



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

The Christmas Luncheon
will be held on
Sunday 3 December 2006
Mandarin Club Sydney

Full details in next issue

Please get your replies in quickly.
Invite or meet up with old friends from your past and reminisce about days gone by over a glass of wine and a Chinese banquet. Extended families, friends, children and grandchildren of members are most welcome and we can organize tables to accommodate all ages and interests. **Jot the date in your diary now and start making those phone calls!**

This December's luncheon will be the last at the Mandarin Club in Sydney. The club is to be re-developed. Your committee is looking for an alternative venue which is central, close to transport and parking and will provide a great atmosphere.

Visit to the Blue Mountains – Thursday 5th October – see details on page 2.

Email Addresses - please notify or update them to: admin@pngaa.net

www.pngaa.net

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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. *Una Voce* is published in March, June, September and December.

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Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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Visit to the Blue Mountains

The annual springtime visit to the Blue Mountains will take place on **Thursday 05 October**. Lunch will be at the spacious home of Edna and George Oakes, 5 Werona Avenue, Woodford – phone (02) 4758 8754, enjoying expansive views from the verandah and garden to Kurrajong and beyond. For the energetic there are short walks to adjacent waterfalls and lookouts. Please bring something for the picnic lunch. Edna will supply soup, buns, tea, coffee etc. The Oakes' will meet those who travel by train at Woodford Station with transport, but it is only 10 minutes to their house for anyone who prefers the picturesque walk.

The train departs from Central Country Concourse at 8.55am and arrives at Woodford at 10.25 am. Returns from Woodford at 3.05pm and arrives Central at 4.51pm. Join us! We had a wonderful day with Edna and George last year. Please contact Pam Foley Ph: 9967 2818 by Monday 25 September. Harry West

**Deadline for next
issue
9 October 2006**

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IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – *GURIAS* (Earthquakes)

Malabunga Guria

In 1964 whilst stationed at Malabunga High School in the Gazelle Peninsula I was outside taking a PE class when suddenly everything went very quiet. This was followed by the rustling sounds of coconut fronds coming closer and closer, then a rippling effect underfoot – then the sound of splashing as the water in about 25 tanks around the school sloshed up and then down – causing the bottom three or four rungs to concertina and split. The most amazing aspect was the silence – about three to four minutes before the *guria* struck, millions of birds, animals and insects had sensed the *guria* well before it arrived.

David Keating

We spent many years in New Britain and experienced countless numbers of *gurias*. I can only remember two severe quakes.

The first was in 1940. My husband, toddler son and I were living at Wide Bay on the south coast of New Britain. I went outside and my husband was to bring our son, who thought it was a game and ran from one end of his cot to the other saying ‘More Daddy, more Daddy’, evading his dad’s hands. There was no damage to our house or any of the other buildings, all built of native material. In the vicinity larger rifts appeared in the ground and of two rivers WAITAVELO and HENRY TREID, the latter changed course and became two rivers. Much later, because we had no means of communication, we learned Rabaul had had a severe earthquake.

The second I think was 1956. We were living at Warangoi on Christmas Day and we had about 40 *gurias*; one strong enough to burst our water tank and my iced Christmas cake, which was sitting on top of the refrigerator, was spattered over the kitchen floor. There was no other damage in our area, workers, houses and machinery sheds all OK.

Mabel Holland

1965, Kar Kar Island. Sitting at a table in an empty house on stilts, writing. Suddenly the table moved sharply to the right and then sharply to the left further, then back to the beginning. My first *Guria*.

Early 1980s, Mt Hagen. Drove from Baiyer River to Mt Hagen with a local staff member. Left the local staff member in car, who promptly rested his head against the door frame to sleep while I did business in the High School. On my way back to the car a 6.9 *guria* struck Hagen. I saw local staff member still sleeping while his head kept beating against the door frame in rhythm to the tremors. The sleep of the innocent...

Roy Mackay

I transferred to Rabaul in August 1972 with the National Bank and being single, messed with others for a short time in the Bank house in Kambui Avenue- nicknamed ‘Kambui Hilton’. Some of the others were Jim Quinn, Paul Harrison and Ron Glascott. In March 1973 Dianne (my wife since 1974) arrived to work in the Bank as well. On a Saturday afternoon we went to the Cosmopolitan Hotel (Jim Pike-Licensee) along the foreshore for a few drinks. Soon the whole place started to shake with people shouting ‘*Guria, guria!*’ Never having experienced such a thing Dianne fully expected some huge animal to come charging in. Everyone laughed and after the shock, more drinks settled the nerves. We still have a laugh when we recall the incident 33 years ago.

Jock Chambers

I experienced my first *guria* sitting in the *kiap's* house at Bolubolu Patrol Post, Goodenough Island in early 1965. It was scary because no-one had told me that I could expect earth tremors in PNG. Strangely enough all the 6 months I spent in Rabaul, from August 1966 to January 1967 not one *guria* was felt.

During the following six years in Mount Hagen there were quite a number of quakes. The big one of 2 Nov 1970 that hit Madang also severely shook Hagen. The refrigerator and stove 'walked' to the centre of the kitchen. We lived in a so-called AR16 house on steel posts and it would sway like a stalk. After one *guria* the windows and doors wouldn't shut properly, after the next, all would shut perfectly again.....

I've actually seen the ground rippling during a *guria* whilst standing outside the Kagamuga airport terminal.

One *guria* hit one morning when I was in my office. Soon after I received a call from our neighbours if I could come home immediately as we were losing all our water. There were two big watertanks connected to each other on a concrete base. They had been full of water and the *guria* had made the bottom of one just split, the water was gushing out. Fortunately I could save the water in the undamaged tank but when I requested PWD to repair the split tank I was told that the people that had both their tanks busted by the *guria* had priority....

There was a real beauty when we lived in Kieta in the 70s. It happened about 1am on a Sunday. I woke up from a deep underground roar like thunder just prior to the quake. Now, that was scary. As the nights were always warm at Kieta I didn't wear pyjamas. I ran outside in my underpants.... I drove to Buin on the Monday and could see a lot of damage. Didn't sleep much that night due to a long series of 'afterquakes'. The initial one was well over 7 on the Richter scale.

Jim Vanderkamp

Beth and I were at Keravat High School for five years in the early sixties and our family lived in three different houses in that time. The school was apparently sited on a double 'fault line' so we had quite regular *gurias* but not always from the same direction. The really big ones were generally at night (so it seemed) and sounded just like the train approaching Town Hall or Wynyard Station. Our children were quite well drilled so that we all just gathered in doorways until things quietened down. Then off we'd go back to bed after we had experienced a few.

Each of our houses reacted in different ways to a *guria*. The one on concrete pillars held together with steel braces seemed to absorb the impact most and would sway and rock. The second used to move the refrigerator to the middle of the kitchen and the third would move our dining room cabinet and, if it was big enough, used to fly open doors and disgorge china or vases until we learned to cope with that. The last house had the habit of losing water tanks after they had been thrown high enough to buckle the steel when they landed.

When we moved to Madang in the early 70s after other postings at Daru and Wewak we were to experience them again, sometimes quite violently, if not as regularly. We can remember a storekeeper losing the wall of his upstairs residence with the bedroom open air (but perhaps some other Madang-ite will remember who that was).

I don't think we, or our children, ever worried much about *gurias*. We always managed to get back to sleep after and quite often didn't even wake - only to be asked next morning 'did you feel the *guria* last night?' Just another example of how we and our families adapted to the places to which we were assigned.

Tony Baker

In 1962 Max and June Kroll, ex Kenya, arrived in Rabaul. June was preparing the necessary evacuation kit in the event of a volcanic eruption, and her domestic asked what it was for, especially curious about a tin of evaporated milk. June, who had little or no *pidgin* at the time, said it was in case a volcano erupted. The domestic told her husband that the new '*Missus, em i long-long*' as she was going to douse the volcano with a tin of evaporated milk!

Mike Garner

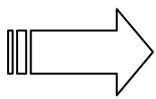
THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – STRANDED!

Deadline for entries **09 October 2006**

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

Please put pen to paper as we would all like to share your stories

CONGRATULATIONS to **Riley Warren AM** who received an Australia Day honour last January being made a **Member of the Order of Australia** for his contribution as an educator. Riley spent eleven years in secondary schooling in PNG and is now Headmaster at Macarthur Anglican School near Camden.



What is your connection with PNG? Recently it was suggested that it is important to record some of the short stories we have heard from our parents, friends or relatives about how life was in PNG, in the 'good old days'. We think others would not be interested but it's those stories and anecdotes that shed light on the times. Something may seem unimportant to you, but your recollection is unique. Please take the time to write it down and pass it on – or tell a relative and ask them to do it for you.

Many younger people find out, often too late, that their parents experienced a life in PNG very different from life now. It is important that personal recollections supplement the academic records. You might be amazed at how a little comment can spark a thought by someone else, and perhaps you would be surprised at how interested the young people are. By weaving our stories together we can create a rich history. *Editor*

PNGAA MEETS PAMBU!

At the request of Mr Ewan Maidment, Executive Officer of the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau (PAMBU) within the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies of The Australian National University, I provided a brief list of sample holdings within the PNGAA Collection of the Fryer Library in The University of Queensland Library. This appears in Series 5, no.21 June 2006 p.4 of PAMBU.

PAMBU is distributed internationally so knowledge of the richness and diversity of the Collection will be of great interest to overseas scholars and researchers. This should be reflected in its increased use.

The PNGAA collection is a unique record of diaries, letters, manuscripts, patrol reports, cassettes, sketches, maps and photographs of people who have lived and worked as they guided Papua New Guinea to Independence. It could be improved with more material from the Papuan, Madang, Bougainville and Sepik District areas – any donors? As I will be away from late September until late October, any donations during that period should be sent to Andrea Williams (Editor of *Una Voce*).

The PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library can be viewed online at: www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer. The Collection number is UQFL387. The Collection can also be consulted during Library opening hours although an advance phone call would be welcomed on Phone: 07-3365 6276. Dr Peter Cahill (p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

Seen parachuting on to the football ground at Murray Barracks, Moresby, recently was Lieutenant Nancy Wii of the PNG Defence Force air wing. She descended together with a French Army instructor but although she is not the first *meri* to learn to pilot a plane she is, I would think, the first to jump out of one from a height of 13,000 ft.

As forecast in the March issue ex-kiap and Tasmanian resident **Frank LEIBFRIED** has penetrated mainland airspace by flying from Hobart to Toowoomba. Where, in a competition, he allegedly drew oohs and aahs from much more experienced pilots by taking a prize for a perfect Forced Landing. No doubt he will now be prefacing his aerial anecdotes in the style of almost every New Guinea aviator we ever met by growling 'There was nothing on the clock but the maker's name....'

A recent film starring Tom Hanks will have made most people familiar with the plight of an illegal migrant who found himself living for years in the departure lounge of the airport at Paris. He was adjudged stateless, could not be deported but also could not leave the terminal. It has now come to light that an illegal immigrant had been living at Moresby General Hospital for more than nine years at public expense. A Moroccan heading for Australia 'looking for work' had travelled through Indonesia and got to Vanimo before flying to Daru where he became ill and was diagnosed with 'a rare disease'. This paralysed his arms and legs and he needed constant nursing. Several approaches over the years to the Moroccan consulate in Australia were disregarded and a letter from the Hospital CEO to the PNG Foreign Affairs Department seeking repatriation did not elicit a response. His predicament was Kafkaesque and the Sister looking after him suspected that the man 'will probably stay here until he dies'. Happily a Moroccan working for U.N. Aids Relief who had only just arrived in PNG read about his countryman in the Post-Courier and arranged for him to be flown home.

Readers involved in compilation of a Common Roll preparatory to the first House of Assembly election in the 60s will be interested in the words of the PNG Electoral Commissioner. In June he said 'It is a fact that the 2002 electoral roll has been inflated and absolutely corrupt, there are too many double entries and ghost names'. The opportunity to, as the cynics say, 'vote early and vote often' is to be removed by instituting a completely new Roll for the 2007 general elections.

After over 40 years in PNG, most of it as a principal administrator behind the scenes at Parliament House, **Graeme WHITCHURCH OBE** was knighted in the last Birthday Honours. As a result of, as he puts it, failing to high-jump a speeding car in Cairns resulting in lengthy hospitalisation he has had structural supports inserted in both legs. 'Bogabada', as he has been known since he was with the Public Service Commissioner in the 60s, is resigned to not being invested at the Palace since he reckons he would not get past the metal detectors at the gates.

I had a visit from **Jann KING**, now gone south from Darwin, who was married in Madang in 1967. Her first trip to PNG was for the wedding and having boarded a plane at Moresby she found herself at Hagen instead of Madang. 'I have been a silly girl' she fretted 'and Stan will be waiting impatiently at the airport'. But it turned out that other passengers had been similarly misdirected and they were all then ferried down to the coast in a side-saddle DC3 carrying a load of vegetables. A classic introduction to *pasin bilong PNG* for a young Sydney bride and she recalls it very well. The ceremony was conducted in an extremely hot Nissen hut by the DC, **Des Clifton-Bassett**. I was able to tell Jann that coincidentally the last PNG visitor to take a seat on my patio had been **Marie**, his widow.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

Australian Rotarians are assisting with control of malaria in PNG. *Ex Kiap Peter THOMAS* from Nurioopta in the Barossa Valley is Chairman of 'Rotarians Against Malaria', (RAM), a part of Rotary Australia World Community Service that works closely with Rotary Clubs in PNG, Solomon Islands, and Timor Leste to provide long life insecticide treated bednets. Ron Seddon, a member of the Rotary Club of Port Moresby, heads up the RAM program in PNG. Ron and his group working closely with Government, church and NGO health personnel have distributed nets to thousands of villages across the country. These nets have proven to be remarkably successful in providing protection against the anopheles mosquito, and dramatically reduced the malaria incidence rate. Many hospitals report much lower numbers of children and pregnant women being treated for malaria.

Peter has been working extensively with the people of the Solomon Islands, again with great success in lowering the incidence rate of malaria in the Provinces where bednet distribution and house spraying has been undertaken.

"It's a far cry from the days of the hit-and-miss house spraying with DDT that we saw in my time in PNG. The new bednets have a life of five years, can be washed at least 23 times and still effectively kill any mosquito that lands on the netting. They are expensive, but very effective at providing protection. Understanding the culture of the Melanesian people and still being able to 'tok pisin' has helped greatly. Those years in PNG are being put to good use," said Peter.

Funding from Rotary sources and the Global Fund ensures the program will continue for many years to come.

Despite his dogged determination **Stan PIKE** didn't make the train journey on the Ghan from Adelaide to Darwin. However the Maltech Canberra Reunion planned for Saturday 14 October 2006 will still go ahead despite the absence of the central character. Stan was one of those mercurial, almost larger than life characters who possessed that special touch of eccentricity. He undoubtedly added an extra dimension to the lives of those who knew him. His obituary appears in this edition.

Whilst on the subject of eccentricity no one present at the official opening of the Maltech swimming pool in Rabaul in 1971 will forget the formality of the occasion being shattered by Stan Pike diving into the pool fully clothed, complete with white gloves and hat. I think it was all part of a response to Harry Hugo's unofficial opening of the pool a week earlier by stripping down to his oversize underpants, removing his dentures and plunging in. One can only wonder what long term impact these antics had on the students.

The school captain at the time was **Milner TOZAKA** from the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. He was highly intelligent and very popular with his peers. It appears he didn't suffer as a result of the swimming pool antics. In January this year, His Excellency Milner Tozaka, OBE, the High Commissioner for the Solomon Islands in Canberra returned home and was successful in gaining a seat in their National Parliament. It is rumoured that he was one of Canberra's favourites for Prime Minister of the SI.

'Reflections on a Childhood in PNG' will be a feature of the seventh **Annual PNGAA SA Reunion Lunch** to be held at Pulteney Grammar School on Sunday 29 October 2006. The two speakers will provide us with a rare insight into their impressions and memories of growing up in a developing country. ■

FAREWELL, AIONE, BAMAHUTA, LUKIM
FROM THE AIRVOS APARTMENTS - Rick Nehmy

Our two years is up, and by the time you read this we will be back in cold Canberra. It has been a good 2 years, but tinged with some professional disappointments.

A recent press article (The National, July 12 p7) quoted the head of the Lifestyle Diseases Division with the Health Department, Dr Thomas Vinit as strongly opposed to the National Government's initiative of promoting condom use in the fight against HIV/AIDS, because condoms are not proven 100% safe, as HIV/AIDS cells could pass through condoms. Dr Vinit noted that the 100% condom use drive is encouraging the public to ignore the most effective preventative measures that are being advocated by the churches.

We finally did our Sepik Cruise on the *Melanesian Discoverer* – just fantastic.

We then spent a long long weekend at Ambua Lodge, on the Tari-Margarima Road, just on the Tari side of the Tari Gap. Again, we had a great time, but a real eye opener in some ways.....We all hear about the deplorable state of the roads in the highlands, and the Lodge is 30km or so from Tari, but the road is so bad that it was almost a 2 hour trip in a 4WD bus. Then on Sunday I got dropped at the start of the Gap and walked back to the Lodge, just for old times sake. What took the bus 35 minutes to cover only took me 105 on foot, old, unfit, gammy leg and all.

Air Niugini then turned on its usual surprises for our last domestic flight. As we were checking in, about three metres away on the grass a pig was being dismembered and packed into rice bags as passenger baggage. Everything then sat on the luggage cart for six hours in the sun before we finally got away. Then on the Mendi-POM leg a passenger had some sort of seizure and at first had to be restrained and assisted, and then given oxygen for the rest of the trip – an exciting time was had by all.

It's been fun, and I have enjoyed putting these little articles together. Best wishes to all.

PNG....IN THE NEWS

► **The Wau-Bulolo region of PNG will see large-scale mining again** following the signing of the Hidden Valley gold project agreement in Wau. The Agreement, between Harmony Gold of South Africa, the PNG Government and the local landowners will mean that the mine will generate K70 million annually in export earnings when it comes on stream in early 2007. Mine construction will commence at a cost of A\$220 million and is expected to produce 300,000 ounces of gold and 4.5 million ounces of silver annually. It will also employ up to 600 people.

Harmony Gold plan to build a 45km road from Bulolo through the PNG Forest Products pine plantations and through the small-scale Eddie Creek mine to Hidden Valley. Machinery will then be taken in to the mine by road.

It is understood that up to K6m a year will be paid in royalties to landowners and the provincial government with the project's wages bill totalling K12m a year.

