a lovely day and we thank them very much indeed. **Marie Bassett**

VISIT TO GOROKA AND PORT MORESBY

Dr Roy Scragg and **Professor Ian Maddocks** recently returned to Adelaide from PNG where they attended the 41st Medical Symposium at Goroka which celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Papua and New Guinea Medical journal. Roy was the founding editor of the Journal and during the symposium was awarded life membership of the Medical Society. The Symposium was a truly national event with few papers from expatriates and major contributions from national health workers. There were few expatriates in the large Goroka lecture theatre. This was a major change from when Roy arrived in 1947 as the 13th doctor and when he left in 1974 with expatriates dominating all symposia. Ian and Diana then spent some days at Pari village where they had lived and studied the community for many years.

Roy attended the September launch in Port Moresby of Governor General Sir Paulius Matane's 35th and 36th books entitled 'Papua New Guinea' and 'Time Traveller' which, with the medical meetings, were part of the 30th Anniversary of Independence. Roy then spent a week in Port Moresby meeting old friends and took many photographs of the city to record the changes for his children who grew up in what was then a large town. There are significant changes. The many apartments perched on Paga and Touaguba Hills right up to the pinnacle dominate the high rise offices in the city centre. Spring Garden Road cutting has been enlarged to provide the 5 lane Poreporena Freeway from Konedobu to Jacksons with 3 sets of tunnels - all to free up the traffic. Canoes are rare in Koki Bay and landfill has provided for a large roundabout and 4 lane road and houses over land and on piles. The foreshore of the harbour has been replaced by landfill from the old wharf through to the bottom of Spring Garden Road. On the fill excavated from the freeway there are wharf sheds, a Container Terminal, a new large Marina and Yacht Club and a proposed Harbour City. Roy also ventured out to the old expatriate cemetery near the Badihagwa School where one of his sons is buried. The cemetery is overgrown with shrubs and trees and all metal plaques have been stripped from gravestones. Contact was made with City Manager Peter Loko of the National Capital Development Commission, Councillor Vagi Toua of the Motu Koitapu Council and Paul Coleman of the Rotary Club. Only Vagi knew the cemetery existed. Paul undertook to organise a preliminary clean up of the area and the others indicated they would give support to establishing a tidy cemetery that can be visited by relatives and friends. Roy indicated he would help meet the cost of fencing and other improvements to the environment.

Roy did not visit outside Goroka and Port Moresby but from what he heard it appears that the Health Department has many problems while at the same time 52 students are in final year medicine at the University.

Lastly, Roy visited the National Archives adjoining the National Library. He was able to call up files that he had used over 35 years and more ago almost as quickly as he did in the 1960's. However, while this archive is good for departmental records, the archive at the Goroka Institute of Medical Research appears to be a better place to store personal records of health workers. ■

Sacred Heart International School in Rabaul (to Grade 8) urgently needs to recruit Expatriate Volunteer Teachers for the school for 2006. If you know of any teacher who would be interested in taking up this exciting challenge of living nearby a live, eruptive volcano - or even if you know of an agency who may be able to help, please contact the headmistress Ms Belen O Dela Pena directly at: *email:* bln@daltron.com.pg or Ph: (0011 675) 9821511 / 9821510. Conditions include: K30,000pa, 2year contract, accommodation, medical insurance, annual leave airfare. The school also needs books for their library – donations appreciated.

THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

PNGAA wishes to thank Ted's daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.

In the last issue (September 2005) we shared Ted's experiences of the 1937 Rabaul eruption and his subsequent transfer to Kavieng. In this penultimate instalment Ted recounts his experiences in Kavieng prior to the outbreak of WWII.