Info from The National 8 August 2005

► Queensland Regional Airlines wishes to operate six services per week between Cairns and Port Moresby. An application is currently with the International Air Services Commission.

Info from Aust Fin Review 5/7/06

► **Air Niugini introduces Super Saver Fares**

PAPUA New Guinea's national flag carrier Air Niugini has introduced discounted fares to stimulate tourism traffic from the Australian market.

'See PNG Pass' is a 4-coupon pass that can be purchased overseas before visiting PNG and allows tourists to travel to other domestic destinations for an extra US\$375 or approximately A\$508. The airline says it also has plans for the Japanese, European and US markets.

► **An International Orchid Spectacular** in Port Moresby was staged at the National Parliament building in early August. *Info from PNGTPA June 2006 Newsletter*

► **In late July Frontier Resources took over full exploration rights** to deposits of gold and copper in the Mt Bini district, which directly affects some areas of the Kokoda track. Peter McNeil, managing director of Frontier Resources, conceded that the Kokoda Track ran through the middle of land his company had the rights to explore, but denied the historic pass was threatened by mineral exploration or possible future mining.

Steve Bracks, the Victorian Premier, asked for urgent action from the Federal Government to protect the Kokoda Track as a sacred site. Prime Minister John Howard was seeking information on the situation at Kokoda.

Info from Herald Sun 15 July 2006

► **Second place honors at the prestigious Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament (HIBT)** held recently in Kona, Hawaii, went to the New Britain Game Fishing Club of Papua New Guinea.

On day three of the five day tournament the team boated two Pacific blue marlin and tagged and released another two, using famous 'Lau Lures'. The largest tipped the scales at 594 pounds and was the largest fish caught at the tournament.

Papua New Guinea was represented by two teams at the HIBT.

Info from: www.hibtfishing.com/DailyStandings.htm

► **To establish a more effective warning system for tsunamis** in the Indian Ocean, the Bureau of Meteorology has issued an invitation to register interest in the supply and maintenance of at least 60 sea-level sensors, designed to pick up small changes in open-ocean sea levels. These sensors, designed separately from existing tidal gauges, are configured to transmit urgent warnings immediately to surface buoys, which relay to communications satellites. It is hoped that these will provide up to 90 minutes warning of an impending onshore surge of ocean water. *Info from Aust Fin Review 23/6/06*

► **In recent months both Japan and China** have announced substantial increases in aid to the Pacific Island Forum countries. *Info from Aust Fin Review 29/5/06*

► **There have been some interesting articles** printed in the Sydney Morning Herald recently:

The Secret Howard Plantations, David Marr, SMH Weekend Edition June 10-11, 2006.

A Trail the Tourists will never know, Alan Ramsay, SMH Weekend Edition June 17-18, 2006.

The Other Disaster on our doorstep, Allan Patience, SMH June 1, 2006

► **Coral Atoll, also known as the Conflict Islands in Milne Bay**, an entire private tropical atoll comprising 23 islands and 926.5 acres is being auctioned on August 10 for a minimum bid of \$5,000,000. *Info from Aust Fin Review 24/6/06*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mike Garner writes - An amusing episode occurred when I was in Buka in 1962 investigating a large theft from a plantation on the west coast.

Supporters of the HAHALIS 'baby-farm' intended to march and demonstrate against tax payments at the Buka Passage ADOs office. It was rumoured that this could turn nasty so a squad of Police under Supt. Brian Holloway and Inspector Bill Burns were flown in from Port Moresby.

On the day of the demonstration we had a line of Police across the path the demonstrators would take. They duly arrived and a stalemate eventuated. A young *Buka* girl, in her teens, with twins - one on each hip, came up to me and yelled '*Mi laik pait*'. This resulted in great hilarity amongst the Police (and myself). I do not know if it was responsible for the eventual dispersing of demonstrators peaceably, it certainly relieved the tension.

* * *

In March/April this year, **Deryck Thompson** and his wife, **Dympna Leonard**, spent 6 weeks in Europe and caught up with many friends from PNG days, several of whom they had not spoken to since leaving Menyamya in 1984. In England they caught up with ex Kiap **Kevin Rigg** (Green River, Port Moresby) and his wife **Celia**; **Rachael Green** (VSO Hauabango); **Graham Robinson** (CUSO Kaintiba); **Linda Manning** (VSO Menyamya); **Ellen Boyle** and **Marion Woodward** (VSO Lae) and **Will French** (Minerals and Energy, Moresby and Misima) and his wife **Lesley**. They also managed a telephone chat with **Grindl Dockery** (VSO Menyamya), who along with **Linda Manning** had been the midwives attending the birth of their sons **Eamonn** (Menyamya, 1982) and **Fintan** (haus Klaus Lae, 1984). Deryck and Dympna also attended a reunion of people who had worked in Morobe Province in the early 1980's, organised by **Dr Klaus Zwanzger** in his home town of Feuchtwangen in southern Germany. Those attending included Klaus himself who is currently still based in Lae (and still trying to make sense of rural development in PNG); **Guenther and Christa Thyzel** (Aseki); **Wolfgang Dippel** (Aseki); **Peter Birkman** (Menyamya); **Ossie Hermann** (Lae); **Rudolf Welter** (Finschhafen and Lae); **Hartmut Wohllaib** who built the one and only aerial ropeway in PNG (Finschhafen) and **Hans Schmid** (Finschhafen, now Kabul, what a change!). Other ex PNG people attending were **Don** (currently working in Hanoi) and **Gay** (currently based in Spain) **Townsend** and their son **Adam** (based London); and **Rolf and Bertie Dinkel** (Geneva).

* * *

Deryck sent a '*Post script*': 'Our friends Don and Gay flew off to Spain and experienced an unexpected drama. I am sending their story to you so that members intending to travel to Europe may be aware that PNG is not the only country that has street crime.'

Travelling to Europe ??

Earlier this year, ex PNG residents Don and Gay Townsend flew into Alicante on the east coast of Spain – they hired a car at the airport and as they were driving through Alicante, the car in front of them stopped rather quickly – Gay was driving and she braked and avoided a collision but the car behind them 'bumped' into them. Don and Gay got out of their car to inspect the rear of their vehicle and as they were doing, the passenger from the third car walked past them and got into their car and drove off with it, and at the same time the first car and the third car also took off – leaving Don and

Gay standing in the street speechless and in shock - they lost all their possessions, passports, cash, Don's laptop with all his work stuff and backup, etc. The Police were called but by the time they arrived the crooks had long gone, and they told Don and Gay that this type of car theft was very common. Apparently the crooks identify their victims at the airport and then follow them and set it up by mobile phone. Don and Gay's hire car was located two weeks later but all contents were gone.

Editor's Note: This is happening here in Australia too! ■

SUPERANNUATION By Fred Kaad

As you will have heard/read, the Consumer Price Index (CPI) as it affects PNG superannuants is 1.4% ie your super will have risen by that amount on 1 July 2006. This covers the 6 months from September 2005 to March 2006. Our next CPI change will cover the period March 2006 to September 2006 and we shall see the results in our super in January 2007. The way in which this is calculated is shown on page 3 of the last Pension Update from Comsuper – Issue No 8 V1 July 2006.

Some may be confused about changes to superannuation payments which were announced in the Budget **ESTIMATES** earlier this year and which **APPEAR** to give us a nice increase in after tax receipts. **BUT** these are **ESTIMATES ONLY** and have yet to go through Parliament. Your committee is following this matter and Tim Terrell, who is our representative in Canberra on the Australian Commonwealth Superannuated Officers Association, has sent a letter to Treasury on our behalf seeking to ensure that the PNG Superannuation Scheme is included in the proposed new legislation as an untaxed superannuation scheme, the benefits of which will extend to pensioners of the PNG scheme. Tim will also be attending their AGM where it is already on the Agenda. Remember – we cannot do anything until the estimates have been turned into law and, in any case, **THEY WILL NOT AFFECT** our pensions until July 2007.

Please phone Fred Kaad on # 9969 7217 if you have any questions.

Did You Know?

An International Reconciliation Event is being held on Mailu Island, Central Province, on 24 August 2006, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the proclamation by Torres of 'Magna Margarita' (Spanish 'Queen Margarita's Great Land') in 1606. Visitors from Spain will be present to address issues arising from the atrocities committed and still remembered in Mailu oral traditions. Representatives from the Cook Islands (the nation sending mission teachers in the 19th century) will also be present.

Kevin Salisbury

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PACIFIC MANUSCRIPTS BUREAU UPDATE

By Ewan Maidment

The PMB is an international consortium of nine libraries, based at the Australian National University, whose mission is to make preservation microfilm of at-risk Pacific records, both historical and contemporary, here and in the Pacific Islands. Since 1968, when it was established, the PMB has microfilmed many documents from PNG.

In the 1960s and early 1970s Bob Langdon, the first PMB executive officer, filmed papers of people associated with the *Pacific Islands Monthly*, such as Gordon Thomas', *Rabaul – 1942-1945*, and Ian Grabowski's, *History in Diary Form of Civil Aviation in Papua and New Guinea*. He also copied letters-home from Archdeacon Stephen Romney Gill and Lt.-Governor Hubert Murray, and begun filming PNG mission archives, such as vocabularies collected by Fr. Bernard Baldwin MSC from his base in the Trobriands and pre-WWII North Solomons Catholic mission station archives.

In the mid 1970s almost 100 rolls of microfilm were made by the former PNG Archivist, Kevin Green, under the auspices of the PMB's 'PNG Records Project'. Patrol reports and diaries, letters and notes were microfilmed from the collections of Ian Downs, David Fenbury, E.T.W. Fulton, W.C. Groves, J.K. McCarthy, P.M. Penhalluriack, E.R. Stanley, G.A.V. Stanley and Harold Woodman. Archives of the Lutheran, Sacred Heart and Methodist missions were microfilmed, together with diaries, anthropological and linguistic papers collected by various missionaries. Some plantation inspection reports of Steamships Trading Co. were copied, as well as surviving records of the mining company, Investors Ltd, which had backed Jack Hides' last gold prospecting expeditions.

In the 1980s and early 1990s the PMB continued work on locating and helping to preserve key PNG archives, copying for example: Frank Hurley's papers from his visit to the Western Papua in 1923 which produced his film, *Pearls and Savages*; Alfred Haddon's papers on PNG from the Cambridge Expedition in 1898; and R.S. Parker's papers on colonial administration in PNG.

The PMB has continued working along the same lines in the past decade or so. In PNG the PMB has, for example, microfilmed archives of the National Fisheries Authority, the Coffee Industry Corporation and the PNG Trades Union Congress. We have combined with the PNG National Archives to help rescue Losuia District Administration records on Kiriwina; worked with the UPNG Library on microfilming the bulk of the W.C Groves Papers held in the New Guinea Collection; and combined with Divine Word University staff to arrange and microfilm papers of Fr John Tschauder held in Madang.

In Australia, by collaborating with enthusiasts, such as Bert Speer, Barry Craig and Peter Cahill, and with colleagues at the ANU and elsewhere, the PMB has continued to microfilm papers of former PNG Patrol Officers, Medical Officers, Medical Assistants and other administrators, such as, Laurie Bragge, G.F.X.Brown, Gavin Carter, Jean Chambers, Ian Hossack, Graham Hamilton, Ross Johnson, John McInerney, Robert Melrose, Kenneth Thomas, Albert Speer, A.E. Watkins, S.C. Wigley and Norman Wilson. We have also copied records of scientists who worked in PNG, such as Doreen Langley, Margaret Spencer and Royal Pullen; academics, anthropologists and other researchers, such as Donald Denoon, Jack Golson, Joan Johnstone, Otto Maier, Mary

Mennis, Peter Sack, Ric Shand, Basil Shaw and Richard Thurwald; and papers of missionaries and mission-workers, such as Fr John Glover and Rev. F.T. Walker.

These projects involve close collaboration with the owners or custodians of the records as they often help to locate and identify records, and provide biographical and administrative background information. The microfilming is frequently done on site. The original records are neatly arranged, described and boxed for preservation purposes. If the owner wishes the PMB helps with transfer to a recognised custodial institution such as the National Library, however many families wish to retain the original material.

Over the last six months the PMB staff have mainly been occupied with in-house processing and domestic microfilming. Fr Kevin Kerley's personal papers documenting his work in Bougainville, 1988-1998, were surveyed at the Marist Fathers' monastery in Hunters Hill, Sydney, and part has been microfilmed. Fr Kerley was one of very few non-Bougainvilleans who stayed 'behind the lines' during the Bougainville crisis.

Fred Archer's papers on the New Guinea island of Wuvulu, which are held by Mrs Mary Roberts, were microfilmed in Brisbane. Mr Archer managed Agita plantation on Wuvulu for a period, and maintained his links with the island through his later life. This was the last of a comprehensive set of microfilms made from Fred Archer's papers which Mrs Roberts has preserved. Mrs Roberts has completed her biography of Fred Archer, her uncle, and is looking for a publisher.

A good run of the *Pangu Pati Newsletter* has also been microfilmed from copies on loan from the NLA and the Melanesian Studies Resource Centre at the University of California San Diego. Sr Nancy White's papers on teaching with the Anglican mission, Oro Province, PNG, 1948-1967, have been arranged, listed and microfilmed. The original papers have now been transferred to Professor John Waiko in Port Moresby.

Dr Roy Scragg lent the PMB a copy of his thesis, *Lemankoa 1920-1980: A study of the effects of health care interventions on the people of a pre-industrial village in North Solomons Province, Papua New Guinea* (1983), and some related papers which have been microfilmed. Dr Scragg also deposited 68 files of Sir John Gunther's papers on health administration in PNG which the PMB is listing in detail and will begin filming.

Hank Nelson's comprehensive papers on Kuru disease (the laughing death) in PNG, have been arranged and microfilmed in part. They include Sir John Gunther's file on Kuru, 1956-1976, which holds his correspondence with D. Carleton Gajdusek, V. Zigas, Roy Scragg, S.G. Anderson, F.M. Burnet and D.M. Cleland. The file documents the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine jointly awarded to Baruch S. Blumberg and Dr Gajdusek for their discoveries concerning new mechanisms for the origin and dissemination of infectious diseases. Hank Nelson also transferred papers of David Moorhouse, kiap, intelligence officer, and advisor to mining companies on land matters in PNG. A detailed list of Mr Moorhouse's papers is available from the PMB, but access arrangements have not yet been clarified.

Other PNG records which the PMB has microfilmed recently, are: Professor Ted Wolfers' letters from PNG to the Institute of Current World Affairs in New York, 1967-1971; transcripts of interviews with PNG Defence Force personnel; PNG Chinese; Arthur Duna on the Japanese landing at Buna; Michael Mell, Phillip Kamen and Anton Parao on the Highlands Liberation Front; and others, 1972-1975, collected by Professor

Donald Denoon; documents collected by Lionel Rhys Healey, OBE, relating to murders committed on 6 Nov 1953 in Telefomin, PNG; *A Warwai Ure Iesu Karisito*, a translation of Gospel stories into the Blanche Bay dialect, New Britain, by Rev. Francis Trafford Walker, and Rev. Walker's, *Reflections on the Work of the Missionary*, written on his return from New Guinea in 1930; and papers deposited at the Royal Geographical Society by Leo Austen relating to his expedition to the upper Fly and Tedi Rivers area of Papua in 1922.

More detailed information on most of these PNG archives is available from the catalogue on the PMB website <http://rspas.anu.edu.au/pambu/>. ■

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BOMB DISPOSAL ON POTSDAM PLANTATION By Denis Compston
1962, Potsdam Plantation near Bogia,
halfway between Madang and Wewak, New Guinea.

One hot Sunday afternoon there was a knock on the door. On answering it I found three Australians I had never seen before. They introduced themselves as army bomb disposal officers and asked if I would mind if they took a look around the plantation for unexploded bombs. I was told that in the area, during the last months of the war, there was a lot of bombing as the district was a big Japanese base.

The officers started with their 'bomb finders' and a team of native bois immediately. They were on the plantation for three full days, using my old WWII Chev. Blitz truck, left over after the war and still going strong, to transport the unexploded bombs to the end of the plantation, which was still jungle. A very dangerous procedure.

After three days the officers found 500 tons of unexploded bombs - one of which was 50lbs and still active, only lying inches under the road going through the plantation, which neighbours and I had been driving over everyday.

An air and sea and native villages alert was given on the day the bombs were to be exploded. About 3pm on the fourth day there was a mighty explosion which set off a thunder storm. The officers waited till the following day to see if the explosion was successful. I could not believe the devastation – like a mini atom bomb had gone off. The crater left became a small lake soon after.

The officers told me there could be many more bombs still around. I was sorry to see the officers go as they were a friendly lot; off to the next site which was in New Britain...what a job! ■

PROGRESS ON THE OLD EUROPEAN/BADIHAGWA CEMETERY

By John Norton

Further to my article in the last addition of *Una Voce* in which I drew attention to Dr Roy Scragg's efforts to commence restoration work on the Old European Cemetery by a generous contribution of K2000 I may now bring you up to date on the progress made since then.

The Old European Cemetery is now known as The BADIHAGWA Cemetery but for ease of recognition I shall continue to refer to it with the old nomenclature. A depth of emotional interest has been most evident in the numerous letters and telephone calls I have received in which both details of interred kin and photographs of headstones which showed the unkempt state of the cemetery were forwarded to me.

A complete record of the cemetery's register for the period 1912 –1969 has been recovered. The records can now be reproduced in both grave site reference order and alphabetical order. The chronological order of deaths can also be reproduced from the record.

The period prior to 1912 contains a record of 21 unreferenced sites but may not be complete and this is still being researched.

Dr. Scragg placed his funds in the hands of the Rotary Branch in Port Moresby and the Community Services Director has now submitted details of the entire expenditure of his funds. A large part of the cemetery has now been cleared and photographs indicate the successful clean up that has been achieved by the removal of years' of undergrowth and rubbish. The Rotary Club has indicated its interest in proceeding with the project with the view to completing the clearing, of remaining bush, the delineation of the boundaries and identification of grave sites. This is of course everyone's desire. Several nationals of influence have also indicated their interest in the project and will be contacted.

It is intended to set up a Trust Fund with myself (former Deputy District Commissioner) and Ken Hanrahan (solicitor and former Deputy District Commissioner) as signatories for the accumulation of funds to

- i) complete the clearing of the cemetery site; and
- ii) provide funds for the continued up-keep of the site for the next few months until more permanent arrangements can be made with a government authority to fund the project.

We have sought estimates from the Rotary Club for this work but I suggest a limit of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$5,000) would suffice. Any financial support will be appreciated from interested parties.

I intend to have the fund established by the week ending 11th August. Details will be available from me or Dr Scragg at the below addresses.

John Norton: 29/30 Mollison St. West End. Qld 4101. Tel (07)38443569.
Mob.0422830201

Email: outramjn@powerup.com.au

Dr. Roy Scragg: 36 South Esplanade, Glenelg, S.A. 5045. Tel (08)82955765;
Mob.0407978380

Email: rfscragg@health.on.net

IAN ROWLES by Paul Oates

How do you write about someone who died 30 years ago and yet who is still so alive in one's memory? As a *liklik* (junior) kiap at Pindiu Patrol Post in 1969, I can well remember the arrival at the airstrip of a bright pink Cessna 185.

'Who the hell is that?' I asked the OIC. 'That's Rowlesesey,' I was told. 'They refer to his plane as *The Pink Panther*.' I could see why at a glance. The plane was painted a bright, candy pink; you couldn't miss it.

During my first term around the Hube Census Division in the Pindiu Patrol Post area of the Huon Peninsular, I was constantly reminded by the local people about their dealings with Ian Rowles. Trained at Gatton Agricultural College, Ian had been a *Didiman* (Agricultural Officer) in that area, prior to branching out into the local trade store and private business world. His energy and enthusiasm left an indelible impression with everyone. Wherever Ian had been the village coffee sheds were well-maintained and often set up in a line. Everything appeared organised in a business-like manner. '*Masa Ian istap pastaim*', I was reliably informed, often with pride. Ian was known as someone who didn't discriminate and treated the local people with respect.

My first land alienation experience (land that was purchased by the government for leasing to a private company), was to obtain agreement from the local people at the 'under construction' Ogeranang airstrip for a plot for Ian's business, the Kabwum Trading Company, to build a trade store. There were no objections. Everyone knew '*Masa Ian*'.

Having been issued with a portable typewriter, I was sent out on patrol with verbal instructions to hold a meeting at Ogeranang and obtain the signatures of at least two thirds of the traditional owners to the government buying a plot of land at the top of the airstrip. Having assembled members of the clan who owned the ground, I then explained why the government wanted to purchase the land and what it would be used for. After the inevitable discussion, the decision to go ahead was announced. Then, at least two thirds of the total owners had to sign the agreement in order for it to be legal. This was a logistical nightmare. I set myself up at the collapsible patrol table and typed the names of the owners onto a piece of paper and asked them to come forward and sign. Most were 'Marksmen'. That is to say, they could not write their names and were required to sign in a cross between the words 'His Mark'. The instructions were as follows: '*Yu kamap nau na holim pen na mekim mark bilong yu*'. If they couldn't hold the pen properly, it had to be held for them. They would hold the top of the pen while I made the cross. Fully 80% of those signatures were from Marksmen and Markswomen. When I got back to the Station, I presented this weighty collection of dirty pages with signatures on them to my OIC.

'That's great,' he said, 'but where are the copies? You should know by now that everything for the government paperwork has to be in triplicate!'

Kabwum

My first posting as a newly promoted Patrol Officer was to the Kabwum Sub District. Here I first met Ian and his delightful wife Angie. Ian had set up his trade store business base at Kabwum and had built his house and a large bulk store on the station. The bulk store took up the whole of the top of Kabwum airstrip and if you were landing on the strip, you hoped like hell the pilot got the landing right because there were no second chances. You either landed somewhere around the middle of the 9° strip and taxied up

to the bulk store or overshot and crashed further up the valley. Ian had set up a hydro-electric plant at his Kabwum store. When I was stationed at Kabwum, Ian's mother was staying with Ian and Angie and helped run the trade store. Mrs Rowles also ran the Post Office, the radio 'sched' and cooked sugared doughnuts for sale to passers by.

Ian opened a new store at Konge airstrip and he invited all the station officers to the opening. Konge airstrip was about 15 minutes flying time to the east of Kabwum and was set, as usual, on top of a ridge stretching out into a valley. We were loaded up into the faithful Cessna 185 and flown to the strip where the local people had prepared a big celebration and a feast. As we only expected to be at Konge for a few hours, we all wore casual clothes and footwear. The celebration was fairly typical of the area with drums, (*kundus*), singing, feathered headdresses and decorated traditional clothing. Rowlesy had of course contributed some trade goods and the inevitable fish and rice featured heavily in the food being offered. A banana tree was planted as a traditional indication of the permanency of the business. It started to get a little overcast and it was suggested we depart for Kabwum. Women and children went first and we were left to wait for the next flight. The aircraft droned away and the clouds continued to settle. Soon the airstrip was covered in thick, white cloud and we were left contemplating spending a night in our shorts and 'T' shirts in the new store at 5500 ft. Suddenly we heard Ian's plane roaring away in the mist and it miraculously appeared through the pea soup at the end of the airstrip and taxied up the runway.

'How the hell did you get back?' we asked Ian. 'Oh, it's clear about 200 feet below the level of the airstrip,' replied Ian. Needless to say, we held our breath as we hopped in and took off straight into cloud and dived down blind to where the cloud level started. Ian then levelled off and flew us down the valleys until we landed at Kabwum, ahead of the descending cloud.

Ian's flying skills seemed nothing short of incredible. He told me one day that he was shuttling cargo and coffee between Kabwum and Yalumet airstrip when his aircraft engine simply stopped. Most people would have sent out a Mayday call and crash landed however Ian worked out that the small fuel tank air intake on the wing had simply iced up and created an airlock. He glided the plane down to almost tree top level and started up the engine once the ice around the intake melted.

Ian's re-supply operations to his trade stores were something to behold. He would often arrive with his aircraft door off and loaded to the brim with trade store items (tin fish, rice, etc.). As soon as the aircraft was slowing to a halt, Ian could be seen kicking out the cargo boxes with his bare feet and yelling for the coffee bags to be ready to be loaded onto the plane. The engine would not usually be turned off and after a fast turn around, Ian would take off with a full load of coffee beans.

One day at Yalumet airstrip, where I had set up a Base Camp, Ian had turned off the engine, while loading the plane. As he started the engine again, a long stream of fire swept back from the plane's exhaust, along the side of the plane and away from the pilot's side of the aircraft. All the people around the edge of the strip, including myself, gesticulated wildly to Ian that something was wrong and he taxied back to the loading area and switched off the engine. I ran over and told him his aircraft was on fire. 'Oh, that's just an exhaust fire,' he said, 'Nothing to worry about,' and started the aircraft up, turned around, revved her up and took off.

More close calls...

Cont. over...

Ian confessed that he often wondered, as he flew over it, about the lake in the middle of Long Island, situated off the Rai Coast of the Huon Peninsular. Was the lake fresh water or salt? Flying low over Long Island one day together with Richard Leahy, the Pink Panther ran out of noise. The only flat place to crash land was the lake. Ian sent out a Mayday call, glided down and soft landed in the lake near the shore. As he was swimming towards the shore, Ian remembered to sample the water and having found it was fresh, kept swimming. When they were rescued they returned to Long Island with some scuba gear and dived down on the aircraft. They attached air bags to the aircraft, raised it to the surface, floated it to the bank and disassembled it. They then loaded it on the boat they came in and took the aircraft back to Lae. Once there, they cleaned it up and reassembled it. Ian was back in the air again.

Ian's 185 was now famous. He had a distinctive, fluid flying style and the aircraft seemed to be an extension of his body.

Ian landed at Sialum one day and when I took the station Land Cruiser up to the airstrip to see what he wanted, we found him ruefully contemplating the old 185 as it stood on its nose in the middle of the strip. What happened we asked? Apparently, a wind gust had lifted the plane up at the wrong moment. Pulling the aircraft back down on its undercarriage, we went back to the station to raise Lae on the radio. Ian then called Richard Leahy and asked him to fly out a spare propeller as the current one was rather bent. Rowlesy stayed with us that night and the next day Richard flew in with a replacement prop.

When Ian flew out that day, little did I realise it would be the last time I saw him alive.

Not long after this incident, I was posted to Finschhafen and eventually as A/ADC when Frank Haviland went on leave. Within a few weeks, I received a call in the afternoon from Mal Lang, then DDC in Lae. 'Prepare yourself to go in to an air crash,' Mal said. 'DCA will be ringing you shortly.' When I asked who it was and where the crash had taken place, Mal said 'It's Rowlesy and it's somewhere in the Sialum area.'

'Oh that's all right,' I told Mal, 'Ian always walks away from his crashes.'

Shortly after Mal's call, I received the DCA call warning me to be ready to be picked up by a chopper and taken to the crash site. The pilot had no information apart from a general report that an aircraft had crashed in the hills at the back of Sialum. We took off and headed north. It wasn't long before we spotted some smoke and headed for the crash site. The old 185 was on its back in a clearing in the forest and had lost a wing. You could see that a wing tank on the wing that was still attached had burst into flames and this was what had produced the smoke. The scene was on the sloping side on a hill, in a little clearing. I hoped that might be a good sign. Still hoping that someone had survived, we hovered over the crash site. An Army chopper had also arrived. A uniformed serviceman then jumped down from his hovering aircraft to the crash site, as there was no flat land on which to touch down. Some locals were already at the site and stood around the aircraft. He quickly inspected the crash while we continued hovering above, and was then picked up again by the Army chopper who hovered near the ground. My pilot held his headphones to his head. 'All dead!' he said. My heart sank.

I asked my pilot what the DCA wanted me to do. He radioed DCA for instructions. 'You go to Kalasa,' was all he said.

Not long after first light, the same chopper which had dropped me at Kalasa arrived back to fly me out to the crash site. While he had body bags on board, the pilot seemed

to have no other instructions about what to do. He hovered over the crash site that by now had about 20 local people standing around. I stood on the skid and jumped down onto the ground. The bodies had been laid in a line and a policeman from Sialum Patrol Post had arrived. All the bodies were badly burned and noticing some of the local people had brought food with them, I told them to organise some water for everyone who had handled the dead to wash their hands thoroughly before eating.

Even after 30 years, I still find the scene almost impossible to describe. There were a lot of people and cargo on that flight. Intact but dead were also a pig and a dog. Cartons of food and drink were mixed up with personal belongings. Tirelessly and gently, the local people helped fill each body bag. Ian was among the dead who were eventually loaded onto a chopper and flown to Sialum airstrip. I remember the Mission Agricultural Officer, Hans Weiderholt and his son, passing by and asking which one of the seven body bags neatly laid out beside the airstrip was Ian and quietly regarding the large body bag I pointed out.

I was told the DCA crash investigation team would be investigating the crash site so I stayed with the bodies, expecting a quick pick up from Sialum and a flight home. Not so. The bodies were left on the airstrip until DCA finally got their act into gear and brought them to Lae via a Crowley's plane. The pilot of that plane told me later he had a very bad time, enclosed within the plane with the fast deteriorating bodies.

As soon as I got back to Finschhafen, I put a call through to Mal Lang and told him what I thought of the DCA ineptitude. 'Put it in writing and send it in,' he advised, 'Something might come of it, but I doubt it.'

By this time, the workday had finished. I went home and George Irwin, Ted Foad's manager, came around to commiserate and have a few beers. Ian had had a close business relationship with Ted for years. As we sat down to eat, the dam burst. A sheer sense of total frustration and stress overcame me and I blubbered over my dinner. George and my wife tried to comfort me but it was to no avail and I went to bed without eating.

The chopper pilot who had first taken me to the crash site came through Finschhafen after the site had been investigated. He told me the investigation had revealed that Ian was overloaded (nothing new) and that he had apparently tried to skip under the cloud layer that had come down over the mountains and fly along the coast to Kabwum. Going over the Kalasa ridge, the plane had clipped a tree and lost a wing. The centrifugal force of the subsequent spin would have killed everyone before they hit the ground.

Everyone who was anyone was at Ian's funeral and as the coffin was lowered into the grave at Lae Cemetery, I remember Angie gave this agonised scream that echoed how we all felt. Ian was 34 years old when he died. To anyone who had ever met him, he exuded energy and vitality. His enthusiasm was infectious and the local people respected him for being a straight talker. As a testimony to how the local people regarded Ian, I understand the relatives decided they would not seek compensation for the deaths of those family members who died in the crash.

One thing's for sure. Ian enriched the lives of those he met and that's no small thing to have as one's epitaph. Someone once said however, 'There are old pilots, and there are bold pilots, but no old, bold pilots.'

Post Script: Coincidentally, a recent internet search by Ian's son's partner found the ex-kiaps' website and put Ian's son, Richard, in touch with Paul. ■

THE LOOP By Adrian Geyle

There are so many ways a story can be told. A writer can learn a craft attending Creative Writing class and then stick to acceptable forms. Brevity helps in the telling of this singular event which stimulated me into thinking deeper about the basic needs of man and his place in the overall ‘scheme of things.’ The ‘driver’ determining the writing of this short account was an encounter that was at once simple and wonderful. The simple side tends towards nostalgia, as the wonderful side, and a need-to-tell, kick in.

I was at Moi’an, a village close to the east bank of the Fly River, at the end of a 17-day census patrol. Sixteen friendly men surrounded me with something to say concerning a small wrap of bark, the leader slowly unwrapping its contents. The date: December 23, 1952. I was a 22-year-old cadet patrol officer based at Kiunga, a two-man patrol post on the Fly, now quite a town that has developed in parallel with the great expansion of the Ok Tedi gold and copper mine.

I was on my first solo patrol. Only one of ten of the villages I had visited had been censused before, but all had been visited by several, always peaceful, patrols before. The sixteen men were from down the Fly where this mighty river formed an 80 kilometre (approx.) section of the TPNG-Dutch New Guinea border. Their village called Wairin was on the west bank, not patrolled by our TPNG administration or the Dutch either, they told me. With no pen and no paper, just a short piece of the pithy centre rib from the sago palm spiked with 64 short sharp splinters, like tooth picks, they conveyed their concern. They wanted a patrol to visit their village – they wanted to be ‘counted in’. Each splinter represented a man, or woman, or a child. Carefully pushed into the pith as helping minds had called their names, no-one had been over-looked and no-one had been counted twice. I was intrigued by the simple efforts of these men from Wairin as they too were intrigued, little doubt, by the magic a white man could use not just to count people but to recall names just by squiggling down marks on paper and reading them back! Magic indeed. (They would have unobtrusively observed a village census before they approached me, I assumed.)

The memory of this encounter, this meeting with these simple, unsophisticated men from across the wide Fly River, has given me much room for thought, and pleasure. Chinese hieroglyphics grew from simple lines scratched on the bones of oxen, on the shells of turtles, and later on bronze, thousands of years BC. Were these simple, late-20th century struggles of some Papuan tribesmen – to pass information – closely akin to those of the predecessors of the great Chinese civilisation? First grounds these, the very foundations of human struggle to record and to convey? Foundations of symbolism, foundations of art, the roots of intellectualism?

No doubt, by now, the villagers of Wairin have well-and-truly joined the loop, firstly with their names being recorded against their approximate ages that had never been recorded. What a huge conceptual leap that just the simple estimate of one’s age itself must mean to simple minds! And the passage of time, what’s this all about? The common problem of early man everywhere has been to maintain stability and order whilst wrestling an existence from what his surrounding, natural resources could afford him. In this light were the men from Wairin simply thinking of the security that our government administration could provide them?

The epigraph ‘Necessity is the mother of invention’ is no longer, for me, the simple adage it used to be! ■

FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH A CREDIT CARD By Richard Jones

For many of us flipping a credit card out of our wallet or purse to pay for a service or a purchase is commonplace these days. A conversation with family members the other day jogged my memory about where it was we first used one on a more or less regular basis. For my wife Judyth and me it came in the unlikely setting of the United States Pacific territory of Guam.

We had flown there in July 1975 with Papua New Guinea's team which contested the fourth South Pacific Games. The trip had two purposes – partly to do with tourism, but also so that I could assist *Post-Courier* staff member Tarcissius Bobola to file stories about anticipated PNG successes at the Games.

The successes came, particularly with the men's and women's individual and teams' gold medals in the golf and three gold's in the boxing. We even snared silver in the yachting, plus numerous gold's in track and field and swimming.

The Games hadn't started all that auspiciously, though, when it teemed rain on opening ceremony day. I recall Guam Governor Ricky Bordallo (a Democrat, as it turned out) blathering on about 'the beautiful liquid sunshine' of his island territory before we all bolted for our transport. But back to the credit card situation. Tarcissius and I were each issued with this tiny piece of plastic with 'RCA' plastered on the front when we arrived in Guam.

We'd never seen one of these cards before. We were told to tell the front desk staff at our hotel our card numbers and we were whisked off to RCA's building in Guam's capital city, Agana, so our card numbers could be verified by staff of that massive organisation. None of this 21st century card-swiping-through-a-machine by staff. Everything was done by quoting the card's number.

Now, how Tarcissius and I filed our stories back to Moresby was quite unique. We each had responsibilities for half of the 16 sports being contested, and once our assignments for the day had been completed we'd ring the hotel front desk and state our card numbers. Then the clerk would connect us back to Moresby from Guam, via Hawaii and California, through some sort of electronic loop. It sounds complicated but often the longest wait would come while waiting for the hotel's front desk staff to answer the guest's call.

I don't know whether it contravened international telecommunication laws of the time, but we read our stories down the line and often they were tape recorded. Soon afterwards the taped words were typed out by *Post-Courier* copytakers.

Veteran Melbourne *Herald* and *Pacific Islands Monthly* journo Angus Smales would occasionally come on the line at the Moresby end and laboriously type out a story as it was read out.

We didn't miss a deadline during the entire 17 days. But I don't recall we were ever told when we eventually stumbled back to Moresby what RCA had charged the *Post-Courier* for all those hours and hours of telephone calls. ■

WHO'S EVER HEARD OF THE 'PAPUA POLICE'??

By **Maxwell R HAYES**, RPNGC 1959-1974.

Tom Grahamslaw would certainly have done so when he wrote in his *'Recollections of ANGAU'* (*Una Voce*, June 2006) of the rapidly deteriorating conditions existing in Port Moresby with the onset of war in 1941 culminating with the suspension of civil administration in Papua and New Guinea as from 14.2.1942.

After the resignation on 25.2.1929 of Charles Ian McLean who, whilst serving in the Queensland Police Force, had earned the King's Police Medal for Gallantry prior to coming to Papua on 26.5.1927, another former Queensland policeman was sought for the position.