About 1930, on one of my numerous trips to Kavieng, Bobby Melrose, the District Officer, had asked me to tender for some government owned water buffaloes, which were roaming round Kavieng and becoming a menace to the residents. He said there were about fifteen of them and also two bullock wagons worth about twenty pounds each. I told Bobby I was not interested, but he persisted and I offered forty pounds for all the water buffaloes and the two bullock wagons. Bobby thought the offer was ridiculous, but as I was not really interested, he said he would refer my offer to Rabaul. To my surprise and Bobby's also, the powers-that-be in Rabaul accepted the offer and, when we rounded up the water buffalo we found there were over twenty head. So we drove them out to the plantation and that was the beginning of my cattle industry. Water buffaloes are great workers; they can be worked in the bullock wagons all the year round and never seem to lose condition. They are also very powerful and twice as strong as the ordinary bullock, which loses condition after only a few week's work. My water buffaloes were the only ones in New Ireland and I was soon inundated with orders for them. I used to sell the bullocks, unbroken, for ten pounds a head. I would never sell any cows, although we used to work them just the same as the bullocks.

There was an old Scandinavian planter. Charlie Ostrom, about twenty miles further down the road, who had a few hundred head of zebu cattle. They were inbred and altogether a poor looking lot; from behind they looked more like deer. Charlie had been on New Ireland for many years, even when the natives were cannibals and he told me that when he started his first plantation, he always rode on horseback with a bodyguard. Charlie was at one time very wealthy. I remember at one time he had eight motor cars and every time a new model came on the market he would buy it. He was a very powerful man; once there was a brawl at the Chinese hotel and Charlie threw the piano over the veranda. I believe that, in the German time, when Charlie came into Kavieng, he used to have to lodge a deposit at the government office to pay for any damage he did. On one occasion when Charlie was driving his car up a very narrow street in Chinatown and was unable to turn round, he just lifted the front of his car and carried it round to face in the opposite direction, he had dissipated most of his wealth by 1930, but still had a couple of plantations. His credit was largely restricted, so he asked me to trade my water buffaloes for his zebras. I arranged to give Charlie one bullock for three zebu heifers, to which he agreed and that was how I started my herd of cattle. I must have got about fifty zebras in this manner and then Charlie wanted water buffalo cows; so I agreed he could have one cow for four zebu heifers. If I remember rightly I only gave him three cows and he was the only one in New Ireland to get cows from me. Of course, these transactions covered a period of years. In the meantime, I was importing shorthorn bulls from Townsville in Queensland and, with these importations, I was building up a very good herd of cattle. The manager would cull out the rubbish and sell them to the Administration in Kavieng for twopence three-farthing a pound, dressed and delivered. By the time the Japanese arrived in Kavieng

in 1942, my cattle herd numbered nearly five hundred head and I had about seventy water buffalo.

All these years I was still selling water buffalo at ten pound a head, as many as I could deliver. I even sold some to the Catholic Mission at Madang. Ulul-Nono used to produce an average of twenty five tons of copra a month and, at one time, I had over a hundred native labourers, but as the cattle herd increased, I was able to run the plantation with sixty labourers. Most of the labourers were employed cutting grass, which grew about two feet every six weeks, which was the time it took for the grass-cutters to cover the whole plantation. With five hundred head of cattle kept continually moving over the plantation, what grass they did not eat, they trampled into the ground and their droppings also improved the coconuts.

To improve the plantation and cut down on labour costs, I sent to Java for a pikol (about 136 pounds) of centrasimia seed. This centrasimia was a very good cover crop and most of the planters used it. When my centrasimia arrived, the labourers spread it all over the plantation and it grew pretty well in the back part, where the soil was heavy, but failed to do much good along the sea front where the soil was sandy. After a few months I noticed three patches of a creeper, which had germinated amongst the centrasimia. It looked very much like a sweet potato, so I got the labourers to cut runners and plant them about three to four feet apart all over the plantation. Within a couple of months the whole plantation was covered with this crop and it looked lovely. It grew only about twelve inches high and when the boys were cutting copra in any particular area, they would graze the cattle there for a few days and they had no trouble finding the coconuts. The cover was also marvellous feed for the cattle and they were thriving on it. Many planters used to come and have a look at this cover crop and I sent bags of cuttings to all parts of the Territory. No one had seen it before and no one knew the name of it. After it had been established for some years, the Custodian of the Expropriation Board, Albert Richards, had a look at it and recognised it as Puraria. He asked me to try to get some seed for him, but it was five years from the time it was planted until it eventually seeded; once it started, it never stopped. I sent seeds of it to the Agricultural Department in Rabaul, who were very grateful for same and by the time the second World War started, Puraria was well established all over the Territory and I take the credit for having inadvertently introduced it.

Some time in 1938 a chap by the name of Swindles asked me if I would be interested in buying his plantation Lamernewai, for five thousand pounds. I said I was interested and went to inspect it one weekend. Lamernewai was situated on the west coast of New Ireland. I left Kavieng by car and went about forty miles down the road, then up a new road that Jim Gallan was building across New Ireland from the east coast to the west coast. At this time the road was about two-thirds across. I arrived at Jim Gallan's camp and had a few drinks with him, then left my car there and started walking to Lamernewai at 4pm. I had seventeen miles ahead of me and it rained all the way, though this was a blessing as it kept me cool. I arrived there at 9pm and after a good meal was pleased to get to bed. We were up at 5am the following day, had breakfast and started inspecting the plantation at 6am, walking all over it and getting back to Swindle's house at 11am. I left straight away back to Jim Gallan's, where I arrived at 5.50pm. It was just twenty five hours since I had left and in that time I reckon I had walked fifty miles — from Gallan's camp to Swindles' and back, thirty four miles; five hours round the plantation at three miles an hour, fifteen miles, adding up to forty nine miles. I arrived back in Kavieng about 9pm, so stiff I could not get out of the car

and Rene and the houseboys had to lift me out. After a good hot shower I felt a great deal better and ready for bed.

I was very impressed with Lamernewai and clinched the purchase with Swindles right away and when I took it over, I engaged Blue Gow to manage it for me. Blue was a very good plantation manager and we got on very well together. There was about three hundred and fifty acres of virgin bush to be planted. The old plantation of approximately two hundred and ninety acres was fully bearing, producing about ten tons of copra per month. The income from this enabled me to get the virgin bush cut down and the land planted with coconuts. Blue had most of the bush cut down by Kanaka labour from the nearby village of Belifu. He would mark out an area and the natives would give him a price to cut it down, then the plantation labourers would plant the coconuts. Blue used to come into Kavieng about once a month and have a real hectic time. After a few days, I would start working on him to get back to the plantation, but it generally took a week before I could get him started. Then he would buy a case of beer (four dozen) and call in to all the plantations on the way down the road until all the beer was finished, then he would start over the mountain on to the other coast. Blue would never take any liquor onto the plantation. The lonely life could play havoc with these plantation overseers and lots of them took to the drink and quite a number committed suicide.

One time Blue decided to come to Kavieng by a new route, over the mountain. I knew he was coming in, but when he didn't arrive, I became anxious and got Rene and Margaret into the car and picked up Reg Clancy, my manager at IJlul-Nono and started off to Lamernewai. I had a small Willys 77 car and, as Jim Gallan had got the natives to do a bit of clearing on the road, I decided to try the car to Lamernewai. It was only a bush track after leaving Gallan's camp and very rough. One portion of the road skirted a cliff and it had been raining, so the surface was very slippery. It was on a bit of a rise and there was a drop of three hundred feet on one side. We got about halfway up this hill, when the car began to slide, so I asked Rene and Margaret and Clancy to walk to the top of the hill, which was about a hundred yards long. I then let the car roll back to the bottom of the hill and made another run at it and got to within about twenty yards of the top, when the car started to slip towards the edge of the cliff. The cliff was on the driver's side and I was only about a foot off the edge. I had my foot flat down on the accelerator, but the car wouldn't move. I thought I was a goner. The wheels were spinning round and I couldn't open the door to jump out, as I was right on the edge of the cliff and I was not game to reach across to open the other door, because I would have had to take my foot off the accelerator. I don't know how long I was in this predicament; it may have been thirty seconds or so, but it seemed like hours. I could see Rene, Margaret and Clancy at the top of the hill and thought I was looking at them for the last time, when I felt the car gradually move forward and, after a lot of slipping and sliding, I reached the top of the hill. It was a terrible experience and one of the times I was close to death. We continued on and found Blue safe and comfortable in his bungalow at Lamernewai. He said he had got lost on his way to Kavieng and, as it was getting dark, he had decided to return home.