Papua Police badge
c 1946-47;
photo: M R Hayes



Tom Gough
Photo: Rita O'Neil

Thomas Patrick Gough (born 15.6.1893, Mount Walker, Queensland) was asked by the Government Secretary, H.W. Champion, to come to Papua and he was appointed European Constable on 4.5.1929. He had served in the Queensland Police Force between 12.3.1914 and 15.9.1920, when he resigned to become a publican. He was Papua's longest serving European police officer pre-war and was for many years the sole European Constable (apart from his various leave periods when acting European Constables were sworn in) charged with maintaining law and order in the Port Moresby police district. The rest of Papua was patrolled by European field officers leading native members the Armed Native Constabulary (also known in documents as

the Armed Constabulary) and which became the Royal Papuan Constabulary (RPC) created by Royal Warrant in August 1939. The predecessor to this force was the British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (1890-1906) whose badge is exceedingly rare and only two examples are known in museums. European Constables were appointed ex officio officers of the ANC and the RPC for administrative purposes. I have not been able to find any evidence that native members of the ANC and the RPC ever had a badge or that European Constables (prior to 1941) ever wore any cap or helmet badge. After all, everyone knew who they were.

Although other pre-war Europeans were appointed as Gaolers they were not, per se, police in the general sense, though from time to time they performed the duties of European Constable when, for example, the European Constable was on leave. In many cases their duties were quite indistinguishable from police duties. Tom's brother George Andrew Gough came to Papua and was appointed as a Gaoler on 8.10.1936.

In 1941, with the build up of preparations for the forthcoming war, the arrival of many ships brought many tough undesirable ships' crew to Port Moresby with the inevitable chaos created by seamen. In attempting to arrest some ships' crews for drunkenness and assault Tom was seriously assaulted and on another occasion was shot at while performing duty at the 'Snake Pit', Moresby Hotel. These incidents were sufficient to

cause the Government Secretary to realise that civil law and order was getting out of control and to seek assistance from Canberra. Military service personnel were subject to discipline from Military Police and outside the control of civil police. The crews of ships thought themselves immune from any laws at all.

The man chosen to proceed to Papua was Edward Bresnan (born 10.6.1891 at Dunbulbalane, Victoria), a career policeman with prior service in the Victoria Police, the Queensland Police Force and then currently serving with the Canberra Police from 29.9.1927. Thought to be the most experienced policeman available for this duty, he arrived in Port Moresby on 4.4.1941 on secondment and was sworn in as a European Constable to assist Tom Gough. Bresnan was then aged 50 and new to the conditions existing in Papua and it soon became apparent that further police had to be sworn in. As the civil unrest continued, the Government Secretary decided to recruit Europeans locally for the town police. The criterion being 'they had to be good with their hands and take care of themselves' in Aussie parlance; they had to be good fighters. With so many males leaving Papua to join the Australian Military Forces it was, apparently, difficult to recruit anyone to the mundane job of being assaulted by ships' crew.

Two months later, the first local appointment on 4.6.1941 was that of William Edward Graham (born 13.9.1897 at Warragul, Victoria) who had been the Manager of the Government Plantation at Kokoda since 18.7.1940. The next was Francis Robert Anthony Hope-Young, (changed to F.R. Young by statutory declaration on 21.8.1944) born 1.9.1915 at Kangaroo Point, Queensland, who arrived in Port Moresby in 1939 and worked with Burns Philp as a wharf clerk at Samarai and later in the Customs Department. On 28.7.1941 he applied to join the RPC. This did not eventuate and he was appointed a temporary European Constable on 1.8.1941.

A short while later James Orr-Harper (born 31.8.1907 in County Down, Ulster) was appointed on 6.8.1941 but resigned after a short period because of a refusal to be allowed to carry firearms. Also appointed as temporary European Constables were Clifford Thomas Nunn (born 24.11.1915 at Melbourne, Victoria) a carpenter with John Stubbs Pty Ltd on 15.8.1941 and Horace Farlow (born 13.12.1904 at Wellington, N.S.W.) on 1.10.1941 but he likewise resigned after a short period for the same reason as Orr-Harper. A Samuel Rutter was also sworn in but I cannot find any details of his service. Two of these had earlier varying periods in Australian state police forces.

In early 1941 Tom Gough was appointed Chief Police Officer. He proceeded on 115 days leave on 11.9.1941, and Bresnan assumed that position on the following day. Sometime in November 1941, Bresnan returned to Canberra, leaving Hope-Young as the sole European Constable until he joined the Papuan Administrative Unit on 27.1.1942. Tom Gough returned to Papua after leave, but was requisitioned by the Army and performed no police duties.

So where does the 'Papua Police' name originate? Although given a simple uniform it was apparent that a formal badge, denoting appointment as a police officer, was required. An order for badges was placed with a local Port Moresby jeweller who designed and produced, it is believed, 10 badges with the text and the crown cut out from plate silver, and fitted with lugs for a cap or helmet. Bresnan, for the reason that he was only seconded, continued to wear his Canberra Police badge. To formalise these appointments all were sworn as officers of the Royal Papuan Constabulary. This

gallant band of peace keepers seems to have been armed, as shown in a 1941 photo, with nothing more lethal than a long stick.

In June 1996, I had the pleasure of meeting Frank Young, and he showed me his pre-war badge and also his post-war police badge modelled on the 1941 pattern. The ca. 1946-47 badge was die cast, in very small quantities again, with maker unknown. Police officers appointed from 1948 were never issued with this cap/helmet badge probably because, by that time, the name of the police force had been formalised as the 'Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force', a rather cumbersome name shortened a few years later to become the 'Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary'. The 1941 badge would be very rare today and the 1946/47 badge only slightly less so.

So what became of this small pre-war band of 'Papua Police'?

Tom Gough, after 3.5 years in the Commonwealth Police at Jervis Bay and Canberra, returned to Port Moresby and was appointed as an Inspector of Police on 8.10.1945. He had a distinguished career holding the acting position of Commissioner and retired from the RP&NGC with the rank of Superintendent on 26.11.1951. He died in Brisbane on 18.5.1975.

Edward Bresnan remained with the Canberra Police until retirement on 20.6.1946.

Bill Graham joined ANGAU in the Production Control Board at Kokoda on 14.2.1942. He was discharged with the rank of Lieutenant on 8.9.1945.

Frank Hope-Young enlisted in the AIF on 17.2.1942 and remained in Papua until evacuated to Townsville with fever in 1943. He returned to Moresby at the end of 1943 and joined NG Force HQ 8 Military District Australian Intelligence Corps. On 26.3.1946 he rejoined the post-war police force but resigned on 18.10.1948 to join Department of Civil Aviation. He died in Sydney on 13.5.1999.

Jim Orr-Harper joined the RAAF on 31.3.1944 and was discharged three months later. He briefly returned to the post-war police force around Jan 1947. He later returned to the Territory several times in the course of various employments and later worked for Steamships Trading Company in Rabaul from around 1966 until about 1986. He died at Russell Island, Queensland, around 1991.



Papua police group (l-r Bresnan, Gough, Orr-Harper, Graham, Hope-Young)

Photo: Rita O'Neil

Cliff Nunn remained in Papua until proceeding to Lae on 13.12.1941 when he joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles until discharged on 19.6.1943. He later served in the RAAF. Horrie Farlow worked in hotels in Moresby before proceeding to Australia. He joined the RAAF on 25.6.1942 and was discharged with the rank of Warrant Officer, MBE on 18.5.1945. Sam Rutter remains pretty much a mystery.

If any reader can add any other police, service or personal details please advise me.

Maxwell R. HAYES, 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South. 3128
ph/fax (03) 98987459 Email: makisrpngc@netspace.net.au

ANTON'S ESCAPADES II By Robin Hodgson

Anton, the youngster who lived at our place with his aunt, our housekeeper, was a good kid who loved the animals we kept and enjoyed helping to care for them, particularly the three dogs and the cat. He avoided anything to do with the black capped lorikeet which delighted in perching itself on his tight curly hair, trying to extract his locks like grounded worms. The cat was his particular favourite and they made good companions... Well, for most of the time.

Returning one Sunday afternoon from a night away, we were intrigued by a ghostly greyish streak of something weird that shot passed us as we unloaded the car. We called out to the house staff to see what was going on and Anton emerged from the back garden with a sheepish look on his face. He was alone at the house that day.

Before we could ask him anything, the grey streak shot passed us again bolting in a different direction with an ungodly yowl. Something strange had happened to the cat. Querying Anton we were told he had decided to wash the animal. He had observed me wash the dogs earlier in the week and decided that it had to be about the cat's turn and perhaps he would do us a favour whilst we were away. Oh dear. The poor cat must have been in shock – but why the strange behaviour? Anton became rather quiet and sheepish when we asked how he had gone about this venture and he produced a small but very empty packet of powdered Omo. The cat tore past again and this time we could see the wretched thing's fur matted to its body with a white-ish paste. What to do?

We called the vet who was not happy about being disturbed in his Sunday afternoon activities but gave good suggestions as to how we should catch the cat and bring it to him for inspection. It took a while but we finally cornered the terrified animal in the garage and bundled it in an old blanket for the short journey to salvation. The vet sedated the cat advising that we had about three hours to clean it before it would wake up.

We needed every minute of those three hours to soak the animal in sink-full after sink-full of warm water, manipulating our fingers through the dried out matted mess loosening the powder paste and freeing the fur. Eventually the poor thing looked feline again and we placed it gently on a folded towel on the back porch with food and drink nearby just as it began to stir. Anton was called upon to sit by the cat as it came back to its senses to reassure it that all was well and that the ordeal was over. Here at least he was successful. Happily the cat seemed to forgive him.

It took us a bit longer. We lectured the lad on the realities of feline cleanliness, that cats do not, generally, require washing and particularly with harsh detergents such as Omo, a fact that was brought home to us all very clearly. Over the next two days the cat lost all its fur in great clumps and the skin underneath showed a raw angry red. Cats do recover well though and its new coat, when it came through, was better than ever, but the cat avoided the laundry ever after. ■

CRUISE NEWS: A brand new 70 passenger cruiser, the *Oceanic Princess*, has an exclusive and unique itinerary planned in October to show the 'magic of PNG'. Starting at Alotau, Milne Bay, the cruise heads to the D'Entrecasteaux, Trobriand and Siassi islands, before visiting Madang, followed by a cruise up the Sepik River. Cruising the outer islands the ship visits uninhabited Crown Island, as well as Witu Island and Kimbe Bay, before ending in Rabaul. Cruiseco's *Oceanic Princess* has been specifically built for expedition cruising with its own glass bottomed boat, zodiacs and expedition staff... but with all the comforts of home. Prices start at \$6990, twin share for the 10 night journey.

EARLY YEARS IN NEW GUINEA By Mabel Holland

Reading the letter by Jean Cox headed *SS Marsina* 10/7/30 in the March issue of *Una Voce*, rekindled my memory, prompting me to tell my own story of life in New Guinea.

I married Frank Holland in 1938 and we decided to honeymoon in New Guinea. We sailed from Cairns on the *SS Montoro* bound for Port Moresby. On arrival there we were not impressed so we continued on to Rabaul, calling at Samarai on the way. Samarai was exactly as Jean described - a delightful place, a jewel in the ocean.

We sailed into Rabaul Harbour as dawn was breaking, and what a sight to behold. Before going ashore we were told that women were not allowed to wear shorts. The beautiful gardens and tree-lined streets captured our hearts and Frank decided to look for work. First he had to do a medical course to enable him to manage a labour line. This completed he began work with 'Pacific Timbers' at 'Put Put' on the south coast.

Since no married accommodation was available, I boarded with Mrs Brodie (the local baker). As you can imagine it was not a satisfactory arrangement and since I was pregnant it was thought best for me to return to Australia. Our son, John, was born, by which time Frank had moved to Wide Bay, working for Tom Flower. The *Mokolkols* (a tribe in the Bainings) raided a local tribe nearby and the Government decreed it too dangerous for me to return. Consequently John was 12 months old before we were all together again. We lived at Wide Bay in native-built huts and were rather isolated. Local natives came from far and wide to see a white child. Our daughter, Ann, was born in Rabaul in April 1941 and a few weeks later we moved to Open Bay on the north coast and were at 'Pondo', a plantation managed by Mr Evensen for W.R. Carpenter when the order came for all women and children to be evacuated.

Jack Radley (Seventh Day Adventist) in the *Ambon* was ordered by the Administration to convey women and children from the north coast to Rabaul. The weather was atrocious and under normal circumstances we would not have left the safety of a harbour. The *Ambon* eventually arrived and women and children boarded with a minimum amount of luggage. We all had a very difficult time saying 'goodbye' to our menfolk.

We arrived in Rabaul on Christmas Day. The *Macdhui* had been in Rabaul for the evacuation of people but had left, deciding the risk was too great to wait. Customs opened their doors next day to issue permits to 'Leave the Territory' – the 'And Return' heavily blacked out. Two ANA DC3s were sent to collect us. The planes landed and we boarded in a matter of minutes before take-off. Our plane, piloted by Captain Taylor, I understand was the last to leave.

We were flown to Port Moresby where refreshments were provided on the airfield. Then it was on to Cairns and from there by train to our destinations. There was no communication and no news. We had no idea what was happening.

On St Patrick's Day, 17th March, very early in the morning, John, just three years' old, woke excitedly and said, 'My Daddy's on a big ship and my Daddy is coming home'. Was this ESP? He went on to give details and named the ship *Umboi*.

When Frank eventually arrived, having played a leading role in the evacuation of troops and civilians from New Britain after Japanese invasion, he was able to confirm John's story.

We returned to Rabaul in 1946 and left in 1963. ■

Help Wanted for Kokoda-Buna Historical Foundation

The following letter was received from Maclaren Jude Hiari MBE of the **Kokoda-Buna Historical Foundation**, PO Box 251, Popondetta, PNG.

“I am writing to seek the assistance of your Association in locating the family members of some former officers of the Australian Administration who served as ANGAU officers and non-commissioned officers in PNG during WWII, particularly in the Northern District. The reason for seeking your Association’s help is to get personal histories of these officers as part of my history research in order to complete writing several manuscripts and papers.

The information I require from family members are for the following former ANGAU officers:

1. **Major Thomas Grahamslaw** – to complete the manuscript titled ‘ANGAU’s Recollections’
2. **Lieutenant Russell Smith** – complete the manuscript titled ‘Hannibal Had Elephants’. This is the story of American troops trekking across the Owen Stanley Mountains from Kapakapa near Pt Moresby to Jaure before reaching Dobuduru in preparation for the Buna Battle. One of the ANGAU officers who supervised 500 Papuan carriers to assist American troops across the mountains to Dobuduru was Russell Smith who formerly worked at Abau in the Central District.
3. **Warrant Officer Harry Bitmead**, former Office-in-Charge of Divinokoari and Isugahambo Native Hospitals and Acting Medical Officer at Higaturu hangings of Orokaivan men. To complete a manuscript on the principal Orokaivan collaborator titled ‘EMBOGI-OROKAIVAN GOVERNOR.’ Only require his photographs. Bitmead’s children are believed to be in Perth.
4. Commander of the Papuan Infantry Battalion, **Major William Watson**, and **Warrant Officer JC McWatters** of PIB. To complete the manuscript titled ‘THE FIRST BAPTISM OF FIRE’ at Awala on July 23 1942.
5. **Lieutenant Peter Brewer**. To complete a paper titled ‘MY FATHER’S EXPERIENCES DURING WORLD WAR TWO’.
6. **Lieutenant Arthur Autcher Smith** of PIB who was killed [by] the Japanese at Buna in August 1942. To complete a paper titled ‘SMITH’S MESSAGE TO A FRIENDLY OROKAIVAN VILLAGE CONSTABLE’.
7. **Lieutenant Robert Lyle Hewitt and Sergeant John Holyoake** of PIB who were killed by the Japanese at Dobuduru near Popondetta in August 1942.
8. **Captain AB Leutchford** of PIB. To complete a paper on Sergeant Benjamin Moide titled ‘A GREEN SHADOW’.

Would it be possible to locate family members and if possible ask them to provide personal histories and photographs of the abovementioned ANGAU and PIB officers and non-commissioned officers?”

If you have information that would be of assistance please contact Mclaren at the address above or by Phone: (675) 3297627 or fax (675) 3297276

PNGAA membership: Several people have been removed from the circulation list this time as their membership has lapsed for some time. Whilst we extend a period of grace to people in case they have simply overlooked renewing, we wish to remind all members to please ensure you keep subscription current. Please note that membership is due for each **calendar year**.

HELP WANTED

► I am researching the **Papuan volunteers in WWII**, men who joined up in Papua with the **service number starting with P (Militia) or PX (AIF)**. Any information, please, to **Helene Cronin** (nee Foley) – Phone (07) 38560443 or Email: hcronin@bigpond.com

► The **Rabaul Historical Society (RHS)** is **looking for archival photos and historical information on the New Guinea Club** (where the RHS is located). Information and photos were lost in the 1994 Rabaul eruption. The Rabaul Historical Society would like to ascertain when the New Guinea Club was first established. They believe that it moved from an initial site to its present site in 1935-6, was rebuilt in 1938-9 after the 1937 eruptions, rebuilt again in 1946 after being bombed in WWII, and rebuilding is now still in progress from the 1994 eruption. The Club was set up as a museum in 2005 for the Queens Baton Commonwealth Games Relay.

Any assistance regarding photos of the Club or information would be appreciated by: **David Loh**, PO Box 863, Kokopo ENBP PNG *Email:* davidloh@global.net.pg

► **David Keating** (ASOPA 1961/62) is working on a project **to document the impact of ASOPA trained Officers on the development and growth of sport in PNG between 1960 and 1975**. Short stories or anecdotes covering a range of activities including high performance sport, coaching teams, initiating local competitions, teaching rules, training officials and bringing in expertise from Australia and other parts of PNG, this project will greatly assist to build a picture of how former ASOPA cadets contributed to a significant part of the life of PNG. Please contact David Keating at: - PO Box 73, New Farm QLD 4005 or on *Email:* dak99@bigpond.net.au

► **Barbara Short (nee Neasmith)** is interested in the **history of Keravat School**. If you can help in any way please contact her at 27 Chesterfield Road, Epping NSW 2121 or *Email:* cbshort@bigpond.com Phone: 02-98761018

► **In 1974**, the Port Moresby Water Ski Association organised a **water ski marathon on Port Moresby Harbour**. Performing overhead was Bill Flewellyn in a brightly coloured hang glider in the colours of South Pacific Brewery. Bill had been brought to the Territory by SP to perform at the 1974 Goroka Show as a promotional exercise. The previous year, Mount Hagen saw the arrival of Jumbo the elephant, another enterprising promotion from South Pacific. Bruce Hoy is interested to know if anyone has the date in May 1974 when the water ski marathon took place, and what was the outcome of the marathon? And, was the performer's name really **Flewellyn**? Please forward replies to the Editor.