There was plenty of good feed at Lamernewai, so I decided to send a lot of young calves over from IJlul-Nono. Whenever possible, I would send ten or twelve, until the herd had built up to about forty. After taking over the plantation, I used to go over there about every fortnight for the weekend. At first I had to walk from Jim Gallan's camp, but just before the war, Jim made the natives do a bit of work on the track, so

that it was possible for me to drive all the way to the plantation. Everything was going nicely, when the war came.

Poor old Blue Gow could not get away quickly enough to Australia to join up. He was one of the first to leave Kavieng. He wrote to me from Sydney, asking me if he could come back to Lamernewai, as he said it was impossible to get into the Army unless you had some influence or knew someone who could help. I wrote to tell him he could come back any time he liked, but our letters must have crossed, because I received one from him saying he had run into Blue Allen, an old New Guinea identity, who was a Major, or Colonel and, with his help he was accepted into the Army. Blue joined the Eighth Division, was captured at Singapore and died a prisoner of war. Another chap from New Guinea, Ossie Grey, who worked for Burns Philp and was also a prisoner, said that Blue was always in trouble with the Japs. He would not cooperate with them and they used to ill-treat him. He died a few months before the armistice.

Most of the young fellows from Kavieng enlisted and no overseers were available. Reg Clancy, from Ulul-Nono, enlisted and I got an old chap of about sixty named Pinnock to take over Ulul-Nono. I got an old Chinese to look after Lamernewai, but the boys used to play up on him. Panaras Plantation was about fifteen miles further past Lamernewai and the overseer there was a chap called Forbes Cobb, from Belltrees, near Scone in New South Wales. Cobbie, a great friend of mine, seemed to know everyone around Scone and, when in Sydney, he used to wear a “hard hitter” hat with spats and a walking stick and mix in the best society. Cobbie used to come into Kavieng about once a month and stay with us. On his way through Lamernewai he used to make an inspection of the plantation to let me know how things were going. He used to tell me what beautiful cattle there were on Lamernewai; that they were rolling in fat and were so fat you could smell them before you saw them.

We were a very happy community in Kavieng and most of the population played golf every afternoon. The road down the coast was a great acquisition and we often went for drives in the cool of the evening. Fresh food was plentiful. Sang Sang, one of the local Chinese, had a market garden and grew practically all the vegetables one required. The natives came to town every Saturday morning selling fowls for one shilling each; big mud crabs for one shilling; lobsters and fish also very cheap. We always had fresh meat from the plantation, sometimes goat for a change; there were about five hundred goats and five hundred pigs on Ulul-Nono.

Margaret was thriving after her ordeal in the Rabaul eruption and Rene was about to have another baby; it was due on Anzac Day, 25 April 1940. As the time drew near for this event, I was kept busy shadowing our local medico, who was rather fond of his liquor. I would take him home from the club nearly every evening, but as soon as I turned my back, he would be off to the club again. Anzac Day arrived and we had a good day of sporting events. The doctor was on his toes and off the grog; his wife said she had never known him to be so good on Anzac Day. But our baby disappointed us. Meanwhile Al Dodd had come over from Rabaul for the occasion on Frankie Saunder's schooner “Navanora”, captained by Les Bell and Les said it was one of the roughest trips he had ever made. Anzac Day had come and gone, but it was not until 29 April 1940 that our little baby, Jeannette May, arrived. The doctor was very pleased it was all over and so was I; I think we both got drunk.

(To be continued ...)

VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends

Stanley Gordon JACOBS (17 July 2005, aged 93 years)

In 1965 Stan was appointed chief auditor of PNG. With his wife Ruby and their five children, the family lived in Port Moresby for four years. He often said these were the happiest of his working life. Returning to Australia, Stan worked in the audit office in Canberra and retired in June 1977. He remained in Canberra until returning to Melbourne in 1999. During WWII Stan lost his leg in a bomb explosion in Palestine. He later became a tireless worker for Legacy. Info from *The Age* 30 August 2005

Vic AMBROSE (29 August 2005, aged 86 years)

Born in Tasmania, Vic was a Lancaster Pathfinder captain with the RAAF during WWII. After the war he became concerned for the missionaries in PNG and when his friend, Harry Hartwig, was killed in a plane crash in PNG in 1951, Vic was inspired to carry on his friend's work. He and his wife Joan and four of their seven children lived in PNG for four years from 1953. Vic established and expanded the work of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship which provided transport for missionaries in small aircraft. After he retired he wrote a book called *Balus Bilong Mipela* on the history of the MAF in Australia. Vic is survived by Joan, seven children, 23 grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Info from *Herald Sun* 13 Sep 2005

MICHAEL VAUGHAN NEAL (16 June 2005, aged 73 years)

Raised in England Mike immigrated to Australia in 1950 to work as a jackaroo in the Narrabri and Breeza Plains areas in NSW. In 1952 Mike applied for and was accepted as a Cadet Patrol Officer and after a short course at ASOPA was posted to the Madang District. There he spent some 12 months mobilizing villages to cut and clear the rain forest for a proposed road from Madang to the Ramu Valley and link up with the Highlands Highway, before spending a further time at Bogia and Saidor Stations.

1955 saw Dawn and Mike married and 1956 at ASOPA for the two year course before posting to Chuave in the Eastern Highland. This was followed by a move to Bougainville for two terms where some time was spent at both Kieta and Buin, but the majority was spent on Buka Island at the time of the emergence of the Hahalis Welfare Society and its violent confrontation with Administration over taxation and other activities.

The mid 1960's saw promotion to ADO and a move to Kokopo before another one year at ASOPA in 1968. Mike's next posting was to Maprik in the East Sepik District for a short period before moving to Port Moresby and a transfer to the Department of the Administrator as a Project Officer with a team set up to provide close liaison and speedy resolution to any delays between the Administration and companies exploiting mineral resources in PNG. (Conzinc Rio Tinto in Bougainville, Kennecott Corporation at Ok-Tedi and Mt Isa Mines at Freda River in the East Sepik District.) The Bougainville Copper operation got underway in 1972/1973. In June 1973 the small project team was set the task of meeting the representatives from airlines operating in TPNG with the object of creating a national airline. This was achieved in Nov 1973 when Air Niugini commenced operations out of Jackson's Airport, Port Moresby.

Dawn and Mike returned to Australia to live in 1974 to settle at Avalon where Mike set up and operated a small Landscape Gardening business until final retirement in 1994 to Nowra. In the 10 years since then Mike has been the co-ordinator for a Bushcare Group that has removed some 40 acres of lantana from the Nowra Golf Course. Mike is survived by Dawn, 2 sons, 2 daughters and 8 grand children.

Claire Davis and Dawn Neal

Pinny CURTIS (3 July 2005, aged 89 years) with husband Harry (Radiographer, Taurama Hospital) spent most of the 1960s in Pt Moresby. During this time she worked at Steamies and Island Products but was with P& T when they returned to Australia. Pinny is survived by her daughter Anne (ex Treasury Kone), two granddaughters and three great grandchildren. Anne Young

Harry Standish (Stan) PEGG (7 August 2005, aged 75 years)

Harry's PNG service dates back to 1950 when he began as a Cadet Patrol Officer. He is survived by his wife Nancy, four children and their families. Courier Mail

Gladys HILL (24 March 2005, aged 86 years)

Gladys was the wife of the late Frank Hill (Customs and Marine, Port Moresby).

Gladys worked for Steamships, and at one time was their Chief Cashier before going to work for PATAIR. Gladys and Frank were residents of Port Moresby from 1947 to 1965, when they retired to Southport, Qld and then to Tenterfield. Gladys is survived by her daughter. Liz Dobson, PO Box 423, Darling Heights, 4350, QLD

Elinor Dora (Lynn) SYMONS (22 August 2005, aged 78 years)

Late of Seabeach Gardens, Mona Vale, she was known by choice, at least until her later years, as 'Lynn'. Wife of Craig and mother of Paul she spent 19 years in PNG from 1956 to 1974 – in Samarai, Minj and Madang. Craig Symons

Lady Elvie Phyllis GUNTHER (7 September 2005, aged 89 years)

Lady Gunther, known to many of her friends as 'Dot', grew up on a farm in Victoria. When her older brother John contracted polio as a teenager Lady Gunther used the experience gained from helping him to follow a career in nursing and to display her caring and thoughtfulness to those in need. She married Dr John Gunther, who had been a Doctor and Squadron Leader at an Air Force Base in Kingaroy, in 1943. Before the war ended, John was posted as a Medical Officer in the RAAF to NG. After the end of the war, in October 1946, Elvie moved to NG also, and the family remained there for 26 years with John achieving Director status in both Health and Education in the NG Government's Administration. After retirement, John was rewarded with a Knighthood for his services in Research and Development of the Medical and Education fields of NG. Lady Gunther often told her family that some of her best years in NG were when her husband was, for six years (1966-1972) the Vice-Chancellor of the newly created University of PNG where many of the newly appointed staff came from all parts of the world. Her hospitality was boundless. She 'fostered' many of the University wives, helping them to settle into their new environment and new homes, as well as introducing them to NG customs and culture. She loved the involvement with students, teaching many how to drive, how to sew, and particularly looking after the needs of the female students on Campus (as well as coping with the boisterous activities of the University's Rugby Union football team!) In 1972 Sir John and Lady Gunther left NG and moved to the Sunshine Coast, QLD, for several years before moving to Melbourne. After Sir John's death in 1984, Lady Gunther eventually moved back to QLD, to the Gold Coast. Her funeral service was attended by family, friends and members of both the Gold Coast PNG Club and PNGAA. A message of condolence was read from Meg Taylor (ex Goroka) who is now based at World Bank Headquarters in Washington USA. Lady Gunther is survived by her four children, nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

RV Bowmer and Vin Smith

Raymond Stuart (September 2005, aged 66 years)

We hope to have further details next issue.

Philip Dion COOTE– (16 August 2005 Aged 86 years)

Dion was born in Port Moresby in 1919; we believe by the light of a hurricane lamp. He was the first child of Rhoda and Philip Coote and spent his early years in Samarai, where his father was Burn's Philp Store Manager. After Dion's school years in Sydney he worked briefly as a jackaroo in NSW but at the age of twenty returned to NG to work as a plantation manager for Burn's Philp. When Japan entered the war he was on a plantation in the Solomons and managed to get on the last boat out to Australia, having learned that his mother and sister had been evacuated there from Rabaul. Dion joined the army and after initially being part of the 8th Division based in Western Australia he was transferred to ANGAU and spent the remaining war years in New Guinea.

In 1946 he married Patricia Moorhouse, whom he had known since they were school children, and they settled in Sydney, but by 1952 he was keen to get back to New Guinea. His mother, his brother Peter and his sister Diana had returned there after the war despite the loss of Philip Coote on the Montevideo Maru and had bought a rather run-down cocoa plantation, twenty-five miles out of Rabaul, which they were attempting to get back into production. By early 1953 Trish and their three small daughters had joined him at Vunapau, where they settled in to a bush materials house while Dion took over the running of the plantation from his mother and sister. A few years later their son Richard was born. For almost thirty years Dion extended and developed the plantation and with Trish's assistance also ran the general store/Post Office at Kerevat, while enjoying a game of golf in his spare time. In 1981 he and Trish retired to the Gold Coast, returning once for a brief trip back to Rabaul in 1983. After Trish died in 1997 Dion moved to Brisbane. He is survived by daughters Belinda Rogers, Philippa Hockey and Joanne Tangye, and son Richard.

Belinda Rogers

Dr Maurice WILLIS (10 July 2005)

Dr Willis was the resident specialist physician at Nonga Base Hospital, Rabaul, from 1963 to 1977 specialising in blood transfusions and blood groups. He was greatly respected as a dedicated physician who substantially contributed to the welfare of the Tolai people during his residency at Nonga. He retired to Melbourne where he continued to work as a director of the Red Cross. Dr Willis had worked in many war torn countries. Our condolences go to his wife, Maureen and his three sons Peter, Robert and Steven.