► **John Pasquarelli** asks if anyone knows the whereabouts of **Bill Graham** who was a *didiman* in the East Sepik in the mid 1960s. If you can help in any way, please contact John Pasquarelli at phone number: (03) 54762004.

► In the June 1945 Pacific Islands Monthly there was a letter from Lt. Beenie, 2/2 Aust Inf Bn. AIF. It refers to my father **Lincoln Bell**. It seems **Lt. Beenie, Lt. JL Flucker, c/o NGIB and Lt. A Vines, 6 Div. Sigs.** were with my father on New Britain in 1942, evacuating people after Rabaul. The letter was apparently in response to a query from my mother Joan Bell (long since passed away) asking for any information about my father. The letter states ‘...we kept a diary of all the time we were with Lincoln, so I am sure that if there is anything you want to know we will be able to help you.’ **I wonder if anyone connected with those three officers still happens to have the diary?** **John Bell** PO Box 40 Airlie Beach QLD 4802 Ph: 07-49466558

► **Black & White Magazine The Territory’s Monthly Magazine**

Readers of this erudite journal will appreciate the need to preserve its searching social analyses. Sadly, the collection I am depositing with the Fryer Library lacks Vol.1 nos.1&3. If any *Una Voce* reader can donate these copies – or photocopies of them - future generations of readers will be forever grateful.

Please send them to: **Dr Peter Cahill**, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly. 4068

► Does anyone have any information which could help David Keating to make contact with two members of the 1961-62 Cadet Education Officer course?

Sean Noel D’Arcy – went to the Northern Territory in 1962

Leslie Percival – was in the Gazelle Peninsula around ’63-’65.

Any assistance will be welcome. **David Keating** Phone: 0413 880 188 Email: dak99@bigpond.net.au.

► **Dr Denis Chow** of 17 Kensington Oval, Auburn, NSW 2144, Phone: 02-9645 4101, wishes to contact **Pat Ryder, formerly at Wonga Wonga Plantation**, New Britain. (before Independence).

► Does anyone know the **whereabouts of Brian McBaron?** (*didiman* ex Goroka and elsewhere.) If so please contact **Joe Nitsche** on 02-9451 2475 or 87 Melwood Ave, Killarney Heights NSW 2087. There is a **50th year reunion** for 1956 graduates of **Gatton Agric. College** in QLD on the first weekend in December this year.

GENEALOGICAL INDEX TO AUSTRALIANS AND OTHER EXPATRIATES IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA 1888-1975

Marjorie Head writes that she has found this a wonderful resource in family research and has used it on several occasions to help people research family events that happened in PNG, as well as answering queries that have appeared in *Una Voce*. The fiche includes newspaper reports (which usually cover birth, death and marriages plus others), cemetery records, naturalisation records, government gazettes, lists of German Deportees in WW1, and many others.

This set of fiche is available from the Queensland Family History Society, at PO Box 171, Indooroopilly, Qld 4068 or secretary@qfhs.org.au, price \$49.50, which includes postage within Australia.

It needs a microfiche reader to use it, most libraries have one. Marjorie has kindly offered to check any names for people, within limits, however doesn’t have a reader at home and has to use the one at the Gympie Family History Society, of which she is a member.

HELP WANTED (Cont.)

Robin McKay is able to identify some of the people in this photo but would appreciate if anyone can help him with names of people they know. This AIB termination photo is taken at their debriefing at Tabragalba near Beaudesert in QLD late 1945 - Please contact Robin at: 131 Rous Mill Road, Alstonville, NSW 2480 *Email: robinsmckay@hotmail.com Phone: 02-66295885*



REUNIONS

► The **Cadet Education Officers** from the **ASOPA course of 1961-62** are getting together for the first time since they separated in November 1962.

On August 24, 2007, the Reunion will commence at Cedar Lake (Gold Coast hinterland) – a mere 45 years since they ventured forth from ASOPA.

Enquiries can be forwarded to **David Keating**, PO Box 73, NEW FARM, QLD 4005 or *email: dak99@bigpond.net.au*

► The **‘Ex-Kiap Bung’** (Southern Chapter) 2006 will be held at the Sandown Greyhounds Tabaret on Sunday 5th November, 2006, between 12.00 noon and 4.30pm.

The Function Menu has been ordered tentatively for between 80 and 100 head at \$28.00 per head for a 4 course meal (Multiple choices for each course). Accommodation available in Sandown/Dandenong area. Please email intended attendances/any queries to either: exkiap@aapt.net.au or paulmaroney@optushome.com.au. All Ex-kiaps, former PNG Government Officers and private sector employees welcome. Phone queries to: Peter & Maudeline Edwards Ph: 03 9775 8814

► **Sogeri Reunion - South West Rocks from Friday September 29 to Sunday October 1 2006** - To be held at the Costa Rica Resort Motel, 134 Gregory Street, South West Rocks. Ph: 02 6566 6400. Please make accommodation bookings direct to the hotel and identify yourself as part of the **Sogeri Reunion Group** to secure the discount

rate. When it is booked up the management will refer further bookings to a nearby motel within walking distance.

Please also contact **Marjorie Walker** as early as possible. She has further information - particularly in regards to meal packages which need to be prepaid to her. These start at \$30 for the Saturday dinner only, to \$75 for Friday evening dinner, Saturday evening dinner, Sunday brunch, morning and afternoon tea, supper and use of Conference facilities. (Prices do not include drinks from the bar.) Marjorie will be busy with overseas visitors from mid July until early September so would appreciate a prompt reply for both acceptances and regrets. Please contact Marjorie by June 30 at: 31 Josephine Avenue, Mount Waverley, VIC 3149 Phone: 03-9803 9071.

► **Lae-Markham Pre-Independence Reunion** Brian Zavattaro and Wendy Clarke (nee Phillips) have finalized details. Among surprises planned for the night, Jim Sinclair, author of *Golden Gateway: Lae and the Province of Morobe*, will be a guest speaker.

When: **Saturday 30th September 2006**

Where: Colmslie Hotel Function Room, Junction Road (Cnr Wynnum Road, Morningside, Brisbane, QLD (opposite Morningside Central shopping centre)

Who: Anyone who lived/worked/grew up in Lae/Markham Valley from *taim bipo* to Independence 1975, plus, of course, their significant other.

Time: 7:00pm in the main bar- ground floor, then guests will proceed to the function room upstairs at approx 7:30pm. The nightclub downstairs will be in full swing until 3 a.m. for anyone who wants to party on.

Cost: \$25-00 per person to be paid in advance. This will cover the hire and decoration of the room, audio-visual equipment for the night's entertainment, lots of yummy nibbles, and miscellaneous expenses. Each person will be responsible for the purchase of their own drinks.

Hope to see lots of you there: it's shaping up to be a great night! Anyone who is interested in attending, please contact Wendy at: wendyemc@optusnet.com.au with the heading 'Lae-Markham Reunion' so her spam filter won't gobble your email. Alternatively, you can phone her on 07-3299 1290 or write to: Wendy Clarke 69 Smith Road Woodridge Qld 4114.

► Apparently the Back To Samarai reunion in Cairns at the end of July was a great success. A Friday night 'Meet & Greet' was followed by a buffet dinner on Saturday night for 150 people. Anyone with an interesting or funny story to tell over dinner could do so. There was a lot of laughter. A story by Jim Van der Kamp about the 'Two Way Radio system' in the early days is recounted here....

'When based at Mapamoiwa I had ordered *two Phillips tapes* for a small tape recorder I had bought on Samarai Island at Steamships, and received *two fillet steaks!*'

Next reunion will be at Gladstone in 2008 but will be called 'Milne Bay Reunion. ■

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

Political Parties in the Pacific Islands Edited by **Roland Rich** with **Luke Hambly** and **Michael G Morgan**. ISBN: 1 740761731, 240 pp, soft cover, Published 2006 \$34.95 Available from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. ACT. 0200

This book focuses on the political systems of East Timor, PNG, Solomon Islands, Vanuatu, New Caledonia, Fiji and Samoa. (Cont...)

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

The Air War for Rabaul by Ronnie Day. In **After the Battle** magazine, available from August 2006, pages 2-33, also front and back covers and centre pages. Published by Battle of Britain International Ltd. Available in Australia from Technical Books and Magazine Company, Pty Ltd., 323-331 LaTrobe Street, Melbourne Victoria 3000, info@techbooks.com.au, RRP \$12.95

This cover story article includes more than eighty images of Rabaul as it was before and during the war and how it is now. Like the hard to find 'Into the Dragon's Jaws' (McAulay, 1986) and chapters of 'Hostages to Freedom' (Stone 1994) this article provides a detailed history of the air war for Rabaul from the perspective of all the protagonists. Being a magazine article it is more concise than the first two, but does introduce some new perspectives on the campaign, especially from the Japanese side. 'After the Battle' magazine specialises in comparing images of wartime and bygone military scenes with those of today. Readers of Una Voce who knew Rabaul before September 1994 may be as interested in how Rabaul looks now, twelve years after the eruption. The remaining parts of Rabaul are regaining their bustle and the landscape its beauty, but to some many of the modern views may look more like the wartime scenes than the town that they remember. A collector's item for war buffs and old Rabaul hands alike.

Steve Saunders

In the June issue of Una Voce, page 50, we mentioned that His Excellency His Grand Chief Sir Paulias Matane, GCL, GCMG, Kt St J, Governor General of Papua New Guinea had published 36 books on both his PNG and overseas experiences and that the proceeds from the sale of these books go towards charity. An email contact address for John Waingut has now been advised for those wishing to find out more. John Waingut is Sir Paulias Matane's Private Secretary. His email address is: jwaingut@datec.net.pg

A Potted History of Madang, Traditional Culture and Change on the North Coast of Papua New Guinea by **Mary R Mennis** ISBN: 0-9750346-4-2, 345 pp. Published 2006 by Lalong Enterprises, 11 Jethro St, Aspley, QLD, 4034, Australia. Phone: +61 7 3263 6327; Fax: +61 7 32635121 *Email:* lalong@iinet.net.au, Cost \$75, (Postage AU\$10/within Australia and AU\$20/economy airmail overseas is additional). For multiple copies, please enquire for postage. Purchase of 2 or more copies will attract a discount of 10%. Payment by cheque in Australian Dollars (subject to clearance). Orders may be placed by email, and bank account details for electronic transfer of funds will be provided on request.

This book is the culmination of many years research into the traditions and history particularly of the Bel people of the Madang region of Papua New Guinea. It studies their myths and oral traditions dating back 12 generations to when they were forced to leave their home island which was destroyed by some natural force. Also described are the extensive trading networks, both on land and on sea, the large sea-going canoes used and the earthenware pots which were their main item of trade.

The changes that occurred during the time of German Colony, the Australian Administration, Independence and beyond are also discussed. The effect of World War 2 on both the people and the European population is described from first hand accounts. This book, while it is written in a semi-academic format with copious references, will also appeal to the general reader who is interested in the history of PNG.

Cloudland Memoirs: Stories from Contemporary Papua New Guinea By Laurie Le Fevre ISBN: 1920785868, 180pp, Brolga Publishing 2006, soft cover, includes eight pages of photographs and a contextual map, RRP \$29.95 from bookshops, or mail orders (please incl \$9 postage within Aust) can be sent to me: *Email: ldlefevre@optusnet.com.au*, or Better Bookshop, PO Box 12544, A'Beckett Street, Melbourne, 8006, ([www: betterbookshop@brolgapublishing.com.au](http://www.betterbookshop@brolgapublishing.com.au))

'I wrote this while I was working in Papua New Guinea recently. It is a collection of biographical pieces about Papua New Guineans today – the people who work for Ok Tedi Mining Limited and associated organisations. The stories are loosely connected in a series of themes, and the book is aimed at the Australians who knew Papua New Guinea prior to its independence in 1975;... It concentrates on the achievements of the Papua New Guineans working in one of the largest corporations in PNG, and importantly for our members, clearly recognises the enormous contribution Australians made in the pre-independence days.'

Khaki and Blue: A Soldier's and Police Officer's Life By Angus John MacDonald ISBN: 1844014215, 408 pp, Published 2002 by Athena Press, soft cover, photographs and maps included. Available through the internet only: www.amazon.com or www.athenapress.com. W Watson Beaton aka Angus John MacDonald

This memoir includes Watson's time with the RPNGC from 1967-1982 during which time he 'saw riot control in the islands and clan fighting in the Highlands'.

Angels of Kokoda By David Mulligan with a foreword by the Governor-General, His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Ret'd) ISBN 0 7344 0849 Published by Thomas C. Lothian Pty Ltd 2006, 208 pp, softcover, b & w illus, \$17.95 from your local bookstore.

The intense Kokoda campaign of 1942 is brought alive to the Australian adolescent in this easy to read novel. Through the eyes of two central characters the reader experiences the local Orokaivan culture before WWII and the Japanese attack which throws lives into chaos. There is an unselfconscious harmony between the two boys: Derek, the 12 year old son of an Australian medical missionary who adopts the culture of his Orokaivan 'blood brother', Morso. It is refreshing to have an adventure story set in a realistic historical context. With graphic imagery of the environment and war, the story reveals issues of racism, companionship and loneliness. As the war rages around them, differences are forgotten and a new sense of respect is found. Whilst young teenagers of today are made aware of the happenings on the Kokoda track, the protagonist Derek is used as a vehicle to expose and involve the reader in the deeper elements of the campaign. The harsh reality of responsibility, survival and constantly facing death means Derek and Morso are forced into maturity at an early age. This sense of maturity also isolates them as they later try and fit into a normal life amongst an innocent peer group.

Perhaps there is some 'political correctness' in the focus on the racial tensions in the story, however the caring and helpful attitudes of the 'fuzzy wuzzy' *Angels of Kokoda* to the Australian soldiers accompany tales of heroism and compassion. This excellent book, with a rare foreword by His Excellency Major General Jeffery, Governor-General of Australia, will give our younger generation a greater understanding and respect when they hear the words 'We will remember them'.
Leilani Williams
(*Leilani is Andrea Williams' daughter, currently in her first year of a Communications Degree*)

A FRAMED NAMATJIRA PRINT GOES TO ERAVE

By Chris Warrillow

After the first of my two postings to Tari in the then Southern Highlands District (SHD) I enjoyed my three months leave in Australia. Despite twenty one months 'in the bush' I had failed to save enough for an 'overseas trip'. BP's profits from its Madang store suffered until my return to the SHD in March, 1965!

From Melbourne I hand-carried a framed print, I had purchased, of one of Namatjira's famous paintings. I looked forward to the contrast of a desert scene on my wall against the scene through my windows - be it coral sea; tropical coast; jungle or verdant Highlands' mountains and valleys! It turned out that I was posted to Erave, SHD situated in a lush valley at only 3,500 feet asl.

I did not trust my treasured print to the holds of TAA's or Ansett's Boeing 727s, nor the cargo section at the rear of Patair's Piaggio. Safely in Mendi it was only a matter of one more flight of twenty minutes or so. The scene on the 'strip at Mendi the following morning, outside Government Stores, was the usual chaos with half a dozen or more aircraft, including a TAA Otter, and a selection of Cessna 185s, 206s, a 336 and a 402 belonging to TAL and MAF being either loaded or unloaded. There were pilots and ground staff and labourers pushing and pulling trolleys of cargo everywhere - weaving around aircraft; refueling lines; forty four gallon drums of avgas, diesel and kerosene; bags of cement, rice and flour. Mendi's nine outstations were all supplied by air, there being few roads and many rivers yet to be bridged! Ironically only the small outpost of Erave and the large Sub-District station of Tari had airstrips which could, in those days before DCA restrictions, accommodate DC3 and Bristol Freighter aircraft. However loads to Erave were insufficient to warrant direct charters (from Madang) and Tari airstrip would be closed to all but the lightest of aircraft after only a few 'points' of rain.

To keep my precious Namatjira clear of all this traffic I placed it, out of harm's way, on the tailplane of 'my' Cessna 185 Government Charter. This left me hands' free to assist with the loading of some 1,000 pounds of rice, wheatmeal, and building materials etc. In particular I wanted to ensure that my cargo was not off-loaded in favour of a crate of nails or bag of cement that might have been on the original manifest drawn up prior to my turning up with a couple of hundred pounds of suitcase, freezer and groceries. Also I wanted all the latter, and my picture, on top of the other cargo, not placed underneath by a well meaning *kagoboi* ensuring that the *kiap's* cargo was given priority and loaded first - only to be subsequently crushed!

I was distracted as Mal Burroughs, the Gov. Stores boss, authorised the amended manifest with the pilot. I was given the all clear to hop into the front right hand seat, next to the pilot. This I hastily did, relieved that I was not to be off-loaded and spend a second night in Mendi. I saw the ground staff signal the all clear and watched as the pilot turned the ignition key and pushed forward the throttle. Through my still open window I noticed gesticulating labourers. The pilot released the brakes and swung into a taxiing position.

My attention was attracted by wildly waving hands to an object flying a couple of feet above the apron towards a deep drain. I frantically yelled at the pilot to cut the engine. He reduced to idle and I opened my door as a labourer approached from the rear of the aircraft and handed me my precious picture -glass still in one piece and only the bottom of the frame slightly out of alignment with one of the vertical sections. That was soon straightened out after settling into my house at Erave.

That Namatjira was taken off a wall in Port Moresby, where it had hung for twenty seven years when, in July, 2005 I packed to finally 'go pinis'. It had also graced walls of houses in Kieta, Hagen, Tari, Kagua and Kerema since that near fateful day forty years earlier! ■

POKER NIGHT By Ralph Sawyer

'Old prospectors never die, they just turn up somewhere else.'

That's what Jack Hides found at Twisty Creek, high up on the Lakekamu River in 1930. There was Albert Bethume with a few labourers right in the middle of Kukukuku country. Thirty years later a young patrol officer from Kukipi was trail blazing in the same area when he stumbled across Baden Wales, on his own (still tricky territory) still looking for that mother lode.

Several years later Ralph Sawyer, the author of this contribution met Baden Wales in Auma Village on the mouth of the Vailala. Baden was a temporary worker for Frank Ryan and had been sent over from Kerema to show the local Cooperative how to build and operate a copra smoke house. Baden still hadn't given up the dream but his health never allowed him to strike out on his own again. The author was able to talk with Baden about the old days with his brother Hector. Baden's favourite story was how Hector crashed their new Ford tourer into a tram in Queen Street, Brisbane. Hector was a bit rusty on the driving bit (and didn't have a licence). Anyway, a crowd started to gather, as they always do, so the brothers left them to it and went back to Leichardt Street and brought another Ford. Easy come, easy go.

Baden Wales' story ended up in 'Speaking of History' 1983, published by Thomas Nelson. But that was not the end of Baden Wales. He turned up again in the story of George Walker below.

Author's Question

The post war 'Cosmopolitan' was a single storey building. The pre war Cosmopolitan survived the 1937 volcano but was destroyed during the Japanese occupation. Can anyone confirm that the old Cosmopolitan had two floors as related in this story?

POKER NIGHT

The Cosmopolitan was certainly a step up from the last twelve months on the upper Watut. Linen sheets were a novelty and a decided improvement on a kangaroo skin rug. Waiters, table cloths, silver service, cold beer and hot pudding – a man could get used to this kind of living. George wandered into the foyer and made his way through the potted palms to the front office. He clanged the bell on the counter and waited. Mrs Millar popped up from behind some shelves. After a week of high living at the hotel, George knew her fairly well but not well enough to call her by her territory name, 'Tiger Lil'.

'Mrs Millar, what is there to do in Rabaul on a Saturday night for a young single bloke like me?'

For a disconcerting moment, Tiger paused then smiled at George in that engaging way of hers.

'Well, not much...but if you're interested, there's always a card game in the reading room on Saturday nights.'

'Sounds all right. How rich is the game?'

'Nothing you blokes can't handle. Come upstairs and I'll show you the room.'

The reading room was down the end of the hall on George's floor. Originally, the three of them had been placed in the annex when they had blown in from Lae but once they had scrubbed up to a civilized state, they were promoted to the hotel proper. The reading room had cane chairs and plate glass tables. Book cases were stocked with novels and travel books. There was a 'Walter Lindrum' billiard table and some British Isles angling prints that you might see in a Blue Mountains guest house on a rainy Sunday afternoon. The only concession to the tropics were two screen doors opening onto a balcony verandah and a multiple punkha fan with a plaited cord that disappeared down through the floorboards. No doubt there would be a native operator on the establishment somewhere.

'Come to the front office around nine thirty and I'll bring you up to introduce you.'

Some time after nine George dragged Baden down to the front office. Mrs Millar was in the dining room supervising the Sunday morning settings. Hector had bowed out of the invitation. After striking it on the Edie Creek, playing for coins with cards was too tame for him. He was happy to take advantage of the electric light and had retired with a bottle and a book.

'Where's your mate?' asked Tiger.

'He's no card player,' replied Baden. 'Neither am I but I prefer playing cards to listening to Hector snoring.'

Tiger collected a tray of glasses and took the two young men upstairs.

'They're a mixed bunch, mostly young single blokes like you.'

She was right. There were about eight young men, mostly Admin. Officers with a few from Burns Philp Trading Co. They probably didn't make this side of their lives common knowledge to their staid Scottish employers. There was a senior officer there from District Services. He seemed to be a ring-in too, and didn't quite fit into the set of younger regulars. They soon settled into the routine. Six played cards while the spares played billiards. For George, it was slightly disconcerting to have people bowing out and coming back into the game with that constant click of billiard balls going on behind you. Tiger Lil was the drink waiter for the night. Perhaps it was important not to betray the more nefarious side of European activities to their inferiors. The drinks kept coming up the stairs and the billiard balls kept clicking.

They started with Australian poker with two bob to play and two bob to buy cards. Although it was usually four bob to play, the stakes could go high in a short space of time. In one round of the table, the bet might reach two quid. Now two quid was almost the basic wage in 1934 so you had to watch your step. George had been taught to always buy cards, even with a poor hand. To do otherwise would clearly signal when you had a good hand and when you didn't. As the night wore on, the revolving chairs slowed down and the billiard balls stopped clicking. One heavy drinker and two frugal players retired to the cane chairs and the Geographic magazines. Things started to get serious.

George was dealt three tens, ('thirty days' in the local parlance). He bought one card; to buy two would have been a dead giveaway that he had three of a kind. George noted that all five players bought cards and were playing so it was going to be an interesting hand. The buying suggested that two players already had three of a kind and another was trying to add to a single pair. The senior officer and Fred the postal clerk bought one card so they were obviously aiming for something big. They all stayed in so

someone was sitting pretty. George looked at the card he had bought and his three tens which may not be so rich with all those cards out against him. He tried to bluff them out of it.

‘Two quid!’ he boldly stated. Baden looked at his lonely pair of jacks and folded. Fred the postal clerk licked his lips and raised it to four pounds. The next player picked up his cards three times but couldn’t get his three fours to say any more.

‘I’ll look for four quid’ he forlornly hoped.

The senior officer had been acting like a senior officer all night and now was the time to confirm that. He didn’t even look at his cards.

‘Eight pounds’ he barked.

The next player never got a chance to try out his three kings. He meekly surrendered.

George knew how strong he was but wasn’t sure enough to bump any further.

‘I’ll look at you for eight quid,’ and he confidently said it as though that was the end of the matter.

Fred the postal clerk never hesitated. ‘Sixteen quid’.

That melted the poor bloke with three fours in his hand and four pounds on the table.

George quaked and even the senior officer looked at his cards again. The senior officer would have loved to have made it thirty two pounds but he didn’t have the cards or the money.

‘I’ll look,’ he said quietly and put out his sixteen pounds.

It was up to George. A thirty two pounds bet would probably have sunk the senior officer but young Fred might be sitting on a hot one. And there was the thirty two pounds to consider. George had it, but it meant some hard earned yakka and up to ten weeks behind a counter down south.

‘I’ll look for sixteen.’

Young Fred tried to kill them slowly by laying the cards down one by one. A flush of clubs.

The senior officer looked very relieved.

‘Full house!’ and down went two aces and three queens.

George didn’t try any dramatics. ‘Four tens’ and pulled in over forty pounds in bets. For the rest of the night the big losers targeted him but George was experienced enough to keep a low profile and lose respectable amounts. He quietly slipped two tenners from the table so as not to be too provocative.

At 11pm the power went off so they lit the two ceiling Aladdin lamps with their chain pulleys. At 1am the drinks stopped so everyone bought a bottle of their poison to last the night. This signalled a change to ‘slippery sam’. This was a diabolical game where the general aim was to go below the dealer to win the hand. The banker-dealer had to deal through two packs of cards before the bank rotated to the next player. The bank consisted of a mounting pile of money in the middle. Losses were added to the pile and wins taken out. At the end of the dealer’s reign, he took the ‘kitty’ or ‘guts’. However the trick was for the dealer to survive two packs. In any one hand, a player could challenge the dealer by betting the whole ‘kitty’ and skinning the dealer. (Cont. over)

The senior officer had gone very quiet since his sixteen pound loss. He was still trying desperately but that's when you don't win. The quiet haemorrhaging continued. At 2am the senior officer hit gold. He was dealt an ace, a two and a four; all of three different suits. To beat that, a dealer would have to go lower in one of those three suits or off suit the three cards and he is allowed only one card to do it. In a tight suppressed voice the senior officer asked 'How much is in the kitty?'

There was a slight pause while Fred the dealer made a rough count.

'About ten quid.'

This was his chance. 'I'll go the guts.'

Fred obliged the senior officer by duly off suiting him. Two hands later Fred handed over the bank to the next player and raked in over forty pounds from kitty.

And who was the lucky new dealer? Unfortunately the senior officer could only afford one pound to start his bank. This made him very vulnerable and two hands later someone 'went the guts' and took the bank from him.

The game ended at 4am sharp. They extinguished the lamps, collected their dead marines and waddled off to their quarters.

A week later, George and the Wales brothers were cooling their heels in the front bar waiting with their ports packed and strapped. The *Montoro* was due in before dark and the three of them were on their way back to Salamaua. Rabaul had been a pleasant stay but there was no work for them. In the fluid ways of the territory they were on their separate ways for the time being. Hector was booked for the round trip to Brisbane. He was interested in buying a kit of high pressure pumps to use in hydraulic mining. Baden was to off load at Salamaua. He was interested in a road master's job on a new road up into the Markham Valley. George had spied a job advertisement in the 'Papuan Courier' for assistant plantation managers for Steamships Trading Co. He was booked for Moresby with the confidence that he could land a job on the strength of his experience with native labour.

Fred the postal clerk was on his usual stool, reading out choice snippets from the 'Rabaul Times'.

'Here's an interesting bit.'

'It has been reported that there has (sic) been several regular card nights occurring at several Rabaul establishments. The acting district officer wishes to point out that even friendly card games are illegal if gambling is involved. Mr (YOU KNOW WHO) advises that such card games often lead to ill feeling and bad spirits between government officers. Accordingly, residents are informed that such games are inappropriate in small communities such as Rabaul where good relations are always paramount to the smooth running of government and business.'

'I couldn't agree more,' commented Fred the postal clerk. ■

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INCIDENT AT DARU – 1966 By Tony Baker

In January 1966 we flew to Daru where I was to take over as Headmaster of the Co-educational Boarding High School which had begun two years earlier. At that time Com Works had a large team on the island extending and sealing the airstrip. As those who have been there know there is not a lot of room for expansion on Daru so all our boys and girls dormitories were built next door to each other between the classrooms and the local cemetery while the teachers residences were sited across the road. A recipe for disaster did you think? Well strangely we had no problems within our school community as it seemed all the students kept their eyes on each other.

The biggest problem arose because the Com Works camp was established on the other side of the cemetery nearer the airstrip. We began to have occasional ‘visitors’ knocking on the doors of the girls’ dormitories, which did not go down well with the students or our staff. We had a meeting of our Student Council to try to solve this problem, after approaches to the workers did not seem to work. I suggested to the older students that “they try to hold on to the next trouble maker and to sit on him, if they had to, while someone got the police from their barracks (next door to the school) and to also send for me”. Some of our students were fairly mature *Kiwai* fellows big enough to do this - so I thought.

Several weeks later Beth and I were having a social evening at our place with Ian (acting DC) and Elma Holmes and Des (District Superintendent Education) and Pat Peisker when there were great shouts around the dormitories and a student ran up the stairs to knock on our front door.

By the time we got to the dormitories several police were arriving and we found one of our largest school leaders sitting on one of the Com Works fellows, who was then led away by the police so that we could quieten things down in the crowd of very vocal and excited students.

When asked what had happened the leaders explained that the fellow had tried to run away so our School Captain ‘had to throw my hand at him and then I had to throw my hand again and then I sat on him as you told me to’.

The Com Works chap had a quick trip out of Daru.

It was fortunate that I had some good witnesses to the incident when we received a ‘please explain’ from Canberra days later - and I can report there were no more problems with unwanted visitors from that area again. ■

FRED ARCHER – Man of the Islands by Mary Archer Roberts

Fred Archer spent his younger days in the west of Queensland among horses, cattle and sheep – a meticulous, energetic horseman and employee. On his return from World War 1 he was offered a government appointment to manage coconut plantations in New Guinea. Quite green, but willing to try anything, he accepted the job and went to New Guinea in 1922. Then began the ‘letters home’, stored away in an old tin trunk for 30 years. Forming a social and anthropological history of PNG, these letters inspired my [as yet unpublished] book about Fred. The first part of the book is a word for word account of his experiences in getting to know the administration and the native New Guineans. Amusing and fascinating accounts, told in his own inimitable, urbane style, hold the reader’s interest.

Before Fred’s first appointment he was allotted a personal servant, and so Sairua came into Fred’s life. Sairua was 17, a fine young Bougainvillean youth, with coal black skin, a good physique, intelligent and possessed of a good sense of humour. The two of them appealed to each other immediately and so began a life-long association.

One of Fred’s early appointments was to the management of Pelleluhn Plantation in the Maron Group. This description of his life in the island is interesting:

‘Today, as Sairua brought breakfast, poached eggs on toast, to the table on the verandah, he referred to the bright and sunny morning, saying: *‘Good fella time, Mastah!’* I noticed as he turned his back to the sun, that its rays sought and sparkled on the drops of water that still showed in the kinky, upstanding mop. He had been out in a shower and it reminded me of a canoe trip that I took one morning from N’Drova. We crossed over the five miles from the island to the mainland of Manus in the early morning, and just as the sun rose we skirted the south coast. We were inside the reef and the boys had furled and laid away the sail and the four of them were standing up, a leg on either gunwale, and were poling the canoe along in shallow water. Their poles dipped as one; first on one side, and then, lifting them in a quick, unhurried way, they put them into the sand on the other side and bent to the slow, powerful push that sent the light canoe along at a good rate.’

‘It was a lovely morn, and we had just had a light shower of rain, and as I sat on a salmon box placed on the platform, built between the outrigger and the canoe proper, I enjoyed watching the white shore slip past. The green coconut palms leant over the water, and under them the small waves broke and went up the beach with a slight hiss, and having reached almost to the bole of the palms, receded. There was a small rainbow, beautifully coloured and complete, that seemed almost within our reach. The boys, as they bent to their work, broke into a chant and the raindrops still glistened in their hair in the sun’s rays. Just as the shower had ceased and the sun broke through, each had given his head a sort of twisting and rotary movement that had sent a shower of drops, and for a fraction of a second each one was adorned with a halo of roseate hues.’

On 27th April 1926 Fred learned that he was to be appointed manager of Agita Plantation on Wuvulu or Maty Island. It was a small island, 90 miles north of Aitape on the coast of New Guinea, and one and a half degrees south of the equator. It was a big plantation and well developed with good outbuildings and an efficient staff. The natives were different, with a Malay look about them, easy to control and worked well. Sairua married one of the village girls, Giwa, aged 15, and she and her little brother Ugi

Chewa (Ugi) aged 12 came to live in Fred's house. Giwa became Fred's housekeeper and held that position for the next 50 years, and Ugi became the 'second in command' to Sairua. It was the nucleus of a very loyal and efficient staff.

In 1927 Fred tendered for and won 'An Isle of his Own', Jame (pronounced Yammie) just 3 miles off the west coast of Buka Island. It was a small but promising property and Fred, Sairua, Giwa and Ugi began building up their new acquisition. It became a 'show place of the Pacific' according to James Michener, who wove many of Fred's stories into his writing.

Then, in 1942 the Japanese invasion overtook Jame and Fred, Sairua and Giwa made their dramatic escape to Bougainville Island where they became Coast Watchers. Many tales of bravery, courage, pluck and guts were told of their experiences.

'By this time Fred and his party had retired to the great hills of Bougainville, 8000 feet up, amid the clouds and mists. They sheltered as best they could under dripping banana leaves, pestered by leeches, struggling along steep paths of slushy mud and fast running streams. They had many narrow escapes, only made possible by quick thinking, loyal natives. They were short of food and relied on getting some from deserted native gardens in the mountains ...'

After many narrow escapes and owing their lives to a few loyal natives, they were evacuated from Bougainville. It was 4 am, and they "just missed the Japanese Patrol by an hour" came the message to the rescued few.

Then Fred's story goes on to tell how he fought back and eventually returned to his beloved Jame. He gathered his staff, and together they agreed to return to their razed island home to rebuild it. This they did and it once again became a "show place of the Pacific".

Romance? Oh yes, there was romance too, adorned by roses and lit by moonlight, truly tropical! But one will need to read the book to find out about that!

Editor's note: Fred Archer lived in PNG from 1922 until 1978; he was a true PNG identity. ■

Joe O'Regan kindly sent in this photo:



SHIPPING A DODGE AUTOMOBILE IN JUNKER PLANE (LAE TO BULOLO, NEW GUINEA)

The first Junker W/34 went to New Guinea in April 1928. The larger Junker G/31, which arrived in PNG in March 1931, had a specially designed loading hatch cut in the roof to help transport large items and dredge parts to the goldfields of Wau and Bulolo.

New Guinea National Football League – Hugh Maher

Two photos of the Aussie Rules teams put together in Lae in the early 60s. There was no actual competition in Lae, but we used to rake up enough players in Lae and from the surrounding towns to challenge Port Moresby, where there was a regular competition. Those from Madang and Goroka were flown in courtesy of Reg Ansett and we also had one or two who came in from outstations. I seem to recall we had one game each year, one in Lae and the next year in Port Moresby. Purists will note that there are only 16 team members in the side that played in Port Moresby; wingmen were dispensed with because of the lack of space playing on a rugby league field.

Note: These photos and further information about the players are on our website: www.pngaa.net



New Guinea National Football League 1960

Back row: Harry Bellette, Gordon Farrelly, Peter Broadhurst, Arvi Pitkanen, Noel Blair, Tom Collins, R Stevenson, Emil Endor, Will Muskens, Fred Hill (Trainer).

Second Row: T Paton, Hugh Maher, Greg Goudie (President), Alan (Ginty) Stevens, Horrie Niall (District Commissioner), Marnie Rennie, E Stene

Front Row: Bob Jones, Bob Christiansen, Bill Hannam, B Hill, Tom Duncan, Sam Leigh

Scores: New Guinea – 14 goals, 22 behinds, 106 points / Papua 10 goals, 7 behinds, 67 points
Played at Niall Reserve, Lae, 02 July 1960.



New Guinea National Football League 1961

Back Row: John Robson, Dave Tarrant, John Bellinger, Tom Collins (Vice), Ian Brazenor, M. Hodgins

Second Row: Denis Molan, John Magee, Bob Christiansen, Gordon Farrelly, Hugh Maher, Bill Hannam

Front Row: Bob Jones (Captain), G Fox, John Kemposter, M McInnes
Scores: New Guinea 10 goals 14 behinds, 74 points / Papua 2 goals 7 behinds, 19 points
Played at Boroko Rugby League Oval, Port Moresby, 24 September, 1961

NEVER A COLONY By Ken Humphreys

Over the years many writers have accepted that British New Guinea (BNG) was a British Crown Colony. This article draws a line in the Koki Mud stating that BNG was never a Colony.

The latest publication that accepts the concept of a Colony is The Kokoda Trail by S. Hawthorne published by Central Queensland University Press (CQUP) in 2003. I was disappointed in the work as some historical errors were evident. For instance, Hawthorne has Queensland Government Agent WB Ingham's murder on the wrong island (it was on Brooker in the Calvados Chain). Then resident Magistrate Monckton's WW1 service is misplaced (Monckton first enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters and served in India, not Europe: awarded the DSO). Hawthorne nurtures the idea that the Overland Mail was opened to link Port Moresby with Buna whereas the truth is that it was to link Port Moresby with Kokoda. The Kokoda Station and Post Office opened in July 1904. At that time Buna No.1 was only a galvanised iron storage shed. Buna Bay Government Station did not exist.