Leslie Ernest (Knuckles) McMANUS, (7 August 2005, aged 79 years)

Les hailed from Albury in NSW and travelled to Port Moresby in his early twenties. He married Iris Walker and they adopted two girls, Megan and Belinda. Les worked both in the Police Department and Lands before retiring to Elizabeth Bay in 1974.

In 1997 Les suffered a serious stroke and became a resident of the Gertrude Abbott Nursing Home in Surry Hills, Sydney. In July 2005 Les moved to a nursing home at Tweed Heads to be closer to his two daughters. Sadly Les passed away three weeks after his move. Les was always a character and retained his sense of humour throughout the period of his illness. He is survived by his two daughters, Megan and Belinda and five grandchildren.

Megan Kimmorley

Robert (Bob) CHAMBERLAIN (3 September 2005, aged 60 years)

Survived by his wife Lydia, children Lianne and David, parents Bill and Elsie and four brothers and sisters.

Info from Courier Mail

Keith WATERHOUSE (3 October 2005, aged 89 years)

After joining Burns Philp as a messenger boy, in 1935 Keith found himself as a 19 year old on the *Montoro* and *Macdhui* doing the round trip to Papua and New Guinea from Sydney and visiting as many as 15 ports. For many of these trips he was Assistant Purser, checking the physical discharge of cargo. He did several inter-island trips from Rabaul on the *Maiwara*, a much smaller vessel being required to pick up copra and deliver supplies to the more remote plantations because of their shallow anchorages. Other trips included rice runs on the *Merkur* to Saigon and Shanghai, picking up rice for Burns Philp's branches in New Guinea, and the maiden voyage of the *Bulolo*. By the late 1930s Keith was Purser with greater responsibility for passengers travelling between Australia and New Guinea.

In late 1937, aged 21, Keith spent eight months as acting manager of Malaguna wharf in Rabaul. Having played first grade cricket in Sydney, he took the opportunity to play a season for the New Guinea Club, regularly getting a good bag of wickets with his medium pacers and playing for Rabaul against Kavieng.

Keith was a member of the RANR from 1936 and joined the Navy as a Lieutenant in 1939. He served on *HMS Liverpool* in the Mediterranean and as Secretary to Captains Collins and Burnett on *HMAS Sydney* in the Indian Ocean. He was transferred off the latter shortly before she sailed on her final ill-fated voyage. Keith then held various shore-based positions, including Liaison Officer in Sydney between the Australian and American Naval forces, ending the War as a Lieutenant Commander. After the War, Keith was for many years a stockbroker in Sydney, though always retaining a strong attachment to New Guinea. In the 1960s, he was a Director of Pacific Island Mines, which had mining operations on Misima. Keith is survived by his wife Mary, one daughter and three sons.

Michael Waterhouse

'We Honour Them'

John Stevenson and family would like to honour the memory of two brothers who both served in the 1939-45 A.I.F.

William Forbes STEVENSON Pte NX 83684 2/1 INF. BTN. AIF

Born 15 March 1924 K.I.A. 28 March 1945 at 'BUT' 'drome Aitape, such a young life to be taken, 21 years and 13 days. He rests in the Lae War Cemetery. I was the only member of the family able to visit his grave, when I worked in Lae in the early fifties.

Fergus Ian STEVENSON OAM Pte NX 964 2/1 INF. BTN. AIF (17 February 2005, aged 82 years)

Ferg saw service in the Middle East campaign then returned to Australia and was sent up to New Guinea for the 'Kokoda Track ordeal' and returned to Australia for leave, believing he would not be sent away for a third time. He claimed brother Bill, who was in a parachute jump at Nadzab. Bill returned to Australia and unfortunately they were sent to a clean up campaign at But 'drome Aitape where Bill was killed. After the war, Ferg joined the Merrylands (NSW) RSL Club and became the sub-branch Secretary for 18 years and also a Director of the club. Ferg earned an OAM for service to the RSL.