The writer then has the rendezvous of Barton and Griffin at the Gap as occurring on 22.12.04 'three days earlier than planned'. The historic meeting that initiated the Overland Mail came around 10am on Xmas Eve. And why is Papangi (Papaki) Government Station sited on the Opi and not the Kumusi (pxiii)? One final complaint concerns the Lawes family (p48n). Doctor and Fanny Lawes arrived at Hanuabada in 1874 accompanied by 12 year old Frank Ernest (not 6 years). Frank went on to be Postmaster and died on 12.8.1894 as shown by his Old European Cemetery headstone (not 1895). Baby Percy was interred on the LMS selection when he died at 18 months in 1876. Percy was not an only son as stated by P Maiden in Missionaries, Headhunters & Colonial Officers also published by CQUP in 2003.

We pass on to the subject of a BNG Colony. I have attempted to define Annexation, Possession and Colony.

ANNEXATION

The first step in 'Colonisation'. Annexation is an act whereby a state takes possession of a territory belonging to no other state. It is a unilateral action mostly without the consent of the inhabitants who most probably would not comprehend what was happening. Once annexed, it is usual for the ruling authority to decide how to classify the territory – Protectorate, Possession or Colony. An example of consent annexation was Pitcairn Island where annexation was welcomed in 1838. Recent court decisions have classified Pitcairn as a British Possession when previously general opinion considered it a Colony.

PROTECTORATE

An area the soil of which does not belong to the ruling authority, though that is not universal. However the foreign relations of the area are subject to the control of the ruling authority based on an association or agreement with the indigenous population by treaty, request, grant, capitulation or occupation. Internal administration is not ceded to the local population but is the task of the protective ruling authority.

BNG was officially declared a Protectorate in 1884 – 'Whereas it has become essential, for the protection of the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea...' and to give protection against 'persons (who) might endanger the liberties and possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants...'

German New Guinea also became a Protectorate in 1884. It was administered by the Neu Guinea Compagnie until 1899 when the Reich assumed control under a 'Governor' appointed by the Emperor.

The Solomon Islands was a British Protectorate until self-government in 1976. Prior to 1953 the Protectorate was administered by a Resident Commissioner. In that year the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific moved from Suva to Honiara and then the four Protectorate Districts were administered by District Commissioners responsible to the High Commissioner.

POSSESSION

A title describing an annexation more secure than that of a Protectorate, but short of being a total and complete Colony where a Governor is usually appointed. The ruling authority is totally responsible for the area as it now owns the soil but can accept advice, assistance and finance from interested parties.

COLONY

An area of land which, with its inhabitants, is entirely subject to the rule of an independent state, of which it does not form an integral part. The grant of a degree of self-government and of a representative legislature does not prevent the ruling state from disallowing legislation of which it may disapprove. In British Colonies the sovereign is represented by a Governor or an administrator bearing a title of suitable importance. Whatever the degree of self-government the Colony is still subject to Acts passed by the British Parliament.

WAS BNG A COLONY?

BNG was proclaimed a Protectorate in 1884 and a Possession in 1888. Sir William MacGregor reported to the Queensland Governor '...I read a Proclamation declaring the Protected Territory to be from 4.9.88 a British Possession'.

In 1895 MacGregor explained that the reason the BNG Possession fell short of being a Colony was that Queensland, NSW and Victoria contributed funds to meet the cost of administration. They were thus allowed to control to a high degree the affairs of the Possession. Queensland acted for NSW and Victoria so the Queensland Governor became the intermediary to the British Secretary of State for the Colonies. The non-Colony status is seen in MacGregor's titles, firstly the Administrator, then Lt Governor, never a full Governor. MacGregor was never one to hide his ambitions under a bushel. Thus, if there was ever a hint of BNG being a full Colony with himself as Governor, it would have been vigorously pursued to success!

Moving on to 16.9.1905 when the Papua Act was passed: proclaimed in Port Moresby on 1.9.06 – 'The Possession of BNG is hereby declared to be accepted by the Commonwealth as a Territory under the authority of the Commonwealth...' No mention of BNG having been a Colony. The only reference of worth I can find that asserts BNG's Colony status is Joyce's biography of MacGregor '...other significant arrangements followed decisions made at the 1887 Colonial Conference. BNG formally became a Crown Colony, with an uncertain and anomalous power of supervision given to Queensland'. Obviously no one told MacGregor!

It therefore seems obvious that BNG was never a Colony.

Note: Ken Humphreys also included an extensive bibliography. ■

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANGAU By Tom Grahamslaw

The 2nd, edited, instalment of the personal account of the wartime experiences of a former PNG Chief Collector of Customs in the newly-formed ANGAU.

1942: JAPS LAND IN PAPUA, GONA MISSIONARIES KILLED, SUPPLY LINES FOR THE KOKODA TRAIL

Pre-war Samarai was a well kept, beautiful place, its houses surrounded by flowering shrubs of every conceivable hue, all its thoroughfares lined with crotons, hibiscus and other colourful shrubs. The Samarai I knew had two excellent hotels, its cricket ground with a surface like a billiard table, the adjoining tennis courts, and the swimming baths with water always clear and fresh because of the currents sweeping through the China Strait. It was known as the 'Paradise of the Pacific', and I always looked forward to my tours of duty there.

I had now counted on Samarai as being a place where deficiencies in our equipment could be made good, only to find that most of the town had been destroyed by the Army in its scorched earth policy. The few remaining houses on the hill at the back of the town were empty. Charred timbers from the wharf tumbled into the sea. A tangle of twisted iron and crumbled concrete, with burnt galvanised roofing, were the sole remains of the business section. The sight of its ruins and desolation filled me with a great loneliness. Samarai never recovered its pre-war beauty or gaiety.

In the *Elevala* we continued on to Milne Bay, where Lieut Alan Timperley was in charge of ANGAU activities. Timperley, a man of quiet courage, carried out a number of difficult and dangerous tasks during the next few months. One was to proceed to New Britain in a small 4 knot launch, to assist in assembling European evacuees at a pre-determined embarkation point for Ivan Champion in *Laurabada* to rescue. His task completed, Timperley returned to Milne Bay in the same launch after braving the elements and the enemy aircraft that dominated the skies at that time. Before carrying out Army orders to destroy the buildings, Timperley had had the foresight to transfer substantial stocks of stores to Milne Bay from the Burns Philp, Steamships and Bunting stores on Samarai. We unloaded *Elevala* at Gili Gili wharf, then set to the task of making a balanced supply of three months' stores for each spotting unit. We took similar action with the Government stations at Tufi, Buna, Kokoda and Ioma.

While at Milne Bay we heard over the air that Salamaua had been occupied by the Japanese. This gave us the uneasy feeling that if we didn't shake it up the Japs might reach Buna before us. So we worked all that night reloading the *Elevala*, and dawn found us heading to East Cape. Ours was the first ship to travel up the North-east Coast after suspension of Civil Administration. We received a warm welcome from the missionaries and officials who had stayed put. The mail was the first they had received for almost three months.

While at Tufi, the Anglican Mission vessel, *McLaren King* arrived from Buna with the Bishop of New Guinea (Philip Strong). The Bishop told us the vessel had been shot up by a Japanese float plane while lying at anchor at Buna the previous afternoon. He was in the cabin when it was penetrated by a number of bullets, one of which pierced the prayer book near his hand. The ADO, Alan Champion, had an equally narrow shave. When the plane was shooting up the *McLaren King* he endeavoured to call Port Moresby on his radio, but bullets whistling through the roof and past his ears made him postpone transmission.

The Bishop's news caused me to decide to travel at night. As I was uncertain of the situation at Buna, I decided to leave the *Elevala* at anchor at Oro Bay while I pushed on to Buna by canoe with Brewer. At Buna we were greeted by Champion and Lieut Jesser, who was in charge of a PIB detachment at Buna. A signal was sent to *Elevala* to proceed to Buna forthwith, and she became the mainstay of the Northern District, bringing stores and mail until the Japanese landing at Buna on 21 July. She was sunk by the enemy at Milne Bay during August.

Shortly after my arrival at Buna, Lieut Clen Searle reported for duty after walking overland from Port Moresby. Searle was a rubber planter whose plantation was at Awala, about half way between Buna and Kokoda. Elliott-Smith's instructions to me were to set up my district headquarters from where I could maintain close contact with the other sub-stations of Kokoda and Ioma, as well as Buna. Searle suggested that I base at Awala, which had accommodation, so one of my first tasks was to make Awala headquarters of the nine district spotting stations.

Warrant Officer Jack Mason, who had been a planter before he joined up, was placed in charge of communications. An enthusiastic radio ham, it was astonishing what Jack could do with pliers and a screwdriver. In addition to keeping the station set in tip-top condition, Jack always had a spare in working order for despatch to any of the spotting stations, using relays of carriers to ensure that it arrived quickly. The defective set would be brought back for repair.

My first important court case at Buna was the trial of a village constable named Kenneth, from the Sangara area. Shortly after the fall of Rabaul a party of European men and women led by the New Guinea Director of District Services, R. M. Melrose, proceeded by small boat from Salamaua to Buna. The Resident Magistrate at Buna, O. J. Atkinson, assigned Kenneth to accompany Melrose's party on the walk to Kokoda where the nearest airstrip was. Kenneth took good care of the party, and at Kokoda one of its members presented him with a ring as a token of appreciation.

Listening to the conversation of members of Melrose's party, coupled with the obvious fact that they were fleeing from the Territory, must have convinced Kenneth that the Japanese would soon be taking over, and when he returned to his village he announced that the King of Japan had appointed him as King of the Sangara region. As evidence of his appointment he displayed the ring, which he said had been sent to him by the King of Japan. He called a meeting of his people and informed them that when the Japanese came they would require an aerodrome for their planes, and barracks for their soldiers. He appointed a number of men as "Captains" in charge of villagers, who began to build barracks and clear land for an airstrip.

When this news reached Alan Champion at Buna he arrested Kenneth. The charge was sedition. Kenneth was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and as I felt he would be dangerous to have about the place in the event of an enemy landing, I sent him to Port Moresby to serve his sentence. I mention this case to illustrate the thinking of some of the Orokaiva people in those days. The people from Kenneth's village and adjacent areas subsequently assisted the Japanese in many ways and were responsible for the betrayal of missionaries and other Europeans to the Japanese.



Major (later Lt Col) Tom Grahamslaw and W/O Jack Wilkinson (with glasses) on patrol behind Japanese lines in the Buna district of Papua circa Oct/Nov 1942. The purpose of the patrol was to investigate Japanese dispositions. The carriers appear to be Orakaivas (from their hair styles) – the rifles .303 Lee Enfield's. *Photo courtesy Derek Baldwin*

From the middle of March 1942 until the Japanese landing at Buna on 21 July, I was almost constantly on patrol visiting the various posts, including all spotting posts each manned by a corporal and a private, all about 20 years of age. Theirs was a lonely and largely monotonous job keeping 24-hour watch for enemy aircraft and shipping, and I found that regular visits by ANGAU patrols did much for their morale.

On my first patrol to Kokoda I was within an hour's walk of the station when I witnessed the shooting down of a Japanese bomber by two Australian Kittyhawks. The

bomber was one of a number returning to New Britain from a raid on Port Moresby and flying in formation with a Zero cover. The Kittyhawks dived out of the clouds, attacked the leading bomber and darted back into the clouds with the Zeros in pursuit. I watched the bomber crash into a mountain behind Kokoda station.

On arrival at the station I found Brewer was about to depart with a party of police in search of the bomber, so I joined him. At nightfall we pitched camp at 6000 ft, without having seen any trace of the crashed bomber. The following morning we met a village constable on his way to Kokoda to report that he had seen where the bomber crashed. With him as guide we climbed another mountain (Mt Bellamy) to the remains of the bomber and crew at 7000 ft. We found a code book with English numerals and an excellent map of the Territory and of Northern Queensland. Queensland had several ringed markings on it, which we thought had some special significance to the enemy. Another interesting find was a machine gun that appeared to be an exact replica of the Lewis gun at Kokoda station (we subsequently found that their parts were interchangeable). From Kokoda we despatched two police runners overland to Port Moresby with code book and map.

In those days most of us had the feeling that it was only a matter of time before the enemy landed. It was deemed advisable to prepare the native population for this. The gist of our message was that the Japanese were a land-hungry people who wanted to settle in New Guinea, and that in addition to taking the natives' land they would kill the menfolk and take the women as wives. We stressed that if the Japanese did come, we, the ANGAU officials, would go to Port Moresby and lead back large numbers of soldiers to drive the enemy away. One problem was how to give a description of Japanese to people who had never seen non-natives other than Europeans. (Cont...)

The problem was simplified when we acquired our first Japanese prisoner in April. He was captured by Lieut Eric Turner (who subsequently became manager of Burns Philp, Samarai), while patrolling in the Small Goilala country. Turner was about a week's walk in from Ioma when some natives ran up and said a white man was coming. Turner was wondering who else could possibly be in such a remote place, when they met face to face. Turner aimed his rifle as the Jap tugged at his revolver. But if Turner fired there would be other casualties, as the Jap was in front of a line of natives. Fortunately, a village constable accompanying the Jap sized up the situation in a flash and seized the Jap's arm. Turner brought the prisoner to me at Awala, where I kept him for several days so the natives could come from far and near to inspect him.

The Jap was pilot of a Zero and had made a forced landing at Woitape after his plane had been damaged by our aircraft near Port Moresby. When the natives offered to escort him to the nearest Mission station of Fane he refused and indicated the direction of Salamaua. With the natives' assistance – they believed he was another kind of European – he was making good progress when Turner captured him. Lieut Brown was entrusted with the task of escorting the Jap overland to Port Moresby, and thus he was the only member of his race to completely traverse the wartime Kokoda Trail. This Japanese also had a map in his possession with markings on it similar to the one found in the crashed bomber.

Early in May I was returning to Buna from Ambasi in a powered skiff when Constable Christian Arek drew my attention to two large vessels, perhaps transports, which appeared to be steaming in the direction of Buna. My first thoughts were that they were part of the expected invasion force, with Buna as their target. To my relief, they changed course in the direction of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. I cancelled my plan to stay the night at the Gona Mission, and proceeded to Buna to report the sightings to Port Moresby. I particularly requested Moresby transmit the message to Commander Hunt with the advice that the ships had been seen by me personally.

(A year later I ran into Commander Hunt while on leave in Sydney and asked him if he had ever received the message. "Christ, yes!" he replied. And reconnaissance aircraft had been sent out and sighted a number of enemy ships the following morning. Thus, it seems Christian Arek was one of the first to discover the approach of enemy ships in the Coral Sea Battle.)

Meanwhile, back at Buna after Arek's sighting I received a coded message to search for enemy survivors from that battle and we scoured the coastline to the mouth of the Waria River without incident. It was during the course of this patrol that I formed a high opinion of the qualities of Sergeant Katui, a Goaribari man who served in the Royal Papuan Constabulary before enlisting in the PIB. At Gona I resumed my previous endeavours to persuade the Rev James Benson to send the two Mission sisters back to Australia. The most telling point I made was that if the enemy landed, ANGAU personnel could be endangered while endeavouring to rescue the women. Benson said he had already taken the matter up with Dogura and been told the women could go if they wished, but that the Bishop considered it was their duty to remain. Miss Hayman and Miss Parkinson, being dedicated women, elected to remain. This, as it turned out, was a tragic decision.

Shortly after I assumed control of Northern District, I received instructions from Port Moresby to recruit 500 native labourers and send them overland. The instruction said

their rate of pay would be six shillings a month. The minimum rate in Papua had always been 10 shillings, compared with six in the adjoining Mandated Territory. Exaggerated stories were rife amongst the native people of the effects of enemy bombing of Port Moresby, which made it difficult to obtain recruits for service there, and to expect them to engage for a reduced wage would have made recruitment impossible. When I queried the wage rate I got a peremptory reply confirming the quoted rate, and instructing me to give top priority to recruitment.

When attempts to obtain recruits at six shillings a month failed, I took it upon myself to engage them at 10 shillings. Each sub-district was given a quota and in early April the required numbers of recruits were assembled at Kokoda and sent overland in charge of Lieut Brown. He also took a letter from me setting out my reasons for engaging the recruits at the higher rate. I heard nothing further on the matter. But another instruction in May for a further 500 recruits was fulfilled with considerable difficulty. It took all the persuasive powers of Brewer, McKenna, Searle, Champion and me to convince the people that the service of their young men was a necessary part of their war effort and that Port Moresby was not a place of death and destruction. The second lot of recruits was also sent overland via Kokoda. Lieut Searle had charge of this lot. I took the opportunity to make it clear to HQ that a lot of resentment was felt by the native population at so many of their young men being sent away to work, and expressed the hope that the Northern District would not be called upon to provide further recruits.

In April I received a report from the ADO Morobe, Lieut Costelloe, who had by then moved himself inland, concerning the arrival at Morobe of a launch from Salamaua with enemy troops aboard. The Japs were seeking information about Buna, and the road from Buna to Kokoda and across to Port Moresby. After it was explained to them that the local people had no contact with or knowledge of Buna, the launch departed for Salamaua. This rather convincing evidence that the Japs were about to turn their attention to Buna was transmitted to Port Moresby without delay.

Early in July I received advice that a company of 39th Battalion troops, under the command of Capt S.V. Templeton were to march across the Owen Stanleys and that I was to meet them at Kokoda. I was signalled that stores and ammunition for the troops were being shipped to Buna aboard the *Gili Gili*, and I was to have them transported to Kokoda. Enemy aircraft were now making daily visits, during which they paid much attention to the Buna-Kokoda road, so I deemed it advisable to discharge the *Gili Gili* in the small harbour at Oro Bay, instead of the open roadstead at Buna. And there was such a feeling in the atmosphere that "something was about to break" that I decided to transport all the *Gili Gili's* cargo in one move, involving 1500 carrier loads. McKenna at Ioma and Brewer at Kokoda were instructed to provide 800 carriers between them, while I helped Champion obtain the remainder.