John Stevenson

Ian PARSONS (8 October 2005, aged 80 years)

Ian was born in Melbourne and did war service in the Navy. He went to PNG in 1949 working in Civil Aviation. Ian married Beth Tipper in Pt Moresby, and acquired Nunga Plantation (Western Highlands) in 1953. They left PNG in 1971, returning to Sydney and eventually settling in Wagga Wagga. Ian is survived by Beth and children Duncan, Philippa and Cameron.

Pam Foley

Gresley Drummond CLARKSON AM QC (12 September 2005, aged 89 years)

Raised in Western Australia, Gresley studied law, and later taught law, at the University of WA. Inspired by his father, who died in action in France when he was only two, Gresley was determined to lead a full and active life. He married Mary in 1941 and they had three children, Sandy, Barney and Helen. He enlisted for duty in WWII, joining the army. He became a major and served in New Guinea from 1944-45. In the early 60s he began practicing as an independent barrister and together with three others in WA, formed the Independent Bar. He was a much respected member of the Law Society of WA for more than 65 years. His wartime attraction to PNG meant that, in 1966 - while president of the Law Society of WA, he accepted an appointment to PNG as a Supreme Court Judge. He remained there until 1975. Gresley enjoyed fishing, boats and reading. Mary pre-deceased him by 18 months. He is survived by his three children and seven grandchildren.

From The Sunday Times, Perth, WA. 9 October 2005

Roger McMurtrie CLARIDGE (9 October 2005, aged 75 years)

Further details next issue

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS DECEMBER 2005

Ms Anne AMES	PO Box 209	WAIGANI NCD	PNG	
Ian BRAZENOR	46/20 Royal St	EAST PERTH	WA	6004
Mrs M CLARIDGE	PO Box 1496	BOWRAL	NSW	2576
Mr. Steven COTTINGHAM	PO Box 1097	BUDDINA	QLD	4575
Mr Ian HICKS	20 WALKER STREET	PADDINGTON	NSW	2540
Mr Richard HILL	8 BURRAWONG AVENUE	MOSMAN	NSW	2088
Mr Duncan KENTISH	P O BOX 629	NORTH ADELAIDE	S.A.	5006
M. Paul KNIE	38 MURPHYS CREEK RD.	BLUE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS	QLD	4350
Mr Richard LORNIE	3/33 WILSON ROAD	TERRIGAL	NSW	2260
Mr Brian McCARTHY	7 TOWERHILL PLACE	MOUNT CLAREMONT,	WA	6010
		PERTH		
Mr Bryan McCOOK	'EDENBANN' 104 ANNETTE RD	LOWOOD	QLD	4311
Mr Kenneth McGREGOR	P O BOX 405	ROSEVILLE	NSW	2069
Mrs Dawn MINTO	74 THORNE ROAD	THORNSIDE	QLD	4173
Mr. Alan PEARCE	2 CHRISTOPHER STREET	REDLAND BAY	QLD	4165
Mr Peter ROBINSON	48 BORONIA GROVE	HEATHCOTE	NSW	2233
Prof Linda SHIELDS	Faculty of Health & Social Care, University of Hull, Cottingham Rd, HULL	East YORKSHIRE, HU6, 8EL	U.K.	
Ms Cindy WHITE	P O BOX 1058	NOOSA HEADS	QLD	4567
Ms Kate WHITE	P O Bo 422J	COFFS HARBOUR	NSW	2450
Mrs Constance WILLIAMS	1 /159 WELSBY PARADE	BONGAREE	QLD	4507
Mr James WRIGHT	22/5 OLD BANGALOW ROAD	BYRON BAY	NSW	2481
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Mr RI HORNER	TAPPING	24 St James Approach, ILUKA	WA	6028
Mr N JANKE	Post code change only	PO Box 93, KURANDA	QLD	4881
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Mr DJ STEWART	GEMALLA	Cheriton Hostel, 200 Stewart St, BATHURST	Nsw	2795
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