McKenna was the first to arrive with his quota. He strode into my office at Awala with blood in his eye to demand an explanation as to why I should make such a savage demand on the already denuded manpower in his sub-district. Jack readily appreciated our situation when I explained it, and helped organise the three-day carrier haul from Oro Bay to Kokoda. I proceeded to Kokoda to meet Capt Templeton and his men of B Company, 39th Battalion. I spent several days at Kokoda, during which Templeton left for an inspection of Buna. (Cont...)

On 21 July I was back at Awala, where Templeton said he wanted to visit Morobe. I agreed to go with him. We were discussing ways and means when Jack Mason, who was crouched over his beloved radio, called out that Cpl Hanna of Ambasi was on the air with an urgent message. Enemy ships were shelling Buna. I instructed Hanna to stay at his post as long as he considered it safe. Templeton signalled his troops at Kokoda to set out for Buna forthwith and he himself left Awala to join them. A few days later Templeton was killed by the enemy. Templeton's Crossing, on the Kokoda Trail, is named after him.

Months later I learned that Hanna and Holyoake had left Ambasi shortly after Hanna had spoken to me. On the following day they caught up with a party comprising the Gona missionaries (Rev. Benson, Misses Hayman and Parkinson), a detachment of PIB commanded by a Lieut Smith, and several American airmen who had been shot down. The party was endeavouring to make its way inland when it was attacked by Japanese troops guided by Orokaiva natives. All the members of the party except the Rev Benson were able to escape. He was elderly and made no attempt to avoid the Japanese. Presumably because of his age his life was spared and he was taken to Rabaul where he remained as a POW until released in 1945.

The party, with Lieut Smith in charge, made its way to a village in the Sangara. The people professed friendship but the native members of the PIB informed their European supervisors that they suspected treachery. Unfortunately, the Europeans did not believe them. Later that morning Japanese troops appeared, led by the villagers, and opened fire. The native members of the PIB detachment, who had been expecting trouble, were able to escape. Several of the Europeans were killed in the first burst of fire. Two others were pursued into the bush and speared to death by village natives. Lieut Smith, who also got away into the bush, was made prisoner by the village constable, Embogi. Embogi acted in a friendly manner towards Smith for the first day or so, providing him with food and shelter before handing him over to the Japs for execution.

Miss Hayman and Miss Parkinson were captured by the Japs who took them to Popondetta. They were kept in one of the coffee buildings for at least a day before being executed. Mavis Parkinson was an attractive young woman in her early '20s. She was engaged to a lieutenant in the Australian Army, stationed at Port Moresby. Miss Hayman, who was several years older, was engaged to an Anglican missionary named Vivian Redlich. They were both high-spirited, intelligent young women and it was always a pleasure to call on them during my occasional visits to Gona. Redlich lost his life several weeks after the enemy landing at Buna, when he walked overland from Kapa Kapa in a courageous but abortive attempt to rescue his fiancée.

It was not until several months later that I got the horrible details of the murder of the two women missionaries. A native man from Kakendatta, near Popondetta, had seen the two women brought out of the coffee building in which they had been held for a day and night, with a number of Japanese entering and departing from it in that time. When the women came out, a Japanese stepped forward and seized Miss Parkinson and started to hug her. She pushed him away. He drew a bayonet or dagger and stabbed her in the throat. She gave a slight scream and dropped dead. Another Japanese standing near Miss Hayman drew a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to her, indicating at the same time to blindfold herself. She did so and then stood with head upright facing the Jap, and without speaking. The Jap then bayoneted her and she fell dead. The bodies were buried in a shallow grave at Popondetta.

This, to the best of my knowledge, was the only factual eyewitness account of the deaths of those two dedicated and courageous women. ■

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

Martin Munro (9 July 2005, aged 86 years)

Martin went to Rabaul in 1946 with Public Works. Later, he went to Malaguna Technical College before becoming Headmaster at the Primary A Schools in Madang and Kusbau. Martin left PNG in 1971, returning to live in Victoria. Martin's wife, Joy, passed away in 2002. He is survived by Steve, Elizabeth and Gerard.

Steve Munro

Robert Allen DEVERELL (14th July 2005 aged 66 years)

Bob was born in Sydney but developed a dislike for city life after travelling an average of three hours a day in his teen years to attend Canterbury High School. He went to PNG in 1960 as a cadet Patrol Officer, completing a year at ASOPA in 1962. Bob spent time in a number of places including Esa'Ala, Kerema, Popondetta and Wakunai. Returning in 1969 with his wife Rosalie, he served four more years on Bougainville at Tinputz and Kieta. Later they spent time in Wabag and finally Port Moresby.

Leaving PNG in 1976 Bob and Rosalie owned a bottle shop in Sydney for a short time before taking to a more gypsy mode of life. Bob studied meteorology and worked in this field in various places in Western Australia for some years until the children needed to be educated and some stability. Bob returned to University (Curtin) where he completed a commerce degree majoring in Valuation. In 1999 Bob and Rosalie moved to the Albany area where Bob set up his own business. He is survived by his wife Rosalie and three children Ben, Callen and Kayt.

Rosalie Deverell

Brian Peter (BP) WHITE (28 February 2006)

A member of the 1962-63 Cadet Education Officers' course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration, Brian was married to Namwekona (Nammie), a Trobriand Islander, and was father of Fiona, Peter, Stephen, Bronwen and Tasminnie.

Arriving in PNG in 1963, Brian taught at Mandi near Wewak and was later posted to Rabe before being promoted as teacher-in-charge at Divinai. Between 1967 and 1973 Brian was headmaster ('quite an impressive title' he would say) at Losuia before serving at Alotau and Kerema, from where he left in 1976 to teach in Queensland's Catholic education system. Brian never returned to PNG 'although my wife (Nammie) has, on a few occasions. Her family still ask when I'm coming back to collect my yams, the traditional gift to seal a wedding. I hope, when I do collect, the original yams aren't still waiting for me'. ASOPA colleague Bill Welbourne says: 'Our buddy was an inspirational teacher who unselfishly gave care and guidance to many students who were the lucky recipients of his stewardship.'

Keith Jackson AM

Elaine BRUCE (29 July 2006)

Elaine was long-time Secretary to Doug McGuinness, head of Lands Department, PNG, and for many years, up to the time of her death, on the Committee of the Gold Coast PNG Club and a member of our association.

Harry West

Sister Dorothy ('Doss') Pederick (17 July 2006) a long-serving nurse, died at

Narrogin, WA. (more details next issue)

Rev. Neville Threlfall

Pat (Ethel) de Graaff - October 2003

Pat led a very active social life almost to the end and is much missed by family and friends. She is survived by her husband, Dimmen and daughter, Patricia Campbell.

Patricia Campbell

Garry Lloyd PARKER (5th May 2006- Aged 62 years)

Garry served ten years (1963-72) in PNG as a patrol officer mainly in the TALASEA, KANDRIAN, PINDIU and ALOTAU districts before returning to Australia to take up small crop and lucerne farming in the Gympie district. After a serious leg injury Garry became involved in the irrigation supply business where his earlier farming knowledge proved invaluable to the many farmers he worked with in the Gympie and South Burnett region.

In retirement Garry and his wife Lois spent many wonderful times on their boat sailing the coast of Queensland. Getting together with his former PNG mates and sorting out the problems of the world over a quiet ale or two was a favourite pastime. A good turn up of former Kiap mates bid farewell to Garry. He is survived by Lois, four daughters and 13 grandchildren.

John Brady

John Desmond FITZER OBE (Des) (27 June 2006, aged 73 years)

Des was born in Darwin and at the age of seven was sent to boarding school in Sydney. During his high school years at King's Des was a keen sportsman who played rugby union. One of his passions was the school band, and in his final year he was the Drum Major. After teaching at Tudor House, Moss Vale, for a year he started a degree course at Sydney Uni. One day, on a tram, he saw a notice: 'Are you seeking adventure? Come to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea', and within six months, aged 21, he was on his way to the now country of PNG as Cadet Patrol Officer, a *kiap*. His first posting was to the Trobriand Islands. Whilst on a year's study course at ASOPA Des met and married my mother, Vivien Leaning. During the next few years he was promoted and posted to different stations including Daru, Kiunga (where he was border relations officer managing affairs along the rather vague border between what was Dutch West Irian, now Indonesian West Papua), Tapini, Bereina and finally Port Moresby when education became an issue. He remained there until 1996 when he was flown out gravely ill. During the early years Des spent much time away on patrol. One memorable patrol was the Star Mountain Patrol in 1963. Rock samples brought back from this patrol were found to have high concentration of gold and copper, and some years later the huge Ok Tedi Mine was established in this area.

During all the moves and changes, we five children were born and on reaching Port Moresby Des dedicated more time to the family. He was strongly involved with the local community, the Scouts, Red Cross, our school P & C, the Agricultural Show, cultural outlets, the formation of the National Park at Varirata and the upgrading of Koki Market among many other causes. He was always there for us at sporting events, strongly supporting whatever we wanted to do. In recognition of his community work and his contribution to the country through his job he was awarded a number of medals. These included the Imperial Service Order in 1975, the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal, the OBE in 1990, and both the Independence and tenth Anniversary Medal from the Papua New Guinea Government.

Des worked his way up through the government ranks, becoming the last European DC in PNG, and in an Independent country achieved the 'unique position', as his contract stated, of being the only expatriate Secretary of a Department (Provincial Affairs). Just prior to his departure he became an advisor to the PNG Prime Minister. The past ten years of ill health have been very hard for him but, with Mum by his side, he faced reality head-on and his strength and determination were a credit to him.

Peter Fitzer

Ian ORME (07 April 2006, aged 59 years)

Ian was on the 1967 *kiap* course and served in the Madang Province where he spent time at Usino, Bogia (Josephstaal) and Madang and later in Kundiawa, Simbu Province until he resigned in 1979. Quiet and unassuming Ian quietly got the work done but was known for a quirky sense of humour. After serving as a *kiap* he bought the Bogia Hotel in partnership with ex-*didiman* Bob Wilson and in four years was able to turn the business around. He was married to Rose from Karkar for 29 years and leaves five sons and one daughter aged 12 to 26. For the past seven years he was General Manager of Kerema Trading. He was buried on Karkar.

Alan McLay

Rev. Sir Saimon Gaius, KBE, SBStJ (14 July 2006) of Ratavul, East New Britain, a former Bishop of the United Church in the New Guinea Islands Region. (more details next issue.)

Rev. Neville Threlfall

Lady Una NIALL (10 June 2006, aged 89 years)

Una grew up in the southern tablelands of NSW. She later trained as a nurse receiving her midwifery certificate and Tresillian nursing certificate.

After enlisting in 1942, Una joined the Aust military forces as a lieutenant and served in the 2/7 Aust general hospital. She was on continuous full time war service in the Aust army nursing service from November 1942 to January 1947 which included 420 days overseas. Her unit was based in the New Guinea theatre.

On 26 September 1965 she married Horrie Niall. They lived in Lae, where Horrie was District Commissioner for Morobe district. Una took on social and charitable duties. In the lead up to Independence for PNG Horrie was elected the first speaker of the PNG House of Assembly and later knighted for services to PNG. When Horrie retired from public life they left PNG and lived in Palm Beach enjoying extensive travelling around Australia and overseas, golf and bridge (Una was a grand master). Horrie passed away in 1994.

Robert Ferraris (via Tim Terrell)

Bruce Warwick BRAZIER (24 April 2006, aged 64 years)

Bruce was born in Wau to Bruce (Bill) and Aileen Brazier. In December 1941 the family was evacuated to Brisbane on the *Katoomba*. After the war Aileen and children returned to Port Moresby to be with Bill, who had been discharged from ANGAU and had an Administration house for the family at Konedobu. Bruce went to the Ela Beach School, and also went to the convent for music lessons. Later, Bruce was a boarder at the Anglican Church Grammar School in Brisbane where he was a leading chorister.

Bruce met his future wife Elizabeth while both were studying at the Queensland Conservatorium of Music. He became a lecturer in voice at the Queensland Conservatorium after doing his Bachelor of Music and studied at the Guildhall School of Music in London with the renowned Walter Gruner. After returning to Brisbane Bruce became an ABC soloist and performed frequently in lieder recitals, was a soloist with the Queensland Symphony Orchestra and in opera. He was an examiner for the Australian Music Examiners' Board and a vocal adjudicator on many occasions state-wide. Bruce had many happy memories of his childhood in Pt Moresby and always wanted to return and see PNG. In 1990 Bruce went to Wewak and taught at Passam National High School for a year. After gaining his Bachelor of Education, Bruce taught at St Peters Lutheran College, Indooroopilly, for many years and was a much loved and respected teacher. Bruce leaves his wife, Elizabeth, children Adrienne, Rebecca and Roderick, their spouses and five grandsons, and his sisters, Margaret and Beverley.

Margaret Brazier

Pat NOBLET (11 May 2006, aged 91years)

Pat Noblet first arrived in PNG on the MV Bulolo in August 1947 with two small children Tony and Susan to join her husband Keith who worked with the BGD Company. This was their first opportunity to be united as a family as Keith had remained in PNG during the war fighting behind Japanese lines with the NGVR. The family moved to Lae in 1949 where Keith was appointed branch manager for BGD. In 1951 Keith resigned from the company and purchased Wanaru a partly developed pre-war cocoa plantation, 8 km from Lae on the Markham Road or number 7 bridge as distances were measured at the time. Wanaru later became a very successful cattle property and Pat's house on the hill became her palace where she established a beautiful five acre garden with magnificent views over looking the Markham valley with a back drop of emerald green tropical jungle always threatening to take back what she had created. Gardening would be a lifelong passion. Pat loved entertaining at Wanaru. Many overseas visitors stayed at the plantation and enjoyed the welcoming hospitality. Most had an interest in cocoa and tropical agriculture. At one stage they were the principle supplier of cocoa to Mac Robertson chocolate in Melbourne. Pat and Nobbie were early members of the Lae Golf Club and Pat was actively involved with the Red Cross and other community organisations.

In 1979 they moved to the Gold Coast. In Australia, Pat again continued her love of gardening but also took up the new art of 'pressed flower pictures' taking much pleasure in passing on her creative skills to her grand children when they came to stay. Pat moved to Canberra to stay with Susie two years after Keith died in 1991. She enjoyed meeting Susie's friends, giving gardening advice and following the development of her grand children and of course the daily crosswords. She joined Susie's yoga classes in the gallery, began collecting and pressing flowers. She participated in art groups, and most of all helped with the acquisition of art and the selection of artists to show in the gallery. She adored spending time with all her family. Pat is survived by two children Tony and Susan, five grand daughters, Chris, Sally, Lindy Kate and Sam and four great grand sons. Tony Noblett

Kathleen Mabel BROWN (27 May 2006, aged 91years)

Kath was the wife of the late Reverend Rodger Brown of South Australia.

After their marriage in 1940 they went to Sydney University to complete training for the overseas mission field. At 24, Kath found herself at Kabakada about eight miles from Rabaul. Several months later Kath found herself at Nakanai, a very remote place down the coast of New Britain. Her new home was at Malalia. There she 'dressed wounds and horrific sores with almost no medical supplies'.

A few weeks after the birth of her first son Graham, in November 1941 at Rabaul, Kath was evacuated with other wives and families on the *Macdui*. She and her tiny son Graham shared the same cabin with my mother Nellie Simpson and me (I was then seven months old).

It was a wonderful reunion for Kath and Rodger some weeks later, when Rodger had miraculously escaped on the *Lakatoi*. Two sons were born later; Jeff in Adelaide and Chris in Rabaul. Kath and the family spent many more years in New Guinea assisting with the rebuilding of the then Methodist Church, after World War II.

Kath is survived by her three sons and three daughters-in-law, two sisters-in-law; 13 grandchildren, and five great grandchildren. Margaret L. Henderson

Ronald Sydney GRIMSHAW (8 May 2006, aged 92 years)

Joan Grimshaw

Stanley G PIKE (2 June 2006 aged 87 years)

Stan was born in London. At age 16 he left school to help support his parents and worked for a nearby newsagent. Later he was employed as a clerk in the London Midland and Scottish railways. As an army reservist he was called up at the outbreak of war and served for seven years during the Battle of Britain and in the Middle East. He retrained after the war as a teacher and successfully applied for a senior position in Nigeria but instead ended up with the NSW Education Department, arriving in Sydney in July 1951.

Stan and his family moved to Rabaul in 1963 and two years later was appointed Principal of Malaguna Technical School. It was a school that had been founded in 1923 and had a pretty ordinary history. Stan's arrival was like a breath of fresh air, he was meticulous in everything he did. The school was always in pristine condition and he made sure that the students understood this was something worth pursuing. He wrote the school motto of '*work, achievement, pride*' and constantly reminded them that these words should spur them on to better things for themselves, their college and the country. He was innovative in his ideas about school governance. The school council included members from government, the missions and private enterprise. He was very successful in gaining sponsorship from local businesses and the giant CRA copper mine on Bougainville.

Stan Pike left the Territory on the *SS Cathay* in May 1973 and settled in Canberra. He became Bursar at the Canberra Technical College and later acting Registrar at the renamed Canberra TAFE College. He and Vio also lived for a time in Caloundra before returning to Canberra where they were closer to their three children, Derek, Lesley and Graeme and their families. Not long ago Stan wrote to ex Maltech staff inviting them to a reunion... 'For those of my friends who may think I might now be an old codger – NOT SO! I am only 86 ... For those of you who may not know, my darling wife passed away three and a half years ago at age 80 after having had sixty five years with me.'

John Kleinig

Harold Victor QUINTON CMG, AM, OBE, FCA (29 March 2006, aged 93 years)

Born in Sydney and educated at Sydney Boys High School, Hal started as an office boy but within 12 years had become a chartered accountant. He went on to employ 40 people and had branch offices in Canberra, Moresby and London. He became chairman of eight companies registered on the Sydney Stock Exchange and director of many others including two in California. He was also a Life Governor of The National Parks and Wildlife Foundation and on the Board of the Sydney Police & Citizens Club.

Hal's connection with PNG appears to have started pre-war but post-war he became a director of Dylup Plantations, a member of The Copra Marketing Board, and was also associated with several companies and adviser to the government. His work in PNG earned him the honour of Commander of St Michael and St George, and as the Queen presented him with his award, she said 'The Papua New Guinea government must think a lot of you. This is the highest honour it gives to a foreigner.'

In 1959 Hal married Colleen who many of you would have met on their frequent visits to PNG and who contributed so much to their happy life together.

Hal was very generous to many charities and a thoughtful friend. He leaves his wife and sister and many happy memories.

Fred Kaad

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

| | | | |
